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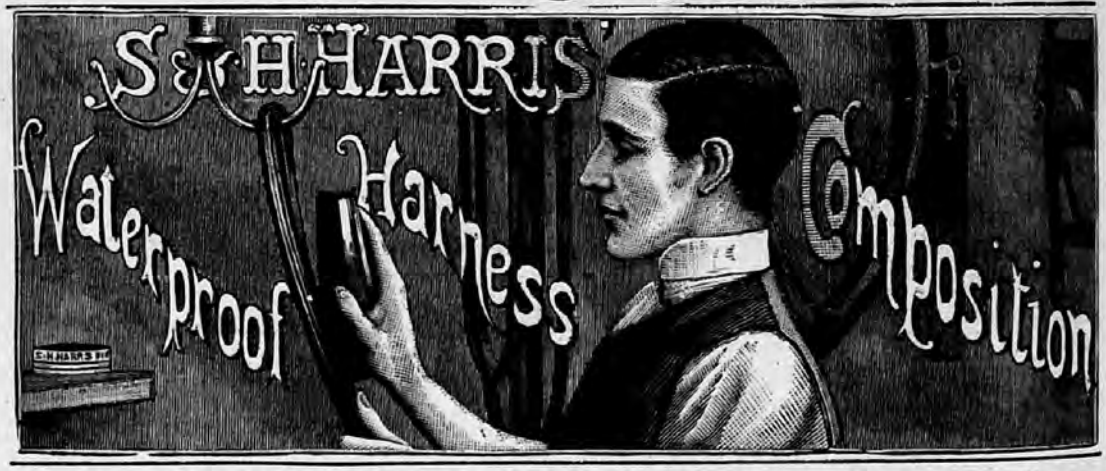

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MAY, 1894.

Contents.

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all and leads to calmer social seas. Recognising the necessity of the passage, they find it more congenial to play the prophets of disaster than to take their turn at the oar—nay, so inevitable does disaster seem to them that if they get a seat at the rowlock they endeavour to hold the boat up rather than pull her steadily along.

Lifeless, hopeless, barren as the views of the older generation of statesmen and writers about the problems of to-day may be, they unluckily find an element of justification in much that passes under the names of socialism and emancipation. It is well for us that the social instinct is still strong in our race, but, like other instincts—without training and knowledge—it is apt to be blind to facts, unreasoning in its manifestations, ready with a light heart to handle forces of unknown potency, and to summon spirits from the vasty deep which it may well fail hereafter to exorcise. On the one hand the worst types of prejudice can only be combated by a ridicule which it is easy to call flippancy.[1] On the other, the essential gravity of our modern problems of sex and labour is not always sufficiently recognised, to say nothing of emphasised. We are caught by a cry of suffering, by an urgent plea of wrongs to be righted, and we become socialists and emancipators without the least knowledge of the history, the complexity, and the delicacy of the social machine. We call upon politicians—possibly as ignorant as we are—to carry out heroic remedies, at the bidding of a class as yet poorly educated, and but half-disciplined. Looked at from this standpoint, whence only the illogical, the sentimental, the semi-hysterical sides of modern social changes are seen, the future may undoubtedly appear dark—at any rate to the older generation. But these manifestations are only very superficial evidence of a deep undercurrent of social revolution, which is not even voiced, much less controlled by the Social Democratic Federation or the Central Society for Women's Suffrage.

Human societies cannot be symbolised as rigid structures of stone and iron; they are organic growths, yielding and accommodating themselves, if sound, to almost every form of internal and external stress. The rate of change may vary from century to century, from nation to nation, but it is ever continuous, ever developing new phases, ever startling the old and inspiring the young. Social stability can never be synonymous with stagnation; it is, on the contrary, identical with steady and continuous, as distinguished from abrupt change. To grasp the present direction of social growth is the function of the statesman; his duty is to foster that growth, to clear away what may impede it and prevent it from being unduly and unnaturally forced. Here it is that education, political training, and historical knowledge are essential. These are not, and cannot till

(1) The best, indeed, the only, argument for the man who believes in Jonah and the whale does seem a picture of the prophet disporting himself inside the cetacean.

our society is completely altered, be characteristic of the great mass of electors. The democracy which chooses measures and not men is foredoomed to failure; the hope of democracy is not in the people framing their own social reforms, but in a sound folk-instinct, which in the long run enables the people to distinguish between the charlatan and the statesman. Self-interest and class-prejudice, however cleverly disguised at the hustings, however skilfully manipulated in the House, are recognised at last, and there is a limit to the patience of the people with the political jobber and with the cant of the party politician. The limit may be a wide one. Again and again both labour and woman have been deceived, first by one politician and then by another; first one party makes tools of them, and then the other; but one day nemesis will come in the form of a strong Independent Labour Party, and an equally strong Independent Woman's Party, and then the political jobbers will disappear right and left.

It may seem strange to bracket Labour and Woman together in this way, and to look to them for the safety of democracy in the future, yet the bonds which unconsciously link them together are very close, and have been close throughout all history. Nor is the reason hard to seek—the status of woman and the status of labour are intimately associated with the manner in which property is held and wealth inherited. During the years of child-bearing and child-rearing, the woman in any but the most primitive stages of civilisation (when ownership is scarcely known[1]) must be dependent upon the owner of property for subsistence. She may, indeed, be the owner herself, or it may be that the group, or the commune, or an individual man is the owner. In all these cases her status will be a different one, but the status of labour will in each case be a different one, too. Turn indeed to the most primitive Aryan civilisation as evidenced in the fossils of philology and folklore, to the Greeks of the Periclean age, to the Germans of Tacitus, to the feudal civilisation, to the mediæval town in 1500, to the post-Reformation individualism closing the nunneries, destroying the guilds, and culminating in the commercial epoch of the present century, and the same result will invariably be found. The position of woman is in closest correlation with that of labour, and both vary with the nature of ownership. There has never been a Labour Question without a Woman's Question also. The rape of Lucretia and the death of Virginia are attached in legend not without significance to far-reaching democratic changes.

Even to-day the parallelism is close, however little grasped. Both

(1) When she could gather fruit, or dig roots, or hunt for shells, or catch fish without danger of infringing the "rights of property." The mediæval privileges of the pregnant woman—her right to game and fish from the lord's preserves, her right to rob orchards and steal from the fields—are in this respect deeply significant.

labour and woman are seeking to throw off the slavery arising from economic dependence; both are demanding—it may be in different spheres—that education shall be free; both desire equality of opportunity, yet have not fully recognised that it can only be rendered possible by unequal legislation; both alike are in danger of underrating their special social functions, of disregarding the national importance of their peculiar activities, because they have been reared under a system which crushed their individualities in order to give a machine-like certainty to their activities. The too great emphasis laid on the relationship to an individual has sadly obscured the social value of the work done. The woman has borne and reared children to her husband; the labourer has hewn coal and hammered metal for the capitalist and the manufacturer. What woman feels in the *first* place that she is bearing a child to the state—a new citizen to assist the common social growth? What artizan thinks of his work doing aught but putting money into his own or his employer's pocket? What miner realises that his labour helps to send our ships over the seas, to make our nation prosperous and so one of the chief factors in general human progress? Both woman and labour have been forced into narrow grooves, where, no more than pins in a slot, could they grasp the essential value of their functions to the machine as a whole. What wonder if in their common revolt they have occasionally over-estimated the claims of individuality and forgotten the real importance of their social activities? What statesman has thought it worth while to appeal to other than stomach and pocket arguments when urging the importance of a Parish Councils Bill or supporting an Eight Hours Act? What advocate of "woman's rights" has once and for all thrown John Stuart Mill's *Subjection of Women* overboard, and measured woman's as well as man's "rights" by the touchstone of general social efficiency?

What surprise ought we not to feel that the socialistic instinct is so strong as it actually is among all classes, when politicians and publicists almost invariably appeal to the separate interests of individual groups? Why should it appear in the least anomalous that the leaders of the woman's suffrage movement, consciously or unconsciously, are out-and-out individualists? The confusion of thought in this respect is, indeed, widespread. We hear repeatedly the assertion made that woman is only seeking equality of opportunity[1] with man, that she demands only the right to enter any calling or profession, and to succeed or fail according to her capacity. On the other hand, we find demands for special treatment and protection, even to the

(1) By "equality of opportunity" we are here to understand equality in all political and social rights, the removal of all sex and class disabilities, whether professional or educational. It does not denote the handicapping of superior natural capacity, be it physical or mental.

quite serious suggestion that a wife should be legally entitled to the absolute control of half her husband's income. Now this "equality of opportunity" is as fallacious in the case of woman as "freedom of contract" in the case of labour. Freedom of contract is idle in the first place, while there is not equality of means, and, in the second, while there is not equality of brains. Labour has recognised this, and its recognition of it is, at the same time, its conversion to socialism. The social value of labour is in reality determined less by its numbers than by the physique and general efficiency of its units. That social stability largely depends on the legal protection of labour, on state provision for its efficiency and public regard for its physique, is now a commonplace of all schools. This protection can only be realised by reducing the interest on capital and decreasing the wages of "ability." After all it is not a very wild or very revolutionary assumption that a Stephenson, an Arkwright, or a Baker may be bought at the same price as a Newton or a Darwin. Whatever our personal wishes may be, we may take it indeed as a foregone conclusion that during the next quarter of a century labour will be securely, and on the whole with increased social stability, protected from the crushing individualistic claims of both capital and "ability." It is further to be noted that with the modern as distinguished from the mediæval socialistic movement the protection of labour has ceased in the first place to be a moral duty impressed by a Catholic Church more or less efficiently on the individual conscience; it has become a legislative principle based on social expediency.

Hitherto, however, the leaders of the woman's movement do not seem to have appreciated the lessons which may be learned from a study of the kindred labour movement. They have neglected to organise themselves for a single object, independently of party and, if necessary, in opposition to both parties. They have contented themselves with a claim for equality of opportunity, without seeing its futility even if granted. They have not recognised that the very formulation of this claim has hastened the decay of what protection existed in the few remnants of mediæval chivalry. They have not sought security, as labour has done, in a transition from a protection based on the moral conscience of the individual to a protection based on social legislation. They do not understand how social efficiency may depend as much on their special protection as on the special protection of labour. They have scorned what a large class of the male community has not hesitated to accept—nor is the reason far to seek. The leaders of labour have been the product of the trades-union movement; they have voiced the mass of their fellow-workers without standing mentally head and shoulders above them. Their influence has depended principally on the organisations that were

behind them, not on their being intellectually superior to those who resisted their claims. Taken altogether, there has been a marvellous solidarity in the labour movement; it has not been the consequence of individuals of special capacity seeking to remove class disabilities because they themselves found their position insupportable. The emancipation of labour has been conducted on lines calculated to benefit the rank and file—not in the interest of the specially endowed; indeed, it may be said to have occasionally sacrificed the latter in order to bring the great mass of labour into line. Similar as are the needs, like as are the general features, of the woman's movement, it has differed very widely in its course from that of labour. It has been very largely the product of highly gifted and cultured women revolting against the conditions under which they had to work. Without much self-conceit they could recognise their superiority, intellectually and morally, to the majority of males who opposed them on the platform or criticised them in the press. They felt conscious that it would be quite possible for them, granted equal educational and professional training, to at least hold their own with the average man. They did not stay to compare the needs, the capacity, the social functions of the *average* woman with those of the average man; they stated what ought to have been an obvious truism—that some women would be more efficient than some men, and therefore they urged, and rightly urged, the social expediency of throwing open all careers to women. Thus arose their watch-word, "Equality of opportunity." Unlike the labour leaders, they were not backed by the masses, the *αἱ πολλαί* were not behind them. The *αἱ πολλαί* were not interested in the throwing open of higher education or the professions to women; they already had equal privileges at the Board School—the inspector had his eye on the girl in the street during school hours quite as much as on the boy; while they could obtain the right of following any industry, by demonstrating to the capitalist—nearly always an easy matter—that their labour was quantitatively cheaper than that of men. As to the vote, it was hardly yet brought home to their husbands and brothers that trades-union and non-party organisations could make it a thing of value; how then could the women of the people, more listless, more helpless even than the men, learn to appreciate its importance? The energy did not yet exist among them which would have led to organisations for obtaining and manipulating the vote. The preaching of female suffrage has not been a thing of the street corners; it has not been, like the spread of trades-unionism, a product of the workshops and factories. It has been a subject for conventicles in Bayswater drawing-rooms, it has smacked too much of tailor-made gowns, ephemeral novelettes, and somewhat invertebrate members of Parliament.

The leaders of the movement were, as we have remarked, exceptional women, but they were women of one class and with one outlook in life; they fought against what they felt cramped their own individuality, and they did not fully realise the solidarity of their sex. Behind them they had practically women of a single type—cultured women of the middle class, who were restless at the old restrictions, eager for self-development and a more intellectually active life. For a time it seemed as if the chief result of the movement would be to produce, and to some extent find work for, an intellectual proletariat among middle-class women—numerous as compared to the posts which could be found for it, insignificantly small as compared with the bulk of womanhood. For such picked women—much above the average of their class, not to say of their sex—the average male was not a subject of overwhelming interest, and matrimony was not a prominent factor of their thoughts. For them "equality of opportunity" seemed to solve the problem of woman's emancipation. With this sort of solution—the increased power of self-realisation in a narrow class of picked women, chiefly unmarried women of the middle class—the movement would have to culminate were equality of opportunity to remain its watchword.

But the remarkable restlessness which so clearly and forcibly expresses its needs in one narrow class of women, is by no means confined to that class. It is spread widely and deeply through all the strata of womankind, if it has yet to be consciously formulated as a demand for far-reaching changes in the conditions under which women live and work. The organisation of female labour has only just begun. When comprehensive unions of female shop assistants, of female clerks, and, above all, of female domestic servants have been established, then the woman-question will begin to pass into a new phase, and the demand for special legislation and special protection will entirely replace the cry for equality of opportunity which has marked the earlier stages of the present emancipation movement. Then, perhaps for the first time, we shall realise that woman's emancipation is only possible during a socialistic as distinguished from an individualistic stage of society—we shall learn, what history abundantly demonstrates to its students, that the position of woman rises and falls with that of labour; and that the need of both is neither equality of opportunity nor freedom of contract, but protection.

As freedom of contract is idle when one party owns the means of subsistence, so equality of opportunity is idle when one party has alone to bear a peculiarly heavy part of the social burden. Women who abstain from marriage and have not the sex-impulses strongly developed, women whose potentiality of child-bearing is not a trouble to them, may welcome equality of opportunity and compete with men on equal terms. The woman with strong phy-

sique or strong intellect may, under these conditions, excel in any pursuit whatever her average male compeer. But this type of woman cannot become the prevalent type, nor indeed would it tend to social efficiency, if it could. Such women cannot transmit the asexualism which fits them for competition with men to a numerous offspring; they leave the women whose maternal and sexual instincts are strong to be the mothers of the coming generation, and to transmit those instincts to the women of the future. Indeed, it can hardly be doubted that the throwing open of professions and employments of all sorts to women, accompanied as it is at present by a superabundance of women, must lead to a considerable development of the sex-instinct in woman. In the old days, when the proportion of the sexes was more nearly one of equality, and when marriage was practically the one career open to a woman, there was a much smaller selection by sex-instinct. Now, with the many possibilities of independent subsistence, the duty of maternity is not thrust so forcibly upon all women, whether inclined thereto or not, and the result must be a developed sexual instinct in the women of the future. These remarks apply especially to the women of the middle classes, where we are frequently told that the sex instincts of man and woman are very unequal. A like inequality among the hand-working classes can hardly be asserted by any careful observer. We may be quite certain accordingly that the movement among women which is in progress is unlikely to be accompanied by a decreased sexual instinct in woman.[1] In this respect we may associate the maternal with the sexual instinct, for the fundamental law of inheritance will hardly allow of the one surviving without the other, if society as a whole is to survive.

We may take it, therefore, that the great bulk of women in the future will be as amply endowed with sexual instinct, will be craving as much to be mothers, and be longing as much to be surrounded by child-life as they have ever been in the past. Nor is it well for society that it should be otherwise. To differentiate off what is mentally and physically strong in womanhood as a new type—able, indeed, to seize equality of opportunity, but unable to follow instincts which are likely to be as strongly developed in it as in its male competitors, or indeed to reproduce its own selected self—is clearly not to satisfy the legitimate demands of woman, nor to establish a stable

(1) It is noteworthy that most primitive communities of *socialistic* type are marked by great female licence, and the restraint of this licence was a chief cause of the survival and superior stability of patriarchal systems. In this respect it is interesting to observe that with our increasing socialistic trend have arisen two quite diverse movements: the one to restrain the sexual freedom of men; the other—of course, less outspoken and manifest, but very active in many quarters—to give greater sexual freedom to women. The social development of the future will largely depend on which of these movements obtains the upper hand or, at any rate, on how they are harmonised.

and automatically regulated social equilibrium. We do not for a moment underrate the social importance of giving to women with special aptitude and power the freedom of entering any career where their capacity can be of service to society, but this is only an offshoot of the greater problem of woman's emancipation. That problem is summed up in the words: How can woman follow her sexual and maternal instincts?—how can she do freely what she alone can do for society, and yet have full power to control her own special activities, and develop her own individual life; in short, feel herself a free citizen of a free state? The answer to this problem does not lie in "equality of opportunity"; it lies in special protection, in the socialisation of the State. The advanced woman of the near future will be as thorough a socialist as she is now an out-and-out individualist.

A woman of the upper middle classes can take a great part to-day in social and political life, but it is only by hiring others to rear the children whom she cannot hire others to bear for her. The woman doctor or schoolmistress in whom the maternal instinct is strong must be at a disadvantage as compared with their unmarried sisters. This disadvantage can only be compensated by obviously superior ability or by increased exertion. When once the professions now opening to women are fully stocked, the premium on spinsterdom will be immensely increased; the present scarcely recognised opposition of single to married women will be markedly emphasised, and in the struggle of woman against woman the increased activity and exertion demanded from child-bearers must be anti-social in its effects on future generations. Still more will this tell in the struggle of married woman against man, while to a lesser extent the physiological life even of the unmarried woman will handicap her for the contest with man. We are not here considering the question of professional earnings—the married woman may be quite independent of these—but solely the possibility of her maintaining, during the period of child-bearing, her professional activity and her professional position in competition with unmarried women or with men. It is only in the case of exceptional and picked women that the intellectual worry and ceaseless anxiety of modern professional life, the physical and nervous strain of its many demands, will not be detrimental to the growth of the young life. The mentally restful, the moderately active, but not overstrained physical life, which is so essential to many women during pregnancy, is not compatible with the wear and tear of the modern competitive system. Descending in the scale to the handworker, the same remarks apply with even more force. The race must degenerate if greater and greater stress be brought to force woman during the years of child-bearing into active and unlimited

competition with man. Either a direct premium is placed upon childlessness, upon a crushing out of the maternal instincts on which the stability of society essentially depends, or woman has a double work to do in the world, and she can only do it at the cost of the future generation. Are we then thrust back on the old solution? Is woman's sole field to be the home, and her chief activity maternity? Must she be content for the future with that dependence on the *individual* man which has been her fate in the past? Some may content themselves with fondly imagining this to be the only solution, if they resolutely shut their eyes to every sign of the times, if they try to believe that the great awakening among women of the last twenty-five years has been limited to a small class, and if they content themselves with the idle dogma that the status of woman is an eternal necessity of her nature and not a factor varying with each phase of civilisation.

If, on the other hand, we open our eyes to facts we must recognise that society is steadily and surely becoming socialistic, that womankind from high to low is gradually perceiving its solidarity, and that women are organising in such a way that they will in the near future become a great power in the state; if, in addition, we note that in all history great changes in the status of woman and in the status of labour have been correlative and often contemporaneous; if, shortly, we throw aside our prejudices and seek merely to understand what is taking place—then assuredly we must admit that the old is passing irrevocably away, and that the woman of the future will have aspirations and, what is more, a power in the state to realise them, which was hardly even dreamt of by her warmest champions a decade ago. It is almost idle to say what we *wish* woman's future to be; the scientific attitude consists in endeavouring merely to trace the changes that are taking place, in sympathising with the difficulties and struggles of our fellow human beings under them, and finally in trying so to direct, for we cannot possibly check, the revolutionary forces at work that they shall tend to the greater rather than the less stability of the body social.

That history repeats itself is a truth at once of the highest importance, and yet endlessly fallacious in application to details. The use that has been made by certain socialistic writers of the analogy between the present socialistic movement and primitive socialist communities is a striking instance of this kind. The present movement is essentially an outcome of capitalistic methods of production, of large states, and of highly complex municipal, political and social conditions. It is not, as so often is supposed, a revolt against all these, but simply their evolutionary outcome, the goal towards which they have led us and the end for which they have trained us. Its success must depend on the extent of area, the magnitude of popu-

lation to which it is applied. Men and women stand now on an entirely different intellectual plane to what they did in the days of primitive socialism. They are no longer the rude creatures of appetite, unconscious of the strong social instinct within themselves; they no longer need to the same extent the old supernatural sanctions to induce them to sacrifice self for class or for society.[1] Selection has developed and early training strengthens a tribal conscience, to which democratic institutions and a free press give ample voice. Man is recognising the biological laws under which he has reached his present state of fitness, and largely conscious now of the forces under which he must live, and of the conditions under which alone he can advance; he is likely in the future to turn the laws of life to his own social profit, much as he has applied and not opposed physical laws in the immediate past. Under such changed conditions the history of the primitive socialist communities can never repeat itself; nay, we are already almost as far beyond even the ideas involved in the communistic socialism of Fourier. Yet the analogies between primitive socialism and the tendencies of to-day are still suggestive, if they be not pressed into details, and if we merely follow the general results which must inevitably flow from a transfer of the chief means of production from the individual to the State. In such a society the care of the weak, of women during child-bearing, of children and of the aged falls, not on the individual, but on the community at large. The tendencies in a like direction are very obvious to-day; few people, perhaps, realise the large proportion of babies which are brought into the world even now at public expense, or by the aid of some form of local or semi-public charity. The compulsory and free education of children, the existing factory legislation concerning them, likely to become still more complete and stringent in the near future; the various local and public provisions for their apprenticeship and technical education; the watchful eye, which widely supported societies of one type or another keep on the action of the individual parent; the growing army of children reared in orphanages and industrial schools—all these mark how strong is the present tendency for society or the State to interfere with the individual in the management and nurture of children. Already the question of old-age and invalid pensions has been seriously raised, partly settled, in Germany; it will be a test political question within the next few years in our own country. Here the essential, the all-pregnant feature of the reform

(1) A movement so intense and so widespread as the late coal strike would have needed a religious basis in the Middle Ages. The actions of the individual are now largely controlled by the needs of his class, and it is only one step from this to their control by the needs of society at large. The missing link at present is the conception that all activity, all labour is undertaken for society and not for the individual employer. But this conception will in time be realised.

lies in the fact that it once for all recognises that the labourer works for society at large and not for the individual. It elevates his labour, and replaces the false basis of pauperism by an essentially social principle. It is very unlikely that the idea involved in national insurance against old age and illness will be lost sight of when united womanhood begins to formulate its wants and realise its power. Lastly, we may note the provisions already made for the care of the sick at the public expense: besides parochial infirmaries, public asylums, hospitals and dispensaries, there are semi-public charities dealing with increasing numbers of the lower middle class either freely or as "paying patients." It probably would be no exaggeration to affirm that two-thirds of the sick of this country are already treated either in public institutions almost entirely at the public expense, or in institutions, like the London hospitals, whose municipalisation is only a question of time. We have not mentioned these matters in order to emphasise the growth of socialism in this country—for that we must refer the reader to Mr. Sidney Webb's paper in the *Fabian Essays*—but solely to emphasise the fact that the central feature of modern social evolution is not "equality of opportunity," but legislative protection and State support for those who are temporarily or permanently disabled from protecting or supporting themselves. It limits within healthy bounds the crushing effect of competition within the community itself. It does this by considering the work done by the individual as *pro tanto* work done for the community at large, and renders the community and not the individual responsible for the general welfare of the worker, and for the conditions of his life being such that he can work with the maximum efficiency for the maximum period. In all this, society is acting in its own interests, is increasing its own stability, and placing itself in a better condition to compete with external rivals and to master the opposition of hostile physical nature.[1]

Now the tendency of the age in all these respects is extremely unlikely to be lost on womanhood seeking its own salvation. Occupied even more than man is at present in social works and social duties,

(1) It is scarcely necessary to point out the dangers to which all forms of socialism are liable; how essentially their success depends on the maintenance of high social spirit, on still more stringent regulations and still stronger social feeling against the idler and the waster of public resources than exist at present. Yet more important is the principle that society shall reproduce itself from the best and not from the mentally and physically poorest stock, as is so largely the case now, when the middle classes and the better working classes are marrying later, and, largely owing to the spread of neomalthusianism, having fewer and fewer children. The limitation of population has indeed begun, where it was socially undesirable, and the manner in which what we may perhaps term Mr. Booth's "Class B" reproduces itself is one of the chief difficulties of our present transitional social state, and one which will have to be directly faced by the socialism of the future. The population question will be the legacy, and no enviable one, which past individualism hands down to the socialistic future.

more often than he undertaking work not for pay but for its social value, woman is hardly likely to miss the great principle that all labour, all activity has social value, and demands from society at large that recognition and protection which the individual employer cannot or will not give. Still less is woman likely to disregard the part the State has played and is playing in regulating the conditions of labour, so as to make the worker an efficient healthy member of society. Shortly, at the very time she is learning to organize and assert herself, she will perceive that the whole drift of modern socialistic legislation is to protect one class against another, to provide for the individual during disablement, and to insure that one class or individual shall not profit at the expense of another to such an extent as seriously to injure the stability and efficiency of the social body as a whole. The return for this protection and assistance is simple and obvious: work done to the extent of power and ability for the social advantage.

From the social standpoint, the problem whether woman has the brain or the arm of man is as purely idle as the question whether Jones or Robinson is intellectually or physically the superior. It is obviously the best social policy to get the maximum of efficient work out of *both* Jones and Robinson, and to render their mental and physical surroundings such, that this maximum is easily reached and effectively maintained. For the woman of the hand-working classes there has never been any question of whether she should contribute to the labour of the community or not. She has had, however, to work under conditions which did not get the maximum of efficient work out of her, nor in the least recognise the primary social importance of her maternal activity. On the other hand the woman of the middle classes has, until quite recent times, been unduly restrained from contributing her quota to the fund of socially valuable labour; she has had unceasingly impressed upon her that her chief function is maternity, but this function has not been regarded as primarily of social value, but associated essentially with her dependence upon an individual. To complete the crushing mental and physical influence of this extreme individualism on the middle-class woman, the phrase "social duties" has been applied to an ultra-social, if not anti-social, form of activity which has been devised as an occupation for her idleness. The reawakening of middle-class woman is now, however, altering all this. Her desire to take part in work of social value is accompanied by economic conditions and a social opinion which convert the desire into a command. At the same time, "equality of opportunity," untempered by special protective legislation, must, under the fierce struggle of the competitive system, reduce her ultimately to a position like that of the women of the hand-working classes, who are far from working under conditions which enable them efficiently

to perform double social duties. For the first time in the history of civilisation there is, arising from these causes, a strong feeling among women of the solidarity of their sex; there is a strong desire to organize themselves for the protection of their common interests, and there is a growing possibility of an independent woman's party, which may ultimately become a decisive factor in social evolution. There is a union of interest and feeling between women workers with the head, women of ability, and women workers of the hand, women of the people, which has hitherto been almost impossible among men, because "ability" in the latter sex has been chiefly used as a means of obtaining inordinate profit from those pursuing the more physical forms of labour.

Let us endeavour to draw the threads of our argument together. A womankind seeking in all classes to take part in social labour and social activity; a society so economically constituted that it demands labour as a social duty from all its members, but at the same time offers special protection for peculiar disabilities; a generation of women which—to judge from historical experience and the selective processes at present at work—is likely to have increased rather than decreased sexual and maternal instincts; a race having an increasing knowledge of the healthiest physiological life for both sexes, and of the physical and sanitary conditions under which child-bearing can best be undertaken; a race conscious of the vital importance of the problems of heredity, and for which the problem of population, the question of who shall be the parents of its children, will, with the growth of the socialistic tendency, become the chief problem of the State; a race regarding its actions and its activities less and less in relation to individuals, and more and more in relation to society and the State; a religion quietly and unobtrusively burying its god, in order to devote itself to the present welfare of mankind: a religion ready to accept the moral as the social, the immoral as the anti-social, and conveniently reticent as to supernatural dogmas and transcendental ethical codes. In short, an organization of society turning essentially on capacity for work, on the provision of the best conditions for efficient activity, and on the replacement of individual dependence and personal control by State protection and State regulation. Granted these things, as things of the present or of the near future, things which are independent of our hopes or fears, which we may slightly guide or modify, but can in no manner oppose with success, what course is organised womanhood likely to take amid them? Has not labour already given the clue in its demands for national insurance against old age and for the eight-hours day?

The duty of woman to labour is becoming as clearly recognised as her right to labour; neither one nor the other can be withdrawn now; the door has once been opened, and it cannot again be shut.

The home, whether we approve it or no, has ceased for ever to be the sole field of woman's activity. Will woman be content with "equality of opportunity"? We cannot for one moment believe it, when once she has recognised the power organisation can confer upon her. Equality of opportunity can only help a picked class, and only the picked women of this class, unless they all forego instincts which, taken from every side at once, are as strong in them as in men. Rather the woman of the future will demand such conditions for her labour as shall practically handicap the competition of the unmarried with the married woman, and of man with woman. The justification for this will not be sought in chivalry towards the "weaker"; it will not be looked upon as furthering the interests of one class at the expense of another; it will be simply based upon the recognition that woman's child-bearing activity is essentially part of her contribution to social needs; that it ought to be acknowledged as such by the State; that society at large ought to insist, exactly as in the case of labour, that the conditions under which it is undertaken shall be as favourable as possible, and that *pro tanto* it shall be treated as part of woman's work for society at large. Once this aspect of child-bearing and rearing becomes general, once maternity is considered essentially as citizen-making in the first place, and not as the accidental result of the private relation to an individual, then the similarity between the woman's movement and the labour movement will be again complete. The demand for the franchise is not a first stage to equality of opportunity, but to legislative protection of women and to State regulation of her labour. Women naturally object to State interference with women's labour at the present stage; without a voice in the State, they, reasonably or unreasonably, suspect that the cry, "We must protect the child-bearers whether they wish it or not," is called forth, not so much by men's regard for the future generation as by their fear of the market being flooded by the cheaper labour of their wives and daughters.[1] But with the franchise and a wider conception of the social value of maternity, woman will demand, as she can then demand in safety, special protection and special provision for the child-bearer. As in Germany there already are societies for insuring women against the presumably unproductive and penniless condition of spinsters—the very condition in which the society of the future will consider them most capable of providing for their own support—so we may expect

(1) If it can be done without detriment to the children, it is much better for both man and woman, as free human beings, that the man should earn twenty shillings and the woman fifteen shillings a week, than that the woman should earn nothing and the man thirty-five shillings for the same piece of work. But if the competition of women means that two women each at fifteen shillings *replace* the man—as is frequently the case—then the male fear of woman's effect on the labour market may be selfish, but it is at the same time perfectly reasonable.

in the near future national insurance against motherhood to be as much a feature of woman's political programme as national insurance against old age will soon be a feature of the programme of labour. The provision of such insurance will for the first time allow of efficient regulation of the labour of married women during the child-bearing years—a regulation which will come none too soon to stop the degeneration of physique which is going on in certain classes of the labouring population.[1] The idea of a national insurance against motherhood may appear absurd enough at first, but it is hard to see in what else the present woman's movement can end. There is a demand amongst women for self-realisation, for liberty to work and to develop the powers, great or small, with which they may be endowed; there is a revolt against women's lives being devoted to a single activity and to their absolute dependence on a fellow human being. It is a revolt in which labour has preceded woman and is using the franchise to demand special protection and special provision for disablement. So deep have been the feelings aroused in woman's case that more than one advocate of her emancipation has seemed to see woman's freedom in the development of an asexual type, regardless of the fact that such a type could not reproduce itself, and its differentiation from the rest of womanhood would only emphasize the maternal instincts in the woman of the future. Yet this crude standpoint was the not unnatural, if exaggerated, expression of dissent from those who asserted that maternity was the chief function of woman, and her dependence upon the individual man an unchangeable law of nature. To reconcile maternal activity with the new possibilities of self-development open to women is *par excellence* the woman's problem of the future. It is not one which can be solved by "equality of opportunity," but solely by the recognition of maternity as an essentially social activity, by the institution of some form of national insurance for motherhood[2] and by the correlated restriction and regulation of woman's labour. We may be far distant at present from any such solution, but the growing feeling of solidarity among womankind, the gradual but steady organization of women to give expression to their needs, and the training which even party organizations are giving to women in political methods, can in our opinion only culminate in precisely the same way as the similar movement has done in the case of labour, namely in the cry for special protection and special provision for the essential conditions

(1) It may even be doubted whether insurance and regulation will not have to go further. The anæmic condition of many women to-day—for example, among domestic servants—is probably due to the hard work they are put to at a critical period of their growth, for instance, in the case of girls who are "general servants" at the age of fifteen.

