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MANNIKINS IN THE MAKING

TO preach, to propagand, to fill a pulpit of one's own: this is said to be the deepest desire of every Englishman. The ambition is, at any rate, a common one, happily more common than the experience; though the reviews do what they can to give the earnest-minded an opportunity of holding forth now and then. Unfortunately, here as elsewhere, it is not always the best or the best qualified man who preaches most often or draws the largest and most attentive congregations. Power and popularity in one sphere are held to imply fitness in another; so that wisdom too often goes unbeneficed while a successful novelist or ballad writer may confidently ordain himself to the preaching of sermons in the vulgar tongue upon any subject whatever, from the Lordliest Life on Earth to the Birth Possibilities of Projected British Babes.

This last is Mr. H. G. Wells's subject. He has been "called" to a ministry in our own neighbourhood, and, like the rest of the world, we have attended his fortnightly discourses out of respect and admiration for the powers he has displayed elsewhere. But we are far from being convinced. We hardly recognise the voice; it no longer moves us: we acknowledge the good intention of the preacher, we doubt his vocation: we are stimulated by his text and then proportionately depressed as it is borne in upon us that the sermon reveals an experience and a study neither wider nor more profound than that of the man in the Free Seat. Mr. Wells's genius seems to us out of

place in any tabernacle; it is surely not didactic but illuminative and poetical; no laborious maker of mankind, but a Muse, a darting and diving creature, a wonderful winged visitant, a Sea Lady; not a being that could ever stand at the elbow of a man in a black gown and help him thump the pulpit-cushion. Frankly, we believe that she is still where she was last heard of, five fathom deep off Folkestone, and that Mr. Wells is conducting his present course without her support.

Certainly this time the text is an interesting one. The Second Book of Anticipations, the seventh chapter, and part of the first verse: "Men are the creatures of circumstances." It is one thing, the preacher says, to state this, another to realise it completely. The developing citizen is mostly wax, shaped by the world about him as by a mould. We mould him badly; we use moulds which are not *the clearest, simplest, and sincerest expression possible of what we believe about life and hope about life:* we grasp at momentary advantages given by the use of conventions, and lose sight of the future. A typical instance of such a convention is the monarchy. This is a much neglected question. The monarchy is "the only really concrete obstacle to a political re-union of the English-speaking peoples"; yet hardly any one, Mr. Wells complains, on either side of the Atlantic is just now proposing to abolish it. Aristocracy carries still further the "repudiation of special personal qualities" involved in the monarchical principle; various eligible positions are held by the mere accident of birth; the officers of our army are supplied by the upper and middle classes, "instead of being sedulously picked from the whole population." Our children do not notice these absurdities; or if they do perceive that a Hooley and a Whitaker Wright have more influence than persons of birth and breeding, "that neither King nor lords really believe in their own lordliness," and that every one's hand is open to a tip; still they will conform for the sake of conformity, they will in the end come to accept "a tilted coronet," to wear "preposterous lawn sleeves," or even to kneel before the King.

We have not gone far; but already we are troubled. It is not news to us that feudalism, a system useful in its time, has left behind it in England certain elements which are not in place, and which do positive harm in a modern community. But what are these elements, how do they do harm, and how may they be eliminated? Mr. Wells's diagnosis seems to us to be wrong in almost every particular; we look at one another and listen with growing dismay for the prescription to follow. And here a complete surprise awaits us. We expect the magic word "America," and we hear it more than once, but we find to our astonishment that on the whole the practitioner does not consider "Americanisation" to be indicated. He has evidently a weakness for this injection, but has discovered that it is itself a disease and not a remedy. What then does he recommend? Something so unexpected, so far from our idea of Mr. Wells, so unSea-lady-like, that we hear it with a catch in our breath; we are to undergo a doctrinaire treatment, a drastic course of legislation and constitution-mongering.

First, we are to clean our slate. Away go kings and aristocrats—we are not told how. Affairs are to be "in the hands of the very best men." And how are these to be obtained? Not of course on any hereditary principle, nor by election at the poll. These are the methods which have given us the article we know so well and are so dissatisfied with. Are we then to spin a coin? Well, not exactly; but as near as may be. We are to choose a jury, by lot, and our jury will choose our member for us. The advantages of this system will be obvious at a glance. Candidates will have no expenses; they need no longer be limited to two, three or four; every one may stand. The jury, placed "in comfortable quarters," will "hear the addresses" of the candidates, put to them any questions they choose "to elucidate their intentions or their antecedents," and summarily dismiss any "cranks or half-witted candidates" and all "merely symbolical persons." Their deliberations will be "frank and conversational to a degree impossible under any other conditions," and will do away with

the absurdity of split votes. As an offset to the "comfortable quarters" and the "conversational opportunities" there must be "a time limit." The natural limit, we should suggest, of human life; in less than that a jury of "between twenty and thirty" could hardly deal with the conflicting claims of ten to fifty thousand candidates, and a longer limit would tend to reintroduce the hereditary system among the candidates if not among the jury. But these are details; the main point is that we must be rid of "Government by hustings' bawling, newspaper clamour, ward organisation . . . rich business organisers," or "a practical oligarchy of officials," and in the direction of this jury method seems to lie "the only practicable line of improvement known" to Mr. Wells.

But there is more than this. "In the matter of honour and privilege, the New Republican idea requires a separation of honour from notoriety." We need not be "New" or "Republican" in order to agree heartily with such an aspiration: we might submit to be called both if we could thereby diminish the number of knight mayors and jam baronets. But what is the system proposed? "There must be many fountains of honour." Perhaps. And what are they to be? The answer comes not from any mortal voice or any region of the real world, but straight from that place where all things are possible, the country known at one time as Cloud-cuckoo-town, at another as Wonderland, Barataria or Rumtifoo. "Local legislative bodies, for example . . . . in England, County Councils, might confer rank on a limited number of men or women yearly." Cervantes at his most destructive was nothing to this: Don Quixote in a barber's basin is a dull figure beside a Knight of the Order of the Urban District Sanitary Authority of Pedlington, invested by the grace of a local builder, a butcher and a barrister's clerk. What more is needed in the way of "honour" will be supplied by another set of juries. Local Juries will select an earl apiece: and "there is no reason why certain great constituencies, the medical men, the engineers, should not specify one or two men as their profes-

sional leaders, their 'Dukes'." We do not see how to parody this proposal.

Finally, there are the rich to be dealt with. How can we make it impossible, or at least a very serious matter, for any man to be rich? We must demand "a much higher degree of efficiency" in the property holder than in the common citizen: the heir to a great property "should possess a satisfactory knowledge of social and economic science, and should have studied with a view to his great responsibilities:" he must not be allowed to come of age till long after twenty-one, "and to specify a superannuation age would be a wise and justifiable measure": he must be subject to a code by which "deposition" would follow his conviction for habitual drunkenness, assaults of various kinds and other offences: for bribery, forming corners in the necessities of life, or being found in a condition of malignancy or ruthlessness, the penalty will be confiscation.

Under a system of this kind, says Mr. Wells in conclusion, the British Babe, the developing citizen, "will have a fair chance to grow up neither a smart and hustling cheat—for the American at his worst is no more and no less than that—nor a sluggish disingenuous snob—as the Briton too often becomes." Filled as we are with the same anxieties and hopes as the preacher, we come away empty and disappointed: we have merely known one more leader of revolt.

What came we out to hear? We do not know, but we have a humble preference for fresh ideas, new methods, for something a little more recent than the French Revolution. We look round among those who have (no doubt) formed the congregation, and we see many who have thought over these questions longer and more deeply than their latest instructor appears to have done: his ingenuous confidence reminds us uncomfortably of the young man at the musical party who had never played the violin, but did not mind trying. Mr. Wells has never heard that you cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament: still less does he realise that you cannot "make

men" by machinery of any kind. Marionettes, if you like, mechanical toys, mannikins; but not men. Use as many metaphors as you will, talk of wax, of fluids, of moulds, you cannot put away the fact that it is the nation that makes the law, and not the law the nation. Feet are not feet because they have been brought up in boots: even clogs should follow the shape not "mould" it: Mr. Wells shares the contrary opinion with the Chinese.

Is it then impossible to change a national constitution—national ideas—national customs—for the better? Certainly we hope not, but the first thing to recognise is that the process must be one of growth from within, not of mechanical pressure from without. And growth implies two things that seem to be alien to Mr. Wells's present mode of thought—time and nutrition. In the growth of nations time is the equivalent of "history," and nutrition corresponds to "sentiment" or the inherited national way of looking at things. In the sermon to which we have just listened, history and sentiment have no place whatever.[1]

"This noble realm of England hath been a long season in triumphant flower." Why is it that such words rouse us like a trumpet, while we are only depressed by the barrel-organ of the New Republican? Why, five hundred years after they were spoken, do they still stir the sap in us as the modern prophet cannot do? Surely because they go to the root; they

[1] In saying this we do not forget the passage in which the proposed jury system is recommended as "characteristically Anglo-Saxon," and as already in use in a "precisely parallel application." There is of course no parallel whatever between our present jury and our parliamentary representation. The function of a jury is to decide questions of fact: that of a parliament to deliberate on policy. A jury is chosen by lot to ensure as far as possible that it shall represent the view of neither side: a member is elected that he may represent the view of the stronger side in a given locality. A "precisely parallel application" would give us either a system by which litigants would fight for the privilege of choosing the jury, or one by which a member would be valued in proportion as he shared the views of neither party in his constituency.

are native, of the soil of which we are sprung; they feed the secret fibres, which alone give life to the trunk, the branch, the flower. They remind us that we are not things of to-day, that our sons are not the children of to-morrow. Every one of us, King, prophet, babe or citizen, is indeed foam on the fountain, a bubble on the river: but we are part of something greater than ourselves, and if we are bent on reform it must be not by changing but by following more faithfully the law and current of our national life.

We believe that Mr. Wells's proposed reforms are contrary to this current. They seem to us to be the result of an uninformed view, a view from outside, such as would make any human institution appear monstrous or absurd. To know a thing truly, it has been said—but that was before Mr. Wells's time—is to know it by its causes. If we cease for a moment to gratify a crude passion for experiment, and look into the causes of the present far from perfect state of things in England, we shall probably come to the conclusion that it is due to the defects of our qualities, and that so far as it can be remedied it can be remedied only by more Kingship, more aristocracy, more democracy, and not by abolishing all three or any one of them.

We do not wish to dogmatise on these points, still less to plead for anything in the nature of a rigid and unintelligent conservatism. We are all progressives now, and some of us at any rate have the courage of that creed. Politically we worship Science, and our disappointment is to find that one who made his reputation as an acolyte of Science has so little reverence for the methods of her temple. It is of the essence of those methods that the inquirer should reject mechanical or *à priori* ideas, proceed by observation, include all data however troublesome, and think in terms of evolution: and if the inquiry is a political one, it is necessary to remember also that success can only be relative, that no system is *ipso facto* condemned because it does not at once reach or promise soon to reach ideal perfection. These considerations do not weigh

upon our quick-change artist in reform: he has been accustomed to treat Science—or rather the results of Science—as something for his Muse to play with, and his success in that line has not made for seriousness. Happily, indeed, from one point of view: but if a man is to take up our time with a discourse on the abolition of the monarchy and of representative government, we prefer that he should be serious.

Is it serious to set before us as a national aim "the political re-union of the English speaking peoples," and to use this appeal to Imperialism run mad as a lever for upsetting the Throne—the one institution which has hitherto made the Great Commonwealth possible? Is it serious to condemn the monarchical system as a "repudiation of special personal qualities," without attempting to show that all offices are worthless which do not demand special personal qualities of every possible kind? The same argument is used in referring to all those positions which fall to men as a consequence of "the mere accident of birth," and the absurdity is thrown into glaring relief by the counter proposal to dismast the ship and rig it with a set of jury-Earls and jury-Dukes, which would certainly at once include the whole tribe of Hooleys and Whitaker Wrights whom Mr. Wells flings in the teeth of our present aristocracy. Perhaps a suspicion of some such weakness has crossed his own mind, for he suggests that in certain cases it might be better to employ a body rather of the Grand Jury than of the Common Jury type.

No, these propositions are not serious, they are only solemn, even though the solemnity is sometimes intensified by italics. *The clearest, simplest, and sincerest expression of what we believe about life.* But how if one of the things which we believe about life has come to be this: that no clear or simple expression is possible of any of the deeper and more important things in it? The word "sincere" is used here to beg the question. We are told that we accept "a sham and a convention." A convention is not the same thing as a sham, in scientific language. Painting is a convention; an agreed

method which enables us to represent light by colour, and rounded limbs and features by flat canvas and layers of pigment. Waxworks on the other hand are a sham; an attempt to pass off mannikins as mankind. You cannot bring an indictment against a whole people; still less can you accuse of insincerity their customs for a thousand years. Whatever other nations may do or think about their war-lords and divinely-right Emperors, we English set our Kings on the throne to represent the national life: we know well enough that no man ever lived who could sum up in himself the highest powers and virtues of a great race, but we have seen Kings and Queens who with all their faults and frailties have carried the name of England indifferent well, and it is too soon to bid us forget one whose royalty was something more than a convention.

Certainly the ideal king is improbable; a succession of ideal kings impossible. But let us think straight; let us not confuse the essential with the unessential, and because we disapprove morally of (let us say) horse-racing, deny to one who races the possession of other qualities more to the point. Is Mr. Wells prepared to show us that the ideal and the king are not both absolutely necessary to a true democracy? Can we by any convention bring ourselves to allow the majesty of England to be symbolised by one of ourselves, by the one for whom the greatest number of tickets were scrawled or crossed at a contested election? If so, we are unlike the French, who despise their Presidents and put the Army on the throne. The Americans? They are not a democracy but a plutocracy; and they are of all peoples on earth the most patient and the most conservative. Also they are young, and have not yet fully realised that a nation may be something more than the sum of its individual members.

But Mr. Wells's chief quarrel is not so much with the monarchy as with its concomitants. We do not ourselves see that a hereditary monarchy need imply a hereditary aristocracy; but the case for the abolition of the latter is not very

good if it cannot be more strongly stated than this reformer states it. Men of birth but quite ordinary ability, he complains, are found in great public offices, "and nothing short of a change in your political constitution can prevent this sort of thing." This is not argument, it is simply preaching; and when the preacher has left the pulpit we have quite as much right to reply, "Yes, we recognise the evils—greater in theory than in practice, but still great—of snobbery and nepotism: we agree with you in deploring them; but 'nothing in the nature of a change in our political constitution can prevent this sort of thing.'" If a nation is affected with these weaknesses of character under one form of constitution it will be affected with them under another. They come by nature and inheritance; they are in the blood, and the blood carries their natural antidote. Do all you can by any method old or new to increase the red corpuscles, to foster the bright pride and sense of honour which are so strong in youth; but attempt no violence, no amputations, no moulding in irons; expect no sudden radical and permanent changes in an organism of long growth; for "the counsels to which Time hath not been called Time will not ratify."

ON THE LINE

MURDER as a fine art does not, apparently, attract the English. Setting aside other people, Shakespeare has no great Poison Play. He leaves business of that kind to inferior characters—to the King in *Hamlet*, to the Queen in *Cymbeline*. Romeo's druggist, about whom Victor Hugo, Balzac, and even Dumas would have written a volume, appears only to vanish. When Shakespeare commits murder he commits it wholesale and in the most brutal manner—with knives, with feather-beds. If *Macbeth* were not so hackneyed and did not contain so much sublime poetry, we should find it a hard matter to endure the horrid, realistic details. **The Power of Darkness** (Tolstoy's Plays, translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Grant Richards. 6*s.*) is a kind of peasant *Macbeth*, shorn of the lurid grandeur that flashes, lightning-like, about the path of the Scottish chief, and complicated by a low intrigue between the daughter of the murdered man and her stepmother's second husband. Ambition is the first motive; but money takes the place of monarchy, poison of the dagger; the wife does the deed, a witch-like mother replaces the witches proper, and the weak, remorseful hero, unable to endure life after he has killed his own child, redeems himself at last by confession. Stevenson's adverse criticism in "The Lantern-Bearers" probably deterred most people from reading this work at all. He falls foul of it because temptation has not been gilded. Human nature, says

he, cannot sink to such depths except under a delusion of some kind or other; and there is no gilt on this gingerbread. His words only prove the oft-proven fact, that the keenest critic has aberrations. The play was, to one of his fastidious taste, intolerable, and there are many to whom it must remain so always, not because Tolstoy is here untrue to nature, but because the good servant, taste, is a bad master, and, if it be allowed to rule where it ought to serve, there is no enemy more destructive of greatness. The exquisite writer *virginibus puerisque* failed to see that broken gleams during the course of the action—attempts at

> Yet the light that led astray,
> Was light from Heaven—

would only have shadowed the slow, irresistible dawn of truth, which in the end conquerors the Power of Darkness. Disgusted by the first four acts, he could not perceive the majesty of that final scene which justifies the rest: the dramatic force of the unconscious agreement between the drunken old soldier and the religious father of the criminal, *that the fear of man is naught*—the evidence of their witness to the light in the confession of Nikita—the instant power of light shown in the resolution of his degraded and bestial wife to stand beside him. The translation of this volume is, unfortunately, by no means equal to that of "Resurrection," so that we cannot form any adequate idea of the tragedy. In its present shape it is like a page torn rough-edged from the book of experience, and thrust into our hands without comment, though, as it dates from the same year as some of the most beautiful of the peasant stories, the dialogue, if rendered with any sense of style, should be as finely characteristic as they are. Alternatives are given for the scene of the murder of the baby. One reveals the murderers at work; in the other we are made aware of what is happening by the terrified utterances of a little girl. Detestable as it must be to see a child at all in such a play, we can understand the actors' preference of this version, for the

horror is even more intense and there is no suspicion of the possible grotesqueness that might accompany the performance of that which precedes it. Rudyard Kipling adopted the same odd practice of having it both ways in the two conclusions of "The Light that Failed," but we should be sorry to see it generally followed. Goethe became a terrible sinner in that respect; and the result was chaos.

"Fruits of Culture" is an elaborate study of the folly of Spiritualism, somewhat after the fashion of "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." To the authors of both Spiritualism is a red rag; they cannot away with it. They pretend to laugh, but they are chastising the believers in it with scorpions. The piece is a fierce satire on the state of society, and the drawing-room is not spared in the comments of the servants' hall. If it were only in Russia that such people lived! But alas, we seem to have known them all, always and everywhere—the fussy mistress of the house who makes herself ill with tight-lacing and lives in terror of infection, the credulous master, the young man and his tiresome dogs, the gossips, the professors, the domestics, the clever, unscrupulous maid who outwits the whole household! It is too savage for pure comedy—the vinegar and not the salt of wit. There is more hope of the brutish peasantry than of a middle-class like this.

"The First Distiller" is an admirable tragi-comic dramatisation of "The Imp and the Crust." The Dandy Imp reports to the Chief of the Devils that he has taken 220,005 men in three years. The Women's also did extremely well; likewise the Tradesmen's, the Lawyers', the Gentlefolks' and the Officials'; but the Peasants' Imp had not ensnared a single soul. He took his last crust from under the very nose of a peasant, and all the peasant said was:

> Well, it seems there's no help for it. Never mind, I shan't starve to death. If some one has taken it, he's taken it; let him eat it, and may it do him good.

The Chief of the Devils, naturally irate, causes the Imp to be whipped; and he bethinks him of a plan. The title indicates the manner in which it is carried out, and his Chief is very well pleased with him in the end. The Salvation Army could not do better than act this little drama wherever they go. Tolstoy, who can write almost anything, can write tracts like no one else, and "The First Distiller" is the finest tract ever written on the subject of Temperance.

The annotated list of his works at the conclusion of the volume will be found very useful by students.

Vous êtes orfèvre, M. Josse. As Malebranche saw all things in God, and M. Necker saw all things in Necker, so, it would appear, Professor Gardner sees all things in Archæology, or at least sees that blessed word writ very large on the sign-post which is to guide **Oxford at the Cross Roads** (Black. 2*s.* 6*d.* net) in the paths of safety and progress. The academic mind is somewhat startled by the suggestion that thirty-three per cent. of our classical teachers[1] should devote themselves to what we are inclined to consider a "special subject." But a further inquiry shows us that Professor Gardner's "Archæology" is what Willamowitz Moellendorf calls "Philology," the scientific study as a whole of human life under the forms of the ancient civilisation, a civilisation stretching from Homer to the fall of the Roman Empire.

Because the object is one, philology is a unity. The particle *ἀν*, and the *entelecheia* of Aristotle, the sacred caves of Apollo and the idol Besas, the ode of Sappho and the preaching of S. Thekla, the metres of Pindar and the counters of Pompeii, the rude drawings on Dipylon vases and the Thermae of Caracalla, the functions of the magistrates of Abdera and the deeds of the divine Augustus, the conic sections of Apollonius and the astrology of Petosiros: all these belong to philology for they belong to the object which philology would understand, and not one of them can be overlooked.

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[1] At Berlin, where the whole number of university teachers in the classical field appears to be twenty-three, eight of these lecture wholly or in part on Greek and Roman art and inscriptions (p. 40).

It is rather dithyrambically expressed, but it is a fine ideal of Humanism.

Professor Gardner puts in a courageous and welcome claim for classical studies in the wider sense as the best basis for a general education, and pleads in their interest for a reconstruction of the Oxford Classical Schools. He points out that the Literæ Humaniores course has gradually departed from its old virtue as a test of general ability and culture, which was held to produce and did produce

> in the upper classes fine and governing qualities, "a high spirit, dignity, a just sense of the greatness of great affairs." . . . It may be gravely doubted whether the Oxford training has not in some degree lost its quality of effectiveness without acquiring a scientific character.

We feel that Professor Gardner has proved his case as a whole, and we incline to the belief that the particular remedies he suggests are the right ones; but we cannot help sharing with him the doubt whether he will prevail in "a place where the forces of conservatism and the power of inertia are so strong as they are at Oxford."

Is there a Liberal Judaism, in the sense that there is a Low Church Christianity, or, in another line of thought, a Democratic Toryism? Mr. Claude Montefiore (**Liberal Judaism.** Macmillan, 3*s.* net) does not answer this question. He recites his creed as a Liberal Jew, and leaves it to time and to the sympathy of his co-religionists to decide if his personal profession of faith is to become the type of their belief. We gather from his essay that the "particular phase of a particular religion" which he expounds is not yet the accepted formula of any section of Jewish thought. The point which he wishes to drive home is that the two ideas are compatible, that free thought in Judaism does not lead to Nonconformity, that more breadth does not necessarily mean more shallowness, and that, in his own words, "the combination of Liberalism and Judaism is a working and living reality."

Thus, it is fair to ask if Mr. Montefiore proves his point, or if, as seems to us the fact, he merely succeeds in re-stating the Conservative position, reinstating the old Judaism, as it were, by a ratiocination of his own. And, if so, one goes on to ask, which is the sounder foundation of belief—the Thirteen Principles of the Creed, in five or six of which Mr. Montefiore disbelieves, or the Principles of Rational Interpretation, on which Mr. Montefiore relies? On every essential doctrine, and on most of the prominent features of the traditional religion of the Jews, Mr. Montefiore is firm. "No liberal 'articles of faith,'" he assures us, "would omit the 'Mission of Israel' from the list." "There must," he enjoins elsewhere, "be an outward religious life of family and public worship, and of Sabbath and festival observance." This contention is developed in detail. In chapters viii. and ix. of the book, the reader is invited to discuss these observances *seriatim*, and to justify, from a 'liberal' point of view, the continued celebration of the Sabbath and of each of the five Pentateuchal festivals and holy days in turn. The 'liberal' Jew is not to break with the past. He is merely to give other reasons for performing the same acts. In keeping Pentecost, he is not to say that the festival of the first-fruits is associated with the giving of the Ten Commandments and the revelation at Sinai: he is to use it to celebrate "the definite union of religion with morality." In keeping the Day of Atonement, he is not to believe that "God ordered all Israelites to fast," nor that the sins of the people will on this day be forgiven by God: but "the day is given to us," says Mr. Montefiore, and "no liberal Jew . . . need have any scruple in observing the Day of Atonement and in reaping from it all the comfort and peace which it is capable of giving."

It will be seen that Mr. Montefiore's rationalism makes considerable demands on the powers of the liberal Jew. Judaism as practised is an exacting faith, but the sacrifices which it entails have commonly been irradiated by a certain high imagination which Mr. Montefiore seems to miss. His

critical intellect rejects the old sanctions of belief, and makes more pathetic his reluctance to part with its conclusions. "While our estimate of the Pentateuch has widely changed, we are still able to use a great part of the religious embodiment which it has given to Judaism. The Sabbath and the Festivals, the Day of Memorial and the Day of Atonement, these can all remain. We can still use them fitly for religious and spiritual ends." Again, "its observance may still be desirable from different motives"; and, again, "the same festival will be celebrated from a different point of view by liberals and traditionalists."

Is not this asking too much and offering too little? Is it worth while for a Jew to maintain so cumbersome and elaborate a ritual and a calendar, if he has no better *apologia* than that which Mr. Montefiore discovers? Can he accept these burdens, with all the obligations they entail, and turn them to blessings, as the record of the martyrdom proves, if they are merely "capable of being used," serviceable, adaptable, to be made shift with, when freshly grounded and justified anew? The reader, fresh from Mr. Montefiore's pages, cannot but wonder what prevents him from adopting a system of unitarianism. His defence of Judaism is, literally, an apology. He finds a pretext or an excuse for nearly every rite and ceremony which he would preserve, and his 'liberal' idea is manifested by abandoning the bases in sentiment, emotion, imagination, association, legend, and tradition, on which his ancestors built their creed, and by substituting for those bases props of expediency, convenience, and *laisser aller*, which strike cold on the religious sense. "It is impossible," he declares, "to create festivals to order. One must use those which exist, and charge them, where necessary, with newer meanings." But if this is the best that can be said of a religion and a ritual which have directed the destinies of nations, which have given morality to the world, and the witnesses to which have preserved their identity through centuries of persecution, surely Mr. Montefiore is pronouncing a funeral oration over Judaism. This, at least, would be our conclusion except for the statement on

the first page, in which the writer limits the scope of his book to "that particular and individualised form of liberal Judaism" which he himself happens to hold, and where he adds that he introduces the personal element, "in order that it may not be supposed that he is speaking in the name of liberal Judaism as a whole, and still less in the name of Judaism generally."

THE IMPERIAL OUTLOOK

FROM the commencement of the century up to the present time the position of England in regard to its foreign relations has been a subject of ever-increasing interest and importance, and the views of different writers in the columns of the *Times* and the *Spectator*, and in the pages of sundry Reviews, must have been bewildering to the average Briton.

The commencement of a new century is undoubtedly an epoch for reviewing the history, and especially the mistakes of the past, and for endeavouring to form an intelligent anticipation of the probable future—a time for statesmen to take stock of the position of their country, putting aside for the moment old prepossessions and prejudices, which have too often been the mainspring of action during past years, and endeavouring to take into account and form an accurate estimate of the value of any new factors which may appear likely to affect the existing order of world-politics.

The statesman under such conditions closely resembles a traveller, who, crossing the watershed of a lofty range, looks back at once on the country which he has quitted, with all its familiar characteristics, and on the unknown country which he is about to traverse, and tries to forecast from his first view how far his experience of the past will have to be modified by the new conditions of travel which present themselves. In all the fields of foreign politics with which England is concerned in the opening years of the twentieth century, there is nothing

more important than the relations between herself, Germany, and Russia, which have lately been the object of so much special comment. In endeavouring to come to a decision on the proper course to adopt with reference to those countries, our Foreign Minister must indeed take warning from the past, and not hazard the reproach of some future successor of Lord Salisbury that he has put his money on the wrong horse. In the consideration of this question from the sole point of view of national interest, what Captain Mahan designates in his "Problem of Asia" as "the long view" must be mainly borne in mind. What is "the long view," as applied to our country at the present time? The maintenance and consolidation of the Empire and of its position as a great commercial power. Such is, more than ever, the great objective at the present time, and every minor detail, every "short view" should be tested and decided upon according to the assistance it gives, or the reverse, to the general idea.

It seems to me that the writers who have been endeavouring to form public opinion, from Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, whose letter to the *Times* of August 28, 1901, may be looked upon as the starting-point of the public discussion which has since arisen, have not taken on the whole a sufficiently broad view or the situation—have put, in short, the long view out of sight, while advocating the special treatment of some particular branch of the subject according to their own particular prepossession.

The writers to whom I specially allude are, in the main, advocates of an Anglo-Russian understanding—to the detriment or exclusion of Germany—and they are willing to concede a good deal to secure it. If not absolutely welcoming, they apparently are perfectly ready to acquiesce in the unrestricted egress and ingress of Russian fleets from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean and *vice versâ*, and the acquisition by Russia of a port on the Persian Gulf, which, combined with her already existing predominance in Northern Persia, would make her the sole arbiter of the policy of that country, even if it

were not formally annexed like the Central Asian States of Bokhara and Khiva. It may be our right policy to give Russia a free hand in these two important particulars, but it is rather a large demand that is made upon us, and the *quid pro quo* is somewhat problematical.

"Russia," says Sir R. Blennerhassett, "if her fair and legitimate aspirations are once satisfied, will never enter into any combination to deprive us of the sovereignty of the seas." There is a touching and childlike confidence in the good intentions of Russia in the future, which can hardly be justified by past experience—and certainly the granting her unlimited opportunities of naval expansion would not tend to a reduction of our own naval expenditure. Who is to decide as to "the fairness and reasonableness" of Russia's aspirations, present and future? If the carnivorous propensities of a boa constrictor are to be excused by the old adage "L'appétit vient en mangeant," some such excuse is absolutely necessary for Russia's proceedings in the last thirty years, and the absorption of Afghanistan, or of even a larger morsel, might be regarded before many years are over as a "fair and reasonable aspiration."

Before committing ourselves to an understanding with Russia on the above-mentioned lines, we have also to consider what is too much lost sight of, the Russo-French alliance. Is that alliance offensive or purely defensive in character? If there is any nation with whom, more than any other, *except* the United States, we English wish to live on good terms, it is France; but if the Dual Alliance is offensive in character—if it means that when relations between England and one or other of the two allies are strained on account of some Fashoda or Penjdeh incident, the two would act in common, surely it would be but common prudence not to do anything to facilitate that co-operation of two of the most important fleets, after our own, in the world in the Mediterranean, which the unrestricted passage of the Dardanelles would afford. In view of such a conjunction, England

would either have to treble her Mediterranean fleet, or submit to the ignominious position of a second-class Power in a sea where her fleets have been predominant.

Captain Mahan writes very strongly on this point. He says—

> It is to the writer clear that the European members of the Teutonic family, Germany and Great Britain, cannot possibly admit Russia's predominance in the Levant and through this over the Suez route, which would be acquired if the enclosed naval basin of the Black Sea were converted into an impregnable base for exit and for entrance by the acquisition of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. There is not in the world a parallel to this combination of advantages for the secure development, drill and egress at will of a formidable fleet, while its situation relatively to the Canal would revolutionise commercial conditions in so far as dependent upon naval power. So strong is my conviction upon this point that while heartily wishing the success of the British arms in South Africa, I should see compensation even for utter defeat and loss in the necessity for the British then to concentrate upon the Mediterranean and the Levant, and in accord with Germany to preserve a predominance about the isthmus, including Asia Minor, thus assuring a route necessary to both nations, and for which that by the Cape of Good Hope is no adequate alternative.

Sir R. Blennerhassett and our other Russophiles are of a totally different opinion. He says, "It is difficult to see how Russian supremacy in South-East Europe could be injurious to England." The same view is taken by the able writers A. B. C. in the *National Review* and by the *Spectator*. The editor of the latter paper advocates a policy of despair. He says in effect, What's the good of opposing Russian aspirations in Turkey and on the Persian Gulf. She will get what she wants in the end, just as she got Port Arthur, and we should gain more by backing her up than by thwarting her. Can such a contention as this be satisfactory to those who take the "long view" of the national interest at this time, as previously expressed? It is true that as regards the absorption of Turkey by Russia, it is a matter which concerns Austria and Germany, and even France, much more intimately than England. Since the Crimean War our interests, territorial and commercial, all over the world, but especially in Africa, have increased so

enormously, that it would be madness to imperil them, full as they are of the promise of infinite development, by going to war to bolster up the inherent rottenness of the Turkish Empire, which twice in the last half-century we have interfered to save. If Germany, or Austria, or both combined, are willing to thwart the aspirations of Russia in this connection, by all means let them do so—it is their business, not ours, and we are quite strong enough to enforce our demands on either belligerent, if, and when, our special interests are attacked. Our main interest now in the remains of the Turkish Empire is commercial, and if we can make such satisfactory terms with the successor of the Sultan as will ensure equality of opportunity for our trade in South-East Europe, we may be well content. But the advocates of a Russian alliance are not satisfied with giving her a free hand in that part of the world. They would let her have her own way in the Persian Gulf as well, which is as much an object of Russia's ambition now as the Bosphorus. "Let England only understand," says the *Novoe Vremya*, "that we do not desire India, but must get down to the Persian Gulf, and the matter is settled." Russia says she does not want India; but the whole of Persia, including the Gulf, in which at present she has no interest, commercial or political—the possession of which would give her a far more formidable position in case some future generation of Russians has designs on India—is, say our Russophiles, to be surrendered at her bidding. We might go so far as to consent to a Russian preponderance in Northern Persia, but it should be on the understanding that as a *quid pro quo* there should be no interference with our old-established position on the Gulf, and we may therefore welcome Lord Cranborne's announcement in the debate on Mr. J. Walton's amendment last Session that "our rights there and our position of ascendency we cannot abandon," followed and emphasised by Lord Lansdowne's declaration on May 5, in the House of Lords, that "we should regard the establishment of a naval base or of a fortified port in the Persian Gulf by any other Power as

a very great menace to British interests, and we should certainly resist it with all the means at our disposal."

It is to be hoped that this language is sufficiently clear and unmistakable to warn Russia that England would regard any acquisition of territory by her in the neighbourhood of the Gulf as an "unfriendly act," to quote Sir E. Grey's words with reference to the Valley of the Nile, and govern herself accordingly. A port on the Gulf can be of no possible use to Russia commercially, except in connection with her Central Asian Railway, and to carry a line across the deserts and mountain ranges of Persia for 800 or 900 miles to Bundar Abbas or Chahbar could not be expected to produce satisfactory results. Russia's game in Persia, as evidenced by the recent commercial treaty, the terms of which are still imperfectly known, is to reduce her to the condition of a vassal state, to control her foreign relations and her trade, and to interrupt her commercial intercourse with India and England.

