THE MONTHLY REVIEW

No. 78. Mar: 1907.

TORONTO:
GEORGE N. MORANG & Co LTD.
LONDON: JOHN MURRAY.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

MARCH 1907

No. 78. XXVI. 3.—March 1907

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CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

VOL. XXVI.

JANUARY—MARCH 1907

MORANG & CO., LTD.
90 WELLINGTON STREET WEST
TORONTO
LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

Printed by Ballantyne & Co., Limited
Tavistock Street, London.

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MR. HALDANE'S ARMY SCHEME

THE proposals of the Secretary of State for War are replete with the elements of sound, practical and practicable reform; yet it would be idle to pretend that they go far enough to obtain, as they stand, the whole-hearted approval of those who hope to see our land forces sufficiently formidable to furnish a reliable safeguard against the risks of war. Upon the other hand, the evident intention to augment our effective fighting strength very considerably, and the steps actually taken in this direction, more especially by invoking the patriotism of all classes of the community in aid of the efforts being made to procure an efficient system of national defence, will most assuredly provoke to anger those foolish persons who systematically obstruct every attempt made to strengthen our military position, crying peace when there is no peace, and wallowing blindly in the mire of "improvident economy." With the objections already made, or hereafter to be raised, by the various shades of anti-patriotic opinion, it is not, however, worth while to trouble ourselves; they are irritating to some small extent, but must be endured, along with the many other petty trials that humanity is heir to. Certainly no army scheme of the slightest use to the nation could be pleasing to such persons, and the fact that they are dissatisfied with that propounded by Mr. Haldane is a point

in its favour; because their approval would have been suggestive of its inefficiency. We may therefore confine ourselves to considering what good things the Secretary of State proposes to give us—immediately or as the result of gradual development—and to what extent there are just grounds for disappointment, upon account of omissions from the programme, of items which many believe to be essential.

The conclusion arrived at by the Elgin Commission on the South African war may fairly be taken as an accurate as well as concise exposition of the views of all those who really understand the nature of the reforms required, in view of eventualities that we may be called upon to face far sooner than is commonly supposed. In Section 155 of the Report of the Commission will be found these often quoted and highly memorable words, "The true lesson of the war in our opinion is, that no military system will be satisfactory which does not contain powers of expansion outside the limit of the Regular forces of the Crown, whatever that limit may be." In other words, however great or small the strength of the Regular army, it is necessary that it shall have the nation behind it, and consequently that the auxiliary forces shall be so organised in peace that they may be enabled to meet the requirements of "expansion" in war, not only in point of numbers but also of efficiency. Von der Goltz, among others, has told us that "to make war is to attack," and it is quite obvious that unless we are in a position to assail an enemy on land as well as at sea, we cannot hope to emerge victoriously from a war with any first-class Power; for the simple reason that of all Powers in the world we can least afford an undue prolongation of hostilities. Though we might clear the seas of an enemy's warships, yet so long as a single armed merchant-steamer carrying his flag remained uncaptured, our food and other supplies would continue to reach us at exorbitant or even at famine prices; and so we might financially be starved into submission. It is not necessary for us to have an army large enough to fight its way to a European capital;

but it is essential that we should have one capable of making itself, within some limited area, reasonably disagreeable. The military correspondent of the *Times*, writing upon the subject of the Russo-Japanese war, pointed out that if, fighting in the water, a shark should get the better of an elephant, it does not therefore follow that the victorious shark should flounder far inland in pursuit. This puts our own case exactly. We have need to be in a position to reap the advantages that naval success may procure for us, but would be foolish to attempt, without allies, really extensive operations on land. Russia was beaten in the Crimea and in Manchuria, and Spain was vanquished in Cuba and the Philippines. There are more ways of reducing an adversary to peace than by the occupation of his capital, and to an island Power possessed of the command of the sea, the alternatives are often many and usually valuable, but there must be land forces capable of utilising them, since otherwise a period of very expensive "stale-mate" must succeed the conclusion of the struggle for naval supremacy.

That we cannot afford to maintain a Regular army large enough to meet the offensive or even the defensive calls that Imperial defence may make upon it, is certain; and the principle that "expansion" from auxiliary sources must consequently be provided is accepted now by so large a majority of the British nation—including Mr. Haldane—that the application of it exactly as now proposed, or in some analogous form, may fairly be regarded as indispensable. What then should be the foundations of a system capable of efficiently providing "powers of expansion outside the limit of the Regular forces of the Crown"? Sir Edwin Collen, Sir Edward Hutton and many other well-known authorities, are of opinion that the situation demands the organisation of our land forces in *three lines*.

First Line.—The Regular army, to maintain order within and upon the frontiers of the Empire, and to be an example in peace and a nucleus in the event of a great war for the auxiliary forces.

Second Line.—The Militia, considerably augmented in numbers and greatly improved in its efficiency, to supplement the regulars in the event of an abnormally large army being required beyond the seas, or otherwise to supply it with "drafts" to make good the waste of war.

Third Line.—The Volunteers, for home defence only, but subject to the right of individual officers and men to offer their services for over-sea operations, in case there should be need of them.

Mr. Haldane thinks somewhat differently, and his views have the support of larger numbers of equally influential officers. He does not, however, if I understand him correctly, deny the virtues of the "three lines" organisation, but its practicability. The point at issue is a matter of opinion upon which it is scarcely possible to adjudicate with certainty, except after actual experiments, and we certainly cannot afford to waste time upon such things. Mr. Haldane is at the head of affairs and naturally elects to employ the measures which he is persuaded are the best. Therefore we can only hope that he is right. The opinion of the Secretary of State is that we cannot advantageously have more than *two* "lines," the *first* composed of the regulars serving with the colours, and not only the regular but also the "irregular" reservists; the *second* of the "Territorial forces," comprising in *one* "National Army" the elements now represented by the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. It is proposed to resuscitate, in slightly altered guise, the ancient militia system, so that the raising and administration of the Territorial forces will, within specified limits, be entrusted to "County Associations," having at their head the Lord Lieutenant, and for members the Deputy Lieutenants, local officers (to the extent of "at least one half"), and certain other persons appointed *ex-officio*. The result is that neither will the Militia itself be absorbed by the Volunteers, nor the Volunteers by the Militia; but that an entirely new, or more accurately a reconstituted, National Militia will in the course of time absorb both. The *cadres*

of the existing Militia, together with those of the Volunteers, will pass to the new territorial forces, in which the men now belonging to both will be invited to enlist; but "toll," so to speak, will, it is hoped, be taken of the Militia to form the nucleus of the new supplementary reserves for the regulars, which, although trained upon an auxiliary ("citizen first and soldiers afterwards") basis, will in point of fact become part and parcel of the regulars. Moreover, by Section 33 of the proposed "Territorial and Reserve Forces Bill of 1907," Non-regular reservists will be liable (if they have consented thereto) to be called up for service without reference to a "Proclamation" or communication to Parliament, whenever warlike operations are "in *preparation* or in progress," provided that their services are required outside the United Kingdom. The provision of power to his Majesty to call up the reserves, quietly without Proclamation, in *preparation* for hostilities that appear to be imminent, is obviously a great advance in the direction of sound "peace strategy."

It is not intended that any but genuine ex-regular reservists shall at first be posted to fighting units, the others being utilised for the ammunition columns and for various non-combatant services. The non-regular reservists will be drafted into the combatant ranks, only when the waste of war has exhausted the supply of better-trained men. This is a wise arrangement. In the British Army the enlistment of mere lads into the regular service is now, as it always has been, inevitable; with the result that on mobilisation the number of effective "serving soldiers" falls in most cases far below the normal effective establishment prescribed in foreign armies even for units lying behind the frontier army corps. Thus, in our case, the reservists unfortunately outnumbering very greatly the "serving soldiers" disposable on mobilisation at home stations, it is very important that the former should be well-trained men. Later on, after the units have had time to "shake down," and to consolidate their fighting efficiency by experience before the enemy, it then becomes permissible

to introduce drafts of less well-trained soldiers who will in such conditions be speedily assimilated. Mr. Haldane does not contemplate the introduction of any but regular reservists, nor the employment of any supplementary *units* until after the expiration of six months' hostilities—except, as aforesaid, in the case of non-combatant units or services. This, at first sight, appears to be an entirely wise decision, and so far as regards units actually intended to fight, at the beginning of the war, nothing whatever can reasonably be urged against it; yet a further development seems to be required. About half of the peace establishment of the Regular army is locked up in garrisons abroad and cannot, therefore, be disposable for active service, unless relieved with that object by auxiliary units. The garrisons normally employed at over-sea stations not only amount to one-third, roughly, of the effective fighting strength of our Regular forces, but are actually composed of the best troops we possess, being all comparatively "old soldiers." Therefore it is obvious that if the "Territorial forces" were in a position to provide reliefs for any required number of units serving abroad, immediately on the outbreak of war—or better still, in anticipation of such an event—the advantage would be enormous. There is not in Mr. Haldane's scheme any provision definite for units disposable for the purpose suggested. Even the Irish Militia, which, in default of a Volunteer force in Ireland, is to remain to some extent outside the territorial organisation, is to be discouraged by all possible means from regarding itself as composed of units with any *esprit de corps* as such; because, like the disintegrated Militia of Great Britain, its intended function is the production of reservists for the regulars, not service in its own units. It appears to be in contemplation to embody, if found desirable, the *cadres* of the "training battalions" which will be established in the various territorial districts, and after due preparation —involving a necessarily considerable delay—to utilise them for service under the conditions found most suitable to the moment; also we read of "service units" being hoped for

from the Territorial forces; but of second line units immediately available for the relief of regulars serving beyond the seas, there is no trace whatever. This is the one weak feature of the scheme. Mr. Haldane, inspired by expert advice, denies the practicability of maintaining an active service branch of the National army, *e.g.*, the existing Militia reformed for the purpose. Probably he is right; but if so, Sir Edwin Collen, and various other experts who agree with him, must be wrong. At all events, assuming the practicability of raising and maintaining them, it is absolutely undeniable that had we auxiliary units in second line, called by whatever name—Militia or otherwise—kept in a state of readiness to relieve regular troops from garrison duty, as complete as that of the disposable regulars to take the field, the result would be equivalent to an increase of the Regular establishment, and a consequent augmentation of fighting strength of the first importance. The omission from the scheme of any such "powers of expansion" by *units* is clearly regrettable, and the question of whether it is or is not possible to repair it, is one that ought not, without very careful consideration of the available evidence, to be finally decided in the negative.

An objection to second line service *units* that has been incessantly repeated is that it would interfere with recruiting for the Regular army. In my opinion the actual truth is the exact contrary. The Regular army is now recruited from the following sources: (1) Young men who have elected to follow the footsteps of their fathers or other relatives, and usually enlist in the same regiments. (2) Others who, although without the incentives prevalent in the previous case, wish to be soldiers: (*a*) with a view to adopting the army as a permanent calling, by seeking promotion and pensions; (*b*) as a temporary measure "to see the world." (3) Victims of circumstances—such as troubles at home and affairs of the heart. (4) Idlers who find it irksome to work, in the ordinary sense, for their living. (5) Downright "wasters." The first and second classes are fortunately numerous, the third we shall have always with

us, and such men are not as a rule undesirable. Some of class (4) turn over a new leaf and make good soldiers. The fifth class is being gradually reduced by means of the greater care now taken to investigate "characters." Of the first two, and obviously the best classes, I doubt if so many as five per cent. would prefer the "home service" branch to the "general" service, and this loss of say five per cent. would be made good many times over by the numbers of men who, having found soldiering to their liking during the six months' training as recruits, would elect afterwards to join the regulars. Upon the other hand, there are thousands of young men who, although unwilling to engage themselves for a term of years to quit their trades and serve abroad in times of peace, would readily enlist under conditions involving no service abroad, except in time of war, and no serious interference with their prospects in civil life. In support of this opinion, I would here repeat what I have upon a previous occasion urged in its favour, that the men of the late *Spectator* company unanimously endorsed it; and as regards the assertion that in soldiering, as in some other cases, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, I need only mention that whereas only eight had previously contemplated such a step, no less than twenty-six men actually enlisted in the regulars —including one in the Royal Marines. Meanwhile, influenced chiefly I believe by this alleged difficulty about recruiting, Mr. Haldane has decided against a second line composed of men definitely engaged to serve abroad in their units in time of war. Therefore, although there is clear evidence that the new irregular reservists will be so trained and dealt with that they can scarcely fail to become efficient as such, and that the new National army—the "Territorial forces"—will be far better trained for war than the existing Militia and Volunteers, the fact remains that we shall in the future, as in the past, be unprovided with any supplementary units available for foreign service, unless they volunteer to go. True, the Militia has always been accustomed to volunteer its services, and the new Territorial forces will doubtless do the like. Yet a "peace strategy," built otherwise than upon certainties, in reference

to the available forces, must contain elements of weakness that ought not avoidably to be endured.

Such is the one defect of Mr. Haldane's scheme, but there are numberless virtues in other directions, for which *per contra*, full credit must be given. For example, it is quite obvious that however the disputed question to which attention has been drawn may be decided, an essential element, in any case, is the provision of competent officers and non-commissioned officers for the National army, and also an adequate reserve of junior officers for the regular forces. Both these indispensable requirements are being carefully attended to, and there is every reason to believe that success will attend the measures it is proposed to take. The Universities, Public Schools, Cadet Corps and last, but not least, the large number of eligible though unsuccessful candidates for commissions in the Regular army, may be relied upon to furnish plenty of officers for the reserve of subalterns, provided that sufficient financial inducements are offered. It is proposed to offer such inducements, and it will be surprising if the desired result is not obtained in consequence. Moreover, in addition to elementary training, which can easily be given by the "training battalions," batteries, &c., arrangements will be made for local instruction in various branches of higher military education. The classes formed will, of course, be open also to the officers of the Territorial forces, to which, by the way, it is hoped to arrange for the attachment of reserve officers as supernumeraries. Similarly, the need for trained non-commissioned officers for the Territorial forces will be met by the appointment in that capacity of men who have completed their periods of service in the non-regular branch of the Army reserve. These men will in all cases have had six months' careful training as recruits, and have undergone further training year by year; so that although doubtless inferior in many respects to *bonâ fide* regulars, they will at all events be far more efficient than any but quite exceptional non-commissioned officers of the existing Militia or Volunteer forces.

Finally, as regards the potentialities of the new "Terri-

torial forces," in comparison with the auxiliary forces we now have, a very marked difference in favour of the former is that whereas only the Militia can now be permanently embodied during a war—except to meet actual or imminent invasion—the whole of the Territorial forces, that is to say, including the Volunteer element thereof, needs only a Royal Proclamation, confirmed by Parliament, in order to become liable to such embodiment. True, the effective strength of the territorial force is to be less by 50,000 men than that of the combined Militia and Volunteers, owing to the intended enlistment of Militiamen in the Army Reserve, but the residue will be vastly improved in value by better training and far more effective terms of service. There is, moreover, good reason to hope that before long the "County Associations" will, either of their own initiative, or in response to official instigation, apply the idea of "service units" to batteries and battalions composed of men definitely engaged to serve abroad either for the relief of regular garrisons or as supplementary troops with the army in the field. When this desirable consummation has been reached, the virtues of Mr. Haldane's scheme will have become so superior that any minor imperfections then surviving will singly or collectively be of comparatively small importance. The scheme already provides supplementary reservists, but fails at present to supply supplementary units, and the removal of this imperfection should now be our principal object. But there is not the slightest use in crying out for what we want, unless to the accompaniment of clear proofs that the desired consummation can be reached without detriment to other and more immediate essentials. This is the question at issue, and whoever succeeds in answering it satisfactorily will find Mr. Haldane himself an exceedingly willing convert. At all events, in spite of the one fault which I have charged against the scheme, I unhesitatingly say—*prosit!*

A. W. A. Pollock.

THE REVOLT AGAINST MR. ROOSEVELT

THE Americans, who are famous for putting a man on a pedestal at one moment and under it the next, have so far been singularly constant to Mr. Roosevelt. But no more, perhaps even somewhat less, so than we in England. Indeed an Englishman who visits the United States these days quickly finds that the country he has left is considerably more pro-Roosevelt than the country he has reached. More than any American since Lincoln, with whose blend of practicality and idealism he has much in common, Mr. Roosevelt has impressed himself upon the imagination of Europe. In Great Britain especially we are Rooseveltites to a man. Quite apart from his policy, quite apart from his friendship for England—which, however, the wiser among us do not exaggerate, believing it to be operative only when there are no Anglo-American questions on the carpet—he appeals to us. It is partly, no doubt, a case of physical attraction. His superb and wholesome vigour has that quality of militant manliness which even in these days of Labour Parties and of golf Englishmen like in their leaders. If he were one of us we should know just where to place and how to utilise him; we should know what to do with him, and he, I do not doubt, would know not less what to do with us. It is not often that it is possible to detect or even conceive any affinity between American statesmen and English public life; but such cases

do occasionally present themselves. Mr. John Hay, for instance, would have had merely to change his skies to step into the front rank of English Conservatism, and as little effort is needed to imagine Mr. Elihu Root in the House of Commons as to picture Mr. Chamberlain rising to the climax of the Presidency through a series of deftly rigged "conventions" and boss-like "deals." But with Mr. Roosevelt this sense of correspondence reaches a rare intensity. From certain standpoints, even, it pleases us to think that he would fit into the general scheme of things English even more compactly than he fits into the scheme of things American, and that the void for a man of his character and capacities to fill gapes, if anything, more widely here than in his own country. Moreover, we believe in Mr. Roosevelt—believe, that is to say, in his sincerity and his fundamental instinct towards whatever is clean and sound and honest. At the perspective of three thousand miles, a perspective that is not necessarily more distorting than clarifying, an incapacity for anything underhand or equivocal seems to us to be the most surely marked of all his traits. Scarcely less potent for our final conquest is the conviction that highmindedness in Mr. Roosevelt is blighted by no association with impossible standards or extravagant ideals, and that if his head strikes the stars his feet are on the solid earth. It wins us more than anything else, perhaps from some consciousness of its progressive rarity among ourselves, this spectacle, if we interpret it aright, of a mind and temperament always seeking, struggling, reaching, sometimes rushing forward, yet always in touch with the expediencies, always as vehemently practical as it is vehemently aspiring. I mentioned Lincoln just now; to give the measure of the Rooseveltian swing, as it is followed by English eyes, one ought perhaps to place at the most distant and opposite point the name of Mr. Richard Croker. In our conceptions of him, at any rate, Mr. Roosevelt seems equally happy in being under no illusions either as to what makes life worth while or politics possible. The degree of compromise which his

worship of the feasible involves or ought to involve is another matter, and one that we might appear to have neither realised nor thought out sufficiently. We model our likeness of him essentially on the heroic scale. Even the charge of "impulsiveness" does not convince us. We erect against it, where we do not altogether dismiss it as the mere familiar onslaught of stupidity upon the man of quick-moving parts, endless barricades of Dutch level-headedness and caution, of Whiggism, and the golden mean. Judging his manner to be at times against him, we yet prefer it to the featureless deferences of politicians of the McKinley type. We like in short the fighting elemental spirit in him, and even when it breaks out in monologues reminiscent of the reclaimed exhortatory pugilist, even when the President most soundly thumps the cushions of his political pulpit, even when his insistence on the eternal verities threatens to become itself eternal, we mark down the manifestation as one more characteristic and declare by way of compensation to our yawns that to lose it would be to lose him. As for Mr. Roosevelt as a force in American politics there are hardly two opinions in England. Our instinct is to believe that he is always in the right and his opponents always in the wrong. We are for him against the Senate, against Wall Street, against Mr. Hearst, against, it would seem, everyone and everything. And were we to analyse the qualities in Mr. Roosevelt's statesmanship that have won him this unanimity of confidence, we should probably give the first place to his passion for justice and his determination to see it prevail and, wherever possible, to make it prevail between man and man and nation and nation. A score of times he has seemed to us to risk his whole political future rather than yield where he felt yielding to be wrong. We ascribe to him an inflexible resolve to do the right thing, rejecting as merest calumny the innuendo that the right thing to Mr. Roosevelt is by some happy and unvarying chance whatever he has resolved to do. We could quote, to support this ascription, a dozen instances in every one of which

Mr. Roosevelt has struck us as standing for the many against the few, for equality against privilege, for "the square deal" against favouritism, discrimination and downright oppression. In every one of them, to reach his goal he has had to take his political life in his hand, to risk every kind of failure and rebuff, to disregard precedents, to laugh at conventions and to put his reputation to a desperate hazard. In every one of them, as we view the matter, he has been inspired by the conviction that the end he was aiming at was a broader democracy, a more expanded opportunity, an increased recognition of human rights, and the establishment of a wider justice on a firmer basis of morality and civilisation. Believing all this, believing, too, that his masterful efficiency has penetrated all branches of the public service with a new zeal and practicality, and almost with a new morality, and has set a-flowing a strong stream of civic righteousness and enthusiasm—how can we help honouring and admiring him?

Nothing interested me more when revisiting the United States a few months ago than the effort to determine how far this English estimate of President Roosevelt agreed with or differed from that of his own countrymen. I gathered the impression that it was in substantial harmony with the views of the American masses, those masses which have always been the stronghold of the President's popularity and the true source of his political influence. Mr. Roosevelt is emphatically the people's and not the politicians' President. His strength with the former is indeed precisely the measure of his authority over the latter. That strength may not perhaps be all that it was two years ago, but the signs are few and faint that it is seriously ebbing, and it still represents an immensity of popular confidence, outside as well as inside the rank and file of his party, such as no American President has exceeded. The "plain people," so far as I could gauge their feeling, absolutely believe in his personal and political honesty, his sincerity, and his palpable freedom from any mercenary taint. They look upon him, I should judge, as almost their only effective champion

against the alliance of corporate wealth with conscienceless political leadership; and there is hardly one of his opponents, even among those who are most certain that he is a declining power, and that he will drop politically dead the moment he leaves the White House, who would not be glad to have Mr. Roosevelt's endorsement at election time. His whole career most pertinently illustrates how far the addition of this interest to that, of a group here to a group there, of one section to another, may fall short of the national totality. Mr. Roosevelt has accumulated on his hands a collection of enmities that ten years ago one would have said no President could withstand. Not only has he not been overborne by them but from each encounter he appears to emerge with, if anything, an increased hold upon the trust and affections of the masses. His mistakes, his hastinesses, his manifold lapses from taste and dignity, his bristling belligerencies affect him, so far as the opinions of the many-headed are concerned, scarcely at all. Among them, at any rate, "the Roosevelt Legend" has not been outgrown; and this fidelity of theirs, in a land where public opinion has all too little of the elements of stability, is a factor to which great weight must be allowed. It marks with precision the "revolt" against Mr. Roosevelt, of which I am to speak, as not being, for the present at all events, a popular one.

But while there is thus a considerable identity between the English and the average American view of the President, by no means all Americans share in it; and it is often, oddly enough, among those whom one would most expect to meet one at least half way in the matter that the response is most backward. I am not now referring to those who constitute the American Plutocracy. Their hostility is as foolish as it is natural. One expects it; one knows how to discount it; one simply takes it as yet another manifestation of the law, seen perhaps at its clearest in Belfast, which appears always to link far-seeing commerce with myopic politics. The mention of Belfast suggests a more extensive parallel. It is possible, as we all

know, to travel from one end of Ireland to the other, to meet all the "representative" men—the great landlords, the leading men of business and the professions—and to return even more ignorant than one went. A somewhat similar experience is open to the visitor to the United States. He keeps for the most part to the cities, he talks with the capitalists and financiers, with preposterously eminent lawyers, with the heads of gigantic businesses, with railway directors, and with the builders-up of those industrial agglomerations that Americans seem to regard with about equal pride and fear—and not a word except in bitter disparagement of Mr. Roosevelt is he likely to hear. If he argues that in a country so inordinately commercialised, commerce and its captains must be the true spokesmen of national sentiment, he will conclude that the antagonism to the President is the expression not of a class, but of a people—the precise error, in fact, into which those fall who take their cue on Irish affairs from the party of ascendency. Nevertheless, one can no more omit, in any estimate of Mr. Roosevelt's position, the deep dislike and distrust which the Plutocracy feels towards him, than one can prescribe for Ireland as though Ulster did not exist. Personally I am persuaded that this attitude is wholly irrational, but it obtains and, by the fatality which in democracies always seems to make representatives more extreme than the people they represent, it finds its sharpest as well as its most exaggerated expression in the Republican leaders in the Senate. Between them and Mr. Roosevelt, between their conservatism and his, there is all the difference that there was between Lord Randolph Churchill's and Sir Stafford Northcote's. The instinct of the Republican leaders is to do nothing until they are forced to, and then to do as little as possible. Their tendency is towards a static immobility, the conservatism of obstinacy and indifferentism. They are almost as much the slaves as the friends of capital and property and vested interests, and their stubborn and unbending faith shows all the signs of crystallising into a Toryism that would have satisfied even Lord Eldon. It is here exactly that Mr.

Roosevelt, who though a Conservative is not a Tory, parts company with them. The policy of doing nothing is just as little to his mind as the policy of doing too much and doing it too hurriedly. By reason and temperament he is as far removed from the "leave well enough alone" protestations of the Republican leaders as from the intemperance and fanaticism of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst; and he is quick to see—what the Plutocracy for its part resolutely will not see—that between the two there is an irrefragable connection of cause and effect. High Toryism, or the suspicion of it, at one end of the political scale means sooner or latter a violent and disturbing Radicalism at the other. A party of the Haves, by the mere force of reflex action, brings into being a party of the Have-nots. To head off any such development I take to be the supreme and consistent object of Mr. Roosevelt's whole policy. In the menacing sense of social injustice which the Plutocracy has called into life; in the misgovernment of the large cities which is literally kicking the American people into Socialism; in the pervasive movement of revolt against the alliance of the capitalist and the politician, the millionaire and the boss; in the multiplying revelations of corporation "morals"; in the doubts that oppress men's minds as to whether the United States is really a government of the people by the people for the people or a government of the people by the bosses for the Trusts; in the spectacle and the parade of inordinate individual fortunes; in the predominance that Capital has attained to and nowhere else displays so openly; in the Hearst vote, the municipal ownership movement, the emergence of a definitive Labour Party—in all this and much else he sees the tokens and the causes of an agitation that, unless wisely handled and frankly met, may override sanity and strike blindly at the very foundations of America's social and political fabric. Between Toryism and Hearstism he interposes the alternative of the Rooseveltian mean, much as Mallet du Pan in the French Revolution strove for a constitutional monarchy as an alternative to either despotism or anarchy, much as Count Witte only a few months

ago was demanding from the Russian autocracy liberty and from the Russian people order, lest the Tzardom be overwhelmed in a mad convulsion or the people lose a signal chance of freedom. The time has come, Mr, Roosevelt insists, when the American Plutocracy to preserve anything must surrender something. The way to forestall Socialism, he argues, is to regulate the Trusts, to destroy the favouritism and inequalities practised by the railways, to redress, if it still be possible, the injustices of a competitive system that is extinguishing competition, to prove at any rate by legislative enactment that the Plutocracy is not all-powerful. Mr. Roosevelt shows the progressiveness of his Conservatism by blending with it a homœopathic Radicalism. He goes heartily on the principle that a small dose may be beneficial where a large one would be fatal, and that only by timely reform can the American Commonwealth hope to avert cataclysmic disaster. Like Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst, he is seeking the pathway of return to the older, broader, more equitable Democracy. But there is this vital difference—Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst rush Radical-wise to the immediate and annihilating solution. Mr. Roosevelt preaches caution and moderation, and the virtue of the gradual approach. He means, if he can, to act, but not to act wildly. He means, indeed, to act in such a way that nobody will be tempted to act wildly hereafter. That, of course, is the true, the disarming and reconciling Conservatism. It succeeds by its very sanity and effectiveness, and it is just because it succeeds that the Plutocracy, which might disregard the raw precipitancy of a Hearst or a Bryan, is stung by it to fury. To hear the typical Trust "magnate" talk nowadays, one would think that Mr. Roosevelt was himself the author of the unrest he is seeking to appease, and that but for him there would be a jubilant concentration of all Americans in support of the *status quo*. Again, one recurs to Ireland for the parallel. The millionaires and their friends in the Senate regard Mr. Roosevelt very much as the Ulster Unionists of the old school look upon Devolution.

To this profound divergence of political outlook and tendency there is to be added, first, the normal constitutional jealousy that is always propagated between any President and any Senate, and, secondly, the complicating factor of Mr. Roosevelt's personality. It is really a question whether there is room enough in the American Constitution for a President of Mr. Roosevelt's tingling self-assertiveness, whether the delicate adjustments, the nice equipoises, the triple system of balances involved in the American form of Government do not prescribe, as the ideal President for such conditions, a man of the McKinley stamp—one, that is to say, who accepts with enthusiasm the view that the President should follow and not lead, who regards the office as a sort of conduit-pipe between the people and the legislature, who prefers not to stand alone, and who subordinates everything to the attainment of harmony. Whatever else he may be, Mr. Roosevelt is not a President of that type. With him, leadership is an instinct. He is a man of insistent and dictatorial temperament, with a passion for scoring hits and for scoring them off his own bat. As a devotee of the political short cut, it frets him to have to dance attendance on cumbrous constitutional processes. He prefers to go straight ahead and wait for the Senate to be prodded after him by public opinion. Sometimes public opinion fails to do its duty and the President has to hark back. This to some extent is what has happened in the case of his attempt to coerce California into observing the provisions of the Treaty with Japan. It happened again in the matter of the Brownsville incident, when the President, after disbanding a negro battalion "without honour," and disbarring the men from serving the Government in any capacity hereafter, was obliged to revoke part of his order. One can hardly doubt indeed that the President's instinct is all on the side of pushing the prerogatives of his office to their uttermost, that his inclination is to make too light of the Constitution, and that he would rather have his own way by overriding it than keep to its strict letter and lose some point he is

determined to gain. The Senate has more than once found itself reduced to a mere ratifying chamber, called upon to endorse policies—the treaty with San Domingo, for instance—that had been entered upon without the usual formalities of consultation. In any serious sense the cry that Mr. Roosevelt is a "usurper" is of course absurd, but it is unquestionable that in his hands the balance of the Constitution inclines even more decisively towards the White House than in his predecessor's hands it inclined towards the Senate. "The President," said one of his opponents early in February, "is labouring under the honest impression that he is responsible to the country for the legislation of Congress." This is a delusion that Senators find it all the harder to have patience with, as Mr. Roosevelt is not, and never has been, one of themselves; not merely in the sense that he has never sat in Congress, but that he has never been numbered among "the politicians." He is still in some sort the disturbing and more or less unattached outsider, whose position is largely the accident of an accident, and who has none of the sympathy of a Harrison or a McKinley with his brother professionals. The spectacle of a Republican President, sitting with conspicuous looseness in the Party saddle, making his own appointments, annexing a goodly half of the Democratic programme, and imposing measures upon a refractory legislature by the force of public opinion, is as novel as it is unwelcome—unwelcome, I mean, to the caucus and the "organisation." Nor does Mr. Roosevelt's manner make it any more tolerable. He is not a conciliatory man, and the suppleness of Mr. McKinley and his extreme skill in the smaller arts of managing men are qualities that Mr. Roosevelt probably rather despises than otherwise. They are qualities at any rate that he does not attempt to practice, and that scarcely, indeed, consort with his headlong mind, his categorical temperament, and the presence in him of a self-confidence so overpowering that it is all but impossible for him to do justice to "the other fellow." In the long run it

probably makes little difference whether a politician is always or never cautious. Mr. Roosevelt, I need hardly say, sets little guard over himself. He not only speaks but thinks aloud, and what his vocabulary of denunciation may lack in range it more than makes up for in point. Washington fairly rings with the Wellingtonian vigour of his criticisms and retorts; and his opponents are not backward in replying. I do not know that the people at large greatly object to this perpetual interchange of recriminations between the White House and the Capitol. A good deal of it does not reach their ears—fastidiousness is scarcely an American trait—and for the rest, they are well satisfied, having placed Mr. Roosevelt in supreme power, to let him use it as he thinks best. How great that power is one very quickly learns. "Politics? There are none; there is only the White House. Parties? They have ceased to exist. There is just Roosevelt and nothing more." It was so that an American friend of mine summed up the situation a few months ago in Washington. And it is the undoubted fact that all sections of the national legislature, to an extent that I conceive to be unique in American politics, wait expectantly upon Mr. Roosevelt. Those who are most opposed to him seem also to be those who are most anxiously wondering what he will be up to next. Friend and foe, Democrat and Republican, appear to be pretty much in agreement that the initiative in the affairs of to-day comes from the White House; and that of all the operative factors in American politics Mr. Roosevelt is easily the greatest. The historic parties slowly but definitely disintegrating under the pressure of new social forces and new economic problems; politics nearing that point of incoherency that is always the signal for a realignment or a new departure; a President by the power of public approval, enforcing national policies against the opposition of his party chiefs, and giving out the impression of the one stable landmark left amid a confusion of chaos—such are the broad features of the American political landscape.