(2) It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that this insurance has nothing to do with the parental responsibility to provide for the maintenance of children.

of efficient activity. It is true that a long education both of man and woman will have to be undertaken before they reach the standpoint of the Roman matron and recognise maternity as a social activity. But this education has at least commenced. A study of the more advanced woman's journals, both of this country and of America, shows how deeply thinking women are interested in the problems of heredity and of the parental responsibility for producing and rearing healthy human beings. The population question is essentially a woman's question; the social value of one side of her activity is essentially determined by the need for good citizens. For woman a high birth-rate and a high infant mortality can never be the last word of biological science, its principal recipe for an efficient human society. Sexual rather than natural selection must inevitably be the means by which woman will seek to make her maternal activity of the highest social value. To the most careful sexual selection the woman advocates of woman's emancipation are incessantly urging their sisters. These are indeed the first signs that woman is beginning to realise that maternity is a social activity, which not only demands serious thought on her part but at the same time gives her special claims on the community at large. The unlimited reproduction of bad stock is not only an injury to the community at large; it is a peculiar injury to woman, in that it lessens the value of maternity, and throws her into competition with man without any claim to special protection or to special provision during the years of child-bearing. These are the new features of the woman's problem of the near future—the steps which are converting it from the cry of the unmarried for equality of opportunity to the cry of the married for the reconciliation of maternity with the power of self-determination. Labour and woman meet on the same ground and turn to the same remedies. Will they be successful or not? The answer in both cases largely depends on whether the socialistic state of the future can solve the population question: Can it maintain a fair state of social efficiency without a ruthless destruction of individual life, is a low birth-rate compatible with a high standard of individual fitness? That is at once the final problem of woman and the final problem of labour.

KARL PEARSON.

THE ORIGIN OF CULTIVATION.

A GREAT many years ago, I remember, a curious paradox of vegetable life used to puzzle me not a little. It was the paradox of cultivation. A particular plant in a state of nature, let us say, grows and thrives only in water, or in some exceedingly moist and damp situation. You take up this waterside plant with a trowel one day, and transfer it incontinently to a dry bed in a sun-baked garden; when lo! the moisture-loving creature, instead of withering and dying, as one might naturally expect of it, begins to grow apace, and to thrive to all appearance even better and more lustily than in its native habitat. Or you remove some parched desert weed from its arid rock to a moist and rainy climate; and instead of dwindling, as one imagines it ought to do under the altered conditions, it spreads abroad in the deep rich mould of a shrubbery bed, and attains a stature impossible to its kind in its original surroundings. Our gardens, in fact, show us side by side plants which, in the wild state, demand the most varied and dissimilar habitats. Siberian squills blossom amicably in the same bed with Italian tulips; the alpine saxifrage spreads its purple rosettes in friendly rivalry with the bog-loving marsh-marigold, or the dry Spanish iris. The question, therefore, sooner or later occurs to the inquiring mind: Why can they all live together so well here in man's domain, when in the outside world each demands and exacts so extremely different and specialised a situation?

Of course, it is only a very young and inexperienced biologist who could long be puzzled by this apparent paradox. He must soon see the true solution of the riddle, if he has read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the esoteric truth in the teachings of his Darwin. For the real fact is, in a garden or out of it, most of these plants could get on very well in a great variety of climates or situations—if only they were protected against outside competition. There you have the actual crux of the problem. It is not that the moisture-loving plants cannot live in dry situations, but that the dry-loving plants, specialised and adapted for the post, can compete with them there at an immense advantage, and so in a very short time live them down altogether. Every species in a state of nature is continually exposed to the ceaseless competition of every other; and each on its own ground can beat its competitors. But in a garden, the very thing we aim at is just to restrict and prevent competition; to give each species a fair chance for life, even in conditions where other and better-adapted species can usually outlive it. This, in

fact, is really at bottom all that we ever mean by a garden—a space of ground cleared, and kept clear, of its natural vegetation (commonly called in this connection *weeds*), and deliberately stocked with other plants, most or all of which the weeds would live down if not artificially prevented.

We see the truth of this point of view the moment the garden is, as we say, abandoned—that is to say, left once more to the operation of unaided nature. The plants with which we have stocked it loiter on for a while in a feeble and uncertain fashion, but are ultimately choked out by the stronger and better-adapted weeds which compose the natural vegetation of the locality. The dock and nettle live down in time the larkspur and the peony. The essential thing in the garden is, in short, the clearing of the ground from the weeds—that is, in other words, from the native vegetation. A few minor things may or may not be added, such as manuring, turning the soil, protecting with shelter, and so forth; but the clearing is itself the one thing needful.

Slight as this point seems at first sight, I believe it includes the whole secret of the origin of tillage. For, looked at in essence, cultivation is weeding, and weeding is cultivation. When we say that a certain race cultivates a certain plant-staple, we mean no more in the last resort than that it sows or sets it in soil artificially cleared of all competing species. Sowing without clearing is absolutely useless. So that the question of the origin of cultivation resolves itself at last simply into this—how did certain men come first to know that by clearing ground of weeds and keeping it clear of them they could promote the growth of certain desirable human foodstuffs?

I have attempted tentatively to answer this curious question to some small extent in my recently-published essay on the *Origin of Tree-Worship*, appended to my translation of the *Attis*, of Catullus. But I have there treated the subject with great brevity and incidentally only, in its connection with my special theme of tree-worship. I think it may be worth while to develop the central idea more fully here in its wider aspects, as part of the general history of human culture.

To begin with, it may be as well to premise that the problem of the origin of cultivation is a far more complex one than appears at first sight. For we have not only to ask, as might seem to the inquirer unaccustomed to such investigations, "How did the early savage first find out that seeds would grow better when planted in open soil, already freed from weeds or natural competitors?" but also the other and far more difficult question, "How did the early savage ever find out that plants would grow from seeds at all?" That, I take it, is the real riddle of the situation, and it is one which, so far as I know, has hitherto escaped all inquirers into the history and origin of human progress.

Fully to grasp the profound nature of this difficulty we must throw ourselves back mentally into the condition and position of primitive man. We ourselves have known so long and so familiarly the fact that plants grow from seeds—that the seed is the essential reproductive part of the vegetable organism—that we find it hard to unthink that piece of commonplace knowledge, and to realise that what to us is an almost self-evident truth is to the primitive savage a long and difficult inference. Our own common and certain acquaintance with the fact, indeed, is entirely derived from the practice of agriculture. We have seen seeds sown from our earliest childhood. But before agriculture grew up, the connection between seed and seedling could not possibly be known or even suspected by primitive man, who was by no means prone to make abstract investigations into the botanical nature or physiological object of the various organs in the herbs about him. That the seed is the reproductive part of the plant was a fact as little likely in itself to strike him as that the stamens were the male organs, or that the leaves were the assimilative and digestive surfaces. He could only have found out that plants grew from seeds by the experimental process of sowing and growing them. Such an experiment he was far from likely ever to try for its own sake. He must have been led to it by some other and accidental coincidence.

Now what was primitive man likely to know and observe about the plants around him? Primarily one thing only, that some of them were edible, and some were not. There you have a distinction of immediate interest to all humanity. And what parts of plants were most likely to be useful to him in this respect as foodstuffs? Those parts which the plant had specially filled up with rich material for its own use or the use of its offspring. The first are the roots, stocks, bulbs, corms, or tubers in which it lays by foodstuffs for its future growth; the second are the seeds which it produces and enriches in order to continue its kind to succeeding generations.

These two groups of plant organs, containing food laid by for its own purposes by the plant, have been utilised as foodstuffs by all the higher animals, who feed upon them in preference to the mere green leaves eaten by ordinary herbivores. To have progressed from the herbivorous to the frugivorous stage is a mark of advance and patent of nobility in the animal hierarchy. Frugivorous animals may be briefly defined as those which feed mainly or exclusively upon these richer vegetable foodstuffs, fruits, seeds, and tubers. And a fruit in the popular (not of course in the scientific) sense is a succulent seed vessel, which has developed a certain amount of juicy sweet pulp as a bribe to the animal, in order to distract its attention from the precious seed. The plant pays blackmail to the animal, as it were, so as to secure the hope of its kind, and also in some cases to gain

the assistance of the animal in the dispersal of its seeds under suitable conditions for prompt germination.

Primitive man, then, knows the fruits and seeds, just as the squirrel, the monkey, and the parrot know them, as so much good foodstuffs, suitable to his purpose. But why on earth should he ever dream of saving or preserving some of these fruits or seeds, when he has found them, and of burying them in the soil, on the bare offchance that by pure magic, as it were, they might give rise to others? No idea could be more foreign to the nature and habits of early man. In the first place, he is far from provident, his way is to eat up at once what he has killed or picked; and in the second place, how could he ever come to conceive that seeds buried in the ground could possibly produce more seeds in future? Nay, even if he did know it—which is well-nigh impossible—would he be likely, feckless creature that he is, to save or spare a handful of seeds to-day in order that other seeds might spring from their burial-place in another twelvemonth? The difficulty is so enormous when one fairly faces it that it positively staggers one; we begin to wonder whether really, after all, the first steps in cultivation could ever have been taken.

The savage, when he has killed a deer or a game-bird, does not bury a part of it or an egg of it in the ground, in the expectation that it will grow into more deer or more bird hereafter. Why, then, should he, when he has picked a peck of fruits or wild cereals, bury some of them in the ground, and expect a harvest? The savage is a simple and superstitious person; but I do not think he is quite such a fool as this proceeding would make him out to be. He is not likely ever to have noticed that plants in the wild state grow from seeds—at least prior to the rise of agriculture, from which, as I believe, he first and slowly gained that useful knowledge. And he certainly is not likely ever to have tried deliberate experiments upon the properties of plants, as if he were a Fellow of the Royal Society. These two ways being thus effectually blocked to us, we have to inquire, "Was there ever any way in which primitive man could have blundered blindfold upon a knowledge of the fact, and could have discovered incidentally to some other function of his life the two essential facts that plants grow from seeds, and that the growth and supply of useful food-plants can be artificially increased by burying or sowing such seeds in ground cleared of weeds, that is to say of the natural competing vegetation?"

I believe there *is* one way, and one way only, in which primitive man was at all likely to become familiar with these facts; but it is one so startling, and at first sight so seemingly improbable, that I hesitate to suggest it save in the most tentative manner. Yet I

shall try to show that all the operations of primitive agriculture very forcibly point to this strange and almost magical origin of cultivation; that all savage agriculture retains to the last many traces of its origin; and that the sowing of the seed itself is hardly considered so important and essential a part of the complex process as certain purely superstitious and bloodthirsty practices that long accompany it. In one word, not to keep the reader in doubt any longer, I am inclined to believe that cultivation and the sowing of seeds for crops had their beginning as an adjunct of the primitive burial system.

Up to the present time, so far as I know, only one origin for cultivation has ever been even conjecturally suggested; and that is a hard one. It has been said that the first hint of cultivation may have come from the observation that seeds accidentally cast out on the kitchen-middens, or on the cleared space about huts, caves, or other human dwelling-places, germinated and produced more seeds in succeeding seasons. Very probably many savages have observed the fact that food-plants frequently grow on such heaps of refuse. But that observation alone does not bring us much nearer to the origin of cultivation. For why should early man connect such a fact with the seeds more than with the bones, the shells, or the mere accident of proximity? We must rid our minds of all the preconceptions of inductive and experimental science, and throw ourselves mentally back into the position of the savage to whom nature is one vast field of unrelated events, without fixed sequence or physical causation. Moreover, a kitchen-midden is *not* a cleared space: on the contrary, it is a weed-bed of extraordinary luxuriance. It brings us no nearer the origin of clearing.

There is, however, one set of functions in which primitive men do actually perform all the essential acts of agriculture, without in the least intending it; and that is the almost universal act of the burial of the dead. A recent writer in the *Daily News*, indeed, whom I will venture to identify with Mr. Andrew Lang, has objected that *all* savages do not bury their dead, and that before we decide upon any such questions, we must make an exhaustive study of all early funeral customs. I do not think, however, this objection need count for much. We know that, on the whole, burial is far the most ordinary means of disposing of the dead. We know that it occurs in all parts of the world in a way which points back to it as extremely primitive. We know that where other modes, such as burning or mummifying, have been in vogue, they have always been preceded in time by burial, and burial has always been practised side by side with them. Without going into the question fully here, I think, therefore, we may safely conclude that burial is the earliest, as it is certainly the most universal, mode of disposing of the dead; and it

is even probable that all races have at least passed through the stage of burial.

Now burial is, so far as I can see, the only object for which early races, or, what comes to the same thing, very low savages, ever turn or dig the ground. Mr. Frazer has shown in an instructive paper on Funeral Customs, that the original idea of burial was to confine the ghost of the dead man by putting a weight of earth on top of him; and lest this should be insufficient to keep him from troublesome re-appearances, a big stone was frequently rolled above his mound or tumulus, which is the origin of all our monuments, now diverted to the honour and commemoration of the deceased. But the great point to which I wish just now to direct attention is this—that in the act of burial, and in that act alone, we get a first beginning of turning the soil, exposing fresh earth, and so incidentally eradicating the weeds. We have here, in short, the first necessary prelude to the evolution of agriculture.

The next step, of course, must be the sowing of the seed. And here, I venture to think, funeral customs supply us with the only conceivable way in which such sowing could ever have begun. For early men would certainly not waste the precious seeds which it took them so much time and trouble to collect from the wild plants around them, in mere otiose scientific experiments on vegetable development. But it is the custom of all savages to offer at the tombs of their ancestors food and drink of the same kind as they themselves are in the habit of using. Now, with people in the hunting stage, such offerings would no doubt most frequently consist of meat, the flesh of the hunted beasts or game birds; but they would also include fish, fruits, seeds, and berries, and in particular such rich grains as those of the native pulses and cereals. Evidence of such things being offered at the graves of the dead has been collected in abundance by Dr. Tylor, Mr. Frazer, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, so that I need not here adduce any further examples of so familiar a practice.

What must be the obvious result? Here, and here alone, the savage quite unconsciously sows seeds upon newly-turned ground, deprived of its weeds, and further manured by the blood and meat of the frequent sacrificial offerings. These seeds must often spring up and grow apace, with a rapidity and luxuriance which cannot fail to strike the imagination of the primitive hunter. Especially will this be the case with that class of plants which ultimately develop into the food-crops of civilised society. For the peculiarity of these plants is that they are one and all—maize, corn, or rice, pease, beans, or millet—annuals of rapid growth and portentous stature; plants which have thriven in the struggle for existence by laying up large stores of utilisable material in their seeds for the

use of the seedling; and this peculiarity enables them to start in life in each generation exceptionally well endowed, and so to compete at an advantage with all their fellows. Seeds of such a sort would thrive exceedingly in the newly-turned and well-manured soil of a grave or barrow; and producing there a quantity of rich and edible grain, would certainly attract the attention of that practical and observant man, the savage. For though he is incurious about what are non-essentials, your savage is a peculiarly long-headed person about all that concerns his own immediate advantage.

What conclusion would at once be forced upon him? That seeds planted in freshly-turned and richly-manured soil produce threefold and fourfold? Nothing of the sort. He knows nought of seeds and manures and soils; he would at once conclude, after his kind, that the dreaded and powerful ghost in the barrow, pleased with the gifts of meat and seeds offered to him, had repaid those gifts in kind by returning grain for grain a hundredfold out of his own body. This original connection of ideas seems to me fully to explain that curious identification of the ghost or spirit with the corn or other foodstuff which Mr. Frazer has so wonderfully and conclusively elaborated in his admirable work, *The Golden Bough*.

Just at first, the savage would no doubt be content merely to pick and eat the seeds that thus grew casually, as it were, on the graves or barrows of his kings and kinsfolk. But in process of time it would almost certainly come about that the area of cultivation would be widened somewhat. The first step toward such widening, I take it, would arise from the observation that cereals and other seeds only throve exceptionally upon newly-made graves, not on graves in general. For as soon as the natural vegetation reasserted itself, the quickening power of the ghost would seem to be used up. Thus it would be well to keep fresh ghosts always going for agricultural purposes. Hence might gradually arise a habit of making a new grave annually, at the most favourable sowing-time, which last would come to be recognised by half-unconscious experiment and observation. And this new grave, as I shall show reason for believing a little later in this paper, would be the grave, not of a person who happened to die then and there accidentally, but of a deliberate victim, slain in order to provide a spirit of vegetation, and to make the corn grow with vigour and luxuriance. Step by step, I believe, it would, at length, be discovered that if only you dug wide enough, the corn would grow well *around* as well as *upon* the actual grave of the victim. Thus slowly there would develop the cultivated field, the wider clearing, dug up or laboured by hand, and finally the ploughed field, which yet remains a grave in theory and in all essentials.

I know these ideas will seem forced and fanciful to those who have not followed the recent developments of investigation into the habits and modes of thought of early men and of existing savages. But those who are aware of all that has lately been done in this department of anthropological science will be the most ready to admit that highly improbable causes are often the real ones, and that apparent plausibility is sometimes the worst possible recommendation of a psychological theory. I will proceed to show that the facts seem to warrant this strange and bizarre hypothesis of the origin of cultivation; and that the tilled field is often at our own day, and in our own country even, a grave in theory.

It is a mere commonplace at the present time to say that among early men and savages every act of life has a sacred significance; and agriculture especially is everywhere and always invested with a special sanctity. To us, it would seem natural that the act of sowing seed should be regarded as purely practical and physiological; that the seed should be looked upon merely as the part of the plant intended for reproduction, and that its germination should be accepted as a natural and normal process. Savages and early men, however, have no such conceptions. To them, the whole thing is a piece of magic; you sow seeds, or to be more accurate, you bury certain grains of food-stuff in the freshly-turned soil, with certain magical rites and ceremonies; and then, after the lapse of a certain time, plants begin to grow upon this soil, from which you finally obtain a crop of maize or wheat or barley. The burial of the seeds or grains is only one part of the magical cycle, no more necessarily important for the realisation of the desired end than many others.

And what are the other magical acts necessary in order that grain-bearing plants may grow upon the soil prepared for their reception? Mr. Frazer has collected abundant evidence for answering that question, a small part of which I shall recapitulate here for the benefit of those who have not read his remarkable work, referring students to *The Golden Bough* itself for fuller details and developments. At the same time, I should like to make it clearly understood that Mr. Frazer is personally in no way responsible for the use I here make of his admirable materials.

All the world over, savages and semi-civilised people are in the habit of sacrificing human victims, whose bodies are buried in the field with the seed of corn or other bread-stuffs. Often enough the victim's blood is mixed with the grain in order to fertilise it. The most famous instance is that of the Khonds of Orissa, who chose special victims, known as Meriahs, and offered them up to ensure good harvests. The Meriah was often kept for years before being sacrificed. He was regarded as a consecrated being, and treated with extreme affection, mingled with deference. A Meriah youth,

on reaching manhood, was given a wife who was herself a Meriah; their offspring were all brought up as victims. "The periodical sacrifices," says Mr. Frazer, "were generally so arranged by tribes and divisions of tribes that each head of a family was enabled, at least once a year, to procure a shred of flesh for his fields, generally about the time when his chief crop was laid down." On the day of the sacrifice, which was horrible beyond description in its details, the body was cut to pieces, and the flesh hacked from it was instantly taken home by the persons whom each village had deputed to bring it. On arriving at its destination, it was divided by the priest into two portions, one of which he buried in a hole in the ground, with his back turned and without looking at it. Then each man in the village added a little earth to cover it, and the priest poured water over the mimic tumulus. The other portion of the flesh the priest divided into as many shares as there were heads of houses present. Each head of a house buried his shred in his own field, placing it in the earth behind his back without looking. The other remains of the human victim—the head, the bones, and the intestines—were burned on a funeral pile, and the ashes were scattered over the fields, or mixed with the new corn to preserve it from injury.

Now, in this case, it is quite clear to me that every field is regarded as essentially a grave; portions of the divine victim are buried in it; his ashes are mixed with the seed; and from the ground thus treated he springs again in the form of corn, or rice, or turmeric. These customs, as Mr. Frazer rightly notes, "imply that to the body of the Meriah there was ascribed a direct or intrinsic power of making the crops to grow. In other words, the flesh and ashes of the victim were believed to be endowed with a magical or physical power of fertilising the land." More than that, it seems to me that the seed itself is not regarded as sufficient to produce a crop: it is the seed buried in the sacred grave with the divine flesh which germinates at last into next year's food-stuffs.

The Khonds, however, have somewhat etherealised the conception by making one victim do for many fields together. Other savages are more prodigal of divine crop-raisers. To draw once more from Mr. Frazer's storehouse—the Indians of Guayaquil, in South America, used to sacrifice human blood and the hearts of men when they sowed their fields. The ancient Mexicans, conceiving the maize as a personal being who went through the whole course of life between seed-time and harvest, sacrificed newborn babes when the maize was sown, older children when it had sprouted, and so on till it was fully ripe, when they sacrificed old men. The Pawnees annually sacrificed a human victim in spring, when they sowed their fields. They thought that an omission of this sacrifice would be

followed by the total failure of the crops of maize, beans, and pumpkins. In the account of one such sacrifice of a girl in 1837 or 1838, we are told: "While her flesh was still warm it was cut in small pieces from the bones, put in little baskets, and taken to a neighbouring cornfield. Here the head chief took a piece of the flesh from a basket, and squeezed a drop of blood upon the newly-deposited grains of corn. His example was followed by the rest, till all the seed had been sprinkled with the blood; it was then covered up with earth." Many other cases might be quoted from America.

In West Africa, once more, a tribal queen used to sacrifice a man and woman in the month of March. They were killed with spades and hoes, and their bodies buried in the middle of a field which had just been tilled. At Lagos, in Guinea, it was the custom annually to impale a young girl alive soon after the spring equinox in order to secure good crops. A similar sacrifice is still annually offered at Benin. The Marimos, a Bechuana tribe, sacrifice a human being for the crops. The victim chosen is generally a short stout man. He is seized by violence or intoxicated and taken to the fields, where he is killed amongst the wheat "to serve as seed." After his blood has coagulated in the sun, it is burned, along with the frontal bone, the flesh attached to it, and the brain; the ashes are then scattered over the ground to fertilise it.

In India, again, the Gonds, like the Khonds, kidnapped Brahman boys, and kept them as victims to be sacrificed on various occasions. At sowing and reaping, after a triumphal procession, one of the lads was killed by being punctured with a poisoned arrow. His blood was then sprinkled over the ploughed field or the ripe crop, and his flesh was sacramentally devoured.

I will detail no more such instances (out of the thousands that exist) for fear of seeming tedious. But the interpretation I put upon the facts is this. Originally, men noticed that food-plants grew abundantly from the laboured and well-manured soil of graves. They observed that this richness sprang from a coincidence of three factors—digging, a sacred dead body, and seeds of food-stuffs. In time, they noted that if you dug wide enough and scattered seed far enough, a single corpse was capable of fertilising a considerable area. The grave grew into the field or garden. But they still thought it necessary to bury some one in the field; and most of the evidence shows that they regarded this victim as a divine personage; that they considered him the main source of growth or fertility; and that they endeavoured to deserve his favour by treating him well during the greater part of his lifetime. For in many of the accounts it is expressly stated that the intended victim was supplied with every sort of luxury up to the moment of his immolation. In process of time, the conception of the field as differing from the grave grew more defined, and the large part borne by seed in the procedure was

more fully recognised. Even so, however, nobody dreamed of sowing the seed alone without the body of a victim. Both grain and flesh or blood came to be regarded alike as "seed": that is to say, the concurrence of the two was considered necessary to produce the desired effect of germination and fertility. Till a very late period, either the actual sacrifice or some vague remnant of it remained as an essential part of cultivation. Mr. Frazer's pages are full of such survivals in modern folk-custom. From his work and from other sources, I will give a few instances of these last dying relics of the primitive superstition.

Mr. Gomme, in his *Ethnology in Folklore*, gives an account of a village festival in Southern India. In this feast, a priest, known as the Pótraj, sacrifices a sacred buffalo, which is turned loose when a calf, and allowed to feed and roam about the village. In that case we have the common substitution of an animal for a human victim, which almost always accompanies advancing civilisation. The head of the buffalo was struck off at a single blow, and placed in front of the shrine of the village goddess. Around were placed vessels containing the different cereals, and hard by a heap of mixed grains with a drill-plough in the centre. The carcase was then cut up into small pieces, and each cultivator received a portion to bury in his field. The heap of grain was finally divided among all the cultivators, to be buried by each one in his field with the bit of flesh. Here we have evidently a last stage of the same ritual which in the case of the Khonds was performed with a human victim.

Two interesting corollaries may next be noted. In the first place, Mr. Gomme points out that relics of the self-same custom survived till recently at Holne, on Dartmoor, and at King's Teignton, in Devonshire. In the second place, it is remarkable that the proceedings terminated by a procession round the boundaries of the village lands, preceded by the goddess and the head of the sacred buffalo. In France, and in many other European countries, this ceremony still survives in the rite of Blessing the Fields, when the Host is carried round the boundaries of the parish. In some cases, every field is separately visited; and I believe it is, or was once, the custom to bury a portion of the Host in each field; but this impression (derived from vague boyish recollections of what I have seen in Normandy) I am unable to verify by any written evidence, and I should be glad to receive confirmation on the point, should such be forthcoming. (I mean confirmation from eye-witnesses, not indignant Catholic declarations that such a sacrilege "could never have happened.") In England the last survival of the rite is shown in the custom of Beating the Bounds; in which ceremony, I believe, the stripping of boys at the boundary-stones is the final reminiscence of a human sacrifice; for the victims are always scourged before being put to death, in order that their tears

may act as a rain-charm. I throw out this side-hint, however, merely as a suggestion to anthropological readers.

Similarly, we learn from Festus that the Romans sacrificed red-haired puppies in spring, in the belief that the crops would thus grow ripe and ruddy; and there can be little doubt that these puppies, like the lamb sacrifice at Holne and King's Teignton, were a substitute for an original human victim. Professor Ramsay, the great authority on Phrygian custom, believes that Attis was at first represented by a human victim, who "was probably slain each year by a cruel death, just as the god himself died"; and Mr. Frazer has shown that Attis was essentially a god of vegetation; that one of his epithets was "very fruitful"; that he was addressed as "the reaped yellow ear of corn"; and that the story of his sufferings, death, and resurrrection was interpreted as the ripe grain wounded by the reaper, buried in the granary, and coming to life again when sown in the ground. Adonis, again, is one of these gods of vegetation, originally represented, no doubt, by a human victim. The famous Gardens of Adonis were baskets or pots filled with earth, in which wheat, barley, and flowers were sown, at the time when the women were mourning over the dead Adonis. To this day, in Sicily, at the approach of Easter, the women sow wheat, lentils, and canary-seed in plates, which are kept in the dark and watered every two days. When the plants shoot up, "the plates containing them," says Mr. Frazer, "are placed on the sepulchres which, with effigies of the dead Christ, are made up in Roman Catholic and Greek churches on Good Friday, just as the Gardens of Adonis were placed on the grave of the dead Adonis." Mr. Frazer has also pointed out the marks of a similar element in the worship of Osiris. He was a deity of vegetation, the first to teach men the use of corn, and his annual festival began with ploughing the earth. In one of the chapels dedicated to Osiris, in the great temple of Isis, at Philæ, the dead body of Osiris is represented with stalks of corn springing from it, and a priest is watering the stalks from a pitcher. Mr. Frazer suggests that the legend of the mangled remains of the god being scattered up and down the land "may be a reminiscence of the custom of slaying a human victim . . . and distributing his flesh, or scattering his ashes, over the fields to fertilise them." Indeed, Manetho tells us that the Egyptians used to burn red-haired men and scatter their ashes with winnowing fans. I will not dwell further upon this aspect of the case, as Mr. Frazer has already elucidated it in a most masterly manner, though, as will be seen, while availing myself of his facts, I differ somewhat in the origin I assign to them.

Mannhardt has collected much evidence of the curious customs still (or lately) existing in modern Europe, which look like survivals in a very mitigated form of the same superstition. These are generally

known by the name of "Carrying out Death," or "Burying the Carnival." They are practised in almost every country of Europe, and relics of them survive even in England. The essence of these ceremonies consists in an effigy being substituted for the human victim. This effigy is treated much as the victim used to be. Sometimes it is burned, sometimes thrown into a river, and sometimes buried piecemeal. In Austrian Silesia, for example, the effigy is burned, and while it is burning a general struggle takes place for the pieces, which are pulled out of the flames with bare hands. Each person who secures a fragment of the figure ties it to a branch of the largest tree in his garden, or buries it in his field, in the belief that this causes the crops to grow better. Sometimes a sheaf of corn does duty for the victim, and portions of it are buried in each field as fertilisers. In the Hartz mountains, at similar ceremonies, a living man is laid on a baking trough and carried with dirges to a grave; but a glass of brandy is substituted for him at the last moment. In other cases the man is actually covered with straw, and so lightly buried. In Italy and Spain, a similar custom bore the name of "Sawing the Old Woman." In Palermo, a real old woman was drawn through the streets on a cart, and made to mount a scaffold, where two mock executioners proceeded to saw through a bladder of blood which had been fitted to her neck. The blood gushed out, and the old woman pretended to swoon and die. This is obviously a mitigation of a human sacrifice. At Florence, an effigy stuffed with walnuts and dried figs represented the Old Woman. At mid-Lent, this figure was sawn through the middle in the Mercato Nuovo, and when the dried fruits tumbled out they were scrambled for by the crowd, as savages scrambled for fragments of the human victim or his animal representative. Upon all this subject a mass of material has been collected by Mannhardt and Mr. Frazer. Perhaps the most interesting case of all is the Russian ceremony of the Funeral of Yarilo. In this instance, the people chose an old man and gave him a small coffin containing a figure representing Yarilo. This he carried out of the town, followed by women chanting dirges, as the Syrian women mourned for Adonis, and the Egyptians for Osiris. In the open fields a grave was dug, and into it the figure was lowered amid weeping and wailing.

Myth and folk-lore retain many traces of the primitive connection. Thus, in the genuine American legend of Hiawatha, the hero wrestles with and vanquishes Mondamin, and where he buries him springs up for the first time the maize, or Indian corn plant. Similar episodes occur in the Finnish Kalevala and other barbaric epics.

