THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. XII.

JULY—SEPTEMBER 1903

TORONTO

GEORGE N. MORANG & CO., LTD.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

Printed by BALLANTYNE HANSON & Co
At the Ballantyne Press

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No. 34. XII. 1.—July 1903. A

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GULLIVER'S LAST VOYAGE

CHAPTER I

AFTER my return from that voyage in which I made the discovery of the Houyhnhnms' Land, and fell into so high an estimation of their magnanimous people, I continued at home but a short while, finding my company too close of kin to the detestable qualities of the Yahoos to be by any means supportable: and therefore accepted an adva tageous offer made me to go the African voyage in the *Wide World*, a stout merchantman of great tonnage and repute. I was furnished with a supply of money bestowed about my middle in a leathern belt; and my business was, on behalf of my employer, to send home from time to time such quantity as I could come by of the *canards géants* which are found abundantly in that quarter of the world. And to the better procuring and more regular forwarding of these I was empowered either to buy wholesale or to breed from stock, and to pack my cargoes in any convenient manner, but so always that they should come to hand alive and fit for my employer's purpose.

We went aboard at Southampton on March 31, 1716, and set sail on the following morning. For some days we kept a southward course and our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. Let it suffice me to say that I did not waste my time, but conceiving

diligence to be of the essence of my contract, I began at once to practise my trade, and by collecting here and there from such of those on board as had any *petits canards* (the common species) to give away, I contrived to send home, from one or two ports where we touched, a number of small packets not indeed marketable for the London Season, but very sufficient at a later time to hold the table with gooseberries and sea serpents and such like commodities. And in this busy fashion I continued, though with increasing difficulty, until the breaking out of the conspiracy which I shall now relate.

Certain of the crew, being of a churlish and injudicious temper, had from the first refused me a reply to my inquiries, and there were others who, though they would converse readily enough over night, in the morning appeared uneasy upon a sight of the note-books in which I made my entries. These rogues formed a design to be rid of me, and put their plans into execution with a firmness much beyond my expectation. For one morning while I was yet sleeping they turned the key in my cabin-door and waking me with derisive shouts informed me that I was a prisoner, and my case, as I understood, then under consideration by the captain. The deliberations of these rascals were however rendered impracticable by the growing severity of the weather, which had increased during the night from a sailor's capful of wind to a violent storm. During the whole continuance of this tempest, which raged for one and twenty days, they sent me down victuals and drink twice or thrice a day, but held no converse with me, except to threaten that I should be thrown overboard if I were discovered writing.

Upon the twenty-second morning of my captivity, the weather being somewhat abated, one John Tarr came down to my cabin, and said he had orders from the captain to turn me adrift. I expostulated with him: but he replied that I was rather to congratulate than to bewail myself; for it had been resolved to drown me like the young of some domestic animal, had not the opportunity offered, by reason of the ship being

blown out of her course, to set me afloat in a very remote region of the world, from which my return was not speedily to be looked for. I desired him to tell me what region. He replied that we were now in the Antipacific Ocean and not far from the Archipelago, of which the most considerable part is known to mariners by the name of the Internecine Islands.

I was then carried upon deck and forced into the long boat; but these wretches were so civil as to furnish me with a month's rations of plasmon biscuit, some sixty pieces in all, for my food, and for my drink a convenient supply of sparklets. They then set the boat's sail and pushed me off in the direction of the islands; after which the ship was brought up into the wind and began to run from me in long tacks. Judging myself to be at the least five thousand miles from the coast of Africa and seeing the Archipelago upon the horizon to leeward of me, I resolved to throw myself upon the hospitality of the islanders, and set my tiller accordingly. Towards nightfall I came before a light south wind almost within hail of land, but being extremely tired, and with that and the heat of the weather and the sparklets that I had drunk, falling continually to sleep, I let myself run on for the best part of the night, and so came by daybreak into the mouth of a large river, which as I conjectured and was afterwards assured, was the main port of entry to the capital island of the Archipelago.

CHAPTER II

Of my first landing, of my reception and entertainment I shall not at present give a particular description. In brief I was entreated if not with cordiality yet with such welcome as new arrivals commonly meet with among the curious; and I discovered not long after that I might very well have fared worse; for I had by good fortune chanced upon the least inhospitable of the Internecine peoples. I shall now set down my observations first upon the customs and manner of life of

the islanders, whether distinctive or common to the whole Archipelago, then upon the inhabitants of the capital island into which I had been carried, and lastly I shall give an account of the great revolution which I saw brought to the birth, and show to what unexpected and misshapen growth it matured.

The Internecine Islands, properly so-called, are but seven in number, and form but the smaller part of the Archipelago, the sum of whose territories I conjecture to be not far short of the whole extent of the lands at present known to us. The largest island lies to the east and is called by the name of Slibearia, though the inhabitants among themselves give it the title of "Holy Land" for a reason which one of them explained to me, but which appeared too mystical to be understood by a European intellect. On the west of this lies Franz-Josefland or Nubia Felix, the people of which are doubly internecine, being subdivided into six or seven tribes of an irreconcilable habit of mind. The next two islands are called Gottland and Paparegia: of these the former is the more northerly and derives its name from the nature of its government, which is a theocracy. The presiding deity is reported to be omnipotent and omniscient; he is besides almost omnipresent and is gifted with miraculous activities. In the common speech he is alluded to as "The Divine Will" or "Everlasting Billy": but in public worship he is always addressed as "War Lord" or "High—high—high." The commerce of this country is reckoned upon an antiquated method, by a coinage known as Grenadierenbeinen, formerly in use in Pomerania. The principal manufactures are statues of the national deity and Prussic acid; of this last very large quantities are exported annually, but from certain observations which I made, I should judge the distillation to be performed from insufficient materials, for the drug though disagreeable in its effects appears to be much below proof, and is rarely fatal to life, at least in the case of adults of a moderately robust health. The larger part of this country is not and never has been cultivated; the most abundant crop is a kind of wild oats which is dragged to the

government mills and there ground into a coarse flour called in their dialect "fist-mail." There is no external demand for this commodity; it is sometimes exported in small quantities to the Far East, but it is said to arrive in unsatisfactory condition, and is only disposed of by forced sale and at a considerable loss.

The island to the south is governed by two kings, one black and one white, a system rendered necessary by the character of the population, which is divided after the same distinction of colour. The name Paparegia is intended to describe this condition, being compounded of the native words for *black* and *white*, but as to which signified which I could arrive at no certain determination. A singularity of this people is that the richer classes are wholly insolvent, and have for some years past been charitably supported by the poor, who pay all the taxes in addition to performing all the labour of the country.

Westward of the two islands which I have last mentioned is another named Boulevardia, from an old word corresponding to the *Elysium* of antiquity. The peculiarities of this people are striking in a high degree: they choose their government by means of a mechanical instrument devised on the principle of the kaleidoscope, no combination being allowed to continue in power for more than ten lunar months. They eat no flesh save that of the frog, and have but two varieties of drink, a sweetish syrup called Benedictine, and a more favourite kind of *esprit fort*, bitter in flavour and highly effervescent when the weather is disturbed, as by thunder or great heat. They are pre-eminent for the severity of their morals, never exceeding the limit of two children in each family; and for the polish of their address, holding, as one of their great educators laid it down, that "manners are given us to conceal our thoughts." Pertinent here is the observation of a Japanese traveller upon the commoner sort of Boulevardier, videlicet, "He very polite but inside quite different."

The sixth of these islands is the one which I have called

the capital, and which I shall presently describe in a more particular manner. The seventh lies off to the west at a considerable distance; it is named Aquila, after an indigenous species of bird, from the spread of whose tail and the loudness of its screams the inhabitants are accustomed to take their omens. The climate of this country is insalubrious, and induces a singular malady which I have not found in any other people; the nostrils become obstructed early in life and the voice takes on a metallic sound; in the less favourable cases this is followed by a general swelling of the head, accompanied with a distortion of the vision and an unnatural desire to have all things of a monstrous bigness; the disease then reaches the stage called *Pierpont Morbus*, and is considered to be past curing. The fauna of this island includes choates, gold bugs, mugwumps, sophomores, clams and greenbacks; the principal import is white trash, and the chief exports are chestnuts and housewives, both of excellent quality.

These then are the seven main islands of the Archipelago, and I was at first moved to wonder by the diversity of their governments and their national characters. But upon a further reflection I saw clearly that in both of these respects they resemble one another more than they differ. For in all of them alike, though in varying degrees, hatred and distrust of foreigners are the chief national characteristics, and perpetual war the fundamental principle of their politics. And since they display these qualities in a far greater degree than any of the smaller nations by whom they are surrounded, it is not without reason that they are distinguished by the name "Internecine," and that their affairs are treated separately in Internecine Congresses and according to a special code of Internecine Law.

CHAPTER III

I now intend to give the reader a short description of the capital island and its inhabitants. But I must first observe

that nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story, for I am moved even now by the recollection of the beauty of this country and of the splendour of her history, which is incomparable among the nations of the Archipelago: and I have retained besides an ill-reasoned liking for the people, though they seldom allowed me to perceive any such feeling on their part towards myself. The name of the island is agreed upon all hands to have been formerly Merryland; but the word "merry" from which this was derived, being held to apply only to the hilarity of intoxication, was discountenanced as too direct a description of the national custom. The country is now called Jocoseria, by which name it is implied that these people are accustomed to treat only their pastimes seriously and their serious affairs as a joke. And this is true to my knowledge, and also in strict accord with the mental habit of the nation; for they regard it as an act of indelicacy—the most abhorrent kind of misdemeanour—to state or pronounce anything directly and clearly, or to betray their true feelings or reasons for any act. This is noteworthy as being an acquired and not an original characteristic; for I cannot doubt that it was introduced mainly by the immigrants from Puritania, a people of peculiarly refined taste and humane manners. Since their arrival a code has been compiled, and from time to time amplified, prohibiting the public use of most of the nouns and verbs of the ancient language, and providing legal substitutes. For example, it is not lawful to call a spade a spade or a blatant advertiser an Encyclopædic hooper; rulers are spoken of as ministers, decoy ducks as directors, frozen mutton as loyalty, a dead failure as an army corps, and so forth; much as if we were to call a motor-car a harmsworth because it is not worth the harm it does. I was present at the development of several of these linguistic changes; for some of the islanders were beginning to take the word "rose-berry" to signify a sour grape, and others, though unsuccessfully, were endeavouring to use "banner-man" for "leader." A still more remarkable

instance I shall record presently; but indeed this singularly oblique or reversed manner of speaking is carried into all their concerns; so that you would do well never to look for literature from their literary men, cricket from their professionals, religion from their fanatics, art from their academicians or education from their universities. The king has the least power and liberty of any among them, and the private citizen the most; and whereas in our clocks the bells are subordinate parts and are heard only at the proper hours, the people of Jocoseria allow the times of the day to be entirely controlled by one bell, and that one though perhaps the greatest yet not the best-toned among them.

It is in accordance with this system that their spelling and pronunciation appear to have so little connection with one another; for example, the word written indifferently "balfour" or "golfer" is sounded as "arthur"; the adjective "cholmondeley" as "marchbanks," and the feminine of this, "miss-cholmondeley," is always pronounced "masterly." And such is the delicacy of this people that the same word has often two or more pronunciations appropriate to the different circumstances in which it may be used. Thus the word "crack" may be sounded "cwack" in speaking of a distinguished regiment, but never of a distinguished physician; common "red-tape" is spoken of as "routine" in all government offices, and the word written "damned" is pronounced "dashed" by schoolmasters and churchwardens, and "blest" by the higher ecclesiastics; but it is only just to add that these fine distinctions are not invariably preserved in moments of great haste or emergency.

These people and the Aquilans, who are descended from the same stock with them, have many elements in common; to this extent indeed, that they are at times accused of not being good Internecines, as not showing towards each other the spirit of hatred proper among Archipelagans of the first rank. They are both remarkably forward in the invention of mechanical devices, and have succeeded, by a novel method

which I cannot now describe, in drawing all the islands of the Archipelago nearer together, so that it is possible to go from one to the other in less than one-fourth of the time formerly required. It was at first feared that this change might be followed by a decay of Internecine feeling, but the danger has been averted by putting the bulk of the population in every island into a distinctive uniform, by severely restricting commerce, and by keeping a number of young lions in dens conveniently placed, where they are instructed to roar whenever the name of a foreign country is heard; by which sound, however senseless, the envious and malignant passions of the Archipelagan races are excited to a surprising degree.

The kings of Jocoseria and Aquila are both elected by the people, in the former country for life, in the latter for life or a period not exceeding eight years. The Aquilan monarch is, however, the more properly so called, being practically absolute, while the authority of the King of Jocoseria is by traditional usage confined to the regulation of clothing, cattle-breeding, baccarat and other games of skill; while the rest of his affairs have always been managed for him by one or other of the high state officials; in past centuries by the Mistress of the Bedchamber, afterwards by the Privy Council, and latterly by the Great Chamberlain, of whom I shall find it more convenient to speak in a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER IV

At the time of my coming into the Archipelago Mr. Secretary Chamberlain or Mr. Chamberlain, as he was familiarly called, was at the height of his reputation, and already endowed with so many legendary attributes that it was hard for me to discover the truth about him as I should have wished. It is certain that he descended from a family second to none in antiquity, and that he was admitted on equal terms to the Royal Society of Jocoseria: but during the prolonged tenure

of his office his private appellations were gradually forgotten. I was informed by one of good authority that his name was Joseph, by another with equal certainty that it was Judas; and a high official in the Post Office declared it to be without doubt Austen. The name of his family was given by some as Kynoch, but this I do not believe, for I have myself made researches in the Chronicle of Froissart, where he is called "de Birmingham": and this I conjecture to be the good old Chronicler's quaint way of spelling the word "Brummagem," which was sometimes used in the controversies of the day to describe the Great Chamberlain's policy.

His miraculous powers were equally the subject of fable: by a flourish of his hand he could make screws for all his followers; when drawing one himself he could prolong it almost indefinitely; he caused artificial flowers to grow after a fashion superior to those designed by Nature; he destroyed the national church by a form of words only, and restored it by another, gave away three acres and a cow to each of several million people, and remained no less wealthy than before, made a crystal out of nothing and a majority out of the crystal, taught a wild boar to say "suzerainty" and a Prussian pig to clean out his own sty: and to conclude this list of marvels, he devised a pair of mechanical eyes of supernatural power; and this I can affirm to be true, having myself seen him in the Parliament House using one of these eyes and his son the fellow to it. For as I was told and can easily believe, if either of them had used the pair at once, the whole assembly had been petrified.

And now, having gratified the curious reader with some general ideas upon this celebrated personage, I may proceed to narrate the revolution of which he was the chief promoter and afterwards the victim. I have already observed that mutual injury, whether by arms or commerce, is with these islanders of the Antipacific the principal aim of existence. Now at the time of my landing it happened that a great war, which by blows between the combatants and partisanship among the

rest had for some three years past gratified the liveliest feelings of the whole Archipelago, was now concluded and evidently past hope of recovery. It seemed, therefore, plain to Mr. Chamberlain that there was no means left but commerce for improving the Internecine position of his country, to whose interests he looked, as I have said, with a single eye. He next inquired in what respects the commercial policy of Jocoseria was surpassed in natural savagery by any of the surrounding kingdoms; and found that it was inferior not to one but to all, in this, viz., that in no other country was it allowed that a foreigner should enter freely and freely sell his own produce: for the rest had long avoided a condition which manifestly tended rather to the diminution than the cherishing of reasonable enmities.

The reader may remember that I touched upon this matter before, in mentioning the antidotes used against a nearer feeling of neighbourliness. In its full operation the general system was as follows: a sufficiently high wall—called in those parts a *tariff*—having been built completely round each of the islands, the inhabitants were gravely admonished not to buy of any foreigner bringing merchandise from without: and if they must perforce buy of such, then upon every purchase they must pay a fine to their own government. And the rulers in each country, as well to save their own popularity as to destroy that of the foreigners, very ingeniously devised that the buyer should in the first place pay his fine to the merchant together with the price of the goods; and thereupon the foreign merchant should cast the fine into a box in the wall, belonging to the government. And though, I confess, it is difficult to believe, yet I found the most part of these people simple enough to think that the fines were indeed borne by the foreign merchant, and that they themselves were the richer thereby. And the fervour with which they held this opinion is shown by an adventure which happened to me soon after my arrival. For I was passing by chance, having lost my way in the press, near the house of the militant

Carmelites, who are bound by their rule to issue forth every morning at sunrise in their daily mail and challenge all comers with blowing of trumpets and waving of little flags called Jacks. And as I passed, I saw one of these ironclads in action: for he had caught a poor fellow singing an old ballad which runs, "O Manchester thou loyal town," and was attacking him with dagger drawn, though the other had no defence but a sort of cobden club. I begged the man's life; and the Carmelite at length departed, exclaiming in a very high voice that the coxy rogue had well deserved to die, as having sung in praise of a city which had denied the doctrine of protection. I knew not then what this word might mean; but the ballad singer guessing my perplexity said to me, "Sir, it is the way of these madmen to call a fine 'protection,' and in their ravings that country which is most heavily fined is said to enjoy the fullest measure of protection": and this I afterwards found to be true, and it is very worthy to be noted among the linguistic singularities of which I have before spoken.

It is no wonder then that the time seemed to Mr. Chamberlain to be ripe even to rottenness, and that he had in his eye the example of the great Protector who rose to be king. He therefore issued a Proclamation in this form, viz.:

"WHEREAS it is evident that what little trade this country possesses is in an unsatisfactory condition, being still on the increase, and whereas being free it is conducted with less friction than that of any other people, and whereas the said trade consists of an exchange of goods partly with the other great nations and partly with certain islands or independencies of our own, such as those inhabited by the Canpackers and Cornstalks, and whereas we have hitherto treated all these upon an equal footing, while by giving a preference to the one class over the other we might create a new kind of jealousy and greatly widen the area of Internecine feeling, and whereas we might also thereby provide ourselves with a new offensive weapon, which whenever used will irritate our neighbours, and

whenever not used will exasperate our said independencies, Now, therefore We, the Great Chamberlain of this kingdom, by virtue of Our officious position and of the authority vested in Us by some or all of Our late colleagues, duly proclaim Our will as aforesaid, and give notice that Tenders of Submission to the same will be received at The Orchid House, Highbury, or at the office of the Bored of Work, Palace of Westminster, and we hold Ourselves bound to accept the lowest and any other such tender."

The issuing of this proclamation was followed by a prodigious uproar. The first tender to be received was one of great importance, namely, that of the President of the Dilettante Society, who also held at that time the appointment of Cabinet-maker to the king. This distinguished individual, though so nearly blind as to be unable to read, was a pleasing flute-player and a first-rate fiddler; and his opinion on political matters was therefore, in the estimation of the Jocoserians, entitled to great weight. The effect of his adhesion was, however, much diminished by the announcement made at the same moment that the Master of the Fishermen's Company objected strenuously to the protective system, on the ground that it would raise the price of grub and other articles which had an attraction for his constituents, and on which they might often be said to be literally dependent. And this Mystery or Craft of the Anglers being a very ancient and ill-paid industry, with long hours and small takings, the representative who had devoted the best part of his life to it was heard most attentively by both sides. He denounced Mr. Chamberlain as guilty of poaching in conservative waters, and demanded to see the contents of his basket.

Mr. Chamberlain retorted that this was a fishing inquiry. Was it likely, he asked, that he should be drawn into giving up the details of his scheme, when he had been at such pains to guard against indiscretion that he had refrained from formulating them even to himself? He was prepared, however, to practice what he did not preach: he would go to every working

man in the country and offer him two shillings in exchange for half a crown, and at the same time bet him the odd sixpence that he would not live to sixty-five.

This spirited proposal was so nicely suited to the Jocoserious national character that it finally carried the day, but not before much rioting and some portentous and tragical events had occurred. Many ruffians went about openly armed with cross-votes; though the use of these dangerous weapons is an offence so detested as to be commonly restrained by severe whipping. But now all bounds were passed; distinguished men lost their heads daily, and some were barbarously cut up in public. Moved by an ardent love of spectacle, I agreed with one Buckle, a second-hand bookseller, for threepence a day to be allowed the convenience of his office, which commanded a good view of the tumult. And although he chose to stand beside me the most part of the time, exhorting me to huzzah for Chamberlain, yet I could not but greatly relish the scene before me. For the fighting was exceedingly fierce and the confusion incredible. The discordant sounds of Brum and Fife assailed the ear continually; not a rattle in the town but was clacking all day long; and wild shots were heard in every direction. One day, early in the afternoon, the Chaplin of the House of Commons, chanting a *Nunc Dimittis*, led the mob to a strenuous assault on the Exchequer, as they call the place where the nation keeps its riches. Towards night the attack was repulsed, as the more credulous said by the aid of St. Michael, who was seen in the front of the battle. In the meantime the Earl of Epsom, *ex officio* Caretaker of the National Tabernacles, addressed the crowd from a safe position slightly above their heads. He was attired in a flowered dressing-gown of primrose satin, and wore the blue ribbon of the Turf. At the first hearing he was inaudible, it was thought from weakness, for he had, according to some, a fit of the durdans; according to others, an attack of doubt. To those, however, who stood nearest to him, he appeared to speak with great firmnes and he was soon heard clearly by all. He

reported that a new line of cleavage had appeared, which threatened to split both tabernacles transversely. He hoped, however, to save enough of the smaller structure to provide a shelter for his friends. A general panic then set in, which was only allayed by repeated assurances that Mr. Chamberlain had committed suicide.

CHAPTER V

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be unable to estimate the boldness of Mr. Chamberlain's attempt; but I cannot further recount his victory than to say in a word that it was unexpectedly swift and complete. In the spring of the following year, having seen to it that a sufficiently high wall was built round the Island of Jocoseria, similar to those in common use among the other Internecine nations, he left the island upon a long voyage; the thirst he had of visiting his colonial possessions continuing as violent as ever. He sailed in a great ship named the *Cocksure*, or, as we should say, the *Good Hope;* and was absent for three years wanting a few days.

The events and changes which took place during this time were numerous and costly, but I shall desire credence only for some of the least surprising. In the first year I remember that the price of food rose rapidly: many households were reduced to the eating of brown instead of white bread, a thing hitherto abhorrent to their religious instincts, as the flesh of the cow is to the Indous. The distress among the middle classes and those with fixed incomes was very great; organised bands of clubmen marched daily down to St. James's, threatening to bring down the bridge-stakes all along Pall Mall. At the same time the working men were content, for labour rose in price with other commodities. Moreover, they were assured that the tariff-boxes were filling quickly with fines; and that every man of them so soon as he attained to sixty-five would

be enriched for life by the amount of his winnings from Mr. Chamberlain.

In the second year the tables were turned. The Can-packers and Cornstalks being now able to supply the whole country with meat and bread, the cost of living was as low as ever it was; but foreign trade having diminished in the same or a greater proportion, there were many who could find no employment, and to one that has no wages no cost is low enough. Merchants and manufacturers suffered heavily; several in their despair threw themselves into the Official Receiver, where they perished among the refuse of the city. On the other hand, the dividend-earning or treasured classes, as they were called, now lived at ease; but their comfort was much impaired by the continual apprehension of war. For while their food came from many sources and from foreign countries of great power, it had been impossible for an enemy to deprive them of any but a small part of the supply; whereas now the eggs all came, as it were, in one or two baskets only, and these must be defended against the whole Archipelago. Nor could it be doubted that the danger was constantly impending, for Mr. Chamberlain's policy had been entirely successful in raising Internecine feeling to a pitch hitherto unhoped for. The Jocoserians were so perpetually alarmed by these considerations that they could neither sleep quietly in their beds nor have any relish for the common pleasures or amusements of life. When they met an acquaintance in the morning the first question was about the Internecine situation, how the country could best find alliances, and what hopes they had of avoiding an invasion or a blockade. And this kind of talk they would run after in the magazines with the same temper that boys discover, in delighting to read terrible stories of giant-killers and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to with bragging, and then dare not go to bed for fear.

The third year was that in which was to be begun the payment of Mr. Chamberlain's annuities or pensions to all such as had won their wager and come to the age of sixty-

five. When the pay-day drew near, however, it was discovered that the tariff-boxes, out of which the money should have been provided, were as empty as the day they were put up. For the imports of food now coming only from the colonies entered without payment of fines. The working men cried out that they were not to be welshed out of their winnings; the government knew not which way to turn. They dared not use fines against their own independencies, but were driven to raise the standing tariffs yet higher, and so cut off all their remaining foreign trade, and the last check upon the universal disposition towards war. The popular fury was thus diverted against aliens; it was made unlawful for any foreigner to set foot in the island, and all were to be counted foreigners who had been abroad for more than six months in any year.

At this juncture of affairs Mr. Chamberlain returned; but found his entry impeded by the new alien immigration act, of which he had not so much as heard. I cannot doubt that the law would shortly have been remitted in his favour; but he was unhappily discovered to be holding communication with an agent of his on shore, one Collings, by means of a necromancer named Marconi; whereupon the *Cocksure* was ordered to sail again within the hour. Mr. Chamberlain was set ashore on the coast of Boulevardia; but he was afterwards rumoured to be living in hiding in his own country, having returned thither in the disguise of a Jesuit or Good Shepherd, an order reputed so blameless that against them no laws of search were ever enforced. For myself I was about that time brought off by a South Polar ship making the homeward voyage, and heard no more of the Internecines and their unimaginable phantasies.

ON THE LINE

THE strange gift of life appears to be unequally divided. One man lives not much more than a cabbage—certainly with far less emotion than a dog. Another crowds into his individual existence the hopes, the fears, the passions, that would have stocked a dozen ordinary creatures. Living himself, he is the cause of life in them also. When he dies, the world about him grows palpably older and colder. When he dies, death becomes more deathlike than ever—so little he seemed to have to do with it! To this class of men—uncommon enough in England—Sir George Grove belonged. The beautiful *Life* of him just given to the public by Charles L. Graves (Macmillan, 12*s.* 6*d.* net) deserves that strong title so often misapplied to volumes the subject of which lies buried, twice dead, under a heap of words. Here every sentence glows and flashes, every page gives back the light that kindled it. To read is, even for those who knew Sir George but a little, to feel again the indescribable storm of recollection, joy, regret, that a great poet tried in vain to depict when he said that it was half a pang and all rapture. The man himself is back again amongst us.

And many lives as Sir George Grove lived, there were many more that he might have lived; therein lay the touch of tragedy that now and then darkened the radiant happiness of a nature born to be unceasingly the battlefield of science and art, of love and friendship, of humour and sadness, of the

ideal and of all that is possible. Resignation was not among his thousand virtues. "What would heaven be," says he, "without regret and longing?" He had a boy's delight in struggle itself. All his days he prayed that he might keep the boy's heart, and, to within a few years of the end he kept it. In the midst of business that would have overwhelmed any one else, he would fly off to the Isle of Wight to see a pupil who was ill. At five minutes' notice he started for Paris after dinner on Saturday, to attend a particular concert on Sunday, and returned to his work on Monday. At Vienna he sat up till nearly two in the morning, copying the lost accompaniments of "Rosamunde," and then played leap-frog with his fellow copyist, Sir Arthur Sullivan. He was as keen about collecting toadstools as he was about collecting manuscripts—building lighthouses—exploring Palestine and the Bible both together—guiding and dominating the passion for sweet sound that he had done so much to foster—founding the College of Music on such foundations that those who studied there should hear not only fiddles and pianos and the sound of their own voices, but that music of the spheres to which his heart was set. He never spared himself. He attacked his own behaviour as he attacked cowardly revision, false criticism, want of earnestness in a student. "To me the magazine is nothing but a monthly failure," he said, when a friend congratulated him "on the high standard of excellence attained by *Macmillan's Magazine*" during his editorship. Other men he loved, Stanley he almost worshipped—yet there is a cry of poignant self-reproach after Stanley's death:

> The feeling of regret that I was not more to him, that in so many directions there were walls between us—has distressed me so much that sometimes I can hardly bear it.

And the same note sounds again after the death of his favourite child:

> She was so much my companion and friend—we enjoyed nothing so much as when we enjoyed it together, and our journeys were like lovers' journeys.

And yet I am not sure whether there is not almost a drawback to the happiness of this recollection in the thought of how much there must always be *un*felt and *un*said between a girl's mind, and that of a man so much older—and the pang keeps continually intruding, "might I not have been more to her, have known more of her?"

The utter absence of self-consciousness in one capable of severe self-criticism throws a charm over every utterance. For pettiness of that kind he had no time. He was too far removed from vanity to think of minimising the excellence of his own work, to feel an instant of reserve or shyness, of anything but youthful pleasure and gracious, abundant gratitude, when it was recognised and proclaimed by other men. As he went about the world loving and giving, no trifling act was insignificant for him. A Christmas card sent by a boy or girl would call forth such a letter in response as left that little life the happier always. His right hand knew not what his left hand did. His benefactions were too numerous for him—or, indeed, for any of those who loved him—to keep count of them. As he gave, so he received. Impressions that would have passed unnoted over a mind less sensitive were by him recorded with some happy touch of picturesqueness, some hint of unsuspected analogy, that makes the least shadow of thought suggestive. We may, or we may not, agree with him that Saul was like Tennyson, that Absalom was like Mario, that the tribes of Benjamin and Judah resembled the Saxons and the Normans, but still it "gives to think." The letter on the character of David is such a flash as might have come from Ruskin in his palmy days. David he loved; David he praised and mourned as if he had been a contemporary.

I can recollect well that when I got him on to the slope leading down into the valley where Goliath stood roaring, my heart beat so that I could not write.

He had a Nelsonian enthusiasm for his colleagues and subordinates, for the younger men whom he had trained, for almost every woman with whom he came in contact. They were all glowing examples of every gift, of every possible virtue,

and the never failing humour that kept pace with his affections preserved them from too great exaggeration and held them sweet and pure. "George was always ready to fall down with laughter all his life long." As for Nature, he enjoyed it with the double delight of the man who sketches and the man who reads—as much probably as any man can enjoy it who enjoys the society of his fellow men still more. He was as poetical as it is possible for any one to be who is not a poet, as musical as it is possible to be without being an artist. The little bit of thistledown that floated into his railway carriage one day made him as happy as a child. The quaint reflections on the advantage of scaffolding, on the mystery of it, so that the building, when set free, charms less than before, could have occurred only to one conversant with fanciful lines of thought. Time fails us to express our admiration of the way in which this book has been written. It is a perfect example of everything that a Life should be.

There is fine Border rough-and-tumble about **Rosslyn's Raid** (B. H. Barmby. Duckworth's Greenback Library, 1*s.* 6*d.* net).—It sounds the true note of the Marches, neither English nor Scotch, and yet both. It is so full of the spirit and fun of the lively old Border ballads that it sets them humming in the air, and we fly along to the tune of them till we can scarce believe that it is written in prose. Yet good strong prose it is, here and there a little confused as befits the subject (the Borderers were not in the habit of defining either their own property or their neighbour's), but vivid, humorous, instinct with rough chivalry and the love of adventure. Rosslyn himself is drawn with grace and spirit. A more irresistible hero we have seldom encountered. His rare lapses into English and the classics are as the gleam of the jewel in its homely setting, and sturdy Catherine and honest Christie Carmichael make excellent foils. We are flattered with the subtle sense of pleasure that comes of feeling him to be more akin to ourselves than to any one else in the book. He is

a hero by right, and not by might alone. A young man like this was worthy of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," when there was room and to spare for every kind of courage invented before or since. Raleigh would have shaken hands with him, Sidney might have lent him a chapter or two of the "Arcadia" to read. What is it but his due if all the Elliots and the Armstrongs, the Prior of the great Scotch Abbey, the Warden of the Marches, Hobbie Noble, Simmie Slack and the whole country side, turn out to try and catch him when "Liddesdale is riding"? He slips through their fingers in the end. "Rosslyn was aye that kind o' fechter that ye ne'er knew whaur ye had him."

The second story in the book depicts as well the calm, unruffleable dignity of the East as does the first the bustle and tumult of the North. The hot, still, unchanging sunshine falls on monumental figures who stand in stately attitudes, who speak in carved and polished phrases, or not at all, people as incapable of jest as they are of fear, grandly and simply outlined, solemn and wise. The glorious Princess who is also a servant of the goddess is not a Princess only in name. The scene of the choosing of her husband in the Temple reminds one of some great classical passage in one of Gluck's most lovely operas. Did he find her in the end, that slave who was also the son of a King?

Isabella d'Este. A Study of the Renaissance, 1474–1539. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). (Murray, 25*s.* net.)—"La prima donna del mondo": thus was that fascinating princess, Isabella d'Este, described by her friend and kinsman, the once famous singer, Niccolo da Correggio, whose name only lives in that of his beloved lady. She was, perhaps, the most brilliant and richly gifted woman of the most brilliant and richly-gifted period the world has known, at a time, too, when a woman's fame could no longer rest on singularity in wit or learning. Isabella was surrounded by rivals, for the New Ideas had awakened women as well as men and had roused their untried

faculties into life; the quest after beauty provided them with a field well suited to their emotions, and they took that field with a surprising vitality. Nothing, perhaps, is more bewildering to the conscientious modern than the supple ease with which they turned from one occupation, or one subject, to another: from dancing to the gravest politics; from death and pestilence to the antics of pet dwarfs; from personal sorrow to the exuberant splendour of feast-day pageants; from providing for a war, charged with consequence, to cloistral readings of Virgil and Plato; from machinations with Popes and Emperors, to eight hours conversation about love, with poets and scholars and other intellectual *flaneurs*, in a cypress-grove. As for the number of letters these ladies wrote, on business, on pleasure, on learning, and the number of answers they received, we can only suppose that Time had also started a Renaissance of his own and invented a longer day for them. Of these capacities Isabella d'Este was the epitome, one, as she was, among many who were almost her equals; and it is creditable to herself, as it is characteristic of her time, that her rivals were also her great friends. With Elisabetta of Urbino, her sister-in-law, she was always on terms of the tenderest intimacy. "There is no one I love like you, excepting my only sister," she wrote; and, again, in after years, long after her sister's death: "I have so many things to discuss with you that . . . five days of uninterrupted talking would hardly satisfy me." Camilla Gonzaga, Lucrezia Borgia, Emilia Pia, Renée of Ferrara, and, later on, Vittoria Colonna, were among her friends and comrades, and it is impossible to discover that she ever had an enemy.

She was one of those delightful beings who fascinate women as much as men, and upon men her influence was always an interesting one. Throughout her long life there was never a breath upon her reputation. She was capable of lasting friendships with princes and with scholars—friendships that were touched with a kind of intellectual emotion, without an idea of love. From her childhood upwards she was trained by men

of the New Learning. Vittorino da Feltre was her tutor; Bembo, Aldo Manuzzi, and the scholarly Castiglione were the companions of her maturity; Pomponazzi, the heretic, who denied the soul's immortality, was chosen by her to be her son's tutor. It is true that she came of a stock that was favourable to learning. Her father was the art and letter-loving Duke Ercole d'Este; her mother, Leonora, was a charming and cultivated woman; her sister Beatrice, of whom Mrs. Ady has ere this given us a charming picture, married Ludovico il Moro, Duke of Milan, with whom also Isabella had the warmest relations. And when she married Francesco Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, she allied herself with a family as noble as her own and of greater political importance. Isabella perhaps reached her zenith, as far as position went, when Charles V. visited her at Mantua, after his coronation by the Pope at Bologna and all the sumptuous doings which she witnessed there. She had not the least touch of snobbishness about her, but she took a naïve pleasure in great potentates, and when, earlier in the day, she danced with Louis XII. at Milan and received visits from him, her letters overflowed with enjoyment.

Her married life, radiant at first, became overclouded afterwards. Her husband, it seems, tired of her, though she always kept her love for him and her pride in his military prowess. Her heart, however, took refuge in her eldest son, Federigo, and in his younger brother, Ercole, who inherited her scholarly tastes. But she was only *passionate* where art and beauty were concerned, and her relations with the artists of her day make by far the most interesting part of an interesting book. Her letters to and from Mantegna, Bellini, Titian, and Perugino; her dealings with Raphael and Leonardo; her intercourse with Costa, and Dossi, and Cristoforo Romano, bring a living Mantua before our eyes—they give us the keys into her Castello, and its Camera degli Sposi which Mantegna painted; or into her priceless "Studio," where Renaissance statues and glowing canvases from Venice and from Florence found old Greek

marbles, fresh from the Tiber, for company. When we say that a book is by Mrs. Ady, we have said that it is the book of a true and indefatigable scholar—one who, in this case, must have devoted years to research. It is perhaps owing to the mass of material she has collected that this volume seems sometimes rather compiled than written, and that it lacks vividness of portraiture. The reader gets the impression that the author was conscientiously over-anxious to "get in" every extract from her note-books. This rather prevents the due salience of important facts and overcrowds the pages—so that, in one paragraph, one finds a masterpiece of Raphael's treated, as it were, on a par with the elegant and pedantic poem of some long-forgotten humanist. But this is by the way, and we can really do little but say grace for so rich and so hospitable a banquet.