It is hardly too much to say that the foreign problem of the greatest moment at the present time is connected with the Persian question, mixed up as it is with that of Asia Minor, and of the railway to the Persian Gulf, the subject now of so much animated discussion.

The public has read with a sense of relief that negotiations which have been going on to secure England's participation in this scheme have come to an end. No other result could have been arrived at after the publication of the text of the convention signed at Constantinople on March 5, which completely negatived the chief condition precedent to the approval of the Government as stated by the Premier in the House of Commons on April 7, 1903, that British capital and British control are to be on an absolute equality with the capital and control of any other Power. Now it would appear that the syndicate, whether German or composite, which has obtained the concession want British capital without British control. In the face of British opposition or abstention, it is not likely that the scheme will be carried through. It is, however, one

to which England ought not to refuse her co-operation if her own interests are effectually safeguarded and the scheme is carried through as a great international enterprise for the more effectual linking of Europe and Asia. The greatest commercial Power in the world ought not to shirk her interest in such a scheme from a mere nervous dread of having, in its accomplishment, to go into partnership with other Powers, including Germany. Years ago we could have made the railway ourselves, if we had chosen, and we must not now deny to others participation in an undertaking which would at any rate secure one railway from Europe to Asia independent of the Power which now controls the land-borne trade of practically the whole of Asia outside India and China.

Germany now is unpopular all over the British Empire, and deservedly so. The antagonistic and offensive tone of many of her leading statesmen and writers, the insults of the Press during the Boer War, which did not spare even the person of our beloved Queen, and the commercial rivalry which now exists between the two countries, have created such a strong feeling of resentment against Germany and everything German that it goes somewhat against the grain at the present time to adopt what I quite admit is the unpopular position of advocating, under certain conditions, an understanding or alliance with her rather than with Russia. This feeling of resentment is also deepened by the idea that the recent increase of the German navy and its further development is directed solely against the maritime supremacy of England. This idea seems somewhat far-fetched. We have another keen commercial competitor in the markets of the world, far richer, more powerful, and quite as persevering as Germany—the United States, which is building warships at a rate which will soon make her the second Naval Power in the world, but we are not told that she ought on that account to be credited with the dark design of wresting from us our commerce and our world-power.

While admitting to the full the growing size and efficiency

of the German navy, it is at present premature, if not childish, to regard its expansion as due solely to a determination of the Kaiser to wrest from England her sea supremacy. Germany has far too much leeway to make up. To create a navy which would rival that now existing in England would be an undertaking so gigantic, so costly, and so prolonged as to be almost inconceivable, and the end of the period of construction would probably find England, stirred from her usual apathy by the prospect of a competing foe, and with greater facilities for naval construction, as far ahead of Germany as ever. The German navy has increased threefold in the last twenty years.

In 1881	the number of men voted was			11,352
In 1891	„	„	„	17,000
In 1902	„	„	„	31,171

and if the naval programme of 1900 is carried out as arranged, the fleet strength will reach in 1905 the respectable total of 60,000 men. Even if the present personnel of the British Navy is maintained, it would be double that of Germany in 1905, and would exceed that of France and Germany combined. According to the Italian *Gazetta del Popolo*, the following figures represented approximately last year the relative strength of the different navies. England 100, France 45, Russia 30, United States 22, Germany 18, Japan 16, Italy 15. At the present rate of increase, the relative positions in 1905 will be as follows: England 100, France 50, United States 40, Russia 35, Germany 30, Japan 25, Italy 12. Even the German navy, however, cannot thrive on a deficit of twelve millions, and the result of last year's Imperial Budget is more likely to effect a pause in the ambitious shipbuilding programme which has occasioned so much uneasiness amongst us than any increase in it. Meantime, we in England are doing more than holding our own. According to Lord Brassey's "Annual" (1902 ch. i.), we had during the year under review a larger number of first-class battleships building than the number completed for any other

navy, and we had also under construction twice the number of first-class cruisers completed for any other Power.

We ought, I think, to take a more reasonable and probable view both of Germany's aim in thus increasing her navy and of the limitations which must affect it. The protection of commerce and colonies must surely be regarded as a legitimate cause for the creation of a navy, and as fifteen years ago Germany practically possessed neither of the two former, it is not surprising that her zeal for the creation of a navy has been so conspicuous as to cause a small panic amongst that section of the public who regard every increase of foreign armaments as specially directed against England. There are few apparent reasons for German antipathy to England. Perhaps the most potent is that jealousy, sedulously fostered by the German Navy League, which a newly born world-power would naturally feel towards another State, which, after centuries of effort, has anticipated her in the acquisition of coveted territorial and commercial advantages. But, on the other side, there are important considerations which cannot be disregarded by those responsible from the Emperor downwards for the guidance of Germany. Freedom of commerce, the policy of the open door and of equality of opportunity in the markets of China and the East, are as important to Germany as they are to ourselves. She knows that as long as the present balance of power continues these advantages are hers without question, but with the downfall of this country, either by her instrumentality or with her connivance, how would her commercial and political position be affected? Assuming the effacement of England and the aggrandisement of Russia, and probably of her ally, France, would the German nation sleep more tranquilly in their beds, remembering the national desire of France for a Rhine frontier and of Russia for the absorption of all Slavonic nationalities.

These solid and substantial considerations ought to operate on the sober sense of both Germans and English to produce, in time, a better feeling between us. We cannot ignore, and

can only seriously deplore the estrangement between two nations which have so often acted together in peace as well as war. It may be hoped in the true interests of both that they will realise the force of Washington's warning to his fellow countrymen so opportunely quoted by Captain Mahan,[1] "not to be influenced by permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations." Both nations are extremely matter-of-fact, and once convinced that their common interests demand that they should act, not necessarily in formal alliance, but in solidarity of action, they may agree to forget the passions and prejudices of the last few years.

Turning now from the condition of matters in the Near East, let us consider what new factors have lately arisen which will affect the "long view" of England's position in the opening years of the century.

Foremost of these is the entry of the United States on the scene as a world-power of the first commercial importance. Although making her début somewhat coyly and as if half ashamed of the alteration in her status, the United States fully accepted the responsibilities of her position in China during the crisis of 1900; while her acquisition of the Philippines, and the commercial development of China, in which she shows herself determined to play her part, makes her co-operation a probable and invaluable assistance to England in developing the policy to which we have committed ourselves, and which is as important to her as to us. The United States is now in a state of transition from a purely Transatlantic into a World State, and the change is fortunately occurring at a time of great political unrest, when circumstances have recently combined to draw closer the natural bonds of sympathy between her and England, and when identity of interest in the Far East may induce by degrees a more intimate form of co-operation.

Of scarcely less importance to England is the phenomenal rise and expansion of Japan into a Power of considerable

[1] *National Review*, September 1902.

magnitude, and our recently concluded alliance with her. Her military and naval power, her harbours within easy reach of the Chinese coast constitute her an invaluable ally of this country. Her sympathies, and many people would say her antipathies, are closely bound up with our own, for her commercial development requires freedom of trade and free access to the markets of China and of Asia, and in proportion to the increase of her naval power and wealth, must also increase her influence over her unwieldy and unprogressive neighbour. The conclusion of this alliance—the most important event during Lord Lansdowne's tenure of the Foreign Office, has been met with almost unanimous satisfaction throughout the Empire. England receives most valuable moral and material support in a corner of the world most distant from her own shores, in which her commercial interests are at once most important, and most threatened.

The South African War, and the uprising of the Colonies to the assistance of the mother country in the prosecution of a just and Imperial struggle in the successful issue of which all parts of the Empire were equally interested, is of too recent occurrence to enable a clear forecast to be taken of its ultimate result. Although foreign nations may laugh at our reverses and the mistakes of some of our generals, the stern and determined purpose of the nation to win in the end at whatever cost of men and money, the improvements in our military system which must result from the lessons of the war, the experience acquired in the field by both generals and men, and the ease with which the consequent financial burdens have been borne by the country, must surely impress the outside world. It is no sentimental assistance which the Colonies have rendered in the last three years. The war has demonstrated to all the world as well as to astonished Little Englanders and pro-Boers at home (alas! that any should have been found) that for the future the British Empire and not the United Kingdom only has to be reckoned with, and that the natural increase of our population not only adds

strength to each particular colony but to the Empire at large.

There can be no doubt that recent events have tended to that consolidation of the Empire which is the chief object aimed at in the "long view" of England's future. In these days of Dual and Triple Alliances between nations armed to the teeth, it is more than ever necessary that as the component parts of the Empire are widely separated, they should yet be capable of immediate and united action, the result of well-calculated provision and not of temporarily devised expedient. Unity and forethought, therefore, are the chief desiderata at the present time. The first is now an honoured shibboleth among the *disjecta membra* of the Empire, and needs no bolstering up at conferences of Colonial Premiers, but the co-ordinating of the Imperial forces in a well-thought-out scheme of Imperial defence has still to be devised, and the sooner it is done the better, for no one can tell how soon the machine may have to be tested in the stern arbitrament of war, which, if it comes at all, will surely come upon us swiftly and suddenly, and if we cannot meet it as the strong man armed at all points, we are not likely to have so long an opportunity for recuperation as was allowed us in the late war. The Venezuelan affair, now happily in train for settlement, is evidence, first, of the existing tension in foreign affairs, and, secondly, of the strong national feeling against any joint action with Germany even in so limited and trivial a matter as the well-deserved punishment of the worst and weakest of South American States for wrongs inflicted on the citizens of both countries. This national feeling cannot be easily dissipated, but time, which softens national acerbities, and a juster appreciation in Germany of the value of English confidence and support, will, it is to be hoped, result in a more conciliatory demeanour on her part and a more receptive feeling on our own.

CHARLES BILL.

THE PENRHYN QUARRIES IN PERSPECTIVE

EVER since the Liberal Movement in life and letters sprang from the awakening of Europe by the French Revolution, it has been assumed that a revival of thought, a revision of accepted dogmas about the relation of the individual citizen to the mass of citizens, of classes to the masses, and of the masses to the State, is the natural consequence of a great war. A revival of the arts is in the general expectation another inevitable result. Indeed, to æsthetic minds habitually yearning for fresh intellectual sensation it is the finest of the fruits of war. This we perceive from the disappointments which found expression in periodical reviews devoted to the diagnosis of our moods and tendencies. The theorisings began immediately after the episodes on the Modder River. Academic thinkers arose to declare that this was a mighty war indeed, a titantic struggle, a clash of prejudices and of arms on a scale great enough to celebrate the close of a nervous century; but where, it was asked, were the new poets, and why were the old ones tame or dumb? After a time these questionings ceased. There had arisen no prose writer to take up the romantic mantle of Walter Scott, no new singer to inherit and expand the constructive Liberalism of Alfred Tennyson. There had been no response to the demand for heroic measures in the muses, and the demand died out in despair. The war had been so astonishingly barren of impulse

to the Arts that we might as well have remained at peace on the terms of the Transvaal's Ultimatum. Such was the conclusion to which were driven the anxious watchers for a portent. If a war of such unexampled character could neither produce a new poet nor rekindle to a nobler flame the song of any familiar genius, was it not clear that our race must be past the virility of its prime, worn-out, and decadent?

The fear that such must be the case was sorrowfully expressed by thinkers not a few; but there is reason for believing that the pessimism was unnecessary. The war was unprecedented in respect of considerations other than those of the number of Imperial troops employed and the distance between their headquarters and the fields of battle. Despite the unexpected turns which the struggle took, the result was never very much in doubt. Although the Empire was incidentally fighting for its life, it was fighting with assurance of success. Arduous, long, and full of mishaps as it was, the war was not one over which our nation could long maintain much racial pride. It was a war forced upon us by considerations mainly of the unromantic kind: an action needfully to be taken in defence of "the delicate marvel of our credit": a strictly practical acceptance of a prosaic task, that of subduing two troublesome states lest a triumph of their arrogance should in more important regions sap the authority of the Throne. A war of that character is not an episode which inspires the poetical or the romantic imagination. Well for us that it is not. England would indeed have had some cause for fearing herself senile and in decay had her men of genius burst into pæans of exultation over the incidents, such as the surrender of the over-matched Cronje, in the result of which the Empire vindicated and maintained its integrity. In subduing the Transvaal and the Orange Free State the Empire merely discharged a painful duty to itself, and it is not in such energies that a great race finds inspiration towards a revival of the arts which glorify the national genius.

If the history of the war in South Africa blossoms into

great poetry, or into romantic prose, it will not do so through the imaginations of Englishmen. The poets or the romanticists will be Boers. When Cromwell and the overwhelming Parliamentary forces had subdued the Stuarts, it was not the victors in whose minds war had cultivated the latent capacity of poesy and romance which is common to all martial races. It was the Jacobites to whose imaginations the warfare had been inspiring. Round the Jacobite tradition there has accumulated a splendid literature. The cause of Whiggery, which succeeded because Cromwell's were the superior forces, has not contributed to libraries or to folklore a single verse or a single story which can be described as literature at all. It does not follow that the Puritans were destitute of lyrical or romantic gifts. It follows only that the subjugation of the Jacobites, brave foes who had struggled at disadvantage, was not an achievement in which Englishmen worthy of their race could possibly exult. Without the joy of triumph in equal fight, Britons, who are self-respecting as a rule, cannot be developed into poets or romanticists by war. It is to the credit of England that the campaigns in South Africa have not caused any attempt at that revival of literature for which hasty thinkers yearned.

Is it, then, that our three-years war has been without any stimulating effect on the minds of the English people? If we believed this we should be blind to the signs of the times. A great war that does not lead to a revival of arts such as those of literature leads to a revival of curiosity about practical concerns. An activity of that kind has been in progress since the Peace. Like the wind before a thunderstorm, it has frequently changed its direction. At first it was said that Society, besides being frivolous and no better morally than might be expected from its luxurious indolence, secretly wielded a bad influence on the fighting services. That thought wore itself out in the anger of three months. Then it was said that, notwithstanding the enfranchisement of the people into democracy, the governance of the nation was

vested in oligarchic cliques. The wrath of another three months exhausted whatever validity lay in the suspicion that "the Cecils" had too much power in the land. In the subsequent quarter we had a crusade in behalf of economy in the Army and the Navy. As the crusaders were the very men who during the war had clamoured for victorious despatch at any cost, that movement died a natural death. All those agitations, which originated among Conservatives, were accompanied by a strange outbreak of reforming zeal in a group of Liberals; but that too has ceased. Perhaps the chief of the group, who is given to the study of history, has chanced upon Mr. Charles Greville's reference to the Lord Grey of seventy years ago, who, though "temperate and very general," was found to be "harping too much on that confounded word *efficiency*," and has perceived the uselessness of the arrogant and discredited shibboleth.

Contemplated in the tranquillity of retrospect, all these panic emotions seem petty, and even amusing; but they were unmistakably sincere, and they cannot have been wholly meaningless. Arising among and encouraged by men prominent and ambitious in public life, they never seemed to have any serious hold upon the people at large; yet, at the time, the people did not resent them, or think them ludicrous. Indeed, it almost seemed that the passionate plaints were symptoms of an unrestfulness of feeling and reflection among the millions who were not heard. That there were potential causes for some such condition was indubitable. A great war that brings to the nation only the negative glory of not having been defeated makes the people think; and the thoughts are sad, searching, sceptical about the social and economic order of the realm.

Our triumph, which no one has the heart to enshrine in song or story, cost very much more, in time, in money, and in men, than the most apprehensive among us foresaw. The nation does not regret these expenditures; but it is conscious of them, and the consciousness is in the nature

of those remorseful depressions under the influence of which healthy men and healthy races rally to regain equanimity and improved fortune. The classes of the people have not often been so friendly towards one another as they are now. War blent them in a sympathy which subsequent reflections have not seriously disturbed.

It is no bitter impulse that is bringing about a revival of curiosity about social and economic laws. It is an impulse, common to all who think, springing from a candid perception that the economic sociology with which we were roughly content in the languid age of peace was probably not a perfect polity.

That which all England seeks is something more than a system which will be less cruel than orthodox political economy; something more than a mitigation of undue riches and undue poverty; some reform in which a raising of the standard of comfort among the working classes, although necessarily the first step, is, by the consent of all concerned, a means to a much wider result. In short, we are awaking to a perception that, with the increase of the pressure of the population upon the means of subsistence and with the increase of the pressure of the Imperial responsibilities upon the means of defence, there comes a time when orthodox political economy ceases to be intelligently applicable either to the domestic or to the national rights of man.

That time is nigh for England. Indeed, it is already upon us. Almost unobservedly, the fitful winds of feverish opinion which seemed to portend some undefined social revolution have died away; and in the calm we are confronted once more with a familiar problem that in times of peace is, and probably always will be, recurrent in strong, prosperous, and progressive States. That is the problem of Capital and Labour. There is no need to deplore this. We never hear a word in condemnation of a capitalist who, having ten thousand pounds a year, strives to double his income. On the contrary, such a man is held to be a credit to his country;

and when he has doubled his income frequently enough to be inordinately rich he receives from the highest classes a welcome which is not altogether determined by any sense of the personal favours he can bestow. Why, then, should we cry out in dismay or in irritation when Labour also wishes to be better off? The man who, having thirty shillings a week, would like sixty is just as much entitled to his wish as the man who, having ten thousand pounds a year, would fain become a "millionaire." It is not altogether on his own account that he seeks a larger income. Even as the capitalist who is capable of achieving millions is usually, as we constantly see, anxious to strengthen the institutions of the realm by the use of great wealth, the working man has a wife and family, dependents for whose future he is naturally solicitous. In both cases the desire for better fortune has an unselfish and ennobling sanction. Material comfort and patriotism are separate things; but the one is essential in the other. A reasonable assurance that those who are near and dear to us will always have a competence in our land, should they choose to remain there, is absolutely necessary to the continuance of that pride in our country from which in time of stress self-sacrifice gladly springs. It is quite natural that the working man, like any other man, should be constantly anxious to have his lot in life improved. When he ceases to have that anxiety the race will be past its prime, and the decline of the Empire will have begun. "The Labour Movement," therefore, tedious as the tidings of it are sometimes apt to be, should not be regarded as a symptom of impending disruption. It is a sign that the nation is in prosperity and health. At any rate, it is so in time of peace. In time of war the movement ceases. With the exception of a highly important episode to be examined anon, there was not a single great dispute between Labour and Capital during the recent war. This remarkable fact shows that the working men are as loyal as any other class. It should convey rebuke and correction to those unreflecting Conservatives, mainly to be found among the urban middle-

classes and the rustic squirearchy, who cannot understand why "the lower orders" should not be content with the wages of fifty years ago and the reassuring provisions of the Poor Law.

Nevertheless, whilst the propositions of Labour should always be heard with patience, and even welcomed, it is necessary that we should examine them closely before assuming that they should be received in a spirit of concession. They are propositions in political economy, a science the importance of which, though the learned works about it are almost innumerable, is not generally recognised. Its laws, though not yet finally defined, are immutable, just as those of mathematics are; and infringements of its laws would produce disasters from which, in higher domains, the mathematician in error would be free. The mathematician might make mistakes about the distribution of the external universe without upsetting the order of the heavens; but a people could not make practical mistakes in political economy without upsetting the order of the earth. It is impossible in a brief writing to establish this thought fully; but it happens that at the moment there are before us three topics of great interest from a scrutiny of which three fundamental truths emerge. The truths are, first, that the wealth of the nation is not of the nature which is generally assumed, and that, in seeking what they call a more equitable distribution of wealth, the Socialist working men are under an extraordinary illusion as to its amount; secondly, that Labour, ambitious for equality with Capital in the control of industries, is making an unjust demand the concession of which is in the nature of things impossible; and, thirdly, that Capital, maintaining in at least one instance the letter of the law of property, is violating the spirit in a manner which, if it became general in certain industries necessary to the welfare of the realm, would not be tolerated for a week.

The first truth can be brought to light by analysing a certain uncontroversial episode which is adding to the gaiety of the Britannic nations at home and beyond the seas. About a

year ago the company owning a certain newspaper discovered an encyclopædia which thousands of people would buy if its merits were brought clamorously to their notice. The book was like an abandoned but unexhausted quarry. It had still an abundance of potential wealth. The company set about their enterprise. All the world knows how they have prospered. By means of a system of advertising lavish and energetic beyond all precedent, the company have added the encyclopædia to the household gods of many thousand families, and have been in receipt of cheques to an equivalent number. What the profits of the enterprise amount to, or will amount to when it has been completed, is not known. The sum must be large; but for our present purpose the exact figures are not necessary. Let us assume that since the enterprise began the encyclopædia has been the subject of trade to the amount of half a million pounds. What does that mean? Some of those who ruminate passionately over the unequal distribution of the means of subsistence and of luxuries may answer that half a million pounds have been added to the wealth of the nation, and that in the event of a Socialistic rearrangement of our affairs the sum to be divided among the people would be half a million more than it was before the potentialities of the encyclopædia were developed. The answer would be natural; but it would be wrong. On the assumption, for the purposes of elucidation, that the whole trade in the encyclopædia has been within our own shores, it is demonstrable that the addition to the national wealth which has accompanied the enterprise is so trifling as to be inconsiderable. The owners of many newspapers have had their revenues slightly increased by payments for the advertisements which the company issued; there has been a little extra business to printers, makers of paper, makers of ink, dealers in leather, book-binders, makers of revolving book-cases, the railways, and the Post Office; the writers of the articles in the supplementary volumes, by which the work was "brought up to date," have received fees; and the original owners of the copyright have been paid for their

concession. The most extreme Socialist would not, on reflection, object to any of these earnings, all of which were reasonable requitals for honest service, and probably consumed almost as quickly as they were received; but what of the balance, the handsome sum by which the coffers of the company have been enriched? On reflection, that also might pass the extreme Socialist's survey. No man would call it an unearned increment. That, however, is not relevant to the consideration which has now to be made clear. In relation to the national wealth the handsome sum in the company's coffers is not an increment at all. It is merely a transfer of wealth within the nation. The nature and the results of this transfer may be happily illustrated by a story which is so quaint that it must be true. Tam Orrock and Sandy Tamson owned neighbouring farms in Fife. In their great friendship they agreed that each should bequeath his land to the other on consideration of an undertaking that the survivor would place ten pounds in the coffin of the friend who should go first. Tam died, and Sandy took possession of Tam's farm. To all the people round about, Sandy was known to be "close-fisted," and soon suspicion grew into a rumour that he had not fulfilled the condition. Consequently, in the hope of being able to upset the arrangement, Tam's relations approached Sandy.

"Sandy, man," they said, "ye've ta'en possession of Tam's fairm; but did ye really fu'fil your pairt o' the compac'?"

"Of coorse," said Sandy, with dignified indignation.

"But do ye really mean to tell us, Sandy Tamson, that ye buried the ten pounds in Tam's coffin?"

"Certainly I did."

"Noo, juist tell us in what shape or form the money was. Was it in gold, or notes, or what?"

"Neyther."

"Sil'er then, maybe?"

"No: nor sil'er."

"What, then?"

"O," answered Sandy, loftily, "I juist gied him a bit cheque for't."

Now, strange as the idea may at first appear, the transaction between the company who traded in the encyclopædia and the many thousands of householders on whose bookshelves the stately volumes now repose is, from the point of view of the extreme and passionate Socialist, who is extreme and in a passion only at the thought of increased national wealth in which he does not share, closely akin to the transaction between Sandy and Tam. The wealth of the nation was not increased by the enrichment of Sandy on Tam's death. It merely underwent a minute change in distribution. Similarly, the wealth of the nation has not been increased by the vast trade in the encyclopædia. If the trade had been with people in foreign lands our national wealth would have been increased to the extent of the difference between the cost of producing and selling the books and the sum of the payments from the purchasers; but, on the assumption that the trade has been wholly internal, it may be said that there has been only a transfer of wealth within the nation itself. That, however, is not the main respect in which the two transactions are akin. In the imagination of our extreme Socialist the national wealth is something that could conceivably be redistributed among the whole people to the great improvement of the lots in life of those who at present do not have sufficient food and clothes and properly-appointed house-room. As related to that belief the two transactions are exactly alike. If we were to have Socialism of the extreme kind, the encyclopædias which have been scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land would be as useless as the cheque which Sandy placed in the grave of Tam. They could not be eaten, or made into clothing, or used as bricks for dwellings. At present, when our society is individualistic, based upon the recognition of private property, the books do have values, the value which lies in the power of their possessors to glean from them knowledge which will help them in achieving

prosperity in their own careers, and the value which lies in their being saleable commodities; but if our society underwent revolution into Socialism of the kind we are considering they would not be worth so much as their weight in fuel. As no one would then have any motive for being a worker of any kind more skilled in any respect than his neighbour, no one would wish to read them, and no one would wish to buy them. This desolating truth is applicable to at least nine-tenths of the commodities which represent that magnificent but illusive entity known as the national wealth. The value of these commodities is almost wholly extrinsic, dependent upon the sociological conditions amid which they are possessed. A picture by some great master, for example, may be worth ten thousand pounds as long as our system of economics allows it, like a bank note, to maintain a practically fixed value; but it would be worth nothing at all if the will of the people declared that henceforth all property should be held in common. Almost the only commodity of any value amid the new conditions of society would be the nation's reserves of foodstuffs; and those, it is known, are not sufficient to keep the people in life for more than six weeks. In short, the national wealth as understood by the extreme and passionate Socialist is almost wholly an illusion. Nine-tenths of it would vanish the moment he converted the people to his theory.

It may be said that Socialism of the extreme kind has not been much in vogue of recent years; and that is true. Socialism lapses in times of prosperity, and, to the great credit of the working classes, it lapses also, as we have seen, in time of war. Like certain other superstitions, however, it has the peculiarity of reviving periodically, as each successive generation "throws up" some eager thinker upon whom the immortal theory that all men are equal acts as a fiery cross; and it is pretty certain that when trade languishes we shall be once more face to face with Socialism in all its original crudity. Indeed, since the Peace we have been face to face with it in a mode which, seeming new, does but present the ancient

fallacies in a fresh guise. Instead of seeking a "more equitable" distribution of wealth by the direct means of compelling a general rise in wages, powerful leaders of the working men are seeking that end by endeavouring to acquire for Labour a control over industry equal to that which is wielded by Capital. Over a motion for the second reading of the Trade Disputes Bill, their desire was debated in the House of Commons on May 8. Front-bench statesmen on both sides took part in the discussion; but electioneering considerations rendered the debate evasive. Fortunately, it is possible to supply the missing words, and to present the proposition fully and without disguise. The new episode in the Labour Movement began when the final judgment in the Taff Vale Railway case had been delivered. The Supreme Court had upheld the opinion of Mr. Justice Farwell that trade unions may be sued for damages in respect of questionable actions on the part of their recognised officers. Asserting that the funds of the Unions are benefit funds, to be used for the relief of members who fall ill or lose employment, advocates of the claims of Labour held that, whatever may have been the intention of the Act of 1871, upon his reading of which the Lord Chancellor based his judgment, the decision was not righteous in equity. Dissatisfaction with it gave Mr. J. B. Clynes, a very able member of the Oldham Trade Union Law Committee, an opportunity to state certain thoughts about the relations of Capital and Labour. He formulated those thoughts with remarkable perspicacity and ingenious skill of rhetoric. Quoted from *The Times*, this is a summary of his argument:

> Employers can, singly or in association, pursue their objects and preserve their interests by refusing to engage, by dismissing, or locking out, one workman or a thousand. Injury is inflicted on the men and loss suffered by their union. Neither the union nor the workman has any claim on the employer for such loss or injury; nor do they wish to claim, because such loss is incidental in circumstances where the faculty of war is being exercised, and the employer, having the power, is considered to have the right to act in pursuit of his

interests. When men go on strike the object is not to injure the employer, but to preserve their interests and protect or improve their position. As the law now is, employers may lock men out to make them leave a union, or discharge them for joining one; but the trade unions cannot strike with the object of forcing men to join. Employers may request each other not to supply employment to certain men; but the trade unions cannot ask a person not to supply men or materials to certain employers. Employers may entice and procure persons to assist them during a dispute; but the trade unions cannot peacefully persuade persons not to take the employers' side. None the less, employers may use lists of workmen they object to; but the trade unions cannot publish lists of employers who are objectionable to them. Employers may use agents and money to induce men to assist them in disputes; but the trade unions cannot watch or quietly picket a shop during a dispute without risk of prosecution.

The lucid candour with which Mr. Clynes states the problem as he perceives it is an encouragement to believe that he himself, and perhaps most representatives of Labour, will give heed to a statement of the problem as it is perceived by others. In order that this presentment may be complete, it is necessary to note that Mr. Clynes overlooks a highly important consideration. In pleading for equality of privilege between masters and servants, apparently he takes it for granted that the only "factors in production" are a man or men willing to employ and a man or men willing to be employed. He ignores capital. At least, he makes no mention of it in his count and reckoning. Thus, he reasons in a vicious circle. There are more than two "factors in production." There are three. There is capital; there is the willingness of the possessor of capital to use it in an enterprise; and there is labour. If any of the three "factors" were lacking, the other two would be useless, and the industries of civilisation would become impossible. It must, however, be admitted that, whilst the essentials of civilised industry are three, for the purposes of practical thought they resolve themselves into two. On one side we have Capital and Enterprise; on the other side we have Labour.

Are the two sides equal in capacity to contribute towards

production of the articles which mankind consume, equal in theoretical right, and therefore equal in reasonable privilege? Since no two essentials in production are of use apart from the third, it may be admitted that the two sides are in a manner equal; but to regard this admission as serious would be mistaking a metaphysical paradox for a practical truth. The admission would mean that the two sides are equal in respect that neither has any capacity at all.

It cannot be in respect of such a negative and barren equality that Mr. Clynes implicity affirms that there ought to be practical equality of privilege between employers and employed. The tone of his writing is evidence that, far from being an irreconcilable malcontent or a frivolous metaphysician, he is a sincere thinker anxious that the toiling millions should have their lot improved by honest means. He knows quite well that the equality of privilege which some sane men would welcome is not equality in starving from lack of the necessaries of life. Perhaps, therefore, he will be prepared to acknowledge that the only means by which the two sets of forces needful in production could be made roughly equal would be a division of the capital at disposal between the employers and the employed. Even then the equality would be more apparent than real. The position of master, the privilege of directing the productive energies, would naturally, if there were to be any fair play in the enterprise at all, or hope about its issues, remain with the man or the men by whom the capital was provided. Thus, once more the theoretic equality would be upset by the intrusion of privilege. Only crazy thinkers would have the State attempt to achieve the equality of men by the equal distribution of the capital of the country among them all; but a reference to this aspiration is necessary in order to show forth beyond all possibility of mistake a fallacy which underlies the less immoderate aspiration of those who think with Mr. Clynes. Capital will never be divided between employers and employed. It follows that the two sets of forces engaged in production of the articles by which civilised

life is maintained can never be made equal. Two and one cannot possibly be made into four or into two, a sum that can be divided into two equal parts. They remain three. Thus, while civilisation lasts we shall always have Capital and Enterprise on one side and Labour on the other. There will always, that is to say, be inequality between employers and employed.

That is an elementary, axiomatic, familiar truth; but it has been needful to repeat and explain it in order that Mr. Clynes and the many thousands who share his thoughts may perceive that inequality, which is inherent and permanent in nature, human as well as humbler-animal or inanimate, inevitably leads to the very privileges which even the moderate Socialists would abolish. A thousand destitute orphans could not force a thousand trade-union heads of houses to employ them in domestic service. Similarly, trade unionists cannot force possessors of capital to embark it in industrial enterprises. As our social order at present stands, the enterprises are voluntary. Also, excepting in so far as they are regulated by obligations such as those ordained by the Factories Act, the terms of employment are naturally those which the capitalists are willing to offer and the workmen are willing to accept. The privileges of which Mr. Clynes complains inevitably flow from this natural and reasonable arrangement between honourable men. Assuming that the agreements are not for perpetuity, we must acknowledge that the employers are within their rights in closing them at will in accordance with the legal conditions; and the workmen have precisely the same right.

For some of us it is possible to suspect lack of human feeling, or even vindictiveness, in the aversion of many employers from workmen who belong to trade unions; but out of that fact we can make nothing to the credit of the Socialist aspiration until the unionists are much less averse from and hostile to the free labourers than they have consistently shown themselves to be. Combination among employers to protect their individual interests certainly gives to all of them

more power than each could have if he were acting alone; but that power is not in its nature different from the power which the employed sought and acquired when they formed themselves into unions. In times of disputation the employers, it is true, "entice and procure persons to assist them"; but in that they do no more than the unionists achieve when by peaceful persuasion through print or from platform they state their case and their wishes to other men. When the persuasion is in the mode of watching or quietly picketing a shop it is peaceful only in the sense in which a lonely woman complies with the theorem of a burglar. Besides, what would be thought of employers who should "quietly picket" an agitating workman's house in order to keep their intelligence department properly equipped "in the circumstances where the faculty of war is being exercised"?

It seems, then, that, when scrutinised in the light of reasoning from the nature of things, Socialism as expressed by Socialists is not a tenable system of doctrine. There are two respects in which it is manifestly fallacious. In the first place, it does injustice to the established order in economy by ignoring the fact that certain privileges are clearly inseparable from capital when the owners of the capital assert to the full the rights which it imparts. On the other hand, it does more than justice to itself through gaining sympathy among the thoughtless by ignoring the fact that Socialists themselves have privileges not distinguishable in character from those of the capitalists. As has been shown, they have freedom to enter into and legally to close agreements; freedom to use, within a law which is the same for rich and poor, the strength which comes from combination; and freedom, within a similar law, to gain for their theory of natural rights the moral support of public opinion and the practical support of all men persuaded to join their unions.