The general conclusion I would draw from all these instances is this: Cultivation began with the accidental sowing of grains upon the tumuli of the dead. Gradually it was found that by extending the dug or tilled area and sowing it all over, a crop would grow

upon it all, provided always a corpse was buried in the centre. In process of time corpses were annually provided for the purpose, and buried with great ceremony in each field. By-and-bye it was found sufficient to offer up a single victim for a whole tribe or village, and to divide his body piecemeal among the fields of the community. But the crops that grew in such fields were still regarded as the direct gifts of the dead and deified victims, whose soul was supposed to animate and fertilise them. As cultivation spread, men became familiarised at last with the conception of the seed and the ploughing as the really essential elements in the process; but they still continued to attach to the victim a religious importance, and to believe in the necessity of his presence for good luck in the harvest. With the gradual mitigation of savagery an animal sacrifice was often substituted for a human one; but the fragments of the animal were still distributed through the fields with a mimic or symbolical burial, just as the fragments of the man-god had formerly been distributed. Finally, under the influence of Christianity and other civilised religions, an effigy was substituted for a human victim, though an animal sacrifice was often retained side by side with it, and a real human being was playfully killed in pantomime.

In early stages, however, I note that the field or garden sometimes retains the form of a tumulus. Thus Mr. Turner, the Samoan missionary, writes of Tana, in the New Hebrides:—

"They bestow a great deal of labour on their yam plantations, and keep them in fine order. You look over a reed fence, and there you see ten or twenty mounds of earth, some of them seven feet high and sixty in circumference. These are heaps of loose earth without a single stone, all thrown up by the hand. In the centre they plant one of the largest yams whole, and round the sides some smaller ones."

This looks very much like a tumulus. I should greatly like to know whether a victim is buried in it.

I may add that the idea of the crop being a gift from the deified ancestor or the divine human victim is kept up in the common habit of offering the first fruits to the dead, or to the gods, or to the living chief, their representative and descendant. Of the equivalence of these three ceremonies, I have given some evidence in my essay on Tree Worship appended to my translation of the *Attis* of Catullus. For example, Mr. Turner says of these same Tanese in the New Hebrides:—

"The spirits of their departed ancestors were among their gods. Chiefs who reached an advanced age were, after death, deified, addressed by name, and prayed to on various occasions. They were supposed especially to preside over the growth of the yams and the different fruit trees. The first fruits were presented to them, and in doing this they laid a little of the fruit on some stone or shelving branch of the tree, or some more temporary altar . . . in the form of a table. . . . All being quiet, the chief acted as high priest and prayed aloud thus: 'Compassionate father, here is some food for you; eat it; be kind to us on account of it.' And instead of an Amen, all united in a loud shout."

Similar evidence is abundant elsewhere. I summarise a little of it. Every year the Kochs, of Assam, when they gather in their first fruits, offer some to their ancestors, calling them even by name, and clapping their hands to summon them. The people of Kobi and Sariputi, two villages in Ceram, "offer the first fruits of the paddy in the form of cooked rice to their ancestors as a token of gratitude." The ceremony is called "Feeding the Dead." In the Tenimber and Timorlaut Islands, the first fruits of the paddy are offered to the spirits of the ancestors, who are worshipped as guardian gods or household lares. The people of Luzon worship chiefly the souls of their ancestors, and offer to them the first fruits of the harvest. In Fiji the earliest of the yams are presented to the ancestral ghosts in the sacred stone enclosure; and no man may taste of the new crop till after this presentation.

In other cases it is gods rather than ghosts to whom the offering is made, though among savages the distinction is for the most part an elusive one. But in not a few instances the first fruits are offered, not to spirits or gods at all, but to the divine being himself, who is the living representative and earthly counterpart of his deified ancestors. Thus in Ashantee a harvest festival is held in September, when the yams are ripe. During the festival the king eats the new yams, but none of the people may eat them till the close of the festival, which lasts a fortnight. The Hovas, of Madagascar, present the first sheaves of the new grain to the sovereign. The sheaves are carried in procession to the palace from time to time as the grain ripens. So, in Burmah, when the *pangati* fruits ripen, some of them used to be taken to the king's palace that he might eat of them; no one might partake of them before the king. In short, what is offered in one place to the living chief is offered in another place to his dead predecessor, and is offered in a third place to the great deity who has grown slowly out of them. The god is the dead king; the king, as in ancient Egypt, is the living god, and the descendant of gods, his deified ancestors. Indeed, the first fruits seem sometimes to be offered to the human victim himself, in his deified capacity, and sometimes to the Adonis, or Osiris, who is his crystallised embodiment. Our own harvest festival seems to preserve the offering in a Christianised form.

I make these suggestions as tentative contributions to the solution of a great problem. I do not pretend to have proved my case; I am satisfied to have foreshadowed it. If others can add confirmatory evidence I shall be glad to receive it; and I shall be particularly grateful to any one who can supply me with any facts as to the burial of the Host in the fields, as a last survival of the primitive ceremony.

GRANT ALLEN.

THE MINES (EIGHT HOURS) BILL.

THE support that Lord Rosebery, on behalf of the Government, has promised to give to the Mines (Eight Hours) Bill, although only of a general character, and the facilities which he has undertaken shall be provided for the discussion of the later stages of the measure if it passes the second reading (and this it almost certainly will do), bring the question at a bound within the range of practical politics. Many of the most devoted adherents to the principles of the Bill are converts of recent date, while even Mr. Pickard, who may be regarded as its most prominent advocate, is understood to have been, less than half-a-dozen years ago, opposed to the idea of any Parliamentary interference whatever with the hours of labour in mines. The principle was rigidly and deliberately excluded from the programme upon which the last General Election was fought, it has hardly been discussed outside mining constituencies, and consequently the country has had no opportunity of expressing judgment upon it. Under these circumstances, and looking to the unusually heavy calls upon the Government time for the remainder of the session, the very exceptional pledge of the Prime Minister to afford facilities for the discussion of a measure upon which his own followers, and indeed his own ministry are divided in opinion, and which can only be carried by the assistance of Tory votes, calls for some justification. The explanation he gives, with perhaps a show of reason, is that the majority of seventy-eight obtained for the Bill upon its second reading last year makes the sense of the House of Commons abundantly clear. In what way or to what extent the Government intend affording facilities has not been made known, but it is evident that they cannot possibly give time at all adequate to the proper consideration of a Bill involving such important and more or less novel principles, and which, if passed into law in its present form, must have consequences of a far-reaching character not only to the half million persons directly affected by its provisions, but indirectly to the whole trade and industry of the Empire.

The House of Commons, largely composed as it is of lawyers and doctrinaires, is at best not the most suitable place for commencing a discussion of this kind, and it is incumbent upon those who realise the risk there is of hasty and ill-considered legislation being entered upon to indicate the dangers that lie ahead. The subject is being approached by many in a spirit which, however laudable in itself, rather increases the danger. There is no calling which commands such general sympathy as that of the miner, on account of its

dangerous and disagreeable nature. Consequently those who wish to see the experiment of a legal eight hours day tried look upon coal mining as a particularly suitable field for such an experiment. It may be practicable and desirable to reduce the hours of underground workmen—I believe it is, though not at the present time to such an extent as is contemplated by the Bill—but there are reasons against making the attempt in coal mining in the manner proposed which would not apply to other occupations to anything like the same extent. A mistake here would prejudicially affect all industries using coal. Again, the workmen cannot be all got in and out of a mine at the same time as they can through the gates of a factory. It takes from a half to three-quarters of an hour to let all the men of a shift down a mine and as long to bring them up again. Then the distances from the bottom of the shaft and the face of the coal vary immensely in different collieries. These are practical difficulties in the way of fixing a legal eight hours day in mines from bank to bank, difficulties that would not present themselves to the same degree in applying the eight hours day to other occupations.

The operative clause of the Bill provides that, "A person shall not in any one day of twenty-four hours be employed underground in any mine for a period exceeding eight hours from the time of his leaving the surface of the ground to the time of his ascent thereto, except in case of accident." This, known shortly as eight hours from bank to bank, would mean from six to six-and-a-half hours of actual work at the face of the coal. The average number of hours per day now actually worked at the face being, in the great majority of districts, from seven-and-a-half to eight. Mr. Chamberlain, in supporting the second reading of the Bill in 1892, stated that it would produce little change in the number of hours worked; not an argument calculated to excite much enthusiasm if it were correct, but the evidence given before the Royal Commission on Labour was quite the other way. In South Wales, the largest coal-field in the United Kingdom, it would certainly lead to a reduction of from twenty to twenty-five per cent. in the hours of labour. Now let us see what are the grounds upon which this very considerable reduction is asked for, and which it is proposed to enforce for the first time by Act of Parliament. These are some of the chief reasons. It is said that it will greatly reduce the number of fatal accidents, that it will lessen the unhealthy nature of the employment, that it will reduce the output and give employment to the unemployed; that it will not reduce the output, while the men will have more time for recreation and social improvement. Let us examine these arguments, the last two of which appear not merely conflicting but mutually destructive. It was contended at the outset of the agitation that

the great majority of fatal accidents occurred during the latter hours of the shift, in consequence of the over-exhaustion of the men. The statistical summaries of the Mining Inspection Reports entirely negative this conclusion, as the following figures show :—

SUMMARY SHOWING WHAT HOURS AFTER THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SHIFTS THE FATAL ACCIDENTS HAPPENED UNDERGROUND.

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	More than 9 hours
Total—1892 and 1893	149	150	179	161	164	183	145	120	101	77

The average ratio of death from accident underground was 1·6 per 1,000 employed in 1892, and 1·7 in 1893. It may be mentioned that the rate of injury among railway servants is about four times that of underground workmen. The opinion of mining experts given before the Royal Commission is that accidents to colliers are likely to become more frequent if the Bill becomes law, owing to the tendency there will then be for men to hurry their work, and neglect the usual precautions for safety in their endeavour to produce the same quantity of coal as previously, and so to maintain their standard of wages.

The argument as to the unhealthy nature of coal-mining has no foundation in fact, and may be dismissed briefly. Whatever may have been the case in the past, coal-mining to-day is a healthy occupation. A large quantity of fresh air—scores of thousands of cubic feet per minute—is continually passing through the mine, the men are not subject to rapid variations of temperature as are those working on the surface, and the following table, taken from the supplement to the Forty-fifth Annual Report of the Registrar-General, shows, as Dr. Ogle says, that "the comparative mortality of these labourers (coal-miners) is below that of all males."

COMPARATIVE MORTALITY OF MALES : 25—65 YEARS OF AGE.

	Nervous diseases.	Suicide.	Diseases of circulating system.	Phthisis.	Diseases of respiratory system.	Urinary.	Liver.	Digestive.	Alcoholism.	Gout.	Plumbism.
All males — England and Wales . .	119	14	120	220	182	41	39	38	10	3	1
Miners (men)	72	3	95	126	202	27	22	32	3	—	—

We come now to the real ground of many of the more active and zealous promoters of the measure, that it will reduce the output, stimulate prices, raise wages, and at the same time give employment to the unemployed. Mr. Samuel Woods, M.P., and Mr. Abraham, M.P., are leading exponents of this enlightened view. It is not given

much prominence at Westminster, and the interests of other industries and of coal consumers generally, who will have to pay for the luxury, are apparently regarded as unworthy of consideration.

A Bill recently introduced into the House of Commons to limit labour in the service of local authorities and of railway companies to eight hours a day, states clearly the object many of the supporters of the eight hours movement have in view. It is backed by Messrs. Macdonald, Beaufoy, John Burns, Samuel Evans, and Keir-Hardie, and the preamble runs thus:—"Whereas the supply of labour throughout the United Kingdom is, under existing conditions, greater than the demand; and whereas this overabundant supply of labour is largely due to the excessive hours of labour to which those who find employment are subjected; and whereas on the one hand excessive hours of labour, and on the other hand enforced idleness, are morally and physically injurious to the whole body of labourers; and whereas it is desirable and expedient in the interests of the commonwealth to adjust the demand for labour to the supply: be it therefore enacted," &c. Here there is no disguise; the promoters have the courage of their convictions, and proclaim them frankly to the world. They belong to the new school of economists, who believe that the community will be better off by lessening the amount of individual production. They do not for a moment pretend that an equal amount of work could be done in the lesser time; if that were to prove the case one of the main objects of the Bill would be defeated. Workmen are doing too much, they say. Later on we may expect this to be followed up by legislation in the direction of penalising men for working too energetically during the restricted hours, for inflicting heavy penalties on any inventor of labour-saving appliances, and when such legislation proves ineffectual we may look for a Bill to prohibit any workmen from the use of both hands during work time. "Restrict" is the watchword of the new school, and their political economy is based on the theory that the less of the world's goods produced the larger the share to each individual. If it could be shown that the production of coal would not be lessened by an eight hours bank to bank system, the ardour of Messrs. Abraham and Woods would be considerably cooled.

However, it is fair to say that the votes of a large number, if not the majority, of those who support the Bill, are given in the belief that there will be no material reduction in the output per man under its operation. Mining experts take a contrary view. The large body of miners in South Wales who are opposed to the Bill in its present form, would not object to shorter hours if their rate of wages were maintained. They do not work for pleasure. Their motto is not "Labor ipse voluptas." But they know that they could not produce the same quantity of coal in the much shortened time, and that their wages,

paid by the number of tons of coal they get, must suffer reduction. The colliery owners may be supposed to know something of their business, and it is inconceivable that they too would object to work their collieries shorter hours if equal results were obtainable. Even the exponents of the "concentrated energy" theory must themselves admit that there is a limit to their argument, a point beyond which a further limitation of hours would lead to lessened output; otherwise, let us by all means reduce the hours to zero. The minimum time in which the maximum output can be attained is a most material factor in this discussion; the most enlightened supporters of the movement, such as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain, readily allow that lessened output and increased cost of production must involve reduced wages. It may not be out of place to mention here that the peculiar mode of reckoning the hours provided in the Bill is regarded by its promoters as a matter of principle, not less important than the number of hours or the right of Parliament to legislate. They require the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, and will accept no compromise. Mr. Samuel Woods a few days ago, in reply to a press representative who asked him, "Then you will not make any compromise on this point?" said, "No, certainly not; we stand firmly to the principle of eight hours from bank to bank." In short, they magnify what most people would consider a detail to be settled in Committee into an essential and unalterable principle of the Bill, and vital to its very existence.

Now for my own experience as to the effect of the reduction proposed by the Bill upon the output. A few years ago, in a large colliery in the Rhondda Valley, South Wales, in which I am interested, we put this system of eight hours from bank to bank, accompanied by a double shift on the coal, into operation. The colliery was a new one, the coal face being near the bottom of the shaft; the winding-engines were of the most improved type, capable of raising a far larger quantity than has yet been produced from the pit. In fact, the conditions were eminently suited for the experiment, and personally I was most anxious that it should succeed. After thirteen months' trial the workmen in a body refused to continue working the double shift, and asked to be allowed to return to the longer hours worked in the adjoining pit belonging to the same firm. This they were permitted to do in the middle of August, 1892. The average output per collier per working day during the four weeks ending August 6th, 1892, with the eight hours bank to bank in vogue, was 1·67 tons, the pit working 21½ days out of the 24, and boys, of whom there were about 3 per cent., being reckoned each equivalent to half a man. The similar average for the four weeks ending October 1st, the pit working 19 days of from 9¾ to 10 hours bank to bank, was 2·06 tons per man per day.

The conditions were rather against a good output in the second period, as, with the view of discharging as few men as possible, a larger number were put to work in a shift. Here, then, is shown a difference of ·39 tons in favour of the present system. That is, the individual output under the present arrangement of hours exceeded by over 23 per cent. the output under the eight hours bank to bank system; or, in other words, output was roughly proportionate to the time occupied. Will those who argue that there will be no limitation in the output under the Bill explain this result? A little actual experience is worth much theorising. Here is another experience from an adjoining pit. The hours in this case are about 10½ from bank to bank on Fridays and 8 on Saturdays, single shift being worked in each case. The average output for a period extending over five years, from 1888 to 1892 inclusive, shows the output on Fridays to exceed that on Saturdays by a quantity roughly proportionate to the excess in time. These results, if not conclusive, surely go a very long way to falsify the belief of those who contend that no diminution will occur should the Bill become law.

There is one very grave objection to the Bill, to which attention has not been yet sufficiently drawn, and that is the difficulty of applying precisely the same hours to every district without regard to the widely-varying character of the strata and the different methods of working the seams which this entails. It is said men cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament. Parliament certainly cannot alter the geological conditions of coal-mining and equalise the conditions under which colliery operations are carried on in the various districts. The nature of the strata has a very material bearing on the number of men required to produce a given quantity of coal in a given time, and consequently on the rate of wages and cost of production. The most important item of cost in coal-mining, next to that of labour, is the cost of pit-wood required in keeping up the roof. It is no exaggeration to say that the cost of this item in South Wales in steam coal collieries is three to four times as great as in any of the English districts. The labour cost of putting up this timber and keeping the roadways in repair is very much in proportion to the amount of timber used. If the amount of labour required to produce a certain quantity of coal in one district exceeds that of another, either the value of the produce must be higher or the labour must be paid for at a lower rate. A very interesting Government return was given in 1890 at the request of Mr. Provand, and although there is reason to doubt the correctness of the figures given in the return, it is perhaps the best available source we have at present for determining the amount of coal that can be produced by a workman in a given time in the various districts of the British coal-field. The return gives the number of men employed in the

different departments underground, the average time they work from bank to bank, and the average number of days worked per week.

The following figures, which have been deduced from those given in the return, show the great diversity that exists in the amount of labour required to produce similar results in three large districts :—

NUMBER OF TONS OF COAL GOT PER MAN PER HOUR.

	South Yorkshire.	Nottingham-shire.	Glamorgan-shire.
Coal getting	·276	·263	·241
Conveying coal from face to pit bottom	·692	1·066	·885
All other underground workers not included above	1·186	1·204	·517
Total underground	·169	·179	·139

NUMBER OF UNDERGROUND WORKMEN REQUIRED TO RAISE A MILLION TONS OF COAL PER ANNUM, WORKING EIGHT HOURS FROM BANK TO BANK PER DAY.

	In South Yorkshire.	In Nottingham-shire.	In Glamorgan-shire.
Coal getters	1,449	1,521	1,657
Conveyers	578	376	453
Repairers, &c.	338	333	774
Total underground	2,365	2,230	2,884

The first table shows the produce per collier-hour to be 15 per cent. more in South Yorkshire than in Glamorganshire, while the produce per total underground man-hour is nearly 30 per cent. greater in Nottinghamshire than in Glamorganshire. Had South Staffordshire been taken for comparison, the variation would have appeared even greater. The second table exhibits the differences in a form more readily appreciated. It shows that double the number of men are required to do the repairing work underground in a South Wales colliery as in Nottinghamshire or South Yorkshire in the same time. Now inasmuch as it requires nearly four men in a Glamorganshire colliery to produce the same amount of coal as three men can produce in the same time in Nottinghamshire, the labour-cost of production alone of a ton of coal in South Wales must be 30 per cent. higher, assuming that the rate of wages is the same. Therefore, unless the selling price of the product at the pit's mouth is very much and permanently higher in Wales than in the Midlands, one of two things must happen, either the wages of the men must be lower or their hours of work longer. These are considerations that must not be overlooked by those who desire to apply a cast-iron rule of work to districts varying widely in their characteristics.

D. A. THOMAS.

SOME RECENT PLAYS.

TOWARDS the end of last year the editors of the *Pall Mall Magazine* proposed for discussion the question, "Is the theatre growing less popular?" I was among the writers whose opinion they invited, and I answered in a tone of confident optimism. Theatrical life seemed to me fuller and healthier than it had ever been within my recollection, and I saw no symptoms of failing vitality. If the question were again propounded to-day, how should I answer it? To the same effect, perhaps, but not with the same assurance. It would be absurd to feel seriously discouraged by the events of five or six months. No valid generalisation can be based on so brief a period. We must not mistake the back-draught of a single wave for a sign that the tide is ebbing. But though discouragement would be premature, it is impossible to feel altogether at ease as to the turn things seem to be taking. No one who keeps his finger on the pulse of the theatrical world can have failed to remark, during the past winter and spring, a certain languor in its action. It does not throb steadily, but flutters and flags. One simple and significant fact is sufficient, if not to excite alarm, at least to give us pause. It is this: *during the past six months not a single serious play has been produced with success.* Under the term "serious play" I include everything that is not farce, burlesque, or Adelphi melodrama; so that, in other words, every play of the smallest artistic pretension produced between October 1st, 1893, and April 15th, 1894, has been a more or less flagrant failure. And this is, if anything, an understatement of the case. The gravity of the position will perhaps appear more clearly if we say that during a whole year—since May, 1893—only two serious plays have met with any success, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (produced May 27th), and *Sowing the Wind* (produced September 30th). It cannot be pretended that this is a healthy or satisfactory state of things. If it were to continue—if two successes to a twelvemonth should prove to be the average on which we must calculate—it is obvious that some of the four or five theatres now devoted to the serious drama would have either to close their doors or to fall back upon other forms of entertainment.

These "other forms," in the meantime, have flourished exceedingly. *Charley's Aunt* has been filling the Globe nightly for sixteen or seventeen months, and *The New Boy* appears to have met with the success which it certainly deserves. Burlesques and extravaganzas, such as *Morocco Bound*, *Don Juan*, *A Gaiety Girl*, and *Little Christopher Columbus*, have been celebrating their hundredth

and two hundredth nights, and running into "second" (if not third) "editions." The two pantomimes, at Drury Lane and the Lyceum, have been played twice a day from Christmas well-nigh to Easter; and no one, I am sure, can grudge the dainty and delightful *Cinderella* its popularity. Finally, the last two works of the late Mr. Pettitt, *A Woman's Revenge* and *A Life of Pleasure*, have ranked among the greatest triumphs of a triumphant career, and have contributed handsomely, no doubt, to the largest fortune as yet known to have been amassed by an English dramatic author.

It does not appear, then, that we can attribute this period of unintermittent failure in the field of serious drama to commercial depression, political excitement, or any such generally operative cause. Plenty of people have been going to the theatres, plenty of money has been expended on amusements; but somehow or other the stream of playgoers has been almost entirely diverted from the theatres in which resides the intellectual life (if we may call it so) of the drama. How are we to account for this fact? Has the public all of a sudden become ferociously frivolous? or impossibly fastidious? Or have all our serious playwrights, for the nonce, been smitten with imbecility?

The latter grateful and comforting explanation is the one at which we critics will naturally jump. "The two plays which have succeeded," we may plausibly aver, "are the two which deserved to succeed. And their success has been in accurate proportion to their merits. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, a drama of commanding power, has run for the best part of a year; *Sowing the Wind*, a pretty and sympathetic, but comparatively trivial, piece of work, has attained its hundred nights or so of honourable, ordinary, popularity. For the rest, what play has failed that clearly merited success? What masterpiece has passed unappreciated? What priceless pearl has been trampled in the mire? *The Tempter*, perhaps? or *Gudgeons? An Old Jew? The Charlatan? Dick Sheridan? The Transgressor? Once upon a Time? A Comedy of Sighs?* or *Mrs. Lessingham?* Can it be pretended that the fortunes of the serious drama were bound up in any one of these plays? Would English dramatic literature be sensibly the poorer if each and all of them were simply wiped out of existence? And, if not, whence this alarm, this perturbation, this shaking of the head? Why should we be discouraged because mistakes and mediocrities fail, while works of real distinction attain a measure of success very nicely adjusted to their merits? May we not rather boast that the higher English drama is the one department of human affairs in which ideal justice rules supreme?"

A reassuring view of the situation, no doubt, and eminently conducive to critical complacency. But is it equally cheering to authors and managers? I can fancy them replying, somewhat grimly, "If your ideal justice continues to rule supreme, it will

presently have no 'higher drama' to rule over. 'Tranquillity will reign in Warsaw,' and criticism will be able to bestow its undivided benevolence on melodrama, burlesque, and the music-halls. A few years more, and the whole theatrical world will be 'run' by a huge syndicate, with Sir Augustus Harris at its head; and the syndicate, like David Garrick, will write its own criticisms. So that, in the end, your High Mightinesses of the critical College of Justice have no more to gain than we poor devils of authors and managers, by your policy of frightening the public away from every play which is less than a consummate masterpiece. To say nothing of those among you who would damn mediocrities and masterpieces alike with fierce impartiality, reserving their enthusiasm for the utterly brainless and ignoble!"

You begin to perceive the drift of this disquisition? It is the cry of an awakened conscience to other consciences as yet, I fear, unawakened. It seems to me that we critics, take us all round, have, during the past few months, been pursuing an inconsiderate and dangerous policy. Our work has had a purely destructive, what I may perhaps call a *sterilising*, tendency; whereas criticism of real dignity and value must always be, in the main, constructive, helpful, fertilising. It is true that we have killed no masterpieces, for the sufficient reason that we have had no masterpieces to kill. But we have mercilessly swooped down upon several plays which, if we had allowed them a chance, might have harmlessly and not quite trivially entertained the public, while preparing the ground for stronger and sterner work. It is certain that without a little reasonable tolerance the theatre cannot live. If we massacre everything but masterpieces, we kill the masterpieces as well; for there are not enough masterpieces in the market to keep one theatre, much less five or six, in profitable activity.

I shall presently show how, as it seems to me, this intolerant or sterilising habit has arisen; but first let me meet an objection which is certain to be advanced on the very threshold of the argument.

A distinguished dramatic author of my acquaintance has often tried to impress upon me that criticism has little or no influence upon the public. "Criticism," he maintains, "is a power for good or evil in virtue of its direct influence upon managers and authors; the great public pays very little heed to it." Some such doctrine is very commonly proclaimed by authors and actors (less frequently, I suspect, by managers), but one does not observe that it renders them indifferent to criticism, or obtuse to the distinction between a "good" and a "bad" notice. It is, of course, quite possible to exaggerate the power of criticism. One can recall plays which have survived the most energetic "slating," and others (and these more numerous) which have *not* survived the most fulsome panegyric.

This means that criticism is not omnipotent; but there is a vast logical gulf between the denial of omnipotence and the assertion of impotence. From the business point of view, criticism is simply one of the most effective forms of advertisement; and who doubts that advertisement, though not omnipotent, is exceedingly potent? It is quite true that "Rumour, painted full of tongues," is what ultimately makes the success of a play. The ball is kept rolling, as it were, by the report of the average playgoer, who has seen the piece, to average playgoers who have not. But it is criticism that starts the ball, or declines to start it, as the case may be. In one direction, indeed, criticism is of no avail: it cannot force people to go and see a thoroughly tedious performance. Even for a tedious play, if the theatre and the manager be fairly popular, journalistic eulogies can secure, perhaps, three weeks or a month of paying "business"; but the inner circle of playgoers *directly* influenced by the newspapers is soon exhausted, and as they spread the rumour of the play's worthlessness, the wider outside circles pay no heed to the voice of the critical charmers. The critics, then, cannot, or can only within very narrow limits, lure the public to a dull play; but they can most effectually frighten the public away from a play, whether good or bad, that does not happen to strike their fancy. One can cite, as I have above admitted, a very few plays, and these almost all farces or burlesques, which have had so much inherent vitality as to survive an unfortunate first night and the consequent adverse notices. As a general rule, however, the critics hold absolutely in their hands, if not the making, at least the marring, of a serious play. One sees many plays, of course, which are unmistakably foredoomed, so feeble and futile that criticism is not called upon to give them their quietus, but rather to record their still-birth. At the four or five leading theatres, however, such productions are nowadays rare. In the majority of cases, the fortunes of a play remain trembling in the balance at the fall of the curtain. Whether it is to have a good chance, or no chance at all, of attaining popularity, depends entirely upon the scale into which the critics are moved to throw the weight of their judgments. How extravagant to maintain that it matters not at all whether the million readers of next morning are informed that the play is absorbing, thrilling, epigrammatic, pathetic, masterly, or that it is dull, clumsy, immoral, pretentious, and inane! "But," says my paradoxical friend, "what percentage of the million readers reads the theatrical notices?" A pretty large percentage, you may be sure, or editors would not give them such space and prominence. At all events, they are read by the aforesaid inner circle of playgoers who start the ball of success; and if this inner circle is scared away from the playhouse, it is clear that the ball will never be started. And remember that in many cases the critic's

influence does not cease with his morning or afternoon column. The really powerful critics deliver judgment in several papers; and if they have chastised a play with whips in paper No. 1, they are bound by the law of climax to arm themselves with scorpions in paper No. 2. It would be an immense gain to the drama if the "one man one vote" principle could be enforced in theatrical criticism; but that is, no doubt, a counsel of perfection. Most powerful of all are those critics who are paragraphists as well. They have, and they freely exercise, the power of "pegging away" at a play, either for or against it. The invective of Monday, the Wednesday diatribe, the denunciation of Saturday, will be followed up, week by week, by an open or covert sneer, jibe, or misrepresentation, until the offending play is satisfactorily riddled to death. It is hard to say which works more devastation—the heavy artillery of the first-night notice or the crackling fire of the paragraphic machine-gun.

In brief, then, whatever limits there may be to the life-giving powers of criticism, its death-dealing potency, as regards the vast majority of serious plays, is almost unlimited. Let us now return to the question foreshadowed above, and ask how it happens that during the past six months the critics have exercised only their lethal function. They have sat frowning at spectacle after spectacle, persistently, implacably *pollice verso*, until their wrists, one fancies, must have stiffened, and the arena is strewn with corpses.

For this ruthlessness of attitude I think two very different men are mainly, though of course innocently, responsible — Henrik Ibsen, to wit, and Mr. A. W. Pinero. *Hedda Gabler* has made the older men tetchy and suspicious; *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* has made the younger men intolerant and exacting. This is, of course, too definite and diagrammatic a statement of the case. Minor influences are at work, and cross-currents diverge from these two main streams of influence; but that they *are* the main streams can scarcely, I think, be doubted.

Their fear and hatred of "Ibsenism" has affected the older critics in various ways. In the first place, it has rendered them morbidly acute to scent the accursed thing in the most improbable and even fantastic quarters; while it has enriched their vocabulary with a fine stock of terms of opprobrium which it would be sinful to leave unemployed. Of Ibsen himself we have heard nothing for the past six months, and even the Independent Theatre has been somewhat inactive. Thus there has been no natural outlet for the denunciatory rhetoric with which the critical breast was bursting, and it has been fain to find vent on the most unexpected occasions and generally in the most irrelevant fashion. No one who was not absolutely an old woman was safe from being pilloried as "the New Woman," a sexless compound of fads, follies, and impieties; and it was sufficient

to move an eyebrow in order to incur suspicion of "neurosis," or "neurasthenia." Moreover, it was incumbent on anti-Ibsenite criticism to show that it was not merely illiterate—that its reactionism proceeded from superiority, not (as was ribaldly suggested) from inferiority, of intelligence. Therefore it instinctively put on a severely judicial mien, and addressed itself to proving that it was not to be trifled with. While defending convention in theory as the very oxygen of the theatrical atmosphere, it determined to let authors understand that in practice it knew a convention when it saw it as well as anyone else, and was not to be taken in by old devices flimsily disguised. The controversies of the last four or five years, in short, have begotten among the Conservative critics a certain acidity of temper. Hating the new, and ever on the alert to repel its insidious encroachments, they are yet dissatisfied with the old, and painfully alive, in spite of themselves, to its weaknesses. In their heart of hearts they demand that impossible, or at any rate improbable, combination, a conventionalist of genius, and are inclined unduly to resent the practical shortcomings of the dramatists with whom they theoretically sympathise. Quite unconsciously, I have no doubt (for our mainsprings of motive are seldom within the ken of reason), they say to themselves: "The plays we ought to approve do not entertain us half so much as the plays we have for years been denouncing with all our might. Our critical theory is of course all right; therefore the fault must lie in the individual ineptitude of the authors. Go to, then; let us jump on them!"