Washington, I need hardly say, living nearer to him and seeing more of him—living perhaps too near and seeing too closely to take the true measure of the man—is far more critical of the President than opinion outside. Like all capitals it has its own peculiar standards, and its judgment of men and things is as little likely to be the judgment of America as that of London is to be the judgment of England. But one cannot ignore the fact that the estimate of Mr. Roosevelt's character that prevails in Washington is widely different from the current estimate of the people at large. His opponents, indeed, resent his predominance very largely because they believe it to be based on a mis-reading of his nature and disposition. The Roosevelt of their conceptions is a much less heroic figure than the country can be got to understand. I cannot recall a single one of the President's most obvious qualities that I did not hear either challenged or denied in Washington, and not in any vindictive or merely partisan spirit, but by men of the highest character and intelligence, with unequalled opportunities for knowing the facts. There is nothing, for instance, in which the American masses believe more implicitly than his sincerity and straightforwardness. But Washington declares that, while always preaching in public the need of the highest political morality, the President is not above resorting to devices that out-Tammany Tammany Hall. The truth is that the President's character is rather more complex than we in England have altogether realised. A man of vivid emotions, quickly and strongly stirred by any appeal to his literary and imaginative side, with a mind unusually receptive and acquisitive, always vehemently sure of himself, he is at the same time invariably guided by what is possible. He is not a cynic, and yet he does things that leave on the mind all the impression of cynicism. His appointment, for example, of Mr. Lodge and Mr. Turner to serve on the Alaska Commission—a Commission that called for "impartial jurists of repute"—was so thoroughly the act of the practical politician that I for one should have been glad to see the British Government drop the matter at

once. He is, I most firmly believe, at bottom an honest and truthful man, yet his veracity is constantly being called into question, and Washington is full of men who are sincerely persuaded that the President has deliberately misled them. The explanation probably is, that caring nothing for consistency, highly impressionable, and taking all things at a bound, sometimes a reckless bound, he is apt to assert a proposition to-day with almost ferocious emphasis, and retract or contradict it to-morrow with equal heat. This is a habit which the Washington journalists find particularly trying. Indeed, partly because of it and partly because the President does not suffer opposition or criticism gladly, many of the more independent correspondents of the great American dailies have practically ceased to frequent the White House. Granting, as I do without reservation, that Mr. Roosevelt is not fundamentally disingenuous, it still has to be noted that impulse acting upon half-baked knowledge, dogmatism expressing itself in hasty superlatives, and a devotion to the "practical" quickened by a domineering temperament and by a grasping intentness on the goal to be reached, often produce in combination both the appearance and the results of trickery. The Tillman affair of last June, in which the President was accused of a breach of personal and political faith, and the Bellamy Storer controversy may be cited as apposite instances. There exists, at any rate in Washington, a distinct impression that the pledges which will hold Mr. Roosevelt have to be very public and formal indeed, and that his instinct is always to throw over everybody and everything that stand between him and his objective. He has so thoroughly assimilated the doctrine that the end justifies the means that cases are bound to occur in which his conduct can only be defended on grounds other than ethical. The circumstances that led to Sir Mortimer Durand's resignation may prove, when they are fully known, to be a case in point; and I can conceive it as by no means impossible that if the President were to find himself unable to obtain what he wants from Canada and Newfoundland by the ordinary processes of

diplomacy, he should start an anti-British agitation to carry his point.

Always to recognise that expediency is the essence of politics does not prevent one from initiating many reforms, but it does prevent one from carrying them out with complete thoroughness. The Radicals not only in Washington but throughout the country altogether dispute the idea that Mr. Roosevelt is a man of strong convictions, fixed principles, and resolute determination. And I think it is probably the case that his constancy may easily be exaggerated, and that he is not, as Cleveland was, a last ditch man. The people generally, however, overlooking his tactical skill in surrender and concession, attribute to him a capacity for heroic, if not purblind, resistance that is quite opposed to his theory of politics. It is this habit that the nation appears to have fallen into, of attributing to the President qualities that are contradicted by his acts, that Washington most resents. It would not object to Mr. Roosevelt "playing politics" with a more than professional skill if only he was not regarded by the country, and did not seem to regard himself, as a man of superior virtue and the sole repositary of disinterested probity in the national capital. That the President looks upon himself in any such exalted light is in my opinion most unlikely, but unquestionably his continued reiteration of the moral platitudes that most men are content to take for granted has spread abroad the idea, as I have before now averred, that political honesty has formed a Trust and registered itself in the name of Roosevelt. In the light of that idea the country is ready to denounce any one who opposes the President as a plutocrat or a criminal or a traitor to his country. But I think I see signs that Mr. Roosevelt's moralisings are beginning to pall. Great as is the passion of the American people for being preached at, they are growing tired of having the Decalogue thundered at them through Mr. Roosevelt's megaphone. In the sophiscated Eastern States, especially, the President's views on wife-beating, race suicide, the obligations of citizen-

ship, the simple life, snobbishness and kindred topics, are voted thoroughly sound and estimable but somewhat of a bore. Congress, too, is beginning to murmur at the endless Messages which flow from the White House and, as it showed in the matter of the President's spelling reform, is only too anxious to administer a snub when it can with safety. In the Southern States the President's negro policy appears to have made every white man his enemy. His handling of the Japanese question in California has infuriated the Pacific Coast, and severe Constitutionalists stand appalled by his glorification of the Federal Government at the expense of State rights. The Socialists, of course, depreciate him as a man of his class, a talker and not a doer, and the Labour Party, whose formation is by far the most momentous event in the American politics of to-day, have little more sympathy with his policy. All the anti-Imperialists, all who object to the enlargement of the Monroe Doctrine and who cling to the old ideal of American isolation and self-sufficiency, are banded against the President. Indeed it is scarcely too much to say that the thinking few hold one estimate of Mr. Roosevelt and of his policy, and the unthinking many another. Whether in the course of the next year or two there will be an approximation between these two views is more than I can say; but I think it not unlikely. I am persuaded at any rate that Mr. Roosevelt has passed the climax of his Presidency, and that while there may be no such revulsion of feeling against him as has constantly swept popular idols into oblivion and contempt, his power of shaping events is now on the wane. Eighteen months or so from now the Republicans will be nominating a candidate for the Presidential election of 1908. If he holds to his declaration of November 1904, that candidate will not be Mr. Roosevelt. It is even on the cards that he may not be a man of the Roosevelt way of thinking.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

A SCRUTINY OF SOCIALISM

IN view of the various interpretations which have been given to the term, it will be well to state at the outset, that the Socialism here considered is that projected international and democratic system of society the principal characteristic of which is the collective ownership and manipulation of the major part of property. This, it is needless to say, is the organised sectarian Socialism which has become a political force in the parliaments of Europe and which, by reason of its revolutionary aims and the social concepts that it carries with it, is occupying an increasing share of contemporary thought.

How did this persistent movement, this stubborn divergence from the individualistic road originate? The germ of the idea must undoubtedly be sought in France at the Revolution, in the writings of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, and in the semi-metaphysical doctrine of the Rights of Man; but although it was developed during the Republic of 1848, the inception of a definite system is chiefly due to Germany and to a German-Jewish mind. The rise of Socialism as we now know it is mainly attributable to the circumstance that Marx, a philosophic doctor of Bonn, imbued with the radicalism of 1840 and the idealism of Hegel, became convinced, after studying political economy, that labour is the source of wealth, that there is a large discrepancy between the wages paid for labour by the owners of capital and the value created by labour, and that the labourer, producer of the

wealth, unable to raise himself above a state of bare subsistence, suffers a permanent injustice. Other causes no doubt contributed to its foundation, such as the efforts of Rodbertus and Lassalle, the labour disputes in Germany in the middle of the nineteenth century, the growth of humanitarianism, the increasing consciousness of inequality in the distribution of wealth, and above all, the introduction of universal suffrage in the political field. But there can be no doubt at all that Marx gave the impulsion which was needed to establish the sectarian scheme which we now know as Socialism. It might have been supposed that the deductions drawn by this originator were demonstrably true; but such was not by any means invariably the case. Marx made the old mistake of academic persons, and theorised before he had sufficiently investigated in the domain of practical experience, and he himself, in his later years, is said to have discovered some of the faults in his reasoning that had become evident to most economists. Value could not be computed in terms of labour only, for it was seen that the utility of commodities and trade conditions were essential factors in the computation. If labour were the only true source of industrial wealth, then commercial enterprises in which many men were employed and little capital, should earn more wealth than those in which few men were employed and much capital, although the contrary is sometimes seen to be the case. The thrift which, in some instances, puts the master into possession of his capital, ought, in strict justice, to be taken into account as well as the risk of impoverishment which he incurs in founding or conducting a work-giving undertaking. Various errors were claimed to have been detected in *Das Capital*, which has lost a great deal of the authority it once possessed, and thus we have a phenomenon, not altogether rare, of a movement apparently endowed with much vitality, starting its career with unsound assumptions. The aim of Marx was to place Socialism on a scientific basis, but it cannot be said that he succeeded, and it is chiefly the humanitarian features of his

teaching that have survived. Up to the present day, that which gives vigour to the sect and feeds the ardour of its votaries is the reiteration of the doctrine that a society in which excessive inequality is witnessed and one-half of which is condemned to ill-requited labour, is not the best that can be devised, and that justice cannot be satisfied until it is replaced by a more humane and equitable social scheme.

As Socialism has grown, as it has attracted to itself, by its very claim for greater justice, idealists of various types; as it has been influenced by racial thought and by political *régimes*; as it has passed from the quest of power by means of open revolution to the struggle for its ends through the channel of parliamentary procedure; there have clustered around it a series of conceptions which have made of it something approaching a new philosophy of life. It is not my purpose here to trace the course of its development, which may be studied in the literature of already great proportions that it has produced. Our concern is with the present aspect of the question, with Socialism as it offers itself to-day for valuation. We have now in all the countries of Europe an increasing confraternity pledged to the destruction of the existing order of society and to the institution of a new. To accomplish the work of social regeneration which they declare essential to the dignity and well-being of humanity, and to hasten what they proclaim to be the stage of economic evolution which must inevitably follow in its order after slavery, serfdom, feudalism and capitalism, they are prepared to inaugurate a series of fundamental changes in the life of nations. Although the prophecies uttered fifty years ago by the early apostles of Socialism, that the result of industrial competition would be a state of congestion culminating in a catastrophe such as the world had never seen, have not yet been fulfilled; although unable to agree on matters of policy or, on the whole, on constructive principles; Socialists have, nevertheless, maintained a firm belief in the eventual triumph of their cause, to which their at first reluctant

acceptance of parliamentary methods has given an undoubted impetus.

Now, as to property, what is it exactly that this league demands? It demands, with slight variations according to national conditions, that the State, as a delegate of society at large, shall in a new form of republic, in which social equality is to be joined to some form of equality of possession, engage in a colossal exploitation of natural resources and of industries, so that, by this means, the concentration of wealth in private hands may be made impossible, and the produce of the countries thus socially or socialistically administered may benefit impartially the families by whose labour it is created. There is a condition to participation—labour. All except the old and ailing must labour in one capacity or in another, according to the social needs. To attain this consummation, the actual holders of wealth, and first, as it appears, the owners of land and industries, are to be dispossessed—with an indemnity according to some, without any compensation according to those who maintain that to restore with one hand what is taken with the other is to frustrate the object of the distribution. Inheritances are to revert in a large measure to the State, and the income of each citizen is to be determined by a simple division of the total revenue by the total population. If we listen to the extreme left of the English party,[1] the national debt of England, which was originally contracted chiefly to relieve taxation and to help the nation in times of danger, is to be repudiated, and no suggestion of compensation is made, on the ground, presumably, that the possessors of the bonds will be entitled to share in the general distribution so long as they perform their share of labour. As all professions will be socialised, the services of all professional men will be at the disposal of the citizens, and owing to the absence of opportunity for dispute under a *régime* where dealings between private individuals would be rare and insignificant, civil law would tend to become extinct.

[1] The Social Democratic Federation.

War, which is chiefly waged for property, would be abolished by the international brotherhood which it is said to be in the power of Socialism to create, and thus large sums spent on armaments, instead of benefiting a few, would be devoted to the increase of the general prosperity.

Now, it is evident that all these proposed destructions and reconstructions, which have scarcely changed in the last twenty years, rest upon the assumption that it is in the power of Socialism to so perfect human nature that society would become a mechanism working for the common good, and that it would be possible to place absolute confidence in the integrity of the directors of its fortunes and in their unfailing zeal when requited for their labours by no more than the quota of the mass. For let it be clearly understood that in the Socialism for which the sect professes to be striving, most private enterprise would cease; there would be few merchants buying in the lowest market and selling in the highest, few agriculturists working their land for private profit, but mainly functionaries dealing with the produce of the nation and its exchange for the produce of other nations, functionaries whose only additional reward for successful economical administration would be the public recognition of their merit. Production in such a system is supposed to be kept in due proportion to consumption, but how this is to be effected we are not accurately told. It has been suggested, notably by Schoeffle, that a clearing-house, similar to that used by the bankers, should be established for produce, and that labour cheques should be employed, but nowhere is to be found an exhaustive description of the working of such an organisation which, if it were feasible at all, must depend for its success upon the success of the whole uncertain scheme. Again, in most socialistic treatises, capital is considered as a monster which has been unjustly given to some to enable them to torment and to tyrannise the poor; but Socialism omits to recognise the fact that a large share of a nation's "capital" is the fruit of saving, and consequently of self-denial and of orderly existence. If a man is industrious

and economical during youth, so that he may have the means of providing for the wants of his old age without the help of any one, can Socialists maintain that his capital, which may be invested in an industrial enterprise, is of its nature vicious? They will probably maintain that it is not right that any man should save, since all could provide for all if Socialism reigned. And in truth every problem of Socialism hangs on this contingency—the adoption of the system with its evangel of universal work, the panacea for all human ills. The attitude of Socialist artisans is still to-day largely what it was at its origin, that of wage-earners convinced that the masters have unlimited resources, the assumption upon which they favour strikes as a temporary means of obtaining higher wages. They have relied on these resources in the past, just as they wish to rely on the resources of the State in the future. Although their demands, which are often just, tend in times of trade depression to hamper masters in the conduct of their trade concerns and ruin them, they are indifferent; they appear indeed to wish to cripple trade, so that it shall pass from the master's hand to theirs, and in this it must be confessed they are consistent. A perusal of the principal organs of the party in Germany and England, the *Vorwärts* and *Justice*, will show how vigorously the political interests of the proletariate are championed, almost to the exclusion of all other themes.[1] Unlike *L'Humanité* in France, which has a far more general and even literary character, the daily *Vorwärts* of Berlin devotes itself almost entirely to the work of the proletarian revolt, and pursues its propaganda with energy and skill, making gigantic efforts in election times. In the campaigns conducted by these organs, the argument which it is ever sought to press, is that of the natural power which the people possess by reason of their numbers and the wealth which they create: the arrows of Socialist invective are still directed against what Engels called

[1] "Die freie Presse, die einzig freie, die sozialistische Presse führt direkt den politischen Kampf."—*Vorwärts*.

"socialised production," that is to say, production in large factories and "capitalistic appropriation." And it is really an extraordinary thing that although Socialists are very far from having any definite conception of the working of collectivism, and from time to time, in writing and at congresses, have pronounced against the elaboration of any doctrinarian plan, yet they are sure that Socialism is an imminent justice, the advent of which must raise the masses and with them the remainder of mankind. How are they so sure? Have they then a deeper knowledge of contingencies and possibilities, a keener insight into futurity than the majority? or are they more easily convinced than other men? Here is a confraternity anxious to make the most colossal of experiments upon the social body without positively knowing whether it will succeed or fail! Truly this sect loves risk! Many perhaps do not risk much, for the protelariate is obviously poor. Yet they risk the chance of losing for a time what to them is life—the daily wage—in the confusion and disorganisation which can scarcely fail to be experienced during a transition of such magnitude. It may be conceded that they would take the risk for the brighter age which they believe would follow, and the more labourers they can induce to adopt that course, the greater their prospects of success. For as the attitude of any individual towards Socialism much depends upon his income, and as the majority of persons in the United Kingdom and in other countries have less than the amount promised to them by Socialism, it is easy to see that if all the latter grow convinced of the efficacy of Socialism, its advent is assured unless arrested by the forces of reaction. There are, however, in the Socialist ranks, a few persons whose incomes appear to considerably exceed the £250 to £300 a year which is said to be the permissible limit of family incomes at the origin of a socialistic state and, at all events in England, they seem to offer food for much reflection. Do they truly believe in the possibility of such a state? and if so, is their altruism equal to the sacrifice? I trust it may be, although I am not

convinced it is. In Germany did not a Socialist leader once refuse to surrender to the cause an important legacy which an enthusiast had left him? In most countries the persons most in view in Socialism live on a scale of comfort superior to the permitted limit, while in England, where anomalies of the kind are oddly possible, we have the spectacle of a peeress declaring herself to be a Socialist, and accepted as such by the party which demands the abolition of the Monarchy, still using her title freely. The Philippe-Egalité of the Revolution was at least consistent. I allude to this because, in the consideration of such a levelling movement as Socialism, personal factors cannot be omitted.

The question may be legitimately asked whether any prosperous advocate of Socialism would consent to the surrender of the greater part of a large income or fortune for the sake of realising Socialism. It is difficult to answer the question in the affirmative, although it must be said, to the credit of the French Socialists, that recently, when the augmentation of the Deputies' salaries from £360 to £600 a year was successfully proposed in the French Chamber, as many as thirty-nine unified, that is to say, truly sectarian Socialists voted against the measure and only one in its favour. I am well aware that it is easy to explain any leanings towards private property on the part of Socialists by claiming, as Liebknecht once did, that while in a capitalistic state of society it is necessary to live in the capitalistic manner; but I confess that the necessity is not altogether apparent. It is far from being above the power of the human brain to devise a system for the equitable manipulation and distribution of the wealth of nations—it has accomplished harder facts than that—but it is impossible for any intellect to determine in advance the manner of its operation, or whether it would be ephemeral or permanent. An ingenious mind may form a picture of society under the new *régime* such as that fascinating but incomplete presentment offered in the fictional narrative called "Looking Backward," in which money itself

in its present form had been suppressed, as Schoeffle and some of the early Socialists demanded that it should; but who can say that the social manners there portrayed, the discipline, the glad acceptance of the social service, are possible to human nature at the present stage of its development, or even that they would become possible in a reasonably distant period?

For discipline there would have to be, discipline most rigidly maintained. Shame of undue possession or of want of social zeal would have to be experienced; the pride and love of private property and luxury, of birth, and to some extent of natural ability, would have to be subdued, so that the ideals of the collective life might be attained. All the economic liberty that would subsist from the previous order of society would be the liberty of consumption, of owning and inheriting a modicum of personal effects, together, perhaps, with a limited amount of liquid wealth. Many have called this tyranny, and have seen, in the committees which now rule the socialistic parties with severe authority, the nuclei of systems of oligarchies rigid and all-embracing. The apprehension is not altogether groundless, although it is not extremely probable that men, arrived at their present state of freedom from despotic government, would readily submit to a *régime* that too sternly circumscribed their actions. Moreover, if the use of metallic money were retained, and it is scarcely conceivable that it should not, it is difficult to understand, given the extreme transmissibility and adaptability of money, how any plan could be devised which would entirely prevent the accumulation of wealth in the hands of individuals and hinder them from employing the spending power which it would have presumably retained in the procurement of additional amenities of life.

It is, however, just this limitation of possession which distinguishes true revolutionary collectivism from the approximations to it which have been advanced. In New Zealand, for instance, the State owns the railways and the greater portion of the land, which it leases to the citizens, but in most other

respects the economic and social system of the island differs little from that of the United Kingdom. In Germany also a large share of the land has long been the property of the State, but we should not say that either of these countries was in any way socialistic in the strict sense of the word. There is a wide breach between the State ownership of land and of a few enterprises of public utility, and the root-change in society that doctrinarian Socialism is seeking to accomplish. This juxtaposition, however, of socialistic and capitalistic systems is considered by not a few Socialists to be the first stage of socialistic evolution, now that the idea of a sudden revolution has been abandoned.

If we consult the Socialist programmes, English, French and German, which do not greatly vary, we find categorical statements of the aims in view, but no details of the manner in which they are to be accomplished. In France, the country which by reason of its existing republican *régime* will probably be the first to make the experiment of Socialism, if such an experiment is destined to be made, Jaurès has attempted in various writings to outline the method of procedure; but the same vagueness characterises his pronouncements which is to be found in those of the majority of Socialists. In his *Etudes Socialistes*, he says, for instance, that to the question, How is Socialism to be realised? the answer must at first be *par la croissance même du prolétariat qui se confond avec lui.* Now unless it suggests that the growth of the proletariate is to be stimulated by means of the reduction to its ranks of the classes above it, this statement really does not mean much. The increase of the proletariate can only be effected under present conditions by the increase in actual numbers of the proletarian families which are already as large, especially in England, as they can well be, in view of the facts that even under the present conditions the work to be done is not enough for all, and that the daily wage will not support more than a limited number of offspring. All surplus proletarians are forced therefore either to emigrate or starve. It would be more

correct to say, perhaps, that the change is to be brought about by the economic indoctrination of the working classes in the socialistic sense. "At present," continues Jaurès, "the socialistic proletariate openly and by legal democratic means, and by means of universal suffrage, is preparing its Revolution," while further, he distinctly states that he has always interpreted a general strike, "not as a means of violence but as one of the vastest mechanisms of legal pressure that the organised proletariate could handle." I am not aware if M. Jaurès has modified his doctrine, although I have not met with any modification of it in his subsequent pronouncements. As it is, it may be described as ill-considered, since it does not need much reflection to become convinced that such a contingency as a universal strike, even if it were possible, would have little chance of achieving more than a general destruction of society. Unless by some miracle of preparedness and organisation, Socialism was able to seize the supreme power in the first days of the strike, the cessation of food production and distribution would fall more heavily upon the proletariate who are themselves dependent upon the general co-operation of their class, than on any other section of the community. A universal strike, combined with violence, might have chances of success which, especially in Latin countries, would depend entirely upon the temper of the army. But Jaurès distinctly upholds the principle of legality in action. For the rest, he often repeats the theory of Liebknecht: that the whole tactics of the party must be "contingent and variable," while he sometimes draws a parallel between the uncertainty of aim which characterised the Revolution and the opportunism of his party at the present time. Any comparisons with the French Revolution, however, are largely vitiated by the fact that in the present European system there is more equality of opportunity, better administrative justice and less privilege than there was in 1789.

Where Jaurès is most in harmony with probability, however, is where he says, "that it is not by effort, or surprise by an audacious minority, that the Revolution will be accom-

plished, but by the clear and concordant will of the immense majority of citizens." No doubt if the majority of minds could be converted to the Socialist doctrine, the ends of Socialism would be soon obtained. But can they? That is the question to which there can be no positive answer at the present juncture. There are signs, however, that supposing total conviction to be represented by unity, the number of fractional convictions would be somewhat large, and if these were added together they would no doubt constitute an important sum of socialistic opinion.

But whatever may be thought of the dialectics of Jaurès, it is difficult to deny him the merit of consistency. Even in his early days we find him choosing as the theme of his academic thesis, the first outlines of Socialism, observable in the writings of Hegel, Fichte, and Luther, outlines which are so faint that they are almost imperceptible to ordinary vision, while in respect of Hegel at least there is a decided leaning towards individualism and an advocacy of the rights of private property. Hegel, indeed, in his "Philosophy of Right," distinctly states that "private ownership is the more reasonable and even at the expense of other rights must win the victory." However, in the thesis above alluded to, it must be admitted that Jaurès exhibited a fine enthusiasm for social justice, especially when he declares; *Et si Socrates philosophiam a cælo evocavit, socialismus justiciam a cælo, id est a regione idearum, evocat.*[1] If Socialism has it in its power to evoke absolute justice from the region of ideas in which it is too prone to dwell and to make it a reality, it will have performed a service to humanity of infinite extent. But can it? It has taken nearly thirty centuries of Western civilisation to evolve the relative degree of justice which we now possess, and are we to believe that fast as ideas are moving, the idea of justice can be so advanced by Socialism that an era of equity is near, if only we accept its teaching? Are we to credit the assertion that the Sisyphism, as it has been termed, under which labour is declared

[1] "De Primis Socialismi Germanicis Lineamentis."

to groan, is to be removed by the granting of the supreme power to the least enlightened classes or to their champions? Shall we endeavonr to convince ourselves that in the brains of the founders of this economic creed there germed, some fifty years ago, a conception of such transcendental value, one so profoundly human and humane, that we must hail it as supreme?

Whatever may be the answers to these questions, it is certain that socialistic notions have so far permeated that numerous municipal authorities have been seen to make some timid essays in collectivism by conducting enterprises of general utility for the common benefit of the inhabitants of towns. These, however, appear chiefly as endeavours to forestall Socialism by showing an ability to apply some of its principles without proceeding so far as the main idea, compromises which, like most compromises, achieve but small results. The municipality allocates to itself the right of selecting certain enterprises which it conducts commercially, taking the risk, on the part of the ratepayers, of their success or failure.

When the result of the working is a success, the burden of the ratepayers, presumably, is lightened; when it is a failure and a loss, a debt remains, the interest of which becomes a permanent tax upon the ratepayers, unless the capital is redeemed out of the profit on those other municipal undertakings which prove successful, as some no doubt must and do. But such concerns are not Socialism, which would repudiate the debts contracted in their pursuit. Moreover, unless municipal trading is very successful, and either possesses or realises a large reserve fund of capital, municipalities will be unable, without incurring unjustifiable risk, to take advantage of many inventions, the exploitation of which private enterprise can offer to the public, and they will tend to use their power to prohibit the introduction of any such exploitations that might impair their own trade ventures. Under Socialism, as I understand it, there would be no con-

fusion of interests; that is to say, there would be no holders of municipal stock on the one hand requiring their periodic due, no recalcitrant ratepayers on the other demanding a reduction of their rating, no competition between private and public enterprise or claims for the right to compete, no division of citizens into camps, some desiring economy above all things and others encouraging expenditure in the cause of public good. The State, the universal State, would possess and work all industries, utilise the inventions freely offered to it by dutiful inventors, using as working capital the national wealth in a ratio proportioned to the needs of towns. Is this an economic dream or an economic possibility? Whichever it may be, it is very doubtful whether the conception of needs on the part of towns would ever coincide with that of the distributing department of the State, and if the funds were divided according to population only, there would be some strange discrepancies in the results achieved, since the requirements of each locality must necessarily vary with its geographical and social character.

For the above and other reasons, it appears that a very special education for Socialism would be a first condition of its success. The aim of the majority of men is to attain, by means of their exertions and ability, the power of bestowing upon themselves and upon their families the pleasures or luxuries which money procures. To make a man contented with the common share who feels himself to be possessed of the capacity for gaining more, no little training would be needful. If, however, this could be effectually given, Socialism, if it be possible, might produce the mild contentment which is manifested when the principle of equal sharing is in operation, and this fact no doubt is in favour of the socialistic scheme.

But although the economic principle in Socialism is by far the most important, it is by no means its only feature, as the programmes indicate. As Socialism has grown, it has demanded certain social, humanitarian and other reforms which are far less disputed than its fundamental principle. It happens, however,

that some of these reforms were already beginning to be brought about by the natural evolution of ethical ideas, and are likely to be accomplished facts long before the triumph of collectivism has been achieved. Hence the Socialists demand the abolition of standing armies and their replacement by a national militia. The first steps are being taken in this direction by the Hague Tribunal, which is working to effect the abandonment of war by European nations. But in the interest of Europe, the formation of a national or even of an international militia (of presumably half-drilled men) could never be attempted until it was ascertained how far the rising and resuscitating Oriental nations are disposed and able to enter into the scheme of universal brotherhood. Eastern arms are factors in the case which socialistic orators, always somewhat crude, are given to neglect; yet it is evident that if the East continued to use the professional Western military methods, after the West had replaced them by less efficient ones, the danger to the West, and even to the Socialism which it had produced, would be enormous.

In regard to education, which is already partly free, if present tendencies are maintained, it is by no means improbable that free higher education may be offered under the present system, or under such modifications of it as the future may develop. As to labour, there is little doubt that an eight hours' day will be obtained at a not far distant date; it has, indeed, already been granted by some employers in South Wales.

Concerning the rights of women, it is easily apparent that the number of restrictions imposed on women is steadily diminishing, and that eventually they will obtain, in most European countries, the franchise which they already possess in some British colonies and in Finland. But when Socialists, under the influence of their fixed idea of equality, demand for women more than nature has granted to them—absolute equality with men—they appear to be moving away from common sense. The differences of physical strength alone

which render women in their present state of development unfit, unless in exceptional instances, for the conduct, let us assume, of a nation's business, to say nothing of the interrupting function of maternity in the first half of their lives, prove that women, in spite of the intellectual powers which some display, are not the perfect equals of the other sex which Socialism would have them to be.

Two just claims of English Socialism—the public ownership and support of hospitals and the control of the traffic in alcoholic drink—seem likely to long await fulfilment.

Socialistic literature and utterances contain at times allusions to some vague reform of sexual relationship and of the marriage system, concerning which Socialism must be credited with the desire to alter both law and opinion. In England, where a rigid system of conjugal and sex morality is endeavoured to be maintained, this side of Socialism is perhaps more to the front than in other countries. Nevertheless, if we turn to the writings of English Socialists, we shall not be very much enlightened as to the new morality which it is wished to introduce. Mr. Bax, who seems to me one of the most frankly outspoken and convinced of Socialists, alludes, in this connection, to the Socialists' concern that the "human race as a whole" should obtain, among other things, adequate "satisfaction," declaring that "all asceticism, all privation, is in itself an unmitigated evil,"[1] but it would be interesting to know how society is to be preserved from disorder except by the habitual practice of restraint. And as promiscuity, or that form of it which sacrifices class to class, is prohibited, and rightly so, by Socialism, one is somewhat unable to conjecture how matters, in the new society, would be arranged. Doubtless early unions would be the rule, the more so as anxiety for sustenance would not be experienced, since the State would provide for all her children. But whither would these doctrines tend? Very probably to over-population, which in England, at least, is to a considerable extent the

[1] "Ethics of Socialism," by E. B. Bax, p. 145.

cause of unemployment. Inspired, however, by the writings of Henry George, who asserted that "the greater the population, the greater the comfort which an equitable distribution of wealth would give to each individual," English Socialists appear to be in favour of large families, failing to see that even if the resources of the country were capable of indefinite development, which they are not, human congestion is an ill that would gravely jeopardise the comfort which they seek. Evidently a corrective of over-population is emigration to unpeopled lands; but emigration is rarely or never alluded to by Socialists.

If we seek for information in regard to the Socialist family, we are scarcely more successful in obtaining it. A tendency is observable to assert the proposition that the idea of property is to be eliminated from the family relationship. Husbands are not to possess wives nor wives husbands; children are not to be owned by parents. I do not know if a State proprietary is also suggested in either of these cases, but if not, it would seem that there is here something like a quibble about words. In the present monogamous family, which is the outcome of social evolution, there is nearly as much liberty as is consistent with the maintenance of the system in its integrity. The phrases, "my wife," "my husband," or "my child" do not, in either case, signify "my slave," but are a convenient means of stating a relationship which rests, when well conceived, upon a basis of mutual affection. It is no doubt true that family life is often seen to be a group egoism (if such a term is permissible) of a very formidable kind; but when this occurs, it is due to deficient social morality rather than to any inherent defect in the family state itself. It has been alleged that Socialism advocates free love, yet Mr. Wells, an exponent of a form of Socialism, repudiates the statement in a recent article.[1] Nevertheless, as he also says in the same essay that "the Socialist no more regards the institution of marriage as a permanent thing than he regards a state

[1] *Fortnightly Review*, November 1906.

of competitive industrialism as a permanent thing," it is not easy to perceive what the socialistic conjugal relation is. If marriage is not to endure, does it not seem that some form of free love must result? The same writer states that they, the Socialists, are in possession of the light. In that case it is certainly to be regretted that they do not shed it more profusely.