Further, they have a privilege which, by some extraordinary mischance, has completely escaped notice. What would be the feelings and the remarks of any ordinary trade unionist if,

on the plea that all men have a natural right to live, and therefore a right to the means of life, a hundred thousand free labourers, thrown out of employment in a sudden conversion of all capitalists to the doctrines expounded by Mr. Clynes, demanded a share in the moral privilege of the unions and in the material beneficence of all the unionist funds? The reception of such a demand would lack the humaneness notable in the manner in which the claims of Labour upon Capital are always made by trade unionists and always heard by detached observers whose habitual judgment is less searching than sympathetic. Still, there is absolutely no reason why such a demand should be considered irrational by any one who is willing to accept as sound the principles so lucidly taken for granted by Socialists of the school of moderate Mr. Clynes. A man does not need to be very wealthy in order to be a capitalist. He is a capitalist even in respect of possessing a chest of tools. More manifestly is he of the order of capitalists when he belongs to a society so well bestowed financially as most of the trade unions are. It is not at all out of the question to think of the possibility that there may one day be a violent protest against combination from the very many thousands of men who use their liberty of judgment and of action to remain free. A certain dubiety about combinations in the United States, a dubiety which is ominously active in the mind of President Roosevelt, a statesman who does not hesitate when the tendency of a doubt is crystallised into a conviction, should prepare us to perceive that such a protest may in our own country be much nearer than most of us suppose. Its coming would be a startling revelation that "the faculty of war" is not a monopoly of the forces of Labour and Capital as at present limited within essentially artificial organisations. The faculty is capable of expansion which may one day bring about a social rearrangement unexpectedly drastic. Whenever there is in England a war between Labour and Capital as widespread, bitter, and exhausting as is conceivably possible, the Empire will collapse, and our realm in the North Sea will sink

into a position similar to that of Switzerland, which is little more than a favourite holiday haunt for well-fed citizens from neighbouring European States.

In order that such disasters may remain mere speculative contingencies, it behoves all patriotic thinkers, to what classes soever they belong, to perceive that "the faculty of war," of which empiric economists speak so lightly, had better be exercised henceforth with extreme caution. The potentialities of social progress which were latent in it when workmen began to combine against the inhumane and short-sighted tyranny of Capital have now been realised to the full. If we exercise the faculty inconsiderately, we shall do so at great risk. On both sides the combinations are incomprehensive, unscientific, fraught with retrogression and misery instead of progress and prosperity. Besides, they are an offence, a cause of dangerous dejection, to all who would fain believe England a country of clear and cleanly thought amid which neither demagogic humbug nor economic stupidity can thrive. At present, happily, save for discontent in the engineering industry on the Clyde, we are almost wholly free from the "labour crises" which in piping times not long gone by afforded us opportunities for rather irrational partisanships. There is, however, one crisis which seems to be as steadfast as the eternal hills. It began before the war, and threatens to survive the peace. As it is in certain respects typical of the disturbances which must be rendered impossible if we are to maintain our position among the nations, a brief account of this crisis may be illuminating.

There is a peer who owns quarries in Wales. He would continue to give employment in them, and to draw riches from them, if he could do so on terms which should seem to himself proper; but the terms which would satisfy him are not acceptable to the men who seek to be employed. What have been the attempts at settlement of the dispute? There have been conferences between master and men, appeals for the arbitrament of the Board of Trade, discussions in Parliament, an action for libel in the High Court, and a debate over

a proposal to censure the Government and cause it to resign because the dispute was a continuing nuisance; but in the main conciliation has been sought by means which on both sides mitigate our pride in England. On the one hand, tempted by politicians in London who were quick towards alliance with any body of disaffection that would help to turn out the Government of the day, the Bethesda choir, consisting of quarrymen who refused to quarry, trekked forth to the great towns, singing "Land of our Fathers," and other psalms and spiritual songs, by way of persuading somnolent and sentimental Saxons that the peer was a wicked man. Afterwards, at the same seduction and with equal fervour, they applied the music to the condemnation of all Britons who could not bleat in sympathy with the Boers. Still later, days and moments were quickly flying while the choristers submitted harmonious doxologies as a humble contribution to earnest criticism of the Education Act. In the course of this session, doubtless, we shall have the same Welshmen proving by the clear demonstration of anthems that Parliament must accept every Nationalist amendment of the Irish Land Bill. Where is all this to end? Are we to have the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's obliged to send forth stalwart songsters to vindicate by selections from Hymns Ancient and Modern the claims of the publicans who sin against the sectaries' fanaticism? The prospect should bring a consciousness of error to the minds of the Liberals who enticed the lugubrious quarrymen from Wales. Sympathy is an aid to the solution of difficulties when it gives us insight into the cause to which we are opposed; but when it is politically prejudiced it is a darkening of counsel.

On the other hand, throughout the crisis about the quarries the attitude of the peer has been not much less absurd than that of the psalm-singing artists in the faculty of war. He has sat quietly in imperturbable assertion of what he conceives to be his rights. As it is only slate which the quarries hold, there is something to be said for him. His is not a mineral

for the lack of which the fabric of our State, or even that of our homesteads, would speedily decay. If the peer's industrial enterprise had been concerned with coal instead of slate, the four years' crisis of which his property has been the subject would long ere this have attracted a much more effective notice. The constant production of coal is necessary to the life of the people. All other industries depend upon it. Coal is essential in the life of the nation and in that of the Empire. Without it, for example, our ships of commerce could not move; neither could we import the vast quantities of food-stuffs to the measure of which our home production falls short of the needs of the people, nor could we export the commodities by which the imports are paid for; we could not even produce these commodities themselves. Similarly, the Navy would be useless.

It is not needful to dwell on this appalling thought. It suffices to realise that, the very lives of us, individually, socially, and as a nation, being dependent upon the constant production of coal, that is an industry which must be sufficiently maintained at all costs. Any private interest the assertion of which would paralyse it must be overridden without scruple. Fortunately, there is not at present any trouble in the coal-mining industry of Great Britain and Ireland; but, as there were serious troubles not long ago, it is not unreasonable to think that there may possibly be others. The danger with which the United States was recently threatened gave a warning to England. Also, the means by which the President solved the difficulty conveyed a valuable suggestion. Mr. Roosevelt indicated that if the operators and the coal-miners did not speedily come to terms the Government would apply the law of mortmain. By buying up the coal-bearing lands, the Government would relieve the operators of the burden of their properties, and have mining continued by the State. Should the need arise, that will necessarily be the action of our own Government. There are other industries, such as those undertaken by the railway companies, by ironmasters, and by

shipbuilders, which are almost equally essential in the domestic and national welfare of the people. Not one of them can be allowed to lapse through disputes between Labour and Capital. The interests of the nation, which is the heart of the Empire, are naturally and for all time supreme over every other consideration.

This synthetic truth holds the possibility of a Socialism which would be in harmony with the laws of nature. The desirability of free play between supply and demand, between Capital and Labour, must be subordinated to the necessity that the United Kingdom should not be left at a disadvantage in relation to other States. It will be well for themselves and for the realm if all the great employers of labour realise that such a Socialism, which would expand until the system absorbed nearly all but petty industries and the trades in luxuries, is inevitable unless they contrive to maintain satisfactory relations with Labour. It will be well for the realm, because State control of industries tends to arrest progress by discouraging inventive genius and the spirit of enterprise; and well for themselves, because theirs would indeed be a lamentable decline and fall if it could possibly be said that they had been disloyal to racial and Imperial ideals through excess of faithfulness to a political economy rendered obsolete by those conditions, unprecedented in the history of races or of empires, in the reality and significance of which the Britons at home and beyond the seas are beginning to apprehend their incomparable privilege.

It used to be said that a sound political economy excluded all ethical considerations. Generally accepted by the pedants and the prigs, the proposition, in its day, held a certain measure of truth. It was a plausible theory in an age when the mercantile expounders of crude Liberalism shouted "Perish India!" and, in the high name of natural law, ground the faces of the poor to their own genteel enrichment. In that era, the middle third of the nineteenth century, neither had England so much to defend as she has now nor were

there so many great Powers jealous of her possessions and her might. At length the theory has ceased to be even plausible. It has become an obvious falsehood. Through a common peril we have all, high and lowly, rich and poor, come to a sympathetic understanding. The new polities to which this understanding may lead are not yet completely foreseen; but all of them will be animated by the same ideal. The very lives of us as Englishmen depend upon the Empire. That, again, depends upon the spirit of the masses who toil in these small islands from which the Empire sprang. As long as they have comfort in their homes they will have pride in the Empire, and be willing to make any sacrifice necessary to maintain its honour and its integrity. Amid reasonable social conditions we shall go to war, when needful, with resolution, and even gladly; but with what heart will our troops and our fleets fight, and we who are at home be watchers of their efforts, if, through some wretched incompatibility between Capital and Labour, whole communities in England are starving? British Imperialism is a lofty spirit; but, from its very nature, it is readily susceptible to depressing influences, and if at any critical time there is widespread misery at home it will be poised on a treacherous atmosphere. The scandal in Wales, with the echoes of which the whole nation has been afflicted for years, exemplifies a state of industrial affairs which cannot be allowed to become a precedent. It does not matter at all which side is the less blameworthy. Why should the whole land be made ashamed, enfeebled in spirit, because a community of Welshmen and a common peer are unable to fill with ordinary decency the positions in which God or the accident of birth has placed them? Ere long the State must put a limit to the time within which such disputes can be left unsettled. How could we hold up our heads in Europe, or in Asia, or anywhere else, if it should remain possible to say of us either that England permits two thousand men to be unjust to one man or that she permits one man to deprive two thousand men, with their wives and

families, of their obvious means of livelihood? We could have no joy either in war or in peace with such insensate inhumanity churning in our consciousness. Consideration for racial loyalty, national pride, which, though based on material things, is a purely ethical sentiment, must henceforth for all time determine the sociological polity of the British Empire.

W. Earl Hodgson.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

SO much has been written on the psychology of the lower animals—so many penetrating intellects have focused themselves upon the problem of animal intelligence—that an apology may well be required from him who attempts further discussion of the subject, unless he can claim to have struck some fresh clue to the delimitation of instinct and reason. No such claim can be advanced by the present writer; yet the enigma offers such powerful attraction to all who give sympathetic attention to animated nature—the phenomena of animal behaviour are so engaging—that it may be permitted to review some of the more salient and suggestive passages in the evidence collected, and endeavour to apprehend the direction in which scientific opinion is leading.

The problem seems to have resolved itself into three branches:—

1. Are animals, other than man, born, and do they continue through life unconscious automata?

2. If they are conscious, are their consciousness and intelligence the physical product of certain chemical and organic changes taking place in the growth of the egg, embryo or young creature, and therefore spontaneous in the sense that muscle, bone and blood develop by the spontaneous multiplication of cells?

3. Is the conscious intelligence exoteric? In other

words, is it the consequence of external and superior mandate or suggestion, acting upon a suitable physical receptacle?

1. *Are animals born, and do they remain, unconscious automata?*

Nobody who has systematically watched the behaviour of the young of birds and other animals is likely long to entertain the notion that, even if they are hatched or born as unconscious automata, they continue so except for a very brief period—that they are, as it were, delicate and ingenious pieces of clockwork, performing with regularity those functions for which they are designed and adapted, so long as they are regularly wound up, *i.e.*, fed. Experience, whereof the effects are manifest in every animal high enough in the scale for man to interpret its behaviour, and may exist in the lowest grades without becoming discernible by human observation—instruction, whereof very few, if any, vertebrate animals are incapable[1]—are agents upon animal behaviour predicating a mental process which can be implanted in no mere machine. To take a very homely illustration—no amount or repetition of battering will prevent a humming-top bumping itself against furniture and other obstacles when it is set spinning; but one recognises the result of experience so low in the animated scale that it is difficult to believe that any sentient creature can be totally devoid of conscious volition.

In 1873 Dr. Möbius reported to the Society of Natural Science for Schleswig-Holstein some observations by M. Amtsberg, of Stralsund, on the behaviour of a large pike. Being confined in an aquarium this fish wrought such havoc among other fish in the same tank that M. Amtsberg caused him to be separated from them by a sheet of plate glass, Thereafter, every time the pike made a dash at one of his

[1] It is the popular belief that guinea-pigs are not susceptible of instruction, and evince no recognition of one human being from another. It is much to be doubted whether this is so, and whether a guinea-pig could not be trained to go through prescribed actions as a preliminary to obtaining food.

neighbours, he received a severe blow on the nose. The predatory instinct was so strong that it took three months to convince the pike that every attempt upon the life of these small fish resulted in pain to himself. Thereafter he let them alone, even when, after six months, the glass partition was removed. Experience had taught him that these particular fish could not be attacked with impunity, whereupon his intelligence came into play to control his instinct, although, when new fish were put into the tank, he went for them at once.

Animals higher in the scale than pike, which rank low in the class of fishes, show more precocity in profiting by experience, even when deprived of the advantage of parental example and guidance. To some chicks reared in an incubator Mr. Lloyd Morgan threw caterpillars of the cinnabar moth. These larvæ are conspicuously marked with yellow and black rings, and have a flavour most distasteful to birds. The inexperienced chicks seized them greedily, but dropped them at once, wiping their bills in disgust, and seldom could be induced to touch them a second time. Next day, brown loopers and green cabbage-moth caterpillars were put before the little birds.

> These were approached with some suspicion, but presently one chick ran off with a looper and was followed by others, one of which stole and ate it. In a few minutes all the caterpillars were cleared off. Later in the day they were given some more of these edible caterpillars, which were eaten freely; and then some cinnabar larvæ. One chick ran, but checked himself, and, without touching the caterpillar, wiped his bill—a memory of the nasty taste being apparently suggested by association at the sight of the yellow-and-black caterpillar. Another seized one, and dropped it at once. A third subsequently approached a cinnabar as it crawled along, gave the danger note, and ran off."

Now in these instances the superior precocity in turning experience to advantage shown by very young chickens over M. Amtsberg's pike may be accounted for, not only by the greater mental capacity of the higher vertebrate, but by the keener physical sense of the warm-blooded animal.

[1] "Habit and Instinct," by C. Lloyd Morgan, p. 41.

Either of the above cases is sufficient to disprove the hypothesis that fishes and birds are unconscious automata. More perplexing are those displays of effective consciousness and caution which, if founded on experience, must be founded on congenitally transmitted experience.

I went a-fishing one fine summer day in the Mimram, a stream in Hertfordshire. Standing in a little fishing-house on the bank, I noticed several trout rising in a reach of the stream where it meandered through a lush meadow. As I prepared to approach these fish with all the craft I could muster, there happened to be three or four cart-horse colts careering about, thundering down the bank close to the rising trout, which seemed quite indifferent to their presence. The keeper, however, anxious to secure my ease, sent a tiny little maiden of some seven or eight summers to drive away the colts. No sooner did she approach the stream than every trout quitted the surface and fled for shelter. In fisherman's parlance, this mite of a girl had "put them down." Now these trout, of mature age, no doubt had acquired enough experience to fight shy of an angler and all his works, and, though fearless of cart-horses, would have scuttled off at the first wave of his rod. But how did they recognise in this child an immature specimen of *Homo sapiens?* Neither anglers nor poachers are in the habit of plying their calling in pinafore and petticoats. She can scarcely have been an unfamiliar apparition to these fish, for her father's house was close at hand; she must have played many a time upon that flowery marge, and, if the trout recognised her, they could not associate her with any individual experience of hurt or harm. On the other hand, it is still more difficult to account for their recognising this child as a member of a hostile species by intelligence imparted by or inherited from other fish. It is impossible to define the degree in which animals that rear their young can communicate warning or other instruction; but trout undertake no parental cares. They shed their ova in the shallows, and long before these are hatched into sentient creatures, the

parents have dropped back into the deeper waters, and if ever they meet their own offspring in after life are very apt to regard them as legitimate food.

It was written of old :—" The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air; upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea";[1] and this, in truth, has come to pass. Nevertheless, judging from Mr. Lloyd Morgan's observations of the chicks of domestic fowls, wild ducks, pheasants, partridges, moorhens and plovers reared in an incubator, the dread of man, as such, is not innate or congenital. The instinct of concealment appears to be so, for Mr. W. H. Hudson has recorded that, when he had the egg of a jacana (*Parra jacana*) in the palm of his hand, " all at once the cracked shell parted, and at the same moment the young bird leaped from my hand and fell into the water . . . I soon saw that my assistance was not required, for, immediately on dropping into the water, it . . . swam rapidly to a small mound, and, escaping from the water, concealed itself in the grass, lying close and perfectly motionless, like a young plover."[2]

Mr. Lloyd Morgan could detect little sign of shrinking from his hand in plovers newly hatched in an incubator, although " they lay in the drawer with bill on the ground and outstretched neck in a well-known protective attitude." Other birds evinced some instinctive shrinking at first, which passed away almost immediately, so that all the species " would run to my hands after a very short time, nestle down between them, and poke out their little heads confidingly between my fingers."

From this it appears that, while the protective instinct is congenital and automatic, the specific dread of man is purely imitative, or imparted, or both.

Of all the groups of creatures mentioned in the above-

[1] " Genesis," ix. 2.

[2] " The Naturalist in La Plata," p. 112.

quoted text from Genesis none have greater cause to entertain dread, not only of man, but of every living creature more powerful than themselves, than "fishes of the sea"; because, however exhilarating life *on* the ocean wave may be, life *under* the ocean wave is one continual frenzied struggle to destroy or to escape destruction. Few, indeed, and feeble are vegetarian feeders in the sea; almost every marine animal divides its time into devouring its fellow beings and avoiding being devoured. Nevertheless, deeply as the habit of dread must be ingrained in the nature of these creatures, they profit very readily from reassuring experience, and exhibit a degree of mental receptivity which removes them far from the category of merely sentient automata.

The cod, for instance, occupies a somewhat higher place in the animated scale than the aforesaid Mimram trout, yet there is hardly any creature, not even the herring, which runs such a poor chance of finishing its natural term of life. One would suppose that heredity and experience had combined to render the habit and fear of suspicion ineradicable in this fish. Nevertheless, the cod is amenable to confidential intercourse with man.

In the extreme south-west corner of Scotland, where the attenuated promontory ending in the Mull of Galloway pushes far out into St. George's Channel, is situated the Logan fish-pond, a remarkable rock-basin, partly natural and partly hewn out of the rock, into which the tide is admitted through an iron grating. Here, for generations, it has been the custom to imprison fish of the deep sea, especially cod, to be fed up for the table. If you look stealthily over the enclosing wall you will see a circular basin about thirty feet in diameter, fringed with algæ and so deep that the bottom is not visible through the green water. No sign of life is visible, save, perhaps, half a dozen coalfish or pollock-whiting cruising restlessly round the narrow limits. But the sound of the key turning in the lock of the door and of the keeper's foot upon the wooden stair is enough to rouse the pond into sudden turmoil. Great

brown forms arise from the depths—broad tail-fins lash the surface, and gaping mouths appear in all directions. Experience has taught these codfish to associate the sound of the keeper's key and footfall with mealtimes, and so lulled their natural dread of man that they will eagerly take food from his hand. Some years ago (I know not whether the same may be witnessed now) the aged lady who had acted as keeper had imparted further instruction to one or more of these fish. One, at all events, a great cod of about 12 lb. weight, suffered her to lift him out of the water in her arms and place him in her lap, there to receive a meal of mussels or soft crab shoved into his gullet with a wooden spoon. Truly, one could hardly imagine a performance more at variance with the instincts and habits of a pelagic fish.

However fully convinced one may be that the lower animals are endowed with conscious and volitional energy, it can hardly be questioned that many of their most definite and characteristic actions are performed in compliance with a motor impulse independent of consciousness or volition; and this not only in extreme youth but at all periods of maturity.

To select an example first from juvenile behaviour—the homely proverb, "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest," is derived from the uniform cleanly habits of nestlings. Mr. Lloyd Morgan received a spotted fly-catcher, about a day old, with eyes not yet open. . . It was placed in a small chip box lined with cotton-wool, and kept in a corner of the incubator drawer. So soon as it had taken a morsel or two of food at intervals of about thirty to forty minutes, it would energetically thrust its hind quarters over the edge of the box and void its excrement. Jays and other young nestlings also show this instinctive procedure. It would be grotesque to credit a blind nestling with conscious and deliberate hygienic precaution. We ride airily out of the difficulty by pronouncing it to be a "provision of Nature" that the young of all birds should act in this way for the safety of their own health. I have, indeed, heard this behaviour on the part of young

herons described as a deliberately defensive measure. If one climbs a tree in a heronry and approaches a nest containing young birds, they shove their rumps over the side and discharge a copious and malodorous volley upon the invader. This looks like design, but it is in truth but the natural automatic action of young birds undergoing visceral disturbance through fear or excitement.

The above is an example of very simple functional activity unconsciously performed; but it can hardly be doubted that some of the most complex and delicate performances of the lower animals are unconscious and automatic. The silkworm, once only, and that at an immature stage of its life, spins an elaborate cocoon, which no amount of practice could improve. The evidence of design is unmistakable; but who can suspect the builder to be also the architect? At a certain period of its growth the motor nerves of this sluggish worm set in action specialised machinery to work up material automatically stored; but the action must be wholly independent of the creature's volition. It *must* spin, whether it would or no, and it can exercise no discretion in the style or shape of its cocoon.

In the case of spiders we have to consider the action of a mature adult instead of a larva; yet the process appears to be none the less independent of volition. The design is so much more ambitious than the silkworm's, the structure so much more beautiful and complex, and so closely in accord with the principles of human engineering and cabinet-work, that one finds greater difficulty in dissociating it from the independent ingenuity and conscious skill of the performer. Yet the common garden spider (*Epeira diadema*) probably acts unconsciously in setting about web-spinning. It does not reflect before putting into operation the spinning mechanism and material which it has inherited from an unseen ancestry. She (for it is the female only that concerns herself with architecture) does not gaze with hungry longing upon the flies disporting themselves in the sunshine, speculating how, being

wingless, she can capture those toothsome flying creatures. Indeed, it is almost certain that she cannot see them, for the visual powers of most spiders are very feeble, being compensated for by an extraordinary refinement of the sense of touch. She simply sets to work to apply the specialised mechanism and material with which she is endowed to the purpose for which they are co-ordinate. Although cut off by the period spent as an egg in a cocoon from all parental instruction or example, she is at no loss for a plan. Innate functional impulse, which is probably the right definition of what we term "instinct," co-ordinate with certain specialised organs, directs the creature to the unconscious performance of certain definite acts without previous practice or experience. First the foundations are laid, in the shape of lines enclosing the area to be occupied by the web. From this circumference the radii or stays are drawn to the centre, whence the spider works outwards, stepping from stay to stay and laying down a thread in a wide spiral to act as scaffolding for the finished structure. Finally, having arrived at the limits of the operative net, she retraces her steps, working inwards in a much closer spiral, laying the transverse threads at the proper distance, and devouring, as she goes, the original scaffolding threads which enabled her to perform the work.

If it is difficult to dissociate such a consummate piece of engineering from the operation of a keen intellect, still more so is it to regard the infinitely greater complexity of the snares produced by certain other spiders as the mere product of functional automatism. Nevertheless, that seems to be the true explanation. If the spider's web were the outcome of the creature's individual ingenuity and intelligence there certainly would be manifest some variation in the design among millions of webs by different individuals of the same species—some imperfection in first attempts. No such variation—no such imperfection—can be detected. There is no "'prentice hand" among spiders. The first web of the spider is of normal design and perfect construction. Destroy it, and the creature

will execute another exactly the same, no whit better adapted for the capture of passing flies.

How very different is human performance directed by personal intelligence. Suppose that a Cockney from Spitalfields found himself so situated as to be forced to make a living as a herring-fisher or a rabbit-catcher. Motor or functional co-ordination will not help him much, for he can neither swim like a herring nor run like a rabbit. He is compelled to set his intelligence to work. He must first seek instruction from experts or consult suitable literature; and then, even if he may dispense with a laborious apprenticeship in these comparatively simple crafts, he must obtain or construct special instruments, in the use whereof he will certainly exhibit much unskilfulness at first. Even so, he would be availing himself of the accumulated experience and manifold devices of past generations. Deprive him of these and he would die of starvation on the shore of a sea teeming with herrings or in the best-stocked warren of the kingdom before his intelligence enabled him to supply himself with food.

The instinctively functional habits of those strange gallinaceous fowls the *Megapodidæ*, mound-builders or brush-turkeys of Australasia, afford some analogy to the performance of spiders, but inasmuch as they are animals demonstrably capable of profiting by experience and amenable to instruction, which spiders have not been proved to be, the mound-builders must be credited with intelligence; yet some of the features in their normal behaviour most suggestive of elaborately intelligent design are, it is almost certain, primarily due to the functional activity of certain highly specialised organs. They have anticipated human ingenuity by the construction of vast co-operative incubators. Several hens of the Australian jungle fowl (*Megapodium tumulus*) combine to form a mighty mound of earth and green foliage, wherein they lay their great eggs in common, leaving them to be hatched automatically by the heat engendered by the fermenting vegetable matter. One such mound may measure as much as fifteen feet in height and sixty

feet in circumference. The young birds are often so fully fledged when hatched as to be able to take flight at once, and are able to find without guidance the food suitable for their needs. Hence there is no more possibility of the young birds acting upon instruction or in imitation of their parents than there is in the case of young spiders, seeing that the old birds evade the labour of personal incubation and guidance of the chicks. "Yet," says Mr. Savile-Kent, "the mound-constructing instinct is so strongly ingrained by heredity that young birds taken fresh from the nest and confined under favourable conditions have at once commenced to construct mounds after the characteristic manner of their tribe."[1] In doing so, no doubt these young and inexperienced creatures are acting under a stimulus communicated from the lower brain centres along the efferent nerves to legs and feet congenitally developed and highly specialised for a peculiar function. So far the birds may be regarded as unconsciously exercising innate proclivity, which, like other idiosyncrasies, attains its highest activity at the season of reproduction. When the adult megapode combines for the first time with others of its species to construct and stock the incubating mound it is obeying the law or, at least, complying with the habit, which has become binding upon its kind. Its acquaintance with the obligation may be considered functionally instinctive; but it involves a performance of unusual complexity. Compliance with an established custom is comparatively easy to understand; at all events, it may appear to be so; but speculation goes adrift in attempting to explain how the custom became established. No matter how big the feet and powerful the shanks of the primæval megapode may have been—no matter how much unconscious satisfaction it may have derived from exercising these organs in piling mounds—how did it hit upon the labour-saving secret that fermenting vegetable substance would supply heat enough to bring the eggs to the hatching? Ordinary evolutional analogy seems to provide no key to fit these complicated wards,

[1] "The Naturalist in Australia," p. 33.

neither is one tempted to credit the fowl with knowledge that fermentation generates heat. It is possible that, seeing how prone all gallinaceous fowls are to scraping, the original megapodes may have so excelled in that activity as to have thrown together a fortuitous heap of rubbish, which generated a perceptible heat, thereby tempting them to deposit therein their eggs. It is well known that mother birds of all species never leave the nest during the period of incubation for so long a period as shall expose the eggs to chill. Their absence, in our climate at least, is always exceedingly brief. So the megapode may have found by experience that she could safely leave her eggs in the the rubbish mound for a much longer period than in an ordinary nest; until at last, finding the irksome duty of personal incubation to be superfluous, she abandoned the practice.

It will be observed that this hypothesis assigns to the mother megapode a high degree of intelligent observation and sagacious application of experience. It may be compared with the discovery made long since by human mothers that the substitution of the bottle for the breast in rearing their babes exempted them from the necessity of foregoing social pleasures and from close attendance in the nursery. But the human mother has been careful to transmit the discovery to posterity. The enigma remains how successive generations of megapodes are able to put the experience of their progenitors into practice, seeing that the mother birds not only evade the tedium of personal incubation, but entirely neglect the education, instruction and nurture of their young.

From the examples given above, chosen almost at random from thousands of others which present themselves to every observer of nature, some material may be gathered for an answer to the first question propounded above. It is an answer very far from authoritative, explicit, or final, consisting mainly of a summary of what is probable. It must consist, indeed, of no more than this, that all animals arrive at birth endowed with congenital automatism co-ordinate with a specific

inherited organic mechanism, ready to discharge certain functions without the intervention of volition or consciousness. But part of the inherited mechanism consists, at least in animals above the lowest grades, of an apparatus fitted for the impress of experience, for the reception of external impressions conveyed along the afferent or incoming nerve-currents, and the transmission of energy along the efferent or outgoing nerve-currents. In short, these animals are equipped with an intellectual and volitional machinery, which, however long it may remain ineffective after birth, is capable of and destined to various ranges of energy and complexity, and differs only in degree and development from the human organ of intelligence. Animals may be regarded as coming into the world as sentient, but unconscious, automata, but with mental machinery ready to respond to a greater or lesser range of external impressions.

2. *Are the consciousness and intelligence of animals the physical product of chemical and organic changes taking place in the growth of the egg, embryo or young creature, and, therefore, spontaneous in the sense that muscle, bone and blood develop by the spontaneous multiplication of cells?*

If, [says Mr. Lloyd Morgan in his fascinating treatise on "Habit and Instinct,"[1]] if, on the one hand, it cannot be said without extravagance that an egg is endowed with consciousness; and if, on the other hand, it cannot be said without extravagance that the day-old chick is an unconscious automaton: there must be some intervening moment at which this consciousness has its origin. When is this, and how does it arise? If we attempt to answer this question with anything like thoroughness, we shall open up the further question, From what does that consciousnesss take its origin? And this would lead to a difficult, and, for most of us, not very interesting discussion.

Be it interesting to many or to few, herein lies enfolded the secret hitherto most jealously guarded from human ken—an enigma to which no student of nature can be indifferent. None but a physiologist, which, of course, I have not the slightest pretence to be, need presume to offer any help to its solution; but any intellect of ordinary training may derive advantage

[1] Edward Arnold, 1896.

from recognising and examining the nicety of the problem. Modern lawyers have pronounced that, from the moment of conception, the human embryo has the nature and rights of a distinct being—of a citizen—and accordingly deal with one who procures abortion as a criminal. Plato and Aristotle sanctioned the current opinion of their day that "it was but a part of the mother, and that she had the same right to destroy it as to cauterise a tumour upon her body."[1] Between these two extreme opinions probably lies the truth, namely, that at a certain stage of development the fœtus in one of the higher mammals acquires individual, probably sentient, though still unconscious, automatism. This is hardly a suitable place for the discussion of a theme of this kind. Let us take a bird's egg, as more convenient to handle.

Consciousness may seem too big a term to connote the chick's sensation of imprisonment within the shell, and its impulse to escape, as indicated by hammering and cheeping; though it might pass without comment as explanatory of the action of the adult hen, thrusting her neck vigorously through the bars of the coop and straining for liberty. But Mr. Hudson has observed concerning several species of birds in widely separated orders that, before the shell of the egg was cracked, the chick within, hammering and "cheeping" in its attempt to get out, would cease instantly and lie perfectly still when the parent bird sounded the note of danger, but would resume operations when she uttered a reassuring note.[2]

From this it appears that the consciousness of the unhatched chick is sufficiently active to exchange oral communications with a mother outside the shell. In fact the chick has

[1] Lecky's "European Morals," i. 94 [Ed. 1869].

[2] "Naturalist in La Plata," p. 90. Mr. Lloyd Morgan has distinguished at least six notes of different significance uttered by domestic chicks, namely, the gentle "piping," expressive of contentment; a further low note, expressive of enjoyment; the danger-note of warning; the plaintive "cheeping," expressive of want; a sharp squeak of irritation; and, lastly, a shrill cry of distress, as when a chick gets separated from the rest of the brood.

been born before it was hatched, and it is suggested that it must be regarded as sentient and conscious from the moment it pierces the air-chamber within the egg and becomes a lung-breathing creature.

The young of gallinaceous and certain other fowls display upon hatching a much higher degree of precocity than many other nestlings. They are able to run at once, the Megapodes, as has been said, being actually able to fly at once and find their own food. Their motor organs are so well developed as to respond immediately to their congenital automatism; whereas those birds which are hatched blind and rely upon their parents for food brought to the nest, acquire the power of locomotion slowly and more or less awkwardly. This precocity is not known to bear any fixed relation to the respective periods of gestation and incubation of different genera. Similar want of uniformity prevails among mammals. Hares, horses, deer and cattle are born with effective powers of locomotion, with sight, hearing, &c., in active operation, and with their mental powers alert. The young rabbit is blind, and, though sentient, probably unconscious for ten or twelve days after birth; a period which, in relation to the relative normal span of life, is about equal to a year of human existence. Puppies and kittens, also, are born blind and helpless; whereas man, though born with his eyes open, remains helpless and dubiously conscious for many months

Again, certain animals which, in an early stage of existence may possess a dim consciousness, and certainly exercise volition in locomotion, pass through a subsequent unconscious, though still sentient, phase. Thus a caterpillar falling into the middle of a dusty road, sets off at top speed for the nearest verdure. A few weeks later the same creature loses all power of locomotion and probably all consciousness, although the chrysalis indicates by movement when touched that it is still sentient.

These considerations seem to indicate the impossibility of assigning any definite period to the origin of consciousness. The lion cub is born with legs and eyes—the eaglet with

wings—which they cannot put to any use for long afterwards: the foal in the strawyard—the plover on the moor—exercise their legs and eyes from the first. The common Mayfly (*Ephemera danica*) spends three years as an unlovely larva, living in mud, swallowing mud and matching the mud in colour. At the end of this obscure, almost obscene, period of probation, after passing through many trivial, yet complicated, phases, it suddenly appears as a delicate, exquisitely graceful winged creature, endowed with magnificent powers of flight which it puts to use immediately, without the necessity for a trial trip. It baffles our sense of proportion to comprehend why all the tedious and ignoble preparatory life should not be the preface to a prolonged exercise of the perfected faculties. The pathetic truth is that the Mayfly seldom sees a second sunrise after becoming a perfect insect. Flight, love, reproduction and death—all are enacted within the space of twelve hours. During the following eleven months it may be that not a single Mayfly will dance in the glade which yesterday was dim with a mist of them. Seeing then how irregular is the period that elapses between the birth of animals and their attainment of control of the motor faculties, it is easy to perceive that similar uncertainty must surround the question how soon the brain, or its equivalent in the lowest grades, supplies any creature with consciousness and intelligence. From precocity of instinctive activities, such as that exhibited by Mr. Hudson's young jacana, there may be inferred a corresponding forwardness in the machinery of consciousness and intelligence, because animals which are soonest thrown upon their own resources must be ready to exercise their wits, or disappear from the scene of life.

The growth of the organ of consciousness may be considered as spontaneous and its powers and functions congenital; but it has been popularly assumed that the radical difference between the intelligence of man and that of the lower animals is that the first is capable of indefinite expansion, whereas the second is stationary within fixed limits.

Nevertheless it is possible sometimes to note a forward movement in the intelligence of individuals very low in the organic scale, with corresponding effect upon the habits of the race. At all events, the following instance of novel behaviour on the part of bumble bees seems to indicate some such intellectual advance.