It is always interesting to hear what a statesman has to say about statesmen whom he has known, and this interest attaches in a high degree to Mr. Bryce's **Studies in Contemporary Biography** (Macmillan, 10*s.* net), and Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's **Out of the Past.** (Murray, 18*s.*) Mr. Bryce has kept his eyes and ears open, both in Parliament and out of Parliament, in a public life of forty years, and though he is a strong party man, political bias does not make him forget the proportions of things, as can be seen by comparing his study of Beaconsfield with his study of Gladstone, the two most elaborate and perhaps most successful of all. Mr. Bryce poses the insoluble question—insoluble because Disraeli liked the idea of mystifying posterity as well as his contemporaries—what manner of man was he, and what was his ruling passion? Jew, adventurer, cynic, charlatan, actor; ambitious, untrustworthy, ungrateful, a lover of shows and shams—all this he has been called, not without a colour of truth: was he at the same time a far-seeing English patriot, the creator of a new party, almost the inaugurator of a new Empire? Mr. Bryce's political convictions will not allow him to say as much; but he is impressed with

Disraeli's power and effectiveness, though he likes neither his aims nor his methods. So complex a character does not admit of a short and easy description. Courage, tenacity, and imagination were his greatest qualities—the first, common in English statesmen; the second, essential to power; the third, rare always, and especially rare among the Englishmen who rise to power amid the compromises of party and the daily details of office, never free to spread their wings. Imagination, which sees beyond the present shows of things, transfigures both somethings and nothings—it stops the car of Parliamentary reform and harnesses the Tory party to it; it takes the title of Empress, a mere bit of tinsel, and "stimulates the imperial instincts of Englishmen." Mr. Bryce himself will admit that Disraeli's conception of imperialism was something grandiose, and not out of keeping with the traditions of English history.

Disraeli, in his unscrupulous use of other men as stepping-stones, has been accused of being "bent through life on his own advancement." This may be true; but did he not look on advancement with interest as something outside himself? He liked the game, not only for its own sake and its prizes, but for its singularity; his distinction was to be unlike other men and to succeed by unlikeness; his reasoning was not like theirs; his opinion was conceived by imagination, not by logic, and to be so defended. He fished for and caught imagination.

> Disraeli had the artist's delight in a situation for its own sake, and what people censured as insincerity or frivolity was frequently only the zest which he felt in posing. . . . . The humour of the situation was too good to be wasted.

He liked words and maxims, baiting his hook with them as it were. The English public, not very clever at coining phrases, readily adopts them; and "Peace with Honour," "Imperium et Libertas" soon passed into currency. Though not eloquent, he was always telling; and "what he lacked in eloquence he made up for in tactical adroitness. No more consummate

Parliamentary strategist has been seen in England." Mr. Bryce has some good remarks on the difference between knowing England and knowing the House of Commons. It is possible to be a leading member at Westminster and yet to know very little of England outside London, or that fraction of society which most Londoners take to be London. The collective weight of Lancashire and Yorkshire counts in Parliament for less than its worth, since London affects the imagination almost as much as Paris.

Disraeli thought he had created or discovered the Conservative working man. He may have overstrained the belief that the working classes were ready to follow the lead of the rich; but he was not mistaken in thinking that communism was unpopular, and that imperialism would be attractive to all classes, tired of the Quaker tone of "Little England" politics. In foreign affairs, Mr. Bryce points out that in the contest for Italian unity, the American Civil War, and the Russo-Turkish War, he mistook the true proportion of events, though at the same time he put such a good face upon it that Bismarck could say, "Der alte Jude, der ist der Mann." Dealing with individuals, Mr. Bryce thinks Disraeli was at home; but "one must comprehend the passions and sympathies of peoples if one is to forecast the future. This he seldom could do."

Disraeli's literary work will, in Sir M. Grant Duff's opinion, outlast his political work. Though his philosophy may be shallow, his characters unreal, and his tastes Oriental-tawdry, his novels are read by clever people and politicians, and they have the stamp of audacity and unlikeness which is on every word and deed of their author. But, after all, are they not more interesting because of the man who wrote them, than for themselves?

In contrast to this appreciation of Disraeli is the study of Gladstone. Mr. Bryce attributes Gladstone's development to three causes: his Scotch birth, which gave him subtlety of dialectic and fervour; his Oxford education in the heat of the Movement, which made him as much a churchman as a states-

man, perfected his logic, and taught him the art of subtly turning phrases; and, lastly, his political training under Peel, which gave him flexibility, mastery of detail, and the habit of not touching the fruit till it was ready to fall. It is difficult to say whether such a man should be called "opportunist" or not. No statesman would like to be called "inopportunist." If some may have thought Mr. Gladstone too easily convinced, the force of his conviction was irresistible. Mr. Bryce dwells on his courtesy and forgetfulness of self, and his power of lifting debate into serener air, and says, "no malignant word and no vindictive act is on record against him." Of both these men we are tempted to take rather a biographical than an historical view; to think more of what they were than what they did. As Sir M. Grant Duff, quoting Bagehot, says:

> "What is most remarkable in Mr. Gladstone is his quantity"—so it was. I remember thinking that his first Mid-Lothian Campaign was not like a torrent coming down, but like the sea coming up.

Of Mr. Bryce's other studies we would specially notice, for thoughtfulness and decision of treatment, that of Cardinal Manning, of whom, in his relation to the Catholic reaction of his time, Sir M. Grant Duff completes the portrait. Mr. Purcell has disarmed Manning's enemies, who join in a chorus to save him from his friends. The best side of his character was his sympathy with good causes and his willingness to work side by side with infidels and heretics. In charity for human beings and respect for truth, whether scientific or speculative, lies the hope of reconciliation of creeds.

These two quotations may be set side by side; the first from Renan:—

> "Comment n'être pas effrayé de la sécheresse de cœur et de la petitesse qui envahissent le monde? Notre dissidence avec les personnes qui croient aux religions positives est, après tout, uniquement scientifique; par le cœur nous sommes avec elles; nous n'avons qu'un ennemi, et c'est aussi le leur, je veux dire le matérialisme vulgaire, la bassesse de l'homme intéressé."

The second from Matthew Arnold:—

A Catholic church transformed is, I believe, the church of the future. . . . Will there never arise among Catholics some great soul to perceive that the eternity and universality, which is vainly claimed for Catholic dogma and the ultramontane system, might really be possible for Catholic worship?

These words of the apostate seminarist and the freethinking poet might have been accepted by that universal genius and devout Catholic, Lord Acton, who, knowing as much as one man can know of one half of knowledge—with the other half, science, he had only a slight acquaintance—spent his life in the collection and co-ordination of facts. Brilliant and vigorous, with a perfect grasp of what he knew, and a mind framed for philosophical generalisation—"the most effective reader of our time," as Mr. Gladstone called him, and one of the most effective talkers, a student of all history, and an observer of all opinions—he was the luminary of a circle of friends, and to Englishmen in general almost unknown. This paradox is explained in part by the fact that he "was unwilling to neglect anything: and his ardour for completeness drew him into a policy fit only for one who could expect to live three lives of mortal men." His experience of Vatican methods, which caused the suppression of the *Home and Foreign Review*, accounts for much of his silence. Such men must choose between faith and reason, and Lord Acton had no hesitation in his choice. "I am not conscious that I ever in my life had the slightest shadow of doubt about any dogma of the Catholic Church," he said to Sir M. Grant Duff; "a statement (says the reporter), the most remarkable ever made by any human being."

Erasmus and Sarpi would have understood it; but we may safely say that no one of the three would ever have become a Roman Catholic if he had not been born one. It is not easy, at least for an Englishman, to reconcile, as Lord Acton in perfect sincerity did, a belief in Papal infallibility with the following statement of the aim of historical reading:

To give force and fulness, and clearness and sincerity, and independence and elevation, and generosity and serenity to his mind, that he may know the

method and law of the process by which error is conquered and truth is won; discerning knowledge from probability, and prejudice from belief, that he may learn to master what he rejects as fully as what he accepts.

Our limits forbid us to do more than direct attention to Mr. Bryce on the two Greens (T. H. and J. R.), Freeman, and Henry Sidgwick, the beloved, in whom the spirit of philosophy had its perfect work in justice, goodness, and wisdom; and to Sir M. Grant Duff on Bagehot and Dean Stanley—but we have said enough, we hope, to induce intelligent readers to acquaint themselves with these interesting and enlightening books.

A most charming, touching little play is **The Dean of St. Patrick's** (Arnold, 2*s.* 6*d.* net), by Mrs. Hugh Bell, whose admirable gift of fine comedy was never displayed with more brilliant effect. Her dainty touch recalls Alfred de Musset. The characters are handled with such delicate art, that which is not, and cannot, be said is indicated by such skilful reserve and silence, that the ordinary actor, trained, as it were, to exaggeration and over-statement, could hardly do justice to the piece. It should be played by highly-gifted amateurs, on a small stage, before a select audience well acquainted with the Journal to Stella and fond of the furniture of Queen Anne.

According to Thackeray, most women side with Vanessa in her immortal rivalry with Stella for the affections of Dr. Swift. In that case Mrs. Bell does not go with the majority; she is a follower of the Star. The contrast is heightened and pointed everywhere to Stella's advantage. The woman who cannot speak, who will not tell, makes a far stronger appeal than she who cries and dies, complaining. Swift was right. However he may have flirted with Vanessa, his real allegiance to Stella was never shaken, and Mrs. Bell suffers us not to wish, even for an instant, that it could be. She does not even show us the flirtation. Swift, as we see him here, is always

consistently discouraging, and the whole weight of her folly is thrown on poor Vanessa herself. True, she is complimented upon her making of coffee—but even then the compliments are seasoned with good advice; and in the next act Stella makes chocolate. Stella is exquisite throughout, whether as the sweet innocent girl running errands about Sir William Temple's house in the first act, glad when Swift is glad, sorry when he is sorry; or as the sad, lonely, proudly gentle woman who is found living at Ormond's Quay sixteen years later. Would such a woman as this have condescended to read a letter that Swift had left on the table? Mrs. Bell might perhaps have made it a little more difficult for her. We cannot but think that she would have known more than "a moment's irresolution." The *scène à faire* was, of course, that in which the two ladies are brought face to face, and it was tempting Providence to allow this to happen twice over. The first scene, which is extremely skilful, results in the triumph of Stella. On the second occasion, Vanessa's death, Stella, for the first and only time, appears inadequate. How could she have left Vanessa, of whose desperate state she was aware, and made her exit on nothing but "a sort of cry"? And Vanessa actually dies, "throwing" the last words at when her:

> I know now—I know! It kills me to know it . . . but I am glad it kills me. I am glad I cared—I am glad!

again it is only "with a cry" that she rushes forward. This is not like Stella, who seems to have been always either witty or wise. What she really said, when poor Vanessa was dead and buried, and some admirer of "Cadenus" ventured on the remark that she "must be an extraordinary woman that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her," was "that she thought that point was not quite so clear; for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick." She said it with a smile.

It is a strange thing, only to be accounted for by the slowness with which any foreign flower blossoms upon English soil, that we, on this side of the water, should know so little of the works of Sidney Lanier. His poems are dear only to a few, and as a critic his very name is new to most of those who are familiar with Shakespearean commentaries very inferior to his, both in conception and in execution.

His **Shakespeare and His Forerunners** (Heinemann) ought to be in the possession of every one who aspires to teach literature. Apart from all the rest, it is a storehouse of such fragments of old English poetry and prose as are most valuable for the instruction of classes, the descriptions of domestic life are well chosen, and the illustrations are excellent. Himself a poet, Lanier entered into poetry as into his natural inheritance. It was his home, not a far distant land wherein he conscientiously travelled for the benefit of his pupils. He knew the people there; and by no painful effort of abstraction, but in the spirit of pure delight, he saw the trees blossom and heard the sweet song of the birds. That is a bold piece of writing wherein, at the outset, he takes the impatient answer to Polonius and sets a text beside it:

> *Hamlet.* Words, words, words.
> *St. John.* . . . And the Word was God.

But he justifies his boldness.

> It is true, and true to an extent undreamed of by those who have not happened to think specially upon this matter, that the world we really live in is the world which the poets have made for us far more than the crude material-of-a-world which we are accustomed to call the actual, or real, or physical universe; to us, as we drive about our business, it does not appear as if there were much connection between literature and actual life; nor, in the year 1590, would it have seemed a very startling piece of information to the busy throngs about Paul's Cross that a young man named Shakespeare was writing a play for the theatre somewhere about London. . . .
>
> We speak of this or that poem as "literary"; we talk of "polite Literature," and the like. Literature has translated your Bible and interpreted it for you. Literature has arranged your public constitutions, your social codes, your private morals. . . . This has indirectly penetrated your

houses; it fills your homes like diffused sunlight; you read your life by it; you see how to eat, how to drink, how to trade, and how to marry by it; you live by it, you die by it.

For how can you think yourself out of thought? How can you run away from your own feet?

If you endeavour to fly from Literature, it stands and cries to you in that superb, loving sarcasm with which Emerson's Brahma cries to the sceptic who would fly from his god:

I am the wings wherewith you fly.

A man who faces literature fair and square like that is a man to be reckoned with. He gives us nothing at second-hand. Down comes the stroke of his fresh, American wit, and we ourselves are laughing at ourselves because we are such fools as to learn French, Latin, and Greek before we learn Anglo-Saxon! He has been cunning enough in the choice of specimens. His spirited translations and the admirable notes with which he lures the curious on are enough to make one send for an Anglo-Saxon grammar by the next post. What have we been about all this time that we have never learnt Anglo-Saxon? Being without the English prejudice in favour of the most popular hero of the English stage, he attacks Hamlet in good set terms. Hamlet hears the truth about himself at last, and so does the inconsistent Ghost who comes out of a Christian purgatory to preach a heathen doctrine of revenge. Lanier makes short work of a man who talks in one breath about "the undiscovered country" (just after a spirit had conversed with him too!) and, in the next, assures us that a villain who happens to be killed while he is saying his prayers will go straight to heaven, whereas, if he be killed at dinner, he will go straight to hell. Lear he considers the most provoking character in fiction, except the husband of the patient Griselda.[1] His own intimate love of nature led him to prefer "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest" to all the other plays, and he has exquisite things to say about Puck and Ariel. He is keenly interested in friendship, more even than in love; the "divine, self-historical

[1] Query, whether the patient Griselda herself is not more provoking still?

Sonnets" are "inexhaustible incentives to thought," and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" fill him "with a passionate and working sense of the sweetness of large behaviour between friend and friend."

> Shakespeare himself, after suffering the keenest strokes of fortune, went to his death, not in bitterness, but with the calm and majestic tranquillity consequent upon forgiving.

There are long and very suggestive chapters on the varying ideals of womanhood—on the connection between music and poetry, and the *raison d'être* of rhythm—on the different pronunciation of Shakespeare's time, which explains many hitherto inexplicable passages. The treatment of sleep in "Henry IV." is well illustrated by four magnificent sonnets on the same subject, written respectively by Sir Philip Sidney, Daniel, Drummond of Hawthornden, and by a certain Bartholomew Griffin, who beats them all. The beautiful sonnets of Habington are rare treasures also.

The style of the-dragonfly-sipping-water, a charming epithet which he quotes from the Chinese, does not belong to Lanier. He is too copious, too expansive. If half his sentences had been left out, the remaining half would have gained. But the voice is a human voice all through, and sometimes, as in the story of the Indian who tried to kill his friend—of the lily that will only grow when it is watered with ice-water—it has a ring of character that is unforgetable. So, too, when he speaks of the horror of cold that makes the oldest English poems dreadful:

> If you will allow me to be so personal, I thank Heaven I know what it is to be cold—to be cold from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, to be cold from the cuticle in to the heart, and from the heart to the soul; I thank Heaven for it because, knowing this, I have a new revelation of the possibility of suffering, and I am able to find a paradise in a common wood fire. Knowing this, I declare to you there is not a more pathetic sight in this world than a poor man who is thoroughly cold from week to week. It is the refinement of torture. It does not gnaw, like hunger, which presently becomes a sort of insanity and relieves itself: it is a dead, unblest, icy

torment. I used to see men in the army whose silent endurance of cold brought more tears to my eyes than all the hunger and all the wounds.

Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham. By his son Arthur Westcott. (Macmillan, 17*s.* net.) —Mr. Westcott says of his father, the late Bishop of Durham, that his life was one "daily lived upon the loftiest plane of Christian principles"; and this is borne out by the biography, thought not always brought into sufficient prominence. It is difficult for a biographer, even with the help of correspondence (and Bishop Westcott's letters are not extraordinarily good), to convey the impression of character, the charm of holiness, which was present in all that he said and did. The personal impression is what counts, for in it lies the example: and the personal impression which even a superficial observer carried away from Bishop Westcott was that of a man who lived beyond and above the world, in a world of his own, different from that of other men. In short, he was a saint. But though a saint, he was not a recluse. He lived a busy professional life from the age of twenty-seven, when he began his eighteen years' work as a Harrow master, till his death, never out of harness. By resolution which never spared himself he became an eloquent speaker, a leader in public questions, and a practical man of business. In ancient times the saint would not have needed the recommendation of "man of business": but the modern world, too, does not refuse homage to real saintliness; a character which includes other qualities by transcending them.

Cambridge and Peterborough suited him better than Harrow, which was too small a stage for him. But we are not to suppose that his time at Harrow was wasted. If he was not conspicuous as a teacher or ruler, his character was felt among all classes of boys, and his influence upon a few was profound. No doubt also the struggle with small daily difficulties and the necessity for holding his own braced and strengthened him for larger duties.

It seems incredible that such a man should have been dismissed by Bishop Magee from his chaplaincy and canonry at Peterborough like a servant, for "neglect of duty." If it had been for obscurity, or over-scrupulousness, or over-subtlety, something might be said for such a judgment; but "neglect of duty!" Such a catastrophe brings discredit upon one of the parties; and we cannot believe Bishop Westcott to have been the one in fault.

His reputation as a theologian and a preacher stood at its highest point, when in 1890, at the age of sixty-five, he was called to the see of Durham. Many thought him too retiring and humble to fill the place. They were quite wrong. He seemed now for the first time to have found his work and be able to fulfil himself. He will long be remembered as "the pitmen's bishop," the prelate who courageously and deliberately used his own official position and personal character to claim the office of arbitrator in a trade dispute involving the interests of nearly 90,000 workmen; and who, by knowledge of detail and grasp of principle, and the ascendency of his integrity and charity, succeeded in making peace and persuading the disputants that peace had a moral as well as an economical value.

His devotion to his work as bishop; his scrupulous regard for engagements; his love for the diocese; his never slackening interest in ordinations, visitations, and confirmations, functions which to ordinary men, who think of themselves, lose their freshness and become monotonous; his fatherly care of the theological students at Bishop Auckland, and his extraordinary power of addressing them in words which stimulated their minds and warmed their hearts—these and many other qualities will preserve his memory and give him a place higher, in some respects, than that of his predecessor, Lightfoot, who resembled him in saintliness and generosity, and was intellectually his superior.

We must not omit to notice that friendship formed a large part of Westcott's life. Benson, Lightfoot, Hort, Llewelyn

Davies, Vaughan, and Henry Bradshaw were bound to him by ties of the deepest affection. Such friendships ennoble those who are capable of them.

Westcott was not a maker of epigrams; but so thoughtful a man and so practical a student of language could not help being aphoristic. We take out, up and down the book, a few remarks which illustrate his cast of thought, and the originality and sometimes the oddity of his opinions. "Wordsworth—the English Goethe—how could he write so much without the impress of Christianity?" "The Incarnation—perhaps the payment of the debt of nature — humanity's sins, not my sins." "Marcus Aurelius' *Meditations* are at the exact opposite pole to Christianity." "The Resurrection and the Ascension are both facts, but facts wholly different in kind." "The spirit of ritualism and the spirit of scientific materialism seem to me to be essentially identical." "We have no rights, but duties." "The true interests of nations are identical and not antagonistic." "Freedom is not to do as we like: it is the capacity of doing what we ought." "We have no right to 'keep to ourselves.'" "We have lost the power of sustained private devotion." "The unseen is the larger part of life." "Guard your Sundays." "The true centre of philosophy is [not sin, but] 'in the image of God made he him.'"

These and many other like sayings come from a nature saturated with grace and full of that charity for men which is the expression of the love of God. We can understand the feeling which made a hearer of one of his sermons say, "This is not preaching, it is prophesying"; and another, that a divinity lecture of his was "the identification of study with prayer."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS

I HAVE been asked to reproduce in a form convenient for the readers of this Review the substance of the arguments and comments on Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals which I lately addressed to the House of Lords. I have complied with this request in the following pages, but I had not sufficient leisure before going to press to recast the whole speech in a more adequate literary form.

It is scarcely necessary for me to repeat the expression of my conviction as to the impulses under which Mr. Chamberlain brought forward his great plan. No one can doubt the intensity of his belief in the cause on which he has embarked; and it was natural that, fresh from his Imperial mission, with the incalculable advantages of close union between the Mother Country and the Colonies borne in upon him in the most striking and unmistakable manner, and full of the projects by which he thought the existing ties could be so tightened that they might last for ever, he should have wished to lose no time in placing the great issues which inspired him before the country. With his object all will sympathise; but the changes suggested are so vast and affect so deeply the whole fiscal policy of the country, that it is absolutely necessary to submit them to the most searching analysis, and, above all, to test their practicability in every direction.

In this discussion it is most important to recognise from

the outset that the question of loyalty or disloyalty to the Government cannot arise. The champions or the critics of Mr. Chamberlain's plans must be equally free to press their respective arguments upon the country. Personally, I believe the most effective method of bringing home to the general public the difficulties which beset the execution of any project involving preferential tariffs, is to argue the subject less by reference to what are called the formulas of Free Trade as by a common-sense examination of the bearing of the new scheme on the facts of to-day. There are a large number of men who wish to be enlightened, but to whom citations from the authorities of the past do not appeal. A new generation has sprung up since the days of Cobden and Bright, many of whom are not acquainted with the old Corn Law controversy, and who may be called agnostics in economics. To affect the minds of this class the existing state of things must be closely and exhaustively analysed. I wish myself, though a Free Trader, to present the subject from the point of view in which it is regarded by those on whom a mere reference to past creeds would make no impression. But if the formulas of the past are not to be pressed into the service against the champions of the proposed changes or the agnostics, there should be reciprocity; and if the Free Traders who are opposed to the plan which has been launched do not appeal to the old doctrines or to their authorities—their infallible popes—there must be on the other side no claim to infallibility for the modern view. If the steady light of the well-known beacons by which we have steered, and steered successfully so long, is to be veiled—at all events let us not be blinded by the dazzling brilliancy of the comet which has flashed across the fiscal sky.

The immediate cause which appears to have determined the moment for launching the new plan appears to have been the mysterious repeal of the corn duty. That was the prologue to the drama which is now developing before the country. I advocated the repeal of that tax. I held, and I hold now, that it would make but an infinitesimal difference, if any, in

the price of the food of the people. It was a substantial item in the revenue of the country; it had in undisturbed obscurity under Conservative and Liberal statesmen alike, yielded many millions, and Mr. Gladstone himself raked in the millions from the tax in happy unconsciousness of financial sin. For these reasons the repeal of the tax seemed regrettable, but weighty reasons have been put forward on behalf of the plea that such a repeal was wise. The tax, while it remained, offered constant temptation to the introduction of a preferential tariff, and it may be presumed that the temptation was considered so strong that it was best to remove it. It appeared in the light of a stepping-stone to preferential tariffs, and a perusal of the proceedings at the Conference of the Prime Ministers of our Colonies last year conveys the impression that it was not unlikely that the stepping-stone might be used. Whatever we may think of the new scheme, at all events it seems wise that there should be a clear field, and that the great change in our financial policy should not be introduced simply as a clause in a Budget Bill imposing a shilling duty, but that it should be brought forward in such a distinct manner that the nation may be called upon to pronounce whether or not it is prepared to enter upon the fiscal revolution proposed in the plan now before the country.

For clearly there is a plan; a plan drawn in sharp outline and of colossal proportions, though no details are worked out; and it is essential as a first step to realise distinctly the several policies included in the plan. In part they are inter-dependent, in part they can be separated. The following proposals are included:—A preferential tariff for British imports to be granted by the Colonies simultaneously with the imposition by us of a tax on food-supplies imported by us from countries other than the Colonies, the object of this mutual arrangement being to advance the prosperity of the Colonies by bringing new corn-growing districts in them into cultivation, and at the same time making them better customers for our manufactures, and further promoting our trade by tariff concessions—a general

result which, it is contended, would make for the consolidation of the Empire. Such is the great and attractive dream, such are the principal objects aimed at. In the next place the establishment of a system of Old Age Pensions is to be rendered possible by the revenue derived from the taxation of foreign importations of food. So far all is inter-dependent. The third division of the plan is to secure the power of retaliation when onslaughts are made on British industry by foreign devices of bounties, or by the great Trusts which have sprung into being, and which by various means may exercise a crushing influence on some of our industries, or by penalising tariffs on all our Colonies in the shape of reprisals.

These are the avowed objects of the plan; but associating themselves with the champions of these objects, there are two other bodies to whom the dazzling scheme appeals. One is the agricultural interest which hopes that a corn duty may give an impetus to that distressed industry, another consists of men anxious about the physique of the people, who believe that by the taxation of corn agriculture may so revive that labourers will be lured back to the land, giving us an addition to the strongest and most physically fit portion of our population.

It will be observed that with the exception of the power to retaliate on foreign countries by changes in our own tariffs, the whole of the boons enumerated rests upon the taxation of food. What has got to be determined in the first instance is, how this taxation will affect our population at large, and whether its effects may not be too high a price to pay even for the great benefits offered to us. Nor is it only a question of the taxation of corn for the food of man, or of the grain consumed in the fattening of cattle, a very important industry. The taxation of meat, of mutton, beef and bacon will also be found essential to the working of the plan.

As to a corn tax, how high is it likely to be fixed? Is it to be a shilling or two shillings? Duties on such a scale would not offer the slightest chance of proving sufficient. They could not realise the prospects held out; they could not protect

agriculture; they could not bring back the labourers to the land, and it is difficult to imagine that without a more distinct preference, the hope of largely expanding the wheat-growing area of Canada could be attained.

As to the improvement of the physique of the people, it seems anomalous to begin the process by making food dearer all round. The only hope of increasing the agricultural population would be the bold imposition of a duty of not less than 5*s*. This, I believe, is what the various agricultural interests desire, though it would be imprudent on their part to express such hopes at present. Nothing is more essential, if a judgment is to be passed on the new proposals, than to know, as soon as may be, what food duties would be necessary for their execution. Uncertainty on this head may prove a very dangerous snare.

But before further discussing the case as regards the taxation of food, it will be well to examine what the Colonies are prepared to grant us, and generally how a preferential tariff on both sides is likely to affect our relations with them. That those relations may be as close as possible has been a warm wish on my part ever since I entered political life. In this respect I have no bad record. Long before the present phase of enthusiasm for union with the Colonies in which I heartily rejoice, I have been one of that section of the Liberal Party in the old days, which clung to the possession of the Colonies. I was never tainted with the idea that the Mother Country might be better off without the burden of her Colonial Empire, and nothing must be read into my criticisms on the present scheme which would suggest that I renounced in any degree my hope and desire for more consolidation.

What the Colonies propose is such a regulation of their tariffs as will give a preference to British goods, while we, on the other hand, are to favour their exports in a similar manner, thus establishing a mutual advantage. On this it is to be observed in the first instance that the Colonies must surely see that what they ask of us is infinitely more than they

are prepared to grant to us. The concessions they make will affect certain trades, certain special trades, where the British manufacturer competes with the colonial manufacturer. But what they ask of us touches the whole of the population; surely a very great difference. It is sometimes asked, What do we do for the Colonies? We admit everything that they produce free of duty, while they maintain a high tariff barrier against us, and we undertake their defence against all comers at an enormous expenditure, while we are content to receive but a very small pecuniary contribution from them. At present at all events if there is to be a calculation of benefits, it is not proved that the Mother Country is on the wrong side. But to consider the present colonial offers. We have no full knowledge of them, nor have the Australian Colonies formulated the concessions they propose. But it would appear from the perusal of the proceedings at the Conference last year, and from more recent indications, that it is questionable whether the existing tariffs will be everywhere actually lowered in our favour. It is suggested that our interests may possibly be sufficiently served by increasing the tariff against the foreigner, leaving the duties imposed upon us at their present rate. This would, indeed, be a very poor boon to give to the United Kingdom in exchange for the demand for a corn and a meat tax to be imposed on our importations from those foreign countries from which at present we derive our chief supplies.

In such circumstances impatience would not be reasonable. Mr. Seddon has been rather too impetuous; his language to the effect that, if we do not grant what is now asked, his colony would have to consider whether it might not be necessary to make arrangements with foreign countries, is not the best way to influence public opinion in this country. From Canada, too, we are informed that Ministers are beginning to consider whether, if we do not meet them, they would have to go back upon what they have given us. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Colonies will not be impatient. For the maintenance of good feeling it is essential they should grasp that

what they are asking is a very large thing, not merely a question of rebates of duty, but a policy which has always been held to threaten the most vital interests of the country.

But let us assume that on both sides an arrangement has been found practicable and has been carried out. It is clear that much of the liberty of action both of the Colonial and the British Treasuries would be impaired. It may be said that there is no more objection to commercial treaties between the Mother Country and her daughters than with foreign countries; but there is this particular risk about the bargain which is suggested, that it imposes a tax on food imported into the United Kingdom. Suppose that after the arrangements were concluded, the price of bread in the United Kingdom should materially rise, not only on account of this new corn duty, but owing to other causes, such as short crops, or other circumstances affecting the market for grain, might not a considerable popular feeling calling for repeal of the tax arise in an acute form? But however much that repeal might be asked for, however great the pressure put upon the Government, the agreement with the Colonies would tie us hand and foot. We should have to approach the Colonies and ask them, perhaps after vested interests had grown up within them in consequence of the privilege we had granted, to tear up our mutual arrangements in order that we might give free admission to all the imports of grain and food into the United Kingdom for which the country was so clamorously calling. This is a very possible contingency indicating the risk of taxing food.

Another consideration cannot, of course, be left out of sight. It is by no means clear that the course of the changes proposed will run smoothly in the Colonies; but even in the case of their cordially and effectually furthering the plan, the uncertainty as to possible action by foreign countries very detrimental to the interests both of the Colonies and the United Kingdom, must not be ignored. The possibility of reprisals must be fairly faced. What steps, for instance,

could the United States take as regards Canada if counteraction to our policy should be decided on by that country? The action of Germany as regards Canada, to which further allusion will presently be made, has shown that rival countries are not likely to be unconcerned spectators of our fiscal changes. This danger is very apparent; it is recognised in Mr. Chamberlain's plan, and measures intended to meet it by further changes in our fiscal policy, are included in the new scheme.

To return to the vital point in this controversy—the taxation of food—a startling new departure. What will be its effect on the population at large?

It is admitted by the authors of the plan that the effects of such taxation must mean an increase in the cost of food, though there may be differences of opinion as to degree; but it is said that this increased price will be balanced by an increase in wages. To prove or disprove this proposition is one of the cardinal points in the whole controversy; it is the first question to which those who are engaged in it ought to turn their attention. Will dearer food really mean higher wages, and, if so, a *general* rise in wages? The answer must be given, not by reference to text-books, but by an examination of facts. We should know by what distinct processes an increase of wages is to follow an increase in the price of food. The references to Germany and the United States are quite insufficient to prove the case. The circumstances are entirely different, and the facts are not adequately known. We ought to work the problem out ourselves by an examination of the processes of trade and commerce, and by an analysis of the various classes engaged in various forms of work. In this connection one of the first questions to ask is, *whose* wages are to be raised? Is it held that all wages in the country will be raised? Is it a general wave of prosperity to flow from *Protection?* But it is alleged that Protection is not asked for, but only the power to retaliate in certain cases. If

so, if the powers entrusted to the Government to establish belligerent duties is only to be employed in emergencies, how are wages to be raised thereby? Or, if it is said that this result will flow from increased colonial trade, is it seriously held that such an increase, limited, as it must be, to certain trades, will have the general effect of raising wages throughout the country?

Again, assuming, though it is far from certain, that through a certain limited amount of Protection the wages in the manufacturing districts in protected trades would be raised, what certainty or likelihood is there that the rise would extend far beyond that area? And at what distance, at what interval of years, would such an effect be felt? For illustrations it is well to look at the case of different classes; consider, for instance, the case of the vast body of men who are employed by the Government, by municipalities, by railways, by public bodies of all kinds. Take the Post Office. Are the wages of the scores of thousands of Post Office employés to be raised? Are the wages of the Dockyard men to be raised? Parenthetically it may be observed that the cost of the increase of wages of the servants of the State, if it should take place as alleged, would make a considerable inroad on the additional revenue derived from the taxation of food imports.

The effect, however, on the Treasury is a minor point. I should have no objection to some financial sacrifice for the sake of an Imperial aim. But nothing can equal in importance the other question—what would be the general effect on unprotected labour, on unprotected home industries, of the new plan? To hold out a distinct hope, a hope so distinct that it is to affect the action at the poll of the classes affected, that a general rise of wages will follow, is a responsibility so great that few men would care to incur it. If the hope should not be realised, food would cost more to these classes, whom no Protection would reach, without any of those compensating advantages which possibly—but only possibly—the protected industries might gain.

There is one class which inspires special sympathy—the lower middle-class—the clerks, men and women who are as poor or poorer than many artisans, and whose wages are kept down by the terrible competition in their ranks. Is it seriously contended that their wages would rise in consequence of a protective tariff being applied to certain industries? The hope of a free breakfast table has, of course, vanished under increased fiscal necessities, but under the new scheme, it appears, the food at every meal would be taxed. Then there is the submerged class who are hovering on the brink of starvation, the class to whom a few shillings make a considerable difference in their annual expenditure. If a wave of prosperity is to come at all, when would it compensate for their loss on the purchase of food? It should not be ignored that if increased prosperity is to follow on the restoration of a certain amount of Protection, a prospect which Free-traders emphatically deny, it would, in any case, be a process which it would take years to complete, while the difference in the price of food would be immediate. All this is so uncertain, so speculative, that it becomes a gamble, a gamble with the food of the people.

But the working classes are offered another boon besides increased wages—the proceeds of duties on food are to be applied to Old Age Pensions. To this proposal it must obviously be objected, that if the hopes of the authors of the plan are fulfilled, and the colonial wheat-growing area is vastly increased, the revenue from the new imposts will decline every year, so that the amount to be set aside for Old Age Pensions will be a diminishing quantity. On the other hand, the liability once undertaken for Old Age Pensions can never be got rid of, and thus the country will be saddled with liability when taxes on food will no longer suffice to meet it. The cost would have to be defrayed out of the general revenue, a situation which Mr. Chamberlain himself does not consider admissible. Besides, you cannot make a two-sided contract with any class of the population. The State could never escape its liability for pensions, or retreat from its policy. On the other hand,

it is quite conceivable that the working classes might, under the stress of circumstances, compel a Government to repeal the duties on food. It would be impossible by any legislation to tack the corn duties on to the Old Age Pension scheme in a permanent form.

The third departure in this great controversy is the introduction of measures of a Protective nature. The champions of the scheme repudiate the desire to bring about Protection. "Retaliatory duties" are what is demanded, a demand founded partly on the wish to be able to defend the Colonies who give us preferential duties against foreigners who threaten to penalise them in consequence, but also as a policy to meet other onslaughts on our trade, under the conviction that in this respect the country is in a critical position. While Mr. Chamberlain's chief aim appears to be the consolidation of the Empire, Mr. Balfour's chief anxiety appears to be concerned with an alleged weakness in our export trade, and with the difficulty of meeting the action of great Trusts and other measures taken by foreign countries striking at our trade. His main object in having an inquiry is to discover what steps could be taken to meet the dangers which he foresees.

Much is said as to signs of incipient decay in our commerce and in many industries. It is true that our export trade is now showing little buoyancy, but, on the other hand, there are many symptoms which are generally held to indicate a state of some prosperity. Lord Rosebery pointed out the increased returns of the Income Tax, every penny of which produces ten per cent. more now than it did ten years ago. This is all the more satisfactory as the tax is to-day levied on a narrower area, owing to the larger number of exemptions, and large rebates have been allowed under Schedule A. But if it be said that the Income Tax returns are not a real criterion as they only represent the income of the more prosperous classes, let the story told by the deposits in the Savings' Banks be carefully read. Statistics show that in the last fifteen years the deposits in the Post Office Savings' and the Trustees' Savings' Banks

together have risen from 101,000 in 1887 to 187,000 in 1901. These savings come from the pockets of the lower middle and the poorer classes. They represent in no way the savings of the rich. Again, the number of *able-bodied* paupers in England and Wales has fallen from 110,000 in 1887 to 101,000 in 1902, a diminution of 9 per cent., while the population is estimated to have increased 18 per cent.[1] These figures should be distinctly considered when the statement is put forward that there is incipient decay.

The uneasy feeling as to the position of our trade is due, in the main, to a slackening in the increase of our exports. It should be observed, in passing, that expression was given to similar apprehensions twenty-two years ago, in 1881. At that time the Fair Traders and Retaliators—the various sections of the Protectionist party—were no less loud in predicting the ruin of the country, based on the relation between exports and imports during the ten preceding years, than the Fair Traders now. Thus we have allegations that the country has been going from bad to worse for more than thirty years! If so it is strange that the effects cannot be traced in the national income, in the wages of the people, or in the well-being of the population. The want of expansion in our exports corresponding to the expansion of some other countries is the one unsatisfactory feature.[2]

But how far is this due to the hostile barriers which are in many quarters raised against us? To answer this question it is of the highest moment to examine whether our exports show want of buoyancy chiefly when sent to such countries as Germany, France and the United States, which raise high tariffs for

[1] The *total* pauperism in England and Wales in the same period fell from 817,000 to 811,000.