Towards religion Socialism appears to have no official attitude. Most French and German Socialists are rationalists, professing indifference to supernatural creeds. Freethought is largely a tradition among the Continental Socialists, who have not only inherited the ideas of the French Revolution, but who have also adopted the agnostic views of the majority of scientists abroad. They clearly see also that since their principal concern is to create happiness on earth, their motives must diverge from those who think that perfect happiness is only to be obtained in another sphere, admittance to which is to be procured by certain observances, and by conduct which is often at variance with their conceptions. This is recognised, I have reason to believe, by some leading English Socialists, and yet we find that an attempt has been made by certain ministers of religion to found a "Christian Socialism," which is even favourably regarded in the English Socialist press. Such incongruities and compromises cannot fail to damage the English cause in the opinion of the more thoughtful and enlightened public.

But Socialism seems to have a system of social morals which serves it as a religion. Briefly stated, the main features of this system appear to be as follows: As the individual is naturally dependent, his morals should be founded on the fact of his dependence, and not on a theory of independence which cannot be verified, since there is a want of concordance between the individual, as individual, and the conditions in which he lives. Instead of seeking his moral inspiration from within, the Socialist must seek it from without. Not far removed from the ethics of Mill, the Socialist end is the happiness of the

"social whole." As an end to himself the individual is declared inadequate, and therefore must be prepared to sacrifice himself when necessary for the welfare or regeneration of that which is held to be really adequate to itself—society at large. As a means of achieving this result, he must endeavour to merge his individual conscience into the collective conscience. Thus the morals of Socialism are of a practical character. Because Socialists, as a class, are unhappy, while they believe that collective happiness is possible, they owe a duty to themselves and to their children to strive at all costs for such happiness. Their ideal is essentially one of terrestrial well-being, of material satisfaction, of physical and intellectual enjoyment—not for a few as under present conditions, but for all, and thus the position they take up is by no means logically unsound. Disbelieving in the possibility of another and a happier life, they desire the satisfactions which the body craves upon this earth. And as those satisfactions can only be obtained by the possession of the advantages which the earth affords, they hold it to be true justice to procure participation in these advantages, as far as may be, for the entire race of man, and they act in accordance with that principle. By this system, no doubt, much of the responsibility of individual morals is removed. The conduct of the individual is more than ever dictated to him by the society in which he lives. Morals become, in a great sense, automatic, and moral problems tend to disappear. Pride, the pride of possession and of caste, that which procures pleasure to the few and mortification to the many, becomes unknown, and although an aristocracy of social merit would probably arise, the equalising spirit would, we must suppose, maintain it within wholesome bounds. Philosophy itself is affected by this universal scheme, which at first sight appears as a check to social evolution, which contradicts the teaching of Spencer and his school, and which seems offered, in the economic sense at least, as a definitive end. Perhaps the frame in which society would find itself confined would prove too inexpansive, but Socialism is not prepared to say, it seems, that the projected system is to be held as final.

Well now, in spite of its apparent fallacies and incongruities, the Socialism that offers itself to the world to-day has to be dealt with as a fact which cannot be ignored. It is useless to dismiss it with derision or contempt, as some are still inclined to do, because now that it has entered the political arena and is seen to increase in power, it has to be taken into serious account. Its success, under existing conditions, is not necessarily dependent on the essential truth of the postulates which it puts forth. In the history of the world it has been seen before that creeds, religious and political, have arisen and acquired strength which have been to a large extent erroneous. The determination and obstinacy with which a cause is pressed by those who guide its fortunes, are weighty factors of its ultimate success, and it is certain that the cause of Socialism, as it is now pursued vehemently by Bebel, persuasively by Jaurès, and defiantly by Keir Hardie, is vigorously sustained. A large share of its strength lies in its catholicity, in its power of international co-operation, in the fear which it has been able to excite in the minds of the possessing classes, a fear which has already been made apparent by a decline in the value of what are known as government "securities." What are the means by which it may hope to gain its ends and impose its system? Undoubtedly the chief of these is the conversion of the entire proletariate and of the class immediately above it. In the United Kingdom the number of adult male labourers and artisans may, in the absence of statistics, be estimated at about one-third of the male population, and if to these be added the wage-earners with incomes only slightly above those of artisans, who are interested in a larger distribution of advantage, the result might be sufficient, supposing they were all converted, to produce a socialistic government. Again, if a change in the franchise, say if universal or manhood suffrage were introduced, combined with the proportional representation which Socialists demand, the chances of Socialism in England would be probably increased. Further, the extension of the suffrage to women might, given the electoral organisation of

the labouring classes, have a favourable effect, while the accession of funds either from legacies, donations, or subscriptions would undoubtedly assist the work of propaganda, hampered now by the lack of adequate resources.

At present, as we know, the purely Socialist element in English politics, exclusive of the trades-unionist, is not numerically formidable. On the Continent, the real home of Socialism, the case is different. In Germany, in spite of the recent losses, the Socialist vote is still of considerable magnitude, while in France the Socialists in the Chamber are a force which the Government is obliged to take into serious account. The success of Socialism in France, however, depends mainly on the ability of the party to convert the army of peasant proprietors, who cling to their little properties with a tenacity which has forced the French leaders to so far contradict a fundamental principle as to offer exemption from expropriation to all who cultivate their lands with their own hands.

It remains now to enquire what are the obstacles which Socialism is likely to encounter on its path. Evidently it will have to face reaction. It is unlikely that the possessing classes will patiently submit to dispossession through the operation of universal suffrage while they have still the power of preventing it by legislative means, and hence it is not improbable that we may see some restrictions or alterations of the suffrage proposed, and it may be carried in the parliaments, or the passing of special anti-Socialist laws, as in Germany in 1878, which might prove obstacles of no slight character. Since the acquired power of Socialism has come through the suffrage, it is plain that it may for a time at least be restrained through the same channel. Socialism, also, may stop short at that professed by Clemenceau, who, while granting generous reforms to the democracy, and assenting to the State ownership of certain enterprises, has hitherto refused to go to the collectivist Canossa. It may be checked by the defections of leaders yielding to the temptation of "office." It may for a period be submerged in a sea of Liberal reform, as it is beginning to be in

England at the present moment; by the imposition, among other measures, of such death dues as would make the rich man rich only for his life, and transfer the greater portion of his wealth at his demise to the coffers of the State.

Moreover, an increase in the practice of the voluntary surrender sometimes witnessed, improvements in the morality of trade and participation of workmen in industrial profits, might have the effect of retarding the advance of Socialism.

And now, in conclusion, it may be said that whatever are the chances which Socialism has of becoming the universal discipline it strives to be, whether it is destined to combine with other systems or to institute its own, whether it is to continue on its prescribed collective course or to merge into some novel reconciliation of the interests of self with those of greater self, whether it is permanently evolved by society as a corrective of its faults, or whether it is but a passing warning, whether it is to live and prosper or to die vanquished by the forces which wealth and influence may lead against it: it is certain that its place in history will be distinctly marked, and that whatever its fate it will at least accomplish a part of its intentions. Moreover, should it be successful in raising from a state of semi-degradation a class on whom society depends so largely for its necessities and pleasures, a section of the same humanity to which we all belong, then it will not have appeared in vain.

If we knew the law of social evolution, whether society moves from error to truth, as some have thought, and at times from truth to error; whether it is an ever-growing tree of progress, giving off certain branches which for a time are confounded with the parent stem, but which are eventually destined to wither and decay; and if we also knew with which principle of growth Socialism should be identified, the foredoomed branch or the perennial stem, we might then form some conception of its future. But we have no such knowledge, and we can only watch events, relying on the agency of human reason to ultimately guide them to the fittest goal.

F. CARREL.

THE COMING OF THE FLYING MACHINE

I. THE MACHINE

IT may safely be presumed that in the immediate future man will fly. Many of the problems that have barred the way are solved, and the remainder are being eagerly attacked by an army of investigators. We can already sail through the air before the wind, and lately, in some small measure, we have sailed against it. The question of balancing, that remains, is one more of practical experiment than anything else.

Provided a sufficient incentive to call for the sustained attention of a number of workers, and any purely mechanical problem can be solved. Greater ones than this have yielded in the past. The airship of 1950 will not be a more wonderfully complex machine than, say, the torpedo or the spinning machine, although it may represent a more remarkable combination of ingenious contrivances.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago the meeting of the gas engine with the pneumatic tyre made our motor-car of to-day a possibility, and, similarly the combination of the light petrol engine with the aeroplane seems to have made ready the way of the aeronaut. It is now largely a matter of experiment, and, seeing that an immediate incentive has been found, in the shape of monetary prizes offered for simple flights, there is no doubt that the matter will very shortly be settled.

I believe, then, that in the immediate future we shall fly.

Many people will consider this a summary method of dealing with the most important point. They may observe, and justly, that *they* have no such definite conviction, and that they consider the problem partially, or wholly insoluble. These, I must leave at this point, for, after all, the basis of this paper is a purely hypothetical assumption.

In America, in France, in Austria, and in all civilised countries, men are launching themselves into the air on a variety of experimental structures. Never before have such general efforts been made, and whatever degree of success may crown their efforts, something appreciable is sure to ensue.

Granting that complete success will not be attained at once, yet the struggle will go on. There will be an increasing multitude of steerable balloons, of gliding machines, and all manner of winged vessels careering about the upper air, and both in peace and in war they will seriously affect the world at large. Already they loom threateningly on the horizon.

It is the object of this paper to attempt in some small measure to see how this will affect us, and what difference it will make to our lives, both as individuals and as citizens. That it *will* make a difference, few will doubt, and some will be prepared to admit that it may bring as great a change as the steam engine or the electric telegraph, but what shape these changes will take is an open question.

First of all, I think, we must consider our ship, and try to arrive at some idea of its construction and how it will work. It will be heavier than air. No arrangement of gas containers can hope to withstand the storms and buffetings that await the liner of the future, nor can a machine lighter than the air be driven against a head wind, at any considerable speed, without collapsing. We may take the bird as our guide here.

The airship will have to be very strong—stronger relatively than the sea ship—and it must fly mechanically. We can't look for a simple structure like an ironclad, which is strong enough to withstand the waves, and which, balancing itself, only needs to be driven forward. The airship has to be con-

stantly maintained above the earth and constantly balanced against every gust of wind that chances to come its way, a much more serious problem than that of the sea ship.

The trend of experiment points to a machine consisting of large plane surfaces, either single or built on the cellular plan, like a box kite—a combination of both perhaps—which will glide over the air, propelled by a suitable motor. In our sea ship we have divided the business of steering and driving into separate parts, whilst the fish can do both with his tail. Similarly in the fixed vane and moving propeller of the aeroplane, we have divided up the function of the wing, which both sustains the bird in the air and drives it forward.

Several machines on this plan have actually flown, although without a driver. Langley's model was perhaps the most perfect specimen. It flew for over a mile, until the steam was exhausted, on a fairly calm day. The awkward point comes up when the wind rises, for the plane surface airship must be balanced.

Imagine yourself riding a bicycle in a field that heaved to and fro in all directions like a rough sea! You would never keep your balance, and then—over you would go—so does the aeroplane.

The air is amazingly gusty. It is full of cross currents, of side winds, of sudden puffs and squirts, of rushings up and down and around in all directions at once. If it were visible, on a rough day, we should have some such spectacle as a combination of the Niagara Rapids with the maelstrom might give us. The bird is born with an instinct for balancing, and spends its life in perfecting the art. Man cannot do that. Lilienthal tried hard, but died in the attempt. It will have to be done automatically. The plane surfaces—the vanes—may possibly be balanced one against another in some manner, so that a sudden pressure of wind on one of them will cause a corresponding adjustment elsewhere, keeping the balance correct. The author has experimented with a combination of flywheel and vane that seems particularly promising. There

would be a wheel of large diameter running in an air-tight case, driven by the motor. The case would be suspended rigidly beneath the aeroplane. When the boat was in the air, the speed of the wheel, slow at first, would be accelerated until, by the use of suitable gearing, it attained a high velocity. Moving in the same plane as the vessel, it would not affect its course, but when a gust of wind struck one wing of the ship, and tried to overturn it, or upset its equilibrium in any way, the gyrostatic pull of the fly-wheel would hold it steady. Under a sustained pressure the aeroplane would gradually turn, the flywheel tending to yield slowly to any force, but it would avert a sudden overturning, and that is what is required. One could imagine the case fastened to the main structure by means of ball-jointed bearings, free or fixed at will, and thereby providing a means of steering the airship up or down, as required.

Of course a powerful gust would tear the superstructure violently to pieces away from the anchoring flywheel, because something would have to give way before a violent blow: so the vanes would have to work on the mill-sail principle, opening at a certain pressure and allowing the wind to pass harmlessly through, closing with a spring when the gust had passed on.

Apart from the aeroplane and balloon, there may be other methods, something with wings, or even some machine which shall fly independently of the atmosphere, or by utilising electrical repulsion, or by some way of tackling the forces of gravity. These ideas, however, if realised, would be the result of scientific investigation apart from the experimental progress of aeronautics, and we cannot take any such possibilities into account here.

The aeroplane will probably be driven by the explosive motor, which at present gives the best result, power for weight, apart from the ease with which its fuel can be stored.

The propeller is a knotty point. Everyone pictures the

airship careering about with screws and rudder like a ship, but it is very doubtful whether the screw will hold its own. There are grave objections. The properties of air differ widely from those of water. Place a steamboat in a stream running at fifty or sixty miles per hour and see what a difficult position you would be in. Your screw would be useless. The average rate of wave speed is very low compared with that of the wind. There may be a highly modified screw, or a sort of fin, or even wings—experience will show—and here we must look to our experimenters for help.

We may expect (as Mr. Wells has predicted) our airships to branch into two groups. On the one hand there will be the giant aeroplane, the public conveyance for long distance travelling across the sea. These will be of enormous size—larger than we can dare to think—startling from and alighting on to specially-prepared platforms, running regularly between fixed stations and long certain tracks, weather permitting.

On the other hand, we shall have the private boat. The sportsman, the traveller, and the richer classes generally will own their private machines, driven by a specially trained and licensed aeronaut. They will be able to settle anywhere on a level patch of ground, rising by means of springs, or folding legs, or perhaps running along on wheels until they gain sufficient impetus, following the example of the heavier birds. These will be able to descend at any moment for shelter, but before we get the cross-Atlantic service running there are one or two serious points to be settled. Once at sea, and there is no escaping to earth from a sudden storm. Cyclones, whirlwinds, blizzards, and typhoons will wreck the aeroplane, if she is caught unawares. Fog, lightning, hail and the freezing winds await her; and all that we can imagine to-day of strength or power would incontinently perish in one of Nature's flurries.

Birds appear to know when a change of weather is coming on, by some instinct, or some keeness of apprehension that at present escapes our notice. Meteorology offers assistance

here. The day is not far distant when weather stations will be greatly extended, covering, between them, the entire surface of the globe, and tapping all strata of the atmosphere. With sufficient data, the accurate foretelling of disturbances should be within the bounds of possibility, and as the airship will always be in communication with the wireless stations on shore, we may be able to avoid bad weather altogether. (A deviation of a hundred miles or so, to escape the track of a storm, would not be a serious matter, even if one could not rise high enough to clear it.)

Here, as far as we can at present perceive, are the bounds of practical flying. The discovery of wireless telegraphy has rendered serious navigation possible, and the extension of meteorology will make its progress correspondingly safe and easy.

II. THE HIGHWAY

Conditions.—For nearly a thousand years the traffic of our country roads has seen but little change. Any new conditions that may have arisen from time to time have been of regular and slowly developing growth. Public opinion, finding expression in the laws governing traffic, had little difficulty in adjusting itself to these gradual innovations, until, at the end of the nineteenth century, the coming of the motor-car startled every one by the revolutionary changes that it brought about. From the resultant tangle and confusion certain main ideas have arisen, certain specific lines of thought, and a certain attitude of the public mind that will materially assist us in examining the problems of aerial flight and its regulation.

At present, the number of craft passing overhead is inappreciable, but in a very short time—in a few years from now—we shall have a rapidly-increasing multitude of balloons and aeroplanes soaring about all over the place, tumbling here and there, and literally bursting into the public notice. Private property extends downwards to the centre of the earth in a

tapering wedge. Does it extend upwards indefinitely to the boundaries of the universe? To all intents and purposes it does at present. If a man chooses to build himself a tower ten miles high, no one can prevent him, at least it would be on other grounds than those of the limits of private property. Let us take, for instance, the case of a landed proprietor whose house stands in the centre of a walled park. In the privacy of his lawns and terraces he can disport himself at leisure, But what if a car-load of trippers hovering immediately overhead spies out his retreat with curious eyes, perhaps dropping sand-bags, or worse still empty bottles, on his flower beds, annoying him to the pitch of exasperation? We can imagine our landowner red in the face, shaking his fists heavenward, or cursing through a newspaper folded trumpet-wise—bringing out his rook rifle perhaps—whilst the village policeman would be wondering how he could move them on!

One may picture many such scenes. . . .

As soon as motors lost their novelty and became sufficiently numerous for the public to appreciate what a nuisance they could be, a great complaint was made, but it will be as nothing at all to the deafening tumult that will salute the ears of our newly-born aeronaut. In the first place, the motor *had* a certain right to the road, while he has no claim whatever to be over our heads! There will be the main question of damages, and then, what with articles dropping on to our heads or roofs, of ropes trailing through our gardens, of sparks setting fire to our stacks, of noxious exhaust gases floating down, of oil dripping, and of descents in all manner of places both wilful and accidental, there will be provocation enough and to spare in all conscience. Some infernal clanking noise just above the chimney pots may startle us from slumber, our horses may be scared in their own yards and paddocks, and a thousand horrors will spring up as the advance guard of the coming fleet of airships circles upward and spreads about its business.

What the Oriental will say to this intrusion on the immemorial privacy of his house-top we cannot even imagine, but

in our Western nations we may look for a general uprising of popular agitation, a defending of the free air of heaven, of the ancient unsullied sky-line and of all the old rights—with a hurried commencement of laws and regulations for the suppression or total abolition of the aeronaut.

The great question is that of identification.

Until we could lay our hands on the motor-car driver he was a serious danger, but when once we had numbered him he ceased to threaten. However swift he might be, the law could overtake him. Similarly, if we cannot identify the passing aeronaut, he is a most alarming visitor. It may be taken for granted, at once, that no private airship will be permitted without some simple and certain method of identification. Large numbers fixed beneath the framework might be of use in fine weather, but insufficient alone to serve the required end. The wireless telegraph or telephone offers the likeliest solution. An instrument that would give out its own number to passing stations, or respond to inquiries, automatically or otherwise, would suffice.

The aeronaut will certainly be under severe rules and penalties. Failure to descend when required by the police would entail imprisonment without the option of a fine, and all along the line we may look for a passing and enforcing of stringent laws.

Flying over inhabited places of more than a certain size will be forbidden altogether, for the danger to closely packed houses and crowded streets will be obvious; if not, a smash into Trafalgar Square, or some other busy place, will make it sufficiently clear to the densest mind.

The question of trespass, with its aggravations of overlooking and the other nuisances already touched upon, will be settled by some simple stroke such as the limitation of private property to a certain height above the ground, say a hundred metres. Anyone entering below that line will be liable for ordinary trespass, with a suitable penalty. Above, the aeronaut will be free to roam about at his own risk, liable to any

claims for damages or nuisance that might be made by those beneath.

As there will be a general prejudice against him, he will stand a poor chance in the court of law, and as an Ishmael and a rich man he will be heavily taxed before he escapes.

Apart from this, there will be certain fixed highways between the larger centres for the public aeroplanes, and here they will be on their own ground. We shall deal with these, however, at greater length below.

As the motor appeared its regulation was taken in hand by our ordinary police, and the same force, for a time at any rate, will control the aerial traffic. There will be some alterations needed to our police stations. The telephone will be required, also an observing platform of some kind, and instruments for communicating with the aeronaut. At the larger centres there will be guard boats to catch the driver who refuses to descend, and these boats will be necessary adjuncts for the Coastguard Stations. Certain main routes between the more important points would be observed as ordinary highways, with a definite height and width. Anyone crossing these lanes would have to pass them at a different level, and similarly a minor lane would have to dip underneath when crossing a major lane.

Speed appeals to the majority of mankind, and flying will certainly be the premier sport of the world. There is a peculiar fascination about it, whether we approach it by means of a horse or a motor, on skates, on a toboggan, or (nearest of all) freewheeling down hill on a cycle; and the airship will give us unchecked, unlimited speed to handle at our will. Just fancy climbing upwards in a long spiral, high up until the world is left far below, above clouds or fog or rain into the eternal sunshine; to hang there for one delicious moment poised in the highest heaven—and then to dive with a clean clear swoop, fifty miles long! It will give to man all that he has ever accomplished in his wildest dreams, and, then indeed he will be able to sing of speed, and of his dominion over the air.

The question of tariffs will need special handling. Boats landing in a foreign country will have to report themselves immediately to a customs station, and any omission in this respect will be a penal offence. One of the most important points will be the mail service. There will be postal subsidies for the big liners, and special mail boats where they are needed. This matter, together with the tariff difficulty, will call for an International Board, to deal generally with flying. The problems are so complex and the conditions so widespread, that no country will be able to handle the traffic alone, and it will have to be settled mutually by all the parties concerned. Sea ships are dealt with easily, for they can be detected and caught when they enter port, wherever it may be. There is an elaborate system of observation centred at Lloyd's, which deals with this, but airships will not be so easily managed, and the International Board will be forced into existence at an early date. Such a Board will have full control of the air all over the world. At first it will be occupied with the Navigation Laws (as apart from the by-laws which any particular locality may enforce), with the mail service, and, in a hesitating way, with the thorny subject of warfare, but, before long, forced on by the march of events, it will be taking over the wireless stations and the meteorological service. One can imagine such a board extending its boundaries in all directions, for the growing importance of flying will carry it on irresistibly, and ultimately it may be the foundation of that greater Board which will in due time arise for the purpose of world arbitration.

III. WAR

There has been more than one romance written in which an airship, a sort of torpedo-destroyer, has suddenly appeared without any warning and has, forthwith, proceeded to dominate the whole world. A perfected flying machine of a hundred years hence *would* undoubtedly dominate the present-

day world, just as our *Dreadnought* would have overpowered the allied forces of the world in 1800, smashing up every ship and every maritime fortress then in existence with the greatest possible ease. We may rest assured, however, that the perfect airship will *not* rise armed from the sea in one night. It will be the outcome, not of a sudden inspiration, but of slow arduous experiment, as all other human inventions have been.

During the last fifty years there has been a running struggle between naval armour and naval guns. A has invented a gun that will pierce any known armour. B has brought a plate which will defy A's gun, and then C has appeared with an explosive that will hurl a shell through B.'s armour. So the battle has raged, not only between gun and armour, but between all other weapons of attack and defence, notably in the case of the torpedo, which has attained remarkable powers, following its prey with the most uncanny sagacity.

We may look for a similar conflict between the airship and its opponents for a long time to come. Ultimately, the former will prevail, but for the present we may expect a race between attack and defence, on the accustomed lines.

The dropping of explosives from balloons is prohibited. No one has been able to use such a weapon to any appreciable degree at present, but, as it comes more and more into the region of practical warfare, not all the conferences in the world will prevent its use, nor the use of any weapon as potent as this promises to be.

The aeronaut will be armed with an instrument, a combination of telescope, range-finder, and plumb-line, which will enable him to drop a shell through a tube exactly over any desired spot. The barrel would be rifled to give the shell a spin, and so prevent deviation. Many things can be dropped that cannot be fired.

There will be all sorts of novel chemical compounds, fierce explosives, and mixtures for suffocating, burning, pulverising and annihilating the victim. The airship will devastate our

cities, arsenals, and dockyards. She will smash up our forts, camps, and battleships, and will threaten alike our protected ports and our most sheltered inland towns. As soon as this is fairly realised there will be a hurrying to and fro for means of defence, whilst all the time the airship will go ahead, being tested, altered and improved, first taking part in one war and then another, and advancing towards perfection by hard-won steps.

The attacking aeronaut, struggling against the wind, and manœuvring to and fro to get as close to his prey as possible (he won't be able to hover definitely for a long time to come), will be getting shot, smashed, and killed in a variety of ways from beneath and from above. Until the defending fleet is destroyed there will be aerial engagements, mostly ramming. There will be a special form of guard-boat for defensive purposes built for hovering at great heights, probably drawing electrical power through a wire, and capable of staying aloft for an indefinite period. By day it would fire on attacking airships, using a light gun spraying out a stream of needle bullets, and at night it would scour the horizon with powerful searchlights.

There will be guns, too, tremendously long quick-firing guns, fixed vertically, using small time-fuse shells containing high velocity explosives. Given accurate range finding a battery of these should be able to land at least one shell in the vicinity of the airship, and the explosion at close quarters would wreck the vessel.

Similar guns would be mounted on our ordinary sea ships in a sort of outrigger construction, one or more pairs on each side of the vessel, The lower part of the gun, protected by a cover, would be in the water when in use, and when travelling it would be slung up alongside. A vast amount of ingenuity will be expended in devising new weapons. There is in use at the present time in the vineyards of California a machine, known as the "hailstorm gun." It has a funnel for its barrel, and in a chamber at the bottom a charge of powder is fired and an air-ring ejected, resembling the smoke ring familiar to everyb ody.

This vortex ring spinning round at high speed keeps its shape, and makes directly for the threatening storm cloud, which it strikes and disperses. One could imagine a modification of this weapon, to fire a vortex air spiral that would tear the attacking aeroplane wing from wing. Giant reflectors, or electrical rays, may be turned on the aeronaut, to paralyse him, or to render useless his batteries, or set fire to his store of explosives. Probably, however, the quick-firing gun, keeping up a stream of shells, will prove the most effective weapon of all. Certainly the navigator will have to keep a weather eye open in his earlier campaigns.

As the struggle develops, there will be a halt in the construction of other classes of armament, the Powers ceasing to lay down ironclads, or to build forts; for it will be evident that any sudden improvement in aeronautics may give a decisive advantage to the attack over the defence, and all attention will be turned towards these experiments.

Up to the present time the race between defence and attack has been wonderfully balanced, and further, any revolutionary weapon such as the quick-firing gun, or the torpedo, has been shared by all the Powers; but in aeronautics a small advance may at any moment place an enormous amount of power in a hitherto weak hand.

Nowhere has the mechanical progress of the last century been more notable than on the sea. Naval power has become a scientific affair, the fleet of to-day combining in itself the best work of the engineer, the designer and the chemist. Our sailor is now a trained mechanic, and he tends steadily to become more so and less of a fighter. On land there has been little real change since the battle of Agincourt. The problems that confront the modern general are almost identical with those for instance that awaited Napoleon. The marshalling of huge bodies of men, the arrangement of detail, the attention to commissariat or ammunition, and the actual strategy of the battlefield have changed hardly at all in essence. They have changed so little, indeed, that Hannibal or Julius Cæsar

might, with a little preliminary coaching, have conducted our South African campaign, and with somewhat different results! On the sea to-day the leading power of the moment reigns supreme, but on land everyone is king in his own castle, more so now than ever, thanks to smokeless powder and improved methods of defence.

Just imagine what a startling change there will be when the conditions of naval warfare establish themselves over the land. What a difference it would have made in the Manchurian War!

After the first night attack of the Japanese had disabled the Russian fleet, Port Arthur might have held out one day, but two days would have been the farthest limit. Again, what an alteration there would have been in South Africa! In the midst of that weary time, the appearance of Admiral Fisher, with a score of aeroplanes, would have wound it up in about a fortnight, without our colonels or major-generals troubling their brains any more about the matter.

It means bringing the ironclad ashore, and that is a revolution indeed, both in spirit and in fact. The aerial battle will decide the campaign, and, even as the first sea power of to-day rules the waves, so then the first aerial power will be indisputably the ruler of the whole world.

At the present moment there is a revival of the Channel Tunnel scheme, and our military authorities are rushing into print with arguments against the idea. The English Commander-in-Chief declares that Great Britain can no longer hold up her head as an independent Power if the tunnel is permitted to pierce the defences of that Sea Wall that for so long has been her salvation!

This, we may take it, is the common-sense view of our naturally conservative countrymen. If the Channel Tunnel alarms them now, what will our War Office say to the aeroplane? and what will the War Offices of other countries say to it?

They will say nothing, which is all they are capable of saying to any question that calls for a little foresight.

That colossal system of frontier fortification that has arisen throughout Europe will, with our "sea wall," or the "mountain walls" of Thibet, vanish before the coming of the aeroplane, and be heard of no more.

These changes will not come in one day however; the struggle between the airship above and the defences below will continue for a long period, the advantage tending now in one direction and then in another. As, however, inventions and improvements multiply, as the airship gets steadier in her flight, more controllable and able to rise to greater heights, so the defender will toil under increasing disadvantages until ultimately the aeroplane will be indisputably supreme.

When that time comes there will be several awkward questions to face. However powerful, for instance, the English aerofleet, there will be nothing to prevent a determined enemy making a night raid on London, a disaster too horrible even to contemplate. It will bring home to the most sheltered the grim realities of war. One can imagine our well-fed English citizen, free from conscription and ignorant of invasion, pausing a moment in his bellicose agitation and glancing apprehensively upwards at a passing shadow. By day and by night he will be in danger. The whole countryside will experience the agonising suspense of a beleaguered city, and consequently we may look for a growing reluctance to war and a general diminution of patriotic ardour. It will be the most potent argument for peace possible, and even as the first instalment of flying will give pause to our armaments, so its advance will cry halt to war itself and later, I believe, will aid powerfully in its total abolition.

THE WIDER VIEW.

Beginning with the sixteenth century and greatly accelerated during the nineteenth, the tendency of our Western nations has been towards cosmopolitanism, a

spreading abroad of general ideas and sentiments, accomplished by means of steamships, railways, and all that we know as modern civilisation. Whether this will tend to the ultimate good of the world is a highly debatable point—whether, indeed, it is to the welfare of the white man at all, readers of Lafcadio Hearn will seriously question—but most social reformers will agree that it will be better when one tongue is known by all nations and one law is recognised everywhere, as is the case to-day, for instance, throughout the Russian and the British Empires.

When that day comes the field of operations will be clearly marked out, and all those problems with which the politician locally and the Socialist on a human scale are attempting to grapple will be cornered and taken in hand. To-day that is an impossibility, conditions vary so widely and change so rapidly. Our best efforts tend to ignore the Irish voter, or the Chinese labourer, or whatever other outside factors we can possibly shut our eyes to. But the next attempted Utopia will have to be a World State, and this is already recognised by many of our best thinkers.

Flying will enormously accelerate the spread of universal ideas. At present there are vast portions of the world untouched. We have only skirted the fringe of our mineral and agricultural riches, and enormous wealth awaits the pioneer in every direction.

We are attacking to-day such places as South America, Asia, and Africa in a more or less hesitating fashion. Some one discovers a mineral deposit rich enough to warrant a railway. Then come ships, a port, and finally a settlement with police and daily papers, and agricultural operations are set on foot, after which that part is supposed to be civilised. This is a very slow process however. Once we fly, and white man (or yellow) will be all over the show immediately. When it is possible to get from any one point to any other point of the planet, say in twenty four hours, things will move as they have never moved before.

Then will begin such a time as the world has never known or imagined.

Mankind has watched with stupefaction the opening up of the United States. Its rise from an unknown wilderness to the wealthiest of nations in a couple of generations gives one some idea of what is before us. What has happened on the prairies and in the mines of the Americas will take place all over at once. There will be a universal boom, and a sudden rising in the total wealth of the world.

What problems such a change may bring one cannot foresee, nor does it concern us here, but it will mean a casting loose of all the stable bonds and a shifting of all our ancient landmarks—it will be a universal revolution.

At times I am doubtful whether the airship has not come a century too soon. This present tendency of things is towards a growing understanding amongst the nations, and more important still, amongst the common people. Another hundred years along the same lines would see the goal much nearer.

Already electricity and steam have brought the world into a possible compass. People are just beginning to realise the fact that war is a ruinous business for all, alike to the victor, the vanquished, and the spectator. They are dimly grasping the fact that several hundred million pounds blown into smoke in Africa, or Manchuria, represents a dead loss to the parties concerned, and further, as a depletion of the floating wealth of the world, a loss to all ; and it is the growth of this idea that will prepare the way for the abolition of war. This is one of the ideals of the future. Another century would, I believe, see this attained, together with much else that at present we regard as dreams. That century will be, however, a time of strife and of great transvaluation of Powers, and if, during these coming changes, such a revolutionary weapon as the airship should be available, it is impossible to foresee the result. It might upset, or wholly destroy, our present civilisation, it may put back the clock of progress for a long time to

come, and it will most certainly prove a vastly disturbing element.

The airship is here—not perhaps commercially at once, but from the military point of view it is immediately upon us, and the other will follow. It is imperative, therefore, that attention should be drawn towards the questions that flying will bring in its train.

It may or may not be a great boon, we are quite unable to say which, but that will depend in a large measure on the way in which these questions are handled.