It is many years since I first noticed that the blossoms of the blue sage (*Salvia patens*) in my garden in Scotland had all been bitten across the throat, just above the stiff calyx. Upon examining flowers of the same species in a Berkshire garden, I found that they were intact, and so were those in a Scottish garden not twenty miles from my own. Now this sage is a native of Mexico, and possesses a beautiful structure to secure cross-fertilisation. The beak of a humming-bird or the proboscis of a moth, inserted into the tube of the flower, causes the anthers to descend from their position in the upper lobe of the corolla in such a manner as to deposit upon the bird's head or insect's back a mass of yellow pollen, part of which is sure to adhere to the stigma of the next flower visited. The honey glands of the sage are very productive, but the tube of the flower is narrow and difficult, prohibiting the passage of our substantial bumble bees. My suspicion fell upon these as the burglars, although they were equally plentiful in all the three gardens referred to, and the flowers had only been injured in one of them, because I had already observed that the bumbles treated the long spurs of yellow toadflax in similar unscrupulous fashion. My suspicion was confirmed by detecting a bumble in the act.

It may be objected that, after all, here is evidence, not so much of intelligence as of a keen scent for honey and a sharp pair of jaws. Quite so; but then why has the practice not become universal in the bees of all gardens? Moreover, last summer (1902) I found that the bumbles in my own garden had improved upon their earlier practice. For several years the incision was made at the front of the throat of the flower, where the diameter of the tube is greatest. It seems

to have dawned upon the bees that the shortest way is the best, because now they invariably bite through the side of the tube, where the diameter is smallest. Yet in all the years that have elapsed since the introduction of the blue sage from Mexico, it is only some bumble bees that have devised a summary access to the honey-glands, and of these bees, only a few have discovered the easiest method of entrance. Moreover, each generation of bees has to make the discovery for itself, for no bumble bee survives the winter to impart instruction to the coming generation.

3. *Is the conscious intelligence exoteric? In other words, is it the consequence of external and superior mandate or suggestion, acting upon a suitable physical receptacle?*

This question leads upon ground upon which the light of scientific evidence has scarcely fallen as yet. In those remarkable chapters of the Book of Job, the 38th and three following ones, wherein the Lord answers Job out of the whirlwind, there is a great deal of reference to matter most interesting to the zoologist. They should be read, for lucidity, in the Revised Version :—

> The wing of the ostrich rejoiceth,
> But are her pinions and feathers kindly [*or* like the stork's]?
> For she leaveth her eggs on the earth,
> And warmeth them in the dust,
> And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,
> Or that the wild beast may trample them.
> She is hardened against her young ones, as if they were not hers;
> Though her labours be in vain, she is without fear;
> *Because God hath deprived her of wisdom,*
> *Neither hath He imparted to her understanding.*[1]

Here the author of life is considered naturally as the source of consciousness, nor is any other source likely to suggest itself to one who feels that there must be a designing, controlling and directing head of the universe. To expunge that factor from our speculations only lands us in darker perplexity. Yet of the

[1] Job xxxix. 13–17.

nature of that head, "whom no man hath seen or can see," we have nothing in the shape of evidence,[1] nor of the means by which He may communicate mandates or inspire intelligence. Wherefore it may seem idle to propound a question to which no answer can be found. Howbeit, man's curiosity is insatiable; a systematic and resolute attempt has been undertaken to sound the abyss of supersensory phenomena. The late Mr. Frederick Myers applied a disciplined intellect to the collation and analysis of hyperphysical experience. He was no dreamy enthusiast, subordinating his critical faculties to *a priori* inclination or emotional preconception, but an advanced and erudite evolutionist, versed in the limitations of scientific inquiry and applying its recognised method to the elucidation of matters which most men of science perhaps either dismiss as illusory or pronounce outside and beyond the region of research. It is not within the scope of every intellect to follow Mr. Myers across the threshold of his laboratory or even to grasp the reality of the enigma to which he addressed himself —not daring to hope to solve it, but to detect the path which might lead to a solution; nevertheless, none who is conscious, however dimly, of the presence of a psychical problem, or who has speculated, however inconsequently, upon the phenomena of sympathy, suggestion, will, trance and automatism, can fail to perceive in Mr. Myers's posthumous volumes[2] the right system whereby advance must be made, if the road is not inexorably barred to human access. The inquiry is concentrated upon the evolution and range of human psychology. "Human personality, as it has developed from lowly ancestors, has become differentiated into two phases; one of them mainly adapted to material or planetary, the other to spiritual or cosmic operation;" and he proceeds upon the assumption that the first is the "self" of which every human being, from the West

[1] Doctrine—plenty of it: dogma—enough and to spare: but of evidence in the strict sense, not a jot.

[2] "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death," 2 vols. (Longmans.)

Australian savage to the veriest *mondaine*, is conscious; and that the second is a subliminal self, withdrawn from normal consciousness, below or behind the material man or woman, beyond the control of the will and distinct from the workaday intellect. Now, I have neither the wish nor the power to pronounce whether Mr. Myers's conclusions are reasonable deductions from accumulated and well-sifted evidence, or to dismiss them as plausible and seductive, but fallacious, hypotheses. All that I venture to suggest is this—that, supposing Mr. Myers has touched a clue by following which subsequent students may succeed in establishing beyond rational doubt the existence of a subliminal self, the receptacle of the spirit of man; and that this spirit, as has been firmly believed by many persons in all ages, is sensible of and obedient to the direct promptings, injunctions and warnings of an external Power, further research may identify a subliminal consciousness in living creatures lower than man, similar in function and relation, though proportionately inferior in range and degree. Assuming that this elusive agent should be proved to be part of man's equipment, it will be difficult to explain the co-operative instinct of a dog as the mere outcome of co-ordinate, congenital activities. Through what avenue has a dog derived such inveterate sociability that, even when it is segregated from its own kind and adopts man, *faute de mieux*, as a comrade, it can do nothing alone? Depraved examples there are of dogs which will go marauding alone, but they are very rare. In such, perhaps, some perverse suggestion has obtained access to the subliminal conscience. As a rule, dogs will only hunt in couples, in packs, or singly when associated with man. From the stately deerhound to the puniest lapdog, none will take exercise alone; provide a human companion, and the animal will travel all day. If that companion be on a bicycle, the dog will run till he drops from exhaustion. And suppose that it should ever be proved that dogs act under mandate or suggestion of a superior Power, conveyed through a hitherto inscrutable channel, how could

animals lower than dogs—hermit-crabs, for example—be declared incapable of receiving similar supersensory stimulus?

In justice to Mr. Myers's memory, let it be said plainly that he never lent himself to any such hypothesis. On the contrary, his whole treatise is confined to human personality, and, among human beings, only the elect, as it were; those who have begun to realise their latent privileges. He compares the process of supersensory development to the primitive stages of animal evolution, when the pigment spot on the skin of some rudimentary organism first became sensitised to light, and the creature received a novel sensation.

The frontier between human beings and other creatures can only be drawn dogmatically and, so to speak, irrationally. Their characteristics and actions blend imperceptibly. Rather than accept Mr. Myers's exclusive doctrine, it is easier for minds accustomed to ponder upon the behaviour of animals to be frankly teleological, and to admit the probability of a Supreme Being and His invisible ministers communicating decrees regulating their conduct through a medium of which none is more than dimly and speculatively conscious.

Assuming a First Cause, instinctive activities in the lower animals may be regarded as the comparatively simple and intelligible results of forces initiated by him, acting unerringly in prescribed directions by means of co-ordinate organs modified by evolution. It is in accordance with the plan of nature that, in their performance of instinctive activities, certain insects should unconsciously take an indispensable part in the fertilisation of flowers specially adapted to take advantage of their visits. But it is different, and infinitely more bewildering when the preservation of the race of both insect and plant depends upon the insect acting with as much circumspection and precision as could be shown by a human cultivator. Such is the well-known behaviour of the yucca moth (*Pronuba yuccasella*). This insects haunts exclusively the flowers of the yucca, and, collecting pollen from one blossom, kneads it into a pellet which she carries by means of specially enlarged palps

in her flight to another flower. Here she pierces the pistil and deposits her eggs among the ovules or unfertilised seeds, and then swiftly runs to the top of the pistil and pushes the pollen-pellet into the wide mouth of the stigma. Observe, that without this interchange of offices between insect and plant, the race of each would cease to exist. It has been proved that the ovules cannot be fertilised unless pollen, preferably from another blossom, is intentionally inserted into the funnel of the stigma; if they were not so fertilised they would afford no food for the grubs of the ministering moth. When all goes well, the grubs eat about half the ovules, leaving a hundred or so to ripen as seeds, and to perpetuate the herb which is essential to the existence of the moth. It is difficult to recognise merely sentient automatism in the means by which this interdependence of host and guest is maintained, the action closely resembles that of effective consciousness. Yet if it be extravagant to attribute to the moth an understanding of vegetable physiology, what is left but to speculate whether the First Cause be not also a Directing Power, with means of communicating his mandates to the humblest of his creatures?

HERBERT MAXWELL.

THE EMANCIPATION OF EGYPT

II

THE completion of the great works at Assuan and Assiut marks a new era in the history of Egypt. Henceforth the cotton crop is secured, rotations in the Delta may be reduced by a few days, and perennial irrigation will be given to Middle and Upper Egypt. In six years' time, when the Reservoir Tax comes into full operation and the supplementary irrigation works are completed, no less than 700,000 acres of basin lands will be available for summer cultivation, yielding about half a million of revenue to the Government, or a return on capital outlay equal to about 28 per cent. Although this prospect is very satisfactory, and will eventually relieve over-population in the Delta, it by no means marks the limit of Egypt's productiveness. From time immemorial, the growth of population in Egypt has increased in direct ratio to the quantity of new land brought under cultivation. The Assuan reservoir provides only 100 million metres cube of water, whereas three or four times that amount could be usefully employed. Indeed, Sir W. Willcocks estimates that, given an unlimited water-supply, the summer crops of Egypt would be worth £40,000,000.

The capacity of the Assuan reservoir could be doubled merely by raising the dam another two or three metres, at a

cost of £250,000. This simple expedient would, of course, be unpopular among those people who regard the preservation of the Island of Philæ as of more importance than the need of Egypt. Moreover, in itself it would be inadequate. The best, if not the only way in which a sufficient supply of water can be obtained for Egypt and the Sudan is by utilising the great Lakes as reservoirs. It is merely a question in arithmetic. Given the necessary capital, on which a rich return is certain, it would be quite possible to store up an unlimited supply of water. In all economical problems concerning Egypt, cause and effect are calculable with extraordinary precision.

In his report as to irrigation projects on the Upper Nile—*Egypt: No.* 2, 1901—Sir William Garstin comes to the following conclusions:

(*a*) Even when the Bahr-el-Gebel is clear and free from *sudd*, some 50 per cent. of its summer volume is lost in the marshes between Bor and Lake No.

(*b*) The Bahr-el-Ghazal, beyond acting as a reservoir, and thus assisting the constancy of the supply, plays a very small part in the summer discharge of the White Nile, and even its flood discharge is comparatively insignificant.

(*c*) The Sobat, on the contrary, is a most important factor, and from June to November must bring down a volume nearly as great as that obtained from the Victoria and Albert Lakes. Even at the time of low supply its discharge is considerable, and equal to at least one-fifth of the total summer discharge of the White Nile.

(*d*) The flood discharge of the White Nile at Khartum can rarely exceed 4500 metres cube per second, or the summer discharge fall much below 300 metres cube per second.

On these conclusions, Sir William Garstin bases certain propositions:

The following are the measures proposed as deserving study. They are given in their order of importance:

1. The construction of a reservoir in Lake Tana to store sufficient water for the needs both of Egypt and the Sudan, and at the same time improve the navigation of the Blue Nile during the summer months.

2. To supplement the above by utilising the Upper Nile water, at present wasted in the swamps, either by embanking the Bahr-el-Gebel or by using the Bahr-el-Zeraf as an additional channel for the summer supply.

3. The construction of a storage reservoir at Lake Albert sufficiently large to supply the wants of Egypt and those portions of the Sudan which lie north of Khartum.

Of the above, the first, if it be possible, is undoubtedly better than the third, for the reasons given in this note [viz., that water coming down the White Nile passes through swampy, thinly inhabited, or barren lands, and can only be used to the north of Khartum; whereas the Blue Nile passes through highly inhabited and fertile districts, &c.]. One or other of the schemes mentioned in the second should be undertaken, under any circumstances, both to improve communications on the Bahr-el-Gebel and to make use of the extra water available in the river, independently of the construction of a reservoir.

Before, however, any step is taken in any direction, all these separate projects must be carefully studied in detail, and their comparative advantages and disadvantages weighed. Such a study will involve several years' work for a competent and well-equipped staff.

In the meantime, Sir William Garstin has, theoretically speaking, made out a very good case for Lake Tana, apart from the political objections thereby involved. He also suggests other minor schemes for future consideration, as follows:

1. The construction of barrages and canals upon the Blue Nile for the irrigation of the lands adjoining this river. This scheme to be combined with the introduction of a system of basins for the cultivation of cereals.

2. Should a reservoir at Laka Tana be found impracticable for political or other reasons, some scheme for improving the irrigation of the Eastern Sudan must be devised. It may be possible to store the waters of the Atbara river for such a purpose.

3. The introduction of the basin system, as far as is possible, into the Provinces of Berber and Dongola.

It will be observed that Sir William Garstin is extremely cautious in his recommendations; but his remarks sufficiently indicate the magnitude and probable direction of the work to be undertaken.

Sir W. Willcocks contends that a dam at the outlet to Lake Albert would not be imperilled by seismic disturbances, and that the level of Lake Victoria need not be raised above, but simply maintained at, the high-water level. If, he states, a weir were constructed across the exits of Lake Tana or Lake

Victoria, so as to hold up the water at maximum high level, it would be necessary only to cut down the crest, widen the channel, or even tunnel it, in order to draw the supplies for summer irrigation. In the case of Lake Tana, a dam 20 to 30 feet high would yield a reservoir capacity of 200 milliards cubic feet of water; moreover, there is a rocky outlet and uniform fall in the river-bed. In the case of Lake Victoria, the Ripon Falls, with a drop of 13 feet, are not far distant from its effluence, consequently suggesting a tunnel as a suitable outlet.

According to Dr. Schweinfurth, the Bahr-el-Gebel must be regulated, not only to give an increased water-supply and reduce the area subject to evaporation, but also to carry off the green water which precedes the flood. In seasons of high supply, the green water is scarcely perceptible; but in seasons of low supply, the swamps are cut off from the river, the *sudd* rots in the stagnant water, and, when next united to the river, the green algæ carried down by the stream pollute the drinking-water. This green water, which reaches Assuan in May and flows sluggishly through the reservoir, poisoned all the fish above the dam in 1899, when the *sudds* were cut.

> If [says Sir W. Willcocks] in any low year we get much green water from the *sudd* regions, and it stagnates in the Assuan reservoir, it will be bad for Egypt. To ensure the country against this calamity happening, the Government should do what Dr. Schweinfurth has urged since 1899, and that is to close all the spills from the Bahr-el-Gebel between Gondokoro and Shambe, and force all the water of the river into the main channel where the *sudds* have been removed north of Shambe. This would help to keep the water pure; and by the time this was done, one of the dams or two of the dams at the sources of the Nile would be begun; and then a new era would begin for Egypt.

In spite of Menelik's increased friendliness towards us and of the very decided stand he has taken up against French diplomatic methods in Abyssinia, it would be courting an undue risk to expose any engineering works at Lake Tana to political upheavals in the country of the Negus, whose successor

may not be so enlightened or as friendly as himself. Even as a subsidiary scheme, it would be better to seek a spot in Anglo-Egyptian territory—say, above Roseires—where the waters of the Blue Nile might be stored up, rather than run the risk of having to occupy any portion of Abyssinian territory, pacifically or militantly, for the protection of Egypt's water-supply. Such occupations are not always temporary: and this might lead to serious issues, unless Abyssinia were prepared —which she certainly is not—to accept an Anglo-Egyptian Protectorate. Moreover, the Atbara and Sobat rivers are valuable sources of supply, and might be dammed.

So far as the Sudan is concerned, these great engineering projects will be useless until a population has grown to reap the benefit; but, in less than ten years' time, Egypt will be in need of an increased supply of water for irrigation purposes. The only part of the scheme that cannot wait is the embankment, or at least the training, of the Bahr-el-Gebel through the *sudd* country. In the former case, it would cost—according to a modest estimate made by Sir William Garstin—£3,700,000 to complete the work within five years' time, and £2,600,000 if the work were spread over a period of ten years. If, as an alternative measure, the Bahr-el-Zeraf were dredged and embanked, the cost would be much less—say, £1,250,000 —and the work less difficult; but, in addition to this, it would still be necessary to control the discharge of the Bahr-el-Zeraf during flood by building a regulating head at the point where it leaves the Nile. As for minor and subsidiary works, especially in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, it is certain that these must be very considerable. In short, the total cost of constructing one or more reservoirs and the supplementary works would run into many millions.

The question naturally arises, Where is all this money, for irrigation works and railways in the Sudan, coming from? Under a British guarantee, though under no other conditions, any reasonable loan could be obtained without difficulty. But how can his Majesty's Government guarantee this loan unless

our position in Egypt be made permanent? If we annexed the Sudan to secure Egypt's water-supply, among other reasons, what would be the position of an Egypt independent of the Sudan or of Great Britain? Clearly, Egypt would be at the mercy of the Sudan Government.

It does not follow, because the present situation in Egypt is bordering on the absurd, that the Tutelary Power will take any steps to change it. For years past Egypt has been sacrificed to the jealousies and political ambitions of the Powers, and principally of France. We, ourselves, have done our duty to Egypt, whilst indirectly serving our own interests; but the time has come to examine our conscience. Are we doing enough now? In the old days of financial instability and administrative chaos, the Powers had a justifiable status in the country; and it was not unnatural that France, in view of her past services and intimate relations, should have sought to uphold her influence. But the long duel between France and Great Britain for political domination in Egypt has long ago been decided in favour of the latter. At the present day all opposition and even recriminations on the part of France have ceased. Indeed, I am convinced that the two Governments have come to a mutual understanding, by which, within certain bounds, France obtains a free hand in Morocco and we in Egypt—at least, in so far as we are reciprocally concerned in the political future of these countries. That the recent serious crisis in Morocco did not give rise to the usual excitement at the Quai d'Orsay may be explained by the confidence of France in our non-interference; whilst the late temporary reduction of the French Mediterranean fleet was another significant fact. France and Italy, too, have come to an understanding—presumably with our concurrence—that the latter shall eventually occupy Tripoli. There remains only Germany, whose influence has to be taken into account on any question of Egypt's destiny: although her interests in that country are slight, her leadership of the Triplice counts for something, and therefore is negotiable in the usual way.

Germany's compliance having—as I assume—been purchased by our co-operation in Venezuela, and France having been satisfied, we have practically no opposition in Egypt to fear except from the Sultan's Suzerainty. Has our recent somewhat enigmatical diplomacy at Constantinople anything to do, then, with this matter?

It is scarcely to be credited that the Khedive's present estrangement from the Sultan is due to the fact that the latter believes him capable of disputing the Khalifate by a possible Anglo-Egyptian occupation of Syria and Mesopotamia, which might lead to the alienation of Arabia; but this report is current in Palace circles. More definite is the rumour that, under the leadership of "a strong man," a serious conspiracy is on foot to depose the Sultan from the position he has so long abused and to set up in his place a nominee of the Young Turkey party. Whether this alleged movement has any connection with the incipient insurrection in Macedonia, I cannot say. But the Sultan, being apprised of his danger, naturally looks to Egypt, which he regards as a hotbed of intrigue, for any signs of menace. Although the Ottoman Special Mission at Cairo, under Mukhtar Pasha, is maintained at a cost of £18,000 a year, the Sultan spends twice as much again in espionage on his own representative and agents in Egypt. So that he might be disposed to traffic his shredbare suzerain rights for some guarantee against personal menace, such as Great Britain could afford. That he, himself, would lose prestige in the Mohammedan world by relinquishing his suzerainty over Egypt is, however, a certain fact; and therefore it is more probable that, unless the *status quo* in the Ottoman Empire be upset, the capitulations in Egypt due to the Sultan's suzerainty will have to remain until these are voluntarily abandoned by the Powers. But neither the capitulations nor the mixed tribunals could long survive the institution of a British Protectorate; and although a British Protectorate would be inconsistent with the Sultan's suzerainty over Egypt, this difficulty would be overcome precisely as it

was in the analogous case of the French occupation of Tunis. If the Sultan had to submit to *force majeure*, his prestige as Khalifa would not suffer; and, consequently, he would be prepared to compound for the loss of the Egyptian tribute. If, in short, the Powers were agreed in principle to support, or at least not to oppose, the establishment of a British Protectorate over Egypt, the existing suzerainty of the Sultan would not be a deterrent.

In spite of all this specious reasoning, it is, I candidly confess, hard to believe that his Majesty's Government seriously contemplate the adoption of an active policy in Egypt. Although we never were in a stronger position to support and prosecute a policy in conformity with Egypt's welfare and our own interests, it seems so much more likely that we shall drift. Time is, ostensibly, on our side; and Egypt can suffer a little longer. Moreover, it is as true now as it was in the days of Lord Palmerston, who said: "Very few public men in England follow up Foreign Affairs sufficiently to see the consequences of events that have *not* happened." All I contend is that the moment is opportune to forestall the inevitable, and that appearances are in favour of Europe's recognition of our claim to do so. We missed the opportunity when we suppressed the Arabi revolt (fomented by the Sultan) and occupied the country; we missed it again at the time of the Fashoda incident, when Lord Salisbury's ultimatum might quite as easily have included Egypt. We have now another chance. In less than two years' time there will be no diplomatic engagements restraining us from readjusting the financial situation in Egypt, which now bears so heavily on the country. If, in short, we were to redeem the Debt of Egypt in 1905 and convert it to a new 3 per cent. Loan, under a Government guarantee, we should get rid of the *Caisse* and the international administrations, thereby establishing what would practically amount to a British Protectorate. The ampler recognition would come of itself, as the French have realised in Tunis.

The Powers are all and severally, under existing conventions, bound to observe the Financial Law of Egypt, which also has received due recognition, in so far as that was necessary, on the part of the Sultan. Any alteration in the Financial Law might require the assent of the Powers who subscribed to the Law of Liquidation (1880) and to the Convention of London (1885), because it would affect the Debt of Egypt, a portion of which is guaranteed by the Powers, and the relations of Egypt to her creditors. It might also require the assent of the fourteen Governments holding capitulations with the suzerain power, in so far as it affected the civil rights and political status of foreigners resident in Egypt. But these legal issues, if challenged, can only be decided by the tribunals of Egypt.

In the preamble of the Decree for the Unification of the Egyptian Debt (May 7, 1876) it is provided that—

> Whereas, in order to make it possible for the Treasury and the Daira Sanieh to satisfy these different debts, and to better secure for the future the interests of the creditors by a measure in conformity with the public exigencies, it has been found opportune and useful to unify all these debts by establishing one General Debt, bearing interest at the rate of 7 per cent., and redeemable within sixty-five years.

That is to say, in or before the year 1940.

Article XVIII. of the Goschen-Joubert Decree (November 18, 1876) declares that—

> The Commission of the Public Debt is permanent until the entire Debt is redeemed.

Finally, the Egyptian Government engages, under Article XXXVII. of the Law of Liquidation, to contract no new loan without the assent of the *Caisse;* and under the Sultan's *firmans* a similar restriction is imposed.

These international conditions are very stringent. At the time they were made, Egypt was tottering on the brink of bankruptcy, after a "carnival of extravagance" and financial riot. But at the present day the financial position and credit

of Egypt are both assured and sound. Still, international engagements can only be rescinded by international agreement.

It is true that the objects stated in the preamble of the Decree constituting the *Caisse* have been already fulfilled, and that the existence of this *imperium in imperio* is an anachronism; but, in view of its political significance, the Powers would be justified, according to the strict letter of the law, in upholding Article XVIII. of the Goschen-Joubert Decree: "The Commission of the Public Debt is permanent until the entire Debt is redeemed."

In order, therefore, to guarantee the Debt of Egypt, it would be necessary for Great Britain to redeem the entire Debt (say, ninety-three millions) and to raise a fresh loan without a *Caisse de la Dette*. The Decree of May 7, 1876, which I have quoted, merely states that the Debt is redeemable *within* sixty-five years. But here another engagement interferes with any such action being taken before the year 1905.

In 1890, during the discussions and negotiations concerning the conversion of the Privileged stock, we undertook not again to convert certain portions of the General Debt or to pay them off for a period of fifteen years. These, according to Article VI. of the Decree of June 6, 1890, were the Privileged Debt, the Domains, and the Daïra Sanieh. But in 1905 the Daïra Sanieh Debt will be redeemed; and the Domains—although, by a later engagement, extended for another six and a half years—will die a natural death by sales of land, since the outstanding amount in 1905 will be little over a million.

Apart from all the considerations I have advanced, it may well be the duty of the tutelary power, acting in the interests of Egypt, to demand in 1905 the conversion of the Unified Debt. On financial grounds alone, it is certainly absurd to pay 4 per cent. on stock which now stands at nearly 108 and once rose to 110. No other country would be so quixotic. A

British security or guarantee on a $3\frac{1}{2}$ or even 3 per cent. loan would be ample.

It should not be beyond the power of diplomacy to arrange such a settlement as I propose and to compromise with the Sultan. Great Britain and France hold about equal proportions of the Debt of Egypt; and Egypt is investing all her savings in her own stock—four millions having been devoted to buying up her debts at market price, instead of paying them off at par, as she is entitled to do.

To say that the position is radically wrong—unfair to Egypt and crippling to the tutelary power—is only to confirm a paradox which characterises the situation. Should we, then, in the interests of Egypt and in satisfaction of our legitimate aspirations, undertake the responsibility of guaranteeing the entire Debt, with all its consequences? In the opinion of experts, there would be no financial risk in such an undertaking, provided we were allowed a free hand in the administration: on the contrary, it would be a sound investment.

The legal question can be decided only by the judicial authorities—presumably the Mixed Courts. The political issue is a matter for compromise. But there is in the general situation and in this solution of it a simplicity which meets many of the objections that would attach to a formal protectorate: in particular, it does not technically violate any of the treaties and conventions that bind Egypt hand and foot and allow her pockets to be picked.

If we guaranteed the Debt, many of the abuses arising from the capitulations, which hamper internal reforms and under which Europeans can resist complying with essential regulations, would be swept away. Apart from special conventions with Egypt, the capitulations pure and simple with Turkey would remain; and these, being too slight to affect our position, would be voluntarily surrendered, because Europeans would prefer to avail themselves of Egyptian institutions. Even the Mixed Courts might be abolished, if the national tribunals were strengthened by the appointment of more

Europeans to the judiciary (say, the judges of the Mixed Courts themselves), thereby amalgamating the two systems and leading to the unity of jurisdiction in Egypt—since the codes and procedure of both have a common basis.

The only other alternative to the declaration of a British Protectorate would be for Egypt herself, by some ingenious financial expedient—of which we had a notable example in the Assuan reservoir scheme—to pledge all the resources of the country (the unhypothecated revenues of which, amounting to about four millions annually, would alone suffice to cover the capital sum), under the guarantee of the protectoral power, who, of course, would find the ready money, and so arrive at the same end by a more circuitous and thoroughly Egyptian way. This method would not, I believe, technically involve a loan, strictly so-called—a little financial jugglery would settle that: taking money out of one pocket to put it into another—and it would meet the legitimate objections of the Sultan.

It is, perhaps, too sanguine and unreasonable to look for statesmen in England who are wise enough and also courageous enough to forestall events of such far-reaching consequences; but my belief is that, if his Majesty's Government were to adopt a policy more in conformity with English ideas of justice and honour than the peddling, tinkering policy we have hitherto pursued in Egypt, the British electorate would support them, thereby enabling us to regularise and consolidate Anglo-Egyptian rule throughout the Nile Valley.

The need of the single control in Egypt has been amply demonstrated; its success has been beyond all expectation. Control that is fettered is no control; and unfettered control can only be obtained by throwing off the international top-hamper. But whether we choose to walk in fetters or as free men, our course is the same. Some day we must, and shall, unite Egypt to our possessions in the south, of which it is an integral part physically, and almost politically. If, then, the welfare of Egypt, no less than the development of the Sudan, require us, as these may in 1905, to take the initiative, it would

be folly to attempt to escape our destiny. Every such evasion in the past has riveted our hold on Egypt; any such evasion in the future will but complicate our task, making it more difficult and costly. The entrance of Germany into *Weltpolitik* and her avowed mission on the sea make all the difference in political speculations.

The increased public interest in colonial and foreign affairs is greatly to be welcomed. But for that, and the efforts of publicists, we might still be under the hypnotic influence of Germany. It is true that his Majesty's Government have failed to interpret public opinion aright in this matter and are still open to the charge of being exploited by our openly declared enemy in maritime supremacy, on which the safety of the Empire is based. Germany is preparing to contest our command of the sea; and every year that is allowed to slip by will find her less and less likely to agree to a British Protectorate over Egypt, in view of her interests in Syria and the Euphrates Valley. Unless, therefore, Germany and Great Britain adopt a common policy in Syria and Mesopotamia, as against France and Russia, we should do well to settle the Egyptian question before it is complicated with wider issues. Of an alliance with Germany there can be no question.

The possession of Syria by France would place her, as the ally of Russia, in a favourable position for attacking Egypt by land: because, apart from the command of the sea, she could draw her supplies from Russia through countries which, under such circumstances, would probably be Russian. On the other hand, the occupation of Syria by Great Britain would require a larger army than we possess or could hope to obtain by raising and drilling local levies; moreover, Egypt is more easily defended on her present land-frontier, and it would be inconsistent with our naval policy to give hostages to fortune by advancing into Asia Minor. Under these circumstances, it would seem a plausible policy to keep France out of Syria by supporting German pretensions in that region,

unless an autonomous State could be organised on the break-up of the Ottoman Empire. Germany, the friend of Turkey, has made prodigious strides since 1884 in advancing and consolidating her political and commercial interests. Besides drilling the Turkish Army and supplying armaments, she has created political interests at Constantinople and vested interests in the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan. The German port of Haidar Pasha, nearly opposite Constantinople enjoys quite exceptional facilities under its concessions. German capitalists have secured the Anatolian Railway extension from Konia to Bagdad and Basra. It is well, therefore, to remember that it is essential for us, and vital to our Indian Empire, to dominate the Persian Gulf and its strategic approaches—or, at least, to prevent any other European Power securing a footing there. Our decisive battles must be fought at sea, not on land.

Those who have read the recent series of articles in the *Times* on the Middle Eastern question must have been convinced that we cannot any longer delay adopting a definite policy in regard to the Persian Gulf. If the occupation of the Gulf, or undisputed domination over it, be vital to our Indian Empire, surely it is worth fighting for? That it is vital is conceded by most strategists. If any of the Powers had a footing there, it would create dangerous elements of friction. If Russia established a naval base in the Gulf, thereby turning the flank of our Indian frontier defences, we should be compelled to reorganise these as well as to strengthen our naval position in Indian waters. The policing of the Persian Gulf has cost us much in times past; whilst our influence has been undisputed and directly exercised. Therefore, it is not too much to say that we are entitled to set up the principle of a "Monroe Doctrine" for India in order to exclude Russia from such dangerous contiguity. If we are not now strong enough to uphold that principle, we never shall be. We must either call on Germany to help us or make terms with Russia—a choice between the devil and the deep sea. In any case it is

to our advantage to take the lead in the development of events rather than to follow an opportunist policy: for, in diplomacy as in warfare, the stronger adversary does not relinquish the initiative or offensive to the weaker.

From whatever point of view we regard the question, the conclusion is irresistible: that sooner or later we must proclaim a British Protectorate over Egypt, and that the sooner we take the first step in that direction the better it will be for both countries.

A. Silva White.

Cairo, *March* 1903.

WHO SHOULD EMIGRATE TO CANADA?

BY A TWENTY-FIVE YEARS BRITISH RESIDENT IN THAT COLONY

TO one who had seen the prairie or the veldt, few things, I should imagine, would seem more striking upon visiting England than the need for dispersion. To fill the under-populated Colonies from over-populated Britain—that, one would think, should be a prime political duty. Canada goes into the highways and hedges of Europe and almost compels Doukhobors and Galicians and Mennonites and Finns, Jews, and proselytes, Parthians and Medes and Elamites to come in; and meanwhile the unemployed and the unhoused poor of London and other great cities are left to work out their own salvation as best they may. We call ourselves an Empire, and we make additions to our dependencies almost yearly. We make, too, strenuous efforts to retain and increase Imperial trade: differential tariffs, penny postage, bounties on sugar, subsidised steamships, all-British cables—many are the devices attempted. Yet we allow our surplus people to stream away in thousands to foreign lands. If foreign lands really offered better homes and more brilliant prospects than do British colonies to incoming hordes, some palliation might perhaps be found for this policy of *laisser faire*. But they do not. If only the stream could be diverted, it would soon enough be

proved that in the British colonies were to be had for the asking homes and prospects the equal of any in the world—if only the stream could be diverted. It will be the object of this paper to point out in briefest outline how the stream might be diverted.

I speak only for Canada.

While taking a longish walk the other day on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, I was impressed with the spaciousness of the prospect. There is an immensity about the landscape of the New World which that of the Old World lacks. Whether it is the lucidity of the atmosphere, which permits of preternaturally extended vision: or whether it is an absence of those signs of age-long conflict with the forces of Nature so visible in every acre of trim and well-kempt England, the widespread potentialities of Canada's fertile soil impress both eye and brain. For, when I remembered that that fertile soil stretches for many hundreds of miles north and east and west, I conjured up visions of a time when it too would be thickly peopled and wholly productive. To-day Canada, with an area about the same as Europe's, has a population in numbers about the same as London's. Would that we could transfer some of England's teeming millions over sea! It sets one thinking to read in a Canadian newspaper, almost in the same week in which is cabled the report of the march of thousands of unemployed through London streets, that

> for some years past the cry has been growing stronger from all parts of Ontario that farm labourers are scarce; that the owners of land have to face a continually increasing difficulty in getting help. Agriculture seems to be the one industry [it continues] in which a chronic shortage of labour is complained of.[1]

Nor is the cry a recent or a momentary one. As long ago as in June 1901 the official *Labour Gazette*, published by the Department of Labour at the seat of Government, said:

> There is a general and pronounced demand for good farm help all over

[1] The (Toronto) *Mail and Empire*, Saturday, February 7, 1903, page 12, first column.