[2] Some statisticians and economists deduct the whole of our coal exports from our total exports as being simply an inroad on our capital, but this is not correct. The whole value should not be deducted, but only so much as represents the coal itself. Foreign countries in paying us for our coal pay also for the wages of the men, just as when we import corn we pay for the labour which produces it abroad.

the protection of their own industries, or whether these countries are beating us even in those neutral markets where there is a fair field for all of us, such for instance as China and Japan, and, I may add, our own Indian Empire where we compete on equal terms with all other nations. If it could be proved that the greater part of the slackening of our export trade was due simply to our dealings with those countries which have raised high tariffs against us to protect themselves, some step in the proof which the Fair Traders desire to offer would have been taken; but if we find the same unsatisfactory feature in those countries where we compete on equal terms with Germany and the United States, then we must look for other causes than Protection for the rapid advance which other countries are making as compared with ourselves. In this connection it should be recollected that it was only about a year ago that the great question of the necessity for more technical education loomed large in the public mind; and assertions were accepted almost as proved, to the effect that we were suffering in the markets of the world through our less developed knowledge in many branches of manufactures, art and science. It would be a great misfortune if now through any hasty judgment the country were to attribute to Protective tariffs phenomena which might be due to want of energy, or of technical education, or to other causes apart from Free Trade. This is really of the essence of the question. It must not be overlooked that the Germans have several advantages over us which cannot be reduced to paper. They are more economical in their methods, their expenditure on their staff is less, they are content with smaller profits—all qualities which make them formidable opponents.

But admitting some slackening in our export trade due to high tariffs against us, what is the true relation of the proposed fiscal policy to such a condition? Mr. Balfour has apparently had in his mind retaliation on special occasions, but symptoms are not wanting that more retaliation, in fact retaliation merging in Protection, is contemplated. The scheme which

is before the country is, rightly or wrongly, attracting those who believe it to mean a beginning of the protection of many interests. It is reported that in Glasgow the workmen hail the new departure as promising protection for the industries of their city. The curious correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Vince, lately published, significantly indicates the inevitable tendency of retaliation to develop into Protection. Mr. Chamberlain had caused his Secretary to write to a Mr. Vince, in reply to some questions "that he would not propose to put any tax on German machinery merely because it was cheaper than English, but if he found that German machinery was receiving bounties either direct or indirect he would be perfectly ready to put on a corresponding duty. . . . If Mr. Chamberlain found that the Germans earned their success legitimately, he would leave the home manufacturers to find out how they did it, and so beat the Germans with their own weapons." On this his interrogater asked whether the word *legitimately* was to be interpreted so as to exclude as *illegitimate* the advantage, if any, that the German manufacturer might have in the absence of such restrictions as are imposed on English manufacturers by Factory Acts and the approved rules of Trades Unions. "Is sweating a form of unfair competition which may be counteracted by an import duty?" To this question Mr. Chamberlain is reported to have answered "Yes." If so, we have not the germ, but the plant, of Protection promising a remarkable growth. If the conditions under which production takes place abroad are to determine whether we are to put on or take off taxes on certain manufactured goods, we are indeed approaching very near to Protection, and those who go into this business only as Retaliators or Fair-traders will find they will be landed in Protection with all its difficulties, all its dangers, with all the competition and clamour of interests against interests, classes against classes, with all that lobbying and log-rolling mischief which we know exists in colonial legislatures.

The original plan did not seem to contemplate so great an

advance towards protective tariffs. Retaliation to meet certain special emergencies was what was asked for; for instance, to meet the case of some gigantic Trust threatening to crush some industry in this country. No doubt this is a very serious matter; but I believe if some such extreme case were to occur for which an absolutely heroic remedy were required, the Government of the day would take such measures as seemed indispensable to meet the emergency. But is it wise with a view to such an emergency to recast our whole fiscal system, and to inaugurate new machinery for a case that may seldom and perhaps never occur? The question is a very difficult one, and it is natural that the Prime Minister should be anxious to inquire how these complicated problems could possibly be solved.

The relations between Canada and Germany have started another side of the question, viz., how to deal with such reprisals as the German Government has made in consequence of the preferential tariff accorded us by Canada. It is right that the earliest steps should be taken to put the country into possession of all the facts of this case, and generally to diffuse full information as to how we stand with reference to our commercial treaties. The idea of retaliation as within the sphere of practical politics is so new that as many *data* as can be collected with regard to its history amongst different nations where it has been used and as to the consequences of tariff wars, should be collected and made available for the instruction of the country. Tariff wars raged furiously before England adopted Free Trade, and convinced Sir Robert Peel of the futility of retaliation.

Further, it is important that information should be elicited as to the methods on which retaliation is considered possible. The sooner the controversy can be brought from generalities to particulars the better. Where retaliation is claimed in consequence of the menaces to any particular industry, is it contemplated to protect it by retaliating on the same industry abroad? This will frequently be impossible, and accordingly

some other foreign industry must be selected for vicarious punishment. The records of tariff wars will show that there will be endless general competition and clamour between various interests to secure a share in the protective results from reprisals, and that it can never be foretold to what extremities such a system may lead.

High duties imposed on imports by way of retaliation naturally increase the cost of the article in question. That article may be used in the manufacture of another article; the producer of the latter then naturally calls for protection for himself, or for the repeal of the Act which inflicts injury on his trade. It would certainly be found that you cannot protect one industry without extending protection to a number of others; and frequently when you protect one trade, you will positively injure another.

As for the interests of the consumers, the suggested situation puts them altogether on one side. Trade must be protected even at the risk of dearer prices.

Abstract argument will not influence the minds of those who see in powers of retaliation the saving of our foreign trade. Accordingly in this field an inquiry into the concrete facts of the present situation and into such experience as can be made available may be useful to all concerned. It should, of course, be conducted with the utmost impartiality, without any bias in one direction or another. The great public, deeply interested as it is, that the truth should prevail, would be badly off if instructions were conveyed to them mainly by electoral leaflets circulated by party agencies. Allusion has been made to tables which might be prepared on hypothetical calculations to show to the working man how much more he would have to pay for food on the one hand with the advantages expected to be derived from higher wages on the other. Hypothetical calculations are very dangerous when pledges are to be given to the masses of the country as to any particular policy on which a mandate is to be asked.

As to the time when this mandate should be asked, it has

been indicated by the Prime Minister that, in his view, two or three years would probably elapse before the people would be asked to pronounce on this new great issue. Time is required not only to convince the public—the Government as a whole is still unconvinced. Under these circumstances it is clear that if some catastrophe should precipitate a dissolution before the inquiry which the Government desire has elicited all the necessary facts, any mandate asking to revolutionise our fiscal system should be refused.

On the other hand, if, as Mr. Balfour contemplates, the controversy is prolonged, it is to be hoped that it will be so conducted on both sides as to leave no rankling memories behind either in the Colonies or at home. Neither for nor against the proposals is the case, where the issues are so extremely serious, likely to be pleaded without warmth, and signs of impatience are already visible in some Colonies. But this impatience should not develop into irritation. Time is necessary for the old country to pass judgment on the greatest issue which has been before it for generations.

Let us hope, if we do not see eye to eye, and if the Colonies realise that they cannot press us in this matter because it involves the taxation of food, that no ill-feeling will be left behind, and that we can go forward on the road towards consolidating our Empire with the same confidence as in the past. Mr. Chamberlain used some strong words pointing to lost opportunities—and opportunities have been lost—and pointing on the other hand to the glory of a consolidated Empire. He said that unless the question of trade and commerce were settled satisfactorily he for one did not believe in the continuance of the union of the Empire. He continued in words of terrible eloquence: "We have our chance, and it depends on what we do now whether this great idea of consolidation is to find fruition, or whether we will for ever and ever dismiss this consideration and accept our fate as one of the dying Empires of the world." We are to accept our fate as one of the dying Empires of the world if we refuse to tax

the food of the people! Is the doom of the Empire to be pronounced on every platform if the people refuse to see their food taxed? Is it fair to put the mandate before the people "No preference, no Empire"? I think it is unjust to the people of this country; I think it is unjust to the people of the Colonies; I think it is unjust to the Colonial Secretary himself, who has done so much and made such steady, and I hope permanent, progress in knitting the Empire together. Surely all is not to depend on commercial bargains with the Colonies. Without commercial bargains the Colonies have lavished their blood in South Africa. Without commercial bargains we have lavished our millions in the protection of the Empire, which includes the Colonies, asking but little in return; and under these circumstances are we to be told that if we cannot accept this plan we are to accept the fate of a dying Empire? The resources of statesmanship are surely not exhausted. Before this idea was mooted many and many were the plans by which it was hoped the Colonies might draw closer to us, and we retain our hold over the Colonies. On that road the statesmen of both hemispheres must continue to work, undiscouraged if the result should be against the present plan, undiscouraged by failure. Forward this Empire must go, not as a dying Empire, but as a living Empire in the world, and our statesmen must endeavour to realise the fair dream of a cemented Empire without the nightmare of tampering with the people's food.

GOSCHEN.

FREE TRADE AND PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS

THE proposal to modify our fiscal system, by the imposition of duties designed to secure a reciprocal preference for imperial trade, involves the determination of matters so fraught with good or ill to the people of this country that I hope no apology is needed for any honest attempt to throw a ray of light upon the subject.

Convinced free-traders seem to me unquestionably right in adopting an attitude of uncompromising hostility to the proposal. It differs from other protective systems only in degree, and sins against the economic principles which have hitherto been relied upon by the adherents of the free-trade system. Even should it be shown that the principles upon which the free-trader relies are conditional and not applicable to all cases, it does not follow that free-trade is not still the best policy for this country; but to have a clear idea of how the matter stands is an essential preliminary to the present inquiry. I find the economic case for free-trade stated in Professor Barstable's "Theory of International Trade," as follows (p. 133):

> In every particular exchange there is necessarily a gain to each party concerned; but the sum total of exchanges is composed of the several particular exchanges which have been made; and as each of the latter implies a gain the immediate result must be beneficial. As the aim of protective duties, on the other hand, is to hinder exchanges, they are necessarily injurious.

No one is likely to quarrel with this reasoning, but on the face of it it is inconclusive. It may be that the admitted gain in one direction is counterbalanced by loss in another, which has not been taken into account. The complexity of modern commerce is so great that in dealing with any concrete case, important considerations may easily remain unnoticed, and the fundamental facts upon which the fabric of national prosperity is founded may be forgotten. Yet we are powerless to alter the foundation however much we may modify the superstructure. To bring these facts clearly to light, and ascertain their bearing upon free-trade doctrines, it will be sufficient to take for examination a simple form of society, for it is claimed for them that, with the doubtful exception of a newly settled country, they are universally applicable. If, therefore, they are shown to be inapplicable in a particular case their authority is gone until the conditions under which they do apply are formulated. For the sake of simplicity, then, we will leave out of consideration wealth derived from foreign investments, or acquired in return for services rendered to foreign countries.

At the outset we are confronted with the obvious fact that the limit of the material enjoyment of the population is the amount of the national stock. However it may be created, and however it may be divided, it is quite obvious that there can be consumed no more than there is to consume. Consumption is effectively limited by production. It is equally obvious (subject to the exception stated above) that the national stock available for consumption consists of the sum of the national products, including foreign products for which home products may have been exchanged. Herein lies the advantage of foreign trade, for these products will have been obtained cheaper than they could have been produced at home—possibly they could not have been produced at all at home, and, but for foreign trade, must have been dispensed with. The foreign products, however, represent, though in an advantageous form, nothing but the result of home labour; the exchange has not added to the sum of the national stock.

We require to know, in the next place, what sets the limit to the national stock. The answer is—the home demand for consumption. The home demand only, be it observed, for foreign demand does not involve, directly, the consumption of any part of the national stock.

In the early days of industrial development the national stock may be limited by the capacity to produce; but in our own country this stage has long been passed, and at the present moment, with us, production is capable of being indefinitely increased. It is useless, however, and worse than useless, to produce in excess of the amount required for consumption, and consequently production can only be stimulated by increasing effective demand. It is effective demand, not merely demand which is wanting. Demand cannot fail until every material requirement of every individual in the land is satisfied; while we know that, so far from this being the case, the greater part of the demand of the great majority of the people remains unsatisfied. This is so because they have not the means to buy what they require; in other words, their demand is ineffective, and it is ineffective because of the exiguous portion of the national stock which falls to their share. The result of this state of things is, that production is reduced below its natural level. It cannot proceed unless consumption keeps pace with it, and consumption depends upon the method in which the national stock is distributed. If it were so distributed as to insure its immediate consumption, production would be stimulated in the highest possible degree, and the limit of material enjoyment would become, once more, the capacity to produce.

The method of distribution may operate to check consumption in the following manner: So much of any share as the owner does not devote to his own enjoyment, but saves, is applied, directly or indirectly, in further production. It is true that it is consumed in the process, but in the result the owner's savings are augmented, and the balance between production and consumption still further disturbed. The

result, when saving is excessive, is over-production with all its attendant evils. In this connection it must be remembered that to insure prosperity it is not enough that commodities should be consumed, they should be consumed quickly. Prosperity depends upon rapidity of turnover. £100 applied to production and turned over twice in a year, is more profitable than £200 turned over only once in a year. Now it is obvious that a man with £10,000 a year is likely to save more than would be saved in the aggregate by two hundred people with £50 a year each. Moreover, the consumption of the man with £10,000 a year would probably not be increased if you doubled his income; whereas, if the income of the two hundred were doubled, their consumption would probably be doubled. Where, therefore, production is reduced by under-consumption, anything which increases the proportion taken by the masses in the national stock tends to stimulate it. Now the share of the masses depends upon their employment and the remuneration they get for it, and it follows that the limit of production is largely dependent upon the continuous employment and general prosperity of the mass of the people. This is a cause of increased production and not, as is often supposed, merely the effect. In short, until every material want of every individual is fully satisfied over-production is an impossibility, except as the result of a method of distribution not calculated to stimulate production in the highest degree.

If the above conclusions are correct, the key of the position regarding the operation of a protective tariff is to be found in its effect upon the effective demand for consumption in the protected country; and this will be largely dependent upon its influence upon the employment of the people. Here let me say that throughout I use labour and employment in a sense not confined to the employment of manual labour, and that it must always be understood that employment in production draws in its train many other kinds of employment not specifically mentioned.

What, then, is the effect of free-trade upon employment?

In the first place, it will generally be admitted that where the capital and labour of the country are employed in producing those commodities which can be produced to the greatest advantage, and a ready sale is assured, the high-water mark of national efficiency in production can only be reached under free-trade. It is probable that in the early days of its introduction something very like this ideal condition of things did exist, and continued to exist, for many years; latterly, however, there has been an increasing difficulty in finding profitable employment for capital, and where capital and labour cannot be fully employed in the production of the commodities which can be produced to the greatest advantage, a different set of considerations apply.

To what extent, and in what manner, would our position be likely to be affected by the introduction of hostile tariffs, and the rivalry of native manufacturers, in the case of countries which we had been accustomed to supply; imports into our own country remaining free? Assuming that the effect was to some extent to reduce our exports to the country in question, in the absence of new markets our production would be to some extent reduced, and a certain number of people engaged in production thrown out of employment. The limit of production would then be reduced by the reduction in the effective demand of the unemployed. It would be useless for them to apply themselves to the production of commodities similar to those previously received in exchange, for, *ex hypothesi*, these could be obtained cheaper from abroad. But now suppose that when their goods had been excluded from the foreign country, the goods for which they had been previously exchanged had been excluded from this country, they might then successfully apply themselves to the manufacture of similar goods. The effective demand occasioned by their employment would then be maintained, and the only loss would be that of the advantage which we have seen to accrue from an exchange with a foreign country. Where, therefore, foreign markets are restricted the national stock may in certain cases be increased by the protection of home industries.

A just perception of the relation between the limit of production and the effective demand for consumption, and between the latter and the remuneration of labour, will enable us to understand why England, so long as she remained mistress of the world's commerce, flourished exceedingly under free-trade, and why, as the nations began to undertake their own manufactures, and to close their markets to English goods (while England refused to secure her home markets for her own manufacturers), it became increasingly difficult for her to employ to the full her immense industrial capacity. If we recognise the stimulating effect upon production of an increase in the share of the national stock falling to the lot of the working part of the population, we shall also cease to be astonished at the prosperity of the United States, under a high tariff, and with a remuneration of labour more generous than our own.

A protectionist arguing on these lines would, I think, be justified in maintaining that free-trade is not an absolutely and universally true doctrine, that it is not in all times and places of necessity the only sound system of national trade. But when we turn to Mr. Chamberlain's present proposals we are at once confronted by the fact that the protective measure intended is a differential duty, not on manufactured articles but on food. Now cheap food is one of the primary requirements of an industrial community doing a foreign trade; moreover, food is the principal object upon which the effective demand of the mass of the people spends itself. A rise, therefore, in the price of food may limit effective demand in more ways than one.

Therefore, in considering the economic aspect (and to this I strictly confine myself) of the proposal to levy a duty upon food, imported from foreign parts, in return for a preferential tariff conceded to the Mother Country by her Colonies, the first and most important question is, will it raise the price of food? To ascertain the proportionate extent of the rise in price, which would follow the imposition of a duty, would be extremely difficult if not impossible, but that some rise would

occur seems to be inevitable. To take the case of corn. At present we draw our supplies from numerous sources outside the Colonies. If the duty imposed does not exclude the importation of corn from some of those sources, it will not advantage the Colonies; if it does, it is difficult to see how the diminution of the sources of supply can fail to raise the price. At the present time, by the automatic operation of free-trade, we draw our supplies from that part of the world where corn happens at the moment to be cheapest. In the future we shall not always be able to do so and prices must rise. Indeed, that the price of food will rise is, I think, not seriously disputed, but it is said that wages will rise in sympathy with prices. Is there any ground for the suggestion? When once the remuneration of the working-class exceeds the bare necessities of existence, there is no necessary connection between wages and prices. A rise in wages is the result of a combined demand. Such demand is usually successful where the profits of capital are so good as to induce the employer to forego some of his gain rather than risk the stoppage of his business. In any other case it is almost certain to fail. The British working-man is hardly fool enough to suppose that his employer will raise his wages because food is dearer. He has some practical knowledge gained by experience to guide him. Wages can rise only when production and consequently employment is increased. Where, under a preferential tariff, are we to look for increased employment? There seem to be only two possible sources: increased trade with our Colonies and improvement in British agriculture. Both fields for extension are very limited, for the British population of the Colonies is hardly more than 25 per cent. of the home population, and the greater part of colonial imports are already of British origin; while as for British agriculture not more than some 15 per cent. of the population are engaged in it. Against this must be set the loss resulting from a rise in the price of food, which would act detrimentally on the home market by reducing, *pro tanto*, the effective demand of all.

The effect would be felt by each, in inverse proportion to his wealth, since the smaller the income the greater the proportion consumed in food. A shrinkage in the purchasing power of the bulk of the forty millions at home would produce the result of over production in an intensified, because a more permanent, form. Finally, a rise in the price of food accompanied by a rise in wages might limit employment by restricting foreign trade.

Fascinating as the idea of the commercial consolidation of the Empire is to most of us, the economic presumption against the propriety of laying a duty on the import of food seems to me enormously strong. A tariff protecting home manufactures would be far more capable of defence, but, in any case, we should hesitate before we cast into the melting-pot our prosperity, fashioned under the Free Trade system. It will not do for Imperialists to banish political economy to Saturn, for our position in the world rests upon an economic foundation, and if we recklessly risk it, we are sinning against the best interests not only of the Mother Country but of the Colonies themselves.

RALPH NEVILLE.

LORD SELBORNE'S CRITICS

DEARLY as the country loves its Navy and deeply as it appreciates its place in the national existence, it knows little of the men who command it. Their professional reputation remains one of the mysteries of the sea, and it is seldom we can feel interest in a naval appointment. The filling of a Bishopric or of a leading Nonconformist pulpit we can discuss with some sense of knowledge. Well-informed people will even have an opinion on the allotment of a prominent military command. But it is only on the rarest occasions that a naval appointment connotes anything at all to the civilian.

The appointment of Sir John Fisher to the command at Portsmouth is one of these exceptions. His tenure of the office of Second Sea Lord—the office he is now to vacate—has coincided with the production of a far-reaching scheme for the reorganisation of the *personnel* of the Navy; and since the peculiar province of the Second Sea Lord is the charge of the *personnel*, he is recognised as Lord Selborne's right hand in the matter and as the expert specially responsible for the measure. His departure, therefore, from the Admiralty to take up the blue riband of the service can only indicate to the public that the work of designing the new scheme in its broad outline is complete and that the Navy for good or evil is definitely committed to the new course. The man who put the machine together is to be the first to set it in motion. He is to be placed in the position where he can best watch and

guide its earliest working. It is an arrangement that will at least appeal to our common sense; and in securing it Lord Selborne adds another stone to his growing reputation as a statesman. It can have been no simple task. For a Minister to choose the best man available for his expert, to follow him step by step, seeing the ground made good as he goes, to stand by him when the sound of opposition dins in his ears, demands a clear head and a firm purpose. And no one will deny that, of late at least, the sound of opposition has been growing frequent and loud. Still, the die is cast, and the departure of the Second Sea Lord to his new sphere of activity seems a fit opportunity for examining anew the outcome of his service at the Admiralty.

During the whole of that time the mountain has been in labour—and what has it produced? When the new birth first showed its head it was greeted as a prodigy of sagacious invention. Every one, or almost every one whose opinion can carry weight with the nation, covered it with admiration. I do not speak of certain of the senior men, who could not rightly see the new thing for the tears they were constrained to shed over the old. The old was the service they knew and loved, the system under which their devotion and talents earned them distinction. The sentiment that moves them is one we all honour. The Navy cannot do without it. It is just that blind loyalty to its high traditions that is its true inspiration, but it is not that way that progress lies. When we seek to advance we must look elsewhere. To the men whose eyes are always fixed on the wake of the ship we can only listen with the reverence due to their service and position. But we can do no more than listen. We bow in respectful silence and go on our way, as a man lifts his hat when a funeral passes.

But there are others who must be differently dealt with—men in the zenith of their career, who have earned a high name in the service, and whose opposition carries serious weight. They are men who must remember the responsibility they are assuming. No doubt their opposition is sincere,

and if the new scheme is wholly bad they are doing the country a great service. But if it is not wholly bad, if in the main it is good, let them remember the incalculable mischief they are brewing. No scheme can be perfect; but its imperfections can easily be overcome by a unanimous determination to make it work. If, on the other hand, men permit themselves to believe that it cannot work, it is in their power, however well designed the scheme may be, to ensure its being at least a partial failure. It is high time, then, that they pulled themselves up and asked themselves, before going further, whether they are really looking the thing squarely in the face. Let them remember that their attitude is not what it was. At first, when they stood up and saw the new birth at a distance, and as a whole, they had nothing for it but praise; but now the world sees them creeping on their hands and knees rubbing their noses against details not yet developed, starting at imagined terrors, as they see a hair or two awry, till from crying out that the thing is ill made they are shouting that it is a deformity from top to toe and should be buried out of hand. Forgetting all their previous declarations, ignoring the conclusions of their experience afloat, some of them go so far as to say that no change was needed, that our officers were the best in the world, and that nothing better is possible.

In their whole attitude there is something radically wrong —something that rings false on the public ear. We want criticism. It is the fixed faith of Englishmen that the right is most surely beaten out by the hammers of opposition. But the blows must be straight and true and clearly struck. And this is what we lack. We hear too much of officers not having been consulted and too little of what they would have said had their opinion been asked. There is too much of "This will never do" and nothing of what they would offer in its place. And still worse, there has been a deal of imputing unworthy motives to the authors of the scheme with no reference to the conditions which made it absolutely necessary that they should do something.

With criticism of this kind it is impossible for the public not to be impatient. Plain people approach the question with no preconception except a desire to find out what is best for our most cherished service. They call for assistance to form a right opinion, and can only turn away in disgust at what is offered them by the fault-finders. Still nothing is gained by that. Beneath the heat and confused vituperation which the scheme has aroused there may lie solid objections, and the wisest thing to do is to try to dig them out and see what is in them. The task is difficult, for we hardly know where to turn for a calm and complete statement of the opponents' case. To the House of Commons we look in vain. With the exception of one or two speeches in defence of the scheme, the proceedings there were marked with a levity that was wholly unworthy of the occasion. In the Press we find the hostile communications so coloured with personal feelings, or so distorted by misapprehension, that we are still worse off. In the House of Lords we fare better, and it is probable that in Lord Glasgow's speech we get the clearest, most temperate, and best-reasoned attack, and the most authentic exposition of the antagonistic views of the experts. Let us, therefore, take his speech as representing what the best criticism amounts to; or rather not the speech, since he asserts he was ill-reported, but rather his letter to the *Glasgow Herald*, which he wrote to give a fuller and more correct version of his views.

To begin with, he protests that the opposition is grounded neither on the dislike of machinery nor on the dislike of innovation. Let that be accepted, with the passing remark that if any one seriously supposed it was so grounded the opposition has only itself to blame. The ill-expressed utterances of certain of the more strenuous critics afford at least some excuse for the charge.

The fundamental reason on which he says the whole agitation is based is this—that there exists in the service a "rooted conviction that the officers who fight the ship must be kept separate from the officers who control the engines." Here is at

least a solid and clear objection that goes to the root of the matter. Indeed it does more. It traverses the whole case. For the case of the Admiralty is avowedly based on the opposite conviction. The Admiralty starts from the conviction that the officers who fight the ship cannot any longer be kept separate from the officers who control the engines. It is to that separation that, after deep inquiry, they have traced the disturbing cause that has been troubling the service for years. And not only, be it remembered, our own service, but that of almost every other country that has a first-class navy. The point is of the last importance. Seeing how the critics ignore for the most part the *impasse* that had been reached, seeing how some of them even talk of truckling to Trade Unionism, it is necessary to keep in mind that the difficulty to be overcome was no sporadic or transient affection of our own Navy, but an epidemic that was rampant with all our neighbours as well. In France, Italy, and America the cry is the same—the engineers claiming a greater degree of independence corresponding to their heavy responsibilities. In each of these countries the highest authorities either have been or are still absorbed in devising a remedy. Everywhere the condition of the patient is recognised as in the last degree critical. We have all been travelling the same road. The disease is inherent in the system. As a sagacious American pointed out in the earliest days of steam navigation, the germ was planted in the first paddle warship. Everywhere the system which we have been trying to work began with steam-engines as an auxiliary means of propulsion. So long as it was so, it was easy and unobjectionable enough to keep engineers and deck officers separate, and the words of the wise fell dead. No one would listen, and long after steam became the sole means of propulsion we have continued the old system—tinkering here and tinkering there till the whole was a mass of ill-fitting patches. To persevere on lines that had so entirely lost their right direction was as though a man should persist in trying to make electric lamps burn with whale-oil.

Under these circumstances, to speak of the Admiralty giving way to Trade Union pressure is worse than idle. The public knows too well how to value such polemics, and they will hear in the charge only an ill-tempered way of saying that the Admiralty has recognised the march of things and put itself in line with one of the most obvious and important advances of the times. For the Navy to ignore the development was impossible. As the importance of the machinery increased the importance of the engineer increased with it, and, so long as we refused to cut ourselves clear from the obsolete conception of auxiliary engines, all we could do was continually to increase his power. But every increase could only be a stop-gap. The engines continued to devour the ship, till now we not only drive and steer but we fight by machinery too. In the combatant or effective ranks no one, except perhaps the navigator, has any longer a place on board a warship who is not driving, controlling or feeding machinery. Machinery dominates every corner of the ship with an ever-increasing supremacy. To meet the increased responsibility of the engineer with an increase of independence was a process that had no finality, and so long as we kept the fighting officer separate from the engineer we were drifting straight to the worst calamity that can strike a navy. We were drifting straight to a dual control, drifting to the heresy of which all the old navies perished—the heresy which it was the first glory of our Navy to have avoided. In every service but our own there was once a rooted conviction that the officers who fight the ship must be kept separate from the officers who control the motive-power. We boldly declared the contrary—that one captain and one set of officers must fight the ship and work it too. To this we clung as to a palladium, and a palladium it proved. No rival navy could stand before it, nor could any raise its head again till our system of absolute unity had been adopted.

In what, then, is the conviction on which the whole opposition is really based—in what is it rooted? Not in the great tradition of the service, not in the vital principle which our Navy

was the first to discover, and which has made it a model to the world. No, not in that, but in something much smaller—something so small, indeed, that did we not know the genuineness of the conviction, we could hardly speak of it with patience. It is rooted in the idea that a man whose work is between decks can never be fit to handle a ship. They say the analogy between the system of a fighting captain and a navigator and the system of a fighting captain and an engineer is false. And why? Because the navigator was always on deck and the engineer is not. But surely, surely this is a little thing. Stand back and see the matter in its true proportions, and what is it beside that sacred principle of unity in which, from its cradle, our fleet has lived and moved and had its being?

If the engineer officer were to remain the mere advanced mechanic that he once was there might conceivably be some weight in the objection. But the old engine-driving days are long done with, though some of the objectors seem hardly yet to have realised it. Under the new training the last taint will be wiped away. From their childhood the new men will be trained as officers and trained upon the sea. From the moment he joins the cadet will spend some part of every day afloat. Because he is trained as an engineer he will not the less be trained as a seaman and an officer. And afterwards, what is there in the control of mighty engines that will unfit a man's nerve for the control of a ship? What is there in it that will not rather nourish the readiness, the resource, the courage, the fine perception that goes to make the good captain? It is idle to speak of the engine-room as a hen-coop, or to think that, because a man smells oil a bit, he need lose the savour of the sea.

In justice to Lord Glasgow it must be said that he bases the necessity of separation on the ground that a man cannot in the time available learn the duties of an executive officer and of an engineer. Under the old system of education this was true, but it must be remembered that the amalgamation of the executive and engineer classes is accompanied by a com-

plete change in the method of training which, in the opinion of the highest experts in technical education, will give time to turn out a thorough engineer, and by dropping out the obsolete pedagogy of the old system leave more for seamanship than there was before. The elaborate and enlightened system of education, which upon the most minute and wide-reaching study the Admiralty is developing to meet the new conditions, is ignored in Lord Glasgow's argument. Shutting his eyes to the highly specialised training that is to accompany the reform, he merely says that the new scheme is contrary to all modern experience in that it rejects the advantage of specialising.

But, even here, is not the Admiralty ahead of its critics? Can it be said that, in the sense Lord Glasgow employs the word, the latest tendency in civil life is towards specialisation? The bulk of business and commerce is now conducted by boards of directors who are not specialists except in direction. Retail trade tends to mass itself in heterogeneous "stores." Diverse productive enterprises are continually grouping themselves into "Trusts." Every day the process gains ground and justifies itself by higher success. What does it mean? Surely, so far as our present purpose is concerned, that the world has discovered that command must be specialised like everything else; that to control masses of men and complex enterprises is an art by itself; that to keep men who have the faculty of control studying technical detail is sheer waste of good material, when once they have obtained the general insight necessary for command. A man of brain and education can quickly learn how a file should be used without being able to use it perfectly himself. The higher technical specialisation may safely be left to the artisan. And this is the end to which the whole new scheme of entry and training is directed. The men are to be schooled into the highest manual dexterity and the highest technical knowledge obtainable each in his special trade, and the officers are to learn enough of all to know good work when they see it and to acquire that degree of knowledge which is needful for command. This is the true specialisation

that is the latest development of commercial life, and when the new scheme is known in its entirety it will be seen to be not contrary to all modern experience, but to ride upon its surface and even to rise beyond anything that civil organisation has yet achieved.

This objection of Lord Glasgow covers that which is most often repeated—that under the new system officers will learn a "smattering" of everything and nothing well. But the fact is that that is just what he does now. The bulk of his school time is given to mathemetics and such pedagogic lore and the rest is consumed with giving him a smattering of steam, gunnery, torpedo and navigation. So admittedly is this the case that all the real work of command has to be done by specialised officers. The ordinary watch-keeper may trudge through to his retirement with no real knowledge of the essentials of his profession. It is to end all this, quite as much as to settle the danger of dual control, that the new system is devised. The assertion that it leads directly to "smattering' is not tenable for a moment. The whole thing is designed, and well designed, as an attack on smattering, and whether it succeeds or not entirely, it cannot but leave things better than they were.

Of course it is easy to say it is unworkable, and this is another familiar argument which Lord Glasgow endorses—if argument it can be called. At best it is but lugubrious prophecy. To test the worth of prophecy we can only look to history and the experience of our neighbours. Now history shows that previous analogous changes, so far as they were analogous, have been in every case successful. It is open to the Cassandras to say that the previous cases were not closely enough analogous for argument, but it is only a question of degree. They cannot deny they were analogous, and they cannot bring forward one case even faintly analogous that was a failure. Where, then, is their ground for prophecy? In the experience of our neighbours? But there is but one case, and that is on the side of the Admiralty. The Americans have

already dealt with the matter, and dealt with it in their characteristic manner by just a bold stroke of the pen. They cut the Gordian knot by declaring the two branches interchangeable and left them to shake down as best they could. It was a rough-and-ready process, and at first we heard that they were making bad weather of it. That is not in the least surprising. The wonder is that so ruthless and severe an operation did not end in complete failure. Nothing, indeed, shows better how natural the process really is, and how the organism was crying out for it, than that it did not fail at once. But it has far from failed. The latest reports speak of nothing but complete success. The shaking-down is done and the American service is striding along again smoothly and with new life. Why, then, should we fear the result in our own case? The long tradition of loyal endeavour has made the constitution of our service the stronger and our remedy is to be more gentle. It will come about automatically and by easy stages, so that the service will receive no shock—will scarcely, indeed, be sensible that the change is going on.

How, then, with the example of America before us, can it be said that the change is dangerously drastic? For this is another familiar objection. It is said that no such heroic operation was necessary—some slight changes in training would have sufficed. To this again we cannot listen. The public will not be deceived. We know that such a prescription only means another dose of the old tinkering. We want something more than this to make us distrust the policy of the Admiralty. There is nothing the nation can forgive so easily in a public department as an excess of thoroughness. But to an onlooker the main objection seems to be not this, but that the reform is not thorough enough. Every one must see that the memorandum, however it halts before the extreme conclusion, points inevitably to a complete fusion of engineer and executive. To secure it as soon as may be, and with the least possible friction, is clearly the policy of Lord Selborne and his Board, and some of us must regret that they did not see their

way to declare their purpose at once. Their position would then have been clearly marked and therefore more easily defended. It would have been less open to random attack. The country would have seen more quickly how impregnably it rests upon the stern logic of things—that, in short, it is not a revolution, as its opponents allege, but a plain piece of evolution.

It was so that President Roosevelt spoke of the American scheme. "We are not," he said, "making a revolution, we are merely recognising and giving shape to an evolution that has come slowly but surely and naturally, and we propose to reorganise the Navy along the lines indicated by the course of the evolution itself." Of Lord Selborne's scheme a distinguished officer of the German Naval Staff has written in exactly the same strain:

> However revolutionary [he says] the plan may appear at first, it is really but a fresh link in the chain of natural development which knows how to appreciate the past and how to prepare for the future. Englishmen do not like to advance in bounds, and England's history clearly shows the advantages of natural consecutive action. The questions of training and *personnel* bid fair to become a Gordian knot, but nevertheless it is not being loosed by a single stroke, but by slow and steady action. The present Admiralty will always be gloriously remembered for having commenced this with great energy.

The course of this evolution, the chain of this natural development indicates the control of the engine-room by specialised executive officers, just as gunnery, torpedo, and navigation are successfully controlled already. Could the Admiralty have afforded to say this frankly at the outset they would have been less exposed to the distracting sniping that has been galling them. We should have heard, for instance, little of that familiar wail that good men will no longer enter the service for fear of being condemned to be engine-drivers. But, as our German critic observes, we like things to go slowly, and this, no doubt, is the explanation of much that is cryptic in the memorandum.

As we like to be slow, so we like to be sure, and what the

country wants from the officers it trusts is criticism that will help to make things sure. Let them, then, stand up again as they did at first, and see the thing as a whole. Let them open their eyes and see it as the nation sees it. We had reached, as all our neighbours had reached, an impossible situation which the old hand-to-mouth remedies only intensified. It was absolutely necessary to devise a new treatment. The Admiralty, which admittedly includes some of the finest officers in the service, have offered us such a remedy. Can those who dislike the taste of it offer us a better? If they can we will listen gratefully; but if they cannot, if they have no suggestions but to continue the tinkering of the old machine, then their duty is plain. The public demands the loyal help of its servants, and none give it more loyally than its servants of the sea. Let them remember the high tradition they have inherited. They may not like the look of the new machine, but a new machine was imperative, and this, the device of the best of their colleagues, is the only one we have. It is their duty, then, to stand aside and cease throwing grit into its bearings; they must take up their oil-can instead; they must watch for every sign of friction or weakness as the thing gets to work, and then, instead of panic cries that the bottom is being knocked out of the ship, let them quietly show where they see the mischief and buckle to to set it right.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

RECENT NAVAL ADMINISTRATION

WHATEVER verdict history may eventually pronounce upon the administration of his Majesty's present Government, they can never be justly accused of a crime that may be laid at the door of many of their predecessors—neglect of the Royal Navy and indifference to its requirements. Whatever the historian may have to say of the administration of the War Office under the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, he will hardly withhold credit for strenuous and unceasing effort towards attaining efficiency from the present Board of Admiralty. It is a fact, not very creditable to our common sense as a nation, that criminal neglect of the all-important factor in Imperial defence has been the characteristic of most Ministries of a country whose very existence is absolutely dependent on its sea-power. Of this truth the constantly recurring panics which form a feature of our political life are sufficient proof. But a short time back the nation was passing through one of these periodical phases. The public were anxious, and their anxiety was but reasonable. The war in South Africa proved to the hilt that, as far as the Army was concerned, there was a lamentable lack of proper organisation for war. Men wondered if it would be the same with the fleet. If war were suddenly sprung upon us, would the Navy be in a position to act to the best advantage when its services were required? There was an evident lack of strength, both

numerically and in quality, in some of our most important squadrons, and, we had the word of experienced naval officers for it, that the commissioned portion of the fleet was lacking in stores and munitions of war, in auxiliaries, and in adequate training both for officers and men.