To England it is a question of paramount importance. Our colossal fleet of ships, our world-wide commerce, and our far-reaching Empire, rest on a most unstable basis—the Command of the Sea.

Englishmen are naturally conservative. It is their boast and rightly so, for it has been the main reason of their success as a nation—but occasionally it is a handicap. The prejudice displayed towards the motor, for instance, in contrast with the open-mindedness of the French, told heavily against us in the commercial arena. A similar display of unchecked conservatism towards the aeronaut will hamper the advance of flying in this country, and will probably occasion the most serious damage to our national welfare. Forewarned is forewarned however. A thorough ventilation of the subject, a quiet discussion and an examination of the various problems before they are upon us, demanding solution, will allow us to deal with them when they do come on a sensible basis and in a comparatively reasonable state of mind.

It is with the object of provoking such discussion that this paper has been written, and should such a rational course be followed, we have nothing to fear but everything to hope for from the coming of the flying machine.

BERNARD S. GILBERT.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE

THE Speech from the Throne, or, as it is popularly called, "The King's Speech," which at the opening of every Session of Parliament is read to Peers and Commons assembled in the House of Lords by the Sovereign himself, or, in his absence, by the Lord Chanceller, is always awaited with considerable curiosity, and even, at times, with some apprehension. In it the legislative programme of the Government is foreshadowed.

To call the Speech the "King's Speech" is a polite fiction; aye, though the Lord Chancellor, before he reads it, in the absence of the King, is careful to say—following an ancient custom, the meaning of which changes in the Constitution have long since deprived of its old significance—that it is in "his Majesty's own words." The Sovereign has practically now no part in its original composition. It is really the Speech of the Cabinet. But though in these days of democratic government the "Speech from the Throne" is in truth the expression of the views of the Ministers, it bodied forth the King's will when that will was long ago the law of the land. Parliament could not then assemble until the Sovereign thought fit to summon it. When it did meet, the Sovereign in his Speech fixed and declared the business to be discharged, and the representatives of the people had to confine themselves strictly to the work thus prescribed for them at the Royal

pleasure. This prerogative is still theoretically vested in the Crown. Parliament can be summoned only by the Sovereign, but since the Revolution the Sovereign acts solely on the advice of the Ministers. Parliament cannot proceed with business until the Speech from the Throne has been delivered; but since the Revolution, also, neither House—as we shall see later—is bound to confine itself to the "causes of summons" set forth in the Speech.

The first draft of the Speech is usually written by the Prime Minister. Of course, the Cabinet first decides what Bills are to be submitted to Parliament, but the general contents of the Speech, and certainly its phraseology, may be ascribed almost exclusively to the head of the Government. The draft is submitted to a full meeting of the Cabinet, where it is discussed point by point; and probably undergoes some alteration in the way of a qualification here and an addition there. Then a copy of the Speech is sent to the King for his approval.

That the "King's Speech" is the Speech of the Ministers has been admitted by the Sovereign even in the years following close on the institution of Constitutional Monarchy. In the reign of George II. a too enterprising printer was prosecuted for publishing a spurious Speech on the eve of the opening of Parliament. "I hope," said the King, "the fellow's punishment will be light, for I have read both Speeches, the real and the false, and, so far as I understand them, I like the printer's speech better than my own." "Well, Lord Chancellor," said George III. to Lord Eldon, as he was leaving the House of Lords after opening Parliament, "Did I deliver the Speech well?" "Very well indeed, sir," was the reply. "I'm surprised at that," said the King, "for there was nothing in it." The voice was the voice of the King, but the words were the words of his Ministers. Still, the King must surely be allowed some latitude of opinion in regard to the King's Speech beyond a formal expression of approval. The truth is that if he chooses he may suggest alterations, and no doubt insist upon

them, provided no modifications in the policy of his advisers is implied. He probably softens an expression now and then, or adds a gracious sentence. Did not George III. insert in his first Speech the famous words, "Born and bred in this country, I glory in the name of Briton!" He was the first English-born King since the Revolution. George I. could not speak a word of English. We are told that he and his Prime Minister, Walpole, discussed affairs of State in bad Latin. George II. publicly proclaimed himself a foreigner every time he read the Speech to the "Gendlemen of de Houze of Gommons." The happy phrase of George III. has been ascribed to the influence of his early friend and adviser, the Scottish John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, which it is said explains the appearance in it of "Briton" instead of "Englishman." But the King always insisted that the inspiration of the sentence as well as its composition was entirely his own. A story is told which curiously lends confirmation to his claim. Notwithstanding the birth and training in which he gloried, he wrote English ungrammatically and always spelt badly; and if we are to believe John Wilkes "Briton" in the famous sentence was mis-spelt "Britain."

It is unlikely that there have been cases of dispute between the Sovereign and his Ministers, in recent years, at least, as to either the measures set out in the Speech or the phraseology of its sentences. At any rate only one instance during the long reign of Queen Victoria has come to light. In 1864 Denmark and Germany went to war over their contending claims to the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein. The naturally bellicose Palmerston was Prime Minister; and if ever there was an occasion which justified a display of his fighting disposition it was this, for England was a party to the Treaty of 1852 guaranteeing the maintenance of the Danish Monarchy, and moreover public feeling was on the side of Denmark, if for no other reason than that it was weak and was being bullied by big Germany. Accordingly, the Speech from the Throne, with which the Session of 1864 was to be opened,

contained a paragraph plainly, if not menacingly, expressing the sympathy of England with Denmark in the struggle. To this Queen Victoria strongly objected. In her opinion the best policy for this country was to stand neutral, and though the stubborn Premier was as usual disposed to show fight, she finally had her way. The paragraph of the Speech as read in the House of Lords was as follows:

> Her Majesty, actuated by the same desire to preserve the peace of Europe, which was one of the declared objects of all the Powers who were parties to that Treaty, has been unremitting in her endeavours to bring about a peaceful settlement of the differences which on this matter have arisen between Germany and Denmark, and to ward off the dangers which might follow from a beginning of warfare in the North of Europe, and Her Majesty will continue her efforts in the interest of peace.

But it is not sufficient for the King formally to express approval of the draft of the Speech submitted to him by his chief adviser. He must sign the Speech in the presence of the Ministers, thus giving them a guarantee of the very words he will deliver to the two Houses of Parliament. Consequently, at a meeting of the "King in Council," or in other words, the Most Honourable Privy Council, at which, however, only Cabinet Ministers are present, the King endorses the Speech with his signature.

The Speech is always written in a prescribed form. Each one bears the closest resemblance outwardly to its predecessors. It is always divided into three sections. The first section, addressed generally to "My Lords and Gentlemen," and meant for the Members of both Houses, deals exclusively with foreign affairs; then there is a brief paragraph referring to the Estimates, which specially concerns the "Gentlemen of the House of Commons," as the sole custodians and guardians of the public purse; and the third section, which opens with "My Lords and Gentlemen," contains some general remarks on home affairs, and sets out the legislative programme of the Session. "I pray," the Speech usually concludes, "that Almighty God may continue to guide you in the conduct of your deliberations, and bless them with success."

These Speeches possess a double interest, as the literary compositions and the political manifestoes of the most eminent statesmen of the Nation. To me it has been a pleasant occupation dipping into them, here and there, in the volumes of "Hansard," and extracting a few notes personal to the Sovereign, or references to some of the great political issues of the latter half of the nineteenth century and the opening years of the twentieth. There is a popular supposition that "the King's Speeches" are the worst possible models of "the King's English." That is, indeed, too sweeping a condemnation. Unquestionably there are Speeches with sentences doubtful in grammar, as well as feeble and pointless. The writing of most of them, however, is pure and concise. It is possible to trace in them the characteristic styles and different moods of mind of the Prime Ministers who were their authors. Disraeli's stand out as the most ornate. He used more rhetoric than other Premiers deemed to be necessary or desirable. In one of his "Speeches," there is a picture of "the elephants of Asia carrying the artillery of Europe over the mountains of Rasselas"; in another the founding of British Columbia calls up a vision of her Majesty's dominions in North America, "peopled by an unbroken chain, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, of a loyal and industrious population of subjects of the British Crown." Nothing could be more effective from an elocutionary point of view. The "Speeches" of Lord Melbourne trembled at times on the verge of puerility. Palmerston's waved the Union Jack on foreign affairs, and his offhand "Ha, ha" was heard in their references to things domestic. Gladstone and Salisbury drafted "Speeches" equally noted for freshness and strength,

> The early age at which I am called to the sovereignty of this Kingdom renders it a more imperative duty that under Divine Providence I should place my reliance upon your cordial co-operation, and upon the loyal affection of all my people. I ascend the Throne with a deep sense of the responsibility which is imposed upon me; but I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions, and by my dependence upon the protection of Almighty God.

These are the concluding words of the Speech from the Throne read by Queen Victoria to her first Parliament, on November 20, 1839. It was a new Parliament, fresh from the country, after the General Election which, as the law then required, followed the demise of the Crown through the death of William IV. The scene on that historic occasion in the old House of Lords was most brilliant. To the right of the young Queen stood her mother, the Duchess of Kent. On her left was Viscount Melbourne, the Prime Minister. At the foot of the Throne were grouped other great officers of State. The benches were crowded with Peers in their robes—amongst whom Wellington, Brougham, Lyndhurst were distinguished figures—and with peeresses in Court plumes and diamonds. At the Bar were assembled the Commons, Mr. Speaker Abercromby at their head, and in the throng might be seen such eminent statesmen and notabilities of the Lower House as Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Daniel O'Connell, Robert Stanley, and two young Members, Gladstone, who already had four years' experience of Parliament, and Disraeli, just returned at the General Election for Maidstone, who were destined to become the two greatest political protagonists of the nineteenth century. Writing to his sister, on November 21, 1837, Disraeli thus comically describes how the Commons went to the House of Lords, and what they saw there:

> The rush was terrific; Abercromby himself nearly thrown down and trampled upon, and his macebearer banging the members' heads with his gorgeous weapon and cracking skulls with impunity. I was fortunate enough to escape, however, and also to ensure an entry. It was a magnificent spectacle. The Queen looked admirable; no feathers but a diamond tiara. The peers in robes, the peeresses and the sumptuous groups of courtiers rendered the affair most glittering and imposing.

What a contrast between this splendid and joyful ceremony and the pathetic scene that was witnessed in the same Chamber, just a year earlier, when Parliament was opened by William IV. for the last time! The aged King, wrapped in

his ample purple robes, and his grey locks surmounted by the Imperial Crown, stood on the Throne with the shadows of evening thickening in the Chamber, struggling with dim eyes to read the Speech prepared for him by Lord Melbourne. He stammered slowly, and almost inaudibly, through the first few sentences, pausing now and then over a difficult word, and turning imploringly to the Prime Minister with the query, "What is it, Melbourne?" loudly enough to be heard by the Assembly. At last, losing all patience, he angrily exclaimed, in the full-blooded language of the period, "Damn it, I can't see!" Candles were instantly brought in and placed beside the King. "My Lords and Gentlemen," said he, "I have hitherto not been able, for want of light, to read this Speech in a way its importance deserves; but as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which, I trust, will command your attention." Then in a pitiful effort to prove to Peers and Commons that his mental and physical powers were by no means failing, he commenced the Speech again and read it through in a fairly clear voice and with some emphasis.

It was at the opening of the third Session of the first Parliament of Queen Victoria, on January 16, 1840, Lord Melbourne being still Premier, that her Majesty read from her Speech the announcement of her approaching marriage in the following words:

> My Lords and Gentlemen: Since you were last assembled I have declared my intention of allying myself in marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. I humbly implore that the Divine blessing may prosper this union, and render it conducive to the interests of my people, as well as to my own domestic happiness; and it will be to me a source of the most lively satisfaction to find the resolution I have taken approved by my Parliament. The constant proofs which I have received of your attachment to my person and family persuade me that you will enable me to provide for such an establishment as may appear suitable to the rank of the Prince and the dignity of the Crown.

On the next occasion her Majesty opened Parliament, February 3, 1842, Sir Robert Peel being Prime Minister, she announced in the Speech another joyful event in her

domestic life, the birth of the Prince of Wales, which took place on November 9, 1841. The Speech said:

My Lords and Gentlemen: I cannot meet you in Parliament assembled without making a public acknowledgment of my gratitude to Almighty God, on account of the birth of the Prince, my son—an event which has completed the measure of my domestic happiness, and has been hailed with every demonstration of affectionate attachment to my person and government by my faithful and loyal people.

The Prince Consort died on December 14, 1861, at the early age of forty-two years. At the opening by Commission of the next Session of Parliament, Lord Palmerston being Prime Minister, this great domestic affliction of the Sovereign was thus announced in "the Queen's Speech":

My Lords and Gentlemen: We are commanded by Her Majesty to assure you that Her Majesty is persuaded that you will deeply participate in the affliction by which Her Majesty has been overwhelmed by the calamitous, untimely and irreparable loss of her beloved Consort, who has been her comfort and support. It has been, however, soothing to Her Majesty, while suffering most acutely under this awful dispensation of Providence, to receive from all classes of her subjects, the most cordial assurances of their sympathy with her sorrow, as well as their appreciation of the noble character of him, the greatness of whose loss to Her Majesty and to the nation is so justly and so universally felt and lamented.

Six years elapsed before Queen Victoria was seen again at St. Stephen's. She opened the Conservative Parliament which assembled on February 10, 1866. The ceremony, by her command, was plain and simple. She declined to wear the purple robe of State, directing that it should be placed over the Chair of the Throne. Her attire consisted of a black dress and a widow's white cap, the only touch of bright colour being the blue sash of the Garter across her breast. For the first time also she did not read the Speech from the Throne. It was read by Lord Chancellor Cranworth. The Speech announced the termination of the long and bloody Civil War in America. "The abolition of slavery," it added, "is an event calling forth the cordial sympathies and congratulations of this country, which has always been foremost in

showing its abhorrence for an institution repugnant to every feeling of justice and humanity."

Queen Victoria opened in person the first Session of the Liberal Parliament on February 11, 1869, in which Gladstone for the first time was Prime Minister. The great measure of that Session was the Act for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Ireland. "The ecclesiastical arrangements of Ireland," said the Queen's Speech, "will be brought under your consideration at a very early date." It went on to say:

> I am persuaded that in the prosecution of the work you will bear careful regard to every legitimate interest which it may involve, and that you will be governed by the constant aim to promote the welfare of religion through the principles of equal justice, to secure the action of the individual feeling and opinion of Ireland on the side of loyalty and law, to efface the memory of former contentions and to cherish the sympathies of an affectionate people.

As the time approachad for the meeting of Parliament in the following year, 1870, Gladstone was most anxious that it should be opened by the Queen. The chief business was to be a Bill dealing with the Irish land question. Gladstone said to Lord Granville, "It would be almost a crime in a Minister to omit anything that might serve to mark and bring home to the minds of men the gravity of the occasion." "Moreover," he added, "I am persuaded that the Queen's own sympathies would be—not as last year—in the same current as ours." This shows how important, in the opinion of Gladstone, it was for the success of the Government's legislative programme that Parliament should be opened with the *éclat* which attends the ceremony when it is performed by the Sovereign in person. He urged the matter on the consideration of the Queen, but her Majesty was unable, or disinclined, to comply with his request. The opening passage of the Speech from the Throne is significant, in the light of what happened, as we now know, behind the scenes. It runs: "We have it in command from her Majesty again to invite you to resume your arduous duties, and to express the regret of her Majesty

that recent indisposition has prevented her from meeting you in person as had been her intention at a period of remarkable public interest."

It is interesting to note that until 1873 the Speech from the Throne, when Parliament was opened, not by the Sovereign in person but by Royal Commission, was always written in the third person. It commenced with some such formula as: "We have her Majesty's commands to declare that her Majesty," &c. But Gladstone, in 1873, introduced the innovation of always writing the Speech in the first person, with a liberal use of the pronoun "I," even when the Sovereign was unable to be present, and since then this precedent has been invariably followed by all Prime Ministers.

The last time that Queen Victoria lent the importance of her presence to the opening of the Legislature was on January 21, 1886, at the assembling of a new Parliament, with the Conservatives in office but not in power. The "Queen's Speech" which was read on that occasion was perhaps—having regard to what occurred subsequently in Parliament—the most remarkable of Victoria's long reign. The Home Rule Session of 1886 was opened with a Speech from the Throne, in which any disturbance of the Legislative Union was strongly reprobated.

The events which led up to this extraordinary Constitutional situation may be briefly related. In June 1885, the Gladstone Administration, defeated on an amendment to their Budget condemning the increases proposed in the beer and spirit duties, resigned, and they were succeeded by a Conservative Government, with Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister for the first time. There was a General Election in November, and the Liberals came back from the polls in triumph. The Government, although in a minority, did not resign. They decided to meet Parliament, not to put their fortune to the test, for they knew that was hopeless, but in order to have a Speech from the Throne in which there should be an emphatic declaration against any attempt to disturb the legislative relations between Great Britain and Ireland; and

the Session was opened in person by Queen Victoria to show her sympathy with Lord Salisbury.

The Speech from the Throne, as in every instance of the opening of Parliament by the Queen since the death of the Prince Consort, was read by the Lord Chancellor. The state of Ireland was the subject of its principal passage, which was as follows:

> I have seen with deep sorrow the renewal since I last addressed you, of the attempt to excite the people of Ireland to hostility against the Legislative Union between that country and Great Britain. I am resolutely opposed to any disturbance of that fundamental law, and in resisting it I am convinced that I shall be supported by my Parliament and my people.

It was known, of course, at the time that Gladstone was committed to Home Rule, and it was hoped by the Conservatives that this declaration in favour of the maintenance of the Union would prove embarrassing to the Liberal leader. Five days later the Government were defeated on an amendment to the Address in reply to the Speech in favour of small allotments for agricultural labourers. Gladstone once again returned to office. The new Liberal Government accepted the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, drawn up by their Conservative predecessors, only adding to it the amendment expressing regret that there was no promise in the Speech of legislation to enable agricultural labourers to obtain allotments and small holdings. At that time the Address was a veritable echo of the Speech itself. The Sovereign was thanked, separately and specifically, for every expression of promise, hope or regret contained in the Speech from the Throne. One passage from the Address, which, in view of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill by Gladstone a few months later, is one of the curiosities of constitutional history, was as follows:

> We humbly thank Your Majesty for informing us that Your Majesty has seen with deep sorrow the renewal, since Your Majesty last addressed us, of the attempt to excite the people of Ireland to hostility against the Legislative Union between that country and Great Britain; that Your Majesty is reso-

lutely opposed to any disturbance of that fundamental law; and that in resisting it Your Majesty is convinced that Your Majesty will be heartily supported by Your Parliament and Your People.

Nevertheless, the Home Rule Bill was brought in by the Prime Minister in June. It was rejected by a majority of thirty.

King Edward VII. opened his first Parliament on February 14, 1901, the Unionists being in office and Lord Salisbury Prime Minister.

I address you for the first time [said the King in the Speech from the Throne] at a moment of National sorrow, when the whole country is mourning the irreparable loss which we have so recently sustained, and which has fallen with peculiar severity upon myself. My beloved Mother, during her long and glorious reign, has set an example before the world of what a monarch should be. It is my earnest desire to walk in her footsteps.

What is "The Address" to which the House of Commons gives its entire attention for the first week or a fortnight of a new Session? It is the form in which Parliament has for centuries expressed its dutiful and loyal respects to the Sovereign for the Speech from the Throne. It supports the constitutional fiction that the King's Speech is the speech of the King; and affords both Lords and Commons the means of conveying to his Majesty their thanks or dissatisfaction in regard either to the things it promises to do or the expectations it fails to satisfy.

On the day appointed for the opening of Parliament, at two o'clock, the Speech from the Throne is read as we know by the King to Peers and Commons in the House of Lords. The scramble of the Commons to the Upper Chamber to hear the Speech, which for years was an unseemly incident of the opening of Parliament, came to an end in 1902. So great was the crush on one of the early occasions when Queen Victoria opened Parliament that Joseph Hume, as he bitterly complained in the House of Commons, neither saw her Majesty nor heard her voice, although he was within touch of the Speaker. "I was crushed into a corner," he said, "my head being knocked against a post, and I might

have been much injured if a stout Member had not come to my assistance." Dickens, who was present at the ceremony a few year later, said that the Speaker answered the summons of Black Rod like a schoolmaster with a mob of unmannerly boys at his heels. "He is propelled," the novelist wrote, "to the Bar of the House with the frantic fear of being knocked down and trampled upon by the rush of M.P.s." Since 1902, by an arrangement between the two Houses, the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Lords, previously occupied by peeresses, is set apart for the accommodation of Members of the House of Commons, and access to it is permitted before the King appears in the Chamber and despatches Black Rod to command the attendance of the Commons at the Bar. The ceremony of reading the Speech from the Throne is always brief. On its conclusion both Houses immediately suspend their sittings.

Then at four o'clock the Lords and the Commons again reassemble. The Speech is read in both Houses—in the Lords by the Lord Chancellor, in the Commons by the Speaker. But before this is done it is the practice of each House to carry the first reading of a Bill, a practice enjoined by Standing Orders in the Lords, and in the Commons observed pursuant to ancient custom. The incident escapes the attention of most Lords and Commons, so quietly and quickly does it happen, and probably its significance is lost to some of those who may chance to notice it. Yet it is of high constitutional import, its simple and brief character notwithstanding. In the Lords, the Leader of the House moves the first reading of the "Select Vestries Bill"; in the Commons, the Bill introduced by the Leader of the House is "For the more effectual Preventing of Clandestine Outlawries." The Speaker in the one House, and the Lord Chancellor in the other, at once puts the question that the Bill be read the first time, and declares it carried. It seems a matter of form simply, but it is meant to assert the right of Parliament to act without reference to any outside authority, to debate matters other than "the

causes of summons" set forth in the Speech from the Throne. Neither of these Bills—having thus fulfilled a high constitutional function—is ever heard of again during the Session. The "Outlawries Bill," which does service in the House of Commons, has been preserved in the drawers of the Table since the opening of the present Chamber in 1852. For one moment, at the opening of each Session, it is produced by the Clerk, and is seen no more for another twelve months.

The House of Commons is thronged with Members. Probably all of them crowded at the heels of the Speaker on his way to the House of Lords two hours earlier to hear "the King's Speech" delivered by the King. Yet the Speaker is bound to assume that no one went to "the other place" but himself. So he gravely announces that "this House has been to the House of Peers to hear the gracious Speech from the Throne"; and having, as he says, "for greater accuracy" procured a copy of that Speech, he proceeds to read it with solemn emphasis and slowly to the House.

It is one of the polite usages of Parliament that the Leaders of the Opposition in both Houses should receive an early copy of the Speech, so that they may have the opportunity of considering it before the time comes for criticising it in the Legislature. Each of them also reads it to his principal colleagues at the dinner to which it is customary for him to entertain them on the eve of the Session. For many years in the reign of Queen Victoria a forecast of the Speech appeared in the newspapers. The journalists pretended to be prophetically inspired, for though they were told by authority the contents of the Speech, it was well understood that they were to pretend there had been no direct divulging of its secrets to them. But King Edward VII. put an end to that long-established journalistic custom. His Majesty naturally insisted that the King's Speech should be regarded as private and confidential until it was read by the King from the Throne. But immediately that it is read to both Houses, it is widely circulated through the Press, so that it appears in every evening paper in

London and the provinces, and is thus despoiled of all its novelty long before the Lords and Commons, reassembling at four o'clock, hear it again, for the second time, in their respective Chambers.

Macaulay states in his History that the first speech of James II. to Parliament in 1685—notable for its extraordinary admonition to the Commons, that if they wished to meet frequently they must treat him generously in the matter of supplies—was greeted with loud cheers by the Tory Members assembled at the Bar of the House of Lords. "Such acclamations were then unusual," says the historian. "It has now been during many years the grave and decorous usage of Parliaments to hear in respectful silence all expressions, acceptable or unacceptable, which are uttered from the Throne." For two centuries and a quarter the reading of the King's Speech to the House of Commons had invariably been unbroken by any demonstration of approval or of disapprobation. But at the opening of the last Session of the Balfour Parliament, in February 1905, there was a breach of the traditional decorum, which, as a departure in Parliamentary manners, is significant enough to be placed on record. The promise in the Speech of economy, "so far as the circumstances of the case admitted," was received with derisive laughter on the Opposition benches, while the mention of the "prospect" of a promised Redistribution Bill, by which Ireland was to lose twenty-two seats, provoked loud and angry cries of defiance from the Irish Members. The reading of the Speech from the Throne by the Speaker at the opening of the Liberal Parliament in 1906 was in like manner greeted with Ministerial cries of approbation.

In each House a motion for an Address to the King for his "most gracious Speech" is then submitted on behalf of the Government. The proposer and seconder of the Address in each House are in uniform or full dress, the only occasion, be it noted, when a lord or commoner is permitted to appear in Parliament otherwise than in civilian clothes. The uniforms

of the Militia or Yeomanry are much affected, and, failing the commission to wear them, Court costume or levée dress is the rule. Another order, which prohibits members of either House from "carrying a lethal weapon," is also suspended for the occasion in favour of the sword of the soldier or courtier. There is, however, one instance of the Address having been seconded by a Member who wore no costume of ceremony, that of Mr. Charles Fenwick, the labour representative, who at the opening of the first Session of the Liberal Parliament of 1893–95 discharged that function in his ordinary everyday clothes.

In March 1894, the same Liberal Administration being in office—save that Lord Rosebery had succeeded Gladstone as Premier—an amendment to the Address moved by Mr. Labouchere, Member for Northampton, hostile to the House of Lords, was carried against the Government by the narrow majority of two, or by 147 votes to 145. It declared "that the power now enjoyed by persons not elected to Parliament by the possessors of the Parliamentary franchise to prevent Bills being submitted to your Majesty for your Royal approval shall cease," and expressed the hope that "if it be necessary your Majesty will, with and by the advice of your responsible Ministers, use the powers vested in your Majesty to secure the passing of this much-needed reform." The method suggested by Mr. Labouchere was the creation of 500 Peers who would be willing to carry through the House of Lords a Bill for the abolition of that Chamber and themselves.

Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, declined to treat the reverse as a vote of censure, or to add the amendment to the Address. "The Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne," said he, "is a proceeding for which her Majesty's Government make themselves responsible—responsible as the representative of the majority in the House of Commons from whom that Address proceeds. I think that is a clear constitutional principle which nobody will be disposed to dispute. The Government could not present to the Sovereign

in a formal manner a document of which they are not prepared to accept the entire and immediate responsibility." He concluded by inviting the House to negative the amended Address, and to adopt a new Address, simply assuring her Majesty "that the measures recommended to our consideration shall receive our most careful attention." This motion was seconded by Mr. John Morley.

The fact that neither of the Ministers wore Court dress or uniform provoked a characteristic joke on the part of Colonel Saunderson, Member for North Armagh. Rising to a point of order, he asked the Speaker whether it was not contrary to the immemorial practice of the House for the mover of the Address to appear without the uniform befitting his rank? If, he continued, the Speaker should answer that question in the affirmative, he would move the adjournment of the House for twenty minutes, so as to give the Chancellor of the Exchequer an opportunity of arraying himself in garments suitable to the occasion. The Speaker took no notice of the question, for, of course, it was not seriously intended. What Colonel Saunderson wanted was a laugh, and that he got in the fullest measure. The incident, unprecedented in Parliamentary history, ended with the unanimous adoption of the new Address.

It is a compliment to be invited to move or second the motion for the Address. Young Ministerialists of promise are generally selected for the distinction. As a rule, one represents an urban and the other a rural constituency; one is associated with agriculture, and the other with trade. The occasion, however, affords little scope for fine oratorical efforts, independence of thought, or originality of expression. The speeches are usually echoes of the document which the Lord Chancellor or the Speaker has just read, consisting of commendations of its pacific references to foreign affairs and its promises of needful domestic legislation. But the debate which follows is always of serious import, and is usually a good test of the debating quality of the House of Commons.

The Opposition give battle to the Ministerialists. The wrangle of party controversy at once begins. The policy of the Government is attacked along the whole line in a series of amendments to the Address.

The Address, as we have seen, used to be an elaborate document. It took up the Speech, paragraph by paragraph, expressing approval of its every declaration, and thanking the Sovereign in each instance for the great condescension and wisdom of his words. But in recent years it has assumed a more simple and rational form. From the Commons it is as follows:

> That an humble Address be presented to His Majesty, as followeth:—
>
> Most Gracious Sovereign: We, Your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled, beg leave to thank Your Majesty for the most gracious speech which Your Majesty has addressed to both Houses of Parliament.

The Addresses from the Lords and Commons, in reply to the Speech, were at one time presented to the Sovereign at Buckingham Palace, nominally by "the whole House" in each case, but really by the Lord Chancellor for the Lords and by the Speaker for the Commons, each being attended by the proposer and seconder and a few of the Ministers in either House. All the members of each House, however, were supposed to have the privilege of "free access" to the Throne on these occasions; and, moreover, they might, if they so pleased, enter the presence of the Sovereign in ordinary attire, instead of in the regulation gold-braided coat and knee-breeches. The ceremony of presenting the Address by the whole House is now obsolete. The course which has been followed in recent years is that the Addresses are presented by two Ministers who are members of the Royal Household. These Ministers also bring back to both Houses the King's acknowledgment of the Addresses.

A message from the Crown, or, as it is styled officially, "a message under the Royal sign-manual," is presented to both

Houses with some ceremony. In the Lords, the Lord Steward of the Household, wearing his official uniform, holding a white wand in one hand and a roll of parchment in the other, rises in his place at an opportune moment and announces that he has a message from the King. He then hands his roll of parchment to the Lord Chancellor, who reads it to the House. In the Commons the incident is perhaps a little more picturesque. It comes off in the usually idle quarter of an hour that intervenes between prayers and the asking of questions at the opening of each sitting. The Comptroller of the Household appears at the Bar unannounced. Unlike the incursions of "Black Rod," from the House of Lords, who is always heralded by the loud cry of the doorkeeper, and enters the Chamber amid wild alarms, the Royal Messenger who brings the King's acknowledgment of the Address has free entry to the House. He comes in without fuss or noise, and his duty discharged, is allowed to depart silently and in peace. Standing at the Bar, in his dark uniform relieved by a liberal display of gold braid and gilt buttons, and carrying his long white wand, he announces to the House—the Speaker standing, and the Members uncovering while the Message from the King is being delivered—that he brings his Majesty's most grateful thanks for the Address from his faithful Commons. Then advancing to the Table, he hands the document to the Clerk and it is passed on to the Speaker, by whom it is read to the House. The Comptroller of the Royal Household retires stepping backwards, bowing to the Chair, until the Bar is reached, when, turning round, he disappears through the swing-doors. But this happens a week or more after the Address has been adopted, and the work of Parliament has begun in real earnest.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

FREDERICK YORK POWELL[1]

PROFESSOR ELTON undertook no easy task when he set out to write the life of his friend the late Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. Powell's career was marked by, practically, no "events," and no changes of scene or occupation beyond those tidal movements characteristic of the academic life, the ebb and flow of terms and vacations, flittings between Oxford and London, and country holidays. He passed through no religious or intellectual crisis; there was no revolutionary change in his ideas or his ideals. His political views merely took on, as he grew older, a certain shade of Imperialism without losing their Liberal tint. He had no misfortunes, no troubles beyond the common lot of all men who reach middle life—the loss of friends and relatives—no illness, apparently, till the heart-ailment appeared of which, with little suffering or painful weakness, he eventually died. It was a happy life, for he had great zest in living, and unusual keenness of enjoyment both in play and work; and it must be allowed that it was not a laborious life. Not that Powell was indolent; on the contrary, his mental activity was intense, and he was always acquiring knowledge, exploring unknown seas of learning, wandering up attractive creeks and inlets, like the roving buccaneer he was; but his activity was

[1] "Frederick York Powell: A Life and a Selection from his Letters and Occasional Writings." By Oliver Elton. Two volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1906.

not of the productive sort, and it is not unfair to say that he went through life doing as little work as he could of an unpleasant kind. Consequently, if we except the volumes that resulted from his collaboration with Vigfusson, and from the latter's initiative and perseverance rather than his own, he produced, probably, even less than Lord Acton.