Much simpler is the attitude of those whom I have called the younger critics, though the distinction is not always one of actual years. They see in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* a play of European merit—comparable, that is to say, with all but the very finest French and Scandinavian work. "Here, at last," they cry, "we have a proof of what is possible for the English playwright. Let us make it our standard, and show no mercy to anything that falls short of it." This principle, besides being lofty and heroic, has the merit of saving all trouble in the way of nice and tedious discrimination. "Is the play a *Tanqueray?* No? Then it doesn't matter what it is. 'Off with its head—so much for Buckingham!'" And thus, by persistently screwing up to a certain arbitrary level, they bid fair to screw the serious drama out of existence. Allied with them for offensive purposes (I do not use the word offensively, but simply as opposed to defensive), we find a small group of what we may call root-and-branch men—critics not professionally concerned with the theatre, who, nevertheless, occasionally condescend to express their utter scorn for it. For them nothing under the sun is good enough; they lump Pinero with Dumas and Ibsen in comprehensive contempt. Their influence, of course, is not great, but neither is it

totally negligible; since no pose is so easily imitable, so cheap and effective, as that of sublime superiority. I have never been able to discover why they should continue, even intermittently, to trouble themselves about the theatre. If you have no relish for Punch-and-Judy, it is easy to pass on the other side of the street; to insist on throwing stones at the puppet-show is to compromise your sublimity.

I shall naturally be asked to come to particulars, and state what plays were nipped in the bud by the chill blast of criticism, which might have struck root and flourished in a more genial atmosphere. Since October 1st, 1893, eight serious plays have been produced at six West End theatres, to wit, *Gudgeons* at Terry's, *An Old Jew* and *Mrs. Lessingham* at the Garrick, *The Charlatan* and *Once Upon a Time* at the Haymarket, *Dick Sheridan* at the Comedy, *The Transgressor* at the Court, *A Comedy of Sighs* at the Avenue. Four out of the eight, in my judgment, had in them the makings of fair success, had they been treated with reasonable tolerance. Of course, my judgment may be either entirely or partially mistaken. Even in the former case, my argument as to the undue ferocity of recent criticism would not necessarily fall to the ground. In the latter case, again—supposing that I am right as regards two out of the four plays—I need scarcely point out that two successes in place of none at all would mean a moderately prosperous instead of an absolutely ruinous season.

My argument does not apply to that clever play, *Gudgeons*. The newspapers gave it quite a fair chance, and its scant success was due to circumstances over which they had no control—to the theatre at which it was produced, to the fact that its excellent cast did not include any actor whose mere name would draw the public, partly, perhaps, to a certain bitterness in its savour, which was not quite agreeable to the popular palate. *Dick Sheridan* was, to my thinking, one of the plays which no amount of eulogy could possibly have saved, for it was essentially empty and tedious. *The Transgressor* was not quite strong enough to carry its unsympathetic story and somewhat too argumentative style. It was not, on the whole, unreasonably treated, and even the well-merited praise bestowed on Miss Olga Nethersole's acting could not make it really popular. *A Comedy of Sighs*, again, was an experiment which scarcely addressed itself to the multitude, and which, for reasons partly inherent, partly fortuitous, failed even in its appeal to the lesser public.

We come, now, to the four plays whose fortunes were, as I conceive, absolutely determined by the press. With respect to *An Old Jew*, my case is not very strong. It could not, in the nature of things, have been a very great success, and Mr. Grundy and Mr. Hare no doubt knew that as well as anybody. Its matter was too

technical, too "shoppy"; satire upon journalism, even had it gone straighter to its mark than it did, would scarcely have proved of absorbing interest to the great public. Nor do I suggest that journalism, attacked with somewhat indiscriminating fury, defended itself, on the whole, with unseemly vehemence. All I would urge is that the tone of the press with regard to the play as a play, apart from the satire, was somewhat too *deterrent*. The piece was by no means without ability; it was not, to my thinking, dull; we laughed at its faults, we did not yawn. Had we tried to impress this upon the public—had we, without disguising its faults, said, "See the play, and judge for yourselves; you will not think your evening misspent"—we should certainly have done no disservice to Art, and might have done substantial service to a theatre on whose prosperity the future of the serious drama very largely depends.

My argument applies much more clearly to the case of *The Charlatan*. I do not pretend that Mr. Buchanan's play was a work of genius, or that its failure seriously impoverished our dramatic literature. It was simply a well-conceived, quite intelligently handled romance, mildly satirising a notable craze of the day, and written with a good deal of vigour and a spice of wit. In short, it was a piece of good average substance, not one to swagger about in the eyes of Europe, but honest, palatable fare for home consumption. It entertained me throughout; and, unless my instinct was very much at fault, the great majority of the first-night audience was entirely of my mind. Twelve hours passed, and the luckless *Charlatan* was brayed to a pulp between the upper and the nether millstone. Critics who, a few weeks before, had been warmly championing the childish *Captain Swift*, had nothing but contempt for a play which, in comparison, was virile and intelligent. I do not assert that what they said was wrong—the abstract justice or injustice of their notices is not in question—but I do maintain that they said it wrongly, splenetically, vindictively, in such a way as to kill the play outright, instead of giving author and manager fair credit for what they had done well, and encouraging them to do better in future. The same remarks apply, with slight modification, to *Once Upon a Time*. As this play was "made in Germany," the harshness with which it was treated was not directly sterilising to the English drama; but as Mr. Tree was above suspicion of any exaggerated fondness for foreign wares, there could have been no harm in allowing Herr Fulda's pretty, innocent, and graceful work a fair chance of hitting the public fancy. It amused, interested, and refreshed me, and I cannot help thinking that there are thousands of playgoers who share my simple taste. I am far from wishing to impose that taste on those loftier souls for whom a dramatized *Maerchen* has no attraction; but I suggest that as the poor fairy-tale

was at worst harmless, they might simply have stood aside and suffered it to find its elective affinities if it could. I shall scarcely be suspected of undue partiality to the actor-manager system; but I doubt whether we can correct its evils, or advance the cause of Art, by simply hounding the actor-managers out of existence.

Take, now, the case of *Mrs. Lessingham*—a very instructive one. If there be one principle of criticism more imperative than another—except to the aforesaid root-and-branch men, who make sterility their avowed ideal—it is surely that when a young author gives evidence of talent, a large tolerance should be shown to his faults of inexperience. Let them be pointed out by all means, but with encouraging amenity, not contemptuously, savagely. Here was a young author whose first play had been taken up with liberality and enthusiasm by a popular and respected manager—one who had, in a hundred ways, deserved well of the republic of art. The circumstance was as unusual as it was auspicious. Who could tell what good results might ensue for the English drama if other young authors could be encouraged to hope for the good fortune of "George Fleming," and other managers could be induced to emulate the open-mindedness of Mr. John Hare?

A case, surely, if ever there was one, in which criticism might, without derogating from its Rhadamanthine majesty, have tried to make the best of things. As a matter of fact, it made the very worst. It ignored merits and seized gleefully upon faults. It misunderstood where it was possible to misunderstand, and where that was impossible it misrepresented. It seized upon trifles—defects of stage-management, accidents of dress—and exaggerated and gloated over them. It dragged in party-rancour and that *odium sociologicum* which is even bitterer than its kindred spirit, the *odium theologicum*. It discovered a subversive tendency, a "new morality," in a harmless, unpretending romance; it was determined to see a "new woman," a "neuropath," and I know not what else, in a poor suffering creature who made some very natural mistakes and paid very dearly for them. It made up its mind that the play must be a servile imitation of another play to which it bore no essential resemblance, and which was not produced until more than a year after *Mrs. Lessingham* was written. In a word, it did all that was humanly or inhumanly possible to sterilise the talent of "George Fleming" and the generous impulse of Mr. Hare.

Let me briefly tell the story of *Mrs. Lessingham*, that the reader may judge for himself whether, in the interests of art, it deserved to be massacred without mercy. No doubt I shall tell it sympathetically; but that, I submit, is not only the right but the duty of criticism.

Mr. Walter Forbes is about to be married to Lady Anne Beaton,

who is secretly adored by his friend, Major Hardy, V.C. Hardy, just returned from India, is stopping at Forbes's rooms in the Temple, in which the first act passes. A lady in widows' weeds calls to see Forbes, who is out. She goes away, telling Hardy that she will return in half-an-hour, and begging him not to mention that she called. "Could it be that Mrs. Lessingham?" says Hardy to himself; and, on Walter's return, he questions him about his former relations with Mrs. Lessingham. She was the unhappy wife of a brutal husband; she came to Forbes for advice; he gave her sympathy, pity, finally love.

"I took her to Algiers. . . . We stayed there nearly five years, in a beastly white villa, where the chairs all had gilt legs, and there wasn't a table a man could write at. She had her maid with her—Harper—a woman who had been her nurse. If you'll believe me, Hardy, I used to make excuses to go and talk to that pig-headed, sour-faced old Devonshire methodist . . . just to get the taste out of my mouth of all that gimcrack, gambling, singing, Anglo-French set that got about us. Oh, Lord! the pic-nics I used to have to go to! The dinners I used to have to eat! The eternal, damnable, blue sky—when the whole beastly place smelt of orange-flowers."

They parted without any positive quarrel. Forbes was "overfed with sugar-plums, and starving for honest hard-work;" and when the death of a relative made Gladys a rich woman, he seized the excuse that he, a poor man, could not with self-respect live upon her wealth, and returned to England without her. Five years have passed, and he knows nothing of what has become of her. Then the lady in widows' weeds re-enters—it is Mrs. Lessingham. She has just learnt that her husband is dead, supposes that Walter, too, knows that she is free, and comes to the old room in which their love was born, never doubting that it is to witness the new birth of their happiness.

Now there is here a manifest improbability and lack of adjustment. The two periods of five years are, to my thinking, both too long; and the device of the inheritance falling to Mrs. Lessingham is inadequate. It would have been better to make the immediate cause of the lovers' parting the growth of religious scruples on the woman's side as to "living in sin." This would help to account both for the abstinence from communication in the intervening years, and for the eager confidence with which Gladys looks forward to marriage the moment she is free. Some such adjustment would certainly have improved the play; but it is one of the most orthodox, and at the same time most reasonable, canons of criticism that we must allow an author a certain license in the postulates on which he bases his action, if only the action, when it ensues, prove logical, interesting, moving. To say that it was foolish of Gladys to trust so implicitly to Walter's constancy is no criticism at all. Of course

it was foolish; but people are apt to be foolish in this world, and to pay for their folly. When we are all too wise for dreams and idealisms, there will be no more drama.

Well, the truth is broken to Gladys in a painful, poignant scene. She is shattered, heart-broken; but she has the courage of her idealisms, and she will make no attempt at self-assertion or revenge. At one point she turns to Hardy and cries,—

"Ah, if you knew how good he was to me then! I was so young; so lonely; so very miserable. When we first went to Algiers together I could not believe in it; to me it was like Heaven. Did I ever say I suffered there? I've forgotten! It was a white villa, near the sea, with gardens all about us, and flowers. In the spring, you know, if one opened a window, the air smelled of orange-blossoms. We lived there very nearly five years—all but a week. I used to wake in the morning there to wonder if it could be me! I was so happy."

Can you easily conceive anything more pathetic, and more dramatically pathetic, than the contrast between the two speeches I have quoted—between the man's and the woman's recollection of their romance? It is beautiful, it is subtle, it is profoundly true; and I venture to say that if criticism has succeeded in crushing the talent which devised this contrast, it may congratulate itself on having killed a born dramatist.

By sufficiently maladroit means (to which, however, no exception seems to have been taken) Gladys is brought face to face with Lady Anne. As soon as she has gone, Lady Anne, in an undeniably powerful and able scene, questions Forbes as to who she is, and learns the truth. The first act ends with her facing the problem, "What am I to do?"

What she does is unwise, quixotic, impulsive, generous—the natural outcome of her character as the dramatist had a perfect right to conceive it. She seeks out Mrs. Lessingham, and, in spite of Gladys's equally quixotic effort to make light of the situation, she renounces her claim upon Forbes, and restores him to the woman whom she regards as his wife in the sight of Heaven. What is there inconceivable in this? Is it not necessarily a bewildering shock to a girl like Lady Anne to learn all of a sudden that the man she is about to marry has been to all intents and purposes married before—has lived for five years as the husband of another woman? Even if Gladys had been dead, Lady Anne might very naturally have felt that Walter had become a different man in her eyes, and that her whole relation to him was distorted. But Gladys is not dead; she is living and suffering before her eyes; is it incredible, is it even wonderful, that Lady Anne should feel her happiness hopelessly embittered by this black spectre of Forbes's past? She feels she *cannot* marry him; and, as we are all so apt to do, she seeks relief from crushing pain in vehement, conclusive, reckless action. She will

regain her self-respect, her respect for Walter, perhaps ultimately her peace of mind, in making him do the ideally right thing. Her conduct, it seems to me, is an exquisitely natural compound of egoism and generosity. The case of Forbes is somewhat similar. He sees that he has lost Lady Anne, and, in his misery, action of any sort seems better than brooding inaction. Why should he not regain the esteem of the woman he loves, but can no longer hope to win, by doing what she conceives to be his duty to a woman for whom he has every kind feeling except love? As for Gladys, is there any need to account for her yielding to the temptation thus forced upon her, for her piteous clutching at this last straw of hope? Her conduct is unwise, by all means; but surely it is very, very human. In their scornful analysis of this situation, the critics have insisted on assuming that the author admires and commends the action of her characters. Nothing of the sort. Each acts more foolishly than the other, and the author not only knows it, but goes on to exhibit the misery that ensues. What should we think of the critic who should deride *King Lear* on the ground that the old gentleman behaves very foolishly?

I need not follow in detail the steps which lead up to Gladys's recognition and expiation of her error. The last two acts are comparatively commonplace in invention, and contain some superfluities of dialogue; but the serious passages are nervously, soberly, admirably written, and the pathetic details of the death-scene more than compensate for its weakness as a foregone conclusion. The play, at the very lowest, is anything but tedious. It held the first-night audience from beginning to end. Except *Lady Windermere's Fan*, I cannot remember a first play of anything like equal promise. Even such writers as Mr. Grundy, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones made feeble and tentative beginnings in their craft; "George Fleming" makes her first venture with a four-act play, and proves that she can at least enchain the attention and command the applause, not of a scanty *matinée* audience, but of a crowded and critical first-night house. There is not the least doubt that had the critics shown a reasonable disposition to make the best instead of the worst of the play, they could have assured it that fair and encouraging measure of success which I cannot but hope it may yet attain in spite of them. Is it too much to contend that in doing their best, not to train, direct, and foster, but to crush and pulverise, so genuine a talent, they betrayed, not only an uncritical petulance, but a wanton and short-sighted disregard of the true interests of the English drama?

It will of course be represented that I am advocating a return to the bad old days when criticism meant perfunctory puffery, and no one paid the slightest attention to it. Against such a deliberate misunderstanding of my purport it is useless to argue. Nor am I

merely "writing large" Mr. Pinero's plea for "Praise, praise, praise," though, rightly understood, that speech was a speech in season. What I suggest is that we should reconsider the hostile attitude towards the serious drama which we have gradually, and for the most part unconsciously, adopted. Let us conceive the ideal critic not as the judge and executioner, but rather as the guide, philosopher, and friend of dramatic literature. Let us cultivate a habit of mind which shall make for life rather than for death. By all means let us be sincere; but remember that there is all the difference in the world between morose and genial sincerity. When a play is obviously hopeless and lifeless, the best service we can render, alike to author, manager, and public, is doubtless to sweep it out of the way as quickly as may be. When a play is pretentiously inept and vulgar, there is assuredly no reason why we should be mealy-mouthed in saying so. But when a play has the breath of life in it, however unambitious its scope and unequal its merit, do not let us strangle it at birth merely because it falls short of ideal strength and beauty. I do not believe that any of the four plays I have taken as my text actually bored the critics. But, admitting that to some of us some of them may really have seemed tedious, ought we not to remember that our incessant theatre-going necessarily tends to dull the liveliest receptivity, and that it is no part of our business to infect the public with our professional lassitude? That our personal impression is the one possible basis of valid criticism I fully admit; but there is no reason why we should not at the same time make fair allowance for the personal equation. If a play seems fitted harmlessly to entertain the particular public to which it is addressed, we may surely, without betraying the cause of Art, or dissembling our preference and desire for work of larger inspiration, permit and even help it to live its little day. Let our effort be to comprehend rather than misapprehend an author's intention, even when he has not expressed it with perfect mastery. Where a play possesses substantial and fundamental merit and promise, let us "piece out its imperfections with our thoughts." In all plays except the most consummate masterpieces, minor maladjustments are pretty sure to occur—flaws which a few strokes of the pen would remedy. Let us note them and pass on—not exaggerate them, harp on them, and make them the ever-recurring burden of our homily. Above all things, let us remember that the drama of any country is not a mechanical structure but an organic growth. We are not in the position of inspectors, whose duty it is to pass or condemn certain quantities of dead material, bricks, timber, or concrete. We are rather to be compared with men to whom has been entrusted, in part at least, the nurture and tendance of some delicate fruit-tree. Let us not fail to cut away dead wood or morbid excrescences; but let us

beware lest, in our impatience at the scanty harvest of this season or that, we slash and gash the life out of the tree.

I have been careful to single out no individual from the critical ranks, but to address my remonstrance to the whole body, myself included. Some of course are, as Milton would have said, more "obnoxious" to my animadversions than others; I doubt whether any critic of the slightest authority is entirely free from reproach. The majority, no doubt, are on the whole humanely and temperately inclined; but there is a not unimportant minority which seems to have adopted the Red Indian ideal, and to conceive that a critic's credit and renown are to be measured by the number of reeking scalps which adorn his wigwam. While lavishing treasures of benevolence on the professed inanities and frivolities of the theatrical world, these doughty irreconcilables have declared a war of extermination against all drama which makes the slightest pretence, I will not say to serious artistic merit, but even to common-sense. Tomahawk and scalping-knife in hand, they range from theatre to theatre, insatiate of carnage. It is no trick of rhetoric, but a sober statement of fact, when I warn them that after another season or two of this bloodthirsty work, they will perforce have to bury the hatchet for want of any serious drama to scalp.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE PROBLEM OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE city of the Seven Hills upon the Golden Horn is at once the paradox of Mediæval history, and the dilemma of European states men. In the historical field it presents a set of problems which no historian has adequately solved, the full difficulties of which have been duly grasped only in our own age. In the political world it presents the great *crux*, over which former generations laboured, fought, and bled; which our own generation seems willing to give up as insoluble, to ignore, and to entrust to chance.

There is danger that, in the minute research into local institutions that is now in vogue, the true historical importance of Byzantine story may be forgotten; and danger also that, in the roar of battle round our democratic issues, the political importance of Constantinople as an eternal factor in the European balance of power may be quite lost to sight. Mediæval and modern annals offer to the student no subjects of meditation more fascinating and more mysterious than are the fifteen centuries of New Rome. And the dilemma of what is to be the ultimate fate of Constantinople is as urgent as ever, as perplexing as ever:—nay, it is much more urgent, more perplexing than ever. The ignorant prejudice of conventional historians about the rottenness of the "Lower Empire" may be set against the purblind commonplace of conventional politicians about the Turkish question having been solved by the British occupation of Egypt. In this paper it is proposed to offer a few notes, first upon the historical paradox, and then on the political dilemma.

I.

Since the works on Byzantine history, produced within the last thirty years by European scholars, it is no longer possible to repeat the stock phrases of the last century about the puerility and impotence of the "Lower Empire." By far the most important contribution to this task by English students, is the *Later Roman Empire* of Professor Bury, whose two solid octavos bring the history of the Roman Empire of the East down to the foundation of the Roman Empire of the West, in 800 A.D. When he has completed his work down to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, or at least to its capture by the Crusaders of 1204 A.D., it will be evident how much the history of the Later Empire has been distorted by jealousy, pedantry, and fanaticism. Even the genius of Gibbon could not

wholly emancipate him from current prejudices; and he necessarily worked without the essential materials which the industry of the last hundred years has collected. What has to be explained is the problem—how a political fabric, built on such foundations of vice and chaos, maintained the longest succession recorded in history:—how a state of such discordant elements overcame such a combination of attacks:—what was it that made Constantinople, for some five or six centuries after the capture of Rome, the intellectual, artistic, and commercial metropolis of mediæval Europe:—by what resources did she during eight centuries resist the torrent of Asiatic and Musulman soldiery, before which the feudal chivalry of the West was so frequently baffled and crushed.

The origin of these prejudices and of such falsification of history is plain enough. The judgment of Western Europe on the Eastern Empire was mainly derived from, and coloured by, that of Catholic churchmen; and during the eleven centuries which divide the first Constantine from the last, the Catholic Church has borne an irreconcilable jealousy towards the Orthodox Church. Their very official titles—the first claiming universal obedience, the second claiming absolute truth—involved them in a war wherein there could be neither victory nor truce. The chiefs who claimed to rule as representatives of Charlemagne, and all who depended upon them, or held title under them (that is, the greater part of Western Europe), were bound to treat the claims of the Eastern Empire as preposterous insolence. The traders of the Mediterranean regarded the Byzantine wealth and commerce much as the navigators of the sixteenth century regarded the wealth and trade of the Indies—as the lawful prize of the strongest. And lastly, the scholars, the poets, the chroniclers of the West, from the age of the Crusades to the age of Gibbon, have disdained a literature in which, as they said, spiritless and obsequious annalists recorded the doings of their masters in a bastard Greek. Western genius, Western Christianity, Western heroism and civilisation, much surpass the Eastern type; but, with such a combination of causes for hostility and contempt, the West could not fail to be grossly unjust to the record of the East.

The root of the injustice is the treating of a thousand years of continuous history as one uniform piece, and attributing to the noblest periods and the greatest chiefs the infamies and crimes which belong to the worst. Unfortunately, we are much more familiar with the periods of rottenness and decline than with the ages of heroism and glory; every one knows something of the Theodoras, Zoes, and Irenes, and, too often, very little of Heraclius, Leo, and Basil. The five centuries which intervene from Justinian to the Comnenian house—a period as long as that which separates Camillus

from Marcus Aurelius—is the important part of the Roman Empire of the East; and the really grand epochs are in the seventh, eighth, and tenth centuries—whose heroes, Heraclius, Leo III., and Basil II., may hold their own with the greatest rulers of ancient or of modern story.

The most urgent problem of all is to find an adequate name to describe the Empire of which Constantinople was the capital for at least a thousand years. Every one of the conventional names involves a confusion or misrepresentation, great or small. "Lower Empire"—"Greek Empire"—"Byzantine Empire"—"Eastern Empire"—"Later Empire"—"Roman Empire"—either suggest a wrong idea or fail to express the true idea in full. In what sense was the empire at Constantinople "Lower"? It certainly regarded itself as infinitely higher; an advance even upon the classical Roman Empire. Justinian with justice holds his rule to be above that of Aurelian and Diocletian; and from his day to the age of the great Charles, there was nothing in Europe which could compare for a moment with the Roman Empire of the Bosphorus. The Empire was not "Greek," even in tongue, until the seventh century; it was not Greek in spirit until the twelfth century; till then hardly any of its emperors, soldiers, or chiefs had been Greek; and it was never quite Greek by race. If we say "Byzantine" Empire, we are localising a power which was curiously composite in race, nationality, character, and tradition; and the term "Byzantine" has a sense too directly contrary to Roman, and also has acquired a derogatory meaning. The great heroes of the empire are utterly unlike what men now understand by "Byzantine"; and there could hardly be a more violent contrast than that between the Alexius or Bryennius of Sir Walter Scott's romance and the Nicephorus Phocas or Basil II. of actual history. "Eastern Empire" is erroneous and ambiguous; for it suggests a break with Rome, and it applies to the kingdoms of Persians, Saracens, or Ottomans, to the Sultan of Roum, or the Emperors of Nicæa and Trebizond. "Roman Empire" is accurate in a sense. But in the fourth and fifth centuries there were often two co-ordinate governments; and after the coronation of Charlemagne, in 800 A.D., there were always two Roman Empires, and sometimes more. The term, "Later Roman Empire," which Mr. Bury adopts, is far better; but it might be applied to Valentinian III., or to Romulus Augustulus; and it fails to suggest the continuance of the Empire for a thousand years. After the coronation of Charles, the term, "Later Roman Empire," is inadequate; and yet that event marks no essential break in the Empire at Constantinople.

What we want is a term which will describe the continuity of the Roman Empire after its seat had been permanently removed to

the Bosphorus, and yet distinguish it from the revived Empire of Charles, the Holy Roman Empire, and all other Powers which claimed a title from Rome. The features to be connoted are the prolongation and evolution of the vast political organism of Augustus and Trajan, its unbroken continuity, at any rate, down to the thirteenth century, and the dominant material fact that its permanent centre of government was transferred to the Bosphorus; that it had become Christian, but not Catholic. We go wrong if we drop the title "Roman"; we go wrong if we ignore the fact of the transfer of sovereignty to Constantinople; we go wrong if we fail to mark how much this implied, both in the spiritual and the political sphere. Under the conditions, the proper title is "The Roman Empire at Constantinople." This is strictly accurate and fairly complete. It denotes the whole period of eleven centuries which separates the first Constantine from the last. It is impossible to suppose it applied either to Romulus Augustulus, Charlemagne, or Otto. And it defines the unbroken continuity of government from its permanent seat on the Bosphorus. A simpler equivalent would be—the Empire of New Rome.

The next problem is to group the epochs of this immense succession of eleven centuries; to show their diversity in the midst of continuity; to distinguish the true periods of greatness and of growth, and the real eras of corruption and decay. Unfortunately this is what Gibbon has omitted to do, what he has even done not a little to make difficult. Of his eight octavo volumes five are devoted to the history of about five centuries, and three only are given to the remaining eight centuries. He himself was struck with the apparent paradox, which he seems to excuse (at the opening of his 48th chapter) by his own and the reader's fatigue in the melancholy task of recording the annals of the Eastern Empire. The genius of the greatest of historians has been betrayed into no error more capital than that which led him to describe the annals of the Empire from Heraclius to the last Constantine as "a tedious and uniform tale of weakness and misery." Gibbon, it is plain, was partly misled by the dearth of writings, and partly overwhelmed by the enormous scale of his ever-enlarging survey. But with all that we now have at hand, it is wonderful to think that he was ever tempted to abandon "the Greek slaves and their servile historians." If this is a description of the Iconoclasts and the Basils, Leo the Deacon and Nicetas, language must have a new meaning. In truth, "a tedious tale of weakness" would be as aptly applied to the lives of William the Conqueror and the Plantagenet kings as to the exploits and adventures of Leo III., Constantine V., the two Basils, Nicephorus Phocas, John Zimisces, Kalo-Joannes, and Manuel.

Even in the matter of literary culture and pure Greek, we are apt to compare the Byzantine historians with classical or with our modern authors. Clearly we ought to compare them with their contemporaries in Europe. The iambics in which George of Pisidia celebrated the exploits of Heraclius, or those in which the Deacon Theodosius sang the recovery of Crete by Nicephorus Phocas, are not classical, but rather frigid as poetry; yet they are far less barbarous than any Latin poetry of the seventh and tenth centuries. The Greek of Leo the Deacon in the tenth century does not differ from Xenophon's, from whom he is separated by more than thirteen centuries, so much as the English of Langland differs from that of Milton. The prolongation of the Greek language over 2,800 years from Homer to Tricoupi, its continual epochs of revival, purification, and ultimate return upon its own classical type, is one of the most extraordinary facts in the evolution of human thought. And the persistence of the same written literature at Constantinople for at least twenty centuries is without parallel, at least in Europe.

Happily our most recent historians are in the main agreed as to the essential epochs and the true heroes of Byzantine history. It is agreed that from the age of Justinian to the Crusades the traditions of law, administration, Greek literature, commerce, and artistic manufactures were mainly preserved to Europe by the Roman Empire of the Bosphorus. It is agreed that for all active ends the Empire was extinguished by the Fourth Crusade, and had long been in an exhausted condition even at the opening of the First Crusade. The Isaurian and Basilian dynasties, that is the eighth, ninth, tenth, and part of the eleventh centuries, were epochs on the whole of valour, able government, prosperity, and civilisation, if compared with the condition of what used to be called the dark ages of Europe. These centuries, with the reigns of Justinian and Heraclius in the sixth and seventh centuries, constitute an epoch which is worthy to rank with the Roman Empire from Julius to Theodosius on the one hand, and on the other with the Holy Roman Empire from Otto the Great to Frederick II. The Roman Empire of Charlemagne, the Holy Roman Empire of Otto, both in substance and in ceremonial, were much more truly imitations and rivals of the Roman Empire of the Bosphorus than they were revivals of the State of Augustus and Trajan; of whom all real memory was entirely lost in the eighth century, whom, as heathens without the semblance of Church or Patriarch, it was impossible that Franks and Saxons should imitate or approve.

At the close of his second volume Professor Bury sums up the function of the later Roman Empire under the five following heads, of which his whole work is an illustration and commentary:—

1. It was the bulwark of Europe against the Asiatic danger;
2. It kept alive Greek and Roman culture;
3. It maintained European commerce;
4. It preserved the idea of the Roman Empire;
5. It embodied a principle of permanence.

To these may be added the following:—

(*a*) It was the direct source of civilisation to the whole of the Balkan peninsula, and to all Europe east of the Vistula and the Carpathians;

(*b*) It was the type of a State Church—a spiritual power dependent on and co-operating with the sovereign power, and not, like the Catholic Church, independent and often antagonistic.

The Empire of New Rome did much more than preserve the idea of the Roman Empire. It prolonged the Roman Empire itself in a new, and even in some respects, a more developed form. As Mr. Freeman well puts it, "the Eastern Empire is the surest witness to the unity of history," the most complete answer to the conventional opposition between "ancient" and "modern" history. That mysterious gulf—that unexplained paralysis—which, we were told, occurred in the history of European civilisation about the fifth century, and was hardly removed by the ninth or tenth, has no existence whatever if we trace the internal condition of New Rome from the age of Theodosius to the age of Basil II.

We are so greatly influenced by literary standards and classical art that we hasten to condemn an age in which we find these decay. It is quite true that pure Latinity, elegant Greek, and Attic art were not to be found in New Rome, and seemed to have perished with the coming of the Huns and the Goths. But this did not form the whole of civilisation or even the bulk of it. In many things the civilisation of the Byzantine Empire was far higher than the civilisation of the Augustan Empire. The Court of Justinian or of Leo III., or of Irene, of Theophilus, of Basil I., or Constantine Porphyrogennetus, would have been considered in the Middle Ages far more like civilised life than the courts of Nero, Hadrian, or Diocletian. In many of the most essential features of civil administration, the governments of Justinian, of the Iconoclast and Macedonian dynasties, were really (in spite of barbarous punishments, tyranny, and extortion) a great improvement on the imperialism of the Cæsars on the Tiber.

Obviously the religious, moral, and domestic life—bad as it was from our standard—was better than that which is described by Juvenal and Tacitus, and was better than that of the greater part of

Europe in the centuries between the fifth and the tenth. And in matters of taste, it is plain that those only can speak of the "servile debasement" of Byzantine art who have never traced the influence upon Europe of the industries, manufactures, inventions, and arts which had their seat in Constantinople, who have not studied descriptions of the great Palace beside the Hippodrome, of the Boucoleon and Blachernæ, and who know nothing of S. Sophia, S. Irene, SS. Sergius and Bacchus, the Church Tes Choras, and all the remains of architectural and decorative skill that extend in unbroken series from the age of Justinian to the Crusades. The vast administrative, legal, and military organisation of Augustus and Trajan no more perished in the sack of Rome than did the language, the culture, and the æsthetic aptitude of the Greco-Roman world. Both took new forms; they did not perish.

After all that has been done by Finlay, Freeman, Bury, and Pears within the last generation, as well as by scholars in other countries, it is impossible to doubt that this is henceforth one of the cardinal truths of European history. Mr. Bury's five propositions as to the functions of the later Roman Empire are perfectly true, and may be emphasized and extended rather than qualified or diminished. What we now especially need is to have it explained in detail how these results came about. We want the inner, economic, social, bureaucratic, industrial, and ecclesiastical history of the Empire—not so much its court annals or its dynastic revolutions. We have had the imperial and political history traced in sufficient fulness; the administrative and organic life of the society is what we now need to grasp and explore. This is obviously a most complex and difficult task, only to be achieved by indirect means and the study of a variety of sources. The art, the industry, the trade, the manners, the statistics, the law, the theology, the political and civic institutions of the Roman Empire from the age of Heraclius to that of the Comneni is what we now need to explore. And it is a field in which English scholars, apart from Finlay, Bury, and some theologians, have done little.