The main essentials to efficiency in which the fleet was, a year or two back, palpably lacking, were :—

(*a*) The want of proper organisation of the *matériel* of the fleet, shown by the inadequate strength of some of our most important squadrons—notably the Mediterranean—the deficiency in fleet auxiliaries, and the retaining on the effective list of ships valueless under modern conditions.

(*b*) The lack of trained Reserves in any way proportionate to the strain that war would throw on the *personnel* of the fleet.

(*c*) The deficiency of adequate training as regards both officers and men.

Although perfection has not been attained, it will not be difficult to show that many and important improvements have been effected, and that the authorities have not shrunk from a full recognition of their responsibilities.

To commence with the *matériel* of the fleet, not the least important feature of recent naval administration has been the strengthening and improved organisation of the three principal commands—the Mediterranean Fleet, the Channel squadron, and the Home fleet, as the old Reserve squadron is now termed. I may here premise that when the term "modern" is used as regards a ship, it means a vessel laid down under, or since, the programme of the Naval Defence Act of 1889. The actual war-value of ships laid down prior to that date must be problematical and dependent upon circumstances, and in no case can such value be of a high order. This must be clearly understood before it is possible to estimate at its true value the extent of the improvement that has taken place in the constitution of the commands above named, for, although there has also been a very appreciable numerical increase, yet much

of the improvement has been effected by increasing fighting efficiency rather than mere adding to numbers. The Channel squadron is the one in which the least change has taken place. Wisely the Admiralty deemed the strengthening of the dangerously weak Mediterranean fleet, and the modernisation of the very obsolete Reserve squadron, to be most imperative.

The Channel squadron is at the present moment two battleships short of its proper quota of eight, but this shortness in numerical strength is only temporary. It is due to the fact that the ships of the N.D.A. programme, the "Royal Sovereigns," which heretofore composed this squadron, are being transferred to the home fleet, while of the eight "Majestics" that will ultimately compose the squadron, two, which will come from the Mediterranean, have not yet been replaced by the newer ships now nearly ready for commission. This is but the natural sequence of the principle that is governing the reorganisation of the three squadrons. When this reorganisation is completed the eight battleships of the N.D.A. programme will be in the home fleet, their immediate successors, the "Majestics," will compose the Channel squadron, while in the Mediterranean will be the eight "Bulwarks," six of which are already on the station, and probably the six "Russells," two out and the others approaching completion. Not alone does this plan send the newest and best ships to the most important squadron, but it has the advantage of making our squadrons homogeneous. The importance of this, now that the Board have made "standardisation" universal in groups, it would be difficult to over-estimate. In the Channel squadron the most important change that has taken place is as regards cruisers, for though the second- and third-class cruisers, two of each, remain numerically the same, yet the two first-class cruisers of the squadron, which were formerly 20-knot protected ships, are now replaced by heavily-armoured vessels of 21-knot speed. The cruiser squadron, moreover, is for war purposes an adjunct of the Channel squadron, for both would be the first war reinforcements to the Mediterranean

command. Less than two years ago the cruiser squadron was a commodore's command, comprising one first-class and three second-class cruisers. To-day the rear-admiral whose flag has replaced the commodore's broad pennant has under his command two 23-knot armoured cruisers of the first-class and four modern second-class, to say nothing of two earlier date third-class cruisers commissioned for the purpose of experimenting with new water-tube boilers. Nor is this all, for the First Lord has now stated that in the near future the squadron is to be composed of six 23-knot armoured cruisers of the first-class, viz., two "Drakes" and four of the "County" class. When this proposed constitution of the cruiser squadron is an accomplished fact, it will be the most powerful squadron of its type in commission in the British or any other Navy.

With regard to the home fleet, it is in its reconstitution and modernisation that improvements have been, and are being, effected. In January 1900, the reserve squadron, composed of the coast-guard and port-guard ships, numbered nine battleships and four cruisers; to-day the home fleet totals nine battleships and four cruisers. Of the nine battleships of 1900 three were second-class. One of these was partially armed with muzzle-loaders and was the other day removed from the effective list. A second, albeit her armament had been modernised, was amongst the oldest armour-clads in the Navy. The third was one of the old "échelon" turret-ships, a type we have never repeated, and of which three out of five have been struck off the strength of the fleet as ineffective. Three more belonged to the very inadequately armoured "Admirals," which only an antiquated classification entitles to be called first-class. A seventh, the *Sanspareil*, is but a glorified coast-defence ship. The remaining two, the sisters *Nile* and *Trafalgar*, are fairly powerful turret-ships, which immediately preceded the N.D.A. programme. Thus not one ship was "modern," but to-day, although the *Sanspareil* and two of the "Admirals" are still

in the squadron, the remaining six are all of the "Royal Sovereign" class. In the cruisers of the squadron a similar modernisation has taken place. Of the four cruisers of the old squadron, there was not one that could claim to be modern. Of the four cruisers of the new fleet, there is only one that dates from a period prior to the Naval Defence Act of 1889. Again, the three instructional flotillas of torpedo-boat destroyers, one of which is in commission at each of the three home ports, may be looked upon as a war portion of the home fleet. Some three years ago the numerical strength of each of these flotillas was increased from six boats to eight, and so there are now in permanent commission in home waters twenty-four destroyers in lieu of eighteen. Moreover, the efficiency of the whole has been largely increased within the last twelve months by providing for each flotilla its own stationary parent ship in the shape of a suitably fitted old armour-clad; by giving to each flotilla its own captain; and by the appointment of an inspecting captain to supervise, and be responsible for, the working of the whole system. Another point in regard to ships in home waters is the tendency shown to replace ineffective ships and hulks by modern and effective vessels. For example, a step in this direction was made in 1895 when the *Medea* and *Medusa*, third-class cruisers, were commissioned as R.N.R. drill-ships at Southampton and North Shields, to take the place of the hulks *Trincomalee* and *Castor*. That the two cruisers in question were not brilliant successes is sufficiently proved by the fact that, although they were launched in 1888, neither had ever been put in commission, but the idea of replacing hulks with ships with at any rate a nominal value was none the less sound.

First, these vessels are always in partial commission and immediately available for mobilisation in the event of an emergency; and secondly, in them men can be trained with modern ordnance and under seagoing conditions. Last year the *Medea* and *Medusa* were taken to be experimentally fitted with water-tube boilers, which they are now testing as units of

the cruiser squadron, and they have been replaced as R.N.R. drill-ships by the *Apollo* and *Andromache*. Both these are excellent modern second-class cruisers, and, at the moment of writing, four of their sisters, the *Æolus*, *Spartan*, *Sappho*, and *Melampus*, are being detailed to act as R.N.R. drill-ships at Queenstown, Holyhead, Queensferry, and Kingstown respectively.

It is in the Mediterranean that the most important changes of all have taken place. As Belgium, for land war, is the "cock-pit of Europe," so, for naval war, will the "stags" of the Mediterranean fleet be the first game-fowl to "come into the main." "How is it with the Mediterranean fleet?" will be the thought uppermost in men's minds when the tocsin of war rings in the ears of a startled Empire. The following table shows the actual increase of ships "up the Straits" that has taken place in the last few years, and it will be seen that the actual strength in fighting units has changed from thirty-six in January 1900, and forty-four in June 1901, to sixty-one at the present date :—

	January 1900	June 1901	June 1903
First-class battleships . . .	10 ...	10 ...	14
Second-class battleships . .	1 ...	1 ...	Nil
Coast-defence ship . . .	1 ...	1 ...	Nil
First-class cruisers . . .	2P ...	2P ...	2A
Second-class cruisers . . .	4 ...	4 ...	6
Third-class cruisers . . .	3 ...	4 ...	6
Torpedo gunboats . . .	7 ...	6 ...	5
Torpedo-boat destroyers . .	8 ...	16 ...	28
	36	44	61

Nor does the numerical increase shown above bring out the enormous improvement in "quality" that has taken place during the period under review. It is no exaggeration to say that in some three years the fighting efficiency of the Mediterranean fleet has been doubled. If we institute a comparison between the battleship strength now and that which was on the station in January 1900, we find that four "Royal Sovereigns," the oldest type of battleship entitled to be called modern, have

been replaced by an equal number of "Bulwarks," the latest type but one to be completed and the most powerful battleships we possess; whilst in lieu of a second-class ship of little, and a coast-defence ship of no, fighting value, we have two more "Bulwarks" and two of the "Duncan" class, absolutely the fastest and most modern battleships we have completed. If we compare the situation with that which existed in June 1901, we find that the three "Royal Sovereigns" have given place to an homogeneous squadron of six "Bulwarks," whilst the *Devastation* (of 1869) and the *Rupert* (of 1870) have been replaced by the *Russell* and the *Exmouth*, the two first of the "Duncans" to be completed.

In cruisers there was no important change in the situation between January 1900 and June 1901, but since the latter date the cruiser strength of the fleet has been materially increased. The two first-class protected cruisers then on the station have now been replaced by two armoured ships, considerably more powerful and a knot faster than their predecessors. In lieu of four second-class cruisers there are now six, and there has been a similar increase in the number of third-class cruisers. Of destroyers there were, in January 1900, five 27-knot and three 30-knot boats. By June 1901, the number had been increased to ten of the slower and six of the faster boats. To-day the station possesses four 27-knot and twenty-four 30-knot boats, an increase that far outbalances the decrease in torpedo gunboats.

It is true that the strengthening of our most important squadrons in fleet auxiliaries has not been on a par with their strengthening in fighting units, but we can congratulate ourselves on the fact that the necessity for fleet auxiliaries has been recognised, and the principle that without them a fleet is incomplete has been admitted. This was one of the deficiencies in our organisation for war on which Lord Charles Beresford laid such stress when addressing the London Chamber of Commerce a little more than a year ago. As already pointed out, the destroyer flotillas at home have been, within the last

year or so, provided with proper bases in the shape of stationary depôt ships, and a similar ship was commissioned at Malta about a year ago. Now, moreover, the efficiency of the destroyer flotilla "up the Straits" is to be considerably enhanced by the addition of a sea-going base, and the second-class cruiser *Leander* is completing reconstruction to go to the Mediterranean in that capacity. Again, the Mediterranean has for some time had a hospital-ship on the station in the shape of the *Maine*, and two other important fleet auxiliaries, a distilling-ship and a repair-ship, are completed and about to go to the station. In the following table I have tabulated the present actual strength of the Mediterranean fleet *cum* Channel and cruiser squadrons in fighting units and fleet auxiliaries side by side with the minimum that should be their war strength when war was upon us, or even threatened. This minimum war strength has been carefully calculated, and it is, I venture to hope, consonant with what naval officers would deem to be the minimum strength necessary in the united commands on the outbreak of hostilities:—

	Present Strength		Estimated War Strength
Fighting Units:			
Battleships	22 (*a*)	...	22
Cruisers (armoured)	10 (*b*)	...	15
Cruisers (protected)	16 (*c*)	...	25
Torpedo gunboats	5 (*d*)	...	15
Torpedo-boat destroyers	28 (*e*)	...	40
Fleet Auxiliaries:			
Sea-going T.B.D. depôt-ship	2 (*f*)	...	4
Despatch vessels	1 (*g*)	...	9
Ammunition and store-ships	1 (*h*)	...	6
Distilling-ships	1 (*i*)	...	3
Repair-ships	1 (*j*)	...	3
Hospital ships	1 (*k*)	...	3
Fleet colliers	Nil	...	8
Cable-ships	Nil	...	2
Cold-storage ships	Nil	...	3

(*a*) 14 Mediterranean, 8 Channel (when at full strength). (*b*) 2 Mediterranean, 2 Channel, 6 Cruiser Squadron (when reorganisation complete).

(*c*) 12 Mediterranean, 4 Channel. (*d*) All in Mediterranean (one in reserve). (*e*) All in Mediterranean (eight in reserve). (*f*) *Vulcan* and *Leander*. (*g*) *Surprise*. (*h*) *Tyne*. (*i*) *Aquarius*. (*j*) *Assistance*. (*k*) *Maine*.

From the above table it will be seen that to bring the fighting units up to war strength five armoured and nine protected cruisers, ten torpedo gunboats and twelve destroyers would be required. This can scarcely be called a very heavy demand to meet at even the shortest of notice. The only despatch-vessel on the station, the *Surprise*, has but little war-value owing to her lack of speed, but in war fast liners would be the most perfect craft for this purpose, and of these we have plenty. It is only crediting the Admiralty with the most elementary forethought to assume that the names of the ships that would be selected for this most important duty are already on roster in Whitehall. Sea-going T.B.D. depôts and repair-ships cannot be well improvised, but the other auxiliaries, more or less suitable, could be got from the mercantile marine.

Before passing from *matériel* to *personnel*, there are one or two other points that deserve a passing notice. Perhaps the most important of these is the increased efficiency that now obtains in regard to coaling facilities at the ports and the supply of coal for the actual fleet in being. With regard to the former, the matter is one that formerly lay in the hands of the Controller's Department, and the Controller is not the least over-burdened of the very hard-worked body of Naval Lords. As regards the latter, the actual supply of coal to the fleet in commission is a matter which belongs to the department of the Junior Lord, the office of Director of Stores coming under his jurisdiction "as regards coal for the fleet." Now the Controller's Department is responsible for naval construction, repairs, maintenance, naval armaments, dockyards, and (with a few exceptions) stores—in fact, practically the whole *matériel* of the fleet. The office of Director of Stores is responsible for the custody, issue, and maintenance of all stores, except victualling and ordnance stores and such dockyard stores as belong to the

Office of Works—*e.g.*, building materials.[1] This being the position, the natural result followed. As the Controller had enormously heavy, urgent, and most important demands to meet from his share of the Estimates, and as the Director of Stores comes under the Controller in relation to everything but coal for the fleet, the coal supply was of necessity subordinated to other urgent and important demands. In fact, the Junior Lord had to be content to take for coal what was left when all other demands had been satisfied. Now, however, the condition of things has been materially modified. In regard to coaling facilities, a fresh branch, presumably affiliated to the "Fleet Coaling Service," and under the Junior Lord, has been created. Already the sum of one million sterling has been allotted to the creation of coaling facilities at the various naval bases at home and abroad, this sum being included in the proposed expenditure for "adapting naval ports to present needs of fleet" as allowed for and scheduled in the Naval Works Act, 1901. As to coal supply also, the Junior Lord is now allowed to "earmark" the sum actually needed for the life-breath of a steam Navy. Below are the figures for coal supply for a period of six years, as given in the Navy Estimates:—

1898–99	Coals for Steam Vessels	£605,000
1899–00	,, ,,	£750,000
1900–01	,, ,,	£1,000,000
1901–02	Fleet Coaling Service	£1,620,000
1902–03	,, ,,	£1,621,000
1903–04	,, ,,	£1,844,000

These figures speak for themselves. In five years the sum allotted for the coal requirements of the fleet has trebled. This is in no measure even approximately equivalent to the increase of ships in commission over the same period. Only one deduction can be drawn, and that is, that heretofore the fleet had been starved in its chief essential. Not only must

[1] To be quite accurate, I may note that, though the supply of stationery and books is under the Controller, there is an exception as regards "religious and associated books and periodicals," which, presumably as being food for the soul, are issued by the Victualling Department!

the reserve supplies have been lamentably inadequate, but niggardliness in coal expenditure was enforced on admirals commanding stations, and it goes without saying that that meant that their commands were not getting the tactical training vital to efficiency. The art of handling ships in fleet formation cannot be picked up from swinging round a buoy. It will also be noticed that the heading under which these sums are scheduled has been altered. I particularise this, for the Estimates for 1901–2, in which the alteration first appears, are the first in which is given what has now become annual, viz., a "Statement showing the provision for the above service," *i.e.*, the "Fleet Coaling Service." As a proof of how entirely this new departure in regard to coaling facilities and coal supply is the work of the present Board, it is sufficient to point out that the period when the Naval Works Act, 1901, was being drafted, and the Navy Estimates for 1901–2 prepared for submission, just about synchronises with the time at which Rear-Admiral Durnford, the present Junior Lord, took up his duties at the Admiralty. The carrying out, if not in great measure the original inception, of this new departure has therefore been the work of this officer, and it would be difficult to overrate its importance, for the placing on a proper footing of the coaling facilities and coal supply of the fleet is one of the most important steps towards the real efficiency of the Navy that has been taken by the present Board.

Another point worthy of notice is the elimination of non-effectives. From the annual "Dilke Return" just laid before Parliament it is evident that at last a clean sweep of what sailors so appropriately term "ullage" has been made. In that return but one ship armed with muzzle-loading ordnance still appears, the *Hotspur*, officially styled "Port Guardship" at Bermuda. Why this hopelessly obsolete old packet has not followed her fellows it would be hard to say. Presumably her retention is to ease down the Admiralty official to a ruthless severance from mischievous traditions. At any rate, the public will no longer be deceived

as to the effective fighting strength of the fleet they so ungrudgingly pay for. It is a fact that, as recent as April 1901, the Admiral in command of the home fleet was flying his flag in a ship carrying ordnance practically as obsolete as the old "Brown Bess." Moreover, in addition to actual removal of non-effectives, there is a marked tendency to make all the new construction for the fleet take the direction of building ships with a definite war-value. No "sloops" or "gunboats," ships whose utility is entirely limited to the ordinary peace duties of the Navy, figure in the Estimates for 1902–3, or those for 1903–4. This is as it should be, for surely ships for peace duties should have a fighting value under modern war conditions. The torpedo gunboat *Niger*, with her trial speed of 22·5 knots, has a definite war-value. The 13¼-knot sloop *Rosario* has practically none, to say nothing of the fact that she draws nigh 3 ft. more water than the efficient ship. It surely is not beyond the skill of our naval constructors to design craft for peace duties which will have the habitability of the useless type with, at any rate, some of the essentials that give war-value. Again, as to repairs. It is a matter of no small importance that repairs and modernising improvements should be rapidly effected so that ships can pass from the dockyard to Fleet Reserve with as little delay as possible. Owing to the heavy demands on the dockyards this was heretofore impossible, but last year the Board inaugurated a very simple remedial policy, that of entrusting a certain proportion of all such work to the private yards. Not only was this done but the working facilities at the ports have been enormously increased by removing from the working water area the mass of obsolete shipping with which the basins were crowded. Most important of all, a new home base is to come into being, and in the selection of St. Margaret's Hope for the site the Admiralty have chosen one that is as excellent from an industrial point of view as the choice is strategically sound.

In *personnel* the deficiencies of greatest moment were the paucity of reserves and the lack of the high training essential

to modern requirements. Both are equally important factors in the creation of real war efficiency. Both had been points for too long neglected. To both questions the present Board of Admiralty have given their serious attention. With the problems in each case raised they have conscientiously grappled. It was in January 1902 that the Admiralty invited Sir Edward Grey to act as chairman of the Naval Reserves Committee, whose report was handed in a year later. It is interesting, and amazing, to find from this report that up to the present the provision for a reserve to the Navy was in the main organised on the recommendations made after an inquiry by Royal Commissioners in 1859! A reserve thus formulated was bound to be inadequate in the high scientific training that modern exigencies require, and equally bound to be numerically incommensurate with the demands of a hugely increased fleet. The commission of 1859 recommended a reserve of 38,000 men, the active service vote at the time being 73,104. The active service vote for 1902–3 was 122,500, the total efficient reserve 34,000! While the active service vote had nearly doubled, the actual efficient reserve had decreased by over 10 per cent.! The recommendations of Sir Edward Grey's committee are admirable, for while they place on record their conviction of "the importance of maintaining unimpaired the present continuous-service system," the only system that could give to the Navy the superb *personnel* it now possesses, they recommend such a "reopening of the entry of seamen and stokers on the non-continuous service system" (hitherto practically limited to domestics and bandsmen), as to allow men thus entered to form one-fourth of the ordinary seamen and A.B.s, and one-sixth of the stokers (exclusive of petty officers), of the complement of every ship in commission. Men entered on the non-continuous service system will engage for a maximum of five years' service in the fleet to be followed by a term in the Royal Fleet Reserve (which the committee declare "the best possible form of reserve for the Navy") of a length to make up their total

service to twelve years. The committee quite recognise that the increase in active service ratings which has been going on during the last few years must continue, until "the necessary minimum of active service ratings for the war fleet has been reached," but their recommendation of the non-continuous service system, which has for its object the increasing of Class B of the Royal Fleet Reserve, and more especially as regards stoker ratings, has been so far adopted that, of the new entries voted for in the Estimates for 1903–4, 625 stokers and 375 seamen will be non-continuous service men. It will be seen that the committee's recommendations are so limited that there is no danger of short service in any way deteriorating the *personnel* of the Navy. Under those recommendations the whole of the gunnery and torpedo ratings and three-fourths of the remainder, as well as stoker-rating petty officers, will be filled by continuous-service men. Another great advantage of the new scheme will be that, modified as is necessary, it probably will draw into the ranks of the Navy colonials, as such could put in their active service time in their own waters. Another recommendation of the committee is the constituting of naval and marine volunteers. Such a reserve, properly constituted, should be of enormous value, for it could be made to consist largely of those trained mechanics who under modern conditions are so essential a portion of the *personnel* of an adequately equipped warship. Lastly, the committee draw attention to the use of the army as a reserve for the Fleet. This they consider "as a possible source of supply over and above the numbers recommended in this report," but they point out that

> In the present day no provision is made for rifle fire in a ship's quarter bill, and troops would require special training before they could be of much use on board ship, except for unskilled work. For this purpose and for sentry duties they would be useful, and their discipline would render them far more suitable for embarkation than the untrained civil population.

Some three or four years back the present writer advocated in the columns of the *Times*, the feasibility of greater effort in

the direction of making the duties of the soldier and the marine interchangeable. Briefly put, his scheme was as follows: Men would enlist for the then usual term of seven years with the colours and five in the reserve. The first two years of colour service would be passed as a marine, the next two years' service as a soldier. For the remaining three years the man would opt for service with a line battalion or battery of garrison artillery abroad, or would resume as a "red" or "blue" marine according as to whether he had enlisted for infantry or artillery. As he opted so he would pass, when his active service was completed, to the Army, or Royal Marine, Reserve. That the principle has now been endorsed by the recommendation of the Naval Reserves Committee will perhaps lead to its adoption; and it will be to the advantage of both services, for the sea-trained Royal Marines are admittedly as excellent soldiers as they are useful on board a warship. To bring into creation some of the recommendations of this committee the Naval Forces Act, 1903, was put before Parliament. This Act modifies the Royal Naval Reserve (Volunteer) Act, 1859, which governed the creation of naval volunteers, and the Naval Reserve Act, 1900, which brought into being the Royal Fleet Reserve in such a way as to leave the Admiralty a free hand in the re-creation of the one branch of the reserve and the increase of the other. Under it, it will be possible to create a largely increased, readily available, and adequately trained reserve, without, in the one case, having a volunteer reserve as unsuitable for naval requirements as were the old Royal Naval Volunteers, or, in the other case, filling the Royal Fleet Reserve by what would be the fatal mistake of wide abandonment of the continuous-service system. In regard to the creation of the new Naval and Marine Volunteers the Admiralty may be trusted to remember the finding of Admiral Tryon's Committee, which, thirteen years ago, led to the suppression of the old force on the score of its inutility.[1]

[1] This committee, while bearing every testimony to the zeal, loyalty, and ability of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, reported that "they cannot

The adoption of a generous grant, suitable conditions of service, and just recognition of the patriotism of those joining, will allow of the building up of a volunteer reserve of artisans and mechanics which would be of inestimable value to the Navy in time of war. The right men are to be found in thousands in this great commercial and manufacturing country, so many of whose most important industries are connected with the sea and shipping.

Great, however, as is the importance of an efficient reserve, that the active service *personnel* should receive the best and highest training is of even greater importance. This question of the training of the *personnel* of the Navy is now receiving the attention that it deserves. The completeness of the new Admiralty scheme for the entry, training, and employment of the officers and men of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines is convincing testimony to the grit and thoroughness of the Board who have had the courage to introduce it into the most conservative service in the world, a service whose glorious traditions and brilliant record of success entitle it to be conservative.

To come now to the most important detail of the men's training; gunnery instruction in the Navy promises at last to meet with the attention that it deserves. Last year Lord Selborne in his explanatory statement, said:—

> Gunnery, however, is the most important of all, and in gunnery the emulation between H.M. ships is becoming very keen. But our seamen and marine gunners must be able to shoot straight at long as well as at medium ranges; they must be able to hit their targets with the guns trained in any direction in which they will bear; and, above all, they must never become fair-weather gunners. Emulation, therefore, must not be allowed to lead to a restricted selection of conditions and weather for target practice.

This year he again alludes to the "overwhelming importance of proficiency in gunnery," and is "able to state positively that

> resist the conclusion that the system under which this force was created has failed to provide a force that fulfils the hopes under which it was commenced, and, therefore, there is no sufficient reason to justify expenditure on its maintenance."

the whole of the Navy are striving, both officers and men, to reach the highest standard." It is indeed satisfactory to find that, *some fifteen years after the introduction of medium-calibre quick-fire ordnance into the fleet*, a First Lord is able to state that "the fact is that excellence in gunnery is a question only of endeavour and of a sound system of training." Coupled with this discovery, we are told that this "overwhelming importance of proficiency in gunnery" is to be recognised by the award of a medal (carrying with it a bonus) to the captains of guns in each ship, seamen or marines, "who are judged by the captain to be the best shot in that ship during the year, with each nature of gun, conditionally on their attaining a minimum standard to be approved by the Admiralty." The value of this award is, however, somewhat minimised by the fact that it is to be worn on the right breast. It is thus relegated to an inferior position at the same time that purely commemorative medals, such as the "Jubilee" and "Coronation," take precedence, by order, of all war medals.[1] It is, however, ill to look a gift-horse in the mouth, and the reward is one that will be highly valued by the fleet, and the more so that in giving it the Admiralty recognise that not "any amount of money prizes would stimulate the fleet to as great exertions in this matter as their patriotism and sense of honour and duty are doing now. With all respect for the patriotic motives of the Navy League, who have more than once made offers of rewards for gunnery to the Admiralty, the writer feels sure that the Navy is thoroughly with the First Lord in his opinion that "to make it a question of money is to lower the standard of duty," and that the tendency of money prizes is "to create an artificial atmo-

[1] The "Jubilee" and "Coronation" medals are worn on the left breast, and before, *i.e.*, further from the shoulder than, war medals. The "Long Service and Good Conduct" and the "Volunteer Long Service" medals are also worn on the left breast, but after, *i.e.*, nearer to the shoulder than, all war medals. Heretofore the only medals worn on the right breast have been those of the Royal Humane Society and kindred associations, which, of course, are worn by permission, but are not the award of the Crown.

sphere of competition as unlike as possible to the reality of war." Finally, the appointment of Captain Percy Scott to the command of H.M.S. *Excellent*, or, in other words, of the gunnery school at Whale Island, is in itself proof positive that a marked improvement in the shooting of the fleet is the chief desideratum of the Board of Admiralty. Only the Navy know what Captain Scott has done, and is capable of doing, towards improving training in gunnery. As Lord Charles Beresford put it to the London Chamber of Commerce, "shooting in the Navy is not what it should be, because in the Navy not enough trouble is taken." In the *Scylla* in the Mediterranean and in the *Terrible* in China, the new commanding officer at Whale Island has shown how the Navy can shoot when trouble is taken in training gun's crews, and recent prize-firing returns show that other ships have taken the lesson to heart. The Admiralty mean to see to it that the example first given in the *Scylla* and *Terrible* shall be followed throughout the fleet.

Infinitely more attention and systematic training is now being given to the captains of guns. It is now recognised that rapidity of fire is only second in importance to accuracy, and that efficiency in all shooting depends upon rapidity of fire, provided, of course, that the fire be accurate. Rapidity, moreover, conduces to accuracy, as there is less time for the distance to vary between rounds. The introduction of telescopic sights is another step which has vastly improved the shooting of the fleet, and such sights are, or soon will be, universal. There are three gunnery schools for the Navy: Whale Island, by far the most important; H.M.S. *Cambridge* at Devonport; and the Sheerness Gunnery School; and at each of these a first-class cruiser has within the last few years been commissioned as a sea-going gunnery training-ship. These vessels cruise for a week at a time, taking out classes undergoing gunnery instruction, and it is evident that by this method practice at sea is far more efficiently carried out than was the case heretofore. At Whale Island especially great development has taken place. The splendid batteries, which comprise every type of ordnance

carried afloat, from the 9·2-in. downward, have been extended. Along the front of the batteries a line of rail is now laid which carries targets of model ships, which can be run at varying speeds, and to which is imparted a motion akin to that of ships in a seaway. It can easily be understood how Morris-tube firing at these targets will train men in the essentials of good gunnery, straight shooting and rapid sighting. Two machines of Captain Scott's invention are now in constant use for training at Whale Island. One is the oft-heard-of "dotter," which is an instrument for training the captain of the gun to keep his sights always on the object independently of the rolling of the gun platform in a sea-way, and it is as simple in its mechanism and application as it is perfect for its purpose. The gun is not held stationary and the bull's-eye made as the target sweeps past, nor is the target kept stationary and the gun elevated or trained to make a bull's-eye as the muzzle sweeps past the mark; but a combined vertical and horizontal motion is given to the target, and the gun-layer has to *follow* the target with his gun-sights kept on the bull's-eye of the mark as accurately as he can, and fire as often and as rapidly as he can. After each pressure of the firing trigger the "dotter," which gives the name to the instrument, records the result on a white ruled sheet of paper attached to the target. Rapidity of loading is taught by the loading-machine, which consists of a breech-block fitted to a wooden trough like that which would be formed were a gun split down its centre lengthwise. Into this the men are taught to jerk the projectile with such accuracy and force that it lands home—*i.e.*, that the band at the base of the projectile will catch into the rifling of the gun-barrel. The idea, of course, is to obviate the necessity of using a rammer. With practice on the loading-machine men soon get into the knack of throwing projectiles weighing 100 lb. into a 6-in. gun so that they land home without the use of a rammer. Men so trained are therefore acquiring the power of rapidity in loading, which is the essential supplement to the accuracy of fire that the "dotter" teaches them. In short, any one who has not visited Whale

Island for a couple of years will be amazed to find how the training—good as it always has been—has been improved in respect of thoroughness.

Exactly as good gunnery training is the main essential to make efficient blue-jackets, so is adequate training for stokers the first necessity in the engine-room department. Moreover, with the introduction of the water-tube boiler the necessity for special attention to the training of this branch of the *personnel* of the Navy became paramount. The necessity for special training in regard to water-tube boilers was early met by Viscount Goschen's Board, who brought into being the instructional flotillas of T.B.D.s, through which classes of stoker ratings are passed for instructional purposes. Later depôt ships were provided at Chatham and Portsmouth to make better provision for the training of stokers, and, in addition, to each home port there has been attached a torpedo gunboat of the *Sharpshooter* type for the instruction of engine-room ratings in water-tube boilers. Last year again another step was taken, namely, replacing by civilian labour a large number of stoker-ratings who had been employed in cleaning and looking after ships at the home ports being brought forward for commission. By this measure not only is a considerable number of stokers set free for sea service to meet the heavy demand caused by the increased number of ships in commission and the increased engine power of modern ships, but also more of the time of the men awaiting drafting can be given to training. In the training of this important branch of the *personnel* thoroughness is again the chief characteristic.

To come finally to the question of the training of senior officers, the first year of the century saw introduced at Greenwich an advanced course for the instruction of senior officers of the fleet in naval history, strategy, tactics, and international law. In regard to it, in introducing the Estimates for 1902–3, Lord Selborne was able to say:

> Excellent work was done in the first session of this course, and I look to the future for its steady and continuous development. If the minds of naval

officers are as a result turned to a more constant and thorough study of naval problems, it will have fulfilled the main object the Board had in view in its foundation.

This year he was able

again to emphasise in the strongest way the value of the war course at Greenwich for the senior officers of the Navy as conducted by the Captain of the College. The more the work of that course proceeds the more strongly emphasised is the necessity for its existence. It is not all officers who have turned their minds to the consideration of the many problems which will confront them in war, and the more this course stimulates the study of naval problems by officers of every rank the better it will be for the Navy.

This, however, is not all that has been done in this direction, for there is another point in the administration of the present Board of Admiralty which, whether intended for that purpose or not, has in some degree removed an important deficiency in our system of training. This was the paucity of opportunities afforded to senior officers in acquiring tactical training and the art of handling a fleet. It is very evident that a general cannot acquire the art of using masses of troops to the best advantage if his opportunities for practice are limited to the command of small bodies and to restricted manœuvre areas. It does not require much technical knowledge to understand that a man cannot learn to handle a brigade from drilling a company on the asphalte playground of a London Board school; nor can a general be expected to do much with an Army Corps whose previous experience has been limited to handling a brigade on a field-day in the Long Valley at Aldershot. The truth is equally patent that an admiral who has never had an opportunity of handling three ships together can hardly be expected to manœuvre a fleet when he gets the command of it. It would seem that this truism has had an influence on the recent reorganisation of our existing squadrons. By this reorganisation the opportunities for giving the officers on the list of rear-admirals experience in the management and handling of squadrons of ships has been enormously increased. Within the last twelve months three

active sea commands for rear-admirals have been created. In May of last year a third flag officer was added to the Mediterranean fleet to take command of a division organised from the cruisers on that station. In the same month four battleships, heretofore commissioned as port guard-ships at Portsmouth, Devonport, Sheerness, and Pembroke Dock, were organised into a seagoing squadron and placed under a rear-admiral second in command of the home fleet, of which they form a part. Again, last November, in the old training squadron, now reorganised as a cruiser squadron soon to be the most powerful homogeneous and fastest squadron of its type afloat, the commodore's broad pennant, flown by the senior captain, has now been replaced by the flag of a rear-admiral. A fourth rear-admiral's command is, moreover, shortly to be created, for the West Coast of Africa is now to be separated from the Cape command, and the ships thereon employed are to be joined to those under the commodore commanding the south-east coast of America station, the whole to form a new command, to be known as the South Atlantic squadron, with Gibraltar and Sierra Leone as its bases. A new vice-admiral's command has also been created, for the duties of Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves have been dissociated from the command of the home fleet, to which post a vice-admiral has just been appointed entirely for sea-going duties. The result is that the sea-going commands for flag officers, which heretofore were only eleven, for that of Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves can hardly count as seagoing, have now been increased to sixteen. This reorganisation of the active commands has therefore not only largely improved the fighting efficiency of the fleet, but it has also increased by nigh 50 per cent. the opportunities for tactical training open to officers on the flag list. In this connection another point with regard to improving efficiency that has received the attention of the present Board may be briefly noticed. In introducing last year's Estimates, Lord Selborne, alluding to the absence from the flag list of a due proportion of younger officers,

characterised it as a matter of "serious moment." He in no way exaggerated its importance, and he is to be congratulated on boldly facing a difficult situation by the declaration that he was "specially responsible for devising a remedy for the future." This responsibility he met by the appointment of a Committee on Promotion under the chairmanship of Lord Goschen. The report of that committee is now to hand, but too late for action to have been taken on it up to the present. It is, however, a matter for distinct satisfaction to know that the question—one of the most complicated in the whole problem of securing efficiency—has been exhaustively studied in all its bearings, and that it is at last recognised that physical capability for executive work is as necessary an essential as administrative ability and experience.

From the foregoing *résumé* of recent acts of naval administration it will be seen that the progress which has been made in the direction of efficiency is very marked. Owing to the improvements that have taken place in its organisation for war, the condition of the British Navy at the present moment is very different to what it was only a very short time ago. Then the public were naturally anxious when considering the want of strength and proper organisation for war that existed in the commissioned portion of the fleet. The recent strengthening of our principal squadrons, the strenuous efforts made towards improved organisation, and adequate training for the *personnel*, prove that the uneasiness felt was fully justified. An ideal condition has not yet been attained, but enough has been done to allay that anxiety which lately was so pronounced throughout the country, and to remove the conviction that then prevailed, namely, that if war were to be suddenly sprung upon us the Royal Navy was not in the condition to act to the best advantage when its services would be most urgently needed. For this the Empire owes a heavy debt of gratitude to the present Board of Admiralty. It is also under deep obligation to the gallant naval officer who in season and out of season has so zealously and disinterestedly preached the

gospel of efficiency. It is not going too far to say that every blot that exists in our system of naval administration has been over and over again fearlessly pointed out by the Vice-Admiral now commanding the Channel squadron, and that the improvements that have of late been effected have been in the main on the lines of the remedial measures that he has suggested. Both the nation and the Navy owe much to Lord Charles Beresford.