All this, it is clear, does not tend to make the biographer's task easy; it might even make one doubt whether a biography were justifiable; but it *is* justified, and amply so, by two things—the personality of the subject and the sympathetic skill of the writer. Professor Elton had a portrait to draw rather than a biography to write; and he has drawn it well, with insight, tenderness, and discrimination. If there is a fault to find, it is that he is a little too apt to make excuses for his friend. There is no gainsaying it; Powell had his defects; and, in the responsible position which he occupied during the last ten years of his life, they were sometimes serious ones. Now excuses are no justification. If you can justify the action or inaction of your hero, then by all means do so; but do not make excuses for him. It is better to plead guilty, and be *in misericordia*. And mercy will certainly be extended to York Powell. His personality was so winning, his intimacy was so full of genial charm, his conversation so pithy and unexpected, his mental atmosphere so infectious, his whole nature so big and generous and wholesome, that it was impossible to be angry with him for his unmethodical ways, his habit of procrastination, his defective sense of responsibility.

For defective it must be confessed it was. To be an undonnish don is a grace for which—though it is not so uncommon as outsiders are apt to think—academic society should be duly grateful. But to be an unprofessional professor is a very doubtful advantage to University life and work. After all, the business of a professor is to teach; to organise—we will not say, to test—study and learning; to advance the limits of human knowledge by research in the subject he professes. Few professors are active on all these sides; generally speaking,

the good teachers are not good researchers, and *vice versa;* but it cannot be said that Powell was very active or very successful in any of them. He could not get men to come to his lectures. He published no historical work of importance after he became professor. He formed no school. To talk charmingly to a few appreciative young men, or sometimes young women, in your college rooms, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—this is what an enthusiastic girl-student describes Powell (i. 370–3) as doing—is all very well, but it is not a professor's business, or at all events only a very small part of it. Powell was admirably in his place as a member of a cultivated society, absorbing knowledge on a variety of topics and giving it out again in sparkling talk, following the bent of his own tastes in regard to subjects of study, taking a keen interest in many praiseworthy schemes and giving them a push at the proper moment, writing an address now and then, or, more frequently, a rapid little review of some book that pleased him. In all this he excelled; here his genius—for genius he had—manifested itself; but for the system and method, the constant hard work and undivided aim, which make the great teacher or writer, Powell was not suited.

Having said this much by way of detraction—detraction which must justify itself, if it can, by the desire to redress the balance which the memoir slightly upsets—let me hasten to add that Powell's defects, such as they were, made him more rather than less lovable, and were regrettable only from the point of view from which we have just regarded them. Had he been more ambitious, had he had more productive energy, a stronger will, a less artistic, wayward, many-sided nature, more of the Englishman, in short, and less of the Celt, he would have produced more books, but he might have been a less amiable and attractive character. Mr. Elton says of him (i. 31), "He was too diffident, and had too little concentration to shoulder very long or heavy tasks in solitude." This was after he lost the support of Vigfusson, who managed, by his own devotion, infectious energy, and

admirable scholarship, to harness Powell for several years to the only work of *longue haleine* that he ever carried through. The description which the biographer gives of this literary comradeship and its excellent results is a very charming one. The great simple Norse scholar, full of the fire and pathos of his ancient national tales, and longing to make them live again for the modern world, fascinated Powell as no one else did in all his life. And not less attractive than the picture of the older man is that of the younger—for Powell was twenty years his junior—devoting laborious weeks and months to helping his teacher, carrying out his ideas, interpreting his thoughts, translating into terse and nervous English his defective language, and becoming in the process a master himself—a master of the Norse tongue and literature, which always appealed to him more strongly than any other. It was an admirable conjunction, a joint labour of love, to which we owe the "Corpus Poeticum Boreale," the "Origines Islandicæ," and other works illustrative of primitive Norse life and letters. Ten years, off and on, it lasted; but when Vigfusson died in 1889 the indispensable prop was gone, and Powell's energy failed. Without such a yokefellow —and no other was forthcoming—he could never put himself in harness for a big job again.

Mr. Elton attributes the unproductiveness (as we have seen) to two reasons—diffidence and want of concentration. The second is much the more convincing reason of the two. Diffident no doubt Powell was; but a modest view of one's own powers does not prevent one from working hard or sticking to a definite aim. The fact was that he disliked the *labor improbus* of a lifelong, or even a year-long, task. He could work by spurts, but not doggedly; he preferred a life of intellectual and emotional dissipation (in no bad sense) to the concentrated and strenuous effort that leads to fame. It is a somewhat unfortunate line of apology that Mr. Elton adopts when he says that York Powell "had the passion for obscurity as others have that for advertisement"; or that "other men

made books; Powell made himself." Powell was certainly not ambitious; but to attribute to him "a passion for obscurity" is to charge him with something like affectation. A "passion for obscurity," if it really exists, is easily satisfied; all that is necessary is to hold one's tongue. Moreover, the dilemma is not exhaustive; other motives are open. People *may* work hard for other reasons than self-advertisement; and we have yet to learn that great writers, the Freemans and the Gardiners, for instance, and even much smaller men, did not, in or while making books, also contrive to make themselves. As to "making himself," I feel sure that such a laborious process never occurred to Powell. Like Topsy, he grew. These, then, are not justifications, but excuses, and not good ones. Let us recognise at once that Powell did not like the trouble of making books. I am not going to blame him for it, any more than he blamed himself. As Mr. Elton says (i. 138), "He was as wasteful as Nature, and had the same sudden fits of economy." But "he never showed a sign of repenting that for fifteen years or so he somewhat failed in concentration. In this he simply acted on his character." Quite true; and we can leave it there.

That he had the capacity to excel in several branches—that, in fact, he did excel, so far as excellence is possible without concentration, in history, especially that of early England, in linguistic, in literary criticism—is abundantly clear. His little book on the history of England to 1509, though written for boys and girls, is, or ought to be, a delight to much older people, so fresh is the story in Powell's hands, so crisp and clear the telling of it, so suggestive and illuminating the use he makes of the chronicles, and still more of the literature, of the Middle Age. Powell delighted in romance and adventure; he dwelt lovingly on the men and woman of the past, their manners and customs, the society in which they moved. Though a teacher of law before he became professor of history, he was less interested in abstract legal matters and political institutions than in the personal life of the past. He had the

gift of historical sympathy and imagination—it came to him by nature; he lived back without an effort, and what he felt and saw he could vividly portray. His mind did not bite so tenaciously on the hidden connections and causes of things. Thus he somewhat lacked the sense of historic continuity; and his work is rather a series of lively pictures than a closely woven tracery of cause and effect. Here, for instance, is an admirable passage on the "hardy Norseman," showing how the writer could bring past and present together, and illustrate antiquity from modern times. What swing and colour there is in it!

> Any one who knows one of our larger fishing ports will have a better idea of the organisation, composition, and character of a wicking fleet than aught else could give him. The preparation of gear, clothes, stores; the overhauling of the craft, hull, rails, rigging; the making up of the crews; the final sailing with a fair breeze, the whole place emptied of its young and middle-aged men for the two or three months that the cruise lasts; the home-coming, the rejoicing, the burst of trade, the influx of riches won from the sea, the steady flourishing of the whole countryside so long as the cruises are gainful; the building of new vessels, the eagerness of the young for the life of adventure, unchecked by the terrible disasters that ever and anon mar the good fortune of the fleet—disasters that may sweep away nearly all the men-folk of the place and check its growth for a dozen years—such phenomena are common to our fishing life nowadays, and to the old Northman's buccaneering life long ago. And when, crossing the North Sea, one steams through the Grimsby or Lowestoft fleet, hundreds of big boats out for the herring, one can form even a visible image of what a wicking fleet must have looked like, as the ships in great groups sped out with a fair north-easter, eager for the work before them, or hurried homewards with a sou'-wester behind them, deeply laden with English and Irish gold and silver, and raiment and jewels, and slaves and wine and weapons.

Whether piracy and raiding were respectable, or even, in the end, profitable, occupations did not concern Powell. On the question whether it is the business of a historian to pass moral judgments on historical personages or actions, he took a view in direct opposition to Lord Acton. It may be remembered that on this point Acton had a notable controversy with Bishop (then Professor) Creighton, whom he blamed for not displaying or, apparently, feeling sufficient moral indignation

at the conduct of certain sixteenth-century Popes. Powell sided with the Anglican rather than with the Catholic.

> I confess [he says (i. 404)] I do not look on history as a branch of literature or a province of ethics, but as a branch of science dealing with man under political and economic and social conditions; and my conception of history makes it the necessary complement to biology and anthropology. . . . As to ethics, I must continue to differ wholly from Lord Acton, my distinguished Cambridge colleague, and profess that it is not the historian's duty to try and estimate the exact degree of damnation that should be meted out to that dauntless captain and bold statesman, Cesare Borgia, or even to his capable but unpriestly father. . . . I must leave such work to the professors of ethics, to whom history at any rate supplies plenty of examples. . . . The history student ought to concern himself with his documents or facts, precisely as his fellow students, chemists, physicists, or biologists, do with the objects in their laboratories.

This is not the place to discuss the intricate question Powell disposes of so lightly,. I will only point out that the work of the historian is not quite on all fours with the work of the chemist or the physicist. Men are moral beings; atoms and gases are not. If there were good and bad, say, in radium or argon, the chemist or the physicist would probably have to decide whether a particular bit of radium or argon were bad or good; certainly no one else could do so. Fortunately, chemists are not called upon to decide such questions. But historians have to deal with persons and things about whom and which it is certainly possible to argue whether they were good or bad, or at least in what proportion the good and the bad in them were mixed; and, if the historian is not to decide this question about, say, Alexander VI. or Henry VIII., or even to have an opinion on it, the public will be left very much in the dark about points of considerable interest; for certainly in these matters no one but a historian is in a position to judge. Fortunately, perhaps, the theory, though not difficult to formulate, is very difficult to carry out in practice; and Powell, as his biographer points out, did not always succeed. It was, however, in accordance with his mind and temperament, at once scientific and tolerant; he would, we may be sure, have come near agreeing with the broadminded sentiment, *tout*

comprendre c'est tout pardonner. The point is one, probably, about which historians will continue to differ, though, as Mr. Elton says, "there is no greater issue"; we cannot quite feel that either Powell or Lord Acton got to the bottom of it. Dr. Creighton, in his article in the *Quarterly Review*, came nearer a solution than either.

Powell, as we have seen, refused to regard history as a branch of literature; there he is supported by Acton's successor. About this statement, too, so bluntly put, there is much to be said, both for and against; and Powell would have been the first to acknowledge that, if your historico-scientific results are to live in a book, they must be clad in a literary vesture. He possessed, in fact, far too keen a literary sense, had far too hearty an enjoyment of literary flavour and too assured a command of literary weapons, to come to any other conclusion. He read voraciously, and in many languages; he criticised freely and independently; like most people who really enjoy books as literature, he was full of prejudices and limitations. It is noted that his library did not contain many classics; *en revanche*, he had an insatiable appetite for anything original, novel, or modern, especially in French. Verlaine and Mallarmé were personal friends of his. He was quick to "spot" new writers of distinction; and he knew exactly what he liked and why he liked it. He showed his insight by putting Hauptmann in a different class from Sudermann. For Dante he had a great and constant admiration; we may perhaps guess that, unlike Mr. Gladstone, he liked the "Hell" best. But he is not a very safe guide for the young, or a sure critic of the greater people. At one time he pours contempt on Pascal in comparison with Molière—"what had he, the sane melancholy, humorous, disenchanted man, to do with Pascal's sensitive hair-splittings and question-begging and bitter controversialities?"—at another time he spoke of him with "great admiration." "Newman," he says, "has no brain; Pascal has lots." One wonders what Pascal himself would have said to this had he known Newman. It is characteristic of Powell that he hated Rousseau, and loved

Defoe and Bunyan. What is perhaps more surprising is his hearty and growing admiration for Henry James. "'The Wings of a Dove,'" he writes to Charles Bonnier, "est immense. Oui, c'est un événement. James est le plus grand depuis que Meredith cesse de produire." Elsewhere he places him above Hardy. Swinburne, he says, "has not the *joie de vivre;* he lives in an afternoon, looking on a far-off sea. There is nothing of the morning about him." This, however, was written in 1901, when the morning was past, and *Atalanta* had been out nearly forty years. Powell's tastes were clearly catholic. As Mr. Elton says, there was a side of him to which Montaigne and Rabelais appealed, and there was a chord which thrilled in response to King Alfred and Piers Plowman.

This catholicity is apparent in the collection of papers which fill the second of these charming volumes. Many of these, it must be confessed, are of no great value in themselves —of no more value, certainly, than countless reviews which live their week, or, maybe, their month, and perish; but as an appendix to a memoir they *are* of value, for they serve to complete the picture of the mind and pursuits of a notable man. Some of them—for instance, the paper on "Allegory in England" and the analysis of Ruskin's power as an art-critic and a reformer—are of permanent worth. The letters have an attraction of their own; but it is not the attraction of style. Their short, staccato sentences flash out exactly like his conversation; they hover a moment, like a humming-bird moth, over some beloved flower, then dash off, almost out of sight, and repeat the same process in another corner of the garden. Perhaps his best bits of writing are some of his translations from the Norse. For directness and simplicity and rhythm this, for instance, would be hard to beat:

> Thorgrim the Wicked went down to the shore that morning, and he had a pole-axe in his hand. As he went by he saw red clothes sticking out of the sea-weed heap; he pushed away the wrack and saw a man lying there. He asked him who he was. Sigmund told him his name. "Low lies our lord," said he, "but what hath wrought this?" Sigmund told him all that had happened. With that his sons came up. Then Sigmund prayed them to help

him. Thorgrim did not answer at once, but began to talk to his sons in a low voice. "Sigmund has so much gear on him, as it seems to me we have never owned the worth of; and his gold ring is mighty thick. The best thing we can do is to slay him and then hide his body; it will never be known." His sons spoke against it for a while, but at last they were of the same mind. Then they went up to where Sigmund lay, and caught hold of his hair while Thorgrim the Wicked hewed off his head with the pole-axe. In this way Sigmund, that was so good a man in all ways, lost his life.

It was in the wild days of Norse story that Powell felt most thoroughly at home. "The oddest mixture of old and new, he walked like Ralf the Ganger, and talked like a modern Parisian." A Parisian of the Quartier Latin, we should add, not the *salons;* for he was a born Bohemian, and remained so at heart to the end of his days. "Heathendom Powell loved, being himself a heathen." But he was not an aggressive heathen; indeed, his heathendom must have had some curious affinity to orthodoxy, or he could hardly have lived half his life in perfect peace and concord in the most orthodox of Oxford colleges, beneath the shadow of the cathedral, in friendship with successive deans and canons. It tells well, this concord, for both sides. The fact was, as the Bishop of Oxford says in a characteristically loving and discriminating sketch, that Powell had "a genius for friendship"; and a genius for friendship, which is as rare as any other kind of genius, means many things. He died as he had lived, placidly, in a sort of unpremeditated way, sitting in a chair in his garden. It was the sort of death he would have wished, and perhaps was thinking of when he wrote this on reading oneself to sleep:

I think it is good to read a bit, when one goes to bed, something one knows and likes to read again; something one just licks over the savour of, chews the cud upon—"Arabian Nights," Fitzgerald's "Letters." Long memoirs are only read a few pages, and then comes drowsiness, and a sort of dull, soft thinking, and then one feels sleepy, and the velvet feeling comes, one falls slowly through velvet air into velvet clouds that just hold one up and prevent one falling too fast, and before one has sunk far one is asleep without knowing it—in the real dreamless sleep.

G. W. Prothero.

"MIND AND MATTER;"

OR, LEIBNITZ AND MODERN THOUGHT

SPECULATIONS of a somewhat varied kind have led me to regard the idealism of Leibnitz as the starting-point from which our modern conceptions of *mind-stuff* may be traced. This statement may appear paradoxical; but it is, I think, quite true.

For in the astute reflections of that renowned philosopher there are to be found the germs of the philosophy which I for one am willing to regard as most approximately valid. Although we owe to Clifford the theory of *mind-stuff* as we have it to-day, I am not so confident that the theory of *monads* differing largely from it, as it does, is not in itself, historically at least, an indirect anticipation of its most essential features.

I say historically at least because it must not be imagined that Clifford was much influenced by Leibnitz, if he was influenced by him at all. And it is not to be supposed that because he may have been anticipated, in some respects, Clifford was really influenced by the philosophy of Leibnitz. The two theories really differ from each other as much as they may seem to agree. It does not appear indeed from his writings that Clifford was acquainted with this aspect of the theory of monads. No doubt he was aware of that theory but not of the resemblance between it and his own.

We have here one illustration more, if an illustration indeed were needed, of an original mind, in the best sense of

the word, thinking out for itself what had, to some extent, been thought out by others, but not half so clearly.

Clifford's theory is simple enough. It is merely that matter itself possesses in its ultimate form the dim elements of consciousness: far simpler than anything we can conceive. The theory of monads, on the other hand, as suggested and worked out by Leibnitz, is not quite so simple: nor does it appear that the system of philosophy with which it was associated was in every respect essential to it.

The resemblance between these two was first pointed out to me by Dr. Mahaffy, in commenting on the chapter on "Matter and Mind-stuff" in my recent book on the "Origin of Life." I endeavoured to show there that the phenomena of life and mind are alike the manifestations of the play of units of we know not what, save what some call electricity and others mind-stuff. For the ultimate physical basis is the same. View it as we may, the background of Nature is the basis of the phenomena of mind not less than those of life and matter.

Now it is not proposed to enter here into a lengthy discussion of the reasons from which such conclusions may be drawn. That the æther or primal substance should be the source of the phenomena of mind not less than those of matter, is indeed the result which the *principle of continuity* would lead us to expect. That the great ocean of thought in which we live and move and have our being, should itself be the basis of all material phenomena as well as of mental ones; that mental phenomena should be resolvable into material ones, and material ones into perceptions; this is the conclusion we are inevitably driven to. But it savours more of Spinoza than of Leibnitz; yet it seems possible that the two should be reconciled. For Leibnitz, indeed, had in a vague manner anticipated some of this. Men are only monads; units that reflect the Universe. And the ultimate substance is themselves. To Leibnitz a monad is a plain and simple substance, not an aggregate of psychical or mental units of that *mind-stuff* which we regard as the ultimate basis of reality, but that primordial

substance itself, the material which constitutes the self-conscious intelligence, indestructible, immutable, and self-existent; whilst the unity and coherency of its nature help to make it the final and the only foundation of its being.

In its independence, as well as in its self-sufficiency, it is at once the begetter and the begotten of things; and although Leibnitz postulates a Creator as the prime source or origin of its existence, the only basis of its subsequent career is without external interference dependent on itself. As a unit the monad might be compared to a vortex filament in the æther; an entity which can neither be created nor destroyed. For Leibnitz conceived the individuality of everything real, but he added to it the harmony of all things. This principle of pre-established harmony was one of the most striking features in his philosophy. We shall dwell upon it presently. It was essential so that his monads should perceive like things. As Mr. Merz remarks:[1]

> Leibnitz held that there were atoms, not physical or extended particles, but *mathematical points*. Their extension was zero, but their intensity was infinite, like that of the human mind. These simple beings, with no extension, but endowed with the depths of an eternal life, Leibnitz called monads, to distinguish them from atoms.

The principles of *vis viva*, the equivalent of our modern conception of the conservation of energy led Leibnitz

> to look for something in matter besides mere extension; this something was force or power, vaguely named no doubt, but really energy in modern nomenclature, which may be present even when the body is at rest, as in the spring which is wound up, or in the weight which is prevented from falling. This suggested to him the idea that the principle which underlies material things is something analogous to the power we experience in ourselves; and at once destroyed the apparent contrast which Descartes had maintained between mind and matter.

Moreover,

> Leibnitz agreed with Descartes in considering thought the characteristic feature of mind; but he could not agree with him in limiting the thinking

[1] Leibnitz, "Philosophical Classics" Series.

process merely to clear and distinct thoughts. On the contrary there existed an infinite gradation of thought. Only a small portion of the contents of our thoughts rises into the clearness of perception "into the light of perfect consciousness." Many remain in a confused or obscure state, in the state of "perceptions," but they are nevertheless there; they influence our clearer conceptions, and they are ready to rise into consciousness or disappear again, as our attention may be fixed upon them, or as they may now be called up and now dispelled, in the everlasting sequences of our inner life. The Cartesians had decided that animals were endowed with souls; but Leibnitz, whose conception of mind was not a rigid one, saw no obstacle in the theory which endows the whole creation with mental life, this being according to him capable of infinite gradations.

It is evident that "material things present the property of extension only to our senses, not to our thinking faculties." And that our familiar notion of space is merely our solution of an equation that admits of more solutions than one.

The atoms lost their extension, they retained only the property of resistance—they were the centres of force.

They were reduced to mathematical points, so far as extension was concerned; but if their extension in space was nothing, so much fuller was their inner life. Assuming that their inner existence, such as that of the human mind, is a new dimension—not a geometrical, but a metaphysical dimension—we might say that Leibnitz, after having reduced the geometrical extension of the atoms to nothing, endowed them with an infinite extension in the direction of their metaphysical dimension.

Having lost sight of them in the world of space, the mind has, as it were, to dive into a metaphysical world to find and grasp the real essence of what appears in space merely as a mathematical point, as a cone standing on its point, or a perpendicular straight line cuts a horizontal plane only in one mathematical point, but may extend indefinitely in height and depth; so the essences of things real have only a punctual existence in this physical world of space, but have an infinite depth of inner life in the metaphysical world of thought.

Leibnitz regarded "each real thing in its infinite intellectual life as a mirror so to speak of the universe—a mirror of the real connection between itself and all other things."

This principle of life and development was not outside, it was inside the real things of this world; they were all mental beings or monads, capable of ndless developments, each representing a special phase or stage in its

development. And the principle of this development was the thinking process.

But although the light of conscious thought was the sun in this inner world, there was a vast unilluminated portion, the realm of unconscious and indistinct thought, including the perception of the senses. And what is the object of this thought? What does it represent? It represents the whole world; it is a reflection of all other monads. This statement is only a translation into the terminology of his own philosophy of the mechanical view of Nature.

According to this, a change anywhere in the universe affects every part of it. . . . According to this we consider every phase of existence to be a necessary outcome or evolution of what preceded it, and to bear in it the seed of the future. "Le present est gros de l'avenir."

The monads reflect, so to speak, the universe. But no two monads are alike. Each views the universe in a more or less different perspective. These are merely different views of the one great reality—the universe itself. The monad in which this exists is the mind of the Creator. The lesser monads, ourselves, merely reflect the thought of this great eternal mind. Yet all monads are eternal too and immutable, since their substance is one and indivisible.[1]

The difficulty about this theory is mainly that the monads perceive similar conceptions without reacting on each other. For this, the idea of pre-established harmony was postulated. "Like so many clocks wound together to keep time," the monads conceived the same things. The simile is perhaps not altogether satisfactory. Still if it be assumed, for the sake of argument, that the monads do to some extent react upon each other, the approximate resemblance between them may be explained according to our modern ideas of the struggle for existence. Those monads that think alike group themselves more or less together as the result of the harmony which exists between them. In other worlds other monads may group themselves together too, and think or perceive things quite differently from us, at any rate from an entirely different point of view from ourselves, but they would

[1] "The Philosophy of Leibnitz," by the Hon. Bertram Russell. Drummond's work on the subject is also worth consulting.

not be suited to this world and would thus be relegated to another.

This mode of regarding the question has a unique advantage, in the light of more modern conceptions, although it was not held by Leibnitz himself, in so far as it presents to us a possible means of accounting for the great phenomena of evil. The origin of evil is to be traced to the presence amongst us of undesirable alien monads, whose evil nature and evil influence upon us is due to no real evil in themselves, but merely to the fact that they do not harmonise with us and our environment; but would no doubt thrive if they were put in the right world or the right place. They have strayed or found their way accidentally into the wrong world. The perpetual intercourse between them and the rest of things with which they are out of harmony is what constitutes evil amongst us.

This, of course, does not surmount the real difficulty in the problem of evil if we assume the existence of an omnipotent and perfectly benevolent Being. Since to have created a world of beings in which evil should exist or subsequently arise, even on account of their own free will, which if He had been omniscient He would of course have foreseen, and been responsible for, would be incompatible with His superior Nature. The answer is that He is neither omniscient nor omnipotent in the sense in which the words are used by childish people, and that although omniscient and omnipotent so far as the nature of reality will permit, there are things which He cannot, strictly speaking, prevent any more than He can make two and two four and a quarter, or four and four seven and eleven-twelfths.

This view of the origin of evil is of course familiar to us all. Its application, however, to the theory of monads has a unique advantage in its relation to the famous saying of Hamlet that "there is nothing either good or bad; but thinking makes it so!" The way we look at things is what constitutes, or

rather causes, the pleasure or the pain which we derive from them.

The influence of one monad on another is merely the effect of the influence which it exerts upon the universe at large of which it is a unit, and the extent to which the perspective is affected. This, it must be admitted, is perhaps not altogether satisfactory. But it accounts, I think, for Leibnitz's paradox that the monads are absolutely independent units and yet that the whole universe is a mechanical system, a connected whole.

Leibnitz held that it is impossible for one monad to exist unless others exist; for the idea of a monad implies other monads. The very idea of a unity implies plurality. *Individium postulates individ.*

This conception of substance is the very antithesis of that of Spinoza, who regarded the universal plenum as the ultimate substance. Yet there is no sufficient reason why the monad should not be a particular state or condition of this substance, as the electron in the æther or the vortex filament in the frictionless fluid is of the same substance as that in which it exists, indivisible, immutable, and indestructible, and yet the primal substance in itself.

In this way one monad might influence another monad but be completely independent of it or, more accurately, free nevertheless, as an individual; though of course it is connected with it, as a part of a mechanical system is related to the whole.

The principle of continuity is thus in no way violated since there is no breach of continuity, no discontinuity whatever, in the flow or flux in the universal plenum in its relation to the rest of things.

Schwegler[1] remarks that

> in strict consistency Leibnitz ought not to have entertained any question of Theism; for in his system the harmony of the whole must be regarded as having taken the place of God. He usually designates God as the sufficient reason (*la raison suffisante*) of all the monads. But he commonly regards the final cause of a thing as its sufficient reason. Leibnitz, then, on this question

[1] "History of Philosophy." Translated by Stirling.

is not far from identifying God with the absolute final cause. At other times he designates God as the primitive simple substance, or as the simple primitive unity; or again, as pure immaterial actuality, *actus purus*. . . . It was a hard matter for Leibnitz to bring—without abandoning presuppositions of both—his monadology and his Theism into unison. If he assumes the substantiality of the monads, he runs the risk of losing their dependence on God, and in the opposite case he relapses into Spinozism.

The universal plenum may, or may not, be self-conscious. But if the monad is merely a particular state of this substance —the fact that it can neither be created nor destroyed matters not—if this particular state of the substance constitutes self-consciousness, why should the sum total of all those in the universal plenum itself not constitute a self-conscious and omniscient whole? Why should the substance which in certain states can be conscious of itself as a dim monad, not be conscious of itself as the universal whole? To this we should have the oft-repeated reply of Dr. McTaggart, that we cannot have selves within selves. The self is a unity which cannot be resolved into others nor be composed of them. Still the self-consciousness of the whole may be as independent of such of the parts as these are of each other.

This self-consciousness of the monad is no more a part of the self-consciousness of the totality of things than the self-consciousness of the child in the womb is a part of the self-consciousness of the mother. The danger is in regarding the relation of the part to the whole in space, as similar to that of the monad to the totality. As the consciousness of an atom may differ from that of man in a metaphysical dimension, if we may use the expression, so too these should differ in dimension from consciousness of the whole. And we are met with the problem of the unity of consciousness once more. This may be admitted to be indivisible. The relationship between these monads is not spatial but intellectual; as the equation stands to the figure in space by which it may be represented; and as the curve, the surface and the solid are made up of points, which in the limit though unthinkable to us

become continuous and give a unity and coherency to the whole, so the monads in their totality may constitute a unity which though of a different dimension forms a continuous and harmonious whole.

This idea forming as it does the fundamental principles of the infinitesimal calculus, which, quite independently from Newton, it was Leibnitz's claim to have developed, as the starting idea in modern scientific thought, becomes the fundamental principle too of the philosophy which gives perhaps the most distinct perspective of the universe from its truly scientific aspect.

The relations of ideas which may be represented by an algebraical or some such equation are all that we can affirm of phenomena; and their representation in space is, as we say, nothing more than the analogue of the representation of an equation by the curve or surface. It is only our mode of representing or illustrating the system of relations. The connections of the universe which may thus be pictured in the limit become the continuous connection of the totality of things. The *principle of continuity* is to Leibnitz the fundamental principle, not merely of his mathematics but his metaphysics; whilst those of *sufficient reason* and of *pre-established harmony* may be looked upon now at least as its necessary corollaries. For that of sufficient reason is implied in the fact that there is such a connection of relationship in all things. Whilst the idea of pre-established harmony is, as we have tried to show, the consequence of the adjustment of things, in our modern conception, and therefore not necessarily pre-established, but the result of bodies trying to find their own level, as it were, of harmony tending to establish itself in the adjustment of events. The universe has not started with pre-established harmony, but is gradually working out that harmony. Leibnitz, no doubt, regarded this harmony as already existing since the creation. We fail to see that it is yet so or can be so as long as evil has its place amongst us. There may be much harmony in the universe already, but it is

not complete. Ours is merely a middle nature in time as well as space. The idea of pre-established harmony pre-supposes if it does not affirm that we have reached the end of creation; whilst in truth we are only half way towards it.

Leibnitz no doubt was influenced by the preconceived ideas of his time. But had he lived amongst us, his eclecticism would no doubt have made him the disciple of Herbert Spencer, of Darwin, and of Haeckel on the one hand, but we doubt not equally of Lodge on the other. The doctrine of pre-established harmony would have been slightly modified to the Evolution of Harmony as Hegel would have understood it. Leibnitz's statement that this is already the best of all possible worlds might have been qualified by the statement that it is the best for the present time, as far as the nature of things could admit it to be.

As Merz remarks:

> The inner life of everything real, this mental existence, is not however a state of rest. The very fact that its characteristic feature is thought, shows that it is a continual flow or development. For to think means to change our ideas, to proceed from one conception to another, to call up new material out of the obscurer regions of our soul into the light of consciousness, and to deliver what is before us now to the shadowy region of memory. This continual flow or development is the very nature of the mind, which is always filled with an infinity of thoughts, and requires no external help or additional impulse to proceed to the course of life which is peculiar to it.

The free will of the monad is not incompatible, we think, with the connection between it and other monads. The process may not be reversible. And the mechanical relation between monads may not imply determinism. This is an important point. It is difficult to see exactly how far Leibnitz approximated to determinism; on account of the constraints to which his monads were subjected on the one hand, owing to pre-established harmony, and the independence which they were supposed to enjoy on the other, owing to their isolation. But if the interactions are not reversible there is no reason why, viewing the matter from a dynamical point of view, the monad

should not act according to its own internal tendencies independently of the apparent influences brought to bear upon it from outside; the external influences being like those of the tide or waves upon the direction of motion of a ship.

Regarding then the monad as bearing a relation to the rest of the universe which is mirrored in itself by the actions of the universe upon it, as something analogous to the relations which a vortex filament in a perfect fluid bears to all the other forms of motion in it, we may picture to ourselves a dynamical illustration of the relations which are contemplated in the system of Leibnitz, or in a more modern equivalent of it. The universal substance is *mind-stuff*, whilst the monads are particular states of that substance; permanent states no doubt and entities, but none the less a manifestation of it. If that substance be merely the reality which exists in the relations of ideas, Leibnitz would probably have admitted that his system was not inconsistent with it. It must not be imagined for a moment that the monad is a vortex filament or anything like it; or that *mind-stuff*, the ultimate reality, is a fluid perfect or imperfect, or anything like this. The dynamical analogues have been introduced as illustrations merely; whilst the point in the argument is the parallel relationship of each to each in their relations with each other.

Let us turn our attention then to the view which Leibnitz took of the relationship between body and mind. To Leibnitz this connection is the result of the pre-established harmony between the dim monads which constitute the body and those which constitute the soul. To him there was no other connection between them than that of harmony. There appears to be some difficulty in apprehending how they may react on each other, other than as one monad may react upon another. But this may be sufficient to satisfy the necessary relations. In this respect the necessary relations do not as we have observed affect the real problem of the freedom of monads themselves.

"Left to themselves the real things of this world have no

intercourse, they are powerless to act or to react on each other, they are solitary and self-sufficient. Their connection with each other exists merely in the mind of the Creator," or in the self-conscious *mind-stuff* which we have postulated as the equivalent of the æther. This primal substance of which the monads are a part though yet as self-conscious units quite distinct from it as self-conscious units from the whole is what some investigators would call Nirvana, some the Æther, and some the Absolute, according to our frame of mind.

We cannot help thinking that we have diverged somewhat from the true position which Leibnitz may have held. We are not expounding Leibnitz alone, but rather the relation which his scheme of thought may bear to the more modern conceptions of matter and of mind-stuff.