Especially we need a *History of Byzantine Christianity*, written in the spirit of Milman—from the point of view of an enlightened historian and not of an official Churchman. Almost everything that we have yet got on the subject of the Byzantine Church is insensibly coloured by the Catholic or anti-Catholic bias. A history of Byzantine art, of Byzantine literature and language, of Byzantine manners, commerce, law, and municipal organisation as these existed between Justinian and Basil, "the Slayer of Bulgarians"—a period of five centuries—would enable us to answer the enigma of Constantinople. On the continent Krause, Heyd, Hopf, Gfrörer, Salzenburg, Mordtmann, Rambaud, Sabatier, de Saulcy, Labarte, Schlumberger, Bayet,

Drapeyron, De Muralt, Riant, as well as many Greek, Russian, and Oriental scholars, have worked in these mines. But in England, since Finlay, we have had little of importance except from Mr. Bury, who has yet not gone further than the eighth century. The most interesting and perhaps the most obscure period of all is the Basilian dynasty, from A.D. 867—1057. And on this we sorely need accessible guidance. All that Gibbon has to tell us of these two hundred years is contained in about one hundred pages, and Finlay has compressed his narrative into rather more than twice that space.

When we have completely explored these various subjects we may be able to answer the problems: (1) How did the Roman Empire maintain itself at Constantinople for eleven centuries? (2) Why was it able for eight centuries to resist not only the Western but the Eastern invasions, before which every other city and kingdom fell? (3) Why was Constantinople for five centuries the most populous, wealthy, and civilised city in Europe?

The answer in general is a somewhat complicated one of several terms. First, the Roman Empire removed itself to the strongest and most dominant spot in all Europe. Next, it evolved a wholly new organisation: centralised, legalised, and industrial. It founded the most wonderful bureaucracy ever known. It developed a maritime ascendency, and a world-wide commerce. It eliminated every vestige of provincial, national, and race prejudice, and called every subject man from Sicily to the Euphrates a Roman and nothing else. And lastly, and perhaps mainly, it became the first and for ages the only, Christian Empire, having a very powerful Church, which was its faithful and loyal instrument, on whose mysterious prestige it rested, and which it always treated as part of itself.

1. Nothing further need be said as to the unique source of strength, both for offence and for defence, which the genius of Constantine discovered on the Bosphorus. The removal of the seat of empire from the Tiber to the Bosphorus was the only mode in which the Empire could have been preserved, whilst, at the same time, this made possible its political, religious, and moral transformation. The exact steps, details, and ultimate type of this transformation are precisely the points on which we need light. We see the stupendous machine which this bureaucracy and State church became, but we know very little about its actual working and its inner life. We judge its power by results only, and by the startling paradox that the machinery of a most disparate organism goes on working undisturbed by fatuity, strife, and anarchy in the supreme centre. Whatever the vices and follies which raged in the imperial palaces for generations together, disciplined and well-armed troops, powerful navies, military engines and stores, skilful generals, able governors, and expert diplomatists, rise up time after time in infinite succession to

save the empire, hold it together, restore its losses, and increase its wealth, and this over the whole period of eight centuries from Theodosius to Isaac Angelus.

2. The material source of this strength in the Empire was primarily its sea-power and its command for five centuries of the commerce of the whole Mediterranean. When we study the campaigns of Heraclius and of Nicephorus, when we follow in Leo the Deacon the great expedition to recover Crete, we are struck with the vast maritime resources, the engines and ships of scientific war which the Empire possessed in the seventh and tenth centuries. Nothing in Europe at that date could produce any such sea-power. As Nicephorus Phocas very fairly told the angry envoy of Otto, he could lay in ashes any seaboard town of the Mediterranean. When the cities of Italy succeeded to the commerce of Constantinople, they held it in shares and fought for it amongst themselves. But until the rise of Venice, Pisa, and Palermo, Constantinople ruled the seas from Sicily to Rhodes, and relatively to her contemporaries with a far more complete supremacy.

3. It was this maritime ascendency, this central position in the Bosphorus, and this vast Mediterranean commerce which was the foundation of the wealth of the Empire—a wealth which, relatively to its age, exceeded even the wealth and maritime ascendency of England, which for eight centuries hardly ever suffered a collapse, and was continually being renewed. We must discount the petulant sneers of the irritable Bishop Luitprand, when baffled by the fierce Nicephorus. The silk industry, the embroidery, the mosaic, the enamel, the metal work, the ivory carving, the architecture, the military engineering, the artillery, the marine appliances, the shipbuilding art; the trade in corn, spices, oil, and wine; the manuscripts, the illuminations of Byzantium, far surpassed anything else in Europe to be found in the epoch between the reign of Justinian and the rise of the Italian cities. Much of what we call mediæval art decoration and art fabrics had their real origin, both industrial and æsthetic, on the Bosphorus, or were carried on there as their metropolitan centre.

Nowhere else in Europe under the successors of Clovis and Charlemagne could such churches have been raised as those of the Holy Wisdom and Irene, such palaces as that beside the Hippodrome or the Boucoleon, such mighty fortifications as those which stretched from Blachernæ to the Propontis. Nowhere could Europe in the ninth and tenth centuries produce such enormous wealth as that possessed by Theophilus, Basil I., or Constantine Porphyrogennetus, or equip such fleets and armies as those of Nicephorus, Zimisces, and Basil II. We are accustomed to compare the art and the civilisation of the Byzantine Empire with those of much later ages than its own, mainly

because we have nothing else wherewith to compare it of its own epoch. If we honestly set it against the contemporary state of Europe, from the era of Justinian to that of the Crusades, it will be seen to be not only supreme in the traditions of civilisation, but almost to stand alone. In the eleventh century, without doubt, Western Europe was organized, and began its triumphant career, with the Catholic Church and the feudal organism in full development; and from that date the Byzantine Empire ceased to be pre-eminent. But its vast resources and the splendour and civilised arts of Constantinople still continued to amaze the Crusaders, even down to the thirteenth century.

The fact is that, for the five centuries from Justinian to Isaac Comnenus, the attacks on the Empire, from the European side, at any rate, were the attacks of nomad, unorganized, and uncivilised races on a civilised and highly-organized Empire. And in spite of anarchy, corruption, and effeminacy at the Byzantine court, civilisation and wealth told in every contest. Greek fire, military science, enormous resources, and the prestige of empire always bore down wild valour and predatory enthusiasm. Just as Russia dominates the Turkoman tribes of Central Asia, as Turkey holds back the valiant Arabs of her eastern frontier, as Egyptian natives with British officers easily master the heroic Ghazis of the Soudan—so the Roman Empire on the Bosphorus beat back Huns, Avars, Persians, Slaves, Bulgarians, Patzinaks, and Russians. We need only to study the history of Russia and of Turkey to learn how the organizing ability, the resources, and material arts of great empires outweigh folly, vice, and corruption in the palace.

4. Of course a succession of victorious campaigns implies a succession of valiant armies; and there is nothing on which we need more light than on the exact organization and national constituents of those Roman armies which crushed Chosroes, Muaviah, Crumn, Samuel, and Hamdanids. They are called conventionally "Greeks"; but during the Heraclian, Isaurian, and Basilian dynasties there seem to have been no Greeks at all in the land forces. The armies were always composed of a strange collection of races, with different languages, arms, methods of fighting, and types of civilisation. They were often magnificent and courageous barbarians, conspicuous amongst whom were Scandinavians and English, and with them some of the most warlike braves of Asia and of Europe. The empire made no attempt to destroy their national characteristics, to discourage their native language, religion, or habits. Each was told off to the service which suited it best, and was trained in the use of its proper weapons. They remained distinct from each other, and wholly distinct from the civil population. But as they could not unite, they seldom became so great a danger to the Empire as the

Prætorian guard of the Roman army. The organization and management of such a heterogeneous body of mercenary braves required extraordinary skill; but it was just this skill which the rulers of Byzantium possessed. The bond of the whole was the tradition of discipline and the consciousness of serving the Roman Emperor.

The modern history of Russia and still more the native armies of the British Empire, will enable us to understand how the work of consolidation was effected. The Queen's dominions are at this hour defended by men of almost every race, colour, language, religion, costume, and habits. And we may imagine the composite character of the Byzantine armies, if we reflect how distant wars are carried on in the name of Victoria by Hindoos, Musulmans, Pathans, Ghoorkas, Afghans, Egyptians, Soudanese, Zanzibaris, Negroes, Nubians, Zulus, Kaffirs, using their native languages, retaining their national habits, and, to a great extent, their native costume. The Roman Empire was maintained from its centre on the Bosphorus, somewhat as the British Empire is maintained from its centre on the Thames, by wealth, maritime ascendency, the traditions of empire, and organizing capacity—always with the great difference that there was no purely Roman nucleus as there is a purely British nucleus, and also that the soldiery of the Roman Empire had no common armament, and was not officered by men of the dominant race, but by capable leaders indifferently picked from any race, except the Latin or the Greek. Dominant race there was none; nation there was none. Roman meant subject of the Emperor; Emperor meant the chief in the vermilion buskins, installed in the Palace on the Bosphorus, and duly crowned by the Orthodox Patriarch in the Church of the Holy Wisdom.

5. Here we reach the last, as I venture to think, the main element of strength in the Empire of New Rome—its alliance with or, rather, its possession of the Orthodox Church. The Roman Empire at Constantinople was really, if not in style, a Holy Roman Empire. The Patriarch was one of its officials. The venerable Church of the Holy Wisdom was almost the private chapel of the Emperor; the Emperor's Palace may almost be described as the Vatican of Byzantium. The relations between the Emperor and the Patriarch were wholly different from the relations between the Emperor at Aachen and the Pope. Instead of being separated by a thousand miles and many tribes and peoples, the Emperor of the Bosphorus resided in the same group of buildings, worshipped, and was adored in the same metropolitan temple, and sat in the same council-hall with his Patriarch, who was practically one of his great officers of state. All students of the Carolingian or Holy Roman Empire know how immensely Pippin, Charles, the Henries, and the Ottos were strengthened by the support of the Popes from Zacharias to Victor II. But

the Papacy was a very intermittent, uncertain, and exacting bulwark of the Empire, and after the advent of Hildebrand, in the eleventh century, it was usually the open or secret enemy of the Empire. The Catholic Church was always the co-equal, usually the jealous rival, often the irreconcilable foe of the Emperor. It never was a State Church, and rarely, until the fourteenth century, was an official and obsequious minister of any emperor or king.

But the Orthodox Church of Constantinople, from first to last, was a State Church, part of the State, servant of the State. There were, of course, rebel patriarchs, ambitious, independent, factious, and deeply spiritual patriarchs. There were whole reigns and dynasties when Emperor and Patriarch represented opposite opinions. But all this was trifling compared with the independent and hostile attitude of the Papacy to the Temporal Power. The Catholic Church represented a Spiritual Power independent of any sovereign, with a range of influence not conterminous with that of any sovereign. That was its strength, its glory, its menace to the Temporal Power. The Orthodox Church represented a spiritual authority, the minister of the sovereign, directing the conscience of the subjects of the sovereign, and in theory of no others. The Orthodox Church was the ideal State Church, and for a thousand years it deeply affected the history of the Byzantine Empire for evil and for good. It more than realised Dante's dream in the *De Monarchia*, a dream which the essence of Catholicism and the traditions of the Papacy made impossible in the West. It constituted a real and not a titular Holy Roman Empire in the East.

Ruinous to religion, morality, and freedom as was this dependence of Church on the sovereign, it gave the sovereign an immense and permanent strength. We can see to-day what overwhelming force is given to the rulers of the two great empires of Eastern Europe, who are both absolute heads of the religious organization of their respective dominions. Now the Orthodox Church of the Byzantine Empire was a more powerful spiritual authority than the Russian Church, if not quite so abject a servant of the Roman Emperor as the Russian Church is of the Czar. And it was no doubt much more completely under the control of the Emperor than the Imâms and Softas of Stamboul are under the control of the Padishah. The Roman Emperor, in spite of his vices, origin, or character, even in the midst of the Iconoclast struggle, was invested in the eyes of his Orthodox subjects with that sacred halo which still surrounds Czar and Sultan, and which is the main source of their autocratic power. It was this sacred character, a character which the *de facto* Emperor possessed from the hour of his coronation in St. Sophia until the day when he died, was deposed, or blinded, which held together an empire of such strangely heterogeneous elements, permeated with

such forces of anarchy and confusion. Christians in the West contemn, and perhaps with justice, the servility, idolatry, and formalism of the Greek priesthood. They may be right when they tell us that the essence of Greek ritualism is only a debased kind of paganism. But the Orthodox Church is still a great political force; and in the Byzantine Empire it was a political force perhaps greater than any other of which we have extant examples.

If, then, we have to answer the historical problem—how was it that the Roman Empire succeeded in prolonging its existence for a thousand years after its final transfer to the Bosphorus, in the face of tremendous and, it seemed, insurmountable difficulties?—the answer is, by a happy combination of three concurrent forces. The first was the prestige of the name and traditions of Rome. The second was the wonderful language of Hellas, and the versatility and astuteness of the Greek genius. The third was the organization of an Orthodox Church, which, on the one hand, had a hold over the mass of the people hardly ever acquired even by the Church Catholic, and, on the other hand, was willing to become the faithful minister of an empire that it consecrated and venerated as its supreme master on earth. In one sense the Empire was not strictly Roman, not Greek, not Holy. But by a marvellous combination of Roman tradition, Greek genius, and Orthodox sanctity it maintained itself erect for a thousand years.

II.

We will now turn to the modern political problem presented by Constantinople; a problem which is not in the least yet solved, which time has not removed, and which recent events have not made easier. Constantinople still remains, and ever must remain, one of the most important ports in the whole world. In the hands of a great military and naval power, it must always be one of the most dominant capital cities in the whole world. All that Cronstadt is in the Baltic, or Gibraltar in the Western, or Toulon in the Northern, or Malta in the Southern, Mediterranean—all these together and more—Constantinople might be made by a first-class power. Colonel F. V. Greene, of the United States Army, in his *Russian Campaigns in Turkey*, 1877-78, speaking of the first lines of Turkish defence, between the Black Sea at Lake Derkos and the Sea of Marmora, calls this position (nearly that of the wall of Anastasius in the fifth century) "a place of vastly greater strength than Plevna." He adds:—"No other capital in the world possesses such a line of defence, and when completed, armed, and garrisoned in sufficient strength (about seventy-five thousand men), it may fairly be deemed impregnable, except to a nation possessing

a navy capable of controlling the Black Sea and Sea of Marmora, and a fleet of transports sufficient to land troops in rear of its flanks." (Pp. 427, 428.) That is to say, in the opinion of one of the first of living authorities, who followed the Russian staff in the last war, Constantinople is practically impregnable in the hands of a first-class *military and naval power.*

But Constantinople is not merely impregnable on the defensive side, in the hands of such a power, but if adequately manned and equipped, it is equally strong for offensive purposes; and, with the Bosphorus and the Hellespont duly fortified, it would command the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, and the Ægean Sea. Much more than this: it would practically dominate Asia Minor; for, as old Busbecq says, "Constantinople stands in Europe, but it faces Asia." It faces Asia, and it dominates Asia Minor; and, if possessed by a first-class military and naval power of ambitious and aggressive spirit, the possession of Constantinople involves the practical control of Asia Minor, of the entire Levant, and, but for Cyprus and Malta, of North Africa and the whole Syrian coast.

Nor is this all. In the hands of a first-class military and naval power, Constantinople must dominate the Balkan peninsula and the whole of Greece. With an impregnable capital, and the powerful navy which the wonderful marine opportunities of Constantinople render an inevitable possession to any great power, the rival races and petty kingdoms of the peninsula would all alike become mere dependencies or provinces. Here, then, we reach the full limit of the possible issue. Turkey is now no longer a maritime power of any account. Her magnificent soldiery forms no longer a menace to any European power, however small; and, if it suffices to hold the lines of Constantinople on the Balkan side (which is not absolutely certain), it is liable at any moment to be paralysed by an enemy on the flank who could command the Black Sea or the Sea of Marmora. Of course, the Bosphorus has lost its ancient importance as a defence; for a northern invader commanding the Black Sea could easily descend on the heights above Pera, and with Pera in the hands of an enemy, Stamboul is now indefensible. That is to say, Constantinople is no longer impregnable, or even defensible, without a first-class fleet. Therefore neither Turkey, nor Bulgaria, nor Greece, nor any other small power, could have any but a precarious hold on it, in the absence of a very powerful fleet of some ally.

From these conditions the following consequences result. Turkey can hold Constantinople as her capital with absolute security against any minor power. She could not hold it against Russia having a predominant fleet in the Black Sea, unless she received by alliance the support of a powerful navy. With the support of a powerful fleet, and her own reconstituted army and restored financial and

administrative condition, she might hold Constantinople indefinitely against all the resources of Russia. It is perfectly plain that no minor power, even if placed in Stamboul, could hold it except by sufferance; certainly neither Bulgaria, nor Greece, nor Servia, perhaps hardly Austria, unless she enormously developed her fleet, and transformed her entire empire. Turkey, as planted at present on the Bosphorus, is not a menace to any other power. The powers with which she is surrounded are intensely jealous of each other; and by race, religion, traditions, and aspirations, incapable of permanent amalgamation.

From the national and religious side the problem is most complex and menacing. Even in Constantinople the Moslems are a minority of the population; and in the other European provinces even more decidedly so. But in most of the Asiatic provinces, Moslems are a majority, and in almost all they are enormously superior in effective strength to any other single community. To put aside Syrians, Arabs, Egyptians, Jews, and other non-Christian populations, there are, within the more western parts of the Turkish Empire, Bulgarians, Greeks, Albanians, various Slavonian peoples, Armenians, and Levantine Catholics, not so very unequally balanced in effective force and national ambition; all intensely averse to submit to the control of any one amongst the rest, and unwilling to combine with each other. Each watches the other with jealousy, suspicion, antipathy, and insatiable desire to domineer.

The habit of five centuries and the hope of ultimate triumph lead all of them to submit, with continual outbreaks and outcries, to the qualified rule of the Turk. But place any one of this motley throng of nationalities in the place of the Sultan, and a general confusion would arise. The Greek would not accept the Bulgarian as his master, nor the Bulgarian the Greek; the Albanians would submit to neither; the Armenians would seize the first moment of striking in for themselves; and the Italian and Levantine Catholics would certainly assert their claims. No one of all those rival nationalities, creeds, and populations could for a moment maintain their ascendency. No one of them has the smallest title either from tradition, numbers, or proved capacity, to pretend to the sceptre of the Bosphorus—and not one of them could hold it for a day against Russia, if she chose to take it.

Of course Russia would choose to take it; and (the Moslem withdrawn altogether) nothing could prevent her from taking it. Such is the issue to which all anti-Moslem enthusiasts look forward with joy and hope. And, doubtless, there are very real grounds in the facts of Musulman society and government, to make all right-minded men share in that joy and hope. But secular international problems are not to be settled off-hand by appeal to theological

sympathies and historical enthusiasms. They are serious practical difficulties to be faced with mundane good-sense. And reasonable politicians are bound to consider all the ulterior consequences and immediate operation of so great a change in European politics as the planting of Russia triumphantly on the Bosphorus.

Assume that Russia has succeeded Turkey in possession of Constantinople, the Bosphorus, and the Hellespont. What is the result? She would immediately make her southern capital impregnable, as Colonel Greene says, "with a line of defence such as no other capital in the world possesses." She would make it stronger than Cronstadt or Sebastopol, and place there one of the most powerful arsenals in the world. With a great navy in sole command of the Euxine, the Bosphorus, the Marmora, and the Hellespont, with a vast expanse of inland waters within which she could be neither invested nor approached—for nothing would be easier than to make the Hellespont absolutely impassable—Russia would possess a marine base such as nothing else in Europe presents, such as nothing in European history records, except in the days of the Basilian dynasty and the Ottoman Caliphs of the sixteenth century. With such an unequalled naval base she would certainly require and easily secure a further marine arsenal in the Archipelago. It is of no consequence whether this was found on the Greek or on the Asiatic side. There are a score of suitable points. An island or a port situated somewhere in the Ægean Sea between Besika Bay and the Cyclades would be a necessary adjunct and an easy acquisition. With Russia having the sole command of the seas that wash South-eastern Europe, dominating the whole south-eastern seaboard from a chain of arsenals stretching from Sebastopol to the Greek Archipelago, the entire condition of the Mediterranean would be transformed—let us say at once—the entire condition of Europe would be transformed.

We all feel kindly towards the Christians of Roumelia, and we are anxious to keep the Kurds from plundering Armenian villages; but the price that we are asked to pay for these blessings is the instalment of Russia as paramount mistress of the Eastern Mediterranean. Many eminent statesmen and a strong force of Liberal opinion, men having quite as real a patriotism as the noisiest of their neighbours, saw with repugnance and dismay the fatuous occupation of Cyprus and the *damnosa hereditas* of Egypt. But, with Russia installed in absolute predominance in the Eastern Mediterranean, Cyprus would become a mere embarrassment and weakness; and a simple understanding between France and Russia might make the British occupation of Egypt impossible or precarious; for Malta, a thousand miles off, would avail but little, and would itself be no more than a fresh source of incumbrance.

Once install Russia in absolute command of these eastern seas, with a chain of arsenals from the Crimea to the Ægean, and, if the British flag is to float in pride in the Mediterranean at all, the British forces in that sea must be doubled or trebled—nay, measures had better be taken to add the possession of Crete to that of Malta and Cyprus. With first-class naval strongholds in these three islands, and with the British fleet and forces in the Mediterranean at least doubled in strength, the present position of England in these waters may be prolonged. Without it, that position would depend on the good will of Russia and France. Let us trust that we may long retain that valuable support. But, given the enthronement of Russia on the Bosphorus, an alternative at once arises. The British flag must either be hauled down in the Mediterranean, to appear in it as a visitor, like the flag of the United States and of Germany, or the British fleets, forces, and arsenals in the Mediterranean must be doubled and trebled. A very strong party in England would prefer the former alternative. But it may be taken for granted that the majority of Englishmen would choose the latter at any sacrifice.

Has the British public fully realised the enormous change in the political conditions of the whole Levant and of Europe involved in the installation of Russia on the Bosphorus? We are accustomed to treat the settlement of the Ottoman in Stamboul as a matter which is now of very minor importance. Why so? Because the Turk is powerless for anything but precarious defence, under the preponderant menace of Russia on the north, whilst he is hemmed in by ambitious and restless neighbours in his last ditch in the Balkan peninsula. He cannot fortify the Bosphorus without Russian interference; he cannot maintain his government in Crete without a roar of indignation from Greece. He is constantly harried by Bulgarians, Servians, Albanians, Montenegrins, and Epirots. He lives for ever on the defensive, he menaces no one; and no one is afraid of him in Europe—because he has nothing in Europe but a shrunken province, *and practically no fleet.*

We are accustomed, again, to treat the position of Russia in the Balkan peninsula as one of influence more or less continuous, but as not practically affecting the Eastern Mediterranean and its lands. Russia has not yet effected any real footing on the peninsula. She finds it occupied by Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Austria, Turkey, and Greece. Over these Russia exercises an intermittent influence, but never controls them all at the same time; and she often finds one or more of them in direct opposition. Accordingly, we do not regard the Muscovite as dominant in the Balkan peninsula, much less in the Archipelago. But place Russia on the wonderful throne of the Bosphorus, with the inevitable addition of Adrianople and the Maritza Valley, at the very least, in Southern Roumelia, and the

whole situation is transformed. The possession of Constantinople by Russia, with her enormous resources and grand navy, means the control by Russia of the Bosphorus, the Marmora, the Hellespont, and, at least, of South-Eastern Roumelia.

Could it stop there? Would the absolute chief of an army of two millions and a-half, with the third great navy of the world, fall into slumber in his new and resplendent capital, rebuild the Seraglio, or amuse himself in Yildiz Kiosk? He would immediately create the second great navy of the world, and for all Mediterranean purposes his navy would be at least the rival of the first. How long would Roumania and Bulgaria remain their own masters when they found themselves between his countless legions on the Pruth and his great fleet in the Golden Horn? What would Servia say to the change —or Austria? Would the Albanians be content? And what would become of the Musulmans in Roumelia? The prospect opens at least five or six international imbroglios with knotty problems of race, religion, patriotism, and political sympathies and antipathies. Any one of these is enough to cause a European crisis—and even an embittered war.

In the long run, though it might be a struggle prolonged for a century, Russia would in some form or other command or control the entire peninsula from the Danube to Cape Matapan; not, perhaps, counting it all strictly in Russian territory, but being dominant therein as is Victoria in the Indian peninsula. The geographical conditions of Constantinople are so extraordinary; they offer such boundless opportunities to a first-class military and naval power; they lie so curiously ready to promote the ambition of Russia, that the advent of the Czar to the capital of the Sultan would produce a change in Europe greater than any witnessed in the nineteenth century. The absolute monarch of a hundred millions, with an army of two and a-half millions, possessing sole command of the Black Sea, Bosphorus, Marmora, and Hellespont, together with the incomparable naval basis which is afforded by this chain of four inland seas, would unquestionably be supreme master of the whole of Eastern Europe, which would then extend under one sceptre from the Arctic Ocean to the Greek Archipelago.

But this is only one-half of the political problem, and perhaps the less difficult half. There is the Asiatic side to the problem, as well as the European side. Place the Czar in the Seraglio and what is to become of the Padishah? Is he to retire to Scutari in his barge, and to restore the palace of Selim, which we know as hospital and barracks? Is he to withdraw to Brusa or Smyrna, or retire at once to Aleppo or Damascus? How long will the Russian be content to watch across the sea the minarets in Bithynia and the mountains of the Anatolia, to look upon Abydos from Sestos without a desire to

pay a visit to his secular rival? Politicians talk with a light heart of hastening the departure of the Moslem from Europe. But what do they propose for him when he is withdrawn into Asia? With the Czar at Kars, and under Ararat, at Constantinople and Gallipoli, commanding the whole Northern coast of Asia Minor from Batum to Besika Bay, with the Armenians raging on the East and the Greeks and Levantine Christians on the West the Sultan will hardly rest more tranquilly in Brusa than he does to-day in Yildiz Kiosk. Are the millions of Musulmans in Asia Minor to be exterminated or driven across the Euphrates? What is to be the end of this interminable Turkish problem, and is the twentieth century to install a new crusade?

All these things are, no doubt, very distant and entirely uncertain. But they are possible enough, and would give the statesmen of the future a series of insoluble problems. It would be needless to enlarge on the endless complications they involve. They may serve to convince us that there is no finality in this Turkish question. The expulsion of the Turk from Europe leaves the dilemma more acute than ever. The enthronement of the Russian on the Bosphorus settles nothing, concludes nothing, and can satisfy no one. It offers, on the contrary, a new set of difficulties and contests, more ominous and bitter than those which have raged for a hundred years since Catherine II.

An irresistible conclusion seems to follow from these conditions. In the first place, the Turkish problem is not in the least solved; it is far more imminent and difficult than ever. In the last war Turkey had a strong fleet, and commanded the Bosphorus. She has now no fleet, and she lies at the mercy of a Russian fleet in the Black Sea. Nothing but treaties, the tradition of British policy, and an honest desire to avoid European war, hold back the Czar from a new step forward in the great ambition of his race. If he gives the word, his eagles may float over the Seraglio within a month; and, amidst a roar from all Christian throats, the Cross will again gleam from the dome of St. Sophia. If France is willing to further this conquest, it is a simple matter; and France will sacrifice much to get England out of Egypt. But let Russia find herself, by a *coup de main* or by international intrigue, in possession of Constantinople—and the dominion of the Eastern Mediterranean passes into her hands. Great Britain could remain there only at the cost of enormous sacrifices and efforts.

If England desires to retain any hold in the Eastern Mediterranean, she must maintain the *status quo* in the Bosphorus. The Turk no longer menaces any power at all; and he oppresses no race, at any rate, in Europe. Whilst he holds the keys of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, they are practically in commission. This unequalled position is kept from the hands of any aggressive power.

Let us study what resulted when, in the days of the Byzantine Empire of the Basilian dynasty, or in the heyday of the Ottoman conquest of the sixteenth century, a great naval and military autocrat held absolute control over sea and land from the mouths of the Danube to Rhodes and Crete. That condition may again arise at any moment that France and Russia agree to it. France, it may be, considers that she has no direct interests in the Mediterranean, east of Tunis; and to get England out of Egypt and Cyprus, and off the coast of Syria, she may be willing to let Russia come; France to have the Western, Russia the Eastern Mediterranean. If they agree to this partition, and the four inland seas are handed over to Russia, then the British flag must be hauled down in the Mediterranean Sea.

There are many men of ardent patriotism, men keenly alive to the honour of our country, who have no wish to see England predominant in the Mediterranean, or cruising there at all, except in pursuit of lawful commerce, as do the merchantmen of Italy, Austria, and the United States. But those who would rejoice to see England withdraw from the Mediterranean are not anxious to see her driven out, with all the risks of an European convulsion. To keep hold on Egypt and to maintain a small army locked up on the Nile is sheer madness, if the Marmora and its marine ports are any day open to become a vast Russian arsenal. And Russian arsenal they will assuredly become without two indispensable conditions. The first is, that the Turk must be guaranteed in the Golden Horn by a British, or an allied, fleet. The second is, that England and France must come to some *modus vivendi* on the burning question of the Bosphorus. Whilst we two continue snarling over Egypt, England is risking an immense national disaster.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE ROYAL PATRIOTIC FUND.

It will be my endeavour in the following pages to give, in as succinct a manner as possible, the history of the Royal Patriotic Fund, from its inception in 1854 down to the present time. This is necessary to enable the public to realise what a lapse there has been in the spirit which animated the original Commission, and how, step by step, its administrators have descended to that utter misconception of their duties which has culminated in the question of the distribution of the *Victoria* Fund.

In the autumn of 1854 this country was passing through the most eventful period since the great wars against Napoleon. There was no fear of invasion, as in 1803, but the nation was deeply moved by the accounts of the sufferings of the splendid military force which had been gathered at Varna in the summer. The losses through cholera were considerable, but it was hoped that when the troops landed in the Crimea, the war would come to a speedy end by the fall or surrender of Sebastopol. And these hopes were heightened when the news of the passage of the Alma reached England. When it was first realised that Sebastopol had to be invested, the current talk in London was that after a week's experience of the heavy siege-guns the fortress would capitulate. Meanwhile, the first letters of Mr. W. H. Russell, giving a description of the horrible neglect of the wounded after the battle of the Alma, had reached England. Even at this distance of time men's minds are moved when they recall the agony of that period, as successive letters told the story of the utter lack of provision for the sick and wounded. The ships which conveyed the wounded to the Dardanelles were short-handed, and the Euxine was so stormy that the holds of the ships had to be fastened down. Many vessels containing stores and medical comforts had foundered. Nothing in fact or fiction exceeded the horrors which were endured by men who had left England a few months before to fight their country's battles. No wonder the hearts of people at home were deeply stirred, and that the natural impulse was to succour these men at any cost. Already, when accounts of the bad state of the hospitals at Varna reached home, over £10,000 had been subscribed to provide nursing and comforts. Cholera was also raging at home, and as the year waned the death roll grew to a terrible length. It was realised how greatly the sufferings from the disease would be increased in a strange land without adequate medical attendance and nursing. Before the landing in the Crimea, public sympathy had been directed to the condition of the wives and fami-

lies of soldiers with the force in the East, who had nothing but the scanty and irregular pittance out of the men's pay to depend on, and a fund was raised for their assistance. It soon reached the large sum of £100,000. But when the list of killed and wounded at the Alma was read, it was felt that there was more to be done. The real nature of the campaign began to dawn on people's minds. The enemy was in the field with a force at least equal in numbers to that of the allied armies. It could be reinforced to any extent by land, while every man who was added to the English and French armies had to be conveyed by a sea voyage often occupying three weeks. It was at last understood that the fighting would be long and dubious, and that there would be thousands of widows and orphans to provide for. To give at once and to give freely was the cry on every hand, and that was the spirit in which the Patriotic Fund was formed.