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Harvesting in the North-West Territories

the Dominion, and so difficult has it become to secure competent men, tha there appears to be a growing disposition among farmers to secure trustworthy help under yearly agreements, despite the fact that there is in almost every district a slack period during the winter.[1]

As to who should be transported, that, it must be confessed, is not so easy a question to answer. Like the transfusion of blood in surgery, the operation is not only a difficult one, but one about the method of performing which experts differ. The country could absorb its millions if they were of the right sort—about that all are agreed. But what is the right sort?

Well, first of all, we may eliminate the intellectual classes at once as unsuitable. Owing to the peculiarities of the system of education in the New World, the professional callings are crowded—crowded to suffocation. The whole tendency of the Canadian educational system is to tempt youth from manual to intellectual labour. Primary education is free—free and obligatory: for a minute weekly pittance you can get a higher education and be prepared for the University; and fifty guineas per annum will pay all your fees there. And from first to last the education seems extraordinarily literary. The upper classes of a High School which I visited on the occasion of my walk, a High School situated in a little country town in the midst of fertile arable soil, were engaged in the study of Plato's "Laches" and Tennyson's "The Princess: a Medley." No wonder the sons of farmers, freely taught things quite alien to the plough, forsake the plough for a profession—not always with benefit to the profession, nor always with benefit to themselves.

Besides, it must be remembered that the New World protects its learned professions no less than its commercial productions. No matter if you are an M.R.C.S. or an L.R.C.P. of London, you cannot practice in Canada unless you pass a Canadian examination and obtain a Canadian diploma. Nay, more, each Province protects itself against every other; so that

[1] Vol. i. page 556.

even were you an M.R.C.S. and an L.R.C.P., and had an Ontario diploma to boot, and were practising, say, in Ottawa, you could not cross the river and attend a patient in Hull, because Hull is in Quebec.[1] And so with law. You may be a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, but unless you were a barrister of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, also, you could not hold a brief in the Province of Ontario. And so throughout the Dominion.

Of the individual professional man imported to fill a particular post—a professorship in a college, the headship of a great school, a pastorate, or a vicarage—I do not speak here. This, of course, is quite a different matter, a matter for the individual's own determination. But I should say, Go by all means, if you are contented with a stipend of from three hundred to a thousand pounds a year, with an opportunity of running back to England for a month or so every now and then. The usual fate of him who does go is to marry a handsome Canadian wife, build a fine house, and settle down in the country for good. And there are worse fates.

The intellectual classes then, I say, may be eliminated. So may be eliminated that semi-intellectual class which, knowing nothing whatsoever of farming, nevertheless comes out "to farm:" a hapless class, gifted with all the refinements of gentle nurture, but ignorant of the rudiments of a life of toil, and but ill adapted to alien surroundings and uncongenial companions. Perhaps if any one thing more than another has hampered emigration to Canada it is the emigration of the refined stripling sent out "to farm"—the very phrase has become a byword and a hissing.

Leaving out of view, then, the intellectual classes of every kind, we come to the manual. Manual labour is in demand. The rate of wages is proof enough of this. The roughest pick-and-shovel demands—and gets—its six or seven shillings

[1] It is but right to add, however, that there is now a Bill before the Canadian House of Commons substituting a Dominion qualification for a Provincial one.

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Lumbering on the Ottawa

a day in the densest areas; in sparsely populated areas it gets much more.

To give some idea of the wages paid to manual labour in Canada I have compiled a tabulated statement from the latest official figures obtainable. The variety will perhaps atone for the paucity of the occupations enumerated, for I have been careful to include only those definitely and authentically cited.

Undoubtedly manual labour is in demand. "Canada," says the Toronto *Ups and Downs*,

> is just now on the flood tide of prosperity, and her one cry is for men—men to lay railroads, men to build engines, men to erect buildings, miners to dig coal, axemen to cut timber, above all, farmers and farmers' men to open up and till the wealth of agricultural lands. Men of skill and men of sinew, there is room and work and need for all.[1]

And even as I write, more than a mere rumour reaches my ear that the Council of the County of York in the Province of Ontario is getting up a deputation which shall wait upon the Prime Minister of that Province, to urge upon him the necessity of sending some one to "The British Isles" to find and persuade to emigrate to Ontario the farm-hands of which Ontario is so much in need. If these things are done in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry? If these things are done in a settled Province, what shall be done in an unsettled?

Certainly manual labour, that is if it is steady and intelligent, is in demand. If it is neither, it had better stay at home, since shiftlessness and ignorance come to grief much more rapidly among strange circumstances than among those familiar. As to what sort of manual labour should emigrate, upon that point experts differ. The numerous labour- and trade-unions, of course, do not want any immigration at all. British Columbia's strenuous, not to say quixotic, endeavours to exclude Japanese is a straw showing which way the wind

[1] *Ups and Downs.* Published quarterly under the auspices of Dr. Barnard Homes, Toronto. January 1903, page 6.

TABLE OF RATES OF WAGES IN CANADA IN JUNE 1902.[1]

Occupation.	Locality.	Rate per Hour.		Rate per Day.		Rate per Week.		Rate per Month.		Hours per Day.
		Canadian Money.	English Money.	Canadian Money.	English Money.	Canadian Money.	English Money.	Canadian Money.	English Money.	
		Dollars.	s. d.	Dollars.	s. d.	Dollars.	£ s.	Dollars.	£ s. d.	
Bakers	Toronto	0.25	1 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Barbers	British Columbia	—	—	—	—	15.00	3 3[2]	—	—	—
Bricklayers	British Columbia	—	—	4.50	18 8	—	—	—	—	—
	Toronto	0.42	1 9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Winnipeg	0.52½	2 2½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Building Trades (indoor)	Toronto	0.38	1 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Carpenters	British Columbia	0.37½	1 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	8
	Ontario	0.30	1 3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Nova Scotia	0.26	1 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Prince Edward Island	—	—	1.50	6 2	—	—	—	—	—
Carriage Builders	British Columbia	—	—	—	—	24.00	5 0	—	—	10
	Nova Scotia	—	—	—	—	12.00	2 10	—	—	10
Carters	Quebec	—	—	1.50	6 2	—	—	—	—	—
	Winnipeg	—	—	4·00	16 8	—	—	—	—	—
City Labourers	Ottawa	—	—	1.50	6 2	—	—	—	—	9
	Toronto	0.20	0 10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Deck-hands	British Columbia	—	—	—	—	—	—	30 to 40	6 5 0 to 8 6 8	
Letter-carriers		—	—	1.25 to 2.25	5s. 2d. to 9s. 4d.[3]	—	—	—	—	—

Deck-hands . . .	British Columbia	—	—	—	—	—	—	30 to 40	1 to 8 6 8	
Letter-carriers . .		—	—	1.25 to 2.25	5s. 2d. to 9s. 4d.[3]	—	—	—	—	—
Moulders . . .	Toronto	0.25	1 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Painters . . .	British Columbia	0.33½	1 5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Ottawa	—	—	2.00	8 4	—	—	—	—	—
	Toronto	0.30	1 3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Paper-hangers . .	Ottawa	—	—	2.25	9 4	—	—	—	—	—
Plasterers . . .	Nova Scotia	0.36	1 6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Toronto	0.38	1 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Plumbers . . .	British Columbia	—	—	4.00	16 8	—	—	—	—	8
	Quebec	0.25	1 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Ontario	—	—	2.50	10 6	—	—	—	—	9
Printers (job) . .	Winnipeg	—	—	—	—	17.00	3/10/10[4]	—	—	48 hours per week.
Stonemasons . .	Quebec	0.30	1 3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Toronto	0.41	1 8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

[1] Compiled from a statement regarding "Spring Changes in Rates of Wages in Canada," printed in the official *Labour Gazette: The Journal of the Department of Labour.* Ottawa: *June* 1902.

[2] And a conditional share of profits. [3] Throughout Canada. [4] This is the minimum.

NOTE—It is impossible to tabulate in the space at my disposal the rates of wages of farm labourers, inasmuch as these vary considerably, not alone in different areas and at different periods, but also according to the various methods by which farm hands are hired—whether by the day, week, month, or year; whether with or without board and lodging; whether separately housed; and so forth. But for a very complete synoptical tabulated statement of the wages of farm labourers throughout Canada the reader may be referred to the *Labour Gazette* above cited, vol. i. pp. 562–567, published in June 1901.

blows. Skilled labour is just as jealous of invasion as are the professions, as Canada's Alien Law[1] and as Toronto's ill-disguised efforts to tax Chinese laundries prove. This is an obstacle that will have to be taken into account; and, if British colonies are to be properly populated, it will have to be very seriously taken into account by a broad Imperio-Colonial policy free from petty local jealousies. A good deal of difficulty, I fear, will be met with in New Zealand, and the Commonwealth of Australia. Yet as regards the importation of labour for the raising of cattle or crops, this at all events should be free from petty local jealousies, inasmuch as the prices for meat and corn are not regulated by local markets, but by the market of the world. An Ontario farm does not compete with a farm in Quebec, nor does a Texan ranche compete with one in Alberta. However, putting on one side the details upon which experts differ, it seems to me that the manual labour which, without any changes, at all events in Dominion or Provincial legislation, Canada could at once readily and without delay absorb is of three kinds:

First: Quite young men and women for the more settled Provinces, lads and lasses who shall for a few years be content to earn little but learn much;

Secondly: Grown men, for farming, navvying, mining, "lumbering," building, and manufacturing in its thousand branches;

Thirdly: Men of a higher class, of the highest even, men with some capital, more knowledge of farming or stock-raising, and a still greater zest for a full, free, open-air life, but men who are able and willing to work with their own hands also. And for the encouragement of this superior class I may say that the opportunities for sport—for shooting (from the biggest game to the smallest wild-fowl), fishing (salmon, trout, maskinonge, and bass *abound*), riding (there is some splendid polo: the North-West broncho makes a capital pony)—are in Canada all but unrivalled. It would be tempting to insert

[1] 60 & 61 Vict. c 11.

here an excursus on Canadian sport; but there are books and to spare on the subject.[1]

The first class must, of course, be personally conducted. And for them there should be erected at the Government Model Farms dairies, creameries, agricultural colleges, &c., spacious domiciles strictly managed, where youths may learn something, not only of the occupations but of the manners and customs of the country. That some such scheme is both practicable and feasible the brilliant success of Dr. Barnardo's Homes and farms abundantly shows.

The second class should be paternally looked after. And for them should be erected, at Montreal, Halifax, and Winnipeg, domiciliary labour bureaus where they may be temporarily housed, and where application for hands may be received: at Montreal because that is the summer, at Halifax because that is the winter, port of debarcation; at Winnipeg because that is the threshold of the West.

The third class must be practically advised. It is important to know where to settle. Certain belts of country are adapted only to certain occupations. But this need not detain us. This third class will receive no pecuniary aid; and Government centres of information abound. A note addressed to the Canadian High Commissioner at 17 Victoria Street, S.W., will, I warrant me, receive scrupulous attention.

[1] "Moose Hunting, Salmon Fishing, and other Sketches of Sport: Being the Record of Personal Experiences of Hunting Wild Game in Canada." By T. R. Pattillo. Toronto, Briggs; London, Low; 1902.

"The Ounaniche and its Canadian Environment." By E. T. D. Chambers. New York, Harper; 1896.

"The Badminton Library: Big Game Shooting." By Clive Phillipps-Wolley and others. Vol. i. London, Longmans; 1894.

"Salmon Fishing in Canada." By a Resident. Edited by Col. Sir James Edward Alexander. London, Longmans; 1860.

"American Game Bird Shooting." By John Mortimer Murphy. New York, Judd; 1882.

"Bear Hunting in the White Mountains; or, Alaska and British Columbia Re-visited." By H. W. Seton-Karr. London, Chapman; 1891.

A fourth class might be added, that of domestic servants, of which Canada is in dire need. But this is a question altogether *sui generis*. You cannot import an unknown girl from England and set her down plump in an unknown family in Canada; and the machinery by which all the difficulties which that impossibility entails are to be obliterated will be a delicate and an intricate machinery indeed. Not that some such machinery is not already being devised. But the ladies of the Empire must deal with this. The Primrose League might do worse than take it up. Upon my word I should like to see its Dames devote their energy to planting for this purpose Habitations over-sea. There is in Canada a highly Imperialistic and aristocratic Order known as the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. I think I might venture to promise that the Daughters of the Empire would cordially co-operate with the Primrose League. For this fourth class there must be erected temporary training and distributing homes on both sides of the Atlantic, with paid matrons and rigid inspection. Why the State should not aid them I do not see. Many a householder would gladly pay the State a fee for a good servant.

But all this will require not only a large initial outlay, but a large yearly expenditure. No doubt. That must be faced. As to how such yearly expenditure at least may be refunded in actual cash to the State, upon that point I shall touch presently. Meanwhile let me lay stress upon the fact that Canada has not hitherto hesitated to spend enormous sums in the encouragement and aid of multifarious projects. Take her railways, for example. Up to June 30, 1901, Canada had paid for railways, by Dominion, Provincial, and Municipal loans, bonuses, and promised aid, $228,339,890[1]—say forty-seven

[1] Report of the (Canadian) Minister of Railways and Canals for 1901. From the report of an Address delivered before the East York Farmers' Institute, by Mr. Walter D. Gregory, printed in the (Toronto) *Weekly Sun* of March 26, 1901, I learn that this sum "includes the amount that we have expended upon the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island railways (*i.e.*, State-

Photo, Notman & Son, Montreal

Reaping in Manitoba

million pounds; a large sum for a poor country. But railways, I shall be told, are a condition precedent to colonisation. True. And Canada has not complained of this enormous outlay on railways. The logical sequence to this outlay is a machinery to bring population to the regions the railways have opened up. Canada has, very literally, put her hand to the plough, and then looked back. She must now look forward. Consider too what sums Canada has extracted from the pockets of her people for the encouragement and aid of her numerous manufacturing industries. For the last quarter of a century—since 1878—every single purchaser of every single protected commodity has paid an *ad valorem* or other duty of from five to thirty-five per cent. And little town after little town has, supererogatively as it were, bonused or aided by exemption from taxation (or both) industry after industry. Indeed, the extravagant expenditure of some Canadian towns on things utterly unconnected with Canada's crying demand for folk—sowing, reaping folk—is really extraordinary. Toronto the other day erected an elaborate and gorgeous City Hall at a cost of $2,500,000. The Provincial Parliament buildings erected in the same town, and equally elaborately and gorgeously, cost a like sum. Toronto's Public Library, in which the circulation of fiction is more than forty per cent., costs the town $31,000 yearly—a sum statutorily imposed upon the ratepayers. Are we to swallow all these camels and

owned railways) for construction and equipment, and to meet the annual deficits during the period of operation, but does not includes the land grants or the value of the exemptions from taxation." (Page 8, first column.) Mr. H. J. Pettypiece, Member of the Provincial Parliament of Ontario, writing in the *Canadian Magazine* of February 1903, computes the grand total of the amount of aid given by people of Canada to the 17,000 miles of railway owned by private corporations as follows:

Cash subsidies and bonuses	$225,000,000
Loans and subscriptions	27,000,000
Land (at $2 per acre)	104,000,000
Lines already built	35,000,000
Total	$391,000,000

strain at an emigration gnat? We have filled the rich with good things, and the hungry we have sent empty away. People is what we want now. Long enough have we protected products. Our producers of commodities have waxed fat and kicked. Let them be mulcted for the producers of cattle and crops.

Canada suffers in more ways than one from the propinquity of her great and growing neighbour to the south; forgetting that that powerful neighbour receives from Europe millions of new immigrating producers and consumers yearly; forgetting also that she herself suffers a certain leakage yearly, in that numbers of her own producers and consumers cross the line to swell the ranks of her rival.

The fact is, the manufacturers, by combining and by contributing to an "election fund" (a sinister phrase, that), have created a formidable political phalanx, which almost dictates to the Government what shall be the policy of the country. Indeed, the protective policy inaugurated by Sir John Macdonald in 1878 went by the name of the National Policy, and everybody knows that the manufacturers were the instigators of that—at least everybody in Canada knows. The manufacturers have even dictated to the present Liberal Government. The present Liberal Government came into power on the strength of reiterated promises of a reduction of duties. But they had not been in session long before they changed their tune, and, under the cover of the phrase "stability of tariff," the protective tariff remains pretty much as it was. Indeed, Jeshurun continues to kick. Even now "some complaints are made," says the Special Canadian correspondent of the *British Empire Review*, "by a few of the manufacturing industries that the tariff is too low,"[1] a statement verified by the fact that on February 10 last, to quote from a Canadian daily newspaper, "Three members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association saw the Premier and several of his colleagues to ascertain what prospect there is of

[1] For January 1903, p. 212.

Photo, Notman & Son Montreal

Threshing in Manitoba

higher protection being granted this Session to the interests their Association represent."

As reply to my objurgations on protection, I shall be told that the multiplication of factories has provided occupation for thousands. Doubtless, doubtless. But methinks the pockets of the manufacturers have been disproportionately filled. The very face of Canadian society has been altered by the incursion of manufacturing magnates. And so has the face of the country, for few things are more significant than the centripetalisation into the cities during the last twenty years. However, I am not girding at protection; I am girding at a one-sided protection. When I look at the fattened cities, I think of the fallow acres. Might not the fattened cities now pay a little for the filling-up of the fallow acres? It is not centripetalisation—it is centrifugalisation that is the crying need of the Empire. Fill up the veldt, the bush, the prairie, and the cities will fill up of themselves. Fill up the unpeopled areas and you will get larger families, healthier lives, more robust frames, less excitable temperaments, sturdier minds, less corruptible voters, steadier and less pleasure-loving communities. If only the Empire would devote itself to this task! For surely it is an Imperial task. For, believe me, the secret of Imperial Defence is Imperial Dispersion. Double the population of your several colonies and you will get double the number of colonial contingents in the next war.

But remember, transplantation requires supervision, and growth in a new soil requires careful husbandry. It is not to be expected that an English family shall pluck itself up by the roots and get itself planted in fresh soil without encouragement. Those who have not done it do not know what it is to leave everything—everything—friends, home, ties, habits, comforts, chances, and land suddenly in a strange land, with strange faces and strange ways, especially if no friends have preceded it. To walk down the slippery gangway of a steamer and set foot, in drizzling rain and in the dark, on a noisy wharf in a foreign land, with tired women, squalling children, and

agglomerated piles of goods and chattels—that quenches much ardour. To many a father of a family,

Fixed by no friendly star,

the future must have looked dark on landing. Loneliness is poignant amid strange surroundings. Newness and the unknown affright all but the stoutest hearted. To such, Government could and should act as its friend, and not alone by speeches and advertisements or so-called emigration "literature."

There is yet a fifth class which might be mentioned. I refer to the paterfamilias with moderate means but a large family—the retired Army officer, the Indian official, the possessor of a few hundred pounds a year, who "does not know what to do with his children"—pathetic phrase, and, in Carlyle's language, "significant of much." A large class that. To such paterfamilias Canada can be confidently recommended—provided, provided, and this is highly important, such paterfamilias is ready and willing not to look in a colony for such amenities of life and society as he has been accustomed to "at home." Canada, he must make up his mind, is thenceforward to be the home of himself and his children. He must be as earnest in his emigration as his fellow settler the farm labourer; otherwise he will pine for clubs and companionship he cannot get, and his children's acclimatisation will be deferred. And the more rapidly the settler—of whatever class—is acclimatised the better. But if such paterfamilias will accept the new conditions, send his children to the schools and universities which he finds at hand (and these are really excellent in their way), accustom his boys to battle for their livelihoods with the boys with whom they are brought into contact (and these will not be the sons of independent *patresfamilias*)—then he and they will succeed, no matter where he settles. As for his girls—well, there are hundreds of refined young Englishmen in the North-West wanting wives. Personally, I think Canada would be the better for multitudes of this class. They import an element of refinement that the country needs. If the

colony will pardon my saying so, there is a crudity in Canadian life impossible to eradicate but not impossible to remedy. A Canadian professor complains of "our rawness and lack of culture";[1] a Canadian newspaper candidly admits that "our Canadian youth are not too conspicuous for good manners."[2] This fifth class will not leaven the whole lump, but it will have its influence. The more numerous such centres of influence the better.

As a simple matter of undisputed fact Canada wants men and women, and wants them, as they say there, "badly." Especially do her North-Western territories want men and women, and many are the inducements held out to get them. "Manitoba and the North-West," says the Prime Minister of the latter,

> Manitoba and the North-West are now the only parts of North America where free grants of one hundred and sixty acres of land, which can be cultivated without being cleared, can be obtained. . . . . Our law provides that every head of a family can obtain a free grant of one hundred and sixty acres of his own selection; and within my own experience there are an enormous number of instances of men who have started with small means on such free farms, who are now well off, and have purchased additional land, and are annually producing large crops and becoming rich men. Should immigrants prefer to go in for dairy-farming or stock-raising, they can obtain a homestead in those portions of the Territories where dairying and stock-raising is the chief industry, and have the privilege of grazing their cattle at large on the public domain without any charge. . . . For female domestic servants there is a splendid opening in all the populous centres of Western Canada, and good servants are perfectly sure of immediate employment at wages of from two to three pounds a month. . . . The class of immigrants required in Western Canada are steady, hard-working, thrifty people who desire to become land-owners, and intend taking up agriculture or stock-raising as their business. Such immigrants, especially if they have any previous knowledge of farming, are sure to do well if they are industrious; and they need not possess any large amount of means to make a beginning. For farm labourers there is a splendid opening. . . . The Dominion Government takes a paternal care of British emigrants from the time that they reach Canadian shores until they find situa-

[1] Professor Adam Shortt in the *Canadian Magazine* for May 1898.

[2] The (Toronto) *Mail and Empire* in a leading article on Friday, February 6, 1903; p. 4, second column.

tions or are located on farms of their own. . . . What the new-comer wants to know when he gets to our country he will have no difficulty in learning, for in Western Canada every man tries to help his neighbour, and the agents of the Government spare no pains to make things easy for any one wishing to settle on the land and form a home.[1]

The filling up of Britain's colonies, then, is a political necessity. Why not make it a part of the political machinery? We put the Presidents of the Boards of Trade and Local Government into the Cabinet, surely a President of a Board of Emigration would be as important a Minister. We talk of creating a Secretary of State for Commerce; let us create a Secretary of State for Emigration. The Colonial Office has in recent years done wonders in knitting together the Colonies and the mother land; an Emigration Office, always in close touch and co-operating with the several Colonial Governments, might do more. Raise emigration to the dignity of a Department of State, and whereas now a Dr. Barnardo sends his one thousand boys and girls to Canada yearly, a Lord Rosebery might send his hundred thousand. I beg leave to suggest this opening for Lord Rosebery's Imperial Liberal Unionism; to judge from the speeches of the visiting Colonial Prime Ministers on the occasion of the Coronation, he would not find this a lonely furrow. If an Imperial—not a Royal—Commission were appointed, with British, Canadian, Australian, and South African members, to inquire into every branch of this important subject and design some practicable Imperio-Colonial emigration machinery—methinks I see a cure for hooliganism here, and a resource for time-expired Tommy Atkinses, and a remedy for agricultural depression, and a safety-valve for Irish disaffection, and an antidote to many another canker in the State. There is an antiseptic property in the air of prairie and veldt and bush.

But, I shall be reminded, each colony already possesses emigration machinery of its own. I know. I know, too, that

[1] The Honourable F. W. G. Haultain in the *Manchester Guardian*, September 1902.

they are sadly inefficient. They are inefficient because they are independent. The donkey-engines which unload a vessel's hold should be fed from the vessel's boiler. Let each donkey-engine have its foreman; but let Lord Rosebery stand below at the throttle.

Am I advocating further abreptions from the Imperial Treasury? By no means. Were each colony to put a bounty upon every carefully selected immigrant, such bounty to be regarded as a loan repayable in instalments and secured by a first lien on land[1] or by garnishing of salary, I take it such investment would in course of time be repaid in cash. A settler is an asset. It is for the statistician to compute what sum could be profitably invested in tempting such asset to settle. A pre-eminent Canadian authority with whom I have privately corresponded on this subject has, indeed, made such computation, and the result at which he has arrived is that

> the value of any person to the country is, broadly speaking, to be measured by what he produces over and above what he consumes—what he consumes of his own productions and the productions of others; and measured in this way, the value of a family cultivating a farm in the Canadian North-West is not less than $600 a year. . . . I estimate (he continues) that in the case of a family of five, $1050 will bring them from Great Britain to the North-West, provide a comfortable four-roomed house, two horses, two cows, and a stable therefor, and will provide the necessary waggon, harness, and such tools and household furniture as the immigrant would not find it worth while to bring with him; will cover the cost of breaking twenty acres of land and preparing it for a crop, and will provide seed and a year's food to the family and cattle.

There is food for much thought in that computation. However, I must again disclaim any intention of discussing detail.

It is curious to remember that, in an agricultural country like Canada, the agricultural labourer seems to be the last person that is encouraged by donations from the public purse. The farmer asks for bread; we give him a stone in the shape of a hundred and sixty acres of land. The manufacturer asks

[1] For this hint I am indebted to the Canadian authority I am just about to quote.

for bread: and we give him bread and jam in the shape of a prohibitive tariff. Is it not time that the manufacturer did something for the farmer? The West has paid the East well in high prices for protected agricultural implements. Suppose, now, the East paid the West a little in bounties for assisted immigration. We have nursed our factories: let us nurse our farms. In time our farms will feed our factories.

In conclusion. The day is past in which the power and prestige of a nation are to be left to fortuitous circumstance. Popular government now furthers popular enterprise. Legislation comes to the aid of individual effort. Nations go to war for open doors and spheres of influence. The flag now follows trade. Anything that claims to make for the power and prestige of a State, claims and obtains State aid. Well, would anything, I ask, add more to the power and prestige of such a State as Imperial Britain, with her all but infinite expanses of unpeopled lands, than a policy which peopled them with her own flesh and blood? It is a most serious question this. For, once more, believe me, in the last resort *the secret of Imperial Defence is Imperial Dispersion.*

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

CHARLEMONT HOUSE MEMORIES

THE Honourable Mrs. Caulfeild, the accomplished lady whose combination of shrewdness and observation with vivacity of expression is so apparent in the ensuing pages, represented a social and political tradition which has now almost vanished from Ireland. It would be difficult at any period of Irish history to find any individual in whom were united by descent or connection more of the diverse strains which have contributed to form the gentry and aristocracy of that country. The daughter of a Mayo squire, Mrs. Caulfeild belonged on the father's side to an old Anglo-Norman stock, on the mother's to that offshoot of the O'Donel sept which continued in distant Connaught the ancient lineage of the dispossessed chieftains of Tyrconnel. Brought up near Armagh by her maternal aunt, Lady Molyneux, she spent her girlhood among associations which recalled the memory of one of the most eminent among Anglo-Irish champions of Hibernian independence, William Molyneux, the well-known author of "The Case of Ireland," and the friend of Locke. And united by her marriage to Henry Caulfeild, second son of the first and best known Earl of Charlemont, to one of the most distinguished of Irish Whig families, she was closely identified throughout a long life with a type of opinion and a social caste which may now be said to be entirely extinct.

Born in the closing years of the eighteenth century, and

associated both in the house of her adopted father and in the family of her husband with that order of Irish Protestant landowners which had most vigorously opposed the Union, Mrs. Caulfeild passed her early life in the midst of a society which, while ardently attached to the British connection, was not less ardently desirous of promoting the welfare of Ireland and asserting as far as possible its title to be considered as a separate entity within the constitution. Irish politics are very different now to what they were when the nineteenth century was young, and such remnants of the old Whig families as survive find themselves in a camp they once looked on as the enemy's. But in the days when Mrs. Caulfeild, whose husband represented the County Armagh in the Whig interest for many years prior to the Reform Act, first became acquainted with affairs in Ireland, the animosities aroused by the Rebellion of '98 on the one side and the Union on the other had barely been allayed. In her middle life she lived in the midst of that section of Irish Liberals who believed, or at least hoped, that a *via media* between the extreme ideals of the Young Ireland party and the *non possumus* of the Conservatives under Sir Robert Peel might be found in some modification of O'Connell's latter-day views of Repeal.

Charlemont House in Dublin is now the office of the Registrar-General for Ireland, and a mansion once the centre of art, letters, and politics has been abandoned to statistics. In the days of Mrs. Caulfeild's early married life it still retained that stamp of cultivation and distinction which had been impressed upon it by its builder the first Earl of Charlemont, and had made it, in fact, the Holland House of Dublin. Though the second Earl of Charlemont was devoid of that active spirit which had gained for his father a position and authority which his abilities could not of themselves have commanded, he had ambition enough to support the position which he inherited; and the early traditions of Charlemont House were sustained long after the ideas represented by it had ceased to have real force in the political world. The

blow undoubtedly struck at Dublin society by the Union was not felt immediately. For many years after the extinction of the Irish legislature—in fact down to the Famine and the beginning of the Railway era—the Irish capital retained much of its old distinction, and nowhere was that distinction so well maintained as in the drawing-rooms of Charlemont House and Marino, the suburban seat of the Charlemonts. It was in the midst of this circle that Mrs. Caulfeild's early and middle life was spent. Possessing a lively intelligence and a considerable share of what, for lack of any vernacular equivalent, is call *esprit*, she knew how to enjoy her surroundings to the full. Whether in her country home, in her visits to Dublin, or in her occasional seasons in London, where she had as an adopted daughter of the house of Charlemont the *entrée* to the best Whig society, Mrs. Caulfeild was always quick to notice whatever was best worth observing, and she formed her estimates of character with feminine acuteness and decision. In her latter days she amused the retirement of old age in recalling the persons and things which had most interested her in younger years. Her records of life in the Ulster of the early nineteenth century, and her notes on the changes of manners and fashions of which she had been the witness which she has left among her memoranda and diaries have a real value as a picture of a bygone time, and may form the subject of a further contribution to these pages. No part of this, the more serious side of Mrs. Caulfeild's reminiscences, is printed in the present paper, which is confined to lighter reminiscences; and the samples of her writing which are here given require no explanation beyond the brief notes appended to them.

C. Litton Falkiner.

THE POET MOORE IN SOCIETY

"Tom Moore" was of the party—Moore, whose Irish songs have raised even in me all a woman's enthusiasm, and whose society I have so long and earnestly wished to enjoy. At this moment I am tempted to pray that I may never again be in company with a genius. It is said "No man is a hero to his valet de chambre." So far do I believe this true that I am convinced few amongst those who are called great can inspire the same admiration amongst their associates which they do in those to whom they are known only by their great actions or works. I was disappointed with Moore, but I cannot clearly define why, or how. It was not that he was less witty or less gay or less conversational than I expected; he was all these, but he fell short of my beau ideal of Moore. There appeared to me a constant striving for effect in his manner unworthy the dignity of true genius, whose presence will always be most felt when there is no attempt at display. This I thought I could perceive in every word and gesture of Moore's. I can only describe his manner by saying it gave me more the idea that I was witnessing a representation of Moore than that it was himself I saw and heard. I expected to find him vain, the spoiled child of fashionable society; but I did not expect to find at once an air of self-satisfaction, a restless anxiety for effect and a certain assurance of manner, with a marked deference to the opinion of rank or fashion. Yet this should not have surprised me; it is often those who rail most at aristocracy who give the idol most homage. I was also astonished at the brilliant poverty of his conversation, dwelling on and dazzling with trifles whilst he passed over those points which would have given rise to discussion or reflection. In this, perhaps, is the secret of his social fame. In thus finding fault I feel as if I was in error, as I expected too much, certainly too much from one who has lived so long in "the

world," for what will it not spoil? Originality must be destroyed, wit may be tarnished, and sincerity—the sincerity which is what it seems—is lost by continual contact with those who have no world but society, no object, no interest beyond passing events. Once only did the conversation rest on any interesting topic. It was the character of Voltaire, as shown in his conduct to his friends—Lord Dudley[1] starting from one of his extraordinary abstractions poured forth his opinion with force and eloquence, supported by facts, and showed he spoke on a subject of which he was master. Moore replied with the manner of a person who either had not considered the matter in question or waived his opinion in deference to the person he addressed. Lord Dudley is himself a character—an oddity; he is frequently so abstracted, so absent, that he appears to forget he is in company. Yet when he enters into conversation he is agreeable, and when he engages in argument he gives his opinions with eloquence and warmth. When not engaged in conversation he is either mumbling (for it cannot be called talking) to himself, or leaning back in his chair, his eyes half closed in a state of slumber. His abstraction at times is so great that he has been frequently known to express aloud his thoughts of persons present. He is in other respects so agreeable a member of society that this peculiarity is overlooked.

Moore is most agreeable at dinner: without appearing to "tell stories" he amuses by continual anecdote. Then the expression of his face is that of real Irish drollery. At other times his countenance bespeaks pain and anxiety. He is, I am told, fond of small society, of which he is the object; and then, when at ease, sings his exquisite songs accompanying himself on the pianoforte. His voice is weak, but its tones are silvery and he throws an expression into it almost unique. His posture at the instrument is singular. He sits a little turned on one side, his head thrown back and eyes elevated, in all so much of the wrapt minstrel that it is not improbable

[1] John William Ward, 1st Earl of Dudley, Canning's Foreign Secretary.

that he studied the attitude. Such have been my first impressions of the bard of Erin. I was less pleased perhaps because they did not agree with my expectations, and if I should again be in his society I may find that my representation has been false. I think, however, you will be interested in my opinion on first sight, and just or unjust I have freely given it.[1]

MOORE AND THE BYRON MEMOIRS

I met Col. D'Aguilar last night[2] at Lady Morgan's. He is remarkable as being the author of the letters which appeared at the refusal of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey to allow all that was mortal of Byron to be interred amongst England's honoured dead. Col. D'A. is an enthusiastic admirer of Byron's poetry and character, and the expectation excited that the forthcoming volume of Moore's life would throw much light on the mystery in which Byron's life was involved caused the conversation to turn to the destruction of the original memoirs. Col. D'Aguilar being the friend and correspondent of Mrs. Leigh as well as a voluntary champion of Byron, his statement is of course most interesting, and I will repeat it as nearly as possible in his words.