H. Lawrence Swinburne.

EX ORIENTE

A DISTINGUISHED divine who had been travelling in Syria summed up the result of his experiences in these words: "All my life I have been studying and teaching theology, but I blame myself for having neglected to study it in the East, for I see that my life has been in part wasted." It was a touching and a striking admission which, spoken as it was in an atmosphere permeated with an overmastering interest in the things of the spirit, struck the listener as the natural, if not the only, conclusion to which a wise and learned man could come. For in that little Syrian town all men were primarily occupied with the way of salvation, some were still seeking it, some had found it and had closed the door to further speculation, and some, while they felt that their feet were in the right path, knew that constant search was needed to insure their continuance in it. And the way was not one but many, a separate road to the Mahommedan in the plain, the Druze in the mountain, the Jew, the Persian, the Orthodox, the Catholic, the German Templar, and the English missionary, leading always to the same destination but by devious routes and over countless varieties of level. We who know by hearsay that men look for the explanation of things in many fashions and that they find as many answers, have little personal acquaintance with any answer but one. We are not brought face to face with the profound believer in a different faith. We may, if you like, set him aside, not realising, because

we do not see with the eyes, his fidelity to his own creed, a fidelity that carries him through such straits as are to us a part of the half-forgotten ills that history records, and the mind refuses to contemplate. Exile, persecution, martyrdom are far from us ; the echoes of them, reaching us from time to time, rouse in us a wild and furious indignation, which, if the victims happen to be of our own race and creed, drives us to punitive expeditions and savage retaliation. Possibly the juxtaposition of religions does not make for tolerance nor shake the certainty that each man feels as to the correctness of his own opinion, but at least he knows because he must that others exhibit the same determination in upholding views diverse from, if not adverse to, his own, and that not one teacher only has led his disciples to death and fired them with an unquenchable devotion.

The East has much to say to the theologian. There he may see the life which is described in the Old Testament and the New still going forward, and distinguish between the ordinary aspects of Eastern existence and what was new and vivid to the nomad of the time of Moses and the villager of the time of Christ. And this is not without advantage, for the habits of the East are so unfamiliar to him that they are apt, as recorded, to assume the air of dogma, so that the simplicity of pastoral life or the conditions of a Galilean hamlet seem a part of the message instead of being, as every Oriental knows, the inevitable setting. It is as though a twentieth century Messiah were to arise in Europe and his gospel were to fall into the hands of races ignorant of European science, who might exalt railways and the electric telegraph into essential aids to salvation. There, too, he may learn to realise the original aspect of a religion which has been so curiously coloured by Western thought, and so deeply modified to satisfy Western needs. It is the Christianity of the Gospels, not that of the Church Councils, which appeals to Orientals, and which has inspired such men as the leaders of the modern theistic school of India, the Brahmo Somaj. It may, indeed, be questioned whether this movement should be counted

among the few which are due to the influence of Western ideas, so entirely do the Brahmo Somaj rely upon the Eastern interpretation of the faith which is, to use the words of one of their founders, "Akin to my Oriental nature, agreeable to my Oriental habits of thought and feeling."[1] To one trained in the schools of Hinduism, the doctrine of the Incarnation ranks among ideas accepted by the earliest thinkers, the rapt communion with the older prophets on Mount Tabor is familiar to him who knows by the effort to attain a similar "merging of spirit in Spirit"; even to the mysterious symbolism of the Last Supper, so incomprehensible to the West as to have been one of the causes of the greatest schism between the churches, he gives an explanation probably nearer to the original significance than we can supply.[2] He recognises Christ "in the hymns of the Rig Veda, the mystic utterances of the Upanishads, the Gathas, the Psalms of David, and the Songs of Solomon, the wild strains of Jeremiah, and the ecstatic visions of Isaiah." It may be that he shows a tendency to fall back into the deep sea of Pantheism which underlies his national faith, and, indeed, it is difficult for him not to give a Pantheistic explanation of such phrases as "I and my Father are one"; but as the apologist of the New Dispensation remarks, "the Brahmo Somaj is not frightened by the name of Christianity. That Pantheism which identifies the Universe with its Maker, and man with God, the Brahmo Somaj repudiates . . . but it was never afraid of recognising the spirit of a presiding Providence in all things."[3] The Christ presented to us by these Hindu thinkers is very different from our conception of Him, but it is open to doubt whether they are not nearer His conception of Himself. Dean Stanley got to the root of the matter when he said that Christ was not a Christian. To them, as to us, his "simple code of religion and morality is admirably calculated to elevate men's idea to

[1] Keshub Chunder San: "Jesus Christ, Europe and Asia."

[2] "The Oriental Christ": Pratab Chander Mozoomdar.

[3] *Ibid.*

high and liberal notions of one God, and well fitted to regulate the conduct of the human race in the discharge of their various duties to God, to themselves and to society."[1]

Any intimacy with the East reveals the fact that religion is there actually in that all-important position which it is supposed to occupy with us, and from which other, and to us more pressing, matters have ousted it. It is the interest which is second to none, the subject of conversation which is common to all, conversation always of the most serious nature. Faiths are not taken lightly upon the tongue nor used as counters in the social game; they are the principles by which every act of life is guided and every instant ruled. What your creed may be is an essential point in the definition of your personality. It strikes the European oddly when the wandering beggar who trudges half a day's journey of desert by his stirrup, begins with "Your Presence is a Christian? I also, praise be to God!" and continues with some pertinent inquiry into his opinion concerning supernatural manifestations. We are not accustomed to having much value set upon our personal beliefs. They are assumed to be those of our fellows, with unimportant variations, and if they differ, the matter does not touch practical life closely enough to be worth a question.

The Oriental is still living in the Age of Faith, a term which we confine to a period considerably anterior to our day. It is still possible in the East to watch the birth of creeds and, comparing them with our own, to arrive at a truer idea of how that began on which our civilisation rests. The mental atmosphere which surrounds him is favourable to them; no later acquired science has stepped in to divorce him from the miraculous. He has grasped few of the laws which govern natural phenomena; he refers the variety of nature directly to the Divine Will, and accepts with equal alacrity a miracle or an ascertained fact of science, both being covered by his theory of the order of the universe. His ignorance, his love of speculation, his power of sustained thought, the childlike

[1] Rammohun Roy: "The Precepts of Jesus."

belief which is frequently to be found in him, that by much thinking or much searching for the enlightened person a comprehensive explanation may be reached, his readiness to accept authority wherever he meets with it—all these are the same as they were when Asia put forth religion after religion. It is impossible to journey through the rocky valleys leading to the Dead Sea without feeling how little it would need to send another John the Baptist down to Jordan. Men are living there as he lived, as absorbed in ecstatic meditation, as ill fed, lodged in the same caves, prone to religious hallucination; but the incredulity of the West is too near them. They cannot embark upon prophecy on any important scale without attracting the attention of correspondents, and the morning papers are not fitting organs for the publication of a new gospel. We are too all-pervading in the Wilderness of Judea to allow of the East having a free hand. We silence with our clatter the potential seers. They are like the seedlings of Lebanon, which spring up in thousands under the parent cedars, put forth the first exquisite coronet of fir needles on a tiny stalk, and then die for want of space. But as, to the naturalist, the little foredoomed shoot is as much a cedar as the great bole beside it; so to him that studies the birth and growth of faiths, the anchorite half crazed with hunger and profitless thought is part of the same order that produced the stern figure of the Baptist.

The prophet is not always thus held in check. Among peoples less influenced by our civilisation he does appear and gains disciples. We have known the deserts of the Soudan and the sandy hinterland of the Cyrenaica give ear to him; the southern highlands of Asia Minor have recognised him in our time, subject to the limitations introduced by railway trains and European tourists. Nor will the manifest failure of many Mahdis discourage the credulous Mohammedan world from putting implicit trust in the next warrior or holy man who lays claim to be the fulfilment of prophecy, for unelastic as the bounds of Islam are, they yet admit of the prophet that

is to come. The conception is a part of the Semitic scheme of things: the Christian borrowed it from the Jew, the Mohammedan from both, and in the hands of the three great monotheisms it has girdled the earth with its double expectation, the touching belief in a millennium, and the savage hope —the hope of the down-trodden and tenacious race from which it sprang—that at the last the children of the revelation shall be justified and their enemies cast into outer darkness. Another set of causes, working under Islam but independent from it, have resulted in a ferment of dissent and innovation among the people on whom the positive and clear-cut doctrine of the Prophet was imposed and to whom it cannot afford a satisfactory explanation of the riddle of life. "There is no God but God" is to the Arab, as it is to the Jew, the beginning and end of knowledge; it is the message of the Semitic races, simple, lofty, incapable of modification, needing no explanation. As such the Arab bore it into the Aryan East and drove it home at the sword's point. The inevitable revolt followed. To Persia is due the widening of the great rift in Mohammedanism, that between Sunni and Shiah; in Persia, where the mystic Pantheism of India was familiar and the air heavy with religious speculation, grew up, under the cloak of Mohammedanism, the secret doctrine of the Sufis, which is fundamentally opposed to the recognised creed, and akin rather to the Upanishads than to the Koran. Nor is that all; the process is still going on. One teacher after another thinks out his own modifications, preaches them to his little band of disciples, by whom they are accepted with a greater or a lesser belief in their Divine origin, and dies handing on the torch. Probably the sect ends by breaking up into infinitesimal divisions and vanishes in the *débris* of many similar movements; but occasionally something remains to differentiate the followers of one sheikh from those of another. In one of its most recent developments this religious activity is worth considering, for it offers an example and a warning to the impartial observer.

In Acre there dwells a group of noble Persians of whom the little colony which is settled round them speak respectfully as the Holy Family. They are the sons and daughters of the last incarnation of the divinity, Beha Ullah, the Splendour of God. They and their followers are known as Babis, after the title of the founder of the sect, whom they now regard as a sort of John the Baptist, but they themselves use the term Beha'i, which distinguishes them from another and less important branch of the disciples of the Bab. The Bab was put to death in 1850 by order of the Shah, that monarch being alarmed by the rapid spreading of his doctrine and the fighting spirit to which it gave birth among its adherents. Shortly after his death two of his followers made an unsuccessful attempt to stab the Shah, who retaliated by ordering the annihilation of the sect. Then ensued a terrible persecution. Hundreds suffered death and worse than death, and many who had been marked down fled from Persia and implored the protection of the Sultan. They bore with them to Baghdad one whom the Bab had appointed by will to carry on his work, Subh i Ezel, the Dawn of Eternity. He was, however, gradually supplanted by his elder half-brother, Beha Ullah, who was a man of great power and ability, and who ended by announcing that the will known to all was merely a blind, the Bab's intention having been to interpose a life between the fury of the Shah and Beha Ullah's most precious life, while by a secret will he had named Beha as his successor, and had declared him to be he who was to come, whose advent the Bab had been sent to announce, and who should give the law that was to supersede the revelation of Mahommad and the elder prophets. The conflict between the two parties reached such a pitch that the Turkish authorities decided to separate them. Accordingly Subh i Ezel was shipped off to Cyprus and Beha Ullah to Acre, "And the sea by God's mercy was calmed before his Holiness," related a Beha'i, "And when he reached Haifa he found a white ass prepared for him which had been brought from Persia for his service. No man had ridden on it before

him, and upon it he entered into Acre"—clearly an attempt to bring the incidents of Beha's life into line with the story of the New Testament. This imitation is frequently to be traced in Beha'i anecdote; it corresponds to the desire of the Evangelists to draw together the Old Testament and the New: "That the Scripture might be fulfilled."

Beha bought himself lands outside the town, laid out a garden, a true Persian garden, on the banks of the river, and took up his abode in a large house in the corn-growing plain of Acre, for in those days, and during all his lifetime, money flowed in from Persia to support the exiles, money enough to permit of Beha's organising an army of missionaries both in Persia and in India. These missionaries met, and still meet, with success. "To north Persia," said a Beha'i, "the Europeans have sent out many missions to convert the Jews. How many have they converted? Not one. All the converts among the Jews are ours, and to us many hundreds have turned." A Hindu from Lahore who had become a Babi in India and journeyed out to Acre to receive the doctrine at the fountain head, stated that the faith prospered in his country. "My wife I left and my children in Lahore," he explained. "It is two years since I saw them, but news reaches me by the post. First, I opened a shop in Alexandria, then having made sufficient money I came here to witness to the truth. After some time I shall return, for in my city we are many." The printing press of the sect is in Bombay. The holy books amount to some hundred, exclusively the work of Beha. They are written in Arabic and Persian, the style of them being pure and beautiful, but singularly original. For Beha was an educated Persian gentleman, unlike the Bab who was too illiterate to write Arabic correctly, which defect he explained by saying that he had come to release all creation, animate and inanimate, from the bonds which sin had laid upon it, including letters, which were henceforth to be free from the rules of grammar and orthography. In his many works Beha laid down the New Law which the Bab had predicted would be given to the

people by his successor, he modified the ordinances of the Bab himself, who was a dreamer rather than a practical reformer, and he launched into prophecy, some of which has been fulfilled and some of which has not, after the manner of prophecy. A man of singular learning and discernment, he searched East and West, and combined the ordinances of both hemispheres in his teaching. He instructed his followers to acquire with all diligence Western science, and insisted that the sun of learning which dawned in the East is now at its zenith in Europe; but he was an Oriental wise in Oriental philosophy, and he handled the East reverently, not forgetting that he was one of the hierarchy of manifestations of the Divinity, from Zoroaster to Mahommad all Orientals, and all equally engaged in bringing revelation up to date, that is of suiting it to the developing needs of man. The manner in which he dealt with the vexed question of the position of women is a good instance of his wide comprehension of the mind of his race and of his boldness in striking at dangerous prejudices. He did not enjoin, nor did he practise, monogamy, though he limited the taking of a second wife to cases where the other had borne no children, judging that the childless wife would as a rule be the first to urge upon her husband the propriety of this course. But he set women free, treated them with a distinguished courtesy, put them on an intellectual equality with men, and educated his daughters as carefully as his sons, and in the same manner.

Again, to compare the Babi movement with the Christian, it must be borne in mind that Beha is not only the Messiah of the sect, but also the Saint Paul.

Beha Ullah died in 1892, and is buried in Acre. Already the story of his life has passed into legend, and tales of miracles (though he himself refused to give any miraculous proof of his divinity) are circulated among his followers. The fitting romantic appanages have been attached to the incidents of his career, and his memory is surrounded with a supernatural halo of righteousness. All this is not surprising; indeed, it is more

surprising that so few wonder tales are related of him. In the East a very short time is needed for any invention to pass into history. Round Jerusalem a number of holy places are exhibited to pilgrims which twenty years ago no one had thought of, and in another twenty years it will be impossible to distinguish these modern products from the sites that have had the sanction of the Church since the days of the Empress Helena.

There is no inherent reason why the new faith should not have a marked influence in the East, the more so because it approaches every man through the gates of his own religion. To the Mahommedan Beha Ullah says, "I am the Mahdi;" to the Jew, "I am the Messiah;" to the Christian, "I am the Comforter who was promised you;" and to the Hindu he comes with a doctrine deeply tinged with Hindu thought. The Babis are convinced that they will eventually conquer the West also, and their belief in Babi-ism as a universal religion was strengthened a year or two ago by the conversion of a small number of Americans. The only Babi place of worship in the world is to be found in Chicago. It would be useless to point out to them that in a land where Mrs. Eddy and the Third Elijah flourish, the making of converts is not dependent upon the merits of the faith, and that there is a curious sentimentalism combined with a certain want of balance sometimes to be found in the complex American mind which makes it peculiarly susceptible to religious influences. It is true that Beha, while embodying most of the teaching of the New Testament, not infrequently lays down maxims more in accordance with modern practice than those of the Gospels, enjoining, for instance, Charity, without burdening it with an incipient communism such as would cripple the social organism as we know it—presumably for us the inevitable social organism—but he has nothing to add to those accepted modifications, exceptions or additions, by which we have tried to make Christianity a working creed. Moreover, illogically enough he would say, we believe in a miraculous story that has

had the adherence of twenty, mostly ignorant, centuries, while we would certainly reject a similar story of to-day.

Seeing that the moral code of the Babis differs so little from that which we recognise as the best, why must they seek a fresh sanction? Why is it that Christianity makes no headway in Persia and in India, while in both countries there seems to be an inclination on the part of thinking men towards the teaching of Christ? It is difficult to find any answer but that of the Brahmo Somaj: Christianity, as we offer it, is not suited to the Eastern mind. That which satisfies us does not satisfy the subtler Oriental, that which seems to him a comprehensive doctrine will be to us inconclusive and unpractical. Where, as Hafez says, is the music to which both the drunk and the sober dance?

It is curious to observe the striking difference of outlook which exists between an Eastern and a Western thinker, both actuated by an equally ardent devotion to creeds of which the fundamental principles are very similar. This difference may be illustrated, briefly, by recording a conversation between a Persian and an American, the one a Beha'i, a man of humble extraction but learned, as the humblest Persian may be, in all the sacred lore of the East, especially the older Persian faith contained in the Zend Avesta, a seeker in the truest Oriental sense, an exile for his faith, a dreamer of dreams, "his ear strained to catch the sound of the lute," to describe him in the words of a mystic of Ispahan, and himself a mystic to the tips of his long thin fingers; the other as good a type of the learned Western, a scholar, a searcher into the hearts of men and very patient of what he found in them, wearing his years with a cheerful content that contrasted singularly with the Oriental's resignation, too wise not to admit his own ignorance, and too profoundly convinced of the great truths by which his life had been guided not to look confidently to a future in which they should be made clear to all. On the faces of both men was stamped the distinction of thought, they both belonged to the aristocracy of the mind, whose pedigree is

older than that of the proudest Maharajah, and each in his separate fashion bore the air of "quegli che vince e non colui che perde." They sat in the circle of the lamplight, the Oriental with his hands folded into his sleeves and his eyes cast down, as he would sit before a superior; the American with his grey head leaning on his hand and his keen and kindly gaze fixed upon his interlocutor, piercing, as it were, the veil of a different speech which separated them.

The Persian had asked to be allowed to put these questions; he got no further than the first, the second was to have been concerning the eternity of matter, the third he did not mention. His first question was: "What proofs have you that Jesus of Nazareth was God?" The American began his answer slowly, pausing between the sentences as one who selects the best argument out of a well-stocked mind, but as the arguments came the interpreter felt how little fitted they were to convince the Oriental. He spoke of the long hope of the Jews, though he did not insist upon, indeed he expressly repudiated, the strict Messianic interpretation of the prophetic books; he told of a world searching for truth, and described how Christ came at the moment of greatest expectation, an answer to all questions, a treasure exactly rewarding the search.

The Persian gathered his long robe about him. "You speak only for the West," he said. "In the East it was not so. Persia was not living in expectation, nor India; China had received the answer to the question."

The American passed on to the nature of the message. "I value it," he said "as the greatest dynamic force the world has ever experienced."

To this the Persian had no answer to give, for the phrase meant nothing to him. He set little store by dynamics; he asked of a faith that it should give him a resting-place for the contemplative mind, not that it should furnish an incentive to action. Moreover, Christianity as he knew it was no more a dynamic than any other religion. It has not proved a moving

force in the East nor an incentive to progress; its tendency has been to clothe itself in a veil of superstition as clogging to the spirit as the superstition of the Mahommedan or the Hindu. He replied with a question equally alien to the other.

"All that a man's intelligence can grasp," he said, "is inferior to his intelligence. But if you understand the nature of God made manifest in Christ, you are putting God beneath you."

This seemed to the American a quibble; he took no interest in such subtleties, and he could scarcely realise that the Oriental should be genuinely stopped, as it was clear he was, by such a difficulty. He returned to the teaching of Christ, saying:

"I lay no stress on the evidence of miracles, holding that He is to be justified only by what He taught."

"You speak our language," said the Persian. "We also believe that the proof lies in the message."

The American continued: "In His teaching I find the most admirable law that was ever set between man and man. The Golden Rule is the best guide to conduct that has been formulated."

"Do you not speak thus," said the Persian, "because your fathers and mothers have taught you? You love and follow what has been dear to your race for many ages; but for us who have not that inclination of the heart, it does not seem that this law is different from what was given to men by other teachers of the East. See you," he continued with deep emotion, "I do not cling to my faith because I received it with my mother's milk. Ours is a new faith, each one of us has been separately convinced of its truth, each of us has suffered for it and the blood of our martyrs is not yet dry."

"But without a hereditary leaning, to which I admit," said the American, "do you not recognise the beauty of the injunction to love your neighbour as yourself?"

"I recognise it," he said, "and I have not far to seek for the explanation of the law."

The listener was reminded of a German philosopher's examination into the metaphysics of morality: "treating the other as himself because he sees in the other only himself again." [1] The words are at the root of that far-reaching utilitarianism in which the tendency of much modern thought has been to find the surest sanction for morality. On being questioned as to whether this idea underlay his last answer, the Persian replied gravely:

"Without doubt, so we explain it to them that know, but the ignorant cannot understand the saying."

He accepted as perfectly natural that there should be an esoteric and an exoteric doctrine; no Oriental would attempt to make public the higher mysteries, for the East being free from the theory of the equality of man is not obliged to assume an equal understanding. Turning towards his interlocutor, he continued:

"Your Christ was the mediator between God and man, but Zoroaster was the mediator between God and all living things."

The American replied: "I feel my ignorance. You are as well acquainted with my sacred books as I am, while I have only a cursory knowledge of the greater number of yours."

But he confessed later he thought it improbable that the Zend Avesta had much to teach us, nor is it to be denied that the exaggerated care for all forms of life, which is to be found in an extreme degree in some Oriental sects, seems to the Western to militate against more important laws. To us it points to the absence of a sense of proportion and the want of a power to perceive when it is unwise to press a good rule too far, where, indeed, other equally weighty considerations step in to modify a true axiom. Our wish is, roughly speaking, to arrive at the best possible working code; we are not concerned with the logical conclusion to which each maxim taken by itself might lead us. Further, it can scarcely be questioned that, going forward according to our lights, we have reached in

[1] Deussen: "Elementary Metaphysics."

practice a better idea of our duty towards our neighbour than any that is to be found in the East. We have given the matter much thought, far more than the Oriental is accustomed to devote to it, and we have considerably modified the teaching of the New Testament which has formed the basis of our system, just as in all probability we should have modified the teaching of Zoroaster. If we do not turn the other cheek, it is not only because we have found the process to be disagreeable to ourselves, but also because we consider that it rarely produces the desired result in the mind of the striker and still more rarely is advantageous to society at large, which it is our first duty to protect. For the same reasons, and not primarily because we fear starvation, we do not give all we have to the poor. But these compromises, resulting from a deep-seated regard for the individual combined with a clear conception of an orderly and practical society, seem to the Oriental illogical, and the results gained by them supremely unimportant.

After his confession of ignorance the American continued:

"You say that I follow the belief of my fathers: it is so, but I add to it a personal conviction. I have found the teaching of Christ to satisfy my highest needs, just as I have found that His life fulfils, and more than fulfils, my highest ideals. He has shown me the way which is for me the true way, and He has helped me to follow it, and I bring to Him the personal devotion of the disciple as well as the gratitude of one whom He has directed."

The Persian turned to the interpreter and shook his head.

"I have been asking him," he said, "the questions of the learned, but he gives me the answer of the lover."

On hearing this the American replied with a grave and simple sweetness: "It is true. What other answer can I give?"

So the two men parted with mutual respect and esteem,

but with opinions as widely diverse as when they met, and the interpreter was left with the sense of one who has been cast backwards and forwards between two hemispheres, has caught a momentary glimpse of two facets of the many-sided jewel of truth, and realised for a moment that the light of knowledge rises for each of us from that undefined quarter of which Landor speaks:

> Look from your arcade, the sun rises from Busrah:
> Go thither, it rises from Ispahan.
> Alas, it rises neither from Ispahan nor Busrah,
> But from an ocean impenetrable to the diver.

GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL.

LUKE ADDRESSING JOHN THE APOSTLE

NO part of the New Testament is so much open to misconstruction and doubt as are the first four verses of the Third Gospel, which are commonly known as the Prologue or Preface of St. Luke. Well nigh every word contained in these opening verses admits of more than one interpretation and consequent uncertainty as regards both the meaning of the writer and the individuals alluded to, first among these persons being the puzzling addressee Theophilus.

It is the object of the present paper to show that this Theophilus or rather *Theophilos* (Θεόφιλος) is a translation of the Hebrew *Johannan*, which means *whom God favours* or *loves* (ὃν ὁ θεὸς φιλεῖ or ἀγαπᾷ), and that therefore this Theophilos is none other than "the disciple *whom Jesus loved*," namely "John the Apostle." Now as this new theory may appear bold both to those who believe in Luke's priority over John, and to those who altogether deny the apostolic authorship of the Johannine Gospel and First Epistle, I shall ask my readers, pending my edition of St. John's Gospel now in the press, to allow me to extract or summarise here two arguments which, in my opinion, demonstrate, beyond all reasonable doubt, the genuineness of the said Johannine writings.

No attentive reader of the Fourth Gospel can have failed to perceive the writer's unmistakable disfavour for *the* Jews. On every occasion he carefully dissociates both Jesus and

himself from "*the* Jews" and their institutions: the feast of *the* Jews, the Passover of *the* Jews, the purification of *the* Jews, "the custom of *the* Jews" (xix. 40).[1] Indeed, the writer's disaffection to Judaism is so pronounced as to extend even to Hebrew and Aramaic terms, his unmistakable desire being to replace semitic words and names by Greek equivalents. Thus he wishes to substitute *Didymos* for Thomas, Sea of *Tiberias* for the Lake of Gennesareth (or Galilee), *Place of the Skull* for Golgotha, *Pool* (*Pond*) for Bethesda, *Pavement* for Gabbatha, *Parcel of Land* for Sechem (Sychar), and so on. Actuated by this spirit, he goes so far as to translate his own name *John* (*Johannan* = "whom God favours") by "the disciple *whom Jesus loved.*" Accordingly the self-designation, "the disciple *whom Jesus loved*" is nothing but a descriptive name or a translation of *John.*

The other argument, though fully expounded in last January's number of the MONTHLY REVIEW, is well worth recapitulating here. That argument, which in my opinion proves conclusively that the Fourth Evangelist is John the Apostle, is afforded by his solemn declaration (i. 14): "*And the Word was made flesh, and tabernacled* (or *tented*, ἐσκήνωσεν) *among us, and we beheld his glory, glory as of an only begotten from the Father*"—a grave statement which acquires sense only when we identify it with the synoptic account of the *Transfiguration*, a popular term misrepresenting the original Greek *metamorphosis* (μεταμόρφωσις), which means *Transformation*, i.e., *Incarnation.* To make our point more clear, let us compare here the Johannine and Synoptic accounts of this grand scene:

John i. 14:	*Synoptists:*
And the Word *was made* flesh	He *was transformed*, his
(*i.e.*, was *transformed* to flesh),	countenance was *altered*,
and *tabernacled* among us	let us make three *tabernacles*
and we *beheld* his *glory*,	they *saw his glory*,

[1] In the classical passage, iv. 22, Jesus does not say that "salvation is of the Jews"; He speaks of "salvation or deliverance *from* the Jews" (σωτηρία ἐκ τῶν Ἰουδαίων). See *Expository Times* of January 1901, p. 189 ff.

glory of an *only begotten* from the *Father* (an *only begotten* being naturally a *beloved* or "chosen" *Son*).	he *was seen* in *glory* my *beloved* (or *chosen*) Son (the *Father* being implied in "*my* beloved *Son*").

It is this scene of Transfiguration that is also alluded to in 1 John i. 1 ff.: "That which we *heard* [they heard God's voice saying: This is my beloved Son, hear ye him], that which we *saw* with our eyes [they saw Jesus' transfiguration], that which we *beheld* [they beheld His glory] concerning the word,[1] the life; yea, the life was *manifested* [revealed, *transformed*], and we *saw* and bear witness [having been witnesses of the scene] . . . that which we *saw* and *heard*, declare we," &c. So again in John's Gospel, v. 32: "It is another [*i.e.*, God my Father] that beareth witness of me [by His saying: This is my beloved Son hear ye him], and I know that the witness which he witnesseth of me is true." Then further on (v. 37): "And the Father which sent me, he hath borne witness of me." Then further again (viii. 18): "The Father that sent me, beareth witness of me." Then again in 1 John iv. 14: "And we have beheld and bear witness that the Father hath sent the Son to be the saviour." v. 9: "If we receive the witness of men, *the witness of God* [borne at the Transfiguration] is greater: What (ὅ, τι;) is the witness of God? That which (ὅ, τι) he hath witnessed concerning his Son" [*i.e.*, this is my beloved Son; hear ye him]. . .

All these and other hints, which otherwise sound oracular and mystic, receive a clear and plain meaning only when we identify them with the scene of Transfiguration, and the question of identity becomes certainty when we compare the Johannine words (i. 14): *We beheld his glory* with those of Luke (ix. 32) *they saw his glory.*

Now in describing the Transfiguration all three synoptists

[1] There we should read not περὶ τοῦ λόγου τῆς ζωῆς, but περὶ τοῦ λόγου, τῆς ζωῆς—the term τῆς ζωῆς being an explanation of τοῦ λόγου.

state that this grand scene was seen by *Peter* and *James* and *John*: these three disciples alone *saw his glory*. On the other hand, the writer of the Johannine Gospel says: *We beheld his glory*. This "*We*" then can include only "Peter and James and John." Now, as neither Peter nor James can have written these words ("*We* beheld"), they must have been written by *John*. The author of the Fourth Gospel, therefore, can be none but John the Apostle, the third witness of the Transfiguration.[1]

So far then our preceding investigation shows that the obscure designation *Whom Jesus loved* is a descriptive appellation or rather a translation of the name *Johannan*; whereas the scene of "Transfiguration" *is* embedded and often alluded to in the Johannine writings. These two proofs leave hardly any doubt as to the identity of the Fourth Evangelist with John the Apostle. They are facts which, added to the other well-known data, derived from internal evidence and tradition, fully justify us in holding that John's is the best attested and most authentic of the Gospels.

And now let us return to the vexed Prologue of the Third Gospel. As already observed, this short section of the Gospel has been the ground of numberless disputes and speculations regarding the true meaning of its author. To show how literally true this statement is, I must subjoin here the text, as given in our Authorised and Revised versions, distinguishing by *italics* all such words or expressions as are open to controversy and affixing to them at the same time the consecutive numbers [1, 2, 3, &c.]

(1) *Forasmuch as*[1] *many*[2] have *taken in hand*[3] to *draw up*[4] (A.V. to *set forth in order*[4]) a *narrative*[5] (A.V. a *declaration*[5]) concerning those *matters*[6] (A.V. of those *things*[6]) which have been *fulfilled*[7] (A.V. *are most surely believed*[7]) among *us*[8], (2) even as *they*[9] *delivered*[10] them unto *us*,[11] which from the beginning were *eye-witnesses*[12] and *ministers*[13] of the *word*[14]; (3) it seemed good to me *also*[15], having *traced the course*[16] of

[1] For a fuller exposition of this argument see also last January's MONTHLY REVIEW.

all things *accurately* [17] (A.V. having *perfect understanding* [17] of the things from the *very first* [17]) to write *unto thee* [18] *in order* [19], *most excellent* [20] ***Theophilus*** [21], (4) that thou mightest *know* [22] the *certainty* [23] concerning the *things* [24] (A.V. of those *things* [24]) wherein thou wast (A.V. hast been) *instructed.*[25]

The words so italicised and numbered show at a glance the multiplicity, variety and nature of the questions and disputes involved in these four verses. To discuss here all these points would lead us to an unduly long and learned commentary with many digressions and minute discussions, all of which are inappropriate for the present occasion. We must therefore waive here all such complicated questions of interpretation, and limit ourselves to a few plain and general remarks on such points as bear directly on our subject.

In the first place, then, the allusion to *eye-witnesses* strangely reminds us of John's statement (xix. 35) that "he that *hath seen* hath become *witness*," and so does also the expression *from the beginning* (ἀπ' ἀρχῆς). Still more suggestive and distinctly Johannine appear the words *eye-witnesses and ministers of the word* (λόγος), not to speak of the phrase "the certainty of those *words* (λόγων, not "things") wherein thou hast been instructed." But apart from these curious coincidences, we know that John writes in a *catholic and universal spirit;* so does Luke. John is decidedly anti-Jewish; so is Luke (*e.g.*, xii. 31 f., xvi. 15, &c.). John is sparing or rather loth in his appeals to the Old Testament, such references being made mainly in Jesus' discourses: all this holds of Luke also. John places Jesus' public ministry chiefly in Galilee; Luke alone of the synoptists implies such Galilean ministry (iv. 14: "Jesus *returned* into Galilee").[1]

As to the opening word ***Forasmuch as***, its Greek representative (ἐπειδήπερ) means *quoniam quidem, since indeed, just because, seeing then that*, and so emphasises a statement in connection with something granted or already settled; hence

[1] For further coincidences between John and Luke compare the Ammonian sections.

Forasmuch seems to allude to some previous discussion. Again, the expression "they *delivered* unto us" in its Greek form (παρέδοσαν) does not necessarily mean "they *handed down* by tradition" (either oral or written); it can just as well mean "they *lectured* or *preached* unto us," "they *instructed* us by *discourses*," "they *discoursed* unto us." Similarly the phrase: "to *write unto thee in order* (Theophilos)" is a doubtful interpretation of the Greek (καθεξῆς σοι γράψαι), which can just as well mean: "to *write subsequently to thee, following upon thee, next to thee*—an interpretation decidedly favoured by Acts i. 1, where the writer does not say: "The former treatise have I written unto thee, O Theophilos," but simply: "The former treatise have I *made* (i.e., *composed*), O Theophilos."

But the most vexed problem arising in this connection is the person of Theophilos: Who was he? Both here and in Acts (i. 1) the writer addresses this same unknown man, and his tone leads one to imagine Theophilos as a well-known personality "among us" (Christians). Who is, then, this eminent friend Theophilos, for whose sake Luke is alleged to have primarily written? The answer is—We know absolutely nothing. The name Theophilos in Apostolic times was fairly common among Greeks and Jews alike, but we cannot possibly identify this particular Theophilos. The belief generally held is that this Theophilos must have been a Gentile convert desirous of being fully indoctrinated in the tenets of the Christian faith. This belief, however, rests merely on the impression left upon the reader by this particular passage, and by its association with Acts i. 1. Moreover, it is a theory which fails to carry conviction; for if our Theophilos desired fuller instruction, why did Luke not write him a special letter on this particular subject? To meet this difficulty, many critics assume that Theophilos is not a real person, but a symbolic name—Θεόφιλος standing for θεοφιλής: a man "beloved by God"—and thus representing any Christian community or any single votary of the Christian faith. But this

view, though advocated by such an ancient critic as Origen (in his first Homily in Luke) and adopted by Ambrose, has no intrinsic probability, and is, moreover, incompatible with the title *Most Excellent* (κράτιστε) which accompanies Theophilos, a title given only to a real person, particularly to a friend either of *eminence* (*Your Excellency, Your Honour*), or of *familiarity* (*dearest, best*). The latter usage generally applies to classical Greek, and would also suit better our Prologue here in view of its distinctly classical style.

We must, therefore, hold to the alternative and only rational view that our Theophilos was a real person, and even an eminent friend or associate of the writer. So the question still remains, Who was that eminent friend? The reply must have been already suggested to the reader by our preceding explanations. Indeed, there is every probability that our Theophilos is what the name implies: the *God-beloved* "John" or *Johannan—whom God favours* or *loves*, and this *God-beloved* or *John* is none other than the disciple *whom Jesus loved* (ὃν ἠγάπα or ἐφίλει ὁ Ἰησοῦς), namely, *John the Apostle* and Evangelist. By adopting this explanation, all the numerous obscurities and difficulties involved in the Prologue are cleared up, while no fresh problems arise, provided we emancipate ourselves from the traditional belief that Luke actually wrote before John. Nor should we hesitate to dismiss, as contrary to the dictates of common sense, the hypothesis that Luke wrote and dedicated his Gospel and Acts to a Gentile convert or patron in order to give that Gentile friend "increased confidence in the faith which he is supposed to have adopted."

It is also incongruous and even grievously wrong to represent St. Luke as opening his Gospel by the statement: "Because many others have attempted to give a different version (*i.e.*, a perversion) of our own faith, therefore have I also resolved to write to thee, Theophilos, something similar, though, by the way, more full and more accurate with the object of confirming thee in thy belief." What St. Luke here actually means to say is this: "As many (apostates or heretics)

have attempted to misrepresent our Gospel (the *Logos*) which has been preached to us Christians by such eye-witnesses and immediate servants of the Logos as are the disciples (including thee), I have also (like thee) resolved, following upon thee (καθεξῆς σοι), to write (a treatise) in order to reassure thee that the tenets wherein thou wast indoctrinated (by Christ) are in our safe-keeping" (ἀσφάλεια). In other terms, when St. Luke speaks of many sectaries as having attempted to pervert the received Gospel, he alludes to those dissenters or *anti-christs* against whom the aged Theophilos (John) urgently warns his readers. 1 John ii. 18–29: "Dear (or Little) children, this is a critical hour, indeed such as ye have heard that the antichrist is coming: yea, now have many antichrists appeared; hence know we that it is a critical hour. They are gone away (they have seceded—ἐξῆλθον) from us. Howbeit, they were not of us, for if they had been of us, they would have continued with us. But let them be shown up, that one and all of them are not of us. As for you (my children), ye have an anointing from the Holy One, and (so) ye know all things. I am not writing (ἔγραψα) unto you because ye know not the truth, but because ye do know it, namely that no lie (lying men) is of the truth. Who is a liar, but he (the apostate) who denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is the antichrist, he that denieth the Father and the Son. . . . These things am I writing (ἔγραψα) unto you concerning them that try to lead you astray. Now the anointing which ye have received of him, is abiding with you, and (so) ye need not that any one teach you otherwise (ἄλλως, not ἀλλ' ὡς). His anointing teacheth you concerning all things," &c.—Then again in 1 John iv. 1–6, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but prove the spirits, whether they are of God: because many false prophets (false interpreters of God's word) are gone away into the world (have deserted us). By this know ye the spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God, and every spirit which confesseth not Jesus is not of God: that is then the matter of the antichrist, whereof ye have

heard that he cometh: even now is he already in the world. Dear children, ye are of God, and (so) ye have overcome them (the antichrists), because greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world. They are of the world, therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them."