To Clifford these terms stood for the one and the same thing. The great difficulty is in accounting for the unity of consciousness that still remains; for if there is a fact more deeply rooted in, or more obvious to, the thinking mind, it is the fact that I am none other than myself. That it is I myself that contemplates this mysterious world, whoever and whatever other selves may be. But this same unit is only a mirror that seems to reflect other units like itself. This, perhaps, is the simplest of all experiences, childish though it is in its simplicity, it is the basis from which all metaphysical reasoning starts.

There are some, however, who assert that this unity is only apparent and that like the cinematograph effects which occur so rapidly as to give the impression of true continuity, the effect is merely a resultant or sum total of perhaps innumerable entities superposed which give the apparent feeling of unity and continuity. The limitations of our faculties may not enable us to realise this possible fact. But it is one which cannot be passed over without due consideration. Leibnitz, however, regarded monads as possessing different degrees or gradations of consciousness. He would not regard the soul of man as an aggregate of other and less conscious

units, as Clifford would have done, but as a distinct entity though of a similar kind, differing from them, however, in being far clearer in its perceptions and, if the latter have any, in its aperceptions too. As the elements differ from each other and yet resemble each other in being elements, so too the monad which constitutes the self-conscious personality of the human soul differs from those of the lower animals, and even the atoms in a scale of degree. They are entities, each and all, indestructible, immutable, and self-existent.

But this unity, this immutability, this indestructibility of the atom, has in our day proved itself to be a myth. Only the electron is now an entity, and this in time will doubtless prove to be an aggregate of something else. And so on *ad infinitum*, till the infinite scale of being becomes at length resolved as a completed scheme of things.

Is the monad then, after all, an aggregate of units, of more or less stability, and of such a nature as to delude our narrow faculties so as to make us think as in other matters that unity and diversity are one? This is a question which we should find it much easier to put than to answer. It is a question in which the psychologist should have his say as well as the man of science or the metaphysician. Many are the facts recorded of the apparent loss of this unity of personality. I happen to have come across the following in reading recently Professor Macneile Dixon's "Essay on Tennyson," who in many places in "The Holy Grail" and "The Ancient Sage," for instance, gives evidence of his experience in this respect. He describes it (May 7, 1874) in the following words:

> I have never had any revelations through anæsthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had quite up from my boyhood, when I have been alone. This has often come to me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till, at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of my individuality, the individuality itself seemed to resolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, when death was an almost laughable impossibility; the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life.

Is this what the Brahmin or the Buddhist would describe as the attainment of Nirvana? Tennyson relates:

> In moments when he feels he cannot die,
> And knows himself no vision to himself,

or when,

> The mortal limit of the self was loosed
> And passed into the nameless as a cloud
> Melts into Heaven. I touched my limbs, the limbs
> Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
> But utter clearness, and thro' loss of self
> The gain of such large life as matched with ours
> Were seen to spark—unshadowable in words,
> Themselves the shadows of a shadow-world.

His friend, Sir James Knowles, has recorded other instances of a similar nature, in the *Nineteenth Century*, January 1893.

I have myself never experienced this strange but delightful sensation so often described chiefly by Oriental minds.

Immortality may not mean the continuity of personality, as we understand this now, but the attainment of something higher and still nobler than the human self. Its dissolution may really mean, not the annihilation of consciousness but its most perfect realisation. Like the flash that bursts forth from the inactive gunpowder and scatters its energy throughout all space, so the soul may spread itself once more into the medium from which all things proceed. But this need not mean the loss of consciousness, as we say, but rather its complete attainment. The idea is no doubt more ancient than modern, more Oriental than Occidental. In our material enterprise and economy of time, in our warfare of commercial competition, we are apt to lose sight of some of the glories of existence. Like the traveller in a Scotch express, whose sole object is to cover the maximum amount of space in the minimum amount of time, whilst he misses the beauty and the meaning of all he sees around him, so the modern mind in its vehemence may lose the power and grasp of ancient or Oriental serenity.

To thoughtful minds the tendency has ever been to dis-

hearten haste and to encourage pause, to pose as one indifferent to all the impulses of human-kind; as one to whom maturer views can never be matured; as one who moves without acceleration, in infinitesimal increments, upwards in growth of strength and firmness, assimilating all around it like a stately and a spreading tree till it reach the full power and realisation of knowledge, and with it the full stature of manhood and of being; ever bearing in mind with his Horatio the oft-repeated saying that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are yet dreamt of in our philosophy," but always stately, always firm, and ever hopeful of what lies beyond the veil.

Leibnitz has given us a system of philosophy which, if it lacks some of the elements which to more advanced knowledge of detail may make it less precise than we should wish it to be, gives us at the same time an inkling into the higher nature of things. Although it does not afford the interpretation of the problem as presented to us in the light of fuller knowledge, it perhaps enables us to apprehend an aspect of the great enigma from another standpoint than that which modern science takes. It extends to our vision at least the expectation that, even in our most physical conceptions, the hope of another world is neither chimerical nor absurd.

In discoursing upon matter and mind-stuff in the "Origin of Life," I have tried to show how it appeared to me that a more modern idealism, starting with that of Hume and Berkeley, but approximating more to that of Lotze, might apply to the Theist and the Christian; the immortality of the individual which Lotze held in question, should still in the light of other conceptions be maintainable as worthy of our hope.

It was Leibnitz's privilege to be able to move in society and yet to dwell apart. He lived in an intellectual balloon, as it were, seeing the world from a loftier and more isolated point of view than it is given to most men to perceive it. It is well that there should be such men to reach the sublime heights

of speculative thought aud yet be near the world though not of it.

His detached position enabled him to think more freely and to act more consistently with the true nature of his character. Many of his rivals had the support of learned societies to spread their fame and to retain it. But as it has been nobly said, "Leibnitz was an academy in himself." His remarkable development was due largely, no doubt, to his marked individuality, and to the way in which in earlier life he was left to the guidance of his taste. His mind, like Kant's and many other giant minds, did not reach its full maturity before he was forty years of age. This is a fact which educationists seldom realise or take into account in these days of forced maturity, when precocious youths, like hot-house plants, are held up for exhibition for the glory of their schoolmasters; they are then sent out into the world to decay. To catch them young and train them to their heart's desire; that is their only end. Had Leibnitz been more academic he might never have developed out. Like John Stuart Mill, he was his own master and took his counsel where he found it best.

In his time, and largely through his influence, royal favour was extended to research in a manner not often met with in our day. His influence was a help and stimulus to science; whilst his mode of publication and immense correspondence with people of importance amongst his contemporaries lent to his name a dignity and power which has survived his personality.

Like Lord Acton and Professor Fitz-Gerald, in more recent days, his influence amongst the men of his time was also likely to be for all time.

JOHN BUTLER BURKE.

GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

BYRON

ALBANY saw the last of Byron's bachelor life, and 139 Piccadilly, the last of his life in England.

Before I start gossiping of these periods there is a remark I feel bound to make, with the reader's indulgence, which is not of a gossiping sort. Since last I wrote about Byron, the late Lord Lovelace has had printed, for private circulation, a book about his grandfather which must have impressed most profoundly every reader of it interested in Byron's character. The book was not published, or published only in a technical sense, and therefore one seemed to be stopped from examining it in public, even if its chief intention were one which the limitations imposed on writing in England allowed one frankly to debate. There were in it, it is true, certain reflections on the original Murray, Byron's publisher, and on the last edition of Byron's letters edited by Mr. Rowland Prothero, which the present Mr. Murray and Mr. Prothero had—and exercised—the right to combat, but the book as a whole could not be conveniently discussed. Something, however, I feel compelled to say as a person who has written in strong terms of Lady Byron's accusation against her husband—made known to the world at large in her old age only by another person's indiscretion—and has so written in ignorance of the evidence held by Lord Lovelace. It does not appear to me

that Lady Byron, if one may infer anything from her letters at the time, could have made this accusation against Byron before their separation, or that it was really the cause of it. But it does appear to me from the evidence Lord Lovelace adduces that the accusation, whenever made, was true. Byron's amours in England had seemed to me nothing more than a hot-blooded young man's follies in a light-living society; but there was one which was dreadful and tragical, and Byron's remorse, which has often seemed a pose, may well have been—certainly ought to have been—most real. Lord Lovelace's wisdom in circulating his book, even privately, may be questioned; he was severely censured; I may be permitted to say that I sympathised with his wish to clear his grandmother's memory from the accusation, which I regret having echoed, of having fabricated or imagined a dreadful and untrue charge against her husband, and his wish to picture Byron, once for all, as he really was. As one who desires to know, even when knowledge is unpleasant—and there are considerations which make this fact in Byron's life less shocking and psychologically more explicable than it appears at first—I confess frankly that I am glad to have read Lord Lovelace's book. More than this, if one might say it at all, this is not the place to say, but if I am to mention Byron, honesty forbids me to say less.

Byron went to live in Albany, in the original house on the ground floor, set A. 2, on March 28, 1814. "This night," he writes in his journal of that date, "got into my new apartments, rented of Lord Althorpe, on a lease of seven years. Spacious and room for my books and sabres. *In* the *house*, too, another advantage." His landlord was about to be married. March of the following year saw him also married and at 139 Piccadilly, and so many references to him in other people's memoirs and stories refer to his rooms in Albany, where he lived only this one year, that I imagine they are confused with his other lodgings—in Bennet Street and St. James's Street—about town. His life in Albany is

typical, however—unhappily, the reader may suppose—of his bachelor life in London.

He continued there his alternation between excess and a frightened—lest he should grow fat—and unwise abstinence. The very night before he settled in Albany he dined *tête-à-tête* with his friend, Scrope Davies, at the Cocoa Tree—64 St. James's Street, where there is still a club of the name—and, he tells us in the journal, "sat from six till midnight—drank between us one bottle of champagne and six of claret, neither of which wines ever affect me." Poor Scrope was less immune (it was Scrope Davies, by the way, who said that Byron was only "a fair holiday drinker") for he became "tipsy and pious, and I was obliged to leave him praying to I know not what purpose or pagod." And his first letter from Albany April 9, to Thomas Moore, contains an account equally distressing to us. "I have also been drinking, and on one occasion"—he was so proud of it! which I think in itself proves it was no habit, and remember, censor, he was only twenty-six—

> on one occasion, with three other friends at the Cocoa Tree, from six to four, yea, unto five in the matin. We clareted and champagned till two—then supped, and finished with a kind of regency punch composed of madeira, brandy, and *green* tea, no real water being admitted therein. There was a night for you!

It would have been a last night for me!

Then he would live for days on biscuits and soda water, which he ordered in two dozen at a time—there is a bill for it yet extant—and drank copiously. Byron's genius as a poet came at the right moment for its full effect on Europe—but his stomach was born out of due time. Were he living in our day, the apostles of new diets would have found in him their most attentive listener, their most enthusiastic practitioner.

Whether claret or soda water was his drink, however, he satisfied a large part of our contemporary morality by severe physical exercise. He boxed for an hour a day in Albany with Gentleman Jackson and practised the broadsword with

Henry Angelo. This famous master records an occasion when they were so engaged and Hobhouse entered the room; how Byron, characteristically, "did not desist from advancing on me, but seemed more determined to show his friend how well be could beat his broadsword master." And he adds this curious account:

> His preparation for his exercise was rather singular, first stripping himself, then putting on a think flannel jacket, and over it a pelisse lined with fur, tied round with a turkish shawl. When he had taken a sufficient gymnastic sudorific, if he did not go directly and increase it between the blankets, he had his valet to rub him down.

There is a picture for you to imagine, if you visit Albany, A. 2.

All such things are significant in the life of a great man, as we know on Carlyle's authority, but let us turn to matters more immediately of the spirit—although the boxing was done "to keep up the ethereal part of me." There is not much to be gained from the journal however. He wrote no more in it, having kept it some five months, after April 19. There is a passage no bookish man can read without sympathy in praise of solitude and getting home to one's own room. "I do not know that I am happiest when alone; but this I am sure of, that I never am long in the society even of *her* I love (God knows too well, and the devil probably too), without a yearning for the company of my lamp and my utterly confused and tumbled-over library. *Venimus larem ad nostrum.* That big room in Albany was a comfort to the poet, though "Lara" and the "Ode to Napoleon" was all the poetry he wrote there. It was the time of the first abdication, and Napoleon was much in Byron's mind. He and other Whigs were of course "pro-Boers," and expressed their feelings with an immunity at which our extreme Imperialists to-day must marvel. "April 8. Out of town six days. On my return, found my poor little pagod, Napoleon, pushed off his pedestal—the thieves are in Paris . . ." And the journal ends excitedly on the same subject. I cannot help wondering if the poet had been in the society of Scrope Davies,

And to prevent me from returning, like a dog, to the vomit of memory, I tear out the remaining leaves of this volume, and write, in *Ipecacuanha*—"that the Bourbons are restored!!!"—"Hang up philosophy." To be sure, I have long despised myself and man, but I never spat in the face of my species before—"O fool! I shall go mad."

Some faint touch of the "Cocoa Tree" there one is forced to think, but in no mental condition did Byron forget his Shakespeare.

At this time the rage of his lionising was over, but he was still going much into society, sending verses to Lady Jersey, mixing with Rogers and Moore; making love unwisely, and I think, in spite of the turmoil he professed to dislike, taking more pleasure in life than it gave him often. Lady Caroline Lamb's affair was over: Lady Oxford's and Lady Frances Webster's had been since. According, however, to a letter from Lady Caroline to Captain Medwin—Thackeray's Captain Sumph with his banal stories of the poet—written after Byron's death, it was in Albany they parted for the last time.

But it is also true, that, the last time we parted for ever, as he pressed his lips on mine (it was in the Albany) he said "poor Caro, if every one hates me, you, I see, will never change—No, not with ill usage!" and I said, "yes, I *am* changed, and shall come near you no more." For then he showed me letters, and told me things I cannot repeat, and all my attachment went. This was our last parting scene—well I remember it. It had an effect upon me not to be conceived—three years I had worshipped him.

It is touching, but I hope the lady's warm imagination played her false—at least about the telling things and the showing letters. And yet, I know, there were two Byrons—he who felt and thought deeply and acted generously, and the unworthy Byron who was *fanfaron de ses vices* and wanted to startle and shock: it is possible, this showing of letters, but I hope she was mistaken. Here, in any case, is another scene in Albany for the reader's fancy.

The letters of Byron from Albany are not of any especial interest. They are characteristic however; there is the

authentic Byron in them, egotistical, unselfish, vain, modest generous—we find him giving £3000 to his sister, Augusta—hnmorous, affectionate. Much of his tenancy of these rooms he spent in the country, and, as we know, his ill-fated proposal of marriage to Miss Milbanke was written from Newstead, and there he received his answer. On March 31, 1815, he writes from Piccadilly a married man.

"13, Piccadilly Terrace" was half of old Q's house, and is now 139 Piccadilly. Old Q., who died in 1810, left it to "Mie Mie," Lady Hertford, but Byron rented it from Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire. The rent was £700 a year, and the payment involved some correspondence when Byron was settled in Italy. A short while afterwards the house passed to the family of Lord Rosebery, to whom I believe it still belongs. Old Q., Byron, Lord Rosebery—to be sure a house of varied distinctions. Lord Glenesk lives in it now with a distinction of a different kind.

While Byron lived there he wrote "Parisina" and "The Siege of Corinth," met Walter Scott for the first time, served on the Drury Lane Committee, was served with sixteen writs, had an execution in his house and separated from his wife.

Of all these experiences, perhaps the best to tell of are those on the Committee, of which Byron had a lively recollection and wrote of years afterwards in his "Detached Thoughts." His letters of the time are full of the Committee's perplexities, which, as any reader with a knowledge of theatres may guess, were many and various.

His colleagues on the Committee were Lord Essex, George Lamb, Douglas Kinnaird and Peter Moore—"all very zealous and in earnest to do good, and so forth." Of course they were, and the experiment, not often seen since, of a theatre run by educated people with an interest in contemporary literature, was certainly an attractive one. Committees seldom do much, however, and this had an intractable subject-matter. "We were but few, and never agreed! There was Peter Moore

who contradicted Kinnaird, and Kinnaird who contradicted everybody."

It was not from the actors that their troubles chiefly came. In Byron's time actors did not expect all the reverence which is not paid to cabinet ministers, and Byron's bonhomie and humour no doubt conciliated them.

> Players [says he] are said to be an impracticable people. They are so. But I managed to steer clear of any disputes with them, and, excepting one debate with the elder Byrne about Miss Smith's Pas de (something—I forget the technicals), I do not remember any litigation of my own. I used to protect Miss Smith because she was like Lady Jane Harley in the face ; and likenesses go a great way with me.

Byron's idea of impartial casting in the interests of the theatre seems to have been odd. His colleagues reproved him for "buffooning with the Histrions, and throwing things into confusion by treating light matters with levity." Edmund Kean was their star, and for him Byron had an enthusiasm ; his emotion over Kean's "Sir Giles Overreach" is an old story.

I am sorry to say it was the authors, not the players, who gave most trouble. The Committee, and Byron in particular, were anxious to induce writers of reputation to do something for the stage. But even then it seemed already fated that the stage in England could only be served by—how can one put it inoffensively ?—well, by people who were not otherwise of account as writers. Here, however, was a rare opportunity for writers of account at least to be considered with a bias in their favour, and not the other way, and it was a thousand pities it was not taken. Walter Scott would not do anything, neither would Thomas Moore, nor, indeed, Byron. There was, to be sure, a consideration which now has an opposite reason : to a popular author the stage offered nothing like the money he could make in other ways. Walter Scott wrote a note on the passage in the "Detached Thoughts," in which Byron laments that he was asked in vain, recollecting the occasion and how he declined, partly from the probability of not succeeding, and

partly from dislike of being kept in subjection by "the good folks of the green room: ceteraque ingenio non subeunda meo"; and how Byron emphatically agreed with him. Whereon Lockhart has a note of his own saying that this was nonsense: "Neither player nor manager has lived in our time that durst have stood erect"—they are braver in *our* time!—"in the presence of either of these men," &c.; that *cetera*, &c., meant "to say nothing of money matters." It may have been so, but times are altogether changed in this respect, and yet our best men have nothing to do with the theatre. The trend of their thought and labour had set away from it then, and still so sets, though there may be signs of a return.

However, Byron tried Coleridge, also, and Maturin, recommended by Scott, sent "Bertram," which afterwards succeeded, and "Mr. Sotheby obligingly offered *all* his tragedies," and Byron got "Ivan" accepted, and had a long correspondence with the author, and then Kean didn't like it, and the author was angry, and so forth, and so on. It is odd to think of a man who—criticise his poetry as you will—had beyond cavil one of the greatest and most masculine intellects England has known, frittering away his time over these futilities. But he seems to have enjoyed them.

> Then the scenes I had to go through! The authors and the authoresses, the milliners, the wild Irishmen, the people from Brighton, from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Cheltenham, from Dublin, from Dundee, who came in upon me! . . . Miss Emma Somebody, with a play entitled the "Bandit of Bohemia," or some such title or production; Mr. O'Higgins, then resident at Richmond, with an Irish tragedy, in which the unities could not fail to be observed, for the protagonist was chained by the leg to a pillar during the chief part of the performance.

Mr. O'Higgins was "a wild man, of a salvage appearance," and Byron was afraid to laugh. Social pressure was, of course, applied to him, and we find him writing to Mrs. George Lamb, who had written to him in behalf of some *protégé*, and said she would "try to soften" his colleagues, Kinnaird and George

Lamb, that he was the most obdurate, and insisted on being softened first. It was altogether an amusing game.

More so than the writs, though from these, too, Byron managed to get instruction and amusement. When the bailiff descended on 139 Piccadilly, Byron wanted to know if he had nothing for Sheridan. "Oh, Sheridan, aye, I have this," and a "dismal pocket-book," as Thackeray called them, was produced. "But, my Lord, I have been in Mr. Sheridan's house a twelvemonth at a time; a civil gentleman—knows how to deal with *us*." Byron took the hint, and happily did not have the bailiff for a year with him. Of Sheridan, by the way, he was seeing much at this time—Sheridan woefully in his decline, drunken, maudlin, quarrelsome. Byron always liked and admired him, and said "his very dregs are better than 'the first sprightly runnings' of others"; but, as he appears in the records of this day, there seems to me little to value in him. He never laughed, he would sit silent for long, and then attack some fellow guest, and he would weep and complain that he had never had a shilling of his own—though, as Byron said, he had extracted a good many of other people's. There have been more amiable ruins than this, but, no doubt, when you have supported a man in his cups "down a damned corkscrew staircase, which had certainly been constructed before the discovery of fermented liquors," you feel kindly towards him. How strange now and boyish seem these orgies of orators and poets! The dinner-party in question had been "first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogethery, then inarticulate, and then drunk." What a life!

Well, it was soon to end for Byron. On December 10, 1815, his daughter, Ada, was born, and on April 25, 1816, he sailed for Ostend. There has been too much of debate and theory about Byron's separation from his wife that I should add to it in this casual place. A dreadful reason in the background may or may not have decided Lady Byron: it is difficult to believe from her letters that it was so. But tempers which could not

agree, which were doomed never to agree, were reason enough for the separation. Many an argument, shot through with pain and heart-burning, must there have been in that house in Piccadilly, many a sad and anxious debate when she had gone and his sister and his friends came to him. If houses harbour the passions and sorrows of the dead I should not like to live there. A great heart and a great brain stabbed by great trouble, racked by little troubles—it is an evil memory.

In those last days Byron wrote the beautiful verses to his wife, "Fare you well," and the bitter verses on her confidante, Mrs. Clermont, "Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred"—which some fool or traitor sent to the newspapers, and which was the signal for the public outcry on him. The private outcry had been long set going, and had barred him from every great house in London but Lady Jersey's. In these last days, too, that the inevitable touch of farce should not be absent, little Nathan the Jew singer was continually in the house—Nathan, who had persuaded him to write the "Hebrew Melodies" and drew Tom Moore's chaff on him: "Sun-burn Nathan," says Byron in a letter—and Nathan got £50 from him and sent him a present of Passover Cakes. Byron's polite acknowledgment of this gift seems to be the last letter he wrote in London.

Byron had signed the deed of separation, delivering it as "the act and deed," as a rare bit of gossip in a dull book of letters published lately tells us, not of himself but "of Mrs. Clermont." He had parted from Augusta, "almost the last being," as he wrote to his wife, "whom you have left me to part with," and the end of his life in England came.

There is a last scene from 139 Piccadilly: you see him come out, his beautiful pale face without the light that made it, said Walter Scott, "a thing to dream of," and limp into his carriage.

G. S. Street.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF NOT BEING RESPECTABLE

BETWEEN Autolycus and Mrs. Grundy is a great gulf fixed. These creatures of poetic and unpoetic fancy are types of opposites. He represents the spirit of the open road, the joy of the unconventional life; is the pattern of merry, unscrupulous, comfortable vagabondage; a picker-up of unconsidered trifles; incidentally, a gatherer and distributor of not inconsiderable happiness. She—another She Who Must be Obeyed!—is, on the other hand, the high-priestess of Respectability: a goddess of Suburbia draped in drab. She sits a flabby weight on the British conscience, making her multitudinous votaries do and endure stupid deeds, wear foolish clothes, perpetrate much unkindness, for only an old woman's reason. The product of the mid-Victorian age, born when crinolines, horse-hair furniture, unctuous morality, and oiled side-whiskers were in vogue, Mrs. Grundy exists to frown on individuality, and bind in fetters of dulness all who are weak enough to endure her tyranny. The creed of Autolycus is breathed in gusts of laughter, in the music of streams, in the murmur of leafy woods. The creed of Mrs. Grundy is a dismal, intolerable catalogue of mustn'ts.

I believe and hope that in most men there is something of the true tramp spirit. There ought to be, considering how Humanity has descended from ancestors who—anthropologists assure us—were often high in the world—dizzily high in the

world. It would be miraculously unnatural, under such circumstances, if the lords of creation had not inherited some of the good instincts of the forefathers of Adam.

Yet this true tramp spirit, this soul of the open road, is nearly always sadly subordinate to the clay ideas of Mrs. Grundy. Many a man groans in fashionable attire and goes through a daily treadmill of tiresome, unnecessary work, who, if he had the pluck of his hidden opinions, would live in comfort, and consign the silk hat, the high, stiff linen collar, and the frock-coat wherewith he imprisons his beautiful body, to the limbo of pre-historic abominations. He would, and he could; but he won't. Woman, too, how many articles of clothing—a mere man wonders—could she dismiss from her wardrobe if Mrs. Grundy and the fiends who tempt with changes of fashion would only let her? Think of the folly of it! Examine an example! Compare the figure of that over-advertised actress, a belle of musical comedy, Miss Giddie Feathergirl, with the draped goddesses of old Greece. The one—the plague of every West-end photographer's window—is distorted, uncomfortable, a feminine guy with a grin, while the sculptured forms of Artemis and her maidens are still—though often fragments, maimed torsos, time-ravaged and weather-worn—the highest expression of human grace. Why do not our women-folk follow the Hellenic model a little more closely; cultivate comfort, and leave corsets and whatever else there may be of the kind for that arrant old moral washerwoman, Mrs. Grundy, to wear, if her forty-seven waist would allow it? Civilisation, thou hast a very great deal to answer for! Better far, my brothers and sisters, be natives in the Pacific islands where flowers and leaves are the chief ornaments of modest clothing, and simplicity finds comforts in plenty, than endure the existence of a civilised slave to fashion, bound with the bondage of Bond Street.

Poor dear things! If the gilded youth and golden girls only knew what they miss, how they would envy the lot of the few who, like myself, are born in the purple of poor sufficiency

and content. Often in the summer time I lie on the breezy heights of Kent or Surrey, and watch the haze northward. That dull cloud hangs over London, the place of dirt, work, worry and unkindness. About me the golden gorse is glowing, a skylark lifts its song to the flying clouds, and sheep-bells tinkle drowsily. There is beauty and glory, sunshine and peace. I think of the folk in offices moiling for a prose existence; of the unwise wealthy, strutting and dawdling and drawling; of the grumbling hand-workers who lift and carry from week to week for only the wages of hunger; and—stretch and bask! Ah! As Tennyson would have said if I had been his collaborator, "Give me the wages of going on and let me be!"

Respectability, which is the creed of Mrs. Grundy compressed into six syllables, is the real cause of all this infinite discomfort and wicked waste of happiness. An imaginary fear of the opinions of the next-door neighbour keeps men and their wives to the treadmill. To be unconventional, even to the extent of going hatless to the pillar-box under cover of the night, is to horrify Stuccovia, and make its oracles gossip and gape; while to be flippant even about solemn things, for example, to joke about an archdeacon's feet, is to the judgment of the suburbs, worse—far worse—than dropping a bright farthing into the offertory bag with the air of a pompous philanthropist. Respectability—that phrase, that fetish, that irksome, noxious tyranny—is in effect cast-iron and triumphant. To endeavour to weaken its hold on present-day people is as hopeless an enterprise as any of the extravagant undertakings of that true hero and idealist, Don Quixote de la Mancha. Respectability—thrice-blessed fad—must be regarded reverently and treated tenderly. It is as precious as the first smile of the new curate or latest baby. You may, if you are quite an abandoned person, snigger occasionally at Mrs. Grundy; in a rash moment with impunity point fingers of scorn at her vinegar upper-lip, her grey side-curls, her speckless spring-side boots; but the man who, in however timid a

manner, acknowledged with pride that he was not respectable, is doomed at once, eternally doomed and lost. South Kensington would freeze at the sound of his footsteps. Tooting would cry aloud. He might as well drown and poison himself in the waters of Wapping, or proclaim himself a comprehending follower of Bernard Shaw.

Well, I have tried hard to be respectable. For two months I and my new theology were tolerated in a Sunday school. I have thrice acted as a steward at Primrose League entertainments, and helped to administer tea and the party gospel to hungry Socialists. I have watched the ways of butlers, and admired the smiles of princes. I have conversed—about golf balls—with a bishop, and been patronised by a provincial mayor whose tea and coffee I can cordially recommend. I have read the whole of the correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph* during a silly season, and successfully hidden my real preference for the *Daily Chronicle* above all other newspapers; and yet—and yet I hate respectability—despise and loathe it; and am lost, I am happy to say.

It makes me mournful to think of the lives my unredeemed brethren live. East or west, north or south, poor or rich, it is all one similar tale so far as concerns the essentials. All men and women—except us the privileged few—for the sake of the worthless good opinion of their neighbours make believe to be wealthier and better connected than they really are. Mrs. Smythe-Browne, whose furs are the wonder and envy of Doubledene-road, has hardly the strength to wear them because, in order to live up to their grandeur, she must save money by depriving herself of the food her declining body needs. Many a little tragedy is being unnecessarily enacted behind the venetian blinds of Villadom, for the reason that Mrs. Jabez Ponsonby-Jones and her weird sisters, who have tongues with a tang, shall believe wrongly, and not truly know. Heigho! the red altars of Baal were less cruel and guilty than some of the white doorsteps of Putney. Respectability has, indeed, its disadvantages.

Its worst disadvantage, to the minds of such wise ones as I, is the routine work; and yet there are men who really like labour in an unimaginative office. It is, almost, too painful to write about. Picture the life of him who every morning must eat a porridge and bacon breakfast, catch a particular train, no matter how insistently the woods may be calling; plod through crowded streets, perhaps to the jingle of tram-car bells and the raucous cries of street hawkers, to a dingy office in a dingy court, there to write letters about mere wealth—mostly somebody else's—to think of barges, and railway rates, and the mass of things called goods, until the clock tells him it is time to eat. And so on—nothing but long-drawn out drudgery—through the very best hours of the day, till again the timepiece says he must go home, when the travelling process of the morning is reversed, and the modern slave returns to his penny-plain abode to listen to a wifely account of the chronicling of small beer and the troubles of Tommy. Oh, what a painful, painful story, unpicturesque, colourless, drab! Better have been Prehistoric Man, with flint pointed spears hunting huge elks and woolly elephants; better even—yea far better—be a present-day Fijian, one of the Esquimaux, a Pigmy of wild Africa worshipping Mumbo-Jumbo amid malarial swamps; or an ant, a humming bird, a mountain goat.

But best of all be what I am—a man content with a little more than no material wealth, healthy because I am free of worry and dulness, happy because I have liberty and opportunity to live with my Lady Nature during the seasons when she is gentle. Vagabondage is the only reputable calling—it is so disinterested. I am a companion to the poorest; the friend, comrade, counseller of the lowest and the lost. I hobnob with tramps, have listened to the secrets of gypsies; can tread with confidence and without inspiring fear through the haunts of birds and animals, flowers, yes, and fairies. The poor wretches who live respectable lives, and sell their birthright of happiness for a mess of made-up dishes, have lost five fortunes at

least. To them the realm of nature is—wasted hills, choked woods, empty fields which some day may be built over with jerry-made houses, or profitably sown with turnip seeds.

There are times, it is true, when the man of the open-life knows pinches; but they only accentuate the after-joy. Sometimes one has to keep an involuntary fast-day, and the mind is haunted with an exasperating mirage of pudding. Then, too, when cloud-land has a fit of the sulks, and weeps in showers of rain, one feels shivers and knows dampness. But even those uncomfortable hours have the consolations of their sure approaching end. Half the cottagers in England will spare an acceptable something from the larder to the suppliant who asks prettily and with a genial eye; and as for the wetting of rain, if the sun does not come and do his own work properly like a gentleman, there is always a barn or stable or haystack, supplying most of the comforts of hotel-life without charge for attendance.

And then, the evening happiness of the little country inn, far away amongst the silences, where Tom and Harry of the plough foregather, on Sunday nights especially, and discuss—theology! It is generally religion, in some adroitly unorthodox form, which affords intellectual interest to these debaters of the public-house. The theories I have hearkened to, and the way in which they are put; the calm manner in which the results of the studies of the scholars are brushed aside with one sweep of a long-stemmed clay-pipe, are enough to make a cynic marvel and a satirist silent. The most real fact in country-side theology is the demoniacal gentleman—or no gentleman—whom Robbie Burns affectionately addressed as "Auld Hornie." He is almost as necessary to the rural idea of the scheme of things as the bailiff; and infinitely less to be spared than the parson, the policeman, or the Nonconformist minister. Hodge and Jarge do not fear auld Clootie—not a bit of it; he is—as he often was to the mediæval wight—a good-natured fellow who has had a misfortune it were impolite to mention, a jolly practical

joker, an angel with a sense of humour, the fount and father of comic pantomime. Ah, those tap-room discussions; how, while we slowly absorbed the mellow liquid, drew lines in the sawdust on the floor, and sent rings of tobacco-smoke playing about the dark ceiling, we did battle for the honour of England, denounced Pro-Boers and every other kind of unpatriotism; and shed tears—this was rather late in the evening—over the foolish doings of the Government or the Opposition, as the case might be. Respectability would have shrugged shoulders at the company, have sniffed at our good, bad, indifferent opinions; but I would not exchange the oracular freedom of that poor, raftered forum, and the foolishness we seriously expounded and hearkened to, for all the food and all the beverages of the Hotel ——.