[1] It is but fair to Moore to give his own account of this dinner, as recorded in the poet's Diary :—"April 30th, 1830. Dined at Lord Charlemont's. Company: the Caulfeilds, Lady Davy, and Lord Dudley. Lord Dudley's dialogue with himself, and silence of the rest of the company during dinner, very awful and damping" (Moore's Memoirs, vol. vi. p. 113). Moore's unattractiveness on this occasion was probably due to the presence of Lord Dudley, whom he disliked. Of Lord Dudley's eccentric habit of soliloquising, referred to by Mrs. Caulfeild—and described by some one as "Lord Dudley conversing with Lord Ward"—Moore has given the following account in his Diary :—"His mutterings to himself; his fastidious contemplation of what he has on his plate, occasionally pushing about the meat with his finger, and uttering low-breathed criticisms upon it—all is on the verge of insanity; but still very brilliant and agreeable." Memoirs vi. 187.—C. L. F.

[2] January 1831.

Immediately after the death of Byron, Hobhouse, Kinnaird, Murray and, I believe, Moore, waited on Mrs. Leigh and informed her that there were original memoirs of Byron in the possession of Moore, given to him to be published at his death; but that they considered them so likely to wound the feelings of Lady Byron, so certain to injure his memory, that they had resolved to ask Mrs. Leigh's permission to destroy them. Mrs. Leigh's reply was: "I have never seen the memoirs, what passed between Mr. Moore and B. on the subject is known to Moore only, I am therefore in perfect ignorance of everything relating to those memoirs. If he wished them to be made public, I wish it also; *but* I know he had a headlong way of committing his thoughts and feelings to paper, and if you, his friends for sixteen years and the persons whom he has chosen as executors, if *you* think the publication likely to be injurious to his memory or painful to Lady Byron I will not prevent the destruction of the memoirs. I commit his memory, his fame with posterity, to your guardianship." Kinnaird and Hobhouse repeated their opinion that it would be ruinous to Byron's character to publish the memoirs. They were burnt. In two or three years after Moore called on Mrs. Leigh, told her of his intention to write a Life of Byron and requested her assistance. She replied, "Mr. Moore, we must understand each other at once. You were the depository of my brother's confidence, and of his memoirs. Either those were fit to be published or they were not. If not, they were unfit to be read: they should not have been read to the coterie at Holland House, lent to Lady Jersey and Lady Burghersh, and passages allowed to be copied by Brougham and Denman and others of your friends; and after his death, these Memoirs which he gave you to be published were destroyed as unfit to meet the public eye to which you had already exposed them to make yourself valued. Such has been the object of your conduct from first to last, your friend's wishes and fame being alike sacrificed to your individual vanity. I must therefore decline holding any communication with you." So Moore went to work alone.

Upon the publication of his first volume Lady Byron wrote a letter in defence (nominally) of her parents, which her friend Campbell followed up by a most violent attack upon Moore (with both of which every one is acquainted). He was advised not to reply himself, but to allow Byron's letters in the possession of Moore to answer Lady Byron, and in the 2nd volume will appear a letter of Byron's which seems as if he had risen from the grave to answer Lady Byron. To it Moore has appended this note: "Whilst this has been preparing for the Press Lady Byron's letter has appeared, of which a copy will be found in the Appendix."

Of this volume Mrs. Leigh says to me in a letter received yesterday: "I have read the forthcoming volume of Moore's and am delighted with it. Doubtless there are many things which as a female I wish had not been published, as poor B.'s sister wish had never occurred; but his sad fate brought a habit of irregularities which his nature never prompted. But of the book I must say I did not think it possible any one could have so faithfully depicted him in mind and body. I thought no one knew or understood him but myself."

ANECDOTES OF THE REGENCY

Lord Lansdowne's[1] death, announced yesterday, brought Lord Charlemont's conversation back to old political times. From the Regency question he came to George 3rds family, and said his sons were quite below respectability, realising what was said by the worst of them (Cumberland), "My brothers are all liars, except the Duke of York!" Lord Charlemont returning from the H. of Lords on the unexpected postponement of a debate met the Duke of Clarence and told his R.H. of it, when H.R.H. said "then I will turn back with you," an honor not coveted by him. Lord C. expressed a hope that the accounts of His Majesty (George 3rd) were good. "I

[1] Henry, 3rd Marquis of Lansdowne, the well-known Whig statesman, died Jan. 1863. Lord Charlemont died in December of the same year.

can't tell you," said the Duke, "that damned B . . . . my Mother wont let any of us see him, or know what the case is.'

Lord C. mentioned that when very young he had dined at the Pavilion and was quite shocked at the rudeness of every one to the Princess of Wales. The Prince was then the idol of the Whigs, and thought to be "the finest Gentleman in Europe" so when Lord Caulfeild (as he then was) wrote to his father the impressions made by his dinner at the Pavilion he received a parental rebuke in return, saying he was quite too young to judge. It was well known that the Prince of Wales disliked to see ladies eat coarsely, and even some things he thought they should not eat. These were the things which if the Princess asked for, attention was directly drawn to by the mischievous party about her. "Her Royal Highness wants more fat" and such observations—In after years Lord Charlemont saw a great deal of the Princess of Wales, as the Whigs rallied round her. Her recklessness of appearances was most extraordinary. On one occasion he took the liberty of remonstrating and awkwardly said "H.R.H. should be afraid of the construction which might be put on her conduct." Striking her heart, she said, "I am a Brunswick, *I* am not afraid." Upon another occasion, when she lived in Connaught place he called—knocked repeatedly—no reply. At last a window opened; a head appeared and was quickly withdrawn. Even by this glance he thought, but could scarcely believe his sight, that it was H.R.H. Presently the hall door was opened, and absolutely by the Princess! She said gaily, "I am the only one at home, I have let everybody out to see the Show." (It was the Kings Birthday, when in those days there was a procession of mail coaches in their new turn out for the year.) She added "when I saw it was you I thought I might open the door." To be the visitor under such circumstances was not agreeable, nor scarcely safe, as the Princess was under constant espionage.

Lord C. reverted again to the Princess of Wales. He

evidently thought however faulty her after life, however true the Neapolitan stories, that the circumstances of her reception in England by the Prince's coterie, and the conduct which she as a young woman witnessed at Carlton House were enough to exasperate and to pollute her feelings. Lord Charlemont said he witnessed the extreme rudeness exercised to her; any awkwardness or faulty expression creating such a "titter of laughter" from the Prince and Lady Jersey, that it was painful to others to witness it, and the more so as the Princess, at that time, seemed not to comprehend what was going on.

GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. SHERIDAN

March 12th, 1872.

I have heard today of the sale of the beautiful portrait of Mrs. Sheridan by Gainsboro' which I have gazed at so often over the library fire place at Delapré Abbey, and that it brought £3000; Baron Rothschild being the purchaser. I think it well to note that I heard from the father of the late Genl. B., known as Squire Bouverie, the manner in which the picture came to the family. Sheridan was at the time in great money difficulties, and living next door to Lady Robert Spencer, Squire Bouverie's mother, when a seizure was made by the Sheriff. Sheridan's servant knew the value his master set on this picture of his beautiful wife, and he managed to detach it hurriedly from the frame (a very large one) and to get it over the wall into Lady Robert Spencer's garden. Poor Sheridan was glad to save the picture from his creditors and to leave it in a friend's hands, from whom he got advances of money until he should redeem it. That redemption never occurred, and so it became Bouverie property and has now realised £3000.

VICEREGAL CONVIVIALITY A CENTURY BACK

Lord Charlemont spoke of the disposition to potations deep down to the Duke of Richmond's[1] time, whose habits and that of many of his staff proved that the habit was not confined to Irish blood. His Grace was not to be recalled from table by any messages from his Duchess, whether at home or abroad, "to join the ladies" until his appearance was no longer fit for the drawing-room, and then he was carried to his carriage or his bed. On one occasion the Duke was invited to dinner by some Scotch official famous for being able to drink almost to any extent without visible effects; Lord Charlemont was present, and next to him Admiral Sir Thos. Pakenham. In due time this "excellent fellow," as Lord C. called him, found himself overcome, and could just say, "*Charlemont, tow me out of line;*" so Lord C. supported him from the table and propped him up in a corner where he was soon fast asleep. But the Lord-Lieutenant "stood it" for many hours longer—worthy fellows all!

PLUNKET AND ROBERT EMMET

I took occasion to speak again to Lord Charlemont, on the subject of Emmet's trial, and asked him to let me write down his recollections for him to sign but he declined it, yet he repeated what he had previously said to me of the incident at the trial, he said that nothing could be stronger than the impression that the speech was uncalled for and ungenerous, the case was clear against Emmet without it, and as Plunket had been the associate of Thomas A. Emmet and of Wolfe Tone previously it was considered a proof of bad taste on the part of Plunket. "We were proud of him," said Lord C., "from his transcendent oratory, but he was never loved as Grattan

[1] Charles Lennox, 4th Duke of Richmond. His Viceroyalty lasted from 1807 to 1813, and covered the period of Sir Robert Peel's Chief Secretaryship.

was, nor had he the convivial talents which in those days were appreciated and kept men together." I told Lord C. how at a dinner at Archbishop Whately's Lord Plunket, who sat next to me, asked who my son Henry was who was sitting opposite, and noticed his family likeness to the first Earl, "to my first Benefactor," were I think Plunket's words. "Well," said Lord C., "I am glad to hear that, for though Plunket and I have always been good friends, I always thought he was cold on the subject of my Father's part in bringing him forward and might have been a little more genial towards me; but it may be that he was shy, seeing that he so early left the Irish Whig Party, to which I remained so warmly attached." Now this is just the sort of feeling I remember expressed by those I heard speak about him and the Anti-Union set at Sir Capel Molyneux's, always a sore feeling towards him for the readiness with which he became *imperial*, and certainly the love I remember always expressed for Grattan seemed to have no parallel in the feeling towards Plunket.

I remember in 1820 walking with Mr. Caulfeild in Piccadilly. We were joined by a grave gentleman who walked with us for some time. When he separated I asked who he was, not having caught his name. "Plunket," said Mr. C. "Plunket," said I, "that cold mannered, cold visaged man, Plunket, impossible!" "Yes," said Mr. Caulfeild, "that is his manner in society, always chills one, but if you heard him speak he is all fire." Well, I did hear him speak on presenting the Petition of the Catholic Hierarchy. It was the night before the Catholic Debate and it was neither expected or desired to have any Debate upon it; but some one, I forget who, I think Sir Robert Inglis, said something offensive to the R. C. Bishops, and Plunket made an impromptu reply of the greatest fervour and indignation. It was said how much more charming he was when thus warmed than in his declamations, however eloquent. (I think it was the same night I heard Charles Brownlow reply to a taunt of his change being for interested motives, his voice quite faltered when he said in his

varnished way that his change of opinion was coeval with no earthly good or prospect and cost him some of the most cherished associations of his life.) Plunket's regard for Wolfe Tone seems to have been the brightest spot in his character, he was intimate with him and it is believed he would have done his best for him; but why so gratuitously wound Emmet, unless to take the first occasion to stand out from his old associates.

After the official lawyers Plunket made, as is well known, a very violent speech against the prisoner. Lord Charlemont had formerly told me that he heard Emmet say: "My father nourished a serpent in his bosom to sting his son," alluding to the fact that Plunket had been assisted in his early career by Emmet's father. This fact and Emmet's observation have both been denied by the Plunket family, but I have no doubt of having heard Lord C. mention it *often* in speaking of those times and his own presence at the trial. Lord C. said that on the last day of Emmet's trial he was officer of the day as one of the Yeomanry Corps then on active service (Goldsmith's Corps); he went from the court after the trial with the Judge (Norbury). Nothing could have been better or more dignified than Emmet's conduct throughout. I mentioned to Lord C. to-day that a controversy had arisen on the subject, and asked could he state what occurred positively. He replied that he had no doubt on his mind that Emmet made an observation on Plunket's uncalled for speech, and that it was tantamount to what has been recorded, but that at this distance of time he would not take upon him to assert what the words were, and that he had such a regard for Lord Plunket, and knew all the family so well that he would be sorry to leave a record to pain them, that he would only say Emmet made a bitter observation on a certainly unnecessarily harsh speech against him, and that what the words were, of course was generally known at the time.[1] He, Lord C., said that Emmet was exceedingly

[1] That Emmet referred with severity in his speech to Plunket's action in appearing for the prosecution, and that this part of the speech was omitted from

terse and epigrammatic in any thing he said; for instance the Attornies Corps (of Yeomanry) was on duty in the Court —the crowd was of course great, and even the prisoner was pressed on; he remonstrated, and not being attended to, he spoke pretty sharply to the Attorney officer who was at hand, and who resented it, saying in a swaggering way, "Do you know who you are speaking to?" "Perfectly," replied Emmet with great calmness, "to a rogue in black and a coward in scarlet."

AN EVENING WITH O'CONNELL

In 1844 W. S. O'Brien had a house at the Black Rock (Lisaniskea). There I met Mr. O'Connell at dinner—the only time I was ever in his company. The party was made at my request by W. S. O'Brien to give me this opportunity. It consisted of Mr. O'C., his son John, and Mrs. O'Connell; Tom Davis of poetic memory; Dean Hudson;[1] Mr. Fitzgerald, a young lawyer;[2] my son James;[3] Zoe[4] and myself; and the O'Briens. At this time O'Connell had begun to fail, and there was nothing of the buoyancy and boyishness about him which I had heard of; on the contrary, he seemed serious and oppressed. I had known that, before this, he had indirectly tried to get Lord Charlemont to join in the Repeal Movement, and had expressed a wish to have done with the political labour he was going through, and to leave its political machinery in safe hands. At dinner I sat between him and

the official reports, is unquestionable. But the actual language of the passage published in popular versions of the speech, in which Emmet is represented as referring to Plunket as a viper, has no authority. Moore, who was Emmet's cordial friend and admirer, did not believe it to be authentic.—C. L. F.

[1] Very Rev. Edward Gustavus Hudson, Dean of Armagh 1841–1851.

[2] Perhaps Francis A. FitzGerald, afterwards a Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer, 1859–1882.

[3] Afterwards 3rd Earl of Charlemont.

[4] Mrs. Caulfeild's daughter, afterwards the wife of Sir John Calvert Stronge, Bart.

W. S. O'Brien. We talked freely on general subjects, and at last O'Connell dashed into the subject of Northern Tenant-right; asked me what it was; and, when I explained, expressed the greatest astonishment, saying he had always heard the Northerners were shrewd people, but that on such terms landlords were not masters of their own estates—in short, spoke of it as the strongest opponent of the system would do. Yet on the following Monday at Conciliation Hall he appealed to the Northerns for the preservation of this cherished custom to become Repealers. He then talked of the Young Ireland party; how sadly strong it was becoming in the Association; that he could scarcely keep it within bounds; and how sad he felt to think how surely when he was gone they would break them and that many a fine young fellow "would be hanged at the College lamp-posts;" that the only chance was for some person of high social position, and who had claims on the confidence of the people, to take the lead; that *the man* was Lord Charlemont, and was there a chance of this? I said I feared not, that though he had been an earnest Anti-Unionist he considered the decision of 1800 final and would not now attempt to reverse it. O'Connell said: "Be that so—but is it not a means to an end to advocate it? May we not thereby render its success unnecessary? May we not get equality of education and of religion, fair representation, everything that Lord C. would advocate, and why not make use of the power thus raised?" In short, O'Connell evidently talked for me to repeat to Lord Charlemont. He made use of some very strong expressions relative to the Young Irelanders—said "For myself I have ever been loyal, I have ever wished to preserve British connection. I do not want independence—I want equality *under* the British connection—but these honest-hearted enthusiasts will be run away with and will end in seeking independence, will spoil all fair prospects and will get themselves hanged." When we went upstairs Mrs. O'Brien expressed to me the greatest alarm about William; said he was quite blind to the tendency of the party

who opposed O'Connell; that they were positive rebels and she felt most unhappy, most insecure. When the gentlemen came up, James went into the window recess to look at some prints where Mr. O'Connell followed him and, as if still looking at the prints with him, said (as James repeated the matter to me) "I give you credit for the way you answered O'Brien and the others after dinner—follow my advice, have nothing whatever to say to them!!! As we sat at the fire some one said, How can it be accounted for that the Presbyterians, so eminently republican, take no interest in the restoration of the Irish Parliament? &c. &c. &c.—After some time I said, If or no other reason, because they think that the Association is disloyal to the Crown and that you seek to excite rebellion." On this being denied, I took from the piano behind me the "Songs of the Nation," and, opening it at hazard, I read and said, What can sober people think otherwise of such writing as this? "There it is Davis," said O'Connell, "I often told you nothing but mischief can come of poetry and music, people never know what they are saying when they give way to them"—a strange remark this from the man who so perpetually repeated from poets—at least took from them such passages as "Hereditary Bondsmen," &c. On the whole the evening disappointed me, for O'Connell seemed so depressed, and I thought there was a general weight over all.

I regret that amongst Lord Charlemont's papers no letters have been found from Mr. Anthony Blake[1] on the then political position. As well as I remember he conveyed to Lord C. Mr. O'Connell's wish to resign to him—but I saw at Roxbro' Mr. O'Connell's letters to Lord C. urging it, and saying he would serve under him with the most entire obedience. It is impossible not to think that O'Connell desired to retire and was free from disloyalty, from personal ambition, and that he worked in pure patriotic spirit; for certainly the rent so freely given was for the cause not for himself—I heard from

[1] The Right Hon. Anthony Richard Blake, a well-known Whig politician in O'Connell's time, and known in his day as "the back-stairs Viceroy."

Dr. Robinson that so completely was it expended that for very long he could not make up the renewal fines for Derrynane to the College, and it was not until the 20th year that Fitzpatrick who managed the money matters got together the necessary funds. When I remember the enthusiasm of the people for O'Connell then—the thousands on thousands who followed him daily to his house—I feel ashamed of my countrymen who literally left him so long even unburied and the expenses of his funeral unredeemed.

I saw O'Connell on only one other occasion and long previous to this—Mr. Caulfeild and I walking on the Quay saw the gathering for the weekly meeting at Conciliation Hall, and we went in. O'Connell did not speak, but Sheil did. The impression most strongly made on me by O'Connell's countenance was of intense good nature and fun.

I heard from Mr. Robert Hutton who was then in Parliament and very much connected with the Irish Liberal Party that he had been employed by Mr. O'Connell in connection with others to make a proposition to Government with a view to the abandonment of the Repeal Movement—He, Mr. Robert Hutton, enclosed to Mr. Caulfeild the pith of the 7 requirements which were proposed by O'Connell—from all that came to my knowledge at the time I am persuaded that he was sincere—the proposal was stopped as a whole by the determination of the then Whig Government not to alter the position of the Church Establishment in Ireland and by their conviction that the payment of the R. C. clergy could not be obtained from Parliament or the English people, and therefore whatever the opinions of the members of the administration they would not peril a Whig Government by proposing it.

[As appears from the foregoing anecdote Mrs. Caulfeild was on terms of close intimacy with the luckless patriot, William Smith O'Brien. The following letter addressed to her from

Richmond Prison on the eve of his departure to a penal colony throws an interesting light on his character.]

Dublin, Richmond Prison.
July 2, 1849.

MY DEAR MRS. CAULFEILD,—As we scarcely can anticipate that any circumstance will occur to delay our departure for a penal colony, I may assume that the time has come for bidding adieu to those friends to whom a few farewell words may be acceptable. Shall I place you in this number? Do your loyal susceptibilities shrink from the conversation of a "Traitor"? I will not offend you by asking an answer to this question. I am persuaded that none would have rejoiced more than you if I had been able to realise *my* designs for Ireland—not those which have been imputed to me—and I will not believe that my failure, whether it has arisen from my own want of sagacity or from the conduct of others, has produced any change in your feelings towards me except the substitution of a sentiment of regret for one of exultation.

I am not about to trouble you with a long exposition of the feelings called forth by the circumstances of the present hour, still less to indulge in any mock heroics upon the present occasion. I will not affect to deny that I feel very deep pain in leaving this country, which notwithstanding all its faults and miseries I love with passionate attachment, and in being separated from friends whose affection I never prized at its just worth until it had been tried by adversity.

I need not say that I never supposed that I could undertake an enterprise such as that of last July without undergoing the most severe penalties in the case of failure. I staked liberty and life upon the issue; but when I found that circumstances rendered it difficult for the Government to execute the extreme sentence of the law, and that there appeared to be no alternative provided by law except death or imprisonment, I confess I ceased to regard transportation

as a contingency for which I ought to be prepared. I should have been content, for the sake of my family, to have remained in prison for several years rather than undergo expatriation in any form. The measure adopted by Government, which appears to me unconstitutional in the extreme as an *ex post facto* enactment, is under existing circumstances more formidable than death. To one who loves the sea, and a life of adventure as much as I do, it would be a rather agreeable change from imprisonment; if I could forget altogether the wife and children I leave behind. But transportation involves either their transportation for life to a settlement which I certainly do not desire as a home for my family, or separation from them for an indefinite period. Indeed I shall feel it a duty as long as there remains a prospect of my being able to settle myself elsewhere, to prevent them from following me to the other side of the globe.

Having presented to you the most gloomy parts of the position, let me now assure you that notwithstanding all such reflections we are enabled to view our position with wonderful calmness and cheerfulness. I have had at least an average amount of happiness since my imprisonment, and I am resolved to receive all future inflictions with the spirit of one who is sustained by the conviction that he is suffering in a good cause.

I must not forget to tell you that it gave me much pleasure to find the name of your son, as well as that of our friend Colonel Rawdon in the minority against the Transportation Bill. Considering the feeling which prevailed amongst the English Members, it required no little moral courage upon the part of one circumstanced as he is to give such a vote. I trust that he will never have occasion to regret it.

Finding that I have violated the promise which I made at the beginning of this letter to guarantee you against a long effusion, I must conclude by assuring that I shall not cease in a distant land to recall with pleasure the recollections of a

friendship which has lasted more years than either of us care to reckon. Nor will you object that I should add the expression of my conviction that if all Irish *men* were animated by sentiments as patriotic as those of Mrs. Caulfeild, it would not now bemy lot to traverse the ocean for having faithfully endeavoured to serve Ireland.

With kindest regards to Mr. Caulfeild and the other members of your family.

Believe me, yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JAMES MARTINEAU

"USQUE ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam?" The quotation is hackneyed. I am reminded of a friend who chose it for the text of a sermon which he preached to the clergy at the mature age of fourteen in the columns of a provincial newspaper. Like many another layman he felt himself for ever doomed to hear the grounds of religious faith stated for him, too often in language adapted to a supposed ignorance, in the pulpit or the volume of sermons. Might he not have his say also? And my friend who preached to the clergy must allow me to remind the reading public that he has since published a volume of sermons with the title "Lost Labour." The point is this. Any statement of the grounds of religious belief, though it be Martineau's own, is really beside the mark for those who already believe. "Theirs not to reason why." On the other hand, such statements are either studied with suspicion or ignored as beneath notice by those who are not subject to the "folly" of belief, the folly of which St. Paul boasted.

Nunquamne reponam? we must have our say. Lost Labour it may be; let it pass as a Labour of Love.

I

James Martineau was born in 1805 and died in 1900. The three greatest of his works were all published between

his eightieth and his eighty-fifth years. Their titles are "Types of Ethical Theory" (1885), "A Study of Religion" (1888), and "The Seat of Authority in Religion" (1890). If Martineau must be treated with the indignity of a denominational label, we must call him a Unitarian. To those of the faithful who suffer from a timid orthodoxy, if there be any such still lingering among us, we hasten to add that there is nothing in the first two of the books just mentioned which is likely to induce in them any symptoms of the pleasurable feeling that the Truth once delivered to the Saints is possessed by them but not by the author.

One of the most interesting chapters in the "Life and Letters" of James Martineau recently published, is that which describes what he himself afterwards referred to as his *palinodia*, a complete change in his line of thought: for Martineau began his great career as thinker and teacher, a convinced Utilitarian. This, be it remembered, was in the "twenties." Utilitarians are still with us; the name remains, the ideas have changed—and changed for the better, as any one may see by thinking first of James Mill and then of Henry Sidgwick—*quantum mutatus ab illo.*

It was, however, not only a Utilitarian theory of Ethics, but a "Necessarian" or Determinist doctrine of the will to which Martineau was at the beginning of his life under bondage. It was only by a gradual intellectual process that he escaped from what must always have been an uncongenial atmosphere to a man of his temperament. It is difficult to realise that he could ever have closely followed Priestley's lead. For Priestley at least is commendably frank; "a Necessarian," he writes, "who, as such, believes that *nothing goes wrong* . . . cannot accuse himself of having done wrong in the ultimate sense of the words . . . he has, therefore, in this strict sense nothing to do with repentance, confession, or pardon." In the process of expounding and applying some such doctrine as this Martineau "became aware," as he himself said, "of the distortion which it gave to the whole group of moral conceptions."

Moreover, he was at the outset of his philosophical career disposed to admit the arrogant claim to ultimate validity made for the conclusions of physical science. It was not long before he began to suspect that "in Causation there was something behind the phenomenal sequence traced by inductive observation," a conclusion to which an increasing number of people are now, whether willingly or unwillingly, compelled. But there are still thousands of people who, like Martineau, in their "fondness for physical science," have "accepted its fundamental conceptions and maxims as ultimate," and remain, as Martineau did for a while, "unconscious of the metaphysical problems which lie beyond."

Martineau, then, set out on his pilgrimage of thought with an inclination to accept the maxims of natural science as ultimate; with a doctrine—it can never have been a conviction—that all sin may be referred to some source beyond ourselves; that is, to antecedent habit, itself the product of hereditary tendencies which we are powerless to divert or obstruct; and with a conviction, if we may judge from the vigour and distinctness of his early statements, that there is no conceivable mark by which we can know the Will of God but by that of happiness. "This," he wrote in early days, "is the divine signature by which alone Providence has made intelligible the oracles of human duty. In the mind of every theist who admits the benevolence of God, the religious definition is coextensive with the utilitarian"—and the religious definition is derived from the utilitarian, which it "cannot be permitted to supplant."

It would be difficult to find three terms less appropriate to Martineau's mature thought than "Naturalistic, Utilitarian, Necessarian." We have no time to describe at length the stages of his deliverance. As to what is now called "Naturalism" he soon saw that the whole notion of Causation required clearing, and the work he accomplished in this all-important matter of detail is one of his most notable contributions to the *scientia scientiarum, prima philosophia.* Before many years

have passed we find Martineau expressing with his amazing lucidity (which Dr. Forsyth has aptly compared with John Henry Newman's) a view of "Force" as used in physics which deserves more attention than it has yet received from controversial writers like Mr. Arthur Balfour or Mr. Mallock. For, as he says, what Science calls "Force" is a mere abstraction from the idea of self-conscious Will—it is "Will *minus* Purpose." It is evident that when he had reached this conclusion there was little common ground left for Martineau and any naturalist to stand on amicably. What, then, are these *purposes* which underlie physical "forces," in the view which Martineau developed after his escape from Naturalism? He said plainly that the production of the interpersonal relation between God and His rational creatures was the supreme purpose for the gradual realisation of which the vast eras of physical and psychical evolution were called into existence. The expression is Mr. Upton's, but no reader of Martineau's three great works can for a moment doubt that this is implied throughout them, besides finding frequent and forcible expression.

As to the bondage of the Necessarian theory of the human will, Martineau came to see that "the sense of individual accountability—the sense of sin, in fact—was, notwithstanding the ingenuity of orthodox divines on the one hand, and Necessarian philosophers on the other, impaired by all reference of the evil that is in us to *any source beyond ourselves.*" He always wrote of Determinism with a passionate eloquence. "In the secret history of every noble and inquisitive mind there is a passage darkened by the awful shadow of the conception of Necessity." He spoke of his deliverance as "an escape from a logical cage into the open air. . . . I breathed more freely. . . . I could use the language of men—of their love and hate, of remorse and resolve, of repentance and prayer, in its simplicity without any *subauditur* which neutralises its sense."

It remains to give an indication of the conceptions which

ultimately displaced in his philosophical system the utilitarian theory of Ethics which he inherited. In spite of all the modifications and attenuation which that theory has undergone—"watered down," says Martineau, "in order to wash out its blots, into a comparatively flaccid condition"—it is still true of it that it assumes happiness as the ultimate end of right action. It is a little difficult to describe what Martineau came to regard as the ultimate end of right action without entering upon a discussion of his metaphysical and religious conceptions, which must be described later. "Follow the higher of the two alternatives" would be a good summary of his Ethics, so far as he aimed, like Sidgwick, at developing Ethics as a *practical* science. There are always two alternatives, because "sense discerns its object singly, conscience only in pairs." He held that "when the same occasion calls up simultaneously two or more springs of action, immediately in their juxtaposition we intuitively discern the higher quality of one than another. . . . When the whole series of springs of action has been experienced the feeling or knowledge with ourselves of their relative rank constitutes the individual conscience." He went further (and here, as both acknowledged in correspondence, was a fundamental difference between him and Sidgwick); he held that "all human beings, when their conscience is faithfully interpreted, as infallibly arrive at the same series of moral estimates as at the same set of rational truths"; so that "it is no less correct to speak of a universal conscience than of a universal reason in mankind." He held that on this community of nature alone rested the possibility of ethical science. The higher of two alternatives, choice being entirely "free" (for, as we have seen, he had rejected Determinism *in toto*), is discerned intuitively by the individual, and this intuition of comparative worth or merit is the same in all individuals.

But how, it will be asked, are we to test the validity of our own intuitions? Well, in the first place, we habitually test our own ethical judgment by the ethical judgment of others. Having ascertained that our own judgment is in general agree-

ment with the deliverances of the "universal conscience" we may assume that it is a right judgment. This may be described as the practical outcome of Martineau's conception of the "universal conscience," though as his concern is really with the religious and metaphysical issues of Ethics, he is not at much pains to state merely practical conclusions.

But the intuitions even of the "universal conscience" are still only the intuitions of an indefinite number of individuals "writ large." We are still without a criterion of ethical truth. Well, Martineau is no timid thinker, and he deliberately dispenses with a criterion. It is with him an axiom, "that we must accept as veracious the immediate depositions of our own faculties, and that the postulates, without which the mind cannot exert its activity at all, possess the highest certainty." He "asks no more than this on behalf of his ethical psychology."

Some philosophers will be disposed to reply, "No more indeed, I should think not." Let them strike—but hear him. Duty or obligation, the deliverances of the conscience, our sense of right, these are of their nature imperative. Imperative authority must always imply a law above and beyond the nature summoned to obey it.

> Nothing [he writes] can be *binding* on us that is not higher than we; to speak of *one part of self imposing obligation on another part* . . . is to trifle with the real significance of the sentiments that speak within us. Conscience does not *frame* the law, it simply *reveals* the law that holds us. . . . It is an inversion of moral truth to say, for instance, that honour is higher than appetite, *because* we feel it so; we feel it to be so, because it *is* so. This "*is*" we know to be not contingent on our apprehension . . . but to be a reality irrespective of us, in adaptation to which our nature is constituted.

In morals, then, as in perception or sensation, we are to "accept as veracious the immediate depositions of our own faculties"; and among these depositions there is the clear witness of our moral faculties to the reality (irrespective of our judgment) of the scale of comparative worth which is intuitively discerned when a choice of alternatives is before us. But Martineau goes further than this. He introduces us here

to one of those "postulates without which the mind cannot exert its activity at all"—a postulate in fact which has "the highest certainty."

> For without objective conditions, the idea of *Duty* involves a contradiction. . . . A system which disowns all reality outside the mind and resolves everything into a subjective dream . . . excludes the *objective given conditions*, indispensable to the problems of a moral being. It is clear then that, in order to reach a real ground of obligation . . . it is necessary that our psychology should be dualistic in its results, recognising, as in its doctrine of perception, so in its doctrine of conscience, both a *self* and an *other than self*. In perception, it is *Self and Nature;* in morals, it is *Self and God*. . . .

II

We have here a proof of God's existence, personality and holiness drawn entirely from the psychology of Ethics. The thought has of course been expressed before; J. H. Green's sermon "The Witness of God," contains it in its title as well as in its text; and Cardinal Newman meant no more when he said that if it came to drinking toasts, he would drink to Conscience first and to the Pope second. But in Martineau's works it finds, I believe, its first complete philosophical expression. In the first place let it be made clear what is meant by a proof of God drawn from the psychology of Ethics. It means that on a consideration of the idea of Duty or Obligation as it exists, independently of our intellectual judgments or social environment, in the mind or soul of each of us—on a consideration of the human conscience, and the sanction of infallibility which its deliverances seem at least to carry with them, we are led to postulate a something higher than ourselves. One part of self cannot impose obligation on another part—"one impulse or affection," as Martineau says, "cannot play the god to another."

This obviously suggests that psychologically we "know more than ourselves." There is no very startling appearance in all this, you will say. But "what is the lurking assumption

that suggests a doubt of it? No other than this—which is the standing snare of all philosophies—that like alone can be known by like, thought by thinking. . . . It is continually said that by our consciousness we learn nothing but our own 'ideas' . . . that we can never tell how far an external world corresponds with those."

This assumption—the notorious ὅμοιον ὁμοίῳ—has been a snare from the first, and is still a snare. It has always afforded a convenient basis upon which to construct a system to solve what Greece and Germany agree in regarding as the great problem of all philosophy, "to find a common medium between existence and thought whereby they may communicate with one another. For it is assumed that if Matter and Mind were different throughout, they could have nothing to do with each other . . . the fact that instead of this, they are on such terms of constant intercourse . . . implies (it is supposed) that there is something which may be predicated of both."

We must follow this clue a little further, for without his rejection of the assumption that "like only can know like" Martineau's system could never have come to maturity. In what I judge to be his most penetrating piece of criticism, the essay on Sir William Hamilton's philosophy,[1] he writes as follows, "There are three possible objects of our cognitive faculties, namely, (1) Ourselves, (2) Nature, (3) God." Respecting the first of these it has been supposed that the mind can scarcely fail, since it is always "present with itself," to become at home there. It is easy for the mind to become "cognisant of its own events, especially as those events are just of its own sort . . . the old familiars of consciousness turned out before the eye of self-consciousness." Hence it is that self-knowledge alone "has been regarded as inherently intelligible." But

to know Nature is for mind to apprehend matter—for incommensurable things to measure themselves against each other. To know God is for the

[1] "Essays, Philosophical and Theological," Vol. II. Trübner & Co. 1875.

finite to take in the infinite, for a relative act to achieve the absolute. From the world the soul would appear to be cut off by contrariety of essence, though akin to it in limitation of scale; from God, by disproportion of scale, though allied to Him by congeniality of essence. Either by qualitative or by quantitative incapacity, we seem to be detained at hopeless distance from all that lies beyond ourselves. To remove the first of these impediments is the purpose of every doctrine of perception; to remove the second, of every theory of ontology.