This urgent appeal of John to those whom he is addressing obviously affords the clue to Luke's Prologue. It seems as if, in response to this exhortation, the Third Evangelist drew up his own Gospel and Acts, and then sent a copy of each to the alarmed Theophilos or John. In doing so, he evidently wrote an accompanying brief letter, penned in as elegant Greek as he could, wherein he addresses John by that disciple's favourite name: *Whom God loves: God-beloved: Theophilos*—which is to be interpreted *John*.

If we read Luke's Prologue in the light of the above explanations, all the difficulties are cleared up. Indeed, viewed as an accompanying short letter, the Preface opens with an allusion to John's exhortation, and then speaks directly to him:

"Since indeed many (antichrists) attempted to rearrange a story of their own concerning the things which have been fulfilled among us according as they have set forth unto us who (like thyself) from the beginning have been eye-witnesses and ministers to the Word, it occurred also to me, who (as an old disciple) have from the beginning followed up all things, to write, following upon thee, dearest John (Theophilos), that thou mightest perceive the safe-keeping of the words (tenets) wherein thou wast instructed" (by Christ).

A. N. JANNARIS.

THE TIDE OF CIVILISATION

NOT with the steady advance of a clock, nor as the slow inconstant growth of a tree, but like the flowing tide civilisation moves. "Now it is coming in," cries the child, when the seventh wave sends a creamy sheet over the dry stones; but that was not the coming, nor was the shriek of the shingle a wail of retreat. The tide flows imperceptibly, and these waves, now steps to and fro, now great strides and backslidings, are but its caprice. In a minute of time you cannot measure its rise, and a decade is scarcely long enough to disclose the onward course of civilisation. To civilise meant at one time to wean a savage people from their rudeness. Dr. Johnson would not admit the word "civilisation" into his dictionary, though Boswell "with great deference" thought it "better in the sense opposed to 'barbarity' than 'civility.'" Two days earlier, after a discussion on Lord Monboddo's opinions on the superiority of the savage life, the word "civilities" is used repeatedly by Boswell in the sense of "courtesies." If civility were indeed all, there has been but little civilising among us since Johnson's time. At one end of the social scale, the respectful salute of the labouring peasant is the exception and not the rule, probably for the logical reason that his respect for "the quality" has diminished. At the other end, what civilities have not vanished? Deportment as a fine art dropped out with the use of the snuff-box and of the subjunctive mood. But the word "civility" was

defined by Johnson as freedom from barbarity; and he was justified in refusing "civilisation" because it is not to be found in the works which he cited. Johnson's conservatism and Boswell's liberalism justified each in his own opinion. The need for the expression "civilisation" was in the balance on March 23, 1772, and Boswell was probably right in judging that the time had come for adopting it. Differentiation between civility and civilisation was needed when people realised that they could have material progress without an associated intellectual advance; something accomplished, something done, without any corresponding development of mind, morals or manners. The battue, the rubber-cored golf-ball, the halfpenny newspaper and a University degree in Engineering serve as samples of civilisation in this sense.

Civilisation, as we now think of it, has gained more ground in the last century and a half than it had done since the Norman conquest. To-day the rate of advance seems more impetuous than ever, but that may be because no stone is turned but it is recorded, paragraphed, and illustrated, not on its merits, but as material for the recorder, the paragraphist, and the illustrator. Did all those carry out scientific research who are competent and eager for such work; did all inventors actually develop their ideas; authors produce their books and plays; and could all originally minded cooks find an opportunity of realising their ideas; civilisation would overwhelm us. The flood is checked in the special circumstances of each impeded case by a providential lack of leisure, of capital, or of appreciation. The advance is not regulated by the so-called law of supply and demand; the supply is as inexhaustible as the ocean, and humanity demands new gifts of civilisation no more than the beach demands the tide. Neglecting for a moment the wash and retreat of the waves, the tide stands at a point determined by the mysterious rise of the level of the sea and the slope of the beach. The level rises imperceptibly, and a gallon or two of water finds a new channel among the rocks; the rocks did not invite it, but under the new conditions the obstacle no longer

exists. While active-minded persons are always on the look-out for something new, be it interesting, useful, or amusing, nobody demanded Sunday concerts or free-wheel bicycles. Had the lack of them been definitely realised ten years ago they could have been provided. The level has been changing imperceptibly, and individual enterprise, always on the lookout for fresh extensions, has found that the impediments in those particular directions cease to exist and the supply naturally follows.

The mere craving of the quidnunc for novelty is balanced by the conservative dislike for change. These two forces are, on the whole, in equilibrium; their oscillatory condition we call Fashion. These are the waves. The wave may run unimpeded, and at its bidding we use flat pencils instead of round. Or it may collide with an obstacle and its active force is tremendous, as when a colonial scandalises a military secretary by going to a Government House garden-party in brown boots. The unfortunate officer himself is continually called upon to make trivial but expensive alterations in his uniforms, uniforms utterly unfitted for anything but show, which might become interesting if altered at more suitable intervals, say once in every two centuries. Again, the passive resistance is absolute, as when a Conduit Street tailor refuses to put the same convenient inside pockets to a frock coat that he voluntarily provides in a waterproof. The advance of civilisation without the phenomena of fashion is as rare as the steady rise of the tide without the dancing step of waves. In a dead calm, when the spring tide lies like a mirror among the drowned osier stumps on Chiswick Eyot, there is a slow pulse, perhaps the echo of a long swell at the Nore; if it overflows and oozes up the Mall it trickles fitfully. The free wave makes the fuss and does the damage, but it is not an essential feature. Waking from its long, leeward journey across the ocean, the gathering breaker swells as it nears the beach, with an air of importance and self-consciousness, like an officer approaching the saluting-point in a "march-past," or a debutante at a "drawing-room." Then

when its moment comes, it makes a swoop, and an instant later becomes a nonentity. Each is a part of the whole effect, but of the effect only, and not of the final result. Many of the important movements of civilisation have been so imperceptible, so free from self-consciousness and splash that the names of the workers rarely appeared, and now are long forgotten. A ledge of rock withstands the tide as it creeps up its flank inch by inch; at last the sea pours over and makes a pool, leaving the ledge visible for a time, as a measure of its progress. So decorative art made its way through the eighteenth century in England, until it was checked at the beginning of the Victorian era. There was no demand for anything better, there was not even an intelligent appreciation of the little good work shown at the Exhibition of 1851. William Morris could not pour over that obstacle without a splash, and that pool was not filled with one wave. The level had risen, the inevitable followed, equilibrium was soon established, and "Patience" remains as a snap-shot of the rippling flow.

Give a dog a bad name and hang him. But a bad dog will deserve the name, and an evil dog the doom. What more uncouth word have we than utilitarianism? And how worthy of its connotation! Utilitarianism, originally a system of philosophy developed by Bentham, was based on the principle that the greatest happiness to the greatest number should be the aim of all social and political institutions and the criterion of morality. Like the word civilisation it is often applied to-day in a different sense, and those who have never heard of Bentham use it as an "ism" or general doctrine that utility is antagonistic to beauty. Perhaps this use is no mere popular error, but implies that sheer utility alone affords true happiness, and that to many there is no utility in beauty. To these there is no merit in a thing other than its adequacy, and beauty can only be added by employing a decorator to affix ornament. Is the rising tide adding to, or is it obliterating the beauty of life? What of the removal of the

signs from Lombard Street? What of the bridges of the Tower, Kew, and Sonning, and, is it too soon to add, of Richmond? It is not a far cry from Sonning bridges to Latin and Greek at schools. Few of those who write so strongly really object to classical literature, and when they speak of a waste of time, they mean the extravagant proportion which is spent. Expedience is pitted against refinement, usefulness against charm, experiments with galvanometers and test-tubes against scholarship. Certain science teachers argue that this is culture, at least a form of culture; you can cultivate a rose or a carrot. They may be unable to appreciate roses, but know that though carrots will only fetch half a crown a hundredweight, they are a popular and useful commodity. No doubt if the rose-trees could be confined to the borders of the kitchen garden, and four-fifths of the ground be devoted to carrots, most of their objections would cease. But the rose-grower, content to buy an occasional carrot for his own consumption, is really the more unreasonable of the two. A Girton girl gives the Little Go examiners all they ask for after eight or ten months' work at Latin and Greek, in addition to her other studies; the schoolmaster begins to pound away at a lad of eight with *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, and leaves him at eighteen with a glimmering idea of the use of μή with the optative aorist. He tells you that the Girton girl is merely crammed, but he will not admit that the amount of knowledge contained in an ordinary classical course, stopping at the level of the Cambridge Little Go, is so small that it must be spread thinly if it is to cover three-quarters or perhaps four-fifths of the school work of ten years. He knows and may confess that the class system is one cause of the waste of time, but he can prove to you that he cannot imagine how it could be avoided.

Alas! civilisation brings with it its own barbarities, but it may be that the harm done by the impetuous wave is soon obliterated by the flood. In the early eighties, bicyclists earned for themselves the name of "cads on castors"; there was a sufficient number of them who deserved it. The name

is almost forgotten; susceptibilities are still wounded, but the level of the tide has risen. What was a useless fad has become a valuable feature in our life, and if we want a peaceful walk we must trudge the heather instead of swinging along the highway. To-day we look for a similar name for the selfish, ill-mannered drivers of evil-smelling motor-cars, to-day the toys of rich men; soon, in the natural course of things, to quiet down and become useful. When our sense of comfort and order has once more been blunted we shall cease to recognise them as a nuisance.

Civilisation and civility are flowing along different channels. Civility is associated with politeness. Politeness once meant polish. You may read in old, scientific books that the lens of a telescope must be polite. Before the separation there may have been less bulk of beautiful things than there is to-day, the shop windows of Regent Street and of the Rue de la Paix did not exist; but what there was, was more spontaneous. The second-rate architect will, at your request, supply you with a middle-later-early-English church, or a Queen Anne or an Elizabethan house; but ask him for a specimen of the modern English school and he will think that you are chaffing, and ask if you mean the modern Builderesque or the Neo-Edwardian style. The artist who believes that supply follows on demand will starve before that economic law brings him commissions for the best work. The steady demand, like that for boots, is for a mediocre and cheap quality. Boots are necessities, any one can do without pictures. Chromo-lithographs sufficed for a large proportion of the population of England in the mid-Victorian days, and smudgy, coloured processes, pretending to be as accurate as photographs, are taking their place. The artist must wait his opportunity, and may beguile a patron into buying a good work. A search through the picture shows for some addition to the beautiful works of our day suggests that many of our artists are self-consciously struggling to imitate some one else's style. Our collections of Old Masters are not the survival of commonplace work and rubbish. Interesting

copyings of styles were to be seen in last winter's exhibition, but they are experiments, not despairing clutches at something to serve in place of originality. Genius thrust Rembrandt on the world, willy nilly; but we probably owe more to the jetsam of fashion in art than in other directions of civilisation. Fashion gave the opportunity to Watteau; his work was good then, and will be good while his pictures last. The Chelsea shepherdess tossed up by a billow of caprice charms us to-day merely by association. Would that fashion might linger where no change is needed.

And the ebb, when will it come? Every one but the shrimp hatched this morning knows that the tide must change. The tide rose and fell on Babylon and Egypt. For a brief spell of eighty years it stood at high-water mark on Greece, and now a civilisation of a different kind is returning there. The secretary of the Golf Club at Marathon doubtless uses a stylographic pen if he has no typewriter. Those who glory in a greater activity of life and the multiplication of inventions need not fear, their high-water mark is still afar. We waste our time and bore our friends by photographing them, and allow them to waste our time and bore us with the telephone. But when the world becomes full of that sort of thing; when Greek and Latin in the universities of the future take the position of Syriac and Sanscrit to-day; when the classic influence has ceased to affect literature, art and the drama; when music is ground out by machinery; when perfected colour-photographs are considered to be works of art; what forces in that roar of life will make for refinement, what influence for harmony? When material ugliness is accepted as inevitable, and all that is not material is counted phantasy, will not the tide have turned, will not the old rocks of barbarity reappear?

ALEXANDER PELHAM TROTTER.

AN ULSTER SQUIRE OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III

"WE are grateful to the aged who, before they quit this world, will take the trouble to tell us how it looked when they opened their eyes upon it—it appears to us that this is a service which women are especially fitted for and called on to perform. Society is so much their province that it seems as if they were the natural and proper historians of its changes. Perhaps few of the labours of the historian would be more valuable to the cause of human progress; indeed such researches lead to the heart of the question, What is progress?"

These remarks of Mrs. Austin, in her work on Germany, have long dwelt in my mind, and they appear to me eminently applicable to the changes which one generation can note in Ireland. In my own case, opening my eyes upon it just after the Union, and taking up my pen more than half a century after—that half-century including the introduction of steam on land and sea, of gas, and electric agency, the repeal of penal laws, and of fiscal restrictions, and the reform of popular representation in Parliament, I should be able to record changes of no mean character in the social state in which I have lived, and perhaps also diversify my recollections with amusing accounts of individual oddity. To render this easy to myself to write, easy to whoever may read these pages, should they ultimately escape the flames, I must write as the recollections

come, without any attempt at order of subject or date beyond stringing them together by the thread of my own life.

Castle Dillon, near Armagh, was the seat of Sir Capel Molyneux, whose wife was the eldest daughter of Sir Neal O'Donnell, my mother being his youngest. Sir Capel was rich and childless, and he requested of my father, from his numerous family and smaller means, to give up a child for his adoption, in the hope that such a presence and prattle might rouse Lady Molyneux from the low spirits she had fallen into on the death of her two eldest and favourite brothers. Thus was I, the second daughter of Dodwell Browne, of Rahins, near Castlebar, transported to Castle Dillon, near Armagh.

It was a low, straggling house, the centre, a sort of pavilion, containing the reception-rooms and of one storey only. The wings were of two; the eastern had formerly contained the stables, in the fashion of the period when for protection the various parts of a country residence were as much concentrated as possible. Odd staircases and steps within obviated the differences of level. From the south side there was a descent by three terraced slopes to the lake, a pretty piece of water of above sixty acres. This was covered by wild-fowl undisturbed by sportsmen, as Sir Capel did not allow a shot to be fired within the demesne wall. So confident were they that I have often seen wild duck and other water birds come up in the evenings close to the house, and they were often caught in the tench nets spread to dry on the grass. The demesne was completed as a park by Sir Capel's father, there were still hedge-row thorns, orchards, and double lines of elm marking the sites of previously existing homesteads. The lake, now so reduced by general drainage, had then little shallow margin and rose high on the quickly descending banks. The eastern side was adorned by a fine oak and ash plantation from which a green-sward stretched irregularly to the water's edge. How well I remember the beauty of the landscape of a tranquil evening, as the cows, returning from their pasture, wound their way through the trees by the lake and stood in its mirror-like

water, the setting sun warming the grey tints of evening by its crimson light. Strange how plain to my mind's eye is still this scene! to my ear still the sounds of the water-fowl; the noise of the more distant corn-crake, even the very hum of the water-gnat—and yet 'tis fifty years since! . . . .

The establishment at Castle Dillon when I became an inmate there was quite baronial. Let me record it. Butler, valet, two footmen, pantry-boy, man cook, kitchen man (to bring in fuel and water), coachman, two postillions, helper—eleven men; housekeeper, lady's maid, two housemaids, one kitchenmaid, one dairymaid, one laundrymaid, and a universal scrub—eight women—in all nineteen indoor servants regularly fed, besides "followers" of various kinds. Four carriage horses, two curricle ditto, two for outriders and a team of Connemara ponies! Over the stately and ugly stable dwelt the steward and his family—and also twelve orphans with a school-mistress in charge, who were clothed, fed and put out to service by Lady Molyneux. In the garden was the gardener and family. On Sunday evenings Sir Capel read prayers in the hall; and a most imposing assemblage it was, as above thirty-four servants and retainers, added to the members of the family and visitors, made a goodly congregation. There was a small organ in the hall, and generally after prayers the orphan girls remained and concluded the evening's performance with "hymns and spiritual songs"—in truth it was to a great extent a performance. Sir Capel was not what we call now a religious man; he considered religion a wholesome institution, and especially respected the Church of England. His manner, always singular and somewhat theatrical, was particularly so on these Sunday evenings. The intonation of his voice in reading prayers was quite solemn, and I am sure, when he stepped from the drawing-room and knelt on a cushion at a little table before its door, with his heavy silver candlestick at each side of his book, his aspect was reverential and there was nothing but devotional reverence in his heart. Yet he was easily disturbed in his reading of the old-fashioned prayers, when often the then common habit of

swearing broke out. Thus, suppose a solemn voice—"If we keep the day, we keep it unto the Lord—(Damn it, what makes that door creak?)—and if we keep it not—(I say shut that door)—but sleeping or waking we are the Lord's—(Damnation, will no one stop that noise?)." However, these were only the exceptions to a respectable and solemn service, and at its conclusion his bows to his servitors as he backed into the drawing-room in old Court style were wonderful. Catholic servants in those days attended prayers without hesitation—perhaps because proselytising was not the fashion. I do not remember any attempts or even talk of converting others; there was no inquiry into the religion of servants, no difference made during the week, each servant went where he pleased without remark on Sunday. This referred to upper as well as lower servants: from Coligny, the female cook, and my Connaught nurse, down to the scullion, there was no difference made. Happy, happy system!

Sir Capel used to say to his wife, "My dear Margaret, I supped in Protestantism with my mother's milk, and it is that makes me leave the consciences of others free as my own."

"But, my dear Sir Capel, you never tasted your mother's milk, you had a Roman Catholic nurse who tormented me for money for many a day after I married."

"Perhaps—very true Ma'am, but you are always too matter-of-fact for any one of genius, and who knows but it was because I did not sup Protestant milk that I know how to be just to both parties."

The church which we attended on Sundays was Grange—the ground and aid to the building of which was given by Sir Capel's father. He himself built the spire or steeple, so effective in the landscape at that side of Armagh. He also built the gallery then existing for his own use; three square pews, gentlemen on one side, ladies on the other—the orphans in their purple stuffs, white linen handkerchiefs and straw bonnets, in the centre; they and a class of country girls (taught by my governess) singing the hymns and psalms—but never

the canticles. The going to church was quite an hereditary parade. Sir Capel's father got over the one mile in the family coach drawn by four black horses, and tradition told that the Lady Molyneux of his day once stole to church with a pair and the second pair was sent after her. It was still a parade in my childhood. The congregation, mainly composed of the tenantry, used to wait for Sir Capel's arrival; and when he passed through them as they stood at each side from the gate to the church, they followed him in. After church they waited in groups to see the family drive off, and were noticed individually as Sir Capel happened to observe them. "Well, Scott, how goes on the farm?" or "Have you hay for sale now Murray?"—and so on. The monthly parade of the Yeomanry Corps was then held in the churchyard after service, a strange custom, the men having appeared in church in uniform, or *regimentals* as was the phrase of the day. I might say, such as were Protestants attended; but in those days there were no Catholics in Yeomanry Corps, and it became understood in time that Yeomen and Orangemen meant the same. Nowadays when the distinction of ranks and classes is less defined and the religious idea more spiritual, this church parade and the mixture of the secular with the sacred must appear to have been only pomp and vanity, and religion itself only a ceremony. But when I think of the benevolence of this baronet, who drove a short mile to church with four horses, of the perfect toleration of his mind on all subjects, of his willingness to allow to others the same independence of opinion which he took himself, I feel convinced that when his tenantry stood aside at the church gate, the feelings of goodwill were reciprocal, and that whilst Sir Capel felt he was by position the friend and protector of these people, they looked to him as such in a spirit of independent dependence, if I may use so strange a term. The proof is that the few who remain to remember him do so with affection and respect; and his goodness, his fairness, his harmless oddities, have become legendary talk upon the estate.

In all he was well supported by his wife. Naturally a woman's benevolence is more personal charity than a man's. The old women who every Christmas received her bounty in clothes and a dinner and half a crown to carry home, were but a type of her constant occupation. She was verily the landlord's wife in many ways now become obsolete by more complete social organisation. She knew the joys and sorrows of every cottage within reach. In sickness or distress, cellar, store-room, medicine-chest, everything contributed to their relief and comfort. Dispensaries and clothing-clubs as well as Poor Laws were unknown; so that the demands were constant and heavy. Indeed, it would be difficult nowadays to explain how the country world got on without the co-operating plans of modern times, or now to realise the way in which then, charity, justice, road-making, everything depended on individual exertion (jobbing as it may have been). From this statement of the number of servants and followers at Castle Dillon it might be supposed that Sir Capel's fortune was very large, but it was not so. Even with the value of the demesne it did not then exceed £7000 a year Irish[1]; but the habits of life as well as prices were very different. "The world" was less in motion. A few months in Dublin and at long intervals a visit to Bath or London alone interrupted the *vie au château*. Meat in those early days of the century was about 3*d*. per lb. If groceries were high—black tea 8*s*. a pound, and white sugar 18*d*. or 20*d*.—they were luxuries unknown downstairs except on high days and holidays. I know that the allowance Lady M. received for household expenses was but £2000 a year and what she could make of the demesne, which she managed. The only thing excepted was wine. The house was as hospitable upstairs as down; not only were there state dinners to the neighbouring gentry very often, but friends and connections from a distance were welcome and there were always representatives of the class of poor relations in the house.

[1] Sir Capel's fortune is understood to have been considerably greater. Probably the £7000 refers to the Castle Dillon estate only.

This recalls to my mind that Sir Capel's principles of toleration were severely tested by his cousins the Miss —— (of long pedigree but short purse) becoming Separatists. He never could be reconciled to tenets which kept them from joining in his harmless prayers and parade, and when in course of time Lady Molyneux was infected by their opinions and declined to appear at the Sunday evening services, a main pleasure and pride of his life was gone; and for the first time to me was realised the evil of dogmatic religion, which so often drops the substance of Christianity in the attempt to grasp some illusory good or unauthorised influence.

As to the household habits and expenses of those days, in the first place, wages were very much lower than now: £30 to £35 a year the wages of a butler or valet, footmen £12 to £14, upper housemaid £8, lady's maid £12 to £14, kitchenmaid from £4 to £6. So early as 1813 I was cognisant of household arrangements, my aunt considering such knowledge a necessary part of education. I therefore know what the mode of feeding this large establishment was, and am also aware that the style was better than in any house in the neighbourhood, except the Palace,[1] where the servants and habits were naturally English. At Castle Dillon there were but three meals daily in the servants' hall. Breakfast of stirabout and milk at eight o'clock, meat dinner at two, and at eight in the evening bread and beer. I may remark here that I remember the word meat commonly used in the sense of food: thus, if one said *flesh meat* for dinner it was as distinguished from potatoes or vegetables, which were equally considered meat or food. The upper servants had tea for breakfast and supper by allowance—1 lb. to ¼-st. sugar per head monthly—four allowances for every five people. I have no recollection in my very earliest years of anything but the three meals a day even in the housekeeper's room. A custom prevailed in many houses of giving what was called breakfast money, about 2*s.* a

[1] The residence of the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of the then Established Church of Ireland.

week, and supplying only dinner. Every messenger, every servant who called with a carriage, was offered refreshment. It was necessary always to have cold meat for these casual consumers. The market of Armagh was then very uncertain, and the custom was to kill from the demesne all that was required. Thus salted meat was the general consumption, and salt beef and cabbage the daily dinner three days out of four. Indeed, I have always found Irish servants prefer it to what they considered tasteless fresh meat. In those days nothing was known of house-fed cattle. At the end of the grass season at least a couple of bullocks were killed, and cured in various ways; the fattest pieces with saltpetre, and hung in cabin chimneys to dry—a very popular way of preserving it—hence called hung beef. It is scarcely possible to fancy any food more dry or unpalatable. The best quality of the fat was made into mould candles, and I think the family had only just escaped from the horrors of candle-dipping. I do not recollect brewing, and I know that the stronger beers were not given in the house, and even common beer by allowance. Any further indulgence was always whiskey, which was given on Sundays and holidays in the hall, and glasses of raw spirits given as refreshment to messengers or tenants, as strong beer would be now or in England.

As to the living upstairs, the hours were very much earlier than now. I well remember dinner at about five o'clock. Of course there was no luncheon. Tea followed immediately, almost as part of dinner, and then supper at ten, which was brought in on a tray, or, when the party was large enough, on a long, narrow table, easily carried through the doors by two servants. This custom lingered long after the hour of dinner became later, and I think so lingered because suppers were congenial to the Irish character. How pleasant they were with their lively jokes and songs. But as the warnings of the clock were often not attended to, they were destructive of household regularity; and how the work downstairs was got through I do not know. My recollections are of daily confusion

and weekly cleanings up, and nothing of the order and cleanliness which now prevails in the same class of house. There decidedly was not the same appreciation of cleanliness as now.

Recalling, again, the habitude of those times, I will mention the journeys as amongst the most remarkable contrasts to the present. Yearly we went to Dublin in November and returned in June, directly after the King's birthday (George III.) June 4. The first movement was the transit of plate, linen, and other household goods, with the trunks of the whole family, under the charge of old Johnston, a tenant who on these occasions acted as carrier. When the move was from Castle Dillon, salted beef, butter, and every transportable thing from the farm was added, to the extent sometimes of four cartloads, nor did the caravan end here, for the under servants travelled with it—kitchenmaid, second housemaid, and a sort of general girl seated soldier-fashion on the baggage. Nor did this plan cease until Lady Molyneux discovered that the halts at carmen's inns were not very improving to manners or morals, and that the board and lodging until the fourth evening cost nearly as much as the stage-coach, now that there were rivals on the road. Sir Capel, of course, had his peculiar mode of travelling, he always went by himself, in his own particular chariot; his valet on the box and the interior packed with books, pistols, violin, and all sorts of things. He never went direct, diverged to towns and villages and inns that he liked, where he set up his music-stand and scraped away at Handel as vigorously as at home. He never joined Lady M. and the family until everything was unpacked and placed, and all domestic work again in gear. A capital plan, I think, for in general gentlemen are a most troublesome element in the moving process of a family. Lady Molyneux travelled in the large barouche drawn by her own four horses (a common practice in those days). It was followed by another carriage with the upper servants. The time consumed was two days and a half, involving two nights at inns, generally at Dundalk and Drogheda. The servants' carriage started somewhat later

on the first day to gather up the forgets, and on the third went in advance to have matters in readiness for Lady M.'s arrival. The line of route had many changes in my time. My earliest recollection is of a place called the Mountain House, by which road we avoided Newry, going round the mountain to Dundalk. The next change was by Newtown Hamilton. To this succeeded Newry, and finally, up to the railway period, Castleblayney. The stage or stopping-place next to Dublin at my earliest period was called the Man of War, a single house, and most comfortable inn. Its strange name, I heard, was adopted from the figure-head of a ship, which had been wrecked on the shore some distance off, having been put over the garden gate.

In those days the stoppage of carriages, and even of stage-coaches, by highwaymen was by no means rare. I cannot forget our terror on that winter journey to Dublin, as we approached Dunleer, whereabouts the exploits of a robber named Collier were well known; and again as we passed the ivied wall of Santry, within which desperadoes were reported to hide themselves. We were instructed what to do and say in case of attack. But alas! for the present interest of my reminiscences, we were never stopped, and "I have no story to tell." The next great change in our journeys was giving up the carriage horses and having posters, which divided the journey, sleeping at Dunleer or Castlebellingham. In the earlier period the "turns-out" from the inn yards were beyond measure ludicrous. Miss Edgeworth's description in, I think, "Ennui" was by no means exaggerated. I have seen the postillions or post-boys often with straw ropes round their legs. But the rate of travelling was not despicable considering the weight of the loaded vehicle and the state of the roads; and provided always that we were not stopped to tie the harness together with twine or to have a shoe replaced at a forge. Yet comparing the five Irish miles an hour, without these incidents, with the whirl now in three hours from Dublin to Portadown, it is easy to believe that half a century of time has passed in the interval. It is worthy

of note that the beggars at the inn doors, especially at Drogheda, were legion. Two waiters had often to bully and buffet them to make a passage for us to the carriage. They were vociferous beyond belief, praying or cursing in the most extraordinary phrases, and often as witty as impertinent.

The general habitude of intoxication must not be forgotten in the recollections of the beginning of the century, and to this the absence of strong beer and the common bonus of a dram to all comers, and "runners," as the phrase went, of course tended. Sober servants were scarcely looked for, and if they were but quiet in their cups or did not all get drunk at once, the infliction was endured. I remember a certain coachman named Bloomfield, who was condemned and pardoned at least once a quarter for seven long years; yet there was no security for horse, carriage or passenger when he went out; to part with him and get another was more likely to prove a change of hands than of practice, which, as he was a first-rate coachman when sober, would have been a direct loss. It was a common custom for guests to send to inquire if their coachman was sober before they started home. This was quite a chance, as the same hospitality was going on in the hall as in the parlour. I have heard the answer given, "He is steady enough to drive, and you have no ditches on your road," or, "He is not very bad, and the footman is sober!" How could this be otherwise when the custom of drinking was as common amongst the educated?

It was the common practice at dinner-parties for the gentlemen to sit to eleven and twelve o'clock over their wine. When six o'clock was the very latest dinner-hour this was no trifling time for libations as deep as long. Sir Capel could not take wine in this way, and he was laughed at for his early wish to join the ladies. However, he was not stingy of his wine, and when he knew he had thirsty souls to satisfy he used to ask some familiar friend to act for him and call for wine, and very commonly he had gone to bed before the last of his guests appeared in the drawing-room, if they appeared at all. I remember the gentlemen generally avoiding the ladies

altogether, and going from the table to their carriages, a servant discreetly whispering the fact to the wives. And yet these men would discharge a servant next day without a character if they proved tipsy on the same occasion! At these dinner parties port and madeira, handed round, then sherry, were the table wines; champagne rarely. The lighter Rhine wines were scarcely known; when given, each and every kind was called hock. Punch, as such, was scarcely known at such a table as Sir Capel's. I do not remember ever to have seen it. A liqueur chest was always on the side-table, and occasionally put on the table; and the native then made its appearance with cherry brandy, shrub, and a mixture called pine-apple rum. Claret was the after-dinner wine, except for the "old hands" or hard heads who drank port by the bottle. My uncle Connell O'Donnell and many others, I remember, *never* took less than a bottle. The butler's lists of wine consumed the previous night was formidable. Early accustomed to "do clerk" for my aunt, I well remember the wine tickets; eight and ten bottles of port not an unusual entry after a dinner-party.

But in referring to these potations at even so quiet a table as that of Castle Dillon we must not pass over the wit which accompanied them, and I can remember the flow of anecdote, repartee and quotation which even before the ladies left the room seemed to enliven these parties. I say "seemed" because I am referring to the days of my childhood when I came in at dessert, as well as when I came to sit at the table. Sir Capel was an excellent classical scholar and a great Horatian, quoting him on every possible occasion; and of course these came often at such feasts. I remember, when I was so small a being that Sir Capel would push back his chair and put me standing on his knee, that he once said I should so give a toast to the company (toasts being then a common practice), and holding in my little hand a bumper glass of claret, he prompted me to say, "Love and wine on a pretty boy's knee." What makes me remember this so accurately

(and I do remember the very frock I wore and the individuals who were opposite to me) was that Lady Lifford, one of the guests (wife of the Dean of Armagh), when the ladies withdrew, told me I had said such a wicked thing and I was never to say it again. I do think I tried to remember it the more for this, and that my good aunt next day lectured her lord in my hearing about it, till he got angry and went out of the room, as usual clapping the door as a sign of displeasure. Ah, there is more wisdom in the saying, "Glissez, mais n'appuyez pas," than half the world thinks. Had not such a fuss been made about this little incident, arising from a little Horatian after-dinner excitement on Sir Capel's part, I should not now recall it at the end of near sixty years.

Society seemed to me much merrier then—not coarse merriment, for Sir Capel was one of the most refined of men; but a sort of hearty enjoyment that (I hope I do not exceed the limits of feminine propriety in saying) may have a connection with "the bottle" which is not willingly acknowledged. Physically and physiologically wine is a stimulant; and wit seems to me a very natural result, and drunkenness *not* a necessary one. I have often thought that now this style of society has so much passed away, it might not be time lost to collect the best specimens of Drinking Songs. I do believe there might be found amongst them sentiments as *noble*, feelings as pathetic, principles as patriotic as ever stirred the human soul. I would not dare to write this but that once, when less prudent, I said this in company, and was supported by a clergyman, who, with a good memory, was able to repeat songs with the names of the authors, and who, having knowledge of the two generations, gave his opinion in favour of the greater purity of those who loved wine for the wit which "sparkled in the glass." I do think much that is interesting might be included in a survey of the conviviality of those days when men lingered "over their bottle." I do not know what has replaced it, and I do not believe that there could be, as a general rule, the same wit without the wine. Whether it—the wit—cost too dear is quite

another consideration. Is the world one whit more virtuous now? In this and all things the average is pretty much alike.

To return to my recollections. When there were no guests, Sir Capel, being fond of children, I was very often left with, or rather sent to him to the dining-room after dinner. I was a very delicate child and I do believe the half-glass of wine he used to give me (with due injunctions not to tell) was of infinite service to my health. Perhaps to this is due my defence of wine and wit! He was a man of great literary taste and of what was then considered great travels, he used to tell me of authors and painters and patriots and the world of mind, where the sun shone in the Italy where he had passed many days. He certainly awoke in me a spirit of inquiry, and I am now sure he talked to me in the fulness of his heart, having no one to sympathise with him in these subjects. For, as he afterwards said to me, "Your aunt is the best woman in the world, my dear Margery, but she does not care for these things, and was brought up in Connaught." Thus it was that I loved the auntie for all that was loving and kind, but I looked upon Sir Capel as to me, at least, the witness of an unknown world, where all was music and painting and poetry and learning; and I longed to see and to hear and to think with others.

I could not in my earlier years estimate the extreme oddity of Sir Capel. He was eminently an eccentric character. From his birth what some people called *cracked*, but there was nothing insane about him. He distinguished himself at school and college, at the latter he was a frequent prizeman. He was sent afterwards to the then celebrated Academy of Turin, and there his natural taste for the fine arts grew into an appetite. I use the term, not to say "cultivated"; for nothing would have made him a good musician or a painter. His ear was imperfect, and he could not draw a straight line. But he appreciated both arts and got a general knowledge of their best effects. He learned to play the violin, had considerable

execution, was a good timeist, but never could detect the absence of accordance in sound; yet he was a fanatic, and the prey of all the concert-givers and foreign musicians. He valued the music more than the performance of it. His favourites were old Italian composers for instrumental, and Handel for vocal; and I well remember when our governess, Miss Griffiths, played the piano parts of the latter, he accompanying on the violin or listening, he would get into a rhapsody, call Handel the divine—declare he could not have heard higher musical conceptions in heaven. I have seen him when by himself read page after page of music, beating time and nodding with delight as a veritable pleasure, as a taking-in of what was before him. I have a thousand times since wondered why he was not a true musician; with all his knowledge and enthusiasm to me it is a phrenological puzzle, unless the absence of the organ of tune was positive. When in good spirits it was a great pleasure to him to play the violin from the landing-place of a large staircase, he would put a chair on a table and on that his book, and play away for two hours or more with the greatest delight and with respectable execution, but the violin was so utterly out of tune that the very servants ran away from the sound. His musical passion cost him dear, for his father, who was utterly insensible to the arts, and cared more for an acre of land drained or a sheep fattened than for Handel and all the composers, was provoked at his eldest son being what he called a fiddler, and there was not any doubt his father became estranged from him for his musical and other eccentricities. Some time after Sir Capel's marriage, when at Bath, he offered to play at the public rooms against Zancewitz, a famous Polish violinist, for £100, the decision to be left to the audience. Lady Molyneux was so much afraid of the effect of this on his father that she gave Zancewitz £50 to decline the contest without giving a reason. Sir Capel always thought that the Pole was afraid of the musical encounter. The stories of Sir Capel and his violin were endless. One I remember, that when obliged to leave town during his courtship, he sent his violin

to be deposited during his absence in that "Palladium of innocence, Miss O'Donnell's own bed-chamber!"

With all his eccentricities he was in many respects of high superiority of character, a man of the highest honour and charity, a most courteous gentleman (having "the graces" as he called that old courtier-like politeness), a clear-sighted politician and a devoted patriot in a period of unblushing corruption. He was a first-rate Latin scholar with great classical taste, but he never attained to a respectable position in mathematics. This was the more remarkable as so many of his ancestors were distinguished by scientific attainments, but to him descended their love of learning, of liberty and of country. Sir Capel very early adopted the principles of civil and religious liberty, and therefore supported the Catholic claims. He had been a strong anti-Unionist, and after his accession in 1797 to his estate he engaged in a contested election to give his vote against the measure. But he was defeated by Colonel Cope, who was supported by Government influence; and Sir Capel had only the tantalising satisfaction of sitting in the House according to Irish custom until the petition which had been presented against the return was disposed of.[1] He was a member of the political body known as the United Irishmen before it became a disaffected body to the Crown and when it included in its members such men as the Hon. George Knox, &c. The object seems to have been to raise Ireland to the same level politically as England. Certes, Sir Capel had no rebellious intentions, and I remember his telling that after several meetings of violent dissension, a well-known member called by the strange name of Napper Tandy rose and declared it was child's-play spending night after night in talk, and that the time was come to throw away the scabbard; "On which," said Sir Capel, "I thought the time was come for me to look for my hat, and having found it I

[1] This election was in 1799, in the height of the Union controversy, to fill the vacancy in County Armagh caused by Lord Caulfeild's succession to the Earldom of Charlemont.

retired and never again attended a meeting." Many of the members became involved in the rebellion which soon followed, and which undoubtedly precipitated the Union; and an association which certainly began in patriotic efforts for constitutional rights was scattered, and its members, however loyal individually, became objects of suspicion. Sir Capel never fought shy of those whose zeal had carried them too far, as so many did; and whatever the rank of the individual he gave them a generous acknowledgement of former fraternity even at the risk of personal compromise. The horrors of the rebellion were followed by the corruption which secured the Union, and Sir Capel was so disgusted with the English Government in Ireland, though faithful to the English Crown and connection, that he resolved never to attend a levée at Dublin Castle or in any way to take part in Viceregal society. He carried this so far that when the Duke of Richmond, hearing of Sir Capel's eccentric agreeability, became anxious to know him, and, waiving all etiquette, invited him to dinner, he sent a refusal direct to the Duke. This he wrote at the Club to avoid Lady M.'s entreaties that he would go, and thus totally forgot that he should have addressed the A.D.C.s.