How deep and solemn were the feelings of the nation at the time may be gathered from the terms of the Queen's Commission to her right trusty and well-beloved Councillors, among whom the name of the Prince Consort comes first, to be followed by that of the Earl of Aberdeen, and many of the other ministers; besides these the head of the Opposition, the Earl of Derby; Lord Palmerston, soon again to take the reins of Government; Sidney Herbert, who lived to do such great work for the army; and Generals such as Sir John Burgoyne and Sir Hew Ross, whose services dated back to the Peninsular War. Nor was the mercantile element forgotten, as the Commission included the Lord Mayor for the time being, and such familiar names as Thomas Baring and John Gellibrand Hubbard. The only survival of the original Commissioners is Horatio Earl Nelson, *magni nominis umbra*, who now stands forth as the champion of a policy that appears to be at variance with her Majesty's commands and the public wishes. The preamble is worth preserving:—

"WHEREAS, amidst the glorious successes which, through the power of Almighty God, have attended Our armies during the present war, many soldiers, sailors, and marines, serving in Our Armies and Fleets, have gallantly fallen in battle, or by other casualties during the war, and many who shall hereafter be engaged in conflict, or in the further prosecution of hostilities, may also nobly sacrifice their lives in Our service, while protecting the invaded liberties of Our Ally, and repressing the lawless ambition of Our enemies:

"AND WHEREAS it hath been represented to Us, that many of our loving subjects throughout Our Kingdom and Dominions, actuated by a just sense of the sacred rights of those who fall in their country's service, and in support of Our just cause of war, are anxiously desirous of testifying their loyalty and love to Us, and to Our Throne, *by a just and generous benevolence towards the widows and orphans of those of Our soldiers, sailors, and marines who have been so killed*, or who may hereafter die amidst the ravages and casualties of war, and also by their gifts and subscriptions to contribute a portion of those means with which Our nation has been blessed towards the succouring, educating, and relieving those, who, by the loss of their husbands and parents in battle, or by death on active service in the present war, are unable to maintain or to support themselves."

And the Commissioners are solemnly charged—

"To make *full and diligent enquiry into the best mode of aiding* the loyalty and benevolence of our loving subjects and of ascertaining the best means by which the gifts, subscriptions, and contributions of our loving subjects can be best applied *according to the generous intentions of the donors thereof* . . . . so that you do in all things secure *the most impartial and beneficent* distribution of all such sums as may hereafter and from time to time be received under or by virtue of this our Royal Commission."

I propose to show how little the generous intentions of donors are now respected, and what is the Commissioners' idea of a "beneficent distribution" in the present year of grace.

It would indeed have been fortunate if a little of the spirit which animated the original Commissioners had descended to their successors. The Prince Consort was far from being a nominal President of the Commission, and the influence of his wise counsels can be traced in the history of the first few years of the fund. The response to the appeal was marvellous. Taking into consideration the wealth of the kingdom at that time, and the amount of taxation imposed (the income-tax was 1s. 4d. in the pound), it is probable that no greater voluntary aid has ever been rendered in any country or at any time. The Commissioners were able to report in seven months that a sum exceeding a million sterling had been paid into the Bank of England to their account. All the great towns had local funds which received the smaller stream of benevolence, and helped to make this large total. The report goes on to say that every class of the community had contributed liberally to the fund. The brilliant deeds of our countrymen in arms had awakened equal sympathy in every class of humble life, even among those whose generous impulses can be gratified only at the cost of privation and self-denial. The Commissioners deem it a fact deserving her Majesty's notice that even the children of the poorer classes very generally contributed their mite to enlarge the amount of the nation's bounty. The original Commissioners set to work in a proper way. There was no invitation to admire the splendid investments they had made and the income these yielded. The business men associated with them made good investments as a matter of course when the money came in. The Commission was only issued in October, 1854, and a month afterwards 73 widows and 114 orphans were actually receiving assistance. The number of applicants grew with fearful rapidity. Each week from 70 to 80 widows were added to the number receiving relief. But the money came pouring in, as fortunately it does in this country when the public are satisfied that there are worthy claimants on their bounty, and the right sort of almoners to administer it. Nor were the education and training of the orphans forgotten. Not only asylums but individuals offered to provide for them. It was felt that generous assist-

ance would be given from the Fund to supplement private benevolence. There were no unseemly squabbles, as if the nation's bounty to the dependents of those who had died fighting her battles was to be administered in the manner of poor-law guardians. While reasonable care was taken that the money was not wasted, there was an absence of that fussiness, which has been conspicuous of late years, lest any pensioner should have more than just enough to keep body and soul together. It is worthy of note that, from the first, the Royal Patriotic Fund was able to devote the whole of its resources to widows and orphans. For as the war went on there was hardly a town in the kingdom but could afford examples of the hardships suffered in the Crimea, in the presence of soldiers who had just enough life to crawl back to their native places. These sufferers had no claim on the Royal Commissioners, but luckily there was another fund in existence—that originally raised at Lloyd's in 1803. The main object of this fund has always been to succour the actual victims of war themselves. The way the grants were originally made is worth reading even now, and in passing I may say they are awarded in the same spirit to-day. There was no show of patronage or humiliating inquiries, but the money was given in a generous hearty manner, as if the donors were honoured rather than the recipients. When the Committee of Lloyd's or of the Patriotic Fund met, the *London Gazette* was laid on the table. The dispatches were read, and the exploits of our men by land and sea detailed with the names of the killed and wounded. Then came votes of £5 up to £50 to the wounded, grants to the families of the killed, and awards of swords and tankards to the officers. The fund remained open for claims up to 1825, but some annuities were running in 1854. And the fund then allowed of £25,000 being given in the same manner, viz., as gratuities to men disabled from wounds received in the Crimean War, and to the relatives of those who were killed.

Would that the Royal Commissioners had continued their administration with the just and impartial method which marked the earlier years! Their trouble began with the first divergence from the letter of the Commission which called them into being, and from which alone they had any power. They were authorised to increase, extend, or make additions to any charitable institutions already founded for similar purposes. The orphans were accordingly distributed in various institutions and local schools open to inspection where they were near their relatives, an economical arrangement which worked admirably. Unfortunately, the Commissioners decided in 1857 to establish and permanently endow an institution for the education of 300 daughters of soldiers, sailors, and marines. It was necessary to provide religious training for this large number of children, and that of the Church of England was

selected. A chaplain was appointed, and a chapel built at a cost of £5,000. As might have been expected, it excited ill feeling on the part of Roman Catholics, for whom there was no place in the new school. The *odium theologicum* was violently aroused, and the question as to whether two or three children, the offspring of Catholic fathers and Protestant mothers, should be brought up in one faith or the other became of almost national importance. Nearly the whole of the Report for 1857 is filled with the subject, and the correspondence occupied thirty closely printed pages.

As might be expected, while all the squabbling was going on, the interests of the widows and orphans took a second place. We can judge of this by the absence for four years of any public utterances of the Commissioners, who drew up no report between 1858 and 1862. The report of the latter year, which was not printed for nearly a twelvemonth, is not pleasant reading. The Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylum, which was to be a memento to all time of the generosity of the British people, had become a sort of Dotheboys Hall. The children were employed in scrubbing the floors and cleaning the windows, so that they did not get much schooling. One poor girl had been burned to death while in solitary confinement. Some of the elder pupils were in a state of chronic hysteria through attending revival meetings, and by order of the secretary had been sent to London to be cured by mesmerism. The majority of the lady visitors, finding that the officials responsible were to be retained, very naturally resigned, and the name of Angela Burdett-Coutts, added to the indignant protests, is strong evidence of the utter mismanagement that prevailed. The only lady visitors who remained were the wives of the secretaries and chaplain. The public was much incensed by the revelation of these facts, and there was a long debate in Parliament in 1862, which had the effect of making the supervision of the school a little less of a sham. But the whole subsequent history of the school is a most dismal one. The committee seem to have been thankful for very small mercies. It is amusing to note that they report in 1863, that the conduct of the lady superintendent and chaplain during the past year has been satisfactory!—as though the asylum were maintained for the amendment of the people paid to look after it. Indeed, it is strange that the unfortunate children got any education at all, as this and subsequent reports show that the teachers had constantly to be changed. The lady superintendent seems to have given the most trouble, possibly because such genteel qualifications, as the fact of being the widow of a clergyman, were more considered than ability to manage a school of three hundred girls. In 1870 the inspector appointed by the Commissioners, who seems to have been the one official to keep a clear head, had to report that all the mistresses had been changed since his last

visit, and his remarks must have brought home to the minds of the Commissioners the mistake they had made in massing children together in an asylum where all home influences and surroundings were absolutely wanting. The Rev. A. R. Grant pertinently observes that there are very great differences between the training of a girl at home or in a small institution, and that in an institution as large as the Victoria Asylum. A girl brought up at home learns how all the wants of a small household are supplied, and gradually learns to act for herself; in fact, she has more real knowledge at twelve than an "institution" girl at sixteen. The reports show that the principal use the girls at the Victoria Asylum made of their education was to read novelettes, an accomplishment which the mistresses to whose services they were assigned at sixteen did not value much. The Commissioners had accordingly numbers of the girls returned on their hands. The system of apprenticeship fees, too, for the boys turned out to be altogether bad. It was found that, after the premium had been spent, the boys were ill-treated by their masters, and many of them ran away, and found their way into workhouses. That this was the usual course of things was thoroughly well known and proclaimed to the world long before the Patriotic Fund came into being. The experience of all boards of guardians and trustees of charities left for the special purpose of providing premiums for apprenticeship was, that the system was incurably vicious. It actually created a lot of small "masters," who simply lived on premiums so obtained, and made a study as to where they could get the most money. In fact, the evil had become so notorious that trustees had ceased to waste the money in this way. An inquiry as to the state of the schools was instituted by Government, but for reasons well understood the results were never published. The records, however, may possibly exist in the pigeon-holes of the Admiralty and War Office, and in the event of an inquiry being granted may yet reach the public eye. An Act of Parliament was passed in 1867, condoning the application of the funds to the building and endowment of the schools, for which there were neither expressed nor implied authority in the original Commission, and a fresh Commission was accordingly issued, limiting future appropriations to the purposes and order following.

Firstly, "in relief of widows, and maintenance, education, training, "and advancement of the children of soldiers, seamen, and marines "of Her Majesty's army and navy who lost their lives in battle in "the late war with Russia, or in consequence of wounds received in "or by or in consequence of other casualties sustained in or disease "contracted in that war."

Secondly, "in maintenance, education, training and advancement of "children of soldiers, seamen, and marines of her Majesty's army and

"navy who have lost *or hereafter lose their lives in battle in any other* "*war, or in consequence of wounds received in or by or in consequence of* "*other casualties sustained or in disease contracted in any other war.*"

Thirdly, "in maintenance, education, training and advancement of "children of other soldiers, seamen, and marines of her Majesty's "army and navy *who have lost or hereafter lose their lives in the service* "*of the Crown, or by or in consequence of the casualties sustained or* "*disease contracted in the service of the Crown.*"

It is important to keep these clauses well in view, as it is clear that from this time the Commissioners have no excuse whatever for hoarding up money. Nothing can be more plain than that, after the two first classes have been provided for, viz., the dependents of soldiers who lost their lives in or through the war with Russia; and, secondly, the same classes as regards any other war, there remains a *third class—the orphans of soldiers and seamen who have lost or hereafter lose their lives in the service of the Crown, or by or in consequence of casualties sustained or disease contracted in the service of the Crown.* This is tolerably comprehensive, and it would be absurd to say that there have not been, and are not at the present time, plenty of legitimate cases of this kind to absorb funds which have been so unjustly allowed to lie idle. Many of those who might have been succoured in time must now be beyond the reach of aid.

Let us examine the financial management.

The estimates of the assets and liabilities of the Patriotic Fund were made in such a slovenly and incomplete manner, that the heads of the War Office and Admiralty agreed in 1880 to the necessity for an outside valuation. It was accordingly carried out, and resulted in a report that instead of there being a surplus of £12,000, there was a deficiency of £102,000. It was clearly shown that this wide miscalculation was caused by the Commissioners not instructing their actuary as to what they had really undertaken to do. For instance, the attention of Mr. Finlaison was never directed to the liability for funeral allowances and extra payment to aged officers' widows. Again, such confusion had been made of the liabilities for the maintenance and education of orphans that it was found that £60,000 was required to complete the endowment for the boys' school. The real cost of management and of the payment of allowances had never appeared, so that an extra sum had to be taken for prospective disbursements under this head. The amended report of Mr. Finlaison was more reassuring, but showed the danger the Commissioners had incurred in departing from the plain letter and spirit of their original Charter by their ambitious schemes of setting up foundations which should perpetuate the Patriotic Fund for all time. Luckily, just at this time some changes made by the War Office compelled the Commissioners to pay the widows' annuities through the Post

Office and the poundage of three per cent. hitherto paid to Staff Officers of Pensioners was saved. In addition, the salaries of officials were reduced all round, and the prospect of pensions was no longer held out. It is difficult to see on what grounds of equity and justice to the beneficiaries of the Fund pensions were ever granted to the employees of the Commissioners, for thus was at once created a very strong interest on their part to perpetuate the administration of the Fund, and to look upon it primarily as a *corpus* to provide for salaries and pensions. Anyhow, it is very significant that through the whole of the reports no trace can be found of the Commissioners ever having been troubled by misgivings as to the existence of further legitimate applicants for the ever-accumulating money, or of their taking any trouble to find them. It was shown by the returns to Parliament that a mass of applications had been made and rejected. This non-effective actuarial supervision had one very good effect. An Act of Parliament was passed in 1881 to sanction the sale of the boys' school; its inmates were dispersed amongst various schools, and doubtless have done better in the world than those trained at the ill-managed place at Wandsworth. Since then the surpluses of the main Fund have been steadily on the increase. This Act also gave the Commissioners the widest powers, so that they cannot plead any excuse for locking up money. They are empowered, after providing for everything specifically mentioned in former Acts, to apply the income and accumulations of all funds under their control, so far as any direction in the Commission does *not* extend, as the Commissioners may from time to time think expedient. There is not, in fact, an excuse for one single dependent of a dead soldier or sailor having gone unrelieved, so far as the Fund would permit.

An examination of the accounts of the special funds which have come into the hands of the Commissioners reveals a still more unsatisfactory administration. Take, for example, the Rodriguez Fund, the result of a bequest made by a Spaniard in 1857, which realised £8,000, but now amounts to £14,000, through the usual process of hoarding. In 1892 no less than £400, out of dividends £477, was added to capital, the only payment being "educational allowance to five children." Poor Don Francisco Rodriguez would hardly have kept his own kith and kin out of his money if he could have foreseen that his efforts to benefit the British soldier and sailor would be thwarted in this way. In 1883 another foreigner, Sir Constantine Zerudachi, a Greek merchant of Alexandria, who had done much for sick and wounded soldiers in Egypt, sent the Commissioners £1,300, and in their report for the year they say "they think they would best fulfil the benevolent intentions of the generous donor by applying this, first, for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who have lost or may hereafter lose their lives through the opera-

tions in Egypt." This reads very well, but it is rather startling to find that not one single penny of either principal or interest has yet been spent. The £1,300 has grown to £1,700. The Royal Naval Relief Fund had its origin in a sum set apart from the money raised for the sufferers by the loss of the *Captain*, and, although not a large one, it seems either that there are no naval widows and orphans to relieve, or that they are left so well off the Commissioners think it would be superfluous to add to their incomes. In 1882 the dividends from this fund were £220, and £55 was paid to widows and orphans, the cost of management being 20 per cent. In 1892 the payment had dwindled down to £34, the charge for management being 33 per cent. However, the Commissioners were so self-satisfied with the way they relieved sailors' widows and orphans that they were ambitious of becoming universal dispensers of kindred funds, and accordingly asked the Admiralty in 1883 to hand over to them the money from Greenwich Hospital funds devoted to similar purposes. But the navy had seen quite enough of the benevolence of the Patriotic Fund, and the Admiralty, in letters signed by Admiral Tryon, returned curt refusals. The *Captain* was lost in 1870, and the payments since 1880 up to 1892 have been made out of income, when the Commissioners, in an outburst of generosity, restored to full allowance the women who had remarried and again become widows. They are astonished, however, at their own prodigality, and talk of the heavy liability they have incurred. Their actuary still estimates that there is a surplus balance on the Fund of over £11,000, and, as no fresh claimant can possibly appear, it seems that the widows might have some entitlement even to a little more of the comforts of life out of the money subscribed for them by the public. The *Eurydice* and *Atalanta* funds tell much the same story. The purely military funds are also in a state of repletion. The most important of these is the Soldiers' Effects Fund, which continues to increase by leaps and bounds. This is not the outcome of benevolence in any shape, but is simply the aggregate of the individual soldier's personal effects, for which no claimants have come forward, and which, under the Regimental Debts Act, are transferred from time to time by the War Office. The payments out of this fund amount to less than a *third* of the present dividends from the money in hand—a position which the Commissioners describe as very satisfactory. Unless, however, the public can be assured that, notwithstanding the loss of life that is constantly going on through fighting, accident, and decease, 62 widows and 120 orphans are all that can be found entitled to provision, they are not at all likely to share that satisfaction. Nor are they likely to be reassured on the subject of the Balaclava veterans, for whom a considerable sum was raised a few years ago; £3,000 of this was handed over to the Commissioners in February,

1892, and they seem to have set to work in their usual leisurely way to "honour the Light Brigade." The outcome being that £65, or very little more than the interest of the money, was doled cut to the end of that year; and while the Commissioners were satisfying themselves as to the eligibility of the applicants, no less than four relieved them of any further responsibility by dying. A few more doles have since been made; but, judging by the past, there is but small prospect of these old heroes enjoying the £3,000. Strange to say, there is only one fund which is fully expended, and that is the one set apart for the maintenance and education of orphans who are brought up as Roman Catholics, no doubt owing to their having powerful friends to look after their interests.

The exposure of the unworthy way in which the Patriotic Commissioners have acted with regard to the *Victoria* Fund must be still fresh in the public mind. Fortunately, there is time in this case to ensure that the whole of the money is disposed of in accordance with the wishes of the donors, and that no part of it is diverted to any other purpose whatever. No special pleading by Earl Nelson can obscure the main fact that, although the public subscribed over £70,000, not a penny of this money was disbursed until nearly five months after the loss of the ship. Fortunately, Miss Weston, who had had experience of the way in which benevolence was slowly filtered through the Patriotic Fund, made a personal appeal for funds, and many people sent contributions to her direct, otherwise the widows and children must have starved in the midst of plenty. A local fund was raised at Portsmouth of £5,000, out of which the sufferers might have been relieved immediately after the disaster, but every penny of this was destined to be swallowed up in the stagnant pool of the Patriotic Fund. There is no excuse whatever for the Commissioners leaving the poor people all this time in uncertainty as to the allowance they would get out of what was legally their money. The Admiralty was able to complete its inquiries and commence paying the Greenwich pensions to the orphans and widows in July, and those to the other dependents were started soon after. And when the Patriotic Commissioners did commence their doles, the rates were utterly inadequate to the magnificent sum at their disposal. The highest pensions awarded to any widow other than an officer's or warrant officer's was 5s. a week—diminishing in amount, according to the dead husband's rating, to the starvation pittance of 3s. 6d. a week—the latter sum being the allowance to at least three-fourths of the widows, and for the children 1s. a week each.

The Patriotic Commissioners defend their parsimonious treatment on the ground that these allowances were supplemented by the Greenwich pensions, but the latter accrue as a matter of right, and are as much a part of the men's contract with the State as their

pay. Together they only made up a provision of 7s. a week for the widows of ordinary and A.B. seamen. In fact, as one poor woman pointed out, the Patriotic Fund gave her exactly what she could have got from the workhouse. Lord Nelson's view is that it would have been "obviously wrong and unfair to the whole class to give them generally more." But the duty of the Patriotic Commissioners was to administer these funds in accordance with the wishes of those who subscribed them, namely, that every penny should be expended in succouring those for whose benefit they were raised. That this has not been done is proved by Mr. Ralph Hardy's calculations based on the returns made to Parliament, in which he shows that £31,000, or considerably more than a third of the total subscribed, is unappropriated, or, in other words, that out of every £1 entrusted to the Patriotic Commissioners for a specific purpose, they have kept back 8s. 6d.

Finally, as to the actual amount of funds at the disposal of the Commissioners from every source. The "Statement of Balances on Stock Accounts in Her Majesty's Paymaster-General's books on 31st December, 1892, on account of the Patriotic Fund," shows a total of £738,000, while in addition there is an East Indian Railway annuity, the capital value of which is £36,000. But in the estimates of assets and liabilities these stocks seem to be taken as at the prices they stand at in the books. At *current* values they are worth in round figures £865,000. The effect of this under-valuation of the assets may be broadly stated to be that, for every £100 required out of capital, it is only necessary to sell £88 stock. The proper course would be to write up the assets to the value at which they would be taken by an insurance company, treating, of course, the liabilities on the same principle. It would then be seen what is the *real* amount that could be at once devoted to extending the benefits for which these moneys were subscribed. There is deep and loudly expressed dissatisfaction in the services at the unjust holding back of the money—dissatisfaction that can only be removed by means of a committee of inquiry with full powers of examination, which Parliament has been asked to grant.

HUDSON E. KEARLEY.

THE APPRECIATION OF GOLD.

THE general fall of prices, and the identification of this with the scarcity of gold, render it important to examine carefully what the actual fresh supplies in recent years have been. Scarcity of any article may come about in two ways—it may result either from a reduction of the amount available, or from increased demand. The supplies of fresh gold for the last twenty years have been comparatively steady, at the rate of about £20,000,000 annually. They declined somewhat during the middle years of that period, but latterly they have again increased. The scarcity, therefore, which is leading to a higher value of gold as measured in commodities—or lower market prices—is not the outcome of the falling off of fresh supplies, but chiefly of a larger quantity being needed for the increased monetary wants of the world, owing to silver being demonetised and more gold being required to take its place as money.

There is no doubt also a greatly increased absorption of gold going on in the arts and industries, and some experts assign a very high percentage of the fresh yearly supplies to meet what is absorbed in this way. Gold, however, is an indestructible metal, and except through abrasion of coin, and in what is used in gilding, dentistry, and similar purposes, there is little absolute consumption of the metal taking place. It should be borne in mind that the fresh supplies absorbed in articles of luxury and in ornaments, though not taking the form of money, yet being of the same substance as money, and with the latent possibility of being at any time converted into coin, all form in reality an addition to the world's stock of the precious metals and to the basis of its monetary valuations.

As regards silver the converse of what we see in the case of gold has been happening. While increasing demand has been leading to the appreciation of gold, decreasing demand has been leading to the depreciation of silver as compared with gold. The yearly supplies of silver have increased, but the increase has been no more than would have been readily absorbed by the growing trade and increasing population of the world if the former monetary conditions had remained what they were, especially in view of the fact that the yearly supplies of gold had for a while been diminishing. It is therefore the upset of the old conditions through the breaking of the bimetallic tie when the Latin Union mints were closed, and

through the gradual demonetisation which has since been going on, that has led to the fall of silver in relation to gold.

The proportion of the yearly supplies of silver absorbed or consumed in the arts and industries is small as compared with what is absorbed for monetary purposes. Prior to 1874 all the European currencies took a certain proportion of the fresh yearly supplies to make up for waste, and to add the necessary percentage to their currencies for increased population and trade; but except in the case of silver token money, as in England, this has altogether ceased. The continental countries, under present conditions, can make no additions in silver to their currencies—the fresh metallic additions must be all in gold. America too is for a time cut off from absorbing in monetary uses any of the fresh supplies of silver.

But even in former times, apart from Bland Acts and Sherman Acts, and apart from the currency movements due to changes of standard, the quantity of silver required to keep up the currencies of Europe and America, though important, was only a portion of the monetary demand. A much larger demand has always existed for monetary purposes in the East, which is shown not only by the shipments that formerly went to the Imperial mints of India, and by what goes in silver dollars for the Asiatic Islands and Japan, but also by the amount which is sent in bars to China, and, though never coined there, is used throughout China by weight as money. I believe that nothing that has yet happened, not even the closing of the Imperial mints of India, will, or can, materially interfere with the absorption of silver in this way, and in all these places. It should be realised that the peoples in the East, who use silver as money, comprise nearly three-fourths of the population of the globe. It should also be clearly understood that all the rules and theories as to the circulating medium of so much currency *per capita*, that hold in limited areas in Europe, must go to the winds when the condition of things in the East is under consideration. Silver, there, is not only a circulating medium—passing from hand to hand, and, to speak generally, doing its work without the aid of any representative substitutes—but it is also for the simple people there the reserve store of wealth, the bank, so to speak, of myriads of poor peasants, who hoard it in coins and bars, or ornaments, as the only tangible way in which they can keep a reserve to fall back upon for their times of need. When we realise what all this means, we can understand the power and permanence that silver possesses in the East. The European ideas in disparagement of silver are entirely foreign to the minds of the mass of Eastern peoples.

The demand, therefore, for this quarter of the world will always be maintained, and would continue to increase under a general settle-

ment of the monetary question with the revival of confidence that would follow. This offtake would continue to be an important outlet for fresh supplies when silver comes to be rehabilitated, and the balance of what is produced and not wanted for the East would readily take its place among the reserves of the nations who would join in an international agreement, and would cause no perturbation whatever when once the ratio was adjusted. By-and-bye, as confidence in silver was restored, the silver currencies of Europe and America would again begin to take off supplies for renewal and increase. Africa also, which may be ranked with the East in this respect, promises in the future to be an expanding area for silver money. The fresh supplies of silver, therefore, which frighten so many people who have not looked carefully into the matter would, I believe, be no obstacle to its smooth working when an international agreement had been come to on the subject.

There are frequently very exaggerated ideas entertained, in consequence of vague statements put forth by those who wish to discredit silver, as to what have been the actual supplies of that metal in recent years.

The American mint estimates are the only official figures available, though it is only by courtesy that even they can be called official, because they are merely the result of the efforts of a department in compiling information voluntarily supplied under no statutory obligations enforcing accuracy. It is said that owing to confusion in the returns from smelters and miners the data supplied often include double returns for the same silver. It is also asserted that there is often wilful exaggeration of the output of mines, in view for instance of a mine being offered for sale or floated as a company. There is every likelihood therefore that the quantities given are overstated, but as there are no other figures available that possess even an equal degree of reliability we are obliged to take them as the best that can be got. Dr. Soetbeer is usually quoted as the most trustworthy compiler of general statistics of the precious metals, but it should be borne in mind that he also took the American mint figures for recent years.

The following table is made up from one just published in a work entitled *La Crise des Changes*, by M. Edmond Théry, of the Parisian journal, *l'Economiste Européen :*

ANNUAL PRODUCTION OF GOLD AND SILVER IN THE WORLD SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

	Gold. Average annual production.	Silver. Average annual production.	Percentage on 100 kilogr. of the precious metals produced.		Average London Prices of Silver.
			Gold.	Silver.	
	Kilogr.	Kilogr.	Kilogr.	Kilogr.	Per oz.
1493—1520	5,799	46,993	11·0	89·0	
1521—1544	7,159	90,187	7·4	92·6	
1545—1560	8,508	311,557	2·7	97·3	
1561—1580	6,839	299,459	2·2	97·8	
1581—1600	7,379	418,843	1·7	98·3	
1601—1620	8,518	422,842	2·0	98·0	
1621—1640	8,198	393,546	2·1	97·9	
1641—1660	8,768	366,250	2·3	97·7	
1661—1680	9,258	303,695	2·7	97·3	
1681—1700	10,763	341,853	3·1	96·9	
1701—1720	12,818	355,551	3·5	96·5	
1721—1740	19,077	431,141	4·2	95·8	
1741—1760	24,606	533,073	4·4	95·6	
1761—1780	20,702	652,340	3·1	96·9	
1781—1800	17,787	878,941	2·0	98·0	
1801—1810	17,775	894,029	1·9	98·1	
1811—1820	11,443	540,696	2·1	97·9	
1821—1830	14,214	460,497	3·0	97·0	
1831—1840	20,286	596,369	3·3	96·7	59 3/16
1841—1850	54,751	780,309	6·6	93·4	59 3/4
1851—1855	199,361	885,995	18·4	81·6	61 1/8
1856—1860	201,722	904,867	18·2	81·8	61 9/16
1861—1865	185,032	1,101,001	14·4	85·6	61 5/16
1866—1870	194,999	1,338,904	12·7	87·3	60 11/16
1871—1875	173,880	1,969,159	8·1	91·9	59 1/16
1876—1880	172,390	2,449,921	6·6	93·4	52 1/16
1881—1885	149,116	2,861,322	5·0	95·0	50 5/8
1886	159,473	2,900,883	5·2	94·8	45 3/8
1887	158,422	2,991,477	5·0	95·0	44 5/8
1888	165,340	3,418,232	4·6	95·4	42 7/8
1889	178,730	3,913,313	4·4	95·6	42 1/16
1890	170,229	4,142,924	4·0	96·0	47 1/16
1891	181,316	4,491,648	3·9	96·1	45 1/16
1892	211,490	4,729,128	4·2	95·8	39 3/16
1893	—	—	—	—	35 5/8

Footnote by M. Théry.—From 1493 to 1885 the quantities are taken from the tables of Dr. Soetbeer. From 1886 to 1892 the quantities are taken from the annual statements of the American Mint authorities.

Important as the increase of silver supplies has been, it is, as I have said, not this but the changed monetary conditions in Europe alone that have affected its value in relation to gold. I have given current prices for the last fifty years alongside of the actual supplies,

and it is interesting to note the entire absence of effect of falling prices in checking supplies. No doubt the violent changes in price of the last eight months will tell, and we know from the partial estimates for last year already obtained they are telling to a considerable extent. Silver mining, however, is on the whole simply a lottery business, with many blanks and only a few rich prizes, and apart from these last there has never been much profit in silver mining. Fifteen years ago it was from the Comstock lode in America that the world was to be deluged with silver, but small account need be taken of that supply now. Lately the Broken Hill Mine in Australia has bulked out in a similar way, but here also there are signs of the richer lodes giving out, the yield last year having been 28·48 ounces per ton, against 33·59 for the year previous, and 37·25 in 1890.

Such has always been the experience in silver mining, and there is nothing that can be anticipated regarding silver any more than regarding gold which need be feared as a disturbing element. The yearly supplies are doubtless important features in the present disorganised relations of the two monetary metals, but formerly they varied as much as they have ever done recently, without causing any disturbance in their relative values, and with a fixed ratio re-established similar uniformity would again prevail. The table above shows the percentage of the relative supplies of the two metals over a long period. It will be seen how greatly the relative quantities were disturbed during the years subsequent to the gold discoveries in California and Australia, from about 1851 to 1870, notwithstanding which there was no disturbance in the relative value of the two metals. The percentage of gold to silver afterwards returned to about what it had been before these gold discoveries, and of late years, while silver has been declining in its gold price so violently, the relative supplies of the two metals have been keeping very steady. The supplies of silver have doubtless been increasing in the later years quoted, but so have the supplies of gold. When we carefully examine the actual data in this way it is abundantly evident that it is not the changes that have taken place in the supplies of the two metals that have led to the present divergence in their value, but that this divergence is due entirely to the changed monetary conditions affecting the demand for them. The demand for monetary purposes for the one has been increased, and the demand for the other decreased, through the demonetisation of silver in Europe and America.