There is probably no other statement in our language of the primary problems of epistemology which can be compared with this for point, lucidity, and exactitude. Martineau goes on to show that our alleged "qualitative incapacity"—the contrariety of essence between ourselves and Nature which is supposed to preclude us from knowledge of "things"—rests on the assumption that "like only can know like"—

a maxim which, consciously or unconsciously, has never ceased to control the processes of philosophy. . . . There are but two ways of possible escape from the difficulty: to deny the maxim, and dispense with all likeness between subject and object as a condition of knowledge; or else, retaining the maxim, to destroy the *prima facie* unlikeness. By a perverse aberration, philosophers have, with few exceptions, struck into the latter path, and have exhausted the varieties of ingenuity to cancel the primary antithesis of all intelligence.

Then follows a brilliant passage in which some prominent varieties of this "perverse aberration" are examined. Berkeley and Fichte, idealists who either abolish the given object or, like Fichte, "abrogate the reality of the subject too by . . . . treating it as a mere train of phenomena"; Mill, whose system resolves all supposed perception of an outer world into groups of simultaneous sensations, and "self" into a passing phenomenon of consciousness, "resolving all things into clusters, and persons into files"—the comparison of these systems

affords an instructive example how the same false postulate, simultaneously manœuvred by material and by ideal thinkers, will work its way from these opposite ends of the diameter of being, and fall at the last into the same gulf of negation.

The next variety of the "perverse aberration" to come under Martineau's review is that "more favourite and less daring way of destroying the antithesis between mind perceiving and matter perceived," by leaving the two terms standing and denying their opposition. This, the way of Hegel and, in the last resort, of Spinoza, is really a device less philosophical than the other, inasmuch as

> the only ground for affirming the existence of these two terms (*i.e.*, constituents of perceptive knowledge) is furnished by the very same act of consciousness which equally pronounces on their opposition.

Systems which introduce a third term above the subject and object to serve as a point of unity for them deduce mind and matter, as mere phenomenal opposites, from a common substantive being—"a speculation on which Pantheism must ever look with filial affection." Roughly speaking, it is "form" which is invested with this reconciling function in Plato's system; "motion" in Aristotle's. Form (εἶδος) is recommended to choice "by its mental character, as at once a physical condition of body and a geometrical object of fine thought"; motion by the ambiguity of the word (κίνησις with Aristotle, *bewegung* with Trendelenburg) "which is used of mental modification as well as of local change." Lastly, there is a still further refinement in the choice of the *tertium quid* that is to reconcile "the primary antithesis of all intelligence." This is the theory which "seizes on the *idea* of the object and insists that this, imparted by the object, and contained in the act of perception, is the only thing present to the cognitive subject and known by him." This medium, the idea of the object in the mind, "stands indeed in closer kindred to the percipient subject, but proportionately further in estrangement from the object it pretends to represent. It is certainly easier to negotiate with *thought* through an *idea* than through a *motion* . . . .; but just in the same degree does the negotiation with *reality* become more difficult."

And when we ask what in the last analysis has called

these multifarious systems into existence, there is only one answer: They have sprung up, merely to humour the maxim that "like only can know like." To write the history of this "crotchet of philosophers," as Sir W. Hamilton calls it, would be to write the history of philosophy since Empedocles. Although it is, as Hamilton says, "contrary to the evidence of consciousness, and consequently not only *without* but *against* all evidence," it has been held almost universally that the relation of knowledge between mind and matter inferred the analogy of their existences, which must, it was assumed, be either similar or the same.

To Martineau as to Hamilton "the largest collapse of error was not a terrible or destructive phenomenon"; both had "the eye pure to discern the disengaging forms of truth." They reverted to the simplicity of nature, they went back to common sense. (One is tempted to suspect any writer who spells common sense with capital initials of a defect in the quality he thus honours.) They declared that

> in perception the mind, with equal immediateness, knows itself as subjec and an outward reality as object, and in knowing this, knows their relation to be one, not of analogy, but of antithesis. . . . Consciousness . . . cannot give us the precipient *self* except in simultaneously giving us the perceived *other-than-self;* and we are as directly cognisant of the one as of the other.

A man is not surer of his own existence than of anything else; he is simply as sure of it as he is that something else exists. "The certainty he feels in either case is precisely the same; and is the very highest that can be had."

And now, if it be asked, "What is this but mere common sense, spoiled by metaphysical jargon?" Martineau will reply—

> Be it so; if only it supersede a much more voluminous amount of nonsense not better phrased, the gain is undeniable. But it claims a higher praise. It is the glory of philosophy to end where common sense begins, to evolve as knowledge (ἐπιστήμη) that which had existed as true opinion (ἀληθὴς δόξα); to find and lay bare the ground of all derivative beliefs, and sweep away the clouds that hang around the margin and make it indistinct."

Between them Hamilton and Martineau "restored the modest empire of natural dualism." It is surprising to think how modest that empire still is, but at least we may count Mr. William James, the most distinguished thinker now living in the United States, as one of those who have abandoned Monism, though he prefers to style himself paradoxically a Pluralist rather than a Dualist.

REGINALD BALFOUR.

A PEACE ODE

FOR JUNE 1, 1902

[The system on which the following verses are written claims that, if the English were spelt as it is or should be pronounced, then the syllables would scan according to the laws of Greek prosody. The adaptation of the Greek rules was made by William Stone, in an essay now published with my "Milton's Prosody" at the Oxford University Press. In that book, and in my hexameter poem "Now in Wintry Delights," published this year at the Daniel Press, the curious reader may find the whole literature of this experiment; and in the latter book there is a page of phonetic writing, in a new manner, which exhibits the scansion to the eye.

The writer's object is, of course, to delight readers, whether they are familiar or not with the model. His difficulty with the scholars is that there are a good many minor points that can only be decided by the experience and general approval which must in the first stages be wanting; and this poem, now a year old, is an early attempt. Against the objection raised to such an experiment, that it is an attempt to fix the value of syllables which have changed and are constantly changing, and to arrest the language at an arbitrary point, there is a ready answer, namely, that all languages are and always were in this very condition of change: the Greek when its prosody was founded, the Latin when it imitated the Greek, no less than is ours to-day. The objection might equally well be alleged at all times against all kinds of verse.

Note that no elision is allowed by Stone in English between words, and H is generally a consonant.]

NOW joy in all hearts with happy auguries,
And praise on all lips; for sunny June cometh
Chasing the thick war-cloud, that outspread
Sulfurous and sullen over England.

Full thirty moons since unwilling enmity,
Since daily suspense for hideous peril
Of brethren unrescued, beleagur'd
Plaguestricken in cities unprovided,

Had quencht accustom'd gaiety; from the day
When first the Dutchman's implacable folly,
The country of Shakespeare defying,
Thought with a curse to appal the nation:

Whose threat to quell their kinsmen in Africa
Anger'd awhile our easy democracy;
That, reckless and patient of insult,
Will not abide arrogant defiance:

They called to arms; and war began evilly.
From slily forestor'd, well-hidden armouries,
And early advantage, the despot
Stood for a time prevalent against us:

Till from the coil of slow-gathering battle
He rancorous, with full money-bags hurried,
Pedling to European envy
His traffic of pennyworthy slander.

For since the first keel launch'd upon Ocean
Ne'er had before so mighty an armament
O'errun the realm of dark Poseidon,
So resolutely measur'd the waters,

As soon from our ports in diligent passage
O'er half the round world plow'd hither and thither
The pathless Atlantic, revengeful
Soldiery pouring on Esperança:

Nor shows the Argive story of Ilium,
With tale of ancient auxiliar cities,

So vast a roll of wide alliance
As, rallying to the aid of England,

Came from the swarming counties accoutering,
And misty highlands of Caledonia,
With Cambria's half-Celtic offspring,
And the ever-merry fighting Irish:

Came too the new world's hardy Canadians,
And from remote Australia champions
Like huntsmen, and from those twin islands
Lying off antipodal beyond her,

Under the old flag sailing across the sea:
For mighty is blood's empery, where honour
And freedom ancestral have upbuilt
Inheritance to a lovely glory.

Thee, France, love I, fair lawgiver and scholar,
Thy lively grace, thy temper illustrious;
And thee, in all wisdom Diviner,
Germany, deep melodist immortal;

Nor less have envied soft Italy's spirit,
In marble unveil'd and eloquent colour;
But best love I England, wer' I not
Born to her eyrie should envy also.

Wherefore to-day one gift above ev'ry gift
Let us beseech, that God will accord to her
Always a right judgment in all things,
Ev'n to celestial excellencies:

And grant us in long peace to accumulate
Joy, and to stablish friendliness and commerce,
And barter in markets for unpriced
Beauty, the pearl of unending empire.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

VIII.—HERODOTUS' "HISTORY OF ENGLAND"

WHAT makes the histories of Herodotus so charming is his inveterate habit of discursion. When he set out to write his "History of the Persian War," he discursed into all the lands that lie round about Greece and Persia. He himself had wandered about these lands; and so, in fact, in the same way his pen wanders about his subject. In his own melodious Asiatic Greek he tells us of all the pleasant things which he has seen; and very pleasant is the telling. The Persian War was an important affair, because a Persian triumph would have changed the whole course of European civilisation. We trace back the stream of that through Rome to Greece; and, if the source had been contaminated by an oriental despotism, we should have had no independent occidental civilisation. The line of demarcation between East and West would not exist. But though the subject was so important, the "History of the Persian War" is a history of a small affair, the incidents of a few years. Therefore, it lent itself admirably to Herodotus' discursive method.

The "History of England" is both important and large; and it is the size which has made the work of Herodotus almost a failure. He has no idea of accurate chronology; and English History without dates is bewildering. He synchronises

centuries. In criticising this work, it is important to keep that point clear. Herodotus simply knew nothing about dates from Julius Cæsar to Edward VII.; nor did he care about them. He wrote from a different point of view. He learned nothing from books; everything from personal experience. And, in all his extant writings, there is not a single reference to modern English authorities. He came to England, and wandered about asking questions, especially of the vergers of cathedrals. Then he wrote his "History".

The outline of his scheme, therefore, is geographical. He began with King Alfred and Winchester and the Navy. The story of the cakes is admirably told—but it was unfair of the verger to give him one of the cakes to eat. The incident troubles our historic sense. It was so much over-cooked. There also can be little doubt but that Herodotus is wrong in deeming the colossal statue, at the bottom of Winchester High Street, to be a contemporaneous work of art. His intimate acquaintance with Greek statuary ought to have taught him that there was no art in it at all. His admiration of the Gothic architecture of the cathedral is reluctant. He finds it cold, and lacking in harmonious symmetry. But we note with pleasure and approbation the epithet πάγκαλοι which he applies to the Norman transepts.

He gives a good account of the Britannic Navy, running Sir William Allan very close in the matter of special knowledge of the boilers of ironclads; but he does not appear to be quite accurate in stating that King Alfred built the Spanish Armada as a flying squadron, wherewith to intimidate Queen Elizabeth, because she desired to contract a matrimonial alliance with the Emperor Napoleon. If Elizabeth really desired that marriage, it is almost certain that Chaucer would not have failed to mention it. But Herodotus gives a grand account of Trafalgar. After the battle, he says, Raleigh sailed westward, and discovered an island, whence he brought back the wonderful new herb nikotiana. Raleigh sat on a rock in the ocean-stream, and smoked; and all the world hired

galliasses, and came to see. This leads to a fascinating discursion on the use of tobacoo among the ancient Greeks. It is only here that we find that delightful picture of the three greatest dramatists of Greece. Aischylos with a pipe (bull-dog briar), Sophokles with a cigar (cabaña), and Euripides with a cigarette (gold-tipped Egyptian). There is something very convincing about this legend. Homer, he says, used snuff (ραπτή), being unable to enjoy the sight of the curling smoke. Sokrates smoked a home-made mixture of blackberry leaves and tea-leaves, when he was unable to come by ship-tobacco honestly. Alkibiades used a cigarette-holder for the sake of his rose-onyx finger-tips; and Plato was a non-smoker. No student of Plato could possibly hesitate about accepting the last statement.

At Oxford, Herodotus, of course, takes an enthusiastic Hellenic interest in athletics. In fact, he seems to admire the good looks and "fitness" of the undergraduates more than the architecture of the colleges. After an enchanting discursion on the river—he appears to have gone down in a κανάδηρ, *viâ* Long Bridges and the backwater to Kennington Island, and thence to Sandford Lasher—he comes back to more serious matters, and gives a very full account of the history of Oxford during the Civil War. His explorations of the City Walls in New College Gardens are full of adventurous details. The whole narration, however, of the Civil War is interesting. It must have been quite an intelligent verger. Besides, Herodotus clearly has great sympathy with Charles, a sympathy which, indeed, is shared by all charming people who had not the misfortune to live during his reign. Fortuitous mention of Balliol College leads our author to a long discursion about Scotland; but its value is discredited by the facts that he obtained his data from a Welshman whom he calls Ἀπρής, and that he deals solely with the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II. He has nothing but praise for the former king, who led so valiant a crusade against the Keltic Barbarians. For Edward II. he has a sympathy quite

Greek no doubt, but hardly justifiable. His curled beard seems to have fascinated Herodotus. The assertion, however, that the Skotoi are so-called because of their clandestine habits, and the obscurity of their intellects (due to over-indulgence in whisky), is very ingenious.

From Oxford Herodotus wanders to Salisbury and gives a delightful account of that exquisite village. Much of this is due no doubt to a certain peripatetic named Τάρυμ whom he encountered there; and with whom he had several unprintable conversations, he says, with truly Hellenic candour. But he gives us a detailed account of St. Osmund and a disquisition on religion in England. This is somewhat didactic, and we should be pleased to see it omitted in the second edition. Herodotus realises the paramount importance of religion in the development of the English character, and is surprised at it. In fact he finds the greatest difficulty in reconciling the businesslike activity of the race with their pre-occupation over the multitudinous forms of Christianity. Having no sympathy either with Catholicism or with Protestantism, he is puzzled at the difficulties which men of the two faiths find in speaking civilly of one another. He himself finds the distinction trivial; but he perceives that other men find it very far from trivial. It is interesting for us to watch a highly cultivated heathen mind making a genuine attempt to grasp the problem. Indirectly it may teach us much, being unconsciously an argument in favour of apostacy. And that is a very curious conclusion to a dissertation which began with St. Osmund.

It is impossible to follow Herodotus in all his wanderings through the south and west of England. He seems never to have been further east than Winchester. Undoubtedly he never was north of Oxford, and, of course, the result is that his "History" is quite inadequate as a history. To those who are seeking an accurate knowledge of affairs, it cannot be recommended. But this is not a condemnation; it is hardly a fault. It is not the earnest student who needs encouragement. He

flourishes without help. It is the seeker after beauty who needs to be encouraged; and to him Herodotus appeals. He gives us pictures, not photographs. The colouring is always exquisite, the morbidezza subtle, though the contours are not the contours of South Kensington. There is, indeed, much of the true painter's spirit in Herodotus. His "History" is just a picture-book connected by a slender thread of letterpress. It is not an unprofitable task to find out where the pictures begin and end. The book might be printed from two founts of type, like Bacon's "Shakespeare," to distinguish the connections.

Finally, we must express our gratitude to the eminent Greek writer for his kindly appreciation of our English character. It is always difficult for an ancient Greek to see the good points of other people, because he naturally contrasts them with his own countrymen. This makes it all the more satisfactory for us to observe that he treats England as almost on a level with Greece. Not that he ever loses his proper sentiments of patriotism in an undignified enthusiasm for things foreign. There is, indeed, a pleasant touch of condescension running through his book. Well, it is just this reticent self-respect which makes his appreciation so valuable to men of discrimination. And, after all, no one who is not a man of discrimination is ever likely to read his "History of England."

IX.—PLATO'S "DIALOGUE ON THE MUSIC OF WAGNER"

TO note the inconsistencies of great men is a task which has its proper fascination for inferior minds. As a point of fact, consistency is not a distinguishing mark of the great. The great feel strongly; and of course they do not always have the same feelings. They are therefore more inclined to be inconsistent than the vulgar man. This, perhaps, is one reason why they are so charming; for the charm of inconsistency can hardly be denied. Nevertheless, people with inurbane views upon the nature of the larger veracity frequently attempt to explain away inconsistency by calling it development. Really, inconsistency and development have nothing in particular to do with each other. So, if settlement were reached on the question whether Plato wrote his appreciative "Dialogue on the Music of Wagner" before or after the well-known passage in Book VII. of the "Republic," in which he condemns (at least by implication) all instrumental music, it would not point to a development either of a liking or a dislike for such music in him. The inconsistency would remain equally valid in both cases. The truth is that he was merely feeling strongly about different things when he wrote the passages in question; and that is permissible, even commendable—if we can permit ourselves the use of such terms in regard to Plato. Also, it is here necessary to distinguish between Plato and Sokrates. In the "Republic" Plato was dealing with the educational value of music. We are inclined to think that he rather over-estimated the power of music upon the young—using "music" of course in its narrower sense, and not in the large Hellenic conception which can be given to the word. In this Dialogue, on the other hand, Plato has dealt

with musical beauty as it touched his own soul. That is why this Dialogue has a peculiar personal value.

It has been doubted by certain critics whether Plato was in a position to write with full appreciation of the music of Wagner. We are prepared to admit that he has described Sokrates as professing not to have heard an adequate performance of any of the operas; but that description can be taken as merely corroborative detail calculated to give literary verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing dialectic. Readers of this Dialogue will note that, at the commencement, Zoïlos says that he has just returned with Philokles from the festival at Bairenthos. Sokrates proceeds to interrogate them concerning what they have heard. In extravagantly commonplace terms, they at first express sentiments of admiration for the Meister; but it is soon discovered that they cannot give any reasonable explanation of their appreciation. Philokles confesses that he has heard other music which he prefers. Zoïlos ultimately suggests that perhaps the very incomprehensibility of the music is the chief cause of the charm which it exerts over many. Sokrates, with ironical surprise, pretends to find out that the majority have only the power of parrot-like or sheep-like imitative appreciation. Then he proceeds to give a splendid disquisition on the reasons why, for him, the music of Wagner stands apart from all other music:

> No longer bird sings unto bird, child unto child, to the delight of listening man, as in other times and seasons: but man at last has found a new and intellectual form of utterance, transcending tongues, whereby soul may speak to soul.

The passage in which Sokrates is made to speak of this new language of the soul is very luminous. He dwells curiously upon the utilitarian properties of vocalisation in the continuance of species; and suggests that all musical sounds are of erotic origin. Then, touching lightly on the difference between the love-making of birds and that of civilised man—in the spirit of true Sokratic irony he tells us that there is

something very likable in our manner of producing thus unsuspectingly the humours of animal nature—he leads up to the grand comparison between the music of the singing-birds and the music of Wagner. Music, he declares, ought to be a means by which soul can unite itself to kindred soul, can commune with it, can love it with a love which is absolutely incorporeal.

On the whole we are inclined to select the passage where Sokrates argues that, in the capacity of Tone-Poet, Wagner has no successor, as being perhaps the most valuable in this Dialogue. It is valuable as a specimen of that "mental midwifery" which is the salient note of the Sokratic dialectic; and it is extremely valuable as a contribution to our knowledge of the exact force of the second count of the indictment upon which Sokrates was condemned to death, viz., the contemning of the national deities. Oudiades (an admirably drawn piece of portraiture in the best manner of Mr. Henry James) says that, unlike Philokles and Zoïlos, he has made pilgrimages to Baireuthos and Koinobioukepos not once but many times, and has gone through all the operas over and over again, assisted by the expert opinions in the programmes and certain up-to-date newspapers. But Wagner, he says, is as dead as Queen Anne; and, in this enlightened twentieth century, is held to be the *ne plus ultra* of musical expression only by gerontomaniacs who are no longer ἐν τῷ κινήματι.

"We have, indeed, in our journey left behind us that Wagnerism which Max Nordau, when the last century was waning, called the most momentous aberration of the present moment. Wagner is a back-number."

"One would imagine from your discourse, O Oudiades, that a successor to Wagner had arisen, to whom we ought now to pay respect?"

"Yes, Sokrates, for you must know that the best authorities, such as the *Daily Telepath* and the *Clerkenwell News*, have denominated Mr. Richard Strauss as the successor of Wagner."

"Critics, who have to earn a legally honest living, are obliged to pander to a public ever avid of some new thing. But what, O Oudiades, is your personal opinion of this Mr. Richard Strauss's music?"

"I have not heard it myself, not having been in the neighbourhood of Queen's Hall at the time owing to a prior engagement."

"With a man?"

"With a man."

"About a dog?"

"Yes, Sokrates, about a dog. But surely, surely, the progressive order of nature and all that sort of thing implies that a greater than Wagner must arise, and therefore has arisen."

Sokrates pursues the new argument with delightful inconsequence.

"Admit," says he, "that a greater than Wagner must arise, although mere successorship was all that was claimed at first. Then, by what signs may this greater than Wagner be recognised?"

"I think, Sokrates, that the applause with which the tone-poems of Mr. Richard Strauss have been received is a sufficient sign."

"I will remind you, O Oudiades, of that apophthegm of Charles Reade where it is written, *Popularity is the breath of a mob—stinks of its source.* Have you no other sign but that?"

Oudiades in some confusion stammers, "No, but——."

Then Sokrates sums up p.d.g. Quoting the aphorism of Anaxagoras, Ὅτι τοιαῦτα αὐτοῖς τὰ ὄντα, οἷα ἂν ὑπολάβωσι, he says that he has no wish to depreciate opinions conscientiously formed by qualified persons who actually have studied their subject: nor would he be understood to deny the possibility of a successor arising to Wagner. But Oudiades has admitted that he has done no more than run round in a vicious cycle. He fell in with the admirers of Wagner, ran till he had left them behind, arrived at the point where the managers of Mr. Richard Strauss were starting on their course; and, from sheer mental indolence, fell in with them. Sokrates gives due weight to the dog which prevented the formation of an unbiased personal opinion. Oudiades confesses that he has not heard Mr. Richard Strauss's music; it would not matter if he had, seeing how prone he is to shout with printed shouters. He is absolutely unable to give any reason at all for the faith that is in him that Mr. Richard Strauss is the successor of Wagner. And the obvious conclusion is that Wagner so far has no successor, and that Oudiades (with West

Kensington and De Vere Gardens) like sheep have gone astray. This contempt, as well for the god of the fifth and sixth-rate cognoscenti as for the said *soi-disant* cognoscenti themselves, is an excellent example of Sokrates' custom of displaying the Nonconformist conscience which won for him the privilege of a martyr's suicide. If these really were the dogmas with which he corrupted Athenian youth, we are bound to admit that the prosecution made out a case of a kind against him. But that Plato should have reported so tremendously compromising a conversation is a little more than remarkable, considering that Plato was the friend of Sokrates. The true inwardness of "Save me from my friends" is perhaps exemplified more often in literature than in any other branch of human action. After all, Plato was not less the friend of Sokrates than Henley was the friend of Stevenson.

It would not be unnatural for us, after reading this Dialogue—perhaps the latest of the great Platonic Dialogues—to compare the series of Wagnerian operas with the series of Platonic Dialogues, placing the *Lysis* side by side with *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and advancing from them to *Parsifal* and *The Laws*. Indeed, the analogy is so clear that we can scarcely conceive of the one as having been written before the other. If this be so, it gives us an exceedingly interesting sidelight upon the operation of Plato's brain. He must have realised the analogy between his own work and that of Wagner. With a sound and indisputable belief in his own genius, it was but natural for him to proceed to a laudation of Wagner's compositions. The bond of a common genius held them both. And yet, to an inferior man than Plato, it no doubt would have been galling to find any such bond. Wagner was a German, a member of that race which eventually would presume to take upon itself the task of emending the Platonic Text. Plato's mental attitude towards Germany must have been one of most acerb and most meritorious indignation. Every Englishman ought to be able to understand that. To see

his most subtile specimens of grammatical asymmetry ruthlessly carved to fit the requirements of school-boys' grammar-primers, to see his most exquisite anakoloutha padded out with unambiguous particles—oh ! no, Plato's feelings towards Germany cannot have been kind-like. But they were generous. He never disparages Wagner because an accident of birth made the latter a German ; and it is to be noted that he is discreetly silent about the German nation in this as in the other Dialogues. Ultimate contempt is inexpressible in words ; and there is something very beautiful, very affecting, in the precedent admiration that thus arose so strangely between these sundered magnitudes.

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XII

FATHER SKIPTON, and a number of the guests, had, after last night's dinner, been apprised of the punctual advent of Sir Roderick Harborough's yacht, and had duly floated away, with its owner, into the night and the moonlight. The others were now collected in a nook of the sea-ward garden. It was late in the afternoon. The air was hot with summer; but was freshened by a breeze which made the waves in the distance leap against an island rock like a pack of fawning hounds.

Lady Snowdon and Mrs. Vernon were knitting. The men had been reading newspapers—all but Mr. Hancock, who, looking very happy and dapper, was now approaching the group with a little bundle of documents.

"Here are the notes," he said, "the agenda paper of our opening conference."

"Sit down there," said Lady Snowdon, with a placid air of command. "That is the secretary's table. Everything, you see, has been got ready for you."

Mr. Hancock obeyed, and the others drew their chairs round him in a semi-circle.

"Well," said Mr. Hancock, giving the table a few facetious raps with a pencil, "are you all ready? Then, ladies and gentlemen, I declare our first conference opened. And now let me say a few words about the subject of it. We agreed,

as you may remember, that before we went further into the new views of life which modern knowledge is more or less forcing on all of us, we ought to consider, as clearly as we can, the reasons which are making the world—or at least the more educated classes in all civilised countries—with one accord, as it were, completely give up the old views—views which in the days of our parents were still practically supreme. I confess that the various expositions and defences of those old views, which we have been privileged to hear so lately from the lips of four typical clergymen, seem to me of themselves quite sufficient to explain why these views are no longer tolerable to any sane and educated person. But Mr. Glanville insists—and no doubt he is right—that when we allow ourselves to talk of the educated world beginning to reject abruptly a religion which has lasted so long, we ought to make ourselves quite clear as to what we mean. We ought to see in what this rejection of the Christian religion consists, and what are the precise causes of it. The question, then, before the meeting is this: Why have the thinking and intellectual classes in all Christianised countries simultaneously lost, within the last generation and a half, every vestige of that faith, which was previously all but universal, in traditional Christianity—or Christianity as a special revelation?"

"May I," said Mrs. Vernon, "put in one word of protest? Have all educated and intellectual people lost their traditional faith in this startlingly complete way? I don't deny that we, most of us, have ceased to believe in some things—such as Noah's ark, and Jonah's whale, and so on; but there is surely an immense mass of educated, sensible, good, and devoted people who believe in the great events which are commemorated at Christmas and Easter—people with whose entire lives and characters these beliefs are interwoven, and to whom a doubt of their truth has never even occurred. You, Mr. Glanville, must surely admit this. Look at the new churches that are every day being built, and the congregations which, any Sunday, you may see pouring into them."

"There is something in what you say," replied Glanville, "but I could mention you several answers to it. In spite of your churches and congregations, statistics go to show that, at this moment, in England, only one man out of twenty is in the habit of going to any place of worship at all: and of those who do go, don't you know from experience that a very considerable number only go out of habit? But I won't insist on that, for I'm quite ready to admit that the mental air of our time is still full of Christian sentiment. The sole question which we now propose to discuss is how far this sentiment is still associated with that definite system of belief from which it was once inseparable. And even as to this point, I am willing to grant you a good deal. Many people, no doubt, are still convinced believers; but are they people whom this new knowledge of which we speak has reached? If they are not, their belief is of little significance. We can't close our eyes to the fact that this knowledge is extending itself. It is rising like a flood; and the situation is not altered by the fact that dry-shod believers to-day are still numerous on mounds which it is perfectly certain will be under water to-morrow. Still, if you like it, we will alter the wording of our question. We will put it thus: It being an admitted fact that in all Christianised countries, large and increasing numbers are simultaneously rejecting Christianity, what is the precise content of the rejection, and what are the precise causes of it?"

"Well," said Mrs. Vernon, "nobody can object to that."

"This little discussion," said Mr. Hancock, "shows how much to the point is the inquiry we are about to undertake. I confess that at first, as I said, I inclined to think it superfluous. Anyhow, the ground being now clear, I'll go on. Since we propose," he continued, turning again to his notes, "to talk about our attitude towards traditional Christianity, the first thing to do is to make ourselves absolutely clear as to what the distinctive marks of traditional Christianity are. We shall do no good if we keep on talking at random. I

have, therefore, at Mr. Glanville's suggestion, put down as briefly as possible the four fundamental doctrines on which Christianity, in its traditional form, rests. They do not represent the spiritual fare which it offers us, but they constitute the legs of the table on which the banquet is spread. If we take these away, or take away any one of them, the table and the banquet both fall to the ground. Now, ladies and gentleman, shall I read?"

"Do," said a chorus of voices, and Mr. Hancock began.

"Traditional Christianity, reduced to its simplest terms, differs from a natural theism saturated with Christian sentiment, in the fact that it asserts four events, or four groups of events to be, in the strictest sense of the word, historical, and will not, and cannot tolerate any real denial of them. These groups of events are as follows: I give them in their chronological order.

"First group: The human race is descended from a single pair of progenitors. This pair of progenitors came into the world perfect. They were only not civilised, because they were above civilisation. Their religion was a pure Monotheism, based on, or rather consisting in, a direct vision of God. But though created without sin they were invested with a freedom to commit it, and of this privilege they took very prompt advantage. They were at once plunged from beatitude into a condition of sorrow and wickedness, and they transmitted to all their descendants the curse they had entailed on themselves.

"Second group of events: From the date of the Fall, for at least two thousand years, the human race, as it multiplied, grew more and more degraded, and the primal religion had been very nearly forgotten, when God selected a single Asiatic family, and made, in the strictest confidence, a new revelation of Himself to them.

"Third group of events: As the family in question grew into a small tribe, God's private and confidential revelations to this handful of human beings continued, and were recorded in

a series of writings known as the Old Testament. These writings, unlike any other works of antiquity, were composed with the aid, and under the guidance, of God himself. Their authority is unique; in substance they are absolutely true; and much of their information, as the newspapers say, is exclusive. They begin with God's own account of the origin of the human race; and also contain a number of definite, though cryptic, predictions that a fuller revelation still in the course of time was to follow.

"Fourth group of events: After another period of about two thousand years, during which the mass of mankind were left groping in their natural darkness, this ulterior revelation was accomplished by an act even more astonishing than the creation of the universe itself. The Creator of the Universe assumed the form of a man, becoming through a mortal woman the immortal father of himself. In this condition he died the death of a thief, for the sake of the disastrous victims of his first creative experiment. He then came to bodily life again, and taking His body with Him visibly rose in the air, deserting the earth's surface, and somehow or other, in some unexplained way, united His body, which was able to eat ordinary food, to the spiritual and eternal Omnipotence which created the stars and will survive them.

"Here, then," continued Mr. Hancock, "you have four groups of events which traditional Christianity presents to us as actual facts of history, and any denial of which must make the whole scheme collapse; and the world's rejection of traditional Christianity to-day resolves itself into a denial that these groups of events really possess the historical character claimed for them. Thus to ask the reasons of the world-wide rejection which we speak of is to ask a particular, not a general question. It is to ask why these special events are ceasing to be accepted as credible; and what the reasons are Mr. Glanville has undertaken to point out to us. I now," said Mr. Hancock, with another touch of facetiousness, "call upon Mr. Glanville to address the meeting."

Glanville took up a paper of notes and began: "The main reasons for our disbelieving in these events are three. I'll begin with the most familiar. We get to it at once by considering the ground on which we have been asked to believe them. This has been the authority of the Bible, regarded as a miraculous book, the substantial accuracy of whose statements is admittedly beyond all doubt; and the world's most obvious reason for not believing in these events any longer begins with the fact that modern literary criticism has completely deprived the Bible of its old supernatural character. It has shown us, by the most laborious and astonishingly minute analysis, that all the Biblical writings have been just as much conditioned by the temperaments and the circumstances of the writers as the histories of Livy and Herodotus, or as Dante's vision of hell. Thus, to take the classical case of Genesis, this book was assumed popularly, till the middle of the nineteenth century, to have been written by Moses, under the direct dictation of God, about fifteen hundred years prior to the birth of Christ. Well, not only sceptical scholars, but Christian scholars likewise, admit now that it is a patchwork of different pre-existing legends—and of legends, moreover, which embody different and conflicting mythologies. Even Jeffries has managed to pick up as much as this at Newmarket."

"But," interposed Mrs. Vernon, "it is possible, surely, to argue that the Bible may still be true, though it may not have been written miraculously?"

"Yes," said Glanville, "it no doubt may, so far as merely literary criticism is able to prove the contrary. That's what I'm now coming to. Literary criticism by itself hardly does more than this—to destroy every vestige of the old presumption that it *must* be true; and leaves us to ascertain whether its statements are true or not in reality by inquiries of a different kind. Now of the four groups of statements with which we are alone concerned, let us begin with the first. These are the statements contained in the Book of Genesis, to the effect that we are the fallen descendants of parents

originally perfect. Do these statements, which criticism exhibits to us as a legend, embody, as some legends do, any objective truth? To answer this question we must turn from literary criticism, as I said just now, to other sources of knowledge; and it so happens that, along with the development of criticism, a mass of knowledge has been developing during the past fifty years which bears on the very point at issue. And what does this knowledge show us? If all modern methods of study are not an absolute illusion, it shows us that the legend of Genesis is, in the present respect, absolutely false—that the first human beings were not, as Genesis says they were, transcendent creatures more like angels than men, but were on the contrary only a little better than monkeys; that instead of falling, they represented a rise; and that, since their death, their descendants, by slow and irregular steps, have, on the whole, continued to rise also. Thus, so far as the first of the four cardinal statements of traditional Christianity is concerned, the knowledge of to-day—a knowledge which we cannot escape—simply turns, at one blow, the whole Christian scheme topsy-turvy. And now," said Glanville, "having done with group of statements number one, let us go on to group number two. These need not keep us long. What they come to is this—that God, when revealing himself afresh to his lost and unhappy children, took every precaution that none of them should hear his message, excepting the family of a single obscure sheik, who proved his pre-eminent fitness for this stupendous favour by his willingness to murder his son and roast his limbs on a bon-fire. This story again has no other source than legend. Genesis is its origin also. Now, waiving the fact that, if Abraham was an historical person at all, magnificent civilisations, having lofty religions of their own, had been flourishing at the time when he lived for some eight thousand years, can we believe, on the authority of a legend comparatively modern, that this story of the election of Abraham is any truer than that of the Fall with which, in the Christian scheme, it is expressly and inseparably connected?