Brought up in a house where Irish feeling predominated, where patriotism was the ruling passion, and so soon after the Union that all its bitterness was still fresh, it is not to be wondered that I grew up with a horror of English rule and injustice, and thought "placemen and pensioners" were betrayers of their country. This was long before Celtic sympathies. Sir Capel, when he resolved not to follow the crowd to England, adopted for his motto *Patriæ infelici fidelis*, and dressed his servants in white and green, instead of his family colours and motto. He always supported Catholic claims, attended the earliest aggregate meetings, and considered that the Catholic party was lured into support of the Union by the inferential promise of emancipation. I recall distinctly, when he used to attend aggregate meetings and such like political gatherings, his mentioning the name of O'Connell as a young barrister who gave high promise of eminence.

Such was the master of the house and fortune who took me from my own people and with whom my destiny was early cast.

The latter years of Sir Capel's life were spent entirely in Dublin. Some idea that Castle Dillon did not agree with my aunt, and some offence taken at General Molyneux, combined to induce him to sell the furniture, remove the books, and settle finally in Dublin, where he rented from Sir R. Shaw the house in Merrion Square which had belonged to the Earls of Antrim.[1] Towards the close of his life he appeared little abroad, and after Lady M'.s death remained always in his two rooms; not from illness, but from dislike to submit to the assistance which age required in various ways. He disliked much furniture, had his bed in the middle of the room, and nothing could look to others more wretchedly uncomfortable. He delighted in Hogarth, whose prints were hung round, the one nearest to him being changed daily. I often thought how Hogarth's pencil would have sketched the oddities of the man and his rooms. Thus he continued his various readings; the books he had been reading the evening before the paralytic seizure which carried him off in a few days were a folio Virgil and Erasmus's "Praise of Folly"; his classical tastes following him to the verge of the grave. Now, near the close of my own life, five and thirty years after the death of Sir Capel,[2] I look back on him as the most extraordinary character I ever met. Honour, courtesy, generosity, justice, deep charity, all existed, with much learning and considerable taste. But all put together in so strange a fashion, with such an impetuous temper in early life, that he was most eccentric, yet always respected and respectable. The fault of his character was, I think, that he was vindictive, and he certainly carried to the last the memory of trifles that had offended him in early life.

MARGARET CAULFEILD.

[1] Now 33 and 34 Merrion Square, North.

[2] Sir Capel died in 1832; Mrs. Caulfeild, the author of this sketch, in 1878.

EPISTLE

TO A SOCIALIST IN LONDON

[This is the second of two Epistles, the first of which, "Now in Wintry Delights," was recently published by the Daniel Press, Oxford, with facsimile specimen of a new script, invented to express English pronunciation without distortion of the language. These Hexameters are written in "longs and shorts," according to Stone's prosody: that is, the value of every syllable being determined beforehand by rule, there is no more liberty or fancy in the construction of the dactyls and spondees than would be allowed in writing Greek. The common spelling of English does not exhibit this consistency. I have therefore thought to remind the reader of the conditions by occasionally omitting a vowel or consonant, where I hoped that it would not be much missed; and I have respelt some obnoxious-looking words at the foot of the page, with spellings indeed often abominable in themselves, but showing the phonetic correction as conveniently as our inconsistent use of the alphabet permits.

If the reader will have an eye to these things, and disregard the mute *e*'s and the double consonants, and remember the shortness of -ing (distinguishing sĭnger and fīnger), and that H is ranked as a consonant, he will not, I think, meet with many difficulties, even on a first reading.

It is due to another's diligence that I can offer him in a nutshell a complete summary of Stone's rules, with such additions and corrections as my practice has introduced (the differences not being there shown). The writer discussed all the phonetic details with William Stone when he was revising his essay, and thoroughly understood the system. I do not think that it could be stated with greater brevity or simplicity. There are still, of course, some points of doubt and difficulty—see p. 165.]

NO ethical system, no contemplation or action,
No reason'd attitude of mind nor principle of faith,
Neither Socratical wisdom nor saintly devotion,
Buildeth a fortress against heart-ache & compassionate grief,

Nor responds to desire, nor with true mastery yieldeth
Easy repose to the mind; And since all our study endeth
Emptily in full doubt,—fathoming the divine intention
In this one thing alone, that, howsoe'er it affect us,
'Twas never intended for mortal fancy to compass,—
I have concluded that from first purposes unknown
None should seek to deduce ideal laws to be liv'd by;
And, loving art, am true to the Muse, & poetry extol:
Therefore 'twas that afore I prais'd & heartily enjoy'd
Your human verses, FRASER, when nobody bought them,
More than again I praise those serious exhortations,
Wherewith you wu'd amend the degraded people about you.
Nay tho' like a prophet with heav'n-sent dignity inspir'd,
With ready convincement and stern example assuring,
Mightily you proclaim your love-messag' in the assembly,
Exhibiting panaceas of ancient ill, propagating
Out of a Scotch cerebrum the reforming zeal of a TOLSTOI,
I listen all unmov'd, as a sceptic among the believers.
Yet what a charm has an earnest soul, whom sympathy uncheckt
For human suffering has strengthen'd and dedicated
Bravely to serve his kind, to renounce his natural instinct,
And liv' apart, indulging in acts of mercy, delighted
In wisdom's rock-hewn citadel her law to illustrate,
Embodying the pattern of self-integrity complete.
Yea, what a charm pervades discourse, that loftily reason'd
Points the narrow pathway throu' this world's ugly disorder;
How very fair wil appear any gate of cleanlines, open
From the city's tumult, its rank impurity, its dread
Vulgarity's triumph: Nay sure & bounteous as Truth,
Beautiful in confusion appeareth Simplicity's way.
—"Simple it is, (you say) God is good,—Natur' is ample,—
"Earth yields plenty for all,—and all might share in abundance,

18, rĕdy. 19, luv-mĕsĕj. 22, lĭsen. 25, nátyural (rule 7).

" Were profit and labour but fairly divided among them.
" Scarce any laws are needed in our Utopia but these,—
" No fruitless labour to provide mere useless adornment,
" No money encouraging man's sloth & slavery, no rents
" Of titeld landlords, no pamper'd luxury breeding
" Fleshly disease, worst fiend & foe of mind body and soul;
" All should work, and only produce life's only requirements:
" So with days all halfholidays, toil healthfully enjoy'd,
" Each might, throu' leisure 'hours of amusement piety and peace,
" In the domestic joys & holy community partake.—"
—This wer' a downleveling, my friend; you need, to assure me,
Fix a limit to the folk; else, as their number is increas't,
Their happiness may dwindle away, & what was at outset
Goal & prize, the provoker of all your wise revolution,
Will by subdivision disappear in course of atainment.
When goods are increas'd, mouths are increas'd to devour them:
If the famine be reliev'd this season in India, next dearth
Will be a worse. You know how one day Herschel acosted
Such a philanthropical Save-all, who claimed to acomplish
Some greatest happiness for a greatest number; " Attend, man;
(Saíd-he) Resólve me anon one query: Suppose Adam and Eve
First created on Earth but twice ten centuries ere Christ,
That they gat four children in all, who liv'd, getting also
Four to the pair: Had thus mankind ever equaly increast
By moderate families but doubling in each generation,
How many souls would now be-alive to revise the conundrum
Of greatest happiness? No answer? Well, 'tis a long sum.
Say if on earth such a crowd could stand. No? Pray then imágine

40, muny encūrājing. 45, lezhur ours.

All earth's land as a plain, & all this company thereon,
Piled together like peas in a pintpot: How many layers?
No guess? Then how high the column? How far wu'd it extend
Into the sky?—To the moon?—Further—To the sun?—To the sun! Pshaw!
That column of happy men would reach up, as I fathom its height,
Million diameters of Neptune's infinit' orbit." 70
My objection annoys your kindly philanthropy?—"It proves
"Too much."—Yes nature shows in such scrutiny bankrupt;
Mere matter in deposit gives out. You wish to determine
No limit of future polities: your actual object
Is to relieve suffering, to repeal injustiç acruing
From monied inheritance, which makes a nonentity potent
For public mischief, who might, if usefully harness'd
In common employment, hav' assisted social order.
Why should Law give fifty talents where Natur' alloys one?
For money is the talent of supreme empery: Gold, Gold 80
Envieth all, getteth all, absorbeth, mastereth all things:
It pusheth out & thrusteth away pitilessly the weak ones,
Those ill-fated, opprest, unfortun'd needy: Beneath them
Yawns the abyss. Down down they fall, as a stream on a mountain,
With ceaseless cataract. None hearkeneth; only the silent
Grave, that darkly devours their cry of desperat' anguish.
Spáre me the story; believe more feel this grief than avow it:
'Tis put aside from thought with death's incurable evil;
Left for them, that assume mankind as cause, to lament it.
And what if all Nature ratify this merciless outrage? 90
If her wonder of arch-wonders, her fair animal life,
Her generate creatures, her motion'd warmblooded offspring,
Haunters of the forest & royal country, her antler'd

69, cŏlŭm. 70, Mĭlyon (rule 13).* 76, mūnyd.
77, yusfuly. 92, warmblūdĕd.

Mild-gazers, that keep silvan sabbath idly without end;
Her herded galopers, sleeksided stately careerers
Of trembling nostril; her coy unapproachable estrays,
Stealthy treaders, climbers; her leapers furry, lissom-limb'd;
Her timorous burrowers, and grangers thrifty, the sandy
Playmates of the warren; her clumsy-footed, shaggy roamers;
Her soarers, the feather'd fast-fliers, loftily floating
Sky-sailers, exiles of high solitudinous eyries;
Her perching carolers, twitterers, & sweetly singing birds:
All oceans finny clans, mute-mouthers, watery breathers,
Furtiv' arrow-darters, and fan-tail'd easy balancers,
Silvery-scale, gilt-head, thorn-back, frill'd harlequinading
Globe and slimy ribbon: Shell-builders of many-chamberd
Perly dwellings, soft shapes mosslike or starry, adorning
With rich floral fancy the gay rock-garden of ebb-tide:
All life, from the massive-bulkt, ivory-tusht, elephantine
Centenarian, acknowledging with crouching obeisance
Man's will, ev'n to the least petty whiffling ephemeral insect,
Which in a hot sunbeam engend'ring, when summer is high,
Vaunteth an hour his speck of tinsely gaudiness and dies:
Ah! what if all & each of Nature's favorit' offspring,
'Mong many distinctions have this portentous agreement,
MOUTH, STOMACH, INTESTINE? Question that brute apparatus,
So manifoldly devis'd, set alert with furious instinct:
What doth it interpret but this, that LIFE LIVETH ON LIFE?
That the select creatures, who inherit earth's domination,
Whose happy existence is Nature's intelligent smile,
Are bloody survivors of a mortal combat, a-tweenwhiles
Chanting a brief pæan for victory on the battlefield?
Since that of all their kinds most owe their prosperous estate
Unto the art, whereby they more successfully destroy'd
Their weaker brethren, more insatiably devour'd them;

97, trĕders. 99, clumsyfūted shăgy. 100, fĕtherd.
110, acknŏlĕjing. 121, blŭdy. 122, bătel-field (rule 14).

And all fine qualities, their forms pictorial, admired,
Their symmetries, their grace, & beauty, the loveliness of them,
Were by Murder evolv'd, to 'scape from it or to effect it.
" Surely again (you say) too much is proven, it argues
" Mere horror & despair; unless persuasion avail us
" That the moral virtues are man's idea, awaken'd
" By the spirit's motions; & therefore not to be conceiv'd
" In Nature's outward & mainly material aspect,
" As that is understood. You, since you hold that opinion,
" Run your own ship aground invoking Natur' against me."—
Then withdraw the appeal, my friend, to her activ' aliance;
Be pessimist Nature with a pitchfork manfully expelld,
Not to return. Yet *soul in hand*, with brutal alegiance,
Hunters & warriors *do not forget the comandment.*
See how lively the old animal continueth in them:
Of what trifling account they hold life, yet what a practis'd
Art pursue to preserve it: if I should rightly define sport
SLAUGHTER WITH DANGER, what were more serious and brave?
Their love of air, of strength, of wildness, afford us an inkling
Of the delight of beasts, with whom they might innocently
Boast a fellow-feeling, summoning them forth to the combat.
Nay dream not so quickly to see her lady-ship expell'd.
Those prowling Lions of stony Kabylia, whose roar
Frights from sleep the huddled herdsmen, soon as the sudden night
Falls on Mount Atlas, those grave uxorious outlaws
Wandering in the Somali desert or waste Kalahari,
Sound a challenge that amid summer-idling London is answer'd
Haply in Old-Bond-Street, where some fashionably attired youth
Daintily stands poising the weapon foredoom'd to appay them:
Or he mentally sighteth a tiger of India, that low
Crouches among the river jungles, or hunts desolating
Grassy Tarâi, neath lofty Himálya, or far southward
Outacamund, Mysore's residency, the Nilgherry mountains

134, opín-yon. 140, contín-yueth. 149, hudeld. 154, wĕpon.

By Malabar; yea, and ere-long shall sight him in earnest,
Stalked as a deer, surprised where he lay slumbering at noon
Under a rock full-gorged, or deep in reedy covert hid
By the trackers disturbed: Two fierce eyes shall for a moment
Glare upon either side the muzzle. Woe then to the hunter,
If he blench! That fury beclouded in invisible speed
What marksman could arrest? what mortal abide his arrachement?
Standing above the immense carcase he gratefully praiseth
God for a man-eater so fine, so worthy the slaying.
See him again; 'tis war: one hill-rock strongly defended
Checks advance, to be stormed at cost of half the assailants.
Gaily away they go, Highlanders, English, or Irish,
Or swart Ghoorkas against the leaden hail, climbing, ascending,
Lost in a smoke, scattering, creeping, here there, ever upwards;
Till some change cometh o'er confusion. Who winneth? ah! see!
Ours have arrived, and he who led their bravery is there.
None that heard will ever forget that far-echoing cheer:
Such heard Nelson, above the crashings & thundering of guns:
At Marathon 'twas heard and all time's story remembers.
See him again, when at-home visiting his episcopal uncle:
That good priest contrast with this good captain, assay them:
Find a common-measure equating their rival emotions;
Evaporate the rubbish, the degrading pestiferous fuss
Of stuck-up importance, the palatial coterie, weigh out
Then the solids: whose life would claim the award of an umpire
For greatest happiness? High priest or soldier? Adjudge it
By their books: Let a child give sentence. Ev'n as a magnet
Turns & points to the north, so children's obstinate insight
Flies to the tale of war, hairbreadth scapes, daring achievements,

162, träkers. 163, muzel. 167, mann-eater. 171, lēden.
179, capten. 180, comon mĕzhur. 184, sōljer a-judg 186, obstinet.

Discoveries, conquests, romance of history; these things
Win them away from play to devour with greedy attention
Till they long to be men; while all that clerkly palaver
Tastes like wormwood.—"Avast! (I hear you calling) Avast there!
"I forbid the appeal."—Well, style my humour atrocious;
Granted a child cannot understand; yet see what a huge growth
Stands to be extermin'd, ere you can set dibble in ground.
Nay, more yet; that mighty forest, whose wildness offends you,
Whose silences appal, where earth-life self-suffocating
Seethes, lavish as sun-life in a red star's fi'ry corona;
That waste magnificence, and vain fecundity, breeding
Giants & parasites embrac'd in flowery tangle,
Interwoven alive and dead, where one tyrannous tree
Blight's desolating around it a swamp of rank vegetation;
Where Reason yet dreams unawakt, & throu' the solemn day
Only the monkey chatters, & discordant the parrot screams:
All this is in man's heart with dateless sympathy worshipt,
With filial reverence, & awful pieties involv'd;
While that other picture, your formal fancy, the garden
Of your stingy promise, must that not quench his imágin'd
Ideals of beauty, his angel hope of attainment?
What to him are the level'd borders, the symmetric allotments,
Where nothing exceedeth, nothing encroacheth, nor assaileth;
Where Reason now drudgeth a sad monomaniac, all day
Watering & weeding, digging & diligently manuring
Her label'd families, starch-makers, nitrogen-extract-
Purveyors, classified potherbs & empty pretenders
Of medical virtues; nay ev'n and *their* little impulse
T'ward liberal fruiting disallow'd by stern regulation;
So many beans to a pod, with so many pods to a beanstalk;

191, wormwūd. 215, li'el.

Prun'd, pincht, economiz'd miserly til' all is abortion,
Save in such specimens as, but for an extravagant care,
Had miserably perish'd. What madness works to delude you,
Being a man, that you see not mankind's predilection
Is for Magnificence, Force, Freedom, Bounty; his inborn
Love for Beauty, his aim to possess, his pride to devise it:
And from everlasting his heart is fixt with affections
Prëengag'd to a few sovranly determinat' objects,
Toys of an eternal distraction. Beautiful is GOLD,
Clear as a trumpet-call, stirring where'er it appeareth
All high pow'rs to battle; with mágisterial ardour
Glowing among the metals, elemental drops of a fire-god's
Life-blood of old outpour'd in Chaos: Mágical also
EV'RY recondite jewel of Earth, with their seraphim-names,
RUBY, JACYNTH, EMERALD, AMETHYST, SAPPHIRE; amaranthine
Starry essences, elect emblems of purity, heirlooms
Of deathless glories, most like to divine imanences.
Then that heart-gladdening highpriz'd ambrosia, blending
Their dissolute purples & golds with sparkling aroma,
That ruddy juice exprest from favour'd vintages, infus'd
With cosmic laughter, when upon some sécular epact
Blandly the sun's old heart is stirr'd to a septennial smile,
Causing strangefortun'd comfort to melancholy mortals:
Friend to the flésh, if mind be sick; rallying to the sound mind,
When succour is needed 'gainst fainting weariness of flesh;
Shall Wine not be belov'd? Or now let Aristotle answer
What goods are,—Time leaves the scholar's inventory unchang'd;—
All Virtues & Pow'rs, Honour & Pleasure, all that in our life
Makes us self-sufficient, Friends, Riches, Comeliness, and Strength;

228, magisterial, rule 8. 230, Lif-blŭd. 238, sec'-yular.
241, flesh (rule 16). 242, sŭcŭr. 245, ŏnŏr and plĕzhŭr.

They that have these things in plenty desire to retain them,
And win more; while they that lack are pleas'd to desire them.
Nay and since possession will leave the desire unappeasèd,
Save in mere appetites that vary with our physical state,
Surely delight in goods is an ecstasy rather attendant
On their mental image, than on experienc'd operation.
So the shepherd envies the monarch, the monarch the shepherd's lot,—
"O what a life were this, How sweet, how lovely!" the king cries.
Whence, I say, as a man feels brave who reads of ACHILLES,
One looking on riches may learn some kindred elation,
And whatever notions of fortune, luxury, comfort,
Genius or virtue, are shown to him, only as aspects
Of possible being, 'tis so much gain to desire them;
Learning Magnificence in mean obscurity, tasting
Something of all those goods which Fate outwardly denies him.
But say none shall again be kíng or prosperous or great,—
Arguing 'all eminence is unequal, unequal is unjust',—
Should that once come about, then alas for this merry England,
Sunk in a grey monotone of drudgery, dreamily poring
O'er her illumin'd page of history, faln to regretful
Worship of ancestors, with nought now left to delight her,
Nought to attain, save one nurst hope, one ambition only
Red Revolution, a wild Reawakening, & a Renaissance.
Impatiently enough you hear me, longing to refute me,
While I in privileg'd pulpit my period expand.
Who could allow such a list of strange miscellaneous items,
So-call'd goods, Strength, Ríches, Honour, Gold, Genius, and Wine?
Is not Wisdom above Rubies? more than Coral or Pearl?
Yours is a scheme deep-laid on true distinctiv' asortment,

256, lūking. 264, wunç. 268, one am . . (rule 16).
272, miseleynius. 273, onor.

Parting use or good from useless or evil asunder;
Dismissing accessories, while half my heathenish invoice
Are Vanity's vanities. Well; truly, as old SOLOMON said,
So they *be:* What is excepted? What scapes his araignment?
Is't Pleasure or Wisdom? Nay ask THEOLOGIA: Good-
works,
Saith-she, offend her nostril. If I distinguish, asserting,
Say, that if I enjoyed my neighbour's excessive income
I would hire me a string-quartett not an automaton car,
You blame equally both our tastes for luxury, indeed
His shows more of a use. If man's propensity is vain,
Vulgar, inane, unworthy; 'tis also vain to bewail it:
Think you to change his skin? 'Twere scale by scale to
regraft it
With purer traditions; and who shal' amend the amenders?
Nay let bé the bubbles, till man grow more solid in mind,
Condemn not the follies: My neighbour's foolery were
worse,
Sat he agape listening to Mozart, intently desiring
All that time to be rattling alóng on a furious engine
In caoutchouc carapace, with a trail of damnable oilstench.
Yea, blame not the pleasures; they are not enough; pleasure
only
Makes this life possible: nor scout that doctrine as unsound:
Consider if mankind from puling birth to bitter death
Knew nought but the sorrows, endured unrespited always
Those agonizing assaults which no flesh wholly can escape;
Were his hunger a pang like his starvation, alievement
Thereof a worse torture, like that which full many die
with;
Did love burn his soul as fire his skin; did affections
Rend his will, as Turks rend men with horses asunder;
Were his labour a breathless effort; his slumber occasion
For visiting Furies to repair his temple of anguish;

276, yus . yusles. 287, thínk-yŭ. 289, bubels. 291, lïsening.
292, along (rule 16). 294, pleasure as 245, etc. 303, labor.

Were thoughts all mockeries; slow intelligence a deception;
His mind's far ventures, her voyages into the unseen
But horror & terrified nightmare; None then had ever heard
Praise of a Creator, nor seen any Deity worshipped.
'Twas for heav'nly Pleasure that God did first fashion all-thing,
Nor with other benefit would holy Religion attract us
Picturing of Paradise. Consult our Lady's Evangel,
Where Saint Luke,—colouring (was it unconsciously, suppose you?)
Fact and fable alike,—contrasts a beggar with a rich man,
And from holding a fool's happiness too greatly in esteem
Makes plesur' eternal the balance of temporal evil,
And the reverse; nor shrinks, ascribing thus to the next world
Vaster inequalities, harsher perversity than this.
You have a soul's paradise, its entry the loop of a needle,
Come hither & prithee tell me what I must do to be savèd,
I, that feeding on Ideals in temperat' estate
Seem so wealthy to poor Lazarus, so needy to Dives:
What from my heav'n-bound schooner's dispensable outfit
Has to be cast o'erboard? What see you here that offends you?
These myriad volumes, these tons of music:—allow them
Or disallow? Fiddle and trichord?—Must all be relinquished?
Such toys have not a place in your society; you say
Nobody shall make them, nor made may justly acquire them.
Yet, should a plea be alleged for life's most gracious adornment,
For contemplativ' art's last transcendental achievement,
Grief's almighty solace, frolicking Mirth's Purification,
For Man's unparagon'd High-poetess, inseparate Muse
Companion, the belov'd most dearly among her sisters,
Revivifier of age, fairest instructor of all grace,
His peacemaker alert with varied sympathy, whose speech
Not to arede and love is wholly to miss the celestial

305, mŏkerys. 319, prĭthy. 325, fĭdel. 327, a-quire.
330, frŏlĭking. 335, celestial (rule 13).

Consolatries, the divine interpreting of physical life,—
You wince? make exception? allow things musical? admit
So many faked viols, penny trumpets, and amateurish
Performers? Nay, nay! stand firm, for concession is vain.
Music is outmeasurably a barefaced luxury, her plea
Will cover art, (—almost to atone art's vile imitations—);
My Japanese paintings, my fair blue Cheney, Hellenic
Statues and Caroline silver, my beautiful Aldines,
Prized more highly because so few, so fondly familiar,
Need no tongue to defend them against rude hands, that assail them
Only because their name is RARITY; hands insensate,
Rending away pitilessly the fair embroideries of life,
That close-clust'ring man, his comfort pared to the outskirts
Of his discomfort, may share in meanness unenvied.
But what if I unveil the figure that closely beside you
Half hides his Hell-charred skeleton with mysteries obscene,
That foul one, that Moloch of all Utopias, ancient
Poisoner & destroyer-elect of innumerous unborn?
Know you the story of our hive-bees, the yellow honey-makers,
Whose images from of old have haunted Poetry, settling
On the blossoms of man's dream-garden, as on the summer-flow'rs,
Pictures of happy toil, sunny glances, gendering always
Such sweet thoughts, as be by slumbrous music awaken'd?
How all their outward happiness,—that fairy demeanour
Of busy contentment, singing at their work,—is an inborn
Empty habit, the relics of a time when considerate joy
Truly possest their tiny bodies; when golden abundance
Was not a State-kept hoard; when feasts were plentiful, indulg'd
With wine well-fermented, or old-stored spicy metheglin:
For they died not then miserably within the second moon
Forgotten, unrespected of all; but slept many winters,

340, mĕzhŭrably. 342, Hĕlēnic. 344, famil'yar (rule 18).

Saw many springs, liv'd, lov'd like men, consciously rejoicing
In Nature's promises, with like hopes and recollections.
Intelligence had brought them Science, Genius enter'd;
Seers and sages arose, great Bees, perfecting among them
Copious inventions, with man's art worthily compared.
Then was a time when that, which haps not in ages of ages,
Strangely befel: they stole from Nature's secresy one key,
Found the hidden motive which works to variety of kind;
And thus came wondrously possest of pow'r to determine
Their children's qualities, habitudes, yea their specialised form
Masculin or feminine to produce, or asexual offspring
Redow'rd and differenced with such alternativ' organs
As they chose, to whate'er preferential function adapted,
Wax-pocket or honey-bag, with an instinct rightly acordant.
We know well the result, but not what causes effected
Their decision to prefer so blindly the race to the unit,
As to renounce happiness for a problem, a vain abstraction;
Making home and kingdom a vast egg-factory, wherein
Food and life are stor'd up alike, and strictly proportion'd
In loveless labour with mean anxiety. Wondrous
Their reason'd motive, their altruistic obedience
Unto a self-impos'd life-sentence of prison or toil.
Wonder wisely! then ask if these ingenious insects,
(Who made Natur' against her will their activ' acomplice,
And, methodizing anew her heartless system, averted
From their house the torrent of whelming natural increase,)
Are blood-guiltless among their own-born prógeny: What skill
Keeps their peace, or what price buys it? Alack! 'tis murder,
Murder again. No worst Oriental despot, assuring
Gainst birthright or faction or envy his ill-gotten empire,
So decimates his kin, as do these ron-bodied egg-queens

376, spĕshăliz'd. 393, prógeny (rule 7).

Surprise competitors, and stab their slumbering infants,
Into the wax-cradles replunging their double-edged stings.
Or what a deed of blood some high-day, when the summer hath
Their clammy cells o'erbrim'd, and already ripening orchards
And late flow'rs proclaim that starving winter approacheth,
Nor will again any queen lead forth her swarm, dispeopling
Their strawbuilt citadel; then watch how these busy workers
Cease for awhile from toil, having all with fresh venom amply
Their sharp tails replenish'd; how crowding upon the devoted
Drones they fall; those easy fellows gave some provocation;
Yet 'tis a foul massacre, cold murder of unsuspecting
Life-long companions; and done bloodthirstily:—is not
Exercise of pow'r a delight? have yóu not a doctrine
That calls duty pleasure? What an if they make merry, saying
"Lazy-livers, runagates, evil beasts, greedy devourers,
"Too happy and too long ye've liv'd, unashamed to have outliv'd
"Your breeders, feeders, warmers and toiling atendants;
"Had-ye ever been worthy a public good to accomplish,
"Each had nobly perish'd long-ago. Unneeded, obese ones,
"Impious encumbrance, whose hope of service is over,
"Who did not, now can not, assist the community, YE DIE!"
My parable may serve. What wisdom man hath attain'd to
Came to him of Nature's goodwill throu' tardy selection:
Should her teaching accuse herself and her method impugn,
I may share with her the reproach of approving as artist
Far other ideals than what seem needful in action.
This difficulty besets our time. If you have an answer,
Write me it, as you keep you salt in savour; or if toil
Grant you an indulgence, here lies fair country, direct then
Your Sabbath excursion westward, and spend a summer-day
Preaching among the lilies what you have preached to the chimnies.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

401, alrĕdy.

SUMMARY OF STONE'S PROSODY

NOTE.—It is a very common opinion that accent takes the place of quantity in English. Stone's system sets out by absolutely denying this. It is therefore remarkable that of the following sixteen rules, seven are concerned with quantity in some way determined by accent. It looks as if the concession of so many exceptions might explain the grounds of the difference of opinion and reconcile the opponents.

I. OF VOWEL SOUNDS LONG BY NATURE

1. These are A (*father*), EI (*vale . day .*), E (*being . green .*), I (*bite . my .*), O (*moat . hope .*), U and YU [1] (*pool . union .*), AW (*awful . all .*), OW (*how . bough*), OI (*joy .*), and the slight varieties of these produced by a following R, as *heir, here, fire, bore, pure, lord.*

2. A vowel followed immediately by another vowel in the same word is long when accented, *piety:* when unaccented it can be long only when it precedes the word-accent, *preeminent,* never when following it, *immediate.*

3. The sound ERR (however spelt) is long when it is accented, *demur:* when unaccented it is short before a vowel, *genĕrate, buttĕr and eggs:* long before a consonant, *bifŭrcate.*

4. All other vowel-sounds, not here enumerated, are short.

5. Note that degraded unaccented vowels are always short by nature: their spellings must not mislead; thus *rumoŭr, passăge, tortoïse.*

II. SHORT VOWELS LENGTHENED BY POSITION

6. A short vowel followed by two or more consonants makes a long syllable, when one at least of the consonants is sounded with it. This condition, in which the vowel is said to be *propped* by the consonant, occurs, First, when the consonants cannot all be spoken with the next syllable, as *improve, contain:* but *ă-sleep, rĕ-tract:* secondly, when the short vowel is accented, in which case it will always attract one of the consonants, *dis-tant.*

7. This rule applies to all true compound consonantal sounds [but not to the simple consonantal combinations of H, see below, rule 9], and includes CH = *tsh,* J = *dg,* QU = *kw,* and consonants followed by the impure U = *yu.*

[1] Though this YU is undoubtedly one of the typical long vowels in English, it may be shortened by degradation after the word-accent—*e.g., mutŭal:* and see enclitic *you* in rule 15.

Short vowels followed by these combinations make long syllables when they carry the word-accent, but short when they do not—*e.g. riches*, but *thĭngs which: imāgine*, but *encŏurăging: līquid*, but *ŏblŏquy: rĕgular*, but *ăttune* (= *atyún*).

8. When these syllables occur in polysyllables which contain a secondary accent, they may apparently be spoken either long or short, as *rĕ̄gulátion, mă̄gistérial, mísĕ̄rably.*

9. H counts as a consonant, where it is used at full power, as in *happy, unhappy:* but it sometimes has a lesser force which must be distinguished as in *ăt-home.* It does not count as a consonant in the sounds represented by TH, DH, SH, ZH, PH, WH.

10. NG is a single letter, except when the sound of G is truly present; thus *sĭnger*, but *fĭnger.*

11. Z is a single letter in English.

12. Doubled consonants do not make position unless they are both pronounced (as in *in-nate, whŏl-ly*). They occur in a haphazard way in English spelling to show that the preceding vowel is short—*e.g., happy, rapid . . . shoddy, body . . . muddy, study . . . Billy, sensibility . . . rabbit, habit . . .*, etc.

III. ELISION AND LIQUID ENDINGS

13. The use of true speech contractions (such as *they've, I'll,*) is a matter of taste. Poetic synalœphe is disallowed between words. Instances of synalœphe within words may be seen in *obedient, egregious*, which count as trisyllables though all the vowels (reckoning ou as one vowel) are heard: but it has ceased to exist in such words as *nation, conscience, ancient*, which are disyllables in which the *i* has no value as a vowel, its only function being to affect the preceding consonant. There are all shades of difference in the speech-condition of such colliding vowels; thus *terrestrial* must be a quadrisyllable, but *celestial* will be doubtful, to be classed either with *obedient* or with *terrestrial.*

Where synalœphe within the word is possible, it cannot be forbidden.[1]

14. The terminations LE, RE, scan exactly as if spelt EL, ER, falling into line with all other liquid endings—*e.g. garden, solemn.* Since the vocalisation of the liquid is certainly closed by a consonantal liquid, they are considered as true syllables, thus *gārdĕn = guārd ĭt.*

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[1] In some words, *onion, million, familiar*, the *i* seems to have become a consonantal *y*. Such words must scan as ūn-yŏn, mīl-yŏn, fămīl-yăr, and will fall under rule 7.

IV. MONOSYLLABLES

15. Monosyllabic proclitics and enclitics, in parting with their accent, often become short; thus, *tŏ bĕ lĕt, give mĕ,* etc., *you* and *thee* can be in the same condition, as *prithee, may it please you = prithĭ, pléase yŭ.* Also *for* and *or* are generally short before vowels.

16. In English special rules are needed for such important monosyllables as are short by rule but undoubtedly often spoken so as to occupy more time than can be allowed for a short syllable. It must be recognised that all these syllables are by nature short, and will, under some circumstances, preserve their brevity, but that, owing to their importance in the sentence, they are much more frequently dwelt upon, and made to occupy the longer time. Examples are *Man, Love, Will, Bless, back,* etc.

The general rule for such words seems to be that when they end in a semivowel or in a spirant, that is, with any consonant whose sound can be "produced," they owe their length to the production of this consonant: it is often written double (as *Bless . will .*), but it would perhaps be simpler to accent such words. Words ending in mutes or consonants which cannot be held on, should, if used long before a vowel, be accredited with a double consonant, as *back . odd.*

Oxytone disyllables may be held to follow the same rule as these monosyllables, thus *possĕss = pŏsc̄s.*

[The word *God* may be regarded as an exception; though there is in fact more d in it than in the word *goddess* there will be no reason to double the *d.* That this word, when shorn of its importance, is really a short syllable, may be heard in the following lines:

"Will the flame you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little gŏd of love turn the spit?"]

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XV

MR. HANCOCK'S words were followed by a slight pause; and the party settled themselves into fresh attitudes of attention, as they waited for their host to begin where his friend had left off, and explain the relation of idealism to their search after a natural religion.

"I must tell you," said Glanville, "that I am going to play a very ungrateful part. I have been eating the crumbs that have fallen from the table of our excellent philosopher; and I have grown so strong on the diet that I am now going to turn and rend him. I'm not going to rend what he's said, but what he would say if we let him go on—he, and all his friends, the transcendental philosophers, also. We've got, as he admits, two things to deal with—our own minds, with their ideas of the Universe on the one hand, and the Universe itself—or matter-mind—the great reality external to ourselves, on the other hand. Very well, then—the question which we want to discuss is this: What is the relation of our own minds to this external reality; not in respect of their knowledge of it, but in respect of their origin? Are we as individuals formed out of the substance of the Universe, as the thing which we call the sea is, as this pillar is, as this scent of the flowers is which is just coming to us on the air, or as those dark rocks are on which the water of the sea is breaking? Or have we been originated in some different and independent way? If

our knowledge of ourselves and the Universe is to give us any natural religion, this is the question we must answer. Now to this question there are three answers conceivable. We may, in the first place, conceive of our minds as eddies in the divine substance itself, formed in it and again lost in it, the Universe being another such eddy, larger and more enduring; and the two, originating separately, would thus be for a time connected. In the second place we may conceive of our minds as eddies in the substance of the Universe and inevitably arising out of it; in which case our minds and the Universe would be not two processes but one. In both these cases our minds would be parts of the universal mind, just as sunspots are parts of the sun; only they would originate in it directly in the first case, and they would originate in it indirectly in the second. And then again there is a third alternative, which is this. Our minds may conceivably neither arise out of the process of the Universe, nor yet be eddies or sunspots in the divine substance itself; but may be satellites thrown off from it, and given a separate existence by being each endowed with an independence like that of the parent body. In this case we must suppose them connected with the mechanism of the Universe, by being introduced from without, ready-made, into the brains of physical organisms, through whose means they represent it to themselves in the form of the ideas we have been talking about. If this be so, the sum total of existence consists firstly of some supreme mind; secondly of the Universe, which is a single and vast manifestation of this mind; and thirdly of a nation of small minds innumerable, which are separate from the Universe, though added to it, and which stare at it—if I may say so—from the other side of the street. Now I don't think," Glanville continued, "that the first of these three suppositions is really one which anybody would take seriously. Our only practical alternatives are this third supposition, and the second. Either we have the Universe, as a single fact, on the one hand, and our own minds as innumerable little separate facts on the other hand: or else

we have the Universe as a fact which embraces everything, with our own minds rising out of it, as results of its unbroken process. Well—to this latter supposition there is, of course, the popular objection, which Miss Leighton expressed when we started on our present discussion. I mean the objection that it seems absurd on the face of things to suppose that such a substance as matter, of which she took a paving-stone as an example, can be the same substance as that which culminates in the human mind. But this objection, as I hope that we now all see, is based altogether on a false conception of matter —a conception which belongs to a superficial stratum of thought; and that a very little thinking, if only rightly directed, will get rid of the gulf between minds and paving-stones, not by lowering the one, but by raising our conception of the other. And now, my dear Alistair, it is my exceedingly painful duty to tell you that in elucidating this point so charmingly for us, you have been helping to justify the philosophy which is destined to overthrow your own. Your preliminary chapter on Mind, as you very fittingly called it, is utterly fatal to the force of all your subsequent chapters, the contents of which I know, though you have not favoured us with them now."