But, say some people, the supplies of the precious metals, like the supplies of any other commodity, must ultimately adjust themselves automatically to this altered demand; lower prices in the one case must check supplies, and higher values in the other stimulate them,

ANNUAL PRODUCTION OF GOLD AND SILVER IN THE WORLD SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

	Gold. Average annual production.	Silver. Average annual production.	Percentage on 100 kilogr. of the precious metals produced.		Average London Prices of Silver.
			Gold.	Silver.	
	Kilogr.	Kilogr.	Kilogr.	Kilogr.	Per oz.
1493—1520	5,799	46,993	11·0	89·0	
1521—1544	7,159	90,187	7·4	92·6	
1545—1560	8,508	311,557	2·7	97·3	
1561—1580	6,839	299,459	2·2	97·8	
1581—1600	7,379	418,843	1·7	98·3	
1601—1620	8,518	422,842	2·0	98·0	
1621—1640	8,198	393,546	2·1	97·9	
1641—1660	8,768	366,250	2·3	97·7	
1661—1680	9,258	303,695	2·7	97·3	
1681—1700	10,763	341,853	3·1	96·9	
1701—1720	12,818	355,551	3·5	96·5	
1721—1740	19,077	431,141	4·2	95·8	
1741—1760	24,606	533,073	4·4	95·6	
1761—1780	20,702	652,340	3·1	96·9	
1781—1800	17,787	878,941	2·0	98·0	
1801—1810	17,775	894,029	1·9	98·1	
1811—1820	11,443	540,696	2·1	97·9	
1821—1830	14,214	460,497	3·0	97·0	
1831—1840	20,286	596,369	3·3	96·7	$59\frac{13}{16}$
1841—1850	54,751	780,309	6·6	93·4	$59\frac{3}{4}$
1851—1855	199,361	885,995	18·4	81·6	$61\frac{1}{8}$
1856—1860	201,722	904,867	18·2	81·8	$61\frac{0}{16}$
1861—1865	185,032	1,101,001	14·4	85·6	$61\frac{5}{16}$
1866—1870	194,999	1,338,904	12·7	87·3	$60\frac{0}{16}$
1871—1875	173,880	1,969,159	8·1	91·9	$59\frac{1}{16}$
1876—1880	172,390	2,449,921	6·6	93·4	$52\frac{11}{16}$
1881—1885	149,116	2,861,322	5·0	95·0	$50\frac{5}{8}$
1886	159,473	2,900,883	5·2	94·8	$45\frac{3}{8}$
1887	158,422	2,991,477	5·0	95·0	$44\frac{6}{8}$
1888	165,340	3,418,232	4·6	95·4	$42\frac{7}{8}$
1889	178,730	3,913,313	4·4	95·6	$42\frac{11}{16}$
1890	170,229	4,142,924	4·0	96·0	$47\frac{11}{16}$
1891	181,316	4,491,648	3·9	96·1	$45\frac{1}{16}$
1892	211,490	4,729,128	4·2	95·8	$39\frac{13}{16}$
1893	—	—	—	—	$35\frac{5}{8}$

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and thus a true equation be reached. Well, there is the experience of eighteen years before us in the table given, and during all that period while silver, as will be seen, was falling in price the output of fresh silver was increasing. We cannot speak of the *price* of gold changing, for it is only by its purchasing power as the standard of value in Europe and America that its value can be gauged. That it has appreciated greatly, however, during the same period is now universally recognised, but when we look at the table we find that there was no increased output resulting from this appreciation. On the contrary the fresh supplies steadily declined up till 1888, and have only lately touched a higher figure than in 1870, and both during the period of lessening supplies, and the later period when they were increasing the appreciation of gold has been continuously going on. It is obvious, therefore, that the principle of supply adjusting itself to demand, which acts so rapidly with regard to most other commodities, has in the case of the precious metals, as shown in the experience of the period which these figures cover, been nearly inoperative. No doubt the fall in the value of all other commodities *pari passu* with the fall of silver, bringing down the miner's expenses concurrently with the fall in value of his production, largely explains the matter, in the case of silver. Another explanation also applicable to both of the precious metals, as I have pointed out already, is that the mining of them is to a great extent a lottery business, and the supplies depend far more on fortunate finds of rich ores than upon the inducements of a higher or lower price per ounce for the metals extracted.

I have thought it well thus to trace the working of the law of supply and demand in connection with the fresh supplies of the precious metals, but these yearly supplies are only a fraction of the whole amount affected by the variations in their relative value now taking place. The basis of value does not consist in the yearly supplies, but in the total existing stock of the monetary metals which the yearly production only augments to the extent of about 1 per cent. or 2 per cent. per annum. The world's stock is estimated to be something like £900,000,000 of each of the precious metals, or about £1,800,000,000 in money, besides possibly an equal amount in similar proportion of uncoined gold and silver, which is potential money; and the process of demonetising silver, if carried out to the extreme, means rejecting the silver half of this basis, and making the gold half do the entire exchange work formerly done by both. When the full significance of all this is realised, it becomes clear how vast must be the changes in the *demand* for both metals, as the process of demonetising silver goes on, and it is not surprising, when we look at the yearly production, to observe that the action of supply and demand which is usually so certain to bring

about a steady equation of relative value, is proving, in this case, absolutely powerless to secure such a result.

It thus becomes evident that, under present conditions, with the mints closed against silver, even a large increase in the fresh supplies of gold, and a large decrease in the fresh supplies of silver, might have no visible effect either in checking the appreciation of gold or in restoring stability to the two valuations.

Those who look for relief from present difficulties in increased supplies of gold, no doubt base their ideas upon the effect which the gold discoveries in California and Australia had on prices and general trade, but they do not take into account the then monetary conditions of the world. They overlook the fact that the increased supplies of gold which then appeared came at a time when all the existing gold and silver money in the world were equally and fully performing the functions of money, and were in perfect harmony, constituting unitedly the world's basis of value. The gold supplies, therefore, added to the total volume of that basis, and from this addition came the benefits which they brought in giving fresh life and development to trade and commerce everywhere. I believe that similar blessings would also have followed the increased supplies of silver if the fatal policy of demonetising that metal had not been entered upon.

Unfortunately the state of things now is entirely different from what it was in the fifties, and the true solution of the currency problem can only be found in restoring the conditions under which the gold and silver money of the world formerly worked. The harmony and practical uniformity in relative value which then existed were secured by the open mints of France and the Latin Union. When these were closed, through the action of Germany in changing from a silver to a gold standard, the divergence began, and has ever since continued. It is, therefore, altogether a mistaken notion to suppose that the variations which since then have so greatly harassed commerce are due to natural causes which must not be interfered with. They are due entirely to the action of human laws mistakenly put into force, laws that run counter to immemorial usage, and the dual relationship of the two metals on which the basis of value formerly rested. What human law has caused, human law may correct. No action, however, can now be taken with any beneficial effect by individual nations; all are equally interested in the solution of the difficulty, and by concerted action there is not the shadow of a doubt that it could be readily settled. With good-will on the part of the one nation—England—to whom all other nations are now looking for co-operation in the solution of the currency problem, the way out of the difficulty would quickly be found.

ROBERT BARCLAY.

L'IMPÉRIEUSE BONTÉ.[1]

THE *Figaro* ranks M. Rosny amongst the "authors of to-morrow," and in a certain sense he, no doubt, belongs to the class called *les jeunes*, often wrongly, since amongst these *jeunes* there are men of middle age. *Les jeunes* is an expression which is rather intended to indicate new methods and new views than to describe the actual age of the writers. In a sense everyone belongs to *les jeunes* who is emancipated from conventional tradition; but too much stress, too much importance, has been attached to this name; true art is always natural, and this new school is seldom natural; there is more eccentricity of manner in it than there is genuine originality of thought; there is too great an effort, too perpetual a strain in its productions; frequently, as in the case of Maurice Barrès, subtlety of language is employed to conceal absolute poverty of idea; or, as in the case of Jules Lemaitre, to clothe mere wooden puppets with a semblance of life; or, as in the case of Paul Bourget, to eke out a slender modicum of incident and idiosyncrasy, and disarm criticism by euphuism.

In Rosny there are some of the affectations of these writers, but there is none of their poverty of idea. He is full of ideas; full of meditation, of observation, of sympathy, of experience; the narrow limits to which custom confines the novel are far too small for his abundant powers. In portions of the work there are that more artificial mode of treatment, that strain after recondite words and tortuous and archaic methods of expression, which are the blemish of *les jeunes;* but in many other portions his true insight, his deep feeling, and his artistic instincts raise him above this pedantry and enable him to produce certain passages which have few equals in any literature. *L'Impérieuse Bonté* is a very long book, but the reader would be dull indeed who did not wish it were longer, and who would not feel that the writer had been forced to renounce many scenes and many reflections and descriptions with which his mind was teeming. He conveys to his reader his own attachment to his personages; he could have filled a hundred volumes with the story of their fate; the fountain of his sympathies is fed by an eternal spring. What is most admirable also in him is his remarkable equity; he can see the injustice done to the rich by the poor, as well as that done to the poor by the rich; and this quality of

(1) *L'Impérieuse Bonté*, J. H. Rosny, *Revue Hebdomadaire.*

impartial sympathy is very rare. There is abundance in the world of that one-sided sympathy which springs from a *parti pris*, but that which is many-sided and perfectly just is very unusual. Rosny is capable of it.

The language indeed is at times tortuous, inflated, archaic, after the manner of the modern school; but at other times it loses this mannerism and becomes the clear, limpid, polished French so dear to us. It is never clearer or simpler than in the passages concerning the Lamarques and other sufferers which touch the heart.

The first portion of the book is the finest; the scenes which treat of this family are the greatest as they are the simplest of the whole. Was there ever any passage more pathetic and more real than this description of the last drive in the poor hired vehicle of the dying man and his children?

"Lamarque drew a deep breath under the delicious weight of the freshened air. Strength and peace brushed his tired sickly frame.

"'Ah! I was sure that this would make me well.'

"A smile came around his diaphanous nostrils, his lips parted with childlike pleasure. Albert felt that heaven and earth were born again in endless life. His soul shone through his blue eyes; he began to laugh and jest with nature. But his mother and Georges only saw more plainly in the luminous light the deadly thinness of Lamarque, and could think of nothing except how they should be able to make up for the expense of the five francs for the cab. They had driven out towards a road which looked mysterious and poetic; limes, acacias, young elms, all kinds of shades of green, were lit by a descending sun. There were flocks of slender trunks; a dainty philosophy of verdure; high above, pale foliage seemed to drink in the light; then depths where the sunrays seemed to flow and stream like the nebulæ of comets, where they lie like vapour on which some fragile insect life floats like medusæ on the sea. Already dead leaves were on the ground like the tanned flesh or the brown fur of forest creatures. Spiders' webs had the colours of the rainbow; in these birdless trees butterflies lent an illusion of winged life and figured the flight of nestlings. Happiness seemed crystallised in the figure of a woman knitting; in the cry of a distant railway-train; in the joy of two children munching pears with their crusts; in the sport of a dog who rolled on the grass with a youthful bark and the eyes of one in love with life. The red frock of a young girl passing by lent a note of force, of splendour, of intensity, to the golden afternoon.

"'It is so nice here!' said Albert.

"Georges, watching the silvery gossamer webs of the spiders, remembered all the visions he had ever had of liberty and space for kind animals and kind people.

"'I am young again!' murmured Lamarque.

"He was still pale, but his pallor was less corpse-like. Even the little François listened and enjoyed with a mute delight—mute because shut within himself—and loved his parents, his brothers, the driver, the trees, and the buzzing flies.

"'Stop,' said the sick man suddenly. It was before a high gate, through which was visible a spectacle of Eden, a large garden.

"They could see a great pond, over which there could float whole broods of delicate dreams; there were tall Lombardy poplars, and the grace of weeping

willows. The drooping larches also hung over the water-lilies; there were the thick shade of Canadian poplars, and also the timid murmurs, the sensitive sighs of aspens. Then there was the charm of woodland life reflected in the water; of the landscape repeated below, symmetrical and sombre in an abyss of oxidised silver. Then came grassy walks and gentle slopes of turf; farther off were clearings in which beautiful trees were half seen, half hidden in misty distance like a promise of abundance and of happiness. The felicity of the place entered into the souls of the poor family who looked on it; they had at once the anguish of feeling that nothing like this would ever be theirs, and the ecstasy of knowing that such beauty did exist.

"Standing up in their sorry hired carriage, they gazed in rapture, saying but few words.

"'One little corner of this garden would be wealth to us!' sighed the mother.

"'That corner—there,' said Lamarque.

"'One could not eat one's garden,' said Albert.

"Georges, hypnotised, followed with his eyes the flight of an insect. Poised in the sunlight, the creature was motionless awhile; then descended, ascended, then, swift as a sped arrow, vanished in the shadows. One would wish for such an atom, taking so small a place in creation, the joys, the instincts, the intelligence of a great animal. At any rate, he symbolises all the enjoyments of life, repose on a leaf, movement, ecstasy of travel through space and towards mystery.

"'Ah!' thought Georges, in distress, 'even to come and see this one must have money!'

"The hard and heavy thought was like a blow on the tender heart of the boy. Soon this bitterness entered into the souls of all, even of the youngest child."

What I have translated as "oxidised silver" is in the original "blackened nickel," one of those unfortunate, grotesque, inharmonious expressions of which there are many in this work. To compare water, the liquid, the mobile, the translucent to any metal is a strange and unfitting comparison. In this passage, which is serious and poetical, the intrusion of such words as "blackened nickel" seems offensive, and mars all the impression of the phrase. But it is in this kind of offence to the ear and the intelligence that *les jeunes* unhappily revel; they see in such offences, signs of emancipation, of realism, of originality, when, in truth, the usage is no sign of anything except of a faulty ear and a lack of judgment.

Throughout the work, however, despite these occasional blemishes, every episode connected with the Lamarques is a masterpiece of pathos and of simplicity, until the last scene of all, when the three children with their mother are about to light the charcoal collected by the little François as it dropped from the waggons when they passed along the quay, and kept in a corner of the miserable room, in readiness for the last hour of all. The characters of the three boys, so dissimilar and yet united by the vague likeness of race, are drawn with a lifelike distinctness: Georges, pensive and philosophic, proud, gentle, observant; Albert, sceptic and scornful, with his passionate sense that, since death killed his

father through serving others, there can be no God; and the youngest, François, timid, imaginative, devoted, hiding himself under the table, to still the pangs of hunger with fancies of a lonely fairy isle where neither want nor death should come. These three children offer one of the most perfect pictures of innocent and unmerited suffering which literature can offer, and the limner of them and of their sorrows is a fine writer. Jacques Fougeraye, the central figure of the romance, yields his place to them as its chief interest; and is also perhaps inferior in interest to his unhappy and generous patron, Dargelle. One would desire to know through what circumstances a man of the talent and character of Fougeraye comes to be destitute in the streets of Paris; something also of the parentage, education, influences which have gone towards making him what he is. In the same way one would wish to know how Lamarque fell into poverty, how his children became so cultured and refined, how the whole family is aloof in every way from their bourgeois and odious kindred. *Les jeunes* do not deign to throw light on the antecedents of their *dramatis personæ;* they are wrong, for two reasons: one, because they thus baulk the natural and legitimate curiosity of their readers; the second, that there is no true psychology (the word they worship) without study of the causes which have contributed to make a man or woman what the observer of them finds them to be. A writer like Gyp may, with airy grace jump, as through a circus-hoop, into the middle of the lives of her personages without further explanation, but in a philosophic student of human nature in its sad seriousness, such saltatory pranks are unbecoming.

One could well spare the hundreds of pages devoted to long and, one must say, tiresome descriptions of moral and mental states, for a few pages of lucid and graphic information as to the causes which brought the characters of the book to the pass in which we find them at their first appearance. But this is a method of composition too simple, direct, and natural to commend itself to *les jeunes.* And when on rare occasions they do furnish personal descriptions, these are so wrapped up in anatomical and physiological language that we can conjure up from them little or no real likeness. The characteristic of this new school is an extreme vagueness, an intentional nebulosity. Their personages are never introduced to the reader, nor are they given any pedigree; even personal description of them is of the slightest. They come abruptly on the scene as though they came up through a trap-door. It is left to the intelligence of the reader to supply all the details which the author disdains to furnish. In a book, as in life, one likes to have people duly presented before making their acquaintance; but this is a prejudice which the new school scorns to gratify.

There is a certain tedium in some of the experiences of Fougeraye, such as in his visits to the hospitals and the asylum of misshapen human creatures; and the young woman Louise, a medical student, who has learned to look on death with professional indifference, is so virtuous and self-satisfied that one is indisposed to share the admiration which Fougeraye feels for her. He himself is so unpretentious, so warm-hearted, so single-minded, and so manly that he deserves a more sympathetic and less vain helpmeet than this female doctor with her too prosy platitudes and her chill philosophies.

Jeanne Dargelle, whom he rejects, is the least truthful, the most artificial, figure in the book. We are never interested in her. The breath of life has not been breathed into her; and when she kills herself we remain indifferent; we know that in her world women do not kill themselves, and a very proud woman would have found the idea of dying, because her husband's secretary had no love for her, altogether unendurable. We feel also that in real life Fougeraye would have shared her passion, and the struggle it would have caused between his temptation and his loyalty and gratitude to Dargelle would have been of profound interest. The chapter following on her death, in which Dargelle is alone with her dead body, is very fine, and reflects exactly that strange mixture of emotions and sensations which sway the survivor who passes long hours of solitude beside the corpse of one once dear to him—the trivial incongruities which force themselves in amidst intense regret, the eccentric fancies which dance like marsh-lights over the sombre swamp of a deep despair. Who amongst us has not cried, like Dargelle, "Pardon, pardon!" from the depths of an aching heart, looking on the dead features of one to whom, in the eyes of the world, we had no fault?

There is in Rosny the distressing habit, common to all the more recent French writers, of endeavouring to be pedantic, to be involved, to express an idea barbarously and bewilderingly instead of harmoniously and clearly; to say *épiderme* instead of *peau*, *véridique* instead of *vrai*, *prunelles* instead of *yeux*; to use the jargon of science, the abomination of foreign or technical idioms; to turn away from the natural, the direct, the usual, the obvious, and seek an appearance of profundity in what is merely a confusion of sounds. These affectations, these efforts, spoil many of his pages, and weary the most attentive reader in many of his chapters; as does also the incessant tendency to find similes of the most bizarre and eccentric kind, such as the comparison of dead leaves to the fur of animals; of a smile "frail as the downy blow-ball of dandelion-seed"; of a sky "of a powdery blue, with the horizon of an aquarium"; of a heart beating "like a pear oscillating in a breeze," and many others as far-fetched, as incongruous, and as grotesque. The excessive use of simile, however apt and exact, is always a fault; but similes as

absurd and as strained as are most of those employed by Rosny, become a deformity of style, annoy the mind, and disagreeably abstract and distract the thoughts.

A too long, too technical, and too involved description is an inventory which leaves no concrete whole upon the reader's mind; it is a mere conglomeration of items. Take, as an instance, this description of Dargelle's physiognomy; and be it remembered that we never know who or what Dargelle is, how he came by his vast fortune, or anything, indeed, about him, except that he is *un pauvre riche*, a capitalist, one supposes, rich by inheritance. Here is the personal description of him:—

"A fat face, sad, meditative; his cheeks fell in; they were flabby. The forehead was a half-circle, with three deep wrinkles, the temples inflamed. The brow was vast but undecided, despite heavy eyebrows above violent eyes. The lips of a wild beast; a short beard which had never grown; flat hair, forming a little patch behind the brow and advancing laterally to the ears. The whole a Finnish face, very pale, with a disposition of the skin to become scaly. The nose long, broad, very irregular, between the snub and the aquiline, the end raised, the bridge bowed. Hardly any back to the head; the throat, like a Celt's, running straight up the crown. The ears folded backward, stiff, cartilaginous," &c., &c., &c.

This long and disagreeable description merely conveys the impression of a monster; and it does not in any way agree with the character of Dargelle, magnanimous, tender, generous, and sensitive; suffering acutely from a sense of utter loneliness amidst the parasites who trade on his kind feelings. A man of this temperament would not have violent eyes or wild-beast lips; and the elevation of his sentiments would certainly have given some beauty of expression to his features.

Of Jacques Fougeraye, the hero of the work, we are given no description whatever. On the other hand, the portraiture of the frightful occupant of a monsters' asylum is traced in fullest and most minute detail, with an ostentation of technical knowledge, in that passion for what is horrible and abnormal which is characteristic of *les jeunes*.

Dargelle, morally, is throughout consistent and loveable, from his first movement of suspicion and distrust, feeling that his new favourite will only use him and cheat him, as all the other dispensers of his charities have done, to the last frank smile with which, though jealous of the happiness he has himself created, he says: "Allons donc! Je vois bien que vous m'aimez aussi."

The rich man will only have the crumbs of the bread of the soul which is called love, but his generosity is content with it. "*Le pauvre riche*," says Rosny, with rare insight into the small consolation which, to those in full possession of them, the powers of wealth can give. Dargelle is unique, and it is almost to be regretted

that he should occupy but a secondary place in the narrative. The description of his physical malady is perhaps exaggerated—deafness would scarcely cause such violent moral and mental torture; but the pathos of his last appearance is unexaggerated and goes to the heart of the reader. By his mere word so many people are made happy and yet, to secure happiness, even relief, for himself his millions are powerless! This is what many a rich and generous man must have felt. The irony of fate is more cruel in a sense to the heirs than to the disinherited of fortune. But the pain which the rich suffer is purely sentimental, and there are very few indeed who have nobility of nature enough to feel this at all. The rich man has always material comfort, freedom from daily and hourly anxieties; he is at liberty to go wherever he likes, to do whatever he pleases; he enjoys, if he have the due faculties for enjoyment; he can make himself obeyed, if the obedience be but eye-service; he can surround himself with beautiful objects; and he can freely indulge the luxury of generosity, although it is the one luxury of which the rich are not enamoured, the rich man in general never gives except to see his name in print in the newspapers. The compassion of Rosny for the rich is scarcely justified, since their greatest burden is *ennui*, and this is an artificial kind of suffering due to defective sympathies, as cold feet are due to sluggish circulation. His statement, put in the mouth of Dargelle, that suicide is much more general amongst the rich than the poor, is certainly not based on fact or on statistics. The rich man, moreover, has one great and most precious exemption: he is free from petty, carking bodily cares; he never knows the greatest agony possible, that of seeing those dear to him hungry and homeless; he can be always warm in cold weather, cool in hot weather; in illness he has every palliative and assistance; his home is his own if he care for it, intangible and immutable; the whole world is his if he possess perception enough to enjoy it; his sufferings may be considerable from dyspepsia and discontent, and, if he be of a high nature, from irritation at the ingratitude and insincerity of human nature. But it is absurd to compare his pains with those of the poor—above all, when the poor are of fine temper, sensitive nerve and cultured intellect like the Fougeraye and Lamarque of Rosny. It is well to remind society that there are sorrows of the soul from which the rich may suffer more acutely than the poor; but it is to exceed this truth to represent the rich as often suffering from this cause. The rich man is usually a complete egotist, whose philanthropy has a political purpose or a social ambition as its mainspring. A Dargelle may exist, does exist; but he is one in ten millions. He is legitimate in his place as a character in romance, but as a character in real life he is met with but very rarely.

There are many social questions and many philosophic theories discussed in *L'Impérieuse Bonté*. An unkind critic might say that it is rather a social and philosophic essay than a romance. But in much it conforms to and fulfils the highest demands of fiction, and the naturalness and loveableness of the chief personages lend to it throughout the interest of romance. The mission of Fougeraye in the expenditure of Dargelle's money introduces perforce many phases of social misery. It was probably to do this that the book was written; but the harmony and interest of the action of the novel, as a novel, are not sacrificed to this intention. In these chapters all affectation, all artifice drop from the style of M. Rosny, and he becomes a master of strong, simple and infinitely touching prose. It is to be regretted that the influence of his time should ever mislead him into tortuous and strained exaggerations and archaisms when it is possible for him to write thus:—

"The few precious things—the brooch and earrings of Madame Lamarque, even her wedding-ring, alas! then the china service, saved with such effort from the fire, with a little rosewood secrétaire, and two Sèvres vases won at a lottery for charity, the gift to it of the Empress Eugénie—all disappeared, all were devoured by the monster Misery. Georges suffered as much as his parents; his nature was inclined towards the adoration of relics, of frail things, of the semi-vitality of objects.

* * * *

"It rained a little; in the shadow of the fortifications the lamps trembled under gusts of wind; the reflections touched the wet grass, which seemed for the moment as fresh as the turf of meadows. Everywhere solitude—solitude filled with a sense of near and hidden human life in the closed houses from which came the subdued light of unseen chambers in vague suggestion of mysterious joys. But there was no living creature out of doors except in the openings of the ramparts; on the grass, a dog looking as furtive as a hunting wolf. The boy's eyes gazed at the sky, at the grass, at the long vista of burning lamps, at the grey stony road under his feet. A sense of beauty came into his soul, but a beauty sombre as the psalms of All Saints' Day.

"Beside him his mother carried the mattress which had been sold; he bore one side of it on his shoulder.

"They walk thus, beaten, conquered, the child full of suffocating revolt, the mother humble and resigned, like the meek beasts of the stall, with occasional flickers of wrath soon extinguished. They go thus, saying to each other a few words, muffled and heavy-hearted, which are the mere dull echoes of their souls. 'We must turn down that street. How will it end?—why does not the family help?' At a corner they stop, and suddenly Georges is overwhelmed with pity for his mother, for her profile wet with rain in the light of the street lamp.

"He gazes at her. He remembers, in his earliest childhood, a time when there had been two servants in their house; when his mother had been a gentlewoman, going out for a walk with his father, while the *bonne* pushed the little carriage of the baby François. And here she was, his own mother, with a mattress for sale on her shoulder, on foot in the mud at this time of night. 'Mamma! mamma! dear little mamma!' he cried, sobbing, without a single selfish thought, caring only for her, so profoundly, so intensely!"

Again, there is the same intense sympathy in the author with the

suffering of the spirit when the two Sèvres vases are taken to their new home, sold for twenty francs, the poor, pretty, familiar things which look so elegant, so slender, so aristocratic amongst the coarse, vulgar ornaments of their new owners, that Georges is proud of their superiority amidst the anguish with which he thinks of them, lost for ever—

"frail penates, saturated with the soul of home. Ah! how many birthday mornings, how many twilights of study, how many long rainy days and gentle suns of spring-time, how many dreams of future voyages in far lands, how many nights fearful with storm or mute with falling snow, had these objects seen! They had been always there, fixing themselves inalienably on the retina in their unalterable attitude of delicacy and art: and now they were lost for ever, given over to an alien hand for a coin of gold which would last two days!"

Nothing can be more touching, more sincere, more eloquent than this episode.

Take again the magnificent opening chapter of the fire at which Lamarque contracts the illness which ultimately kills him. It is too long to quote here, but its description is of a force incomparable, and of a truth as great. No one of his contemporaries could have written this chapter; its sobriety and veracity, united to its splendour of diction and its terror of suggestion, make it a *magnum opus*.

It has only one defect—it gives the reader the impression that it cost great effort to the author. It does not convey that sense of the author's spontaneous fertility and joy in creation which Pierre Loti, François Coppée, Anatole France, feel and give. *L'Impérieuse Bonté* is a great work, but its greatness must have cost painful thought and unremitting labour.

One feels that there is nothing of improvisation, of careless and happy inspiration, about it. It is the matured fruit of profound observation, and of complicated doubt, of an unselfish sorrow, and of a noble altruism. It is a work which must impress and elevate all readers who are capable of comprehending its teaching. But there is no laughter in it, nor is there even a smile, save that sad divine smile which accompanies the tears of pity.

OUIDA.

THE STAMP-COLLECTING CRAZE.

It would be as difficult to measure clouds as to satisfactorily explain the widespread passion for collecting postage-stamps. To an outsider, the most curious thing in connection with it is that it increases as time goes on. There are at least two thousand stamp dealers in Europe, and the number of people who make a living directly out of this eccentric calling runs well into five figures. In London last season no less than from £15,000 to £20,000 worth of stamps were sold under the hammer by three or four auctioneers. One dealer retired after having accumulated, it is said, the very respectable fortune of £50,000. The "trade" in London is represented by nearly a dozen journals, and its literature could only be indicated by a portly volume of bibliography. The composition of the Philatelic Society of London is interesting, for among its members are many eminent and distinguished men (to say nothing of four ladies) whom the general public would little suspect of a weakness for such unconsidered trifles as stamps. The President and Vice-president respectively are the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Duke of York. Its list of ordinary members includes one prince, two earls, a whole host of army and navy officers of various ranks, and the remainder is chiefly made up of "Esquires." In the autumn of 1892, Mr. Castle, the editor of *The London Philatelist* (the official organ of the Society) issued to 116 members of the society residing in Great Britain a series of queries concerning their particular collections, and from the tabulated replies we glean that the number of stamps in the possession of the 109 who replied to the circular amounted to over 825,000. The value of one collection was placed at £10,000, a second at £6,000, two at £5,000, two at £4,000, eight at amounts varying from £1,200 to £3,000 each, and ten at £1,000 each. The estimated value of the collections of members of the society resident out of Great Britain is placed at £100,000, a total which cannot include the enormous collection of Herr Philip von Ferrary, of Paris, which in itself is certainly not worth less than £100,000. These figures do not take any account of the stocks of dealers, for only private collectors are admitted members of the Philatelic Society. Can stamps be regarded as trifles light as air after such appalling figures? It will be at once seen that to be a stamp collector on a dignified scale, a man must be rich.

Herr von Ferrary's collection above-mentioned is absolutely unique, and by the side of it every other fades into insignificance. This gentleman purchases, at any price, examples of which he has

no specimens, and has had for years two specialists devoted to the custodianship of his collection, at salaries of £400 a year. Another Parisian collector is said to possess over a million stamps preserved in a hundred and thirty richly bound volumes. The Tapling collection, valued at £60,000, and now in the British Museum, is supposed to rank second to that of Herr von Ferrary. The Czar of Russia has a very fine collection, valued at about £30,000, and takes a very personal interest in his stamps, particularly those of Asiatic issue. The Prince of Wales, as well as his brother and son already mentioned, has a good collection. Her Majesty also has a good collection; one of the greatest rarities of it is an example of the first Garfield issue of the United States.

The genesis of stamp collecting is full of interesting facts. The mania (if its devotees will excuse the expression) is supposed to have originated in Belgium, and to have quickly spread to Germany and France, in the latter of which, not unnaturally, it developed almost into a public scandal. The infection appears to have soon found its way into England, and early in 1862 an informal kind of Exchange had established itself in Birchin Lane, London, which became such an unmitigated nuisance—promising at one time to rival the historic tulip mania in Holland—that it was put down by the police, as a similar institution on the Boulevard Sebastopol had been suppressed by the Parisian authorities. Even by 1862 there was plenty of scope for collectors' study and attention. Between 1840, when stamps were first issued, and 1860, two thousand four hundred examples of various kinds had been published; by 1870 that number had increased to six thousand four hundred. The first systematic "Handbook" of the subject was by Dr. J. E. Gray, of the British Museum; the first edition of a thousand copies of this little book of fifty-four pages was sold out in twenty days, and five subsequent editions (the fifth extended to two hundred and twenty-six pages) appeared in rapid succession. On April 1st, 1863—a somewhat unfortunate date—a *Stamp Collectors' Magazine* appeared, and existed for twelve years. The movement scored another advance on March 18th, 1872, on which date the first stamp auction was held at 13, Wellington Street, Strand, when the cream of the stock of J. W. Scott & Co. came under the hammer, and realised a total of £258, the two highest individual figures being £6 for a St. Louis 20 cent and £8 12s. for a variety of the same.