The consummation of delight to the philosopher who refuses to moil and drudge and be respectable, is found within the sanctuary of the woods; there, to day-dream, to rest when tired of wandering, to observe respectfully Nature in her majesty and mysteries. He alone who has been willing to lie for hours under a thicket watching, watching, waiting, knows the varied delights of wild bird-life and the merry doings of the small deer. There is a feast of humour among wild creatures if one has the eyes and love wherewith to enjoy it, but caution and infinite respect are essential, otherwise the four-footed lodgers of Fairyland resolutely refuse to admit witnesses to their revels. One, sometimes, must not even breathe lest a bright-eyed timidity should be driven in panic back to its nest in the thicket or beneath the ground. One of the triumphs of the worshipper of Nature is to find field-mice at play. This, experience tells me, is only to be done after infinite patience, self-suppression, and tact. Fortunately, the man who is wise and brave enough to avoid a life-time of work, and refuse to worry, can afford to be careful and patient; and so sees pictures and doings in the wonder-world of the beasties which dwellers in towns can only read about in parish magazines, halfpenny papers, and other works of the laboured imagination.

To sprawl under the trees on some shining sultry day, or amongst bluebells on a bank when the cuckoo is calling; drowsing over the dreams of some poet, or with half-shut eyelids—how easy it is for them in such delicious circumstances to close!—watching idly a quivering leaf, and fancying it the fluttering petticoat of one of Titania's company, ah—that is joy—treble, quadruple joy if at the same time the world is working, and you know it. To be idle, to be useless, to be free, when respectable man is dirtying hands and soul with sordidness and worry—that is recompense full to over-flowing, for the little wants and sacrifices so easy to endure. They are a very small price to pay for the sweet freedom. The vagabond gives it with the cheerful indifference he treats all the demands of his creditors; it is so little exacted for, oh, so much! One natural sight—a trout lying lazily among the rushes, a bee visiting a tangle of flowers, a waterfall playing over sparkling stones, a kingfisher flashing through the sunshine, the restless myriad leaves of a tree sun-lighted, thrushes and blackbirds feeding, the lazy progress of browsing cattle—is recompense enough. Pan, I salute you for the joy of the woods you give! Alone of all those rascally Greek gods you live, rule, are worthy to be loved and worshipped. The next time I have the wherewithal to pour an appropriate libation I will remember you; then—turn down the empty glass to that poet of singing phrases and laughing sad philosophy, old, ever-young Omar, who truly was, is, and will be always one of *us*. Respectability despises Pan. Pan, Autolycus and I, in our wisdom, freedom, and laughter, despise Respectability. And we, Brothers of the Open Road, have the last, best word in the controversy, and the latest laugh. Give me Pan, his pipes and their echoes in the woods; you, who follow the commandments of Mrs. Grundy are fully at liberty to do as she desires, though I pity you. I could not do as you do, I confess for all the wealth of Jericho. I would as lief kiss Mrs. Pipchin.

Then comes the sweet night-time, when as with magic

silver keys, the realms of faëry are opened to dreaming, imaginative man. The summer moon is high and large and bright; the myriad stars, splendid, ubiquitous—quivering gems in the purple robe of evening—are paled through her superb luminance. On such a night, you remember, Jessica and Lorenzo loved in Belmont. On such a night Portia and her little-worthy lord came home again. On such a night Selene kissed Endymion. On such a night he who is glad to be houseless, tramps gladly with songs in his heart through a paradise of visions. Every tree, shrub, thicket shines silvery in the moonlight; and casts shadows grey and black, leaving infinite occasion for pretty wonderings. There is a rustling in the undergrowth. Who goes there? Oberon in his revels; or—no less poetical to the mind of worshipful man—some lone creature lurking in sanctuary? Silence rules everywhere. In the magical May-time when birds are wooing and nesting, the nightingale lifting his brief voice, makes the young-leaved avenues rich with a throbbing wonder of melodies; but now when the summer moon governs and beautifies, there is the full magnificent peace of sleep-time. The worn ways of the wood and the long white country-road are full of possibilities and mystery.

The men one meets are curious, all. Away from the theatricalities and evasions of town-customs, the human being becomes more truly human. He gains in sincerity of manner and speech; and confesses strange things—of nobility and weakness, generosity and mirth. The comedy and tragedy which beset all our lives appear and move us in these times of openness and confidence.

I shall never forget a lonely hour spent with a religious madman one summer morning early, two years ago. I had marched since the previous evening through strange country, and was somewhat weary, wishing the sun would awake and dry the dew, that I might find a comforting meadow and sleep. I was caught up by a large loose-jointed man. A dog slobbered and trotted moodily at his heels. Being

brothers of the long road the big fellow and I gave greeting and paced on together. I came to wondering what kind of creature he might be. There was that about his eyes which made me curious and cautious. I kept my talk to the way-side flowers and the different calls of the waking birds; but he had to be himself and proved—cracked religion. He had the greatest tangle of verses I ever heard in my life. His conversation was a mesh of misquotations. He told me with pride of his madness. He had been five times in prison and seven or eight times under restraint in a lunatic asylum, and really a tone of exultation came into his voice as he talked of his own insanity. I answered with words of sympathy: a strange expression flying over his poor weak countenance told me that was the wrong tack; so I luffed, and congratulated him as if his possession of broken wits was something like genius, to enjoy. He almost sang with gratitude as I flattered him; and looked as if he loved me.

We parted where the road branched, shaking hands like comrades. A little later, hearing speech, I looked back, and saw him standing where I had left him, preaching hard and with rapture at the emptiness around, while the slobbering dog stood moodily waiting. Poor harmless prince of the wounded mind, may you always be free!

He was the strangest example of humanity I ever met, though many of the men and women of the road have something of madness or genius within them. There are many poets of thought in the ever-moving multitude, though they lack the power and means of expression; while of simple astronomy and the lore of the woods, hedgerows and hill-sides they are masters and teachers. They can poach or rob a hen-roost; be true squires of St. Nicholas, like Falstaff; but—no more of that, Hal! Never from any of those fortunate, courageous beings who have cast their burden of respectability behind them, have I received anything but words or deeds of kindness. I, who know them, can afford to be their champion. They will share their happiness or their misery gladly with

anyone of the true spirit who shows the proper willingness to receive or give. The pity of it that Mrs. Grundy and her cotton-gloved bleating imitators could not get something of the great grand charity which these folk of the pilgrimage have. In that case Respectability would be more tolerable; and this protest and appeal would probably have remained unwritten. (The reader is requested not to sigh.)

The country-side and summer-time of the story are only half the happy tale. I must come to the iron-grey winter season, when our uncompromising British climate drives Autolycus and his brother-lovers of liberty, willy-nilly, into the towns. Then, of course, London, for its largeness, lights and variety, is the Mecca which most attracts the feet of the pilgrims. But oh, the difference to us! Gog, Magog and the Progressives are proud of their overbuilt metropolis, and make postprandial and platform orations—true-blue and purple—about its greatness of size and wealth; but the man who has come from the illimitable country knows better than the puppets of Cockayne the true littleness, narrowness, ugliness, poverty and disadvantages generally, of their colossal brickwork wilderness. He looks with eyes which can properly measure happiness and true wealth; and sees very little of those desires of humanity about Wapping and Holloway, Whitechapel and West Brompton, Lambeth, Marylebone, North Kensington, Soho and King's Cross. He recognises in such angry reversals of Eden the defects of the Suburbs—grown worse—and wonders why——!

It is with serious qualms of heart and rebellious senses that the man of the Open Road comes into squalid, shrieking, stony London; but needs must when Nature drives. The goddess requires her months of rest after the labours which end with the autumn; and when woods are sodden, trees bare, and bleak winds sweep over ploughed and waiting fields, there is indeed no alternative to entering the invisible gates of this combination of cities; to endure as best one may its flood of noisy traffic, bustling, careless crowds; its flavoured

air and pervasive dust and grime; its gloom and murkiness, excitements and make-believe. Bumble is still a power in high parochial places. Mrs. Grundy, of course, looks well after the consciences and customs of the metropolitan goody-good: nevertheless, one can ignore these nuisances and make the most of what interest and amusement may be extracted from the strange streets and odd people. There is one invariable rule which the vagabond who follows the pipings of Pan must observe absolutely whilst in town. He must choose his company with almost pharisaical strictness—otherwise he is lost. He must avoid like leprosy the cheap and nasty doss-house; he must keep out of the way of the unctuous tract-and-soup brigade; and studiously refrain from becoming too intimate with the soft-handed, feeble-faced bipeds who infest the free reading-rooms, and for the sake of having the wherewithal to lean against and warm air to bless their poor bones with, affect for hours to study some such impossible literature as the finance columns of the *Times*. If once the modern Autolycus—while in the metropolis—becomes intimate with any of those institutions or individuals, he is lost; his self-respect, his zest for freedom are gone. The country ways know him no more. He might as well touch his hat with subtle intent to a borough councillor or respectfully request to be permitted to polish the ponderous black knocker on Mrs. Grundy's door.

Weary William of the Public Reading-Room never gets far away from the place of stuffy atmosphere he haunts. Let him find energy enough to pass through the suburban ways into Nature-land; and he would be at once accepted into our commonwealth, one of and one with us. But he will not do so. Poor William has no imagination, no philosophy wherewith to fight that long disease, his life, no independence. He is the shadow and caricature of the Respectable; the sorry product—invertebrate, depressing, doomed—of a Bumble-built system of patronage and pauperism. Poor, feeble, hopeless, unhelpable wretch! He is deeply, deeply to be

pitied, and his example of characterless negation avoided like the plague by all true happy idlers.

But, say my mentors, if you dislike routine labour, and work of any kind when the flowers are blowing; if you are too independent and proud to accept the benefactions of those who do drudge and possess wealth, how do you live?

Easily enough! The evil of to-day is a rushing after what is not really desirable, and not truly necessary. A man is still passing rich on forty pounds a year, and can do, as some of us do, with less. It is fashion—in all grades of society—which rules expenses and expenditure. Join the luxurious throng, and you pay like a prince, rashly, even for simple things. Sir Bertie de Vere and Sir Solomon Goldstein in their West-end circumstances, do not get a half-pennyworth more happiness out of their old and new fortunes than do the merely respectable from their middle-class plenty—than do I out of the little my easy, idle articles earn. Nay, not so much! I certainly would not sell my freedom for their golden worrying lot. I can see, enjoy, know, as much as they can, whatever it is, and generally a great deal more, because I am not fashionable, and not fettered by the cloying customs of Society. I can go where they dare not penetrate; and as to their dull social doings—that dreadful round of duty-calls, receptions, dinners, hurry and rush, involving many changes of clothes and dresses and tempers—I can see it all from a distance, or imagine it, or read about it in the journals which gush for the giddy, and picture such tinplate glories for the joy of the drapery mind.

There is a humour in the streets and theatres utterly lost to the rich and the respectable. They might as well live in silver cages, for all they witness of the wonderfully interesting world which throbs around them. I have heard of a noble lord who never lunches in his loneliness without a butler and six footmen waiting on him, watching his glass and plate. Give me, for choice, a crust to nibble in Trafalgar Square! I cannot endure footmen. I only once saw the creatures endowed with sufficient self-respect to look ashamed of their humiliating

dependence, and then they were on the boxes of carriages containing members of a procession of suffragettes, who were wending their way, loquaciously, to Exeter Hall. Those uncomfortable men were an obvious argument for the cause of their voteless mistresses, and looked the part thoroughly.

The Respectable cannot know many innocent joys and experiences. To them the "Penny Gaff" is as meaningless as the latest silly song of the streets; yet the ghost-haunted melodramas of that cheapest of cheap theatres are as full of curious historical interest as the time-honoured doings of Richardson's Show. There is nothing more laughable—though politeness requires the laughter to be hidden—than the small play's sober seriousness; except perhaps, in a more ambitious sphere, the attitude and emotions of the sixpenny gallery in a provincial theatre during the progress of the ordinary sensational play. I remember that dear creature of tears and plumpness, somebody's Aunt Maria, forgetting her half-eaten orange in sympathy with the woes of the forlorn Lady Muriel on the stage, whose golden hair was hanging down her back, while slabs of snow fell beautifully about her. Also the brave lad with his coat off in the gods—ah, the dear old Brit.!—who energetically implored the much-wronged hero to retaliate by hitting the villain "in the waistcoat." What interesting developments might occur if the shouted advice of the audience were followed! That insufferable child, with a squeaking voice and pasteboard sentiments, who regularly dies to slow music in the third act, would never be allowed to meet the fate it richly deserved, while the villain would be murdered and the heroine married at least five times in every scene. Here is an idea for the enterprising manager.

The cheap theatre is an institution closed to the world of fashion. We can enjoy the stalls for ninepence, a seat in the boxes for a shilling; and are at liberty to sit in our shirt-sleeves if we please. I must confess, though, that on these occasions the audience is vastly more entertaining than the drama. The play is usually lurid, loud, sentimental, wooden; but its patrons

are magnificently alive and keen. They miss nothing of the pathos and excitement, and rock with laughter over the old-time humour of the low comedian. A hundred years look solemnly down on most of his jokes.

The audience of the cheap music hall is obviously on a lower plane of enjoyment than that of the theatre where the "legitimate" is housed, and often wears the expression of utter boredom. When a new "turn" is announced the dulled enthusiasts will help the orchestra by whistling the crude refrain of the coming song; but as soon as the singer has run on, bowed, giggled, and begun to mouth and make the expected noises, they relapse into their wonted condition of troubled, indefinite wonder, suggesting the self-imposed question, "Why are we here?" Echo, and my heart, answer, "Why?"

Yet in the very minor music-halls there is much off the stage which is amusing. I was one evening, long, long ago, in the pit of Sadler's Wells—threepence, I think, was the price of the privilege—and happened to be seated behind a gentleman who had once been thirsty. A damsel, in tights, was dancing on the stage.

"Now she has three legs," commented my friend in the immediate foreground. "Now she has two legs. Now she has three legs again. Yes, it is so. I can see them. You needn't laugh. I'll tell you when she has two legs again. Now she has two! Now she has two!"

Episodes of pathos and humour, kindness and pride, are to be witnessed almost nightly in out-of-the-way places of entertainment, as that admirable Bohemian and good penman, Pett Ridge, has shown us.

The streets are themselves full of queerness and a kind of poetry. London at night, at dawn, at sunrise, is indeed a poem in three cantos, which only the out-all-nights can know. *I* know. So did Wordsworth, just one hundred years ago, as he watched its towers and steeples while riding over Westminster Bridge.

Dear God! the very houses seem asleep!

So do they now, especially in the City, where ledgers are written full of riches; and whereto, in the daytime, the pitiful drudges come, to push pens over ruled paper and think in figures.

The only part of London worth living in is this square-mile Lord Mayoralty—though fortunately for me and the few caretakers who nightly share this domain with me, the world and his wife are not aware of it. I have a friend with an attic; and when the winter comes, that attic, and its furniture—chiefly old volumes of immortal poetry and dead sermons, the waste-words of buried preachers—are mine for a wee and tiny consideration. I sleep there during the day, soothed by the buzz of the world at work. At night-time, in the quiet, I roam abroad, and talk to my friends and fellows in the street, who in the lonely hours are glad of a companion with ideas. The police, City and Metropolitan, are my very good friends; every individual, among these men of the law, has his idiosyncrasies, if you cautiously look for them. This one has a hobby for rhyming about names over shop-windows; that has studied the stars and every night watches their courses, as well as the London atmosphere and narrow lanes permit. This big man has a passion for children, and carries about with him a secret store of sweetmeats for any little poor ones he may meet. That gentle fellow is fresh from the green meadows of Hertfordshire, and talks wistfully of young lives and old loves in the flower-world, down fairy-land way. Politics and theology, the weather and football—everything which plagues and pleases the mind of man—is to be amiably discussed with these honest, genial guardians of the public wealth and peace.

The folk, not on duty, to be met in the night streets are, of course, still more odd and curious. Each one of *their* lives would make a romance too mean and wild, too furious and sad, for success at six-shillings. There are men to be met at certain times—under the Adelphi Arches, in Hyde Park, along the Embankment, in Trafalgar Square, and the many other bed-chambers of the Hotel of the Beautiful Star, who once

acknowledged the bearing of honoured names and still retain some habit of daintiness, but now their epitaph is—done for! Poor wretches! Gambling and the seven deadly sins have wrecked them;

Drink and the devil have done for the rest!

To hear them talk makes you wonder why they are—where they are. You see a white bottle labelled gin, and then you know.

It is unnecessary and useless to see and picture the seedy side of life as Maxim Gorky shows it, though the grey unfortunate truth is everywhere—where waste, greed and grinding poverty are. It is far better and kinder to take laughter and dear memories of sweet scenes into those shady places; they are the mind-medicine, the salve and solace, which drive the ghosts away. I shudder sometimes when I watch the face of the haunted man; and know that within his mind remorse is holding her court, judging the foolish past and frightening with fears of the future. All the texts of scripture in my lips would not bring comfort to that self-convicted wastrel. I could not drive away the ghostly vision—the sheeted skeleton which sits within the horror of his brain, had I all the tracts of Stiggins, all the platitudes of Chadband, all the violent virtue of Mrs. Grundy. But a joke does it, so I joke; and in the rumble of laughter which follows, the present trouble and old remorse are, for a while, forgotten.

There is plenty of work for kindness to do in the world's wilderness; and they who are merely respectable cannot afford to do it—nay, their patronage would be misunderstood, resented, ineffectual. We who know, and love, and are the poor, can help ourselves, without the tracts and charity of the dullards. Happiness does not always rule where collars are clean. Many a man who has not a shirt to his back is rich with a heart full of merriment, as that old ballade of the Abbot of Canterbury and King John—one of Percy's "Reliques," is it not?—has reminded us. I know that, to me, the birds sing as melodiously,

the grasses wave as brightly, the wind blows as cheerily, the waters ripple as prettily, the flowers smell and bloom as sweetly, as they do to anyone else in the world; and yet—through many weeks of the year I have not a cent to bless my thirst with, or a copper to turn in my pocket when the newest of new moons comes. But I have liberty, health, the joy of knowing much of the secrets of Nature and the hearts of my unrespectable comrades and fellow-men. Is not that as good a fortune as any made by American millionaire out of canned goods which I, for one, will not eat, and who for all the happiness golden wealth may bring, often cannot sleep because of the haunting weight of his pyramid of riches. I know that mine is a finer fortune than mere money can buy, and am glad of it, and entirely contented.

Life is a very little while in which man may laugh, love, and then go gladly to sleep. Only a few of us are wise enough to live it properly.

But whist! Mowgli calls! It is time for the sweet Spring run. Let us go! We will find you this evening, Pan, in your quickening woods. Away! Away!

Mrs. Grundy, in my best Californianese, I invite you to go to the——to the gentleman who made you.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE MIND AND MANNERS OF A FLORENTINE MERCHANT OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

ALTHOUGH the exterior life of all classes in the present day seems very different from that of our early forefathers, it must, nevertheless, be admitted that the mental and moral progress has, so far, not corresponded with that achieved in material and outward things. For this reason, especially in all that concerns the acquiring of wealth, which is the fruit of egoism, the modern human mind differs not very largely from the minds of men dead centuries ago, and this fact will be the more apparent from the perusal of the following pages, wherein a Florentine merchant of the fourteenth century has left us the record of his mental, moral and material condition.

In the Riccardiana Library of Florence, that city not only of art and literature, but also of mediæval crafts and commerce, there is preserved a quaint "Book of Good Examples and Good Manners," written by a Florentine of the fourteenth century, and affording more than a passing glimpse into the lives of those early Italian merchants, when they had not yet made their fortunes, but were still labouring in their shops and warehouses, striving for the achievement of riches and nobility for their families, much in the same way, although

by far simpler methods and less speculation, as nowadays the Chicago packer superintends the amassing of the millions which are destined to purchase a title, if not a kingdom, for his immediate decendants. Indeed, this ancient manuscript forms a quaint contrast to a certain well-known modern book which came from America, and the worthy Florentine in his little shop, with his parchments and quill pens, his transports of mules and slow oxen, his hand-looms and his warehouse beneath his dwelling, is outwardly a very different, if perchance a more dignified, figure than the fictitious, but typical John Graham, in the "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant," who, fortified with all the modern paraphernalia of telegraph, telephone and express trains, watches over the endless procession of beasts entering his stockyards, never to leave them again save within the narrow compass of a tin box!

The Italian poet, Giusti, says that at a certain age a man takes pride no longer in his firm muscles, but in the number of wrinkles his face exhibits, wherefore he is inclined to overstate his age rather than otherwise. Thus, in the land of the *nouveaux riches*, instead of pride of race there is pride of humbleness, which makes every rustic who has raised himself ever so little above his original station strut about like a peacock and consider himself covered with a sort of anticipatory glory as the possible head of a yet unborn family of celebrities! Upon us, ancient races, these young nations look with compassion not unmixed with contempt, whilst we gaze with amazement at their audacity of scheme and action. But there is one thing we possess, one treasure they envy but of which they cannot rob us, namely, the wisdom born of experience and the long line of generation following generation, which for centuries have handed down from father to son honoured names, lofty principles, and precepts and traditions of life and work which all the dollars of the States cannot purchase in one stupendous deal.

But everything must have its beginning, and the old world

once had its way to make just as the new world is doing now. In the old Florentines of the twelfth to fourteenth centuries we find prototypes of the modern merchants, and may even study them at a very early period, when they laboured in tiny shops and the first hardly-earned savings were yet a hope rather than a reality. But even in those primitive days we find abundant evidence of that natural courtesy and love of refinement and beauty which led the early merchants to spend the first money they could spare upon the beautifying of their houses and gardens, the collecting and ordering, for pure love of art, of pictures and illuminations and manuscripts, thus forming the nucleus of many a famous library. But their unconscious instinct for beauty in all its forms, their impulse to make their private surroundings accord with the lovely land in which they lived, is but too often represented in these restless, rushing modern days by the dollar-wizard's watchword and formula, "How much?" Desire of possession for love of a thing's value, rather for love of its beauty, is but too often the motive that carries so many of our treasures across the Atlantic. And not only upon business matters has this old Florentine left his opinions and advice; spiritual welfare, the care of the body, personal security, family, social relations, civil obligations have all their share of his serious consideration. Here again it may not be unprofitable to form a comparison with the advice of the modern merchant, who considers that, in order to push his way to the front, he must divest himself of every prejudice and look things squarely in the face, leaving to less energetic people such vain and useless things as sentiment and beauty and love of art and nature. This old manuscript of the Riccardiana Library was originally bound in boards and bears upon its second cover the arms of its author. Paolo, son of Messer Pace of Certaldo, who wrote it with his own hand in a somewhat clumsy caligraphy, has left us a medley of valuable advice upon matters of morals and practical life, proverbs and notable sayings, put together without any attempt at classifi-

cation and drawn partly from traditional sources and partly from his own observation of contemporary manners and customs. His father, Pace, son of Messer Jacopo of Certaldo, doctor of laws, was one of the Priori in 1315-16 and again in 1318-19; in 1319 he went as ambassador to Siena, was again one of the Priori in 1322-23, and after holding other posts of honour, was eventually Gonfaloniere in 1337. Our Paolo, whether he was actually a merchant or not, certainly possessed the foresight, the prudence, and sometimes even the craftiness of one! We know that one of his descendants was an apothecary, by name Cristofano di Fuccio, and that he greatly cherished the "Examples" of his great-great-grandfather, as is proved by a declaration which he appended to the manuscript in a handwriting of the fifteenth century. I have had neither time nor desire to make further researches into the history of Paolo and his family; my only object is to call forth from the pages, yellow with age, of the Riccardiana manuscript a sufficiently vivid presentment of the old Florentine to make us realise once more the truth of the saying that all the world is kin.

Thus it begins:

> In the name of God. In this book will we write down many good examples and good customs, and good proverbs and good instructions; wherefore, my son or my brother, or my dear friend, neighbour or companion, or whoever thou art who readest this book, hearken well and understand that which thou shalt find written in this book and put it into action; and much good and honour shalt thou derive therefrom, both for body and soul.

As is seen from the introduction, the book has a moral intention, not differing in this respect from many others which have been written since; but for us the chief and most interesting thing is to discover, amongst all the precepts drawn from or suggested by ecclesiastical tradition, those which were directly inspired by personal experience and which reveal some hidden inclination in those ancient souls, some rebellious instinct, some curious aspect of a life differing so widely from our own, which is nevertheless descended from it. Paolo di Ser

Pace has written with spirit, but without any pre-arranged order or that economy which is found in works of greater literary elaboration; but it is all the better for that, as the spontaneity and sincerity of thought and expression are not marred by any preoccupations of style, and the uncertain and often incorrect writing is proof of the abundance of the ideas that came too quickly for the pen to follow. Thus within these rough pages we find the picture of the good Florentine of the fourteenth century, who, either in his shop or in a chamber of his own house, adds from time to time another page of counsel or example to those he is preparing to leave to his dear ones, making immortal his own memory in the minds of those who were destined to read his pages and meditate upon the wisdom they contained. This longing to go down to posterity which armed the pens of the most obscure and unknown amongst the ancient writers is a sufficiently strange phenomenon. Monuments, statues and marbles fall into decay, neither stone nor bronze can resist the ravages of time, yet a fragile scrap of paper has survived to unveil to us the existence of a long dead forefather, whose identity has been lost in the darkness of centuries, but whose mind was inflamed not with the hope only, but almost with the certainty, of being remembered by future generations. In perusing the old manuscript we seem to feel the pulsations of a living hand moving over it in obedience to the dictates of the mind, we seem to hear the faint voice of a distant soul revealing to us its being, its intimate life, and holding out to us imploring hands of friendship after long centuries of silence and neglect. But these are idle fancies, and we had better keep strictly to our facts, for Paolo di Ser Pace threatens to be a more prolix and long-winded gossip than his modern American brother!

Let us begin with the "Proverbs," amongst which there are some strange sayings which deserve to be recorded; many are in rhyme which cannot be exactly translated, and their quaint crispness is therefore lost in the English rendering. For instance:

Hearken and behold and keep silent if thou wouldst live in peace.

It is better to stand upright by the side of a good man until thy legs ache than to sit upon a bench by the side of a wicked man.

Like unto the body without a soul is the man without a friend.

Thou wilt more often repent having spoken than having kept silence.

Speak not of those who are present.

Be not so bitter that every man spitteth thee out of his mouth, nor yet so sweet that every man sucketh thee dry.

It is good to live in strange cities, but bad to die there.

And many others could we mention of these sayings scattered here and there amongst moral and religious warnings, which, as is natural, occur the most frequently. For the safety of their souls and their duty towards God were the most important things in the eyes of these simple and valiant men, who, notwithstanding the preoccupations of their business and the necessity of protecting themselves against enemies and rivals, kept ever in mind the urgency of their own spiritual advancement. But they thought of it and fulfilled their religious duties without being in any way bigots: "Go to church upon Feast Days, and upon the other days when thou canst safely and properly leave thy shop or thy warehouse." Moreover, there is a certain use in church-going. "Frequent the preachers, for of them wilt thou learn many good examples and manners." It was also a duty to "go and visit the sick, to encourage and comfort them, and likewise to watch them die, that thou mayest take an example therefrom; and likewise must thou go and see men executed, not for the pleasure of beholding them killed, but in order that they may be examples unto thee." Such brutal lessons were necessary for the instilling of good into the minds of these still rude and uncivilised men; nowadays morality is inculcated by the flowery descriptions in the police records and daily papers.

For the mortification of the flesh the good Paolo recommends fasting.

Make it thy custom to fast upon Saturday in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary, and take heed that upon that day thou sinnest not, for it is not sufficient

to fast only from food, that is, from the sin of gluttony, but thou must fast also from all the seven mortal sins.

Then he advocates almsgiving:

And almsgiving consisteth not only in giving money, or bread or shelter for God's sake, but there is also great charity in supporting widows and children and orphans, in making peace, in taking men out of prison. And these are things which wipe out sin, having with them confession and repentance.

Take heed that thou givest offence to none; nevertheless, if thou dost give offence, see that thou dost not show thyself glad because of that which thou hast done, nor of that which thy son or thy kinsman hath done, because those persons may forget the hurt done unto them, but they will never forget the gladness thou didst show over it, and it will prevent every chance of reconciliation.

He bids his readers overcome "the sin of envy, by thinking of those who are worse off in this world, some because of greater poverty, some because of more sickness, some because they have fewer kindred, some by reason of less understanding, and some because they are in a lower position." The sins of luxury and gluttony are to be similarly avoided, but of all vices the worst is pride, because from that "descend all the others." Whilst on this subject it occurs to him "to give a good example."

Compare this life of ours unto a great cask of wine; there cometh one every day for a cup of wine, and he poureth in a cup of water in place of the wine he hath taken out; and this he doth until the cask, which at first was full of good wine, becomes full of water. And thus do we little by little lose our natural heat, and in time become feeble and die of ourselves without any other cause; and there can help thee neither money, nor kindred, nor friends, nor powers, nor good eating, nor any other worldly thing; wherefore mayest thou see how this our pride doth wax feeble of its own self!

Not less severe is Paolo against those who will not forgive injury and meditate revenge—

because thou canst hardly ever carry out thy vengeance entirely; thou dost either too much or too little; if thou dost too much thou offendest thine enemy and he hateth thee, and people speak of it and say that thou hast acted badly; and if thou dost too little the people say, "He had done better not to have put himself to the proof than to have done it to his shame." So that thou must always be the one who pardoneth if thou wouldst be the victor.

But it would take too long if we were to repeat here all the good and wise things which the merchant-moralist offers as counsel for the good of the soul and peaceful living. In his mouth the precepts acquire a greater practical value, inasmuch as they leave the field of abstract ethics to descend to earth and adapt themselves to the needs of daily life. And life in those times was fraught with constant dangers; men had to protect themselves against many more things than at present, and treachery and threats were serious and frequent. The Commune troubled itself but little about the individual safety of its citizens, who had usually to take justice and vengeance into their own hands, much as though lynch-law had already been invented then. The city at that period was of small area, and the houses were huddled together one against the other, consequently there were frequent and terrible fires, on account of which they adopted many precautions useful still to-day:

Keep always ready in thine house twelve large sacks, they are useful for removing thy goods when there is a fire in the neighbourhood, or near thee, or in thine own house. Keep always ready also a hempen rope, long enough to reach from the roof unto the earth, so that thou mayest let thyself down from any window of thine house onto the ground if there should be a fire; but forget not to keep it locked within a chest, in order that neither a servant nor any of thy family may use it without thee or without thy leave. Make it always thy custom to see the lights and the fire in the house extinguished, and be thou always the last to go to bed in thine house, and search the house for lights or fire, and see that the door is securely fastened, and likewise the windows. Search also the cellar and see that the casks are well stopped, and the door and windows fastened, the fire covered, and the lights extinguished; then go thou to bed and sleep as long as thou hast need.

But now let us penetrate a little further into the privacy of that simple life of the fourteenth century:

Beware of going out of thine house at night; but if thou art obliged to go forth, then take with thee a trusty companion, and a large and good light.

If thou goest into any dangerous place, go without tellin any perso where thou art going. In like manner, if thou goest to Siena, say that thou art going to Lucca, and thou wilt be safe from evil persons.

Never lend thy weapon unto any person who may ask it of thee, and for two reasons—firstly, because thou knowest not what he will do with it; and secondly, because thou knowest not how soon thou mayest have need of it thyself.

Always cause the door of thine house to be locked at night, in order that during the night none may go forth and none may enter into thine house without thy knowledge, which thing is too great a danger; and, most especially, if thou hast any dispute, keep the key of the street-door in thine own chamber at night, and lock it always day and night when thou sleepest.

It is needful to be well provided with the necessaries of life, Paolo says:

There are certain years when there is great famine and scarcity (tinned meats were not then invented!) wherefore remember always, if thou canst do it, to furnish thine house with corn sufficient for two years, and if thou canst not get corn, then take some other grain that can be eaten; and if thou canst not get sufficient for two years, get at least enough for a year and a half, and buy always in good time; and do the same thing with oil, in order that when the time of scarcity cometh thou mayest not be without these two things in the house; for the other things thou must do as best thou canst; and see that thou hast always a cask of vinegar.

Be not ready to run forth from the house whenever there is a noise without, but stay in thine house and feign to know nothing, and thus shalt thou escape dispute and vexation and wilt keep thy person in safety.