"Well," replied Seaton, "I shall listen with all submission; though it seems to me that all you have said thus far confirms my own view, instead of suggesting an attack on it. But," he went on, addressing the party generally, "before Mr. Glanville begins to bombard my opinions, I want to say one thing which I ought to have said before, but which I left out. When explaining that we know the Universe only through the ideas which we form of it—a point with regard to which all thinkers agree, and which is a truism for science just as it is for philosophy—I ought to have added that I, and many others, believe it to be also indubitable that the mind, which perceives the ideas, is not merely the passive recipient of them, but plays itself an active part in forming them. It imposes on them certain qualities of its own nature; and though doubtless there is a

reality in the Universe which the mind does not create, yet of the Universe, as the mind knows it, the mind is the co-creator. And this is what thinkers like Hegel really mean when they say that whatever is true of ideas is also true of things. Things are, for us, as the mind by its own activity fashions, them for us. Having said this, I am ready for Mr. Glanville's onslaught."

"I thank you," said Glanville, laughing, "for baring your breast still further. And now, Alistair, if you'll forgive me, I'm going to talk *at* you, not *to* you. You'll observe that Mr. Seaton has just spoken of the mind—by which he means the individual mind of any one of us—as being the co-creator of the Universe. Well, I want to point out to you that Mr. Seaton in saying this shows us that, for him, the individual mind or soul is not, in any strict sense, a part of the Universe at all, but is a separate entity, shut up in itself, like a miniature asteroid thrown off by some mental sun, and left to transact for itself its own internal business. You, of course, see how different this supposition is from its alternative, which I described just now—the supposition that the mind or soul is a part of the Universe itself—formed by it, enduring for a time, and then again lost in it. You, of course, will see also that if we are in search of a religion, Mr. Seaton's supposition is the one that will suit us best. But of that we will talk presently. What I want to say now is this. Either of these two suppositions is conceivable, and might conceivably be the true one. If we want to see which is true in reality, we can only do this by a careful examination of facts: and if we had been living a hundred years ago, our verdict, founded on facts, as the world then knew them, would have been in Mr. Seaton's favour. All the great thinkers, as distinguished from men of science, regarded the mind then as Mr. Seaton regards it now. They regarded it as a separate entity, shut up in itself, the source of its own activity. Even those, Miss Leighton, for whom—to use your own expression—it was a living blank, on which the Universe writes—regarded

it in the same way. This is specially true of the great German thinkers, such as Kant, Fichte, and Hegel. However these gentlemen may have differed from one another, they all of them agreed here. Each individual mind for them was a kind of Universe in itself. It was furnished with ideas independent of the material Universe, such as those of space and time, by means of which it was enabled to form the idea of matter. It was also furnished with an active faculty of understanding, which, as fast as impressions were given it by means of the senses, compared, sorted, and arranged them, and fashioned them into intelligible ideas."

"Well," interposed Lady Snowdon, "and I suppose that must be true, otherwise the impressions which the outside world makes on us when we are awake would be hardly as intelligible as those which it makes on us when we are half asleep."

"There was an officer at Calcutta," said Lord Restormel, "whose wife, I remember, was a singularly beautiful woman; but, except as her husband, he was remarkable for two things only—one, was the soundness with which he slept; the other was the strength and the quantity of the brandy-and-soda-water which he drank. I was told that his brother officers had once played him a trick. They managed that a big gun should be let off close to his bed, and waited to see what effect this would have on his slumbers. He thought that the firing of the gun was the uncorking of a bottle of soda-water; and he merely murmured dreamily as he turned round on his pillow, 'Don't put it all in!' So even he, my dear Glanville, as he would hardly have done this if awake, must have had some activity of understanding to save him from such mistakes."

"Yes," replied Glanville. "Nobody doubts that. But the peculiarity of Mr. Seaton's friends does not consist, Lady Snowdon, in their doctrine that the mind is active; but in their assumption that this activity originates in the mind itself—that, in other words, each mind is a first cause. And the same

observation applies to what they call its *à priori* ideas. They hold that the mind, when it first confronts the Universe, brings to the interview ideas which the Universe has not given it."

"Well," said Seaton, "and that most certainly is so. If we found a mind hanging up in one of your ivory balls, entirely shut out from connection with the outer world through the senses, and were able to examine it by means of the Rontgen rays, we should discover ideas in the depths of it —latent ones, if not active."

"We should," said Glanville. "I admit it; and I'll tell you in a moment why we should. But first let me say once more what I said just now in passing—that your whole view of the matter, a hundred years ago, was not only the most natural view, but the only view reasonably possible. I was arguing this point with Mr. Seaton on the very day when you all arrived."

"But how," said Mrs. Vernon, "has the passage of a hundred years put us in a new position with regard to questions like these? Of course we can understand that this is the case with science. In science one discovery seems to lead to another. Science is like a continent only half explored; and every new traveller may open up a new region: but our own minds are like the floor of one's bedroom. Socrates—to say nothing of these modern German philosophers—could see the whole of it just as clearly as we can."

"I never," said Glanville, "like to contradict a lady; but I'm afraid I must contradict you here. A hundred years ago —even sixty years ago—though thinkers could see as clearly as they do now that individuals' minds were united to the Universe in their knowledge of it, they could not see how they were united to it in any other way. They knew of course that somehow the mind was associated with the brain; but they looked on the mind—if I may borrow a phrase of Mr. Hancock's—as a lodger, which the brain provided with plate and linen and furniture; and they were vague even as to the

terms of this supposed tenancy. Here we come to the point at which science and philosophy meet, and with regard to which the former has completely revolutionised the latter. You are all familiar with one act at all events in the revolutionary drama of which I am speaking."

"I suppose you mean," said Lady Snowdon, speaking less correctly than was her wont, "I suppose you mean Darwin, and the origin of species, and all that."

"Yes," said Glanville, "and what Darwin did was this. He showed that men, in so far as their lives are physical, form merely a single variety in the great vital series, which on the one side includes all animals, and on the other side all plants also. Philosophers, no doubt, have said the same thing before, but they had merely mouthed it as a vague metaphysical guess, to which they attached no shred of definite meaning. Darwin showed how by a definite physical process the brain of man had been evolved from the simplest of living substances. He showed this in a manner of which Hegel had never dreamed. But that's not all. Science, since Hegel's death, has shown us two other facts, which to Hegel would have been stranger still. It has utterly blown to the winds the old cloudy ideas of a mind which is a lodger in the brain, which enters it full grown, and in some unexplained way makes use of it as an instrument. Science has shown us that, so far as experience goes, the mind and the brain are absolutely inseparable—that each part of the brain is the equivalent of some special faculty of the mind—that the two develop together, flourish together, languish together, and die together. It has also shown—and here I am going back to the point about which Mr. Seaton a moment ago was speaking—that each mind brings into this world feelings and faculties which are innate—which are prior to any experience of its own. But it has shown us, my dear Alistair, that they are innate in a very different sense from that in which Kant or Fichte or Hegel thought they were. It has shown that though they are not derived from the individual's own experience they are

derived from the experiences of all his innumerable ancestors —that they sum up the experiences of all antecedent life. These two discoveries," Glanville continued, "the discovery of the evolution of mind as an integral part of the evolution of the complex brain, and finally the discovery of the transmission of the mental qualities of heredity, are as epoch-making as that of Darwin, and fulfil its stupendous significance. I told you, Alistair, not to be too polysyllabic. I'm afraid I've just been sinning against my own injunctions; but this is a subject about which it's difficult to speak calmly. Whenever I think of these discoveries, I feel as if I'd descended from a new Sinai, with my mind full of some incredible vision. And I've not done yet. Tell me—is everybody bored? Nobody's been drinking any coffee. Let us have an interval for refreshment."

In Glanville's manner there was a certain trace of excitement, which stimulated the curiosity of his hearers; and they urged him to go on. He promised to do so presently; and meanwhile, in the interval of coffee-drinking, Mr. Hancock took the opportunity of interjecting a criticism of his own.

"Personally, Mr. Glanville," he said, "I agree with you entirely. I don't entertain a doubt, any more than Huxley did, that the Universe is a single fact; but, as Huxley himself very candidly confessed, there does exist a rift between organic matter and inorganic, which experience and observation have not as yet filled up."

"True," replied Glanville; "but there was a similar rift between species till sixty years ago. Rifts of this kind—the rifts of ignorance in our knowledge—are the delights of our modern theologians, and their sole refuge. They hide themselves there like rabbits in rocks; and as soon as one is filled up, they scuttle in terror across the daylight, and slink into the darkness of another. This rift between the organic and the inorganic is their favourite retreat at this moment; of all the rifts, in reality, it offers them the most useless shelter. For let us suppose in the first place that the rift is permanent

—that organic matter really contains some element which inorganic matter does not, and that the former differs from the latter as much as wine differs from water—the one having spirit in it, and the other not. They gain by this supposition nothing that they want to prove. The individual life or mind is equally a bubble in either case, which is formed for a moment on the surface of a general element, and is then lost in it. The individual champagne-bubble disappears as surely as the bubble of soda-water. There is no greater comfort to us in thinking that we rot like the roses, than in thinking that, like broken iron, we fall back into the melting-pot. As a matter of fact, however," Glanville went on, "the rift, such as it is, between organic matter and inorganic is merely a rift, not in the Universe, but in our knowledge of it, just as there may be a rift in our knowledge with regard to the axis of Uranus; and this rift which we are now speaking of is being filled up rapidly."

"Indeed!" said Lady Snowdon. "Is that really the case? I remember not long ago having seen in some paper or other that crystals are found to propagate themselves as if they were living things. Is it some discovery of that kind that you refer to?"

"No," replied Glanville. "The discoveries to which I was referring affect our view of the question in a yet more penetrating way. One of them is not so much a new discovery, as the gradual fusion of two in our intellectual consciousness. I mean the scientific discovery of the material unity of the Universe, and the philosophical discovery of the mental character of matter. This latter discovery, which is what we have just been discussing, long preceded the former; and the former had been well established before it connected itself with the latter. The two remained for a time, like separate stars—the one a barren materialism, the other a barren mentalism; but each seemed to menace, each to approach the other. Then the catastrophe came, and the two stars collided. But instead of destroying each other, they were fused, and were

suddenly transfigured into a new star; and, like the new star in Perseus, they have yielded us a new spectrum. The old assumed division between matter and mind has disappeared; and the strange thing for us is no longer what it was for Tyndall—that matter and mind should be identified in our own brains, but that we cannot with equal clearness realise their identity anywhere."

Lord Restormel rose from his chair, and put a hand upon Glanville's shoulder. "My dear Rupert," he exclaimed with the affectionate enthusiasm which was characteristic of him, "you are inspired. You speak like a poet. Science and poetry make a new star in yourself."

"Let us wait," said Glanville laughing, "and see how it affects our destinies. We may find that, as Tennyson said, it's 'a sad astrology' after all. Anyhow, now I'm going to drop down into prose. The fusion of science and philosophy forms only one of those discoveries to which I referred as obliterating the division between the living and the lifeless. This is a general discovery. There are two others, which are particular ones, and which illustrate the generality in detail. One of them is the complexity of the atomic, molecular, and etheric processes of the Universe, even things which seem most inert being really in unceasing movement. Even, Miss Leighton, about your stolid friends, the paving-stones, we may say in Wordsworth's language—

> Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
> Than the mute agents stirring there.

But the third discovery which I was referring to comes nearer to us still than this. It has to do with the nature of our own minds; and it is a discovery which belongs practically to the past twenty-five years. It is closely connected with heredity, but extends beyond it, and embraces it. It is the great psychological discovery that consciousness is not co-extensive with mind, but that all the phenomena of memory, feeling and reason occur in ourselves without our being conscious

that they do so, just as completely as they do when our consciousness is aware of their occurrence. Indeed, of the larger part of the mental life of each of us, we are, each of us, no more conscious than we were of the crystallising process which resulted in the bits of barley-sugar now dissolving at the bottom of our coffee-cups."

"But," said Mrs. Vernon, "I don't think I quite see. How can we know that we remember, for instance, if we are not conscious that we remember? If I'm not conscious that I remember that I've got to dine out next Friday, surely that is the same thing as forgetting it."

"Yes," said Glanville, "but suppose you've forgotten it till Friday night arrives, and that then your engagement suddenly comes back to you. That sort of thing is such a common occurrence that we none of us till lately have thought of what it really means. It means that your memory has been all the while guarding unconsciously a fact which at last it gives back to your consciousness. But we're now able to realise much stranger things than this. If somebody asks you to dinner, your memory when it takes charge of the invitation knows what it is doing. But consider the well-known case of girls, brought up in innocence, who utter, in the ravings of fever, the foulest language that is ever heard in the streets. What is the explanation of this? There is one explanation only—that they have heard such language unconsciously, that their memory has unconsciously received it, and unconsciously long afterwards gives it up to their lips. But the full significance even of this singular fact would possibly never have dawned on us if it had not been that the psychology of hypnotism had shown us a whole world, a whole system, of similar facts. Half of any new discovery is generally made up not of a perception of facts which we had not known before, but of a new perception of the meaning of facts which had been always familiar; and the facts of hypnotism have been a rallying-point for a mass of previous knowledge, the details of which had meant nothing to us, because they

were scattered and unconnected. Now, when connected, they coalesce into a new revelation. We now are able to assure ourselves by reiterated experimental proof of a truth which our parents would have looked upon as a contradiction in terms. We see feeling, memory, habits, hopes, fears, imagination, and the most elaborate reasoning, going on as cerebral processes, of which consciousness forms no part; and we see conscious mind, which we once thought the only mind, gradually rising out of the unconscious, like a little hyacinth sprouting from an enormous bulb. Here then between matter which is known to us as associated with consciousness, and other matter which is not so known, we have the interspace filled up already by matter which is not conscious, but nevertheless feels and thinks; and from this non-conscious mind-matter which lies so near ourselves, and out of which our own consciousness grows, there is only one more step to the mind-matter of the Universe generally."

"Perfectly true;" said Mr. Hancock. "I regard the discovery of the existence of unconscious mind or reason as by far the most memorable addition that has been made to human knowledge—I was going to say, since the days of Newton—certainly since the days of Darwin."

"Yes," said Glanville; "but I haven't even alluded yet to the effects of this discovery on our own conception of ourselves as beings who are in search of a religion. This is the point which we are really discussing now; and what I have said about unconscious mind is merely a parenthesis in our argument. If you've all finished your coffee, and are willing to listen to me a little longer, I'll take up our question at the point where I laid it down, and show you how the conception of ourselves as beings for whom a religion is possible is affected by our recognition of ourselves as parts and as products of the Universe."

"I, for one," said Mr. Brompton, "do not fear what you may have to tell us. On what nobler foundation can religion possibly rest than on an assured and reasonable knowledge—

not an ecclesiastical faith—that we are children of the Supreme and the Universal, and brothers to every one of its manifestations, from the hyssop on the wall to the stars in their mighty courses?"

XVI

"MR. BROMPTON will, I hope, forgive me," said Glanville, with a slight smile, "if my exposition does not quite equal the poetical anticipations which he has formed of it. I will, however, begin it with a celebrated line of poetry—

The river wanders at its own sweet will.

This is what Wordsworth wrote about the Thames, as it flowed at sunrise. Mr. Brompton knows the quotation; and like all of us, at one time or another, he has, I am sure, admired it."

"I admire it still," said Mr. Brompton, in a tone of sympathetic authority.

"Yes," said Glanville; "but do you think that what it says is true? Does the river really wander at its own will, whether sweet or otherwise?"

"Of course," said Mr. Brompton, "in a scientific sense it does not. Its direction, its speed, its currents, and even its smallest ripple, are determined by natural conditions under which it is absolutely passive. To speak strictly, it has no more will than a bullet. I know that perfectly well. But poetry is not science. It speaks not to the reason but the imagination; and it is beautiful because it speaks a language which the imagination can understand."

"No doubt," said Glanville. "And now let us turn from poetry to mechanics. We are all of us here familiar enough with a steam-engine to know that its steam-power makes a wheel turn round by means of a piston-rod which pushes and pulls a crank."

"I suppose," said Miss Leighton, "that the action is much like that of a turning-lathe. The piston-rod is like

the hooked piece of iron which connects the crank with the treadle."

"Precisely," said Glanville. "Well, if you watch a locomotive starting, you will see the piston-rod come shining out of the cylinder and push, by means of a crank, the huge driving-wheel into motion; and in this way it moves the whole engine and a line of interminable carriages. Think what a force the piston-rod exerts when pushing; and how strong it must be to do this—how flawless and how hard its steel. Were it made of wood or lead, it would split or double up or bend. I presume, Mr. Brompton, that what I say is clear."

In a slightly ironical voice, Mr. Brompton replied, "Perfectly."

"And yet," resumed Glanville, "we should none of us here say that the piston-rod, because it was strong, was the source in itself of the force by which it moved the crank. We should none of us say that it struggled to make the wheel go round. I shouldn't say so at all events, though perhaps Mr. Brompton would."

"I don't know," said Mr. Brompton, "what reason I may have given Mr. Glanville for assuming that my knowledge of mechanics is less than an ordinary schoolboy's. Let me earn his good opinion by declaring myself quite aware that the piston-rod is moved by the piston, the piston moved by the steam, the steam generated by the coal, the coal produced by a series of previous cosmic processes. In short, Mr. Glanville, I may assure you that I am master of the fact that your piston-rod, however hard, and however finely tempered, is a mere transmitter of energy, and is no more the origin of it than a single link in a bicycle chain, which pulls because it is pulled, is the origin of the energy which carries me on my morning's ride."

"I am glad," said Glanville, "to find that you so completely agree with me. The piston-rod does not struggle to push the crank, the link in your bicycle chain does not struggle

to pull the link behind it, any more than the Thames as it flows under Westminster Bridge wills to wander in the manner that excited the admiration of Wordsworth."

"Surely," said Lady Snowdon, "we all of us understand that. If rivers and locomotives and bicycles, and, I suppose, we may add planets, all depended for their movements on their own private strivings, there would be no order in the Universe and no science of anything."

"Precisely," said Glanville. "And now I will ask all of you to do a very simple thing. Since science, as we have seen, shows us that we are ourselves part of the Universe, I will ask you to apply to ourselves—to our own minds—that obvious train of reasoning which you apply to all other phenomena. If our own minds are really results of the cosmic process—if they are merely so many points at which the mind-matter or substance of the Universe is nucleated into thought, feeling, imagination and memory—at first unconscious and then flowering into consciousness—our minds are the very reverse of what the world has been accustomed to think them. They are not the origins, but the transmitters and expressions of energy. They are pulled by motives as iron is pulled by a magnet, or as the link in a bicycle chain is pulled by the link in front of it. They are pushed by forces that flow through them from the universe, just as the piston-rod is pushed by the steam behind it; and to say that the process is controlled by our own sweet wills is as untrue of ourselves as it is of the water of the Thames. In a word, the individual mind has no trace or hint of that quality which thinkers like Kant or Hegel unhesitatingly assumed to be its essence. Yes, my dear Alistair, our minds are not first causes, which is the very thing which you and your friends persistently maintain that they are. They are causes no doubt; but they are causes only because before being causes they are effects. This is what all the pre-scientific philosophers denied—what they could not see—what they had no means of seeing—what science alone could show."

"You forget," replied Seaton, "that many of the pre-scientific philosophers denied the mind's freedom just as completely as science can. From one point of view it was denied by Kant himself."

"I'm not for the moment," said Glanville, "talking about freedom of the will, except by implication; but I shall perhaps make myself clearer if I deal with the point you raise. Imagine a number of clocks, each with its own mainspring, and each submitted to a separate variation of temperature. The rate of each clock will be different; and it will, of course, be determined partly by the temperature without, partly by the mechanism within; but in each the motive-power will be independent of that of the others. All great philosophers, Alistair—even Kant in his most deterministic moments—regarded our individual minds as a number of clocks like these. The movement of each might be as determined and as necessary as you please; but each had in its mainspring the source of its own activity. This is the central conception which science completely annihilates. It shows us that these clocks, which to Kant seemed separate mechanisms, are really parts of one universal train of wheel-work—that there is no such thing as a private mainspring in any of them—that the power which actuates each is equally external to all, and that it is for all the same. This, I say, is what modern science shows us; and in the light of what it shows us the old conception of the mind as a fountain of self-generated energy not only is seen to be false, but actually becomes unintelligible. And now," continued Glanville, "will you let me go on and explain to you how this new conception of the nature of the life of each of us—a conception which never till our own days has been more than a vague dream, but for us has assumed at last the form of an inevitable fact—affects our entire views of the moral and religious life—of the very meaning of the word religion?"

"To be sure," said Lady Snowdon. "It is this that we are all waiting for."

"Before dinner," said Glanville, "with a view to our present

discussion, I copied out two or three passages from recent religious writers. I will read, or rather repeat, them to you. 'If human life,' says one of them, 'be merely, as science presents it to us, the sum of that physical process which begins with the organism and ends with it, every battle which man has fought for the sake of things spiritual is a battle that has been fought in vain. A man has routed the foe, but yet he has gained no victory.' Here is another pasage. 'What is the moral life, the life of spirit and of religion, but a ceaseless striving of what is best in us to subdue that which is worst? Who shall maintain that this striving, which is the deepest fact in our experience, is a striving which ends in nothingness?' And another writer says, 'I could much more easily believe that the Universe itself is a delusion than I could believe that the struggle for righteousness—the struggle towards an ethical God—is a struggle towards something which has no real existence.' Language of this kind is, of course, familiar to all of us. It is the very A B C of contemporary religious thought when protesting against the negations of science. Well," continued Glanville, "what I want to point out to you is, that the supposed negations of science, against which these familiar protests are directed, form no part of the teachings of modern science at all, but are a teaching which science repudiates as absolutely and as passionately as religion does."

"How do you make out that?" asked Lady Snowdon in some surprise. "If science, as it seems to do, denies us any future life, it surely denies the goal towards which the spiritual struggle directs itself."

"No," said Glanville, "it does not. It does something far more thorough. It denies that any such thing as a spiritual struggle exists. When religious thinkers talk about struggling and striving, the essential meaning at the heart of all their language is that the mind or the soul itself generates the force that struggles—that the struggle is more than a movement produced by antecedent causes—that it is not, like a

turmoil of broken water in a river, a product of the river itself and some rock which obstructs its flowing, but an uprush of other water which is somehow its own source. It is this—let me say once more—it is this that science denies. When we think that we are struggling—when we think that we ourselves are pushing—we are merely being pushed like piston rods by the cosmic force behind us, or drawn, like iron to the magnet, by the cosmic force in front of us; and our so-called struggles are the clashings, momentarily conscious, of different conflicting currents that stream from the same well-head. In a word, science does not tell us that, if what it says be true, the moral and spiritual life is hopeless—is a struggle for a delusion. It tells us that our fundamental delusion is our belief in the struggle itself. It does not deny reality to anything that the soul sees. It simply puts the eye of the soul out, so that it sees nothing."

There was a short silence, which was broken by Mr. Brompton. "I confess," he said, somewhat brusquely, "that I don't see that myself."

"Perhaps not," replied Glanville. "It often takes some time to realise the details of a new landscape. But if science has any meaning at all, and if there is nothing but our current philosophies to stand between us and its conclusions, you and I and all of us, my dear Mr. Brompton, shall see it, if not now—we shall behold it, if not nigh; and when once we see this clearly we shall see religion no longer."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Hancock, "I am by no means so sure of that. It seems to me that the soul according to science is very much like the soul according to Buddhism. If we die with the dissolution of our brains, and are lost again in the Universe, this is merely a short cut to Nirvana; and if religion exists for the Buddhists, why may it not exist for us?"

"Between Buddhism and Science," said Glanville, "the practical difference is this. For the Buddhist, the individual soul, until it is lost in the world-soul, is a separate entity, just

as it is for the Christian; its will is a self-generated force, and in order to attain Nirvana it must freely direct this force in a certain specified way. For science, the soul, as we have seen, has no power of self-direction at all; and whatever it does, or whatever it forbears to do, Nirvana is thrust on it in the one case just as surely as in the other. Buddhism, like Christianity, is a religion of struggle and striving. It assumes a species of action as the first of religious certainties which science rejects as the first of psychological impossibilities. I am sure, Lady Snowdon, you see the point of what I am saying."

"Perfectly," said Lady Snowdon. "I see the point of it all. If each of us is a momentary vortex in the general substance of the Universe, between each vortex and the Universe there can no more be any connection which any human being in his senses could call either moral or religious, than there could be between one of the ripples which Wordsworth admired at Westminster, and the waters of the Thames generally. Yes—what you say is no doubt perfectly logical; but our convictions are generally less logical than our arguments; and your arguments, my dear Mr. Glanville, would take away from us so much that they irritate me into questioning their right to take away anything. To a poor commonplace prejudiced woman like myself they would be more convincing if only they were less complete. It seems to me that they not only take our wills away from us, and our souls away from us, our heaven away from us, but our very identity as well. Now perhaps," said Lady Snowdon, "I've not a will of my own; though my poor dear father used always to maintain the contrary; and perhaps I am not so favoured as to be destined to sing psalms in heaven. Mr. Glanville may rob me of my will; he may rob me of the hundredth psalm; but I refuse to let him or anybody rob me of my own identity."

Glanville laughed. "And yet," he said, "that's exactly what science does—at least, if we use identity in the common sense of the word. When we speak of our own identity, we

commonly mean two things. We mean first a consciousness of a self which we assume to be indivisible; and we mean secondly, a self-generating power of action. Well, we've just seen that if we look at things in the light of science this power of self-generating action, which we all habitually impute to ourselves, is of all delusions the completest—the most unthinkable. Our power of action is the power of life generally. It is not a power of the individual life, any more than the power of Niagara is a power which originates in the waterfall. I doubt, Lady Snowdon, if you're quite convinced as to that; and about this question of our identity you are more sceptical still. You ought to have heard Mr. Hancock, the other night at dinner, when he criticised the arguments of our Bishop, which were much the same as your own."

"What was it I did say?" asked Mr. Hancock with graceful modesty. "I suppose you mean what I said after the Bishop had left the dining-room—the dear excellent Bishop—having told us that the indissoluble and therefore the indestructible *ego* was the rock of ages on which natural theology builds itself. I said—and what I said is by this time a scientific truism—that the unity of the *ego* which the Bishop found so comforting is no more indestructible than the unity of a flower or a steam-engine. It is merely—I think these were my words—the unity of a co-ordinated organism."

"Come now," said Lady Snowdon, "this is just what I want to get at. But, my dear Mr. Hancock, you must put things into shorter words for us. What does the unity of the co-ordinated organism mean?"

"It means," said Mr. Hancock, "something which I think is very fairly simple. It means the co-operation of a number of causes in producing some result which we think of as a single fact. For instance, the movement, or the power to move, of a locomotive, is a single fact in a certain very practical sense: but the locomotive is made up of a variety of parts and processes; and by taking it gradually to pieces we could at first cripple its power, and at last destroy it altogether. In

other words, the engine regarded as a moving mechanism is the sum or result of a multitude of co-ordinated parts. With the human mind the case is just the same. All the vital parts of the organism are co-ordinated parts of an engine whose functions achieve that unity which we call the mind or the self, because they minister to, and practically culminate in, a special tract of the brain which is the organ of thought and consciousness. If we take any one of these ministering parts away, the content of conscience and the faculties of the self are diminished. Could we inhibit the action of all, the content of consciousness would be a void."

"But still," said Lady Snowdon, "the single consciousness would remain, ready to be itself again when the ministering faculties were restored to it."

"Would it?" said Mr. Hancock. "Would it? The consciousness would remain, you think, no matter what happened; and always remain a unit, so long as the man lived. Now as to the first of these points, next time you're going to sleep, watch, so long as you can, what is really going on within you. You will find that your consciousness, by slow or by quick steps, is actually melting away, is being disintegrated before its own eyes. As modern psychologists have all agreed in observing, sleep is so common a fact that till 'ately we have been blind to its meaning: but its meaning now is plain to us, and can never be obscured again. It means that when the brain undergoes a certain change, the conscious self is for the time annihilated. With some other change in the brain it practically reappears in dreams, minus many of its waking faculties: whilst another brain-change again restores it to its old integrity. If the brain-movements of the sleeper were only arrested by death, when first he became unconscious, and before he began to dream, his individual mind, his conscious personal self, would—so far as science can tell us—have disappeared for ever. Well, Lady Snowdon, so much for the permanence of the self. Now we'll tackle its unity. You think that so long as it lasts the self is a simple thing—not composite—not put together

out of other pre-existing elements. Now let me illustrate what I'm going to say by an example that will come home to you. All the world knows that you're one of the first of our amateur photographers. May I then ask you, if you were to take a stereoscopic picture, how many lenses you would make use of?"

"I never," said Lady Snowdon, "take stereoscopic pictures; but if I did, I suppose I should use two lenses. Does any one use half a dozen?"

"And for a single picture," continued Mr. Hancock, "you will tell me you use only one."

"As I cannot imagine myself," said Lady Snowdon, "having any motive for deceiving you, I should certainly tell you so, if you really were in need of the information."

"Good," said Mr. Hancock, rubbing his hands, "good. You would use what you would call one lens; but if you took it out of its brass mountings, you would find that your one lens was a union of two separate lenses, or perhaps even of three; each one of which, in a camera of sufficient focal length, might be used separately. Well, precisely the same thing is true of the individual mind or consciousness. Instead of being an indivisible mind, it is capable of being shaken to pieces, so that several individual minds shall reveal themselves within the same skull. I should dearly have liked to introduce you to some very good friends of mine—doctors in French hospitals, or workers in psychological laboratories."

"Psychological laboratories!" exclaimed Lady Snowdon. "And what sort of places may they be?"

"No doubt," said Mr. Hancock, "it surprises you to hear me speak of them. Educated people, even yet, are for the most part hardly aware that such institutions are already existing in their midst—institutions where the action of the mind is made the subject of scientific experiment. The very name psychological laboratory marks a new epoch in knowledge. It is like the flag of the British Empire planted in a new continent, and signalising the irresistible spread of what I may call

scientific imperialism. Well, could I only have introduced you to some of our experimental psychologists, or our doctors who practise hypnotism as a regular treatment in hospitals, these men could have shown you specimens of the human being that would have startled you. They could have shown you women whose personality was so divided that the single organism lived two, three, or even four separate lives, in alternation, each life having its own isolated memory, and each being distinguished by a special and different character. Such specimens are exceptions, just as a camera lens would be if the makers sent it to you with its several lenses loose; but they show us, just as a lens so sent would show you, that a thing which we call a unity is really an aggregation of parts; and hypnotism as practised on more or less normal subjects exhibits the same fact in a no less astonishing way. It shows us how consciousness—how all that we once looked upon as the personality—can be temporarily got rid of, like a veil that is drawn aside; and then we see before us unconscious mind in its nakedness, ready to do the bidding of a personality outside itself. We see its hoards of habits and memories and feelings, lying like goods stored in a multitude of unroofed cellars. We see its mechanism, as we might see the mechanism of a theatre if the boarding of the stage were taken up and the scenes taken away. We see in fact every experimental sign of the truth of that conclusion which Mr. Glanville was just now describing to you—the conclusion, namely, that nothing exists in the individual which did not primarily exist somewhere outside him. But I've been taking the word out of Mr. Glanville's mouth. I wouldn't have done so if he hadn't, as I think, invited me to give an independent testimony to the bald accuracy of what he was telling us; and now that I've done this, perhaps he'll go on again."

"It is getting late," said Glanville; "and I don't know that, for the moment, there is much left for me to say. I will, however, pull the threads of our argument together; for the threads, in conversation, are apt to become scattered. Our

object, to-night, was to ask ourselves whether, being by modern knowledge, and the subtle change in all our sentiments which has accompanied it, driven out from the shelter afforded us by an assumed supernatural revelation, we could find, through science, by our own rational faculties, anything like a religion in our own minds and the Universe. And if we are religious in any known sense of the word, we have found—let me put the matter plainly—that the answer to this question is No. And we have found that this is so for a very much deeper reason than any that was generally adduced even twenty years ago. Unbelievers formerly contented themselves with denying that our own minds or activities survived the dissolution of the body. Science now has carried into our hearts the yet more destructive conviction that not one of our activities—except for the fact that we are conscious of it—is our own at all; and that our consciousness itself, itself a mere momentary product, identifies itself with them for a moment only, and then is lost once more in the universal and unconscious mind. Our own activity, in short, is a part of the universal activity with which our consciousness thrills, but under which it is really passive. Our wills, our desires, our aversions, are forces; but they are forces of cosmic nature, like the chemical repulsions and attractions which keep molecules apart, or which unite them. Just as the conscious individual mind grows out of a larger unconscious individual mind which is behind it, so does the unconscious individual mind gradually grow out of the Universe. And now, my dear Alistair, let me return to your own philosophy. Except in one particular ours is the same as yours. The Universe, said your friend Hegel, is a thought of the Supreme Being. We say the same thing, altering only a particle. We say not that it is *a* thought of the Supreme Being, but that it is *the* thought: and we add that, so far as we know, this universal thought is unconscious; but that at separate points it attains a momentary consciousness in ourselves."

"Precisely," said Mr. Hancock. "So far as we know—

precisely. The reality of the matter, Lady Snowdon, is the subject not of knowledge, but of agnosticism."

"Yes," said Glanville sharply, "but here I must insist on one thing. If we never can know that the Supreme Being is conscious—if His consciousness remains from us for ever hidden behind the veil—He is not conscious for us in any practical sense; and we practically don't doubt about His consciousness, but we deny it."

"Except," said Mr. Hancock, "except as a working hypothesis, supposing we should—though I don't say we are—in need of it."

"But," continued Glanville, taking no notice of this interruption, "while we look on the general mind as being conscious mind or no, religion, in the light of science, is utterly unaffected. In either case we are ourselves parts of this mind. We are so many processes or phenomena which it controls, not we. It is working inside us. It, not we, is ourselves, and all that is worst in us is a part of it, just as much as what is best. In no personal sense can it help us and come to our rescue, any more than the boiler of a locomotive can come to the rescue of the driving-wheel. However conscious it might be, it would regard us, its parts, not less impotently than its parts would regard it. Our prayer to it would be like spray blown back from the rocks. It would not ask about our poor separate destinies, as Matthew Arnold has said,

> More than it asks what waves,
> In the moonlit solitudes mild
> Of the midmost ocean have swelled,
> Foamed for a moment, and gone."

"I am not sure, Rupert," said Lord Restormel slowly, "that even thus some religion would not be possible, though it would be a religion transfigured beyond the recognition of the Churches."

"I am sure," said Seaton, "that a religion would still be

possible, though I won't tax your patience to-night by trying even to hint how."

"I too," said Mr. Brompton, "am sure of the same thing, though perhaps my religious programme would differ from Mr. Seaton's."

"I," said Mr. Hancock, "am on the side of the angels also. I still stick to my doctrine of the Agnostic's working hypothesis."

"If I'd anything to drink," said Glanville, "I'd drink to the health of the hypothetical Church. Well, it seems we shall have plenty to talk about to-morrow; and the day after, I announce that I have a surprise in store for you. And so, Hancock, as you took the word out of my mouth just now, will you, as our chairman, let me take your word out of yours, and declare, to save time, that our second conference is concluded? I'll only do one thing more. Church services generally end with a hymn. I'm going to suggest that we end with a hymn to-night. It's a hymn that was written by my inspired friend, Lord Restormel: and what he has just said reminded me of it."

"A hymn by me!" exclaimed Lord Restormel. "My dear Rupert, you're dreaming."

"No," said Glanville, "though you may have been when you composed it. You were lying, wrapped up in a magnificent fur coat, when you and I, by moonlight, were sailing in a boat on the Hellespont; and the words were supposed to be spoken not by a congregation to the Deity, but by the Universe to the souls of men. Let us have it. Don't be modest. I'll start you with the first line:

> Souls of myself, which are I, as the stars in their shining places—"

Lord Restormel raised himself in his chair, not wholly displeased by this appeal. He took a large cigar from his mouth, and, encouraged by the solicitations of the party, recited the following lines, in a slow melodious voice:

"Souls of myself, which are I, as the stars in their shining places
Gaze with their thousand eyes all night long on the sea;
As the mirrored bride, as the bride from the depths of the mirror gazes,
Saying with silent lips, Beloved of his heart, thou art she!
As the eyes of the bridegroom look down on the eyes of the bride he embraces,
When his blood is as one with hers, and her soul is he;
So, oh souls of myself, which are mine, from your myriad faces,
I, the soul of you all—I gaze on me."

(To be continued.)