That is what the world is asking, and there cannot be much doubt about the answer. There can be less doubt," Glanville continued, "when we come to the third group of statements—statements that the eternal God dictated to Abraham's children a series of books which abound in every kind of error, and which—as even our friend the Bishop of Glastonbury told us—are in many places revolting to our commonest ideas of morality. But this is the very point with which we have all along been dealing. We have practically taken Mr. Hancock's third group of statements first."

"Well," said Lady Snowdon, "now go on to the fourth. It is the most important of all."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Brompton. "Excuse me for one moment. Mr. Glanville has hardly done justice to the miracles of the Old Testament, and the question of how far they are credible. Let me take the two most remarkable of them. The Old Testament tells us that the course of the solar system was once brought to a standstill, and once absolutely inverted; and I ask you, if you please, why? In order, on the first occasion, that one little tribe might complete the murder of another; and, in the second, in order that a curiously incredulous gentleman, who was none other than our good friend Hezekiah, might be assured that a poultice of figs was a good prescription for a boil. A child would laugh at such miracles if it found them in Grimm's fairy-tales; and in point of credibility they are all on the same footing—Jonah's whale, the talking ass of Balaam, the fiery chariot of Elijah, the two bears specially sent by Jehovah to gobble up some poor little children because they giggled at Elijah's successor—in short, the whole blessed bag of tricks."

Lady Snowdon drew herself up at these last remarkable words as a protest against the irreverence offered by them, less perhaps to the Bible than to herself. "Mr. Glanville," she said, "please go on."

"Well," said Glanville, "our fourth and last set of statements are those which assert the miraculous birth of Christ,

his bodily resurrection from a tomb in a certain rock, and the visible ascent of his body from the earth's surface. It's the same story over again. For these, as we know, the sole documentary evidences are the various accounts of them in the narratives of the New Testament; and with these narratives of the New Testament criticism has dealt as it did with those of the Old. In especial it shows that the accounts of the events we are now considering—the very hall-marks of Christ's divinity—are pious additions tacked on to the original memoirs, and additions which, regarded as evidence, hopelessly contradict one another. But, good gracious! what am I talking about? As this fact was urged on us yesterday by a dignitary of the English Church, it is surely unnecessary for me to say much more about it. The upshot of it all is this. The documentary evidence for the events has lost all its old force; and we are left again to face Mrs. Vernon's question of whether they may not be true, though the Biblical evidence for them is defective. We can then, only fall back on our judgment of what is probable; and if the world rejects, as it does reject, the fall of the old Adam as a fable, we have Dr. Pusey's word for it—and a very true word it is—that the miraculous stories of the new Adam, of his birth, his resurrection, and his ascension, must at once be rejected as fables also. Here," said Glanville, "in its now familiar outlines, is the most obvious of the world's reasons for disbelieving in traditional Christianity—the reason which arises directly out of our new knowledge of the Bible. But there are two others, distinct from this though connected with it, and, I think, on the whole, more powerful."

"Yes," said Lady Snowdon; "let us hear them."

"One," said Glanville, "is our new knowledge, not of the Bible but of the other religious books, and the other great religions of mankind. In these books and in these religions, instead of finding only nonsense, degradation, and darkness, we find much that is common with the loftiest ideas of Christianity; and when we consider that these other great religions had been lifting the hearts of millions before Yahveh spoke to his

thousands, and that from one of these religions the Jews first learned a secret, and certainly not a trivial one, which Yahveh had forgotten to confide to them—I mean the secret that the human soul is immortal—the entire perspective of religious history is changed for us. Whatever truths the Christian religion may contain we see that it possesses them—if I may use the language of business—as the results of free competition, not of supernatural monopoly. The supernatural theory becomes one to which, in the words of Carlyle, '*the human soul got into other latitudes cannot now give harbour.*'"

"And the third reason," said Lady Snowdon. "You have still to tell us about the third."

"This," said Glanville, "is a wider reason still, and bears the same relation to the last—wide though the last was—as that which the effreet, corked up in the bottle, bore to the effreet let out of it. I mean our modern knowledge of the Universe, as apart from mere human history. The truest Christian criticism which has yet been made on that knowledge was the criticism of the Churches themselves at the first hour of its dawn—a criticism which they made not through their books only, but through their fears, their curses, their fetters, and their murdering fires. I say the Churches, for it was not Catholicism only, but Protestantism also and equally, which shuddered at the doctrine that the earth was not the centre of the Universe, and anathematised those who taught it. And they did so with good reason. 'If the earth be merely an insignificant star, in a family of countless worlds, it becomes incredible that God should have died for man.' This was what was said, almost in these very words, by Lutheran, Calvinist, Cardinal, from one end of Europe to the other, when Giordano Bruno was burning, and the father of astronomy was in chains; and what the world outside the Churches is saying about the matter to-day is merely a repetition of what the Churches had said already; only now the sermon is preached from a very much ampler text."

"True—true—true!" cried Mr. Brompton, sitting up in

his chair. "The Churches which made a burning torch of Bruno have been to knowledge what Nero was to the Churches. But in the reason which they gave for their conduct—little as they then knew it—they pronounced their own condemnation. The world has caught up the one true word they ever uttered, and is withering them with their own argument."

"I think, Mr. Brompton," said Lady Snowdon, "you're a little too vehement sometimes."

"Ah," said Mr. Brompton, drawing a long breath; "you haven't suffered under it—you haven't suffered under clericalism—as I have done."

"May the secretary," said Mr. Hancock, "put in a word here? According to my paper of agenda we still have got one point more with which Mr. Glanville is to deal; and it happens, as I take it, to be the point which Mrs. Vernon just now raised. It is this. How does traditional Christianity meet the reasons which are urged against it?"

"Well," said Glanville, turning over his notes, "I shan't keep you much longer. We've already gone over the three principal reasons why traditional Christianity is being rejected by the world to-day. Now we are coming not exactly to a fourth reason, but rather to a proof of how cogent the foregoing reasons are; and this is the manner in which the Church endeavours to meet and get out of them. In order to illustrate this, I needn't go very far. We have heard, during the last two days, what our friend the Bishop of Glastonbury is pleased to speak of as the mind of the Church of England, utter itself through the voices of four typical representatives; and each utterance of this mind was in absolute contradiction to the others. Two of these voices—Mr. Maxwell's and Father Skipton's—told us that the mind of the Church meets the reason we are considering by simply turning its back on them—by ignoring them altogether, and by continuing, according to Mr. Maxwell, to assert what Father Skipton calls heresy; and by reviving, according to Father Skipton, what Mr. Maxwell

calls idolatrous blasphemy. The other two did their best to meet reason with reason, and with what results?"

"I think," said Lady Snowdon, "I could tell you the results in Canon Morgan's case. I took notes of the good man's sermon. Mr. Brompton, you spoke just now of your own experiences of clericalism. I am myself the proud sister of two clerical brothers. One is a Cardinal, the other is an English Broad Churchman. Canon Morgan is simply my Broad Church brother over again, except that the Canon is braver, and very much more sentimental. He's like all these Broad Churchmen, who, with greater or less decency, give the whole case away which they have sworn, and which they are paid, to defend: and that stuff about a Redeemer who has risen in the form of the example he sets us, and about the Church which ascends till it is lost in the general constitution of the Universe, and which certainly in that case loses itself so well that we can none of us find it, is merely the denial, dressed up in a surplice, of everything special and distinctive that traditional Christianity means. Forgive me, Mr. Glanville, for interrupting you; but I feel as if Canon Morgan was so nearly my own brother that I have the family privilege of treating him as he deserves. I won't, however, deprive you of the Bishop, though I think he has given his case away almost as much as the Canon."

"Yes," said Glanville, "but he doesn't think he has; and that makes his case more interesting. He, no less than Mr. Maxwell and Father Skipton, is determined to maintain that the events we have just been considering are facts of history, just as the Norman Conquest is; but unlike them, he doggedly sets himself to do this in the face of a mass of knowledge which, through only grasping a part of it, he admits to be as genuine as the world does. And how does he perform his task? Most of the Biblical miracles he throws to the wolves as fabulous; but out of the collection he picks a small number, identical in kind and intimately associated with the others, and declares that these are the supreme facts of history. Thus, though he knows as well as we do that the Book of Genesis is legendary, he still

hankers after the idea that, in two or three of its verses, the Deity dictated to somebody an abridged and inaccurate prospectus of Lyell's Geology, and of Darwin's Origin of Species. Good heavens, what incredible folly! And this work of picking and selecting, on the right direction of which its whole value depends, is directed by what? By the mind of a Church so divided against itself that it preaches from the same pulpit these different religions, as we all of us here know, in the course of the same Sunday. Your late Church, Mr. Brompton, is in a better position than ours. It has tradition to go upon, and all its doctrines are organised."

"Yes," said Mr. Brompton. "Theoretically that is the strength of my late Church. Practically it is its supreme weakness. Protestantism is a raft of logs. Break this up, and each of them for a time may support a swimmer. But the barque of Peter is a vessel built of iron. Make one hole in it anywhere, and down it goes to the bottom."

"I confess," said Mrs. Vernon, "that I could no more believe in Rome than Mr. Brompton can, who knows it from within so thoroughly. As Dr. Arnold said, I'd as soon believe in Jupiter."

"If that's your opinion," said Glanville, "I'll come back in a moment to a question you put to us before we began our discussion. But first let me give you one example more of the straits to which sensible men like the Bishop are driven when they attempt to defend the reality of Christian miracle in detail. I shall take my example not from the Bishop himself but from a popular luminary of his school, whose words, to use the Bishop's own felicitous phrase, often echo through the arches of our grand national Abbey. I refer to Archdeacon Wilberforce. I was looking before luncheon through a volume of this great thinker's sermons to find the passage to which the Bishop alluded in his discourse; and whilst doing this I came on the Archdeacon's defence of the Ascension. Well, how do you think he defends the supreme miracle? He begins by reminding us that the old idea of a

heaven situated above the earth is an absurdity now for all of us. '*What is up in Galilee*,' he said, '*would be down at the Antipodes*,' and the '*literal physical departure of a body through trackless space*,' would be perfectly meaningless even if it were not incredible. What then, according to him, was the miracle of the Ascension in reality? It was an optical illusion, he says, to which Christ in his Omnipotence resorted, in order to teach his disciples, who knew nothing of science, that, his temporal work being over, he was returning to the bosom of the Eternal. The utmost the Archdeacon can do in his desperate struggle for orthodoxy is to offer us two alternatives: The Ascension was either a fable or the trick of an Indian juggler. Now, Mrs. Vernon, which do you believe yourself? You asked whether, though we rejected many of our miraculous beliefs, we might not still cling to some. If our belief in the Ascension—the crowning miracle of them all—can be only defended in ways like the Archdeacon's, do you really retain that? Or, how many do you retain of the others?"

"Not many, I am afraid," said Mrs. Vernon gravely. "But it takes one's breath away to have it all put before one."

After this there was silence for some moments. It was presently broken by Mr. Hancock, who said in his alertest manner, "Well, since it seems that we are all of one opinion, and have answered the question which we set out to discuss, namely, the question of why the world, which apparently includes us all, is no longer able to believe in the traditional religion of miracle, I may, I suppose, declare that our first Conference is ended."

"Alistair," exclaimed Glanville, turning round to Seaton, "why have you said nothing? Why has the oracle been dumb?"

"I have said nothing," replied Seaton, "because I agree with all that has been said. But I don't see why Mrs. Vernon need regret the beliefs she has lost. In getting rid of the long legend of miracles, we are only getting rid of a system of sublime symbolism; and our knowledge that it was merely

this seems, I confess, to me a stronger witness than any actual miracles to the inner reality of the truths which the nature of man thus symbolised. That men should have imagined for themselves the clouds and thunders of Sinai bears witness to the Divine law very much more impressively than the mountain itself could have done had it smoked like all the chimneys of Glasgow. That men could have imagined God dying for their own sins is far more significant than any such actual death; and nothing can show more strongly their affinity to the soul of the Universe than the fact that they invented the story of the Fall themselves, to account for their division from that towards which they are always striving."

"Admirably—grandly said!" exclaimed Mr. Brompton with enthusiasm. "The whole thing is so simple—so straightforward—so nobly and completely satisfying, the moment we escape from theology to the healthy *terra firma* of ethics."

The conference, however, was here finally closed, not by the fact of its having come to its logical conclusion, but by something still more decisive—the advent of the servants with tea; and by another advent also—that of a feminine figure, escorted by Glanville's confidential attendant, Jackson. The figure was graceful in the extreme, and was draped in a coral-coloured dust cloak, which spoke of a recent journey. Glanville at once recognised it. He had seen it at the railway junction not many days ago. "Ah," said Mrs. Vernon, "here is my niece Stephanie." Lord Restormel turned round in his chair, with an indolent look of inquiry, and his eyes, judges of women, made him for the time forget the nature of alleged revelations, and the fate of traditional Christianity.

XIII

Miss Stephanie Leighton, when first she lifted her veil, revealed a face which was older and less beautiful than Glanville had been led to anticipate by his sight of her at

their previous meeting; but the charm of her manner and movements produced on him a new impression which, though different from that which they dissipated, was in another way equally pleasing. There was nothing in her that suggested any conscious assertion of independence; but, whatever her age might be, she had the indefinable air of a girl or a woman who is mistress of her own experiences; and the thought of a chaperon in connection with her would have somehow seemed an absurdity. Her expression in repose was pensive; but her smile and voice when she spoke had all the light and softness of a ripple on a brook in summer.

What everybody felt about her was that she was a social addition to the company; and after that last serious discussion her presence was a relief and a stimulus, by giving the conversation a totally different turn. She was questioned about her rest-cure, the results of which had been quite satisfactory. She laughingly criticised the novel which Glanville had lent her on her journey. She told Lord Restormel that she had had with her a volume of his early poems, and gave an amusing account of how, yesterday, on the pier at Ballyfergus, she had encountered Sir Roderick Harborough sunning himself with an English bishop. Lady Snowdon looked at her with eyes of marked approbation; and Lord Restormel presently classed her in his own mind as the kind of woman to whom men always attend, though she does not make, nor require to make, any effort to gain their attention. She did not, indeed, move him in a very tempestuous manner; but retaining the relics of certain vice-regal ideas of his right to the first enjoyment of any new feminine sympathies he managed, when tea was over, to secure the young lady to himself, and exhibited to her the riches of his nature in the course of a confidential walk. Just as every Jewish matron hoped to be the mother of the Messiah, so did Lord Restormel hope that every woman he met would prove to be, for himself, the poetic ideal of womanhood; yet of all

the countless women whose favour he had thus courted, the only one whom he preferred to all the rest was his wife; and Lady Restormel continued to entertain for him in particular an affection as constant as that which he lavished on her sex at large.

Glanville meanwhile took occasion to inquire of Mrs. Vernon whether the *maxima reverentia* proverbially due to the young would make the presence of Miss Leighton interfere with the freedom of their future conferences; "because," he said, "much as I value the truth, there are certain forms of error which I often feel to be sacred." Mrs. Vernon was inclined to reply to his question in the negative; but frankly confessed that she had not thought about the matter, and suggested that by talking to her niece he might find out how the land lay. But though dinner-time had arrived before he could speak to her in private, she partially reassured him by the ease with which she walked into the drawing-room, and even by the cut of her dress and her way of pulling on her gloves. She was evidently a person who never experienced a doubt as to what to do next, or how or where to dispose of herself. At dinner she sat next him, and he listened to her conversation carefully. She never obtruded an opinion, but whenever her opinion was asked she gave it with an air of suave unconscious decision, or else with equal decision confessed that she had not formed one. Once or twice some incident or some topic was referred to belonging to sides of life of which girls are supposed to be ignorant, and of which an exhibition of knowledge is, in their case, rarely becoming. On these occasions Miss Leighton's words were few, but it seemed that her placid reticence was the reticence of complete understanding, as if she had watched the breaking of all the turbid waters, but had not herself been touched by them, though they possibly had approached her feet. She complained to Glanville, for example, not without a touch of amusement, of the want of tact exhibited by an elderly American lady, of untold wealth, with whom she had visited

Nice. This hospitable friend had taken her to dine at a restaurant, whose patronesses were almost exclusively the flower of the *demi-monde* of Europe. She was still half annoyed and yet half amused at the incident, "and the worst of it was," she said, "that I had on a beautiful hat, which I hated from that moment, for I felt it had ruined my character." From Nice to Monte Carlo was a natural step in conversation; and from Monte Carlo to music was one equally natural.

"To me," said Glanville, "the music of words and metre appeals far more than the music of scores and orchestras. The finest poetry seems to strengthen those who appreciate it. What is called the finest music generally seems to weaken them."

"I'm sure," she replied quickly, "that music like that of Wagner, whatever people may say of it, appeals to the very dregs of one's nature. Do you think, Mr. Glanville, you could give me a glass of water?"

She presently spoke of the Riviera, and the charms of its air and scenery.

"Do you ever draw?" said Glanville. "You ought to. You've an artist's hands."

Miss Leighton's hands were, indeed, finely shaped, and had the dead whiteness of a gardenia.

"I once," she said, "went to a palmist; but he did not tell me that. Do you want to know what he did tell me? Well, he told me this—that I'd lately lost my husband. I could hardly keep my countenance when I answered that I was not married. But he wasn't abashed—not a bit of it, he managed to turn the tables on me. He maintained that if such was the case——" For a moment Miss Leighton hesitated, and a colour barely perceptible, rose in her cheek and went from it. "He hinted," she went on, "that some other relationship with somebody not a husband must have just come to an end. I suppose he took me for an actress."

Glanville looked at her for a moment; her eyes were occupied with her plate, and the faintest footprint of a smile was vanishing from the neighbourhood of her mouth.

"Well," he said, "and did he tell you anything more?"

"Yes," she replied, and she now turned to him laughing. "He was so successful in flattering my line of the head, that I actually took to re-reading some dry books of philosophy, which I'd bought some years before when I used to go to some lectures, and which, when I read them again, I've been vain enough to think I could understand."

Glanville asked her, with interest, what these dry books were. "The biggest of them," she said, "was Lewes's History of Philosophy. But the one that I liked best was a nice little book about Spinoza. I took it with me to Ballyfergus, and was reading it the other day."

"My dear Alistair," exclaimed Glanville to Seaton, across the table, "you'll have to look to your laurels. Here is a young lady who has sat at Spinoza's feet, and is going to make you shake in your philosophical shoes."

"Mr. Glanville," said Miss Leighton, "I call you extremely mean, giving me away like that."

"Miss Leighton talks," said Glanville, "as if reading Spinoza in private were almost as bad in a young lady as smoking a cigar in public."

"At the worst," said Miss Leighton, "my book was a philosophical cigarette only. It wasn't Spinoza himself but only a short account of him. Does Mr. Seaton think that a woman must be very presumptuous because she imagines that she does understand a bit of it? One bit at least seemed to me perfectly clear."

"And what was that?" asked Seaton, in his grave, deferential manner.

"I flatly refuse," said Miss Leighton, "to give a philosophical lecture, but I'll tell Mr. Glanville in confidence, although

he has already betrayed me. It was this," she went on, as she turned again to her neighbour. "The order and connection of one's ideas is the order and connection of things. That, as I gather, was one of Spinoza's sayings, and it seems that many wise men have quarrelled as to what was his meaning. I dared to think it was simple, and meant what I'd thought before—that all our thoughts and feelings and our belief in the order of nature are merely a pocket edition of the order of nature itself, printed on pages that otherwise would be quite blank; that we believe in causes because nature is a system of causes; that we believe nature to be uniform because, as a fact, it is so, just as the reflection of my own hair in the looking-glass is what it is because—well, just because, I suppose, my hair is what it is."

"My dear Miss Leighton," said Glanville, "the dirtiest sage who ever spilt his soup on his beard couldn't have put the matter more clearly than you have."

"I thought I was right," she answered, "and I'll tell you why. I once had occasion," she went on, dropping her voice, "to ask the advice of a cousin of mine, a Catholic priest. We had many talks, and I said to him what I've said just now. I forget how the point came up. Well, you never saw a man so horrified. Spinoza, he said, was an atheist; and his doctrine of our ideas was atheism. And then I'm afraid that I horrified him still more."

"What did you say?" asked Glanville.

"I said," she replied, "I didn't think that an answer. I said that we ought to square our faith with our facts before we asked if facts squared with our faith. He thought that terrible. He was a very good man, and, I think, in some ways a wise one. Priests know so much about human nature—unlike English clergymen. Hearing confessions, they must. I believe he burnt endless candles in the hope of altering my opinions; but the nonsense that he and several other priests have talked to me has put out more faith than any candles can light again."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Hancock, when the ladies had left the dining-room, "Miss Stephanie Leighton is a remarkably clever young lady."

"Yes," replied Glanville, "I'm delighted to find that she is. I was rather afraid at first that we might find her out of place in our conferences. But before we embark on conference number two, I want to explain to her privately what it is we are doing, and make myself quite sure of how far she is fit for our company. I may as well do this now. I see her out there on the terrace. Restormel, will you look after the wine, and by the time you have all finished I shall have discovered what I want to know."

XIV

THE task of discovery he found had been considerably simplified by a little conversation with regard to the point at issue which Mrs. Vernon had already had with her niece. Mrs. Vernon, it seemed, had described to her in general terms the nature of the discussions on which the party had entered; but she was not sorry when she saw Glanville approaching, to devolve on him the duty of making the explanation complete.

Miss Leighton, with the greatest composure, at once detached herself from her aunt, as if moonlight and male companionship were a combination with which she was quite familiar, and she and Glanville where presently leaning on the balustrade alone together.

"I want," he said, "to tell you how you've fallen into strange company. I only hope that you won't be bored or shocked."

"My aunt," said Miss Leighton, "told me that you'd taken to discussing religion, and new ideas, and so on; but she wasn't very explicit. She referred to religion as if it were an improper story, which it mightn't be good for me to hear. What does she think I'm made of? If new ideas are to shock one, one ought to go and live in China. New ideas

are everywhere. One feels them though one mayn't understand them."

"You mean," said Glanville, "ideas about the religion you're taught in church."

"Yes," she replied. "When I'm at home I generally play the organ; but all the time I'm asking myself, 'what does it mean?' What good can it be to any human being for the congregation and the clergyman to intone mutual accusations, to the effect that when one or the other of them saw a thief it consented to—et cetera? And then, all the candles on the altar, and the twilight and the unreal voices, it seems to me to be somehow like playing at night in the daylight. I feel sometimes that the daylight itself is merely a white mist; but all our rector's candles wouldn't help me to find my way in it."

"All of us here," said Glanville, "are people who feel as you do. What we want to do, if we can, is to see what the mist is made of, and perhaps blow a little of it away. We have just arranged that our discussions shall take some regular order. We had our first one this afternoon. Do we believe—or rather why don't we believe—what your rector teaches in church? That was our opening question. We had just done with it when you arrived."

"Yes," said Miss Leighton. "I expect the first question was 'Why don't we believe?'—far rather than 'Do we?' Still," she continued, "I suppose one has got one's soul; and one must do the best one can for it, in one's own way. After all, there is Nature. Above the mist are the skies."

"Yes," said Glanville, smiling; "no doubt about it, they're there. They're the very things we propose to discuss to-night. How are we related to them? How can they help or guide us? When the roof of the church falls, will the naked sky shelter us? Shall we go back to the others and see if they are ready to begin? We shall start with a short statement of the points we are going to talk about. Look—our male philosophers are just coming out of the dining-room. Mr.

Alistair Seaton, who is what people call an idealist, and whose principal business it is to teach science its place, will try to show us that your friend Spinoza was wrong—that we get the Universe from our ideas, instead of our ideas from the Universe, and that consequently our souls will live, though all the worlds should evaporate. Well, Mrs. Vernon," he said, as they approached the portico, "the initiatory rites are over. I present you with our new catechumen."

It would be difficult to imagine a night of more romantic beauty than that whose moonlight glittered on the group which was now settling itself. The pillars and steps of the portico shone with dazzling brightness; the air was a warm bath; and the sea, strewn with silver, seemed to kiss the shore in its dreams.

Presently into this medium a brisk voice projected itself. It emanated from Mr. Hancock, who was seated by a solitary reading-lamp.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, again tapping with his pencil, "if you're all of you quite ready our second Conference will begin. Having seen that the world has outgrown the religion of supernatural dogma—its worn-out spiritual clothes, as grand old Carlyle used to call it—and having seen, moreover, in detail how and why it has done so, we are now going to turn from the supernatural to the natural—to our own minds on the one hand, and the Universe which surrounds us on the other—and to ask what sort of a religion we can get from an examination of these; or whether we can get any. Now, of course, if we're to have a religion in the ordinary sense of the word, it is necessary to begin with assuring ourselves of two things: first, that we have a soul which in some sense or other is so far independent of the body that it does not decompose along with it; and, secondly, that there is some world-soul or principle controlling the Universe, with which the soul of man is in some moral connection. These two beliefs and assurances rise and fall together, so far as the religion of human beings is concerned; but all philosophers of to-day,

whether religious or otherwise, agree that our examination and arguments must necessarily begin with the first. We must begin with man—with the facts of our own minds. We must, in fact, ask whether there is any element in ourselves which is not derivable from the physical processes of the body—or to put the case in ordinary conversational language, we must ask whether, so far as thought and knowledge can guide us, it is possible or impossible to derive mind from matter."

Mr. Hancock, who had been reading, here came to a pause.

"Before you go on," said Glanville, "Miss Leighton wants to ask a question."

"I thought," said Miss Leighton, "that, according to science or philosophy—I don't know how to express myself—mind was a sort of living blank, on which the Universe writes impressions; but I didn't know that anybody supposed it to be made—well, how shall I put it?—of the same sort of substance as earth or water or paving-stones."

"Yes," said Lady Snowdon, "that is the sort of difficulty which most women feel when they hear these theories talked about."

"I'm glad," said Glanville, "that Miss Leighton has mentioned it. It does seem a far cry from a paving-stone in Piccadilly to a thought in the mind of Plato; but Mr. Seaton, if we only wait for a moment, will be able to put the problem for us in a somewhat different light. Now, Alistair, our souls are in your hands. Don't use words of three syllables when words of two are long enough."

"Well," said Mr. Hancock, taking up one of his papers, "the first question which is before the meeting, and about which Mr. Seaton will speak, is 'What do we know of the real nature of matter,' or 'the substance of the external world?' Mr. Seaton the meeting waits for you."

Seaton thus summoned exhibited some signs of shyness; but as he continued to speak he gradually gained confidence.

"In these days," he began, "it's the fashion to laugh at philosophy—at all events in the sense in which I understand the word. Mr. Glanville himself laughs at it; but it contains a preliminary chapter which neither he nor anybody laughs at who has once grasped its meaning. And I should like to tell Miss Leighton that what I shall have to say requires no special training or study to enable us to understand it. Nothing is required but a little careful reflection upon what our own minds do, every day and every moment of our lives. What then, let me begin by asking, do we naturally mean by matter? Let us take the sea for an example, or let us take this white stone pillar. Why do we call them material things instead of calling them mental things? The ordinary answer of all of us will be that they are outside our minds—that they are substantial, that they are tangible, that they are self-existent, that they persist. We leave this spot. The pillar and the sea remain. We come back again, and we find them just as we left them. And then again this pillar is material because it is white, and hard; and the sea is material because, though it is not hard, it presses on our bodies all round if we plunge them into it; and because it is salt and heavy, and can wash other matter away. And now let me ask a question. How do we know all this?"

There was a moment's pause. Then Glanville said with a laugh, "Come, Mrs. Vernon, can you answer the riddle?"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Vernon, as though doubtful whether so simple an answer could be the true one, "that we know it by our five senses. We know that the sea is salt by our taste, that the pillar is white by our eyesight, and that the sea is fluid and the pillar solid by touch."

"Precisely," said Seaton. "But now let us suppose for a moment that though we had our five senses all right we had no conscious minds. In spite of our senses we should still know nothing of matter. The senses, like postmen, might try to deliver their letters, but there would be no one to receive

and read them. And then again, let us suppose the converse case. Let us suppose that our bodies consisted of heads only, that these heads were hollow balls of ivory with no apertures, our minds being imprisoned inside them, and that they were hung by strings from the trees, like so many pendulous wasps'-nests. It is equally evident that the mind would know nothing of matter in that case any more than in the other."

Yes," said Lady Snowdon. "I think even the feminine intellect can grasp so much. We could have no idea of anything if we had no mind to form ideas; and we could certainly form no ideas of matter if our senses gave us nothing out of which such ideas might be formed. If we could hear nothing, see nothing, feel nothing, it stands to reason we could have no idea of the sea."

"Didn't I tell you," said Seaton, "that the doctrine I was to preach is a truism? Lady Snowdon has instinctively expressed it in almost the very words of a philosopher. We know material things simply because we form ideas of them; and the ideas are formed—where? They are formed in our own minds in a way almost exactly parallel to that in which a picture is formed on the ground-glass screen of a camera. In other words, when we say that we know what the sea is—and we may take the sea as a type of all kinds of matter—we merely mean that we are conscious of a certain idea which we call the sea."

"But, surely," said Miss Leighton, "we know something more than that. We can do more than look at the image of it in our camera. We can go up to it—touch it—bathe in it—paddle in it—and find out that the image has something outside that corresponds to it.

"No," interposed Glanville, "that's just what we can't do. Each sensation it gives us is merely a new element in the idea, which we get on the mental screen when the camera is in a new position. The sense of touch, to which you are alluding now, is a lens, just as the sense of sight is. If you had no

sense of touch, you might spend a whole summer at Trouville and paddle on the beach every day in the smartest of all possible bathing-dresses; but you wouldn't, except by the look of it, be able to tell water from vacancy."

"Or, again," said Seaton, "let us put the case in another away. Scoop up the water in your hands—let it trickle in drops through your fingers. What do you know of each drop, except the look and the feel of it? You can't get inside it, or know what it really is apart from its relation to yourself. Or take this pillar, which is made out of white stone. We call it white; but it's white on the surface only. If you told that to a boy he would probably chip it with a chisel, to show you that it was white all through; but, however often he chipped, he would only show you new surfaces. The inside would always elude him."

"I remember," said Mr. Hancock, "when I was a youngster I used often to wonder what chocolate was like inside. If I broke a stick in two, the inside seemed to be a light brown. If I bit it or sucked it in two, the inside seemed to be dark. You're quite right, Mr. Seaton. We can only know surfaces; and what we know of them, as you say, is merely the ideas we form of them. Of the insides of things—regarded as the insides—we can form no idea at all; except, of course——"

"Yes," said Seaton, "except?——"

"Except," said Mr. Hancock, "in respect of the relation they bear not to ourselves but to one another. We can, for instance, know their specific gravity."

"True," replied Seaton; "but that merely means that we can know their behaviour as invariably presented to our minds. A boy throws a pebble at another boy, but he does not know what he is throwing."

"He knows," said Miss Leighton, "that if it hits the other boy it will cause the other boy a great deal of annoyance."

"Exactly," said Seaton. "He knows the behaviour of an unknown something."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Hancock; "but, as Miss Leighton has observed, he knows another thing also. He knows that the mind of the boy who is hit will experience what it calls pain; and he knows this mind just as he knows his own. He knows it in terms of its inside, not in terms of its outside—in a way which is the precise opposite of the way in which he knew the stone."

"I had meant," said Seaton, "to come to that later on. Yes, what you say is true; and I should put the case thus: The only thing which mind can directly know is mind."

"May I," said Mr. Hancock, "here interpose a question? I can never make out where, with some of you philosophers, what we call the material universe comes in at all. We know it only through our ideas of it. True—but these ideas must be caused by something. They are found simultaneously in your mind and in mine, and are not the result of the minds' own caprices. Their cause is an unknown something, which is outside ourselves—something which, as Spencer says, is in its essence unknowable. It is a kind of mortar, or water, in which individual minds are immersed, and by means of which they communicate; and it is a big thing, this system of so-called matter, whatever it is. There is a great deal more of it than is required for the immersion of you and me. I want to know what you make of it? You must admit that it has some independent reality."

"Hegel," replied Seaton, "calls the Universe a thought of God. I don't bind myself to his phrase, but I do hold to what he meant by it. The Universe, in some way or other, is an operation of the Supreme mind. Through this all-pervading medium our own minds communicate; and it seems the same to all of us because its operation is uniform in itself, and because our minds form their ideas of it in one uniform way."

"I think," said Glanville, "we are travelling beyond our original point. It's enough for the moment to know that not

even our good philosopher here denies that what we call matter is something outside ourselves, though we know it only as the cause of the ideas which our minds form of it. Isn't that true, Alistair?"

"Yes," replied Seaton. "We may say so, so far as our present argument is concerned; for I take it that all which I have been asked to explain is this—that what in ordinary language people would call the substance of matter, or the material of matter, which we fancy we know so well, and which we speak of as the antithesis of mind, is, so far as we know it, a purely mental conception. All philosophers, from Hegel down to Spencer and Huxley, are in complete agreement as to this. To speak of dead matter, brute matter, inert matter—though no doubt it is useful for practical purposes—is just as inaccurate as to speak of the sun rising and setting. A flint in the road is, in so far as we know it, not a dead thing, but an idea—a living thought."

"Of course," said Glanville, turning to Lady Snowdon, "it's easy to laugh at this statement. It's easy to say of a man who has been hit by a stone, that he's suffering agony because somebody has thrown a thought at him. That sounds very funny, no doubt; but it sounds so only to ignorance; for the man's agony, as he knows it, is itself but a thought also—an affection of the conscious mind. Let us only think out completely what Mr. Seaton has told us; and it ceases to be funny or paradoxical. It is merely common sense transfigured."

"Well," said Mr. Hancock, "it seems, then, that our first point is settled. The stuff of the Universe is at all events so far mental that we know it only through the ideas that are produced by it in our own minds, and we can only think of it accurately by thinking of it as something that is more like universal mind than what we mean by universal matter. I think Mr. Seaton will admit that that way of putting the case will serve us, for our present purpose, as a rough working formula. And now," Mr. Hancock continued, turning again

to his papers, "Mr. Glanville, at this point, is going to take up his parable, and will point out how, in the light of what we have just seen, our knowledge of the Universe affects our belief about ourselves, as beings between whom and the Universe any religious connection is possible."

(To be continued.)