Then there is advice upon the care of the person and matters of health which reveal the simplicity and uncivilised ways of our forefathers:

Arise early in the morning, even before daybreak, if thou canst, and perform thy duties in the house. It is better and more healthy to arise early than to stay up late at night. But although thou risest very early, do not leave the house until thou hearest that the neighbours and artisans have opened their houses and shops; and make thou the sign of the Cross and go to church, and always repeat a short prayer at the door before thou goest forth out of the house. Thou must only eat twice a day, in the morning at dinner and in the evening at supper, and never drink except at meal-times, and if thou dost this thou wilt keep in good health; moreover, it is the life for a man, and eating every hour is the life for a beast. Drink as little as thou canst, twice at each meal-time; if many wines are placed before thee, choose one that is good and drink of that until it is finished, and drink it mixed with water. When thou arisest in the morning always wash thy hand

and thy face before thou leavest the house, and likewise before thou sittest down to table to dine, to break thy fast, or to sup; and also, when thou risest from table after dinner or supper, wash thy hands and thy mouth and thy teeth, and thus wilt thou be clean; and likewise is it good manners.

On matters of family life we find very valuable advice! The expectant mother must "take heed that she do not fatigue herself or drink unmixed wine, and she must have a care that she do not sit or lie upon the ground either in summer or in winter. If she desireth to eat anything, let her have it temperately and with discretion." The child "must be kept clean and warm, and it must be often looked at and examined limb by limb." During the first year of its life the child is to have nothing but mother's milk, and after that it may have other things little by little, together with milk; when it is six or seven years old it must be taught to read, and then it must begin to learn the trade it most prefers. Paolo has but little faith in nurses; he says:

See that the nurse is wise and honest and of good manners, and that she be not given to drinking or drunkenness, for children do often drink in the nurse's nature together with her milk. And see that she doth not give the child the milk of goats or sheep or asses, or other beast to drink, for the boy or girl who is nourished upon the milk of a beast hath not a perfect understanding, but seemeth always to have a vain and foolish countenance, and to be without full powers of reasoning.

It would be interesting to know if the foolishness and vanity with which we come into daily contact is the result of artificial feeding?

The girls shalt thou dress well; do not let them grow too fat, and teach them to perform all the work of the household; that is, to make bread, wash the body, sift grain, to cook, to wash linen and make beds, to spin and sew, to weave French purses or to embroider in silk with the needle, to cut out garments in linen and cloth, to put new feet upon the hose, and all such like things; so that when they marry it may not be said of them that they come out of the woods.

It appears that he had no very high opinion of women:

Woman is a light thing and vain, wherefore she is in great peril when

she hath no husband. If thou hast women in thine house keep them shut up as much as possible, and return thou home very often and keep them in fear and trembling; and take heed that they have always something to do in the house, which they never neglect, for an idle man or woman is in great danger.

Nevertheless, in certain circumstances our good man is indulgent enough, but perhaps with an ulterior motive: "If thou hast maidens and young women in thine house, and if, as often happeneth, some of them are gazed upon by young men, do not thou be moved to fury or anger against those young men." When it is a question of disposing of the goods it is wise not to be too particular!

In the contrary case, however, one must keep one's eyes open.

When thou takest a wife have a care that she is born of a good father and a good mother, and that her grandmother is of good repute, for it doth not often happen that when the mother of a damsel is good and likewise her grandmother, that the damsel herself is bad. Take great heed that the wife thou choosest is not born of a family where there is sickness, or consumption, or scrofula, or madness, or scurvy, or gout, for it often happeneth that the children who are born of her have all or some of these faults or blemishes!

But besides questions of pathological heredity, the man must pay attention to the wife's appearance, manners and morals: "See that thou choosest a woman of wisdom and a fine figure, and thou shalt have fine children of her, and if she is wise she will be good," Moralists in general are against the marrying of widows, and neither does Paolo look upon them with a favourable eye:

If thou art able, beware of taking a widow woman for thy wife, because thou wilt never be able to satisfy her, and every time that thou refusest her anything she may ask of thee she will say, "My other husband did not treat me thus!" Truly, if thou hast already had another wife thou mayest take her with greater safety, and if she saith, "My other husband did not treat me thus," or "Blessed be the soul of so-and-so," thou canst reply, "Blessed be the soul of Madonna so-an-so, who did not cause me this tribulation every day!" And if it is thy misfortune to be obliged to marry a second time see that thy second wife be not better born than was the first, so that she may not be able to say unto thee, "It is more proper for me than it was

for her, because I am born of a greater family and of more honourable parentage.'"

And if thou hast sons,

teach them divers trades and not all the same, because they cannot be all of the same mind. Inquire of them, each one for himself, which trade or calling he desireth to follow, then put him to that trade and he will become a far better master than if thou didst put him to one of thy choosing.

If thou desirest that thy sons should be citizens or inhabitants of any special country, town or city, send them that they may be brought up and grow up there, and there learn their trade or business, and say not, "I will send him as a child into France, and there he shall grow up and learn to trade with the merchandise of France." Because when he is thirty years old or thereabouts, and returneth to live in Florence, he will not be a good master, nor a clever and experienced merchant in Florence as he was in France, because, having grown up there and having many friends there, his mind is likewise always in France. And at everything contrary which happeneth to him in Florence, he will say, "If I had been in France this would not have happened unto me!" And it is the same thing with other countries. Nevertheless, it is sometimes necessary to go into strange countries.

If thou hast a son who is not doing well in thine opinion in thy country, place him immediately with a merchant who will send him into another country. Or send him unto some dear friend of thine; then he will forget the habits of his own country and will form new habits, and perchance he will amend his ways and do well; there is nothing else to be done, because if he remained with thee he would never change his ways.

Our good merchant also occupied himself with what we should nowadays call *social relations.*

Take heed to consort always with good persons, and with men who are older than thee, and whom thou believest to be wiser and better than thyself; and consort always with those who are richer and greater than thou art, and with men of good manners. Beware of speaking evil of thy friend or companion or neighbour, or of thy Commune, because when thou thinkest to speak evil of those with whom thou art accustomed to consort, thou speakest evil of thine own self; wherefore must thou never have dealings with persons who are evil or vicious, nor frequent their company.

Evil speaking is one of the great sins, and it is irremediable, because if thou wouldst be forgiven thou must give back his good repute unto him from whom thou hast taken it away. And how canst thou render it him again, for thou hast spoken ill of him unto twenty persons, and those twenty persons have repeated it unto an hundred, and those hundred will speak ill of him

unto a thousand, and thus is evil repute spread about amongst many. And if thou shouldst say, "I will now speak good of him," the good will not come unto the ears of all those who heard the evil.

Then Paolo gives further moral directions regarding gambling, also on the subject of the "women belonging to others," of whom he says, "bethink thee that they are all made after one fashion and therefore do not love one more than another;" benefits bestowed should be esteemed but little and never remembered or regretted; of the *maltolto*, or money unduly obtained, he says, "beware of taking it, in order that thou mayest not have to render it again, which would seem too hard for thee." In a civil community like that of Florence in those days, in which it was necessary to be suspicious of everything, it was imperative to cultivate habits of caution. To trust anyone who has already deceived you is folly and "simplicity," wherefore, "beware of trusting a second time him who hath already deceived thee once; for there is a saying of a certain wise man which saith, 'whosoever cheateth thee once, God will curse him; whosoever cheateth thee twice, God will curse him and thee; whosoever cheateth thrice, God will curse thee alone.'" And in order not to find oneself in a position to be obliged to repeat this bitter saying "it is safer to keep silence thyself than to pray another to keep silence; wherefore take heed never to tell thy secret unto another, because thus thou becomest the servant of him whom thou prayest that he will not reveal the secret thou has told unto him."

But now let us come to the more practical advice which concerns business matters and merchandise.

The first maxim we come across is rather of an egoistical order, but it has the merit of being as sincere as though it came out of the American book! "Labour always rather for thyself than for others," to which our moralist adds:

A very fine and great thing is it to understand how to earn money, but a finer and greater thing is it to understand how to spend it with discretion and when it is needful, and always to know how to keep and guard that which hath

been left thee by thy father or other kindred. Money which a man hath not earned is more quickly spent than that which he hath earned with the sweat of his brow and with labour and care.

With regard to expenses he gives minute and valuable advice:

Give good heed to the small sums thou spendest out of the house, for it is they which empty the purse and consume wealth, and they go on continually. And do not buy all the good victuals which thou seest, for the house is like a wolf, the more thou givest it the more doth it devour.

When thou dost establish a shop or a warehouse in thine own country or in a foreign country, see that thou choosest a house in the best part of the town, if thou canst obtain it. And see also that the workmen thou takest are the best and most expert that are to be had in the trade thou wouldst follow; and look not to the cost, for neither the hire of a good house nor the wage of good workmen ever was dear. Thou shalt not delight in going to law; do thou rather accept less from him who oweth thee without a lawsuit than more with a lawsuit. When thou makest an agreement of any kind, take a book and write down in it the day whereon the agreement is made, and the notary who maketh it, and the witnesses, and the reason and with whom it is made, so that if thou or thy children have need of it they may find it ready. Always have thy last will ready written, and if it happeneth that thou desirest to add to it, or to erase somewhat, then make thou another will and annul the first.

Whilst on the subject of wills our Paolo relates a delightful story, which would appeal even to an American merchant of to-day; it is an *example*, which he entitles, "The Will of Giovanni Cavazza":

This Giovanni Cavazza was a wealthy man who had two daughters, and when they were of a marriageable age he married them to two noble youths and gave to each one a large portion. Now, having given all that he possessed unto his sons-in-law, Giovanni was left poor, but this was not known either unto his sons-in-law or his daughters; and as he desired to live honourably, as he had been used to do all his life, he spake thus unto his sons-in-law and his daughters: "I have now grown old and have but a short while to live, wherefore I must make my will." And he procured a strong chest with two locks and placed inside it a very large bar of iron and a writing which said, "*This is the will of Giovanni Cavazza; he who unto others doth give himself and all, by this rod of iron shall he be killed withal.*" And he locked the chest very carefully with two keys, and one he gave unto the Brothers Minor and the other he gave unto the Preaching Friars (the Franciscans and the Dominicans), saying unto them, "Ye shall not give these keys unto any person so long as I shall live; after my death give them unto so-and-so, my sons-in-law, because I desire

that they should be my heirs and should inherit after me that which I have reserved for myself in case I should fall into distress." Then he went unto one who was an old and dear friend and said unto him, "Lend me two gold florins." And he lent them, and Giovanni Cavazza invited his daughters and his sons-in-law to dinner; and after they had eaten he said unto them, "Wait ye for me here in the hall," and he shut himself up in his chamber. And there he began to count that money over and over again. The sons-in-law and the daughters watched at the keyhole and beheld the money. And Giovanni said aloud unto himself, "Whoever doeth good unto me, so will I do unto him; if these my sons-in-law and my daughters behave themselves well unto me, I will leave them the whole of this. And verily, if I should die of hunger, never in my life will I touch one penny of this money, for I desire that my daughters should have it all." And the daughters and their husbands heard all that he said; and when he had done this for a great while he made pretence of replacing the money and then issued forth from his chamber taking that money with him, but his sons-in-law believed that it was in the chest. Then he called his sons-in-law unto him and said, "Help me now and treat ye me well, and I will leave you rich men." And from that day forward they each strove who should do him the most honour, and clothe him and feed him and bear him company. At last he made his will and left much money to friars and priests and hospitals and to the poor, all for the love of God, and his sons-in-law did he leave to be his heirs, and they did bind themselves to pay the debts which he should leave unpaid. And he ordered that, so soon as he should be buried, the friars should give the keys unto his sons-in-law; and to these he said, "Bury me honourably, for ye can well do it, considering what I shall leave unto you." Each promised that he would do so. After this Giovanni lived with his sons-in-law and his daughters for a long time and in great honour, and at their expense. Then he died, and they caused him to be buried with much honour; and they returned home, thinking it a thousand years till they should obtain the keys. And they went to fetch them, but first they paid the debts, as Giovanni had ordered. And when the debts were paid they were given the keys, and they returned home and opened the chest and found therein the iron bar and the writing: "*This is the will of Giovanni Cavazza; he who unto others doth give himself and all, by this rod of iron shall he be killed withal.*"

Now this *example*, which is distinguished by that pleasant cheerfulness which enlivens some of Boccaccio's tales, this jest which pleased our moralist so much that he related it twice in his pages, and not without a touch of malice in his enjoyment, gives us an insight into certain hidden aspects of his nature, certain incorrigible defects in his character of astute and circumspect merchant. Beneath the habit of the devout moralist

we discover the striped hose and the purse of the merchant; under the outward semblance of religious unction we reeognise the furtive cunning of that native trickery which neither religion nor *examples* could succeed in restraining. That American merchant makes no pretences, because he belongs to a different age and a different race; he knows no waverings between good and evil, for the simple reason that he looks only to the useful, into which either of the other qualities may enter with varying percentage. The fourteenth-century merchant wants to make a good profit, but he always keeps an eye on the safety of his soul, and his consequent uncertainties are easy to read between the lines of his counsels. Listen to the practical and crafty advice he offers in matters of business:

When thou hast need that another should render thee a service, go into his house, that is, into the house of the man from whom thou art going to ask the service, because he will not refuse thee in his own house as he would do outside.

If thou buyest a field or a vineyard, see that thou buyest a field that is small and good rather than one that is large and barren, because thou wilt always find labourers in the good field.

If thou dost dwell at thy country house, beware of consorting together with the labourers when they take their rest, because they do all drink and are heated with wine and have their weapons about them, wherefore do thou let them alone upon feast days. If thou hast aught to do with the labourers go unto them when they are working in the fields and thou shalt find them humble and meek, with the goodness of the plough, the spade and the hoe. If thou hast to reckon with them, never do it at thy country house but make them come into the city and there do thy reckoning; because if thou dost it in the country all the other labourers will take the part of thy labourers against thee, and thou wilt not be able to prevent them getting the better of thee and always putting thee in the wrong.

When thou goest to dwell in a strange place, seek to have as many friends as thou canst, and especially a priest or friar of good and honest life, and a physician. Endeavour likewise to obtain the friendship of one or more of the great men of the place, not spending too much money upon them, however; by doing them a little honour, thou, who art a stranger, will incline unto thee any courteous and wise man. See that thou causest such things as will please them to be brought from thine own city and give them unto them once or twice a year; such things as a fine sword, or a fine knife, or bells for a falcon, or jesses or hoods, and similar things, or rings or belts, or bags or silken purses, which may be useful for him or for his wife or his children.

But still more business-like is the technical advice Paolo gives:

When thou buyest corn or other grain see that the measure be not filled up at one pouring in, for thereby wilt thou lose always one or two *per cento.* But when thou sellest, then do this, and thy grain will increase.

If thou hast money to lay out and hast but a little money, then buy small grain rather than corn, because thou wilt thus gain two *soldi* upon every bushel of grain the same as though it were corn, and that grain will cost thee but the third of the price of corn. Moreover, in times of scarcity thou wilt be able to sell it more easily,

If thou buyest other merchandize, buy it when it fetcheth only a small price and is but seldom asked for, and thou canst not make a mistake; for in a little while thou wilt sell it to thine advantage and cannot lose thy money.

When thou buyest wine, always ask of the man from whom thou buyest in what manner he doth mix it and when is the time to put it into new vessels, and do thou the same and the wine will not be spoiled.

If thou art engaged in any business and other letters come tied up together with thine own (in those days there were neither posts nor stamps!), always remember to read thine own letters before giving the others unto those to whom they belong. And if thy letters advise thee to buy or sell any merchandize to thine advantage, send immediately for the broker and do that which thy letters advise, and then afterwards give the letters which came with thine own. But do not give them before thou hast concluded thine own business, because those letters could perchance advise something which would injure thy business, and the service which thou hast rendered with the letters unto thy friend or neighbour or unto a stranger might cause great hurt unto thee, and thou shouldst never serve others and thereby hurt thyself or thine own affairs.

It is advisable to be prudent and careful with one's neighbours:

Always stand well with thy neighbours, because people always inquire of them concerning thine affairs before they inquire of thee, and in matters both of honour and disgrace they can greatly harm thee.

And above all things be circumspect!

When thou art in the house of another, beware of speaking evil of any person belonging to that house.

Moreover, beware when thou art in the street, or against a division of planks or a thin wall, of saying aught that thou wouldst not that every man should hear. When thou enterest into a chamber, say nothing until thou

knowest for a certainty who is in that chamber; because, behind the curtain or some other hidden place, there might be shut up or concealed a person who would hearken unto all thy deeds or sayings. If thou desirest to speak of secret things, go thou to speak thy secrets in an open place, or in a field, or meadow or open ground, but look well that there be no person near who can hear thee, and beware of hedges, of trees, caves, or walls, or the corners of streets, where other persons might be hidden.

But wherefore all these precautions? Perhaps to whisper into the ear of friend or companion advice like this last which I shall repeat here:

When thou sittest among the judges, receive though no gifts which have been sent unto thee from either side; but I tell thee, on the contrary, that if in a court of law thou hast need of the friendship of some lord or ruler of a place, his friendship is very easily gained if thou makest gifts unto him. Look and see who of his household is the most in his confidence, and make thou friends first with that person and bestow something upon him, and then ask help and counsel of him, and he will show thee how to obtain the love of his lord and how to present unto him the thing for which the man heareth his lord hath the greatest desire.

Truly this reads almost like a scene from Shakespeare! Iago in secret converse with Shylock!

GUIDO BIAGI.

THE HOPE[1]

I

I HAVING youth yet in my blood,
Being yet the fool of dreams, would hold
What Epicurus taught of old,
That sober-minded demi-god;

Would live and love, would learn men's ways,
Some pleasure seek, not trust thereto,
Be what I am, do as men do,
And look on Heaven with tranquil gaze.

I would, but cannot. Ah, how dream
Without a hope, without a fear?
Infinity so close and clear
Can Reason see, nor ask the scheme?

This world—what is it? Man—why there,
A conscience cowering from the skies?
To walk, as beasts, with earthward eyes,
And say, Naught is but Now and Here:

This count you happiness? Not I!
This soul, chance-summoned from the deep,
Is seed of woman: laugh or weep,
Human I live and human die.

[1] A rendering of Alfred de Musset's "L'Espoir en Dieu."

II

How live then ?—Heathen wisdom cries,
Eat, drink, and die ! God takes no heed.
Believe, returns the Christian creed,
Immortal soul 'neath sleepless eyes.

'Twixt these I falter, fain to see
Some byeway easier. But a voice
Cries, Faith or No Faith is the choice :
Earth here, Heaven yonder—which for thee ?

How gainsay ? To whate'er extreme
The soul run wildly, I know well
Worldling at heart is infidel ;
One soul-quake ends the lotus-dream.

I yield ; and since Earth cannot fill
My soul's desire, my heart's dismay,
I choose Belief ; I kneel, and say,
What is my end, and what His will ?

III

Behold me in the hand of One
More awful than the sum of woe,
A mote of misery below
An eye unsleeping as the sun.

How can I fail offend His power ?
A pulse too quick doth disobey ;
Hell's at my feet ; one step astray—
Eternity atones an hour.

I see beneath the headsman's mask
The judge's eyes. All changes name ;
Love he writes Sin, and Pleasure, Shame ;
Sev'n deadly snares His sev'n days' task.

Why then, farewell my human soul!
Can virtue or repentance be
With wage to work for, wrath to flee,
Terror for guide, and Death for goal?

IV

You say: To souls elect is given
An endless joy. But, were it vain,
Will you give this life back again?
If true, have you the keys of Heaven?

A lonely and unpeopled land
Should be the country promised there;
Our spirits too world-weary were,
Too white the raiment you demand.

I am but Man: I climb no higher,
I claim no less. Ah, where find ground
If in the Church it is not found?
Shall Doubt go of the World enquire?

V

I rouse me when such dreams oppress;
In things of sense I seek relief;
But Pleasure's cordial is too brief,
And leaves too deadly bitterness.

Aye, should I dare blaspheme outright,
And end all doubt by doubting all,
Whate'er Life offers have at call,
Beyond man's boundless appetite:

Let power be mine, health, riches, love,
Life's crowning good: in all her charms
Bring Aphrodite to my arms
From azure isle and cedarn grove:

Let me have force from Earth to tear
The secrets of her motherhood,
Transform all matter as I would,
And mould my own ideal of fair:

Let those who once in Hellas trod,
Or Rome, the way of natural zest,
Sit at my side and call me blest,
Preach joy of Joy, and scorn of God:

To all one answer must be given:
I suffer in your soul-less mirth:
A splendid hope has touched the earth;
We cannot keep our gaze from Heaven.

VI

On Faith my reason cannot feed,
On Doubt my heart. The Christian way
Affrights me; yet if any say,
There is no God, I will not heed.

The faithful call me Infidel,
And Fool the worldly. Where betake
My stricken soul? What hand can make
The heart that Doubt hath wounded well?

VII

'Tis said Philosophy hath showed,
Untaught of God, a golden mean;
Hath found a way of life between
The Priest-path and the World's broad road.

Granted! Then bring me to the man
Who without Faith hath found out Truth!
What trusts he in? Himself forsooth,
Each small soul in his own small plan.

One holds, Two principles at war
By turns prevail, undying each;
One finds a God no prayer can reach,
Alone in Heaven, aloof, afar.

Come Plato, Aristotle then;
Each age a new solution brings;
Where kings are, God is King of Kings;
Republics make him Citizen.

Some change the human shape of me;
Some whirl me in a vortex-dance;
Ask all things, answer none; perchance
Raise devils of their own and flee.

One doubts my eyesight; one my brain;
Down with all systems, cries Voltaire;
Spinoza thinks God everywhere,
But seeks Him everywhere in vain.

Man is mere clockwork, then 'twas taught;
And last that man of words appears,
Who pulled the house about our ears,
Showed Heaven empty, all things naught.

VIII

Amid the wreck of schools I sit,
And think what ages, year on year,
Have laboured to solve Doubt; and here
Behold the utter end of it!

Ah, vanity of vanities!
Poor creatures of a thousand dreams,
Ye saw the light of Heaven, it seems,
And only lacked the wings to rise.

Your boastings hid the wound at heart;
Ye bore the selfsame pangs as I;
And gazing on Infinity
Felt all your pulses prick and start.

Come then! No more will we pursue
Your childish spellings, aimless groans;
For ye are dead, and o'er your bones
I bow my knees and pray for you.

Draw nigh, ye dreamers of to-day,
With those of old, the Pagans wise
And Christians. Prayer is Hope that cries.
Think! He may hear us!—Let us Pray!

For just He is and good, to grief
Most pitiful, and pardons sin.
What hurt, if Heaven hold none within?
Who heareth, let Him send relief!

IX

Thou whom none knoweth, yet they lie
Who say Thou art not, speak with me!
I am because Thou bidst me be,
And when Thou bidst me, I must die.

Much of Thyself Thou showest us;
Yet such a darkness hides Thy face,
Faith stumbles in the holy place.
Alas, why tempt Thy creature thus?

He lifts his head: the heavens to him
A Lord Omnipotent reveal;
The earth, that lieth 'neath his heel,
Is all a temple, vast and dim.

Something that in his bosom reigns,
This too he thinks is Thee: his woes,
His agonies, his love, he knows,
A greater than himself ordains.

And this hath been, since earth began,
Of noble souls the noblest aim,
To prove Thou art, and Thy hid name
To spell in letters of a man.

Diverse the names men know Thee by,
As Brahma, Jesus, Jupiter,
Truth, Justice; yet I dare aver
To Thee all hands are stretched on high.

To Thee the meanest wretch will raise,
For but the promise of relief
In the murk midnight of his grief,
An unpremeditated praise.

Thee all Creation magnifies;
There sings no bird but doth adore,
Nor falls one rain-drop but therefor
A million benedictions rise.

All Thou hast made we find to be
Lovely and wonderful and good;
And at Thy smile the whole earth would
Fall at Thy feet and worship Thee.

X

Then, wherefore with all power to bless,
Hast Thou created strength so vast
Of evil, to let shrink aghast
Reason alike and Righteousness?

While all earth's voices thus declare
The great divinity of things,
Attesting surely that all springs
From an Almighty Father's care;

How is it that so oft a deed
Is done beneath yon holy sky
So foul that even prayer will die
Struck dumb upon the lips of need?

Why discord in so sweet a strain?
Is plague Thy servant? Crime Thy will?
And Death—dear God, why reigneth still
This other king in Thy domain?

XI

Was not a great compassion Thine
When, weeping, out of chaos rose,
With all its joys and all its woes,
A world so sad and so divine?

Yet if it pleased Thee, Lord, to cast
Upon man's neck a yoke so stern,
Why give him eyesight, to discern
Thy presence in the cloudy Vast?

Man had not murmured, doomed to crawl,
Had no diviner dream been sent.
We perish of our discontent.
Oh, show us naught, or show us all!

If to approach Thy dwelling-place
The thing Thou madest is too mean,
The veil of Nature should have been
More closely wov'n before Thy face.

Thine had been still the thunderclaps;
The bolts had fall'n on us the same;
But misery, unheard Thy name,
Had slept a dreamless sleep perhaps.

XII

If prayer may never reach to Thee,
O King of Glory, close the door
On Thy lone splendour! Evermore
From mortals hide Eternity!

But if an ear to earth inclined
Be yonder, and to grief awake;
If the Eternal Country take
Heed of the moaning of mankind;

Oh, rend the Heaven! Break up the height,
The depth, between Thy works and Thee!
Tear off the veil, that Earth may see
The Fount of good, the Judge of right!

XIII

Ah, what a world should then be found!
No loveless heart, no faithless soul.
Yea, all mankind, from pole to pole,
Should bow before Thee to the ground.

The tears, that from our earth-sick eyes
Run ever in unceasing fount,
Should like the dews of morning mount
A mist of silver to the skies.

No voice should any more withstand,
But all in concert sing Thy praise,
Sweet as the hymns that angels raise
Where Thou art in the Eternal Land.

Doubts, blasphemies, an evil horde,
Should flee from the loud hymns of Faith;
And, last of all the vanquished, Death
With dying breath cry Praise the Lord!

F. W. Bourdillon.

ON THE LINE

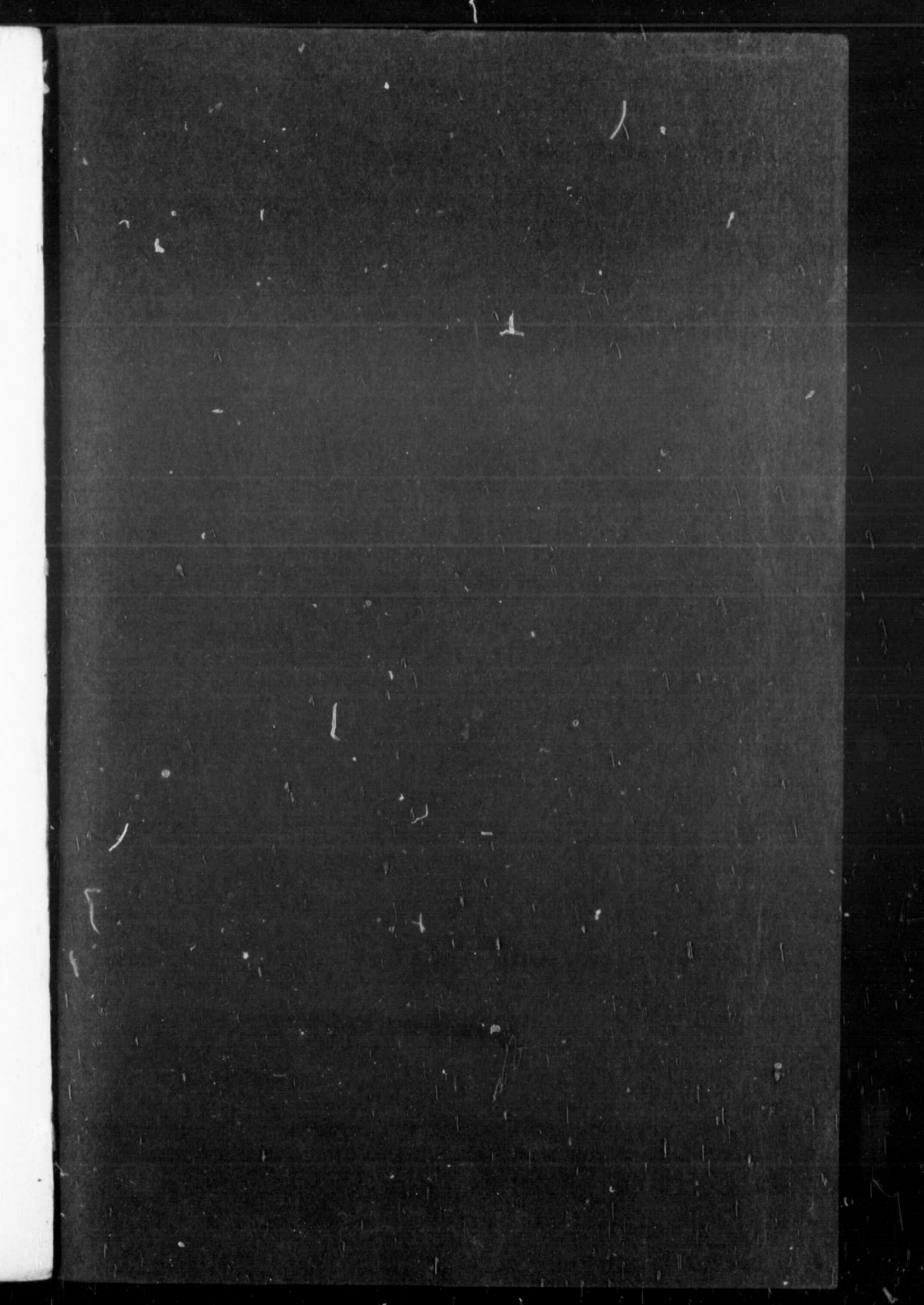
RIDICULE is often successful where plain logic fails. The politician who wishes to expose the weaknesses of an opponent's case is hard put to it if humour is not a part of his natural equipment. The author of **What Might Have Been** (Murray: 6*s.*) has no lack of that essential. He writes with the satire which burns. He has the gift of insight also; and sees the future as the Fabians do not paint it; but as it well might be if a certain order of Socialism were triumphant. We are shown England in the "Collateral Year." Things have changed since this present day of grace. Demos is in office, and absolute. His hobnailed boots have stamped upon most of our institutions. The House of Lords is gone, with no second Chamber to take its place. Home Rule is a fact. Peace at any price has become the Imperial policy; the House of Commons is overwhelmingly commonplace; Tammany has become Anglicised. The orators of Tower Hill make our laws, mismanage the departments and fill their pockets. Socialism, of the bowler-hat order, is a fact; and jobbery and doles its consequences.

The multitudinous effects of government by the mob's puppets are mordantly described in this humorous, angry book. Art and commerce, laws and learning do die, under this withering, soulless governance. The hope of England—of honesty and the high ideals—slumbers, until another Hampden rises to undo the people's wrongs. The story, of course, has its

impossibilities; but it is a fair answer to the Utopian pictures drawn by Edward Bellamy and Mr. Wells.

The distinguished position occupied by Sir Oliver Lodge has caused his recent expressions of opinion on the great theme of religion to be received with profound interest and respect. It was recognised that they mark a new attitude on the part of science towards religion, and give earnest hope of some better understanding being come to between theologians and scientists than has existed since 1859, when the "Origin of Species" came to revolutionise old ideas and to rouse and stimulate new. Sir Oliver Lodge has cast his conclusions in the form of a catechism, and published it under the title, **The Substance of Faith allied with Science** (Methuen: 2*s.* net). This little volume combines deductions from the discoveries of modern science with a grateful recognition of the laws and power and glory of a Divine all-ruling Creator. Its author denies emphatically Herbert Spencer's idea that the world arose by chance, and is a mere fortuitous concourse of atoms; claiming that no science sustains such a notion. Of course, very many of the Christian dogmas are intentionally left untouched in this new catechism: it being felt by its formulator that the life of Jesus, His ideals and teaching, and, more even than that, His example of service and self-sacrifice, are enough to help and encourage humanity to its own amendment.

It is, no doubt, upon the rock of dogma that the storm of controversy—if this book rouses one—will break. There are so many good people to whom the letter of the Scriptures is an infallible word; and the doctrines of the Church necessary to be retained in their indefiniteness and entirety. But beyond them, there is a thoughtful multitude, whose infant faith has been seriously affected by the discoveries and theories of the evolutionists, who will be relieved to find it is possible to retain faith in Christ and the All-Father, and yet keep confidence that the reverent inquiries of scientific men have been trending steadily toward the truth.



Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Matter.