The day for forming a complete collection of stamps is over, for it is no longer possible. Nearly every collector is now primarily a specialist, but the majority keep a more or less wary eye open to completing their collections so far as it is now possible. Most collectors make a speciality of the stamps of the country of which they happen to be native. In England the demand is greatest for

English stamps; in America the United States stamps are most in request, and realise consequently better prices there than elsewhere. Beyond this general rule, fashions in stamps vary as often and as rapidly as fashions in other things. The other day the rage was for stamps of British India and Ceylon; now old and scarce Europeans, especially unused, and early Colonials, particularly those of the West Indian Islands, the Cape of Good Hope, and Mauritius, are all the rage. One or two eminent collectors take up a particular line, and all the others follow like a flock of sheep—just as all the ladies of England would imitate the Queen if Her Majesty donned the crinoline! There is no disobeying the dictates of fashion, however idiotic that fashion may be. Then again many collectors, finding that a complete collection is quite impossible, devote their energies (and their money) to the grouping together of the various shades of particular issues, the gradations, for instance, from light red to dark red—and these variations sometimes number half a dozen in one issue. Whether the slight differences have been caused by exposure or by some alteration in the composition of the ink, no one knows, but there are the variations, and they have to be taken into account. When stamp collecting narrows itself down to this species of hair-splitting, it unquestionably becomes a mania, as it does when it comes to measuring the margins and counting the perforations. A couple of perforations or the fraction of an inch more margin may make a great difference in the value of a stamp. One can sympathise with the very natural desire for a complete and perfect stamp, just as one prefers a perfect to an imperfect book, but when it becomes necessary to provide one's self with a "stamp measure," which splits an inch up into twenty-five sections, or with a "perforation gauge," the sublimity of the philatelic craze seems to verge upon the ridiculous. With all these bewildering contingencies and side issues, the innocent hobby of the schoolboy receives a fatal blow. It is an unnatural appetite which can only find satisfaction in these infinitesimal trifles. The man who pays £50 or £100 for a stamp may have the satisfaction of possessing something for which he has been looking for many years, or of something which no one else can show; but what is his real unalloyed pleasure compared to that of the schoolboy who adds a dozen mediocre stamps to his modest album?

There are about a dozen stamps whose rarity has achieved for them a fame which would certainly be denied on any other score. That this number should be actually worth, in the open market, £2,000, is a fact which almost takes one's breath away. Curiously enough, not one of these items is a thing of beauty; on the contrary, they are almost as ugly and inartistic as it is possible for such things to be—and that is saying a good deal. The nominal value

of these at the time of issue would be about half-a-crown. A poor book collector may be pardoned for fancying what magnificent additions he could make to his shelves with this money—to say nothing of having his library in a garden, like the late Professor Solly! A big, in fact the biggest, slice in this total of £2,000 is swallowed up in the purchase of two unlovely stamps, the 1d. and 2d. "Post Office, Mauritius," of the first issue, which appeared in September, 1847. It is probable that not more than eight sets of these stamps are in existence, and in only two or three cases do they occur together. The last pair sold were first acquired by Madame Dubois, of Bordeaux, having been found in a merchant's office there. This lady sold them in 1867 to M. E. Lalanne, who, in his turn, recently disposed of his collection (including this pair) for 60,000 francs to M. Piet Latuderie, a well-known French collector, and from whom Messrs. Stanley Gibbons & Co. purchased the two Mauritius for the record price of £680, for an English collector, who apparently has more money than he can conveniently spend. The Mauritius are not by any means the rarest stamps in the world, for there are several of which only one copy exists. A rarer stamp is the 2 cents, rose, of the first or 1850 issue of British Guiana, of which only six are known—and as three of these are in the British Museum they are beyond the reach of the private buyer. This stamp is quite the most clumsy one ever issued, resembling a careless post-mark more than anything else. The 1856 issues of the same place are also exceedingly rare, and each is worth nearly £100, whilst an error of this issue, the 1 cent, on crimson paper, has been valued at £250. The first issue of the French Island of Réunion is rare from an adventitious circumstance: the stock was nearly entirely consumed by philatelic white ants within a few days of having been printed, and the market value of the pair, 15 and 30 centimes, is about £100. The earliest issues, 2, 5, and 13 cents (all blue), of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, 1851, are also among the rarest stamps, and are, in fact, practically unobtainable; if an example of the 2-cent issue came into the market it would realise probably not less than £200. In connection with these Hawaiian stamps it may be mentioned that they were set from types with an ornamental border, the value occupying the centre. They were struck off "from time to time as required, and printed on any kind of paper that happened to be in the market. The result was that there were a great number of slight variations in the minutiæ of paper and shade of colour, which are all-important to the genuine philatelist." The Hawaiian Government has for a long time manufactured and reprinted stamps solely for collectors, "the result of which is that the postal surplus, which was *nil* before the reprinting era, now averages £40,000 per annum." Quite the ugliest

stamp in the world, the first issue of Moldavia, fetches very high figures in the market. In 1873 the three stamps of this issue were to be had for the total of 3s. 3d.—they would now realise perhaps £150; one example alone sold at auction three years ago for £49, and is now valued at £70. The 10 centavos, green, of Bolivar, 1863, the smallest stamp in existence, is now worth £8 to £10: twenty years ago this could have been had for 2s. 6d. Certain Cape of Good Hope stamps are much sought after and are appraised at fancy prices by collectors. Several of these owe their popularity to the carelessness of the printer. In the 1861 issue of provisionals of the triangular stamp, a 4d. block was accidentally inserted instead of the 1d.; used it is now valued at about £30, unused it sells readily for £150; twenty years ago this stamp was to be had at 3s. each, and probably then found fewer buyers at that price than at the present prohibitive one. The investment in this case might certainly be considered a good one. A good investment also, but not quite so good as the illustration taken from the Cape, would be the 12d. black of Canada, 1851, which sold in 1873 for 10s., and is now worth about one hundred times that amount if in fine condition.

Such are some of the top prices in philately. The guiding principle of this science, or hobby, or in whatever other category it may be placed, is clearly neither beauty nor utility, but simply and solely one of rarity. In book collecting the rule is entirely different. A book may be of the greatest rarity and yet have no commercial value, for rarity is only one of the several attributes which give a definite value to a volume. On the other hand, a book may be extremely common in itself, but if it have a binding by some master workman it is at once relieved from the plebeian associations of the fourpenny box. Many people are quite content to put up with reprints of rare stamps, as of rare books, for the practical utility of the one is as great as that of the other. Sentiment is an impossibility in stamp collecting: the pastime is harmless and pleasant enough when it is not carried to a passion; but to suggest, as many philatelists have endeavoured to do, that there is anything great or ennobling about a lot of dirty and useless postage stamps, is simply nonsense of the most unqualified description.

A comparison of past and present prices of stamps (not previously mentioned) will be found of very great interest, even to those who have no sympathy with philately. It would be neither desirable nor possible to enter into an exhaustive comparison, but a few of the more striking illustrations will be found sufficient. Twenty years ago it was a most uncommon thing to come across a stamp priced at £1 or over in a dealer's catalogue; the majority of items, in fact, came well under 1s. each. The Bahamas 1d. stamp of 1859 and the 6d. one of 1861 might have been had together in 1873 for

8d.: to-day they sell for close on a £5 note. Many of the early Ceylon issues are of considerable rarity and fetch correspondingly high prices: the blue 1d. might have been had in 1873 at 9d. per dozen used: they are now worth 1s. each; the 8d. chocolate (1857) once retailed at 3s. per dozen, now sells by auction at five guineas each; but one of the greatest rarities in the Ceylon issues is the 8d. octagonal yellow brown (1861), of which unused examples have risen in twenty years from eighteenpence to over £1, whilst an American dealer prices an example at 30 dollars. In fact, all the Ceylon issues, 1857 to 1867, have greatly increased in value.

Among the highest priced stamps in 1873, Antioquia came at the head with its 2½, 5, and 10 centavos, for this three were then offered together at the high figure of £4. In January last, Messrs. Cheveley sold a very good set of this trio for the lump sum of £36 10s. Dealers, of course, would put a considerably higher price on them. So, too, the 20 centimos of Fernando Po (1868), which was sold at 15s. unused in 1873, has now doubled in value, the unused being worth only about 1s. more than the used example, then priced at 10s. The two French stamps, 10 centimes cinnamon, and 25 centimes blue, issued during the Presidency of Napoleon in 1852, were offered at 4s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. respectively in 1873; now the former realises £1, and the latter about 6s.

As regards the stamps of this country: the 1d. black, with the initials V.R. in the upper corner, maintains its position, both on the score of rarity and of price. Many collectors refuse to admit it into their collections, on the theory that it was never actually issued, and is, consequently, only an "essay" and not a legitimate stamp. They also argue that the few used examples were simply appropriated by officials for their private letters, and escaped detection in going through the post. The best philatelic authorities, however, are of opinion that the V.R. is a genuine postage stamp; at all events, its 1873 value of £2 has now increased to five times that amount. This, as already stated, is our only valuable stamp, but the Mulready envelope has increased from 3s. 6d. to £1. The 1s. stamp of 1847, however, which, unused, sold at its facial value twenty years ago, is now worth nearly £3, whilst the 6d. violet of 1864 is now priced at about £1. In January last, a "magnificent unused strip of three" examples of the 8d. brown, "with gum intact," realised £16; an unused block of six of the 2s. salmon realised £18, at Messrs. Cheveley's auction—in each case an uncommonly good investment for the original purchasers. Buyers of unused English stamps at par value can always console themselves with the reflection that they are never likely to *lose* over the transaction, for the stamps of this country are never demonetized.

India had in its 1854 or first issue two half-anna stamps, one of which, the blue, is common enough, and sells for a few pence, but

the red variety is very rare, and realises from five to seven guineas under the hammer. Many of the early Newfoundland stamps also fetch high prices in the auction-room, particularly the 1s. issue of 1857, which is sometimes found orange-vermilion, and at others carmine-vermilion in colour, the prices ranging from £5 10s. to £7 10s. according to condition, "a tiny tear at left side" in one instance making a difference of £1 15s. in the value! Even in 1873 these stamps were rare, the then high amount of 10s. each being asked. Few Peruvian stamps realise fancy prices, the chief exceptions being the medio peso, rose, of 1858, very fine examples of which now realise from £11 to £12 each. Another South American Republic, Buenos Ayres, included among its first issues a few stamps which have since become very rare, notably the 5 pesos, orange, 1858, a used example of which was valued at £2 10s. as far back as 1873, but which is now worth about twelve guineas; the 4 pesos, red, of the same issue has only advanced from £3 to from six to nine guineas, and the 3 pesos, green, has advanced from 15s. to £3, more or less, in a similar period.

If the United States stamps are not as a rule beautiful, they are, at all events, very numerous, and that, perhaps, is sufficient for the average American. A complete collection of the United States issues would involve the expenditure of much time and money. To begin with, the provisional issue of the 5 cents Brattleboro', 1846, would cost the mere trifle of £250, and perhaps all but impossible to obtain even at that price, for there are only three or four known. Next to this, perhaps, comes the only known example of the 5 cents blue stamp issued by the Alabama Government during the Confederacy, which recently sold at auction in New York for 780 dollars. The stamps issued by the Confederate States are now of the greatest rarity; recently one of these (? 2 cents green) of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, "went for 99 dollars to a man who said his name was Philip," as the New York reporter quaintly put it; another, the 5 cents of the same place, realising 98 dollars. The two St. Louis 5 and 10 cents stamps are among the rarest, or, at all events, the most costly of the local issues. In 1872 the former realised just over 17s. each, and the latter about 12s.; fine examples of these now realise from six guineas to £8 10s. respectively.

But the most curious of all the various developments of stamp collecting may be here alluded to, and that is the high price set upon errors, and upon this phase alone quite a long article might be written. A few examples of the United States 15 cents and 24 cents 1869 issues, with inverted centres, got into circulation, and are now appraised at £17 and £18 10s. respectively, the values of the correct impressions being less than half as many shillings. In the Mauritius 1848 2d. blue, the early impressions read "penoe" instead of "pence": the example with the error is valued at £10, but the one without at

about five guineas. But perhaps the most famous of all "errors" in this direction is the "Connell" stamp of New Brunswick, in which the then postmaster, thinking that his own portrait would be as acceptable to the natives as that of his sovereign, had 5 cent stamps so ornamented in 1861. Not many, however, got into circulation. In 1873 it was selling at 7s. 6d. each unused; a good specimen now sells readily at £20.

Even the apparently innocent pastime of stamp collecting is not without its speculative phase. Philately has often been the arena of "bulls" and "bears"; and in dealing in stamps it is as necessary for one to be wide awake as in speculating in the shares of remotely situated silver and other mines which a ubiquitous gang of swindlers periodically bring forward for the philanthropic purpose of filling their own pockets. An attempt at "a corner" is said to have been made in regard to the United States Columbian issue, but it was unsuccessful. A similar move was made when the United States Government was about to cease the issue of 10 cent stamped envelopes. A certain dealer bought 10,000 examples, for which he paid 1,000 dollars, and was sufficiently "previous" to issue a circular to the effect that collectors would be able to buy examples, after a certain date, at a fancy figure. The Postal Department was inundated with protests from those who had not taken time by the forelock. The department was furious at the trick, and the decision to suspend the issue was revoked, and 150,000 more were printed off. The dealer has learnt by this time that it is possible to be too smart. Another illustration may suffice to "point a moral" in this direction. A certain Don Juan Cardillas, Monte Video, collected over 100,000 examples of the Uruguay 5 cent blue of 1883, with the figure of General Santos. But a very large number of this issue had been struck off, and the unfortunate speculator would not have realised a profit on his transaction until he had reached the age of Methuselah, so, not content to wait, and finding it impossible to make this stamp rare by fair or other means, Don Cardillas set fire to the lot.

Much might at one time have been urged in favour of stamps as an investment, but only the very few recognised the extent to which the hobby has developed itself. They "held on" in the anticipation of "a rise," and the rise has come. It is now too late for others to enter into the fray in the expectation of making a good thing out of it, for all the chief rarities have been swallowed up. Stamps are either very rare or very common—very expensive or very cheap. The dozen or so rarities to which allusion has already been made will soon be absorbed by public institutions, the proper sepulchres of so many useless antiquities! In the future, therefore, mediocrity must become the bane of stamp collections, and who will care to ride a hobby in which the best can only be fifth-rate?

W. Roberts.

CYCLING AND CYCLES.

SPRING is upon us, and with it the commencement of a new bicycling season; an event of considerable interest to an increasing section of the British public. How large that section is only those realise who have given some attention to the latter-day development of cycling. It is true that the cyclist is now so "common an object of the country," and that he forces his presence upon us in so many times and places, that every one must be aware of a tolerably wide distribution of the species; but few recognise the really enormous numbers of the disciples of the wheel, or the dimensions of the new national industry which has sprung up to meet their demands.

The growth of cycling has been little short of marvellous. In 1870 it was the fad of a few whimsical enthusiasts; in 1880, a growing pleasure for the middle classes. In 1890, it had been systematised and generalised into the sport of the people, a national pastime; and it seems not unreasonable to expect that in 1900 it will have passed from the region of luxury to that of necessity. At the present time we stand in a period of transition between these phases; but the value of the cycle as a means of practical locomotion, quite apart from the pleasure it affords, is becoming every day more apparent, and it is probable that the near future will see every healthy man, woman, and child, equipped with a bicycle as much as a matter of course as with a pair of boots.

It would be very interesting and perhaps not impossible to calculate approximately the number of bicycles in actual use in Great Britain; but the difficulty of such a task has hitherto deterred anyone from attempting it. We shall probably never know even the approximate number, unless, indeed, the often-suggested bicycle-tax should actually be imposed, and an official census made. Meanwhile we may be sure that the *annual* output is certainly not far short of half a million. At the two great cycle exhibitions of 1893, the Stanley and the Crystal Palace or National shows, some two hundred and thirty-five makers were represented, with exhibits of two thousand seven hundred and fifty machines. Such figures speak of a very extensive and important industry, which is moreover increasing year by year with leaps and bounds.

Though the bicycle was originally of French invention, and in its first practical shape was manufactured in Paris and imported thence, it found till recently an almost exclusive *habitat* in these islands. England was for many years the only country where cycling flourished, and whatever machines were found across the Channel

bore tokens of their English origin. But all this is being changed, the pastime is no longer island bound. In the *Cyclist's Year Book*, of 1894, it has been found necessary to add special tables of French, American, Canadian, and Dutch records, which, in some particulars, eclipse our own. In Paris just now the bicycle is being taken up with characteristically French enthusiasm, and even the municipal council of Rome have been engaged in formulating bye-laws for cycle-traffic in the Eternal City.

The manufacture of bicycles has probably been more experimental and devoid of all rational theory than any other branch of engineering industry. The mechanical work has always been, it is true, of the highest excellence, and is to-day unsurpassed in the region of mechanics. But the skill which produced the *designs* was lamentably inadequate, and the evolution of the machine in consequence correspondingly empirical and unscientific. The materials used in construction at present, setting aside for a moment the indiarubber tyres, are cold-drawn tubes of mild steel for the frame, high quality steel for balls and ball races, and high steel wire for the spokes. These substances and the workmanship are so nearly perfect that among machines by first-class makers accidents due to flaws or faulty work, if not entirely unknown, are, at least, of too rare occurrence to be taken into serious account. This is a point of the greatest importance in view of the enormous number of bicycles now in use. Unless a very high degree of perfection of manufacturing had been obtained serious accidents would be of terribly frequent occurrence.

But the designing of bicycles was, until very recently, thought unworthy of the study of competent engineers, and left in the hands of mechanically ignorant empirics. The early designs even of the safety bicycle were marred by curved and fantastic lines which offended the eye of a trained mechanic and it is only by a path littered with failures that makers have arrived at a more scientific model. It is satisfactory to notice that in this respect at least some rational consensus of manufacturers has now been reached.

The machines exhibited at the Stanley and National shows may be taken as giving an accurate reflection of the most advanced principles of bicycle manufacture. Those who attended the most recent of these exhibitions must have been struck at once by the similarity between all the machines sent up. At each show there were some 1,400 machines on view, but they were all so much alike as to produce an impression of extreme monotony, and differed only from one another in points so unimportant as scarcely to be detected by the casual observer. Out of all the bicycles, over 90 per cent. were rear driven safeties, and these were almost invariably built with frames of straight tubes, set in the irregular diamond shape now so familiar. This is an encouraging feature, as it shows that for the moment some

finality has been reached, and that manufacturers have at length unanimously adopted a design which a competent engineer would have recommended years ago. Front drivers, geared machines, and the thousand and one other "inventor's" variations that used to meet our eyes at the shows, were conspicuous by their absence. They have been condemned apparently as whimsical fads by the unanimous voice of the cycling public, and on so eminently practical a question it may fairly be assumed that the *vox populi* is the *vox dei*.

Tricycles, which in 1889 represented 31 per cent. of all the machines exhibited, had fallen, including tandems, to under 6 per cent. in 1893. This is a curious fact, and shows the confidence the present low bicycle inspires, even in the minds of middle-aged riders. We doubt, however, whether facts warrant so general an abandonment of the three-wheeled machine as these figures would imply. It is a current idea that in speed and ease of travel the tricycle is very markedly inferior to the bicycle. But experience scarcely justifies this view, and records go to prove that under ordinary circumstances the difference of pace between the two machines is not important. In some points, of course, the tricycle is admittedly inferior to the bicycle, especially in picking its way over bad and stony roads in the daytime, and in its liability to capricious and unexplained upsets when turning corners somewhat carelessly. But in other features it possesses distinct advantages. It enables its rider to stop at any moment without effort to study a view or object of interest; it is free from dangerous side slips on greasy roads; and it is infinitely safer to ride by night over bad or unknown ways. This last is a very definite and tangible superiority, as any one will know who has felt the anxiety and strain involved by the bicycle under similar circumstances.

At the two shows there were no less than one hundred tandem safeties exhibited, and there is little doubt that this strange-looking machine will come into more general use through its capacity for very high speed. One other feature of the National Show is significant as showing the drift of fashion. There were no less than one hundred and sixty-one safeties especially designed for the fair sex. This points to an enormous increase of cycling among ladies, and must be hailed with undisguised approval by those who have at heart the more advanced physical development of women.

Of all questions "vexed" by the cyclist of to-day, the most vexed is that of tyres. In the design of the machine itself some degree of finality has probably been now reached; but in the matter of tyres we are confessedly only on the threshold, and must look for important and possibly startling developments in the future. At the risk

of being tedious to the well-posted reader, we will touch for a moment on the "history" of the tyre question.

As the solid india-rubber tyre swept the old iron tyre from the road in a moment in the seventies, so it was in its turn superseded by the "pneumatic" and "cushion" tyres at the end of the eighties. The "cushion" was an india-rubber tyre very much larger than that hitherto in use, showing a diameter of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, as against the older solid tyre of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, and had a small hollow air space or tube running through it. It was found that in use it gave an ease of travelling greatly superior to that of the ordinary type. But it had from the first to face a most formidable competitor in the so-called "pneumatic" tyre. This was an extension of the cushion principle whereby the thickness of the outside wall was reduced to a minimum, while the diameter of the tyre was considerably increased, and the air within it stored by a force pump at a pressure of some 40 lbs. on the square inch. There was a sharp contest between the "cushion" and the "pneumatic" extending over a whole riding season, but the issue was never really in doubt, and in the end the success of the pneumatic was assured. It is true that the invention was put upon the market in an absurdly experimental and immature condition, labouring under almost every conceivable defect, but the general principle was too good to be denied. It has been infinitely improved since its early days, and continues improving, like every other bicycling appliance, at a vast outlay of money and long-suffering on the part of the bicycling public.

The pneumatic principle is now so well known that it will scarcely be necessary to explain it here. At the present day it generally takes the shape of an inner tube of soft and fine india-rubber containing air at a considerable pressure, kept in place by an outer covering of rubber-faced canvas attached to the rim of the wheel. The air forms a cushion of wonderful compressibility and resiliency, which carries the rider easily over all those minor inequalities of a road, unappreciable by an ordinary observer, which used to rack and weary the bicyclist. It is, moreover, a scientifically correct principle, for the work that is done in compressing the air cushion in front of the point of contact with the ground, is given back in large measure by its extreme resiliency, which makes the cushion resume its normal position *instantly* after contact, and so help to push the machine forward.

In the solid tyre the work done in compressing the india-rubber was not given back, as, owing to the comparatively slow expansion of india-rubber, the compressed portion of the tyre had passed the point of contact before it resumed its normal condition. In spite of all its ridiculous early defects, the tyre was an undoubted success from a bicycling, and still more from a commercial, point of view.

Imitations have, of course, followed by legions, and descriptions and puffs of impossible tyres are as common as eldorado prospectuses of tyre companies based, too often, on ridiculous miscalculations, or on worthless or bogus patents. The tyre "boom" of 1893 will be remembered with mixed feelings by not a few too sanguine investors.

Meanwhile improvement "broadens slowly down," and we must be thankful for it. *The* drawback of the pneumatic tyre is its liability to puncture, when it becomes at once deflated and unridable. A thorn, a nail, a bit of sharp flint or glass, may do the mischief, and although a rider may travel a thousand or two thousand miles without puncture in one season, he may, in another, under the same conditions, puncture a dozen times, and suffer a vast amount of vexation. The philosophy of puncture is not easily understood; a road bristling with new flints may be traversed unscathed, and a thorn lurking invisible, may upset all calculations on a path like a billiard table.

The principle of the pneumatic tyre is now almost universally accepted, and the point in its physiology to which the attention of would-be inventors is now more particularly directed, is the securing of accessibility to the inner tube in case of repair being needed. Most purchasers of pneumatically tyred bicycles in the early days will have a very vivid recollection of a little pamphlet presented to them at purchase, showing how repairs were to be effected. There were some pictures giving sections of the tyre, and quasi-anatomical diagrams of bandages for its patching, naively stating that an ordinary bicyclist could carry out the necessary repair of a puncture on the roadside in twenty minutes. A very short experience sufficed to convince the ordinary bicyclist, however, that, so far from repair being made in twenty minutes, it could not be made at all on the roadside, and that in case of a puncture the only prudent course was to make at once for a railway station and take the train to the nearest repairing depôt. This practical impossibility of repair was a most serious drawback, and tended to thoroughly disgust a rider, who was unfortunate enough to "puncture," with the pneumatic system. Our business is not that of prophecy; the fittest tyre will most certainly survive, but we shall not attempt to predict which it will be, nor do more than hint at the countless army now ranged before a purchaser, the hooked tyres, the buttoned tyres, the laced tyres, the wired tyres, the tyres kept in place by inflation, the single tube tyres and what not.

There are no less than one hundred and one of them mentioned in an exhaustive chapter on that subject in the *Cyclists' Year-Book*. But the parent company who launched the tyre originally on the market keep immeasurably ahead of the rest. The name of Mr. J. B. Dunlop, of Belfast, its inventor, deserves a grateful mention, and

the material of the Pneumatic Tyre Company, of Dublin, is, to use a mild bull, a household word on the road. Of pneumatic tyres now running it is computed that nearly ninety per cent. are Dunlops; that is, for one tyre sold of all the other hundred patterns put together, there are sold nine Dunlops. The experience of the Stock Exchange is a sound corollary to that of the road, and a glance at the comparative values of "Tyre" shares emphatically confirms the verdict of the cycling public. Again we may recognise the *vox dei*, and say our mount for 1894 must be the rear-driven safety with a Dunlop tyre. Of the various methods of fastening the tyres to the rims, that known as the "Turner" is the simplest, strongest, and most easily adjustable. It is an ordinary Dunlop tyre with the Turner attachment, which is, in our opinion, the best yet invented.

The cushion, it may be remarked incidentally, is fast becoming as extinct as the solid, except for boys' bicycles or low-priced machines. Signs are not wanting, however, to show that inventors do not accept as final the present solution of the problem of providing the best air buffer between the rider and the road. In the last Stanley show we saw an ingenious invention of Mr. R. W. Thomas, called the "pneumatic hub." In this the air cushion is applied at the hub or axle, and a solid tyre used on the wheels. Its inventor claims for it a luxury of motion exceeding that of the pneumatic tyre, while risk of puncture is removed. If this latter fact were really accomplished only the cyclist would be able to appreciate what a bugbear was removed from his path. The invention is still rather in an embryo state, but we shall be surprised if it be not heard of again.

Competition is so keen, and workmanship so fine in the cycling trade, that between the machines of first-class makers there seems now very little to choose. If a purchaser goes to one of the great houses, he may feel secure of getting a really first-rate article. We have before us, as we write, the elaborately got up catalogues of half-a-dozen principal manufacturers, showing scores of splendid bicycles, varying only in comparatively trivial details. Rudge, Swift, Humber, are strangely familiar names on the road, and their machines for 1894 are, indeed, beautiful productions, with all the latest excellences that practice has suggested. The Premier Cycle Company, too, are turning out some capital bicycles, built on their new helically welded tube. The John Griffith Corporation is another important company, formed for acting as agents to some of the best-known makers. They have depôts, not only in London, but in the larger provincial centres, and sell, amongst others, the beautiful Raleigh machines, and those of the St. George's Engineering Company. The Whitworth Cycle Company confine themselves to first-grade work only, which is of the highest excellence. There is no doubt that the novice resorting to any firms such as these will meet with fair treatment, and be sure of obtaining a really useful machine.

He will find that one and all are rear-driven safeties, and for a tyre he will certainly not go wrong with the 1894 detachable Dunlop.

Reduction in weight has walked hand in hand with improvement of material and design. Modern practice rules that the weight of a machine for road riding should be from one-fifth to one-quarter of the weight of the rider, in no case exceeding the latter figure. An ordinary good road bicycle for an eleven-stone man should thus weigh—say, 35 lbs., "all on," instead of sixty-five, which might have been its weight ten years ago.

High-class road machines vary from the 28 lbs. of a "road racer" to the 38 lbs., or even 42 lbs., of the strong-built weight-carrying machine. The weight of a track racer runs, perhaps, from 20 lbs. to 27 lbs.

Before leaving the subject of machines a word as to accessories will not be out of place. Saddles have vastly improved, so have pumps, bells, bags, and a host of other trifles, but lamps are as utterly inefficient and unpractical as they were twenty years ago. A bicyclist with the least experience of night riding knows that, except as a signal of his approach to other passengers, the light he carries is absolutely worthless to him, that it will neither show inequalities in the road or persons approaching him. A really *efficient* lamp seems to be an unobtainable blessing. Attention has been in recent days devoted very largely to expedients for protecting the gear from the effects of mud and dust. To this end the gear case is devised and the chain arranged to run in an oil bath. But the disagreeable results of dust and wet have possibly been somewhat overestimated, and under ordinary circumstances are scarcely appreciable to a bicyclist. There may be, however, exceptional occasions on which the rider's comfort would suffer from these causes, and when these arise the gear case, like the mousetraps on the white knight's saddle, plays a useful part, although the oil bath seems to us rather a fanciful device, which is not likely to have a long term of existence.

Prices, unfortunately, have been not much reduced, and it seems to us that a radical reform in this direction is an urgent necessity. There is no doubt whatever that the cost to the public is to a great extent artificially maintained, and that we are paying altogether excessive sums. A first-class bicycle with accessories costs from £18 to £24 nett, and might probably be sold to show every reasonable profit for £15. In 1868 the writer bought one of the early hickory-wheeled bicycles newly imported from France for £8 8s. The question of price is a serious one, and should be taken in hand by some large capitalist who is prepared to sink a considerable sum, and to supply a vast demand. On the other hand, we can scarcely recommend the purchase of so-called "low-priced" machines. The quality is usually correspondingly inferior, though an honourable exception may be

made in the case of Messrs. Gamage, of Holborn, who are now manufacturing for £12 a bicycle of undoubted soundness and worth. It will be well for those unacquainted with the trade to bear in mind that "list" prices are invariably printed very much above nett, and that a discount of from 15 per cent. to 50 per cent. is allowed by different makers. This practice can, it seems to us, serve no good object, and should be abandoned by some of our leading firms.

As the weight of the machine has been reduced, speed has been constantly accelerated. In racing against each other cyclists do not, perhaps, attract the eyes of the world to the same extent as in racing against the common enemy, time. This is a peculiar feature of bicycle and tricycling races; we do not feel the least interest in the time of the Derby or the University boat-race, in comparison with our anxiety to know which horse or which crew has been victorious. But we are interested in the time in which it takes a cyclist to ride a mile or fifty miles, or from the Land's End to John o' Groats.

Space will not allow of our introducing an exhaustive list of records, but it may not be unprofitable to compare the times of the earlier giants with those of later days, and also to compare the speed of bicycles and tricycles. The latter inquiry demonstrates that the superiority of the two-wheeled machine is less than is sometimes imagined.

It will be evident, of course, that many circumstances have tended to improve records. The introduction of the pneumatic tyre, for instance, in 1890 led to an enormous increase of speed, and, in 1893, the laying of the Herne Hill track with wood proved another important factor in the demolition of earlier records. It should be certainly mentioned also that in riding against time on a track, pacemakers are frequently employed, who shield the record breaker from the wind. It would be far fairer that races against time should be held under more normal conditions.

The one mile championship, in 1879, was won by H. L. Cortis, in 2 mins. 59$\frac{1}{5}$ sec., on an ordinary bicycle, and the quickest mile championship was won by Synyer, in 1888, in 2 mins. 32$\frac{3}{5}$ sec. In later years the time is invariably found to be bad, owing to the unattractive practice of crawling most of the way and coming with a rush in the last lap. We have to turn to days selected by the rider, when the weather is on his side and he is feeling perfectly fit, in order to find quicker performances. In October, 1893, A. W. Harris, on a safety, rode a mile at Herne Hill in 2 mins. 4$\frac{1}{5}$ sec., and in America, last December, Dirnberger is credited with 1 min. 51 sec. for the same distance, but had a flying start.

To digress for a moment, we may take as the quickest mile that has ever been skated, Donoghue's, on the Hudson river in February, 1887. This was straight-away with the wind, and the time was

2 min. 12$\frac{1}{5}$ sec. The fastest mile trotted by a horse is, we believe, 2 min. 4 sec. There is rather a curious similarity between these times, and a race between an American trotter, a skater, and a bicyclist would apparently result in quite a close finish. There have been contests between horses and bicycles which have excited amusement, but there has generally been something stagey and spectacular about them, and the skater has not yet been introduced.

On a tricycle, the fastest amateur mile was ridden by L. Stroud, in September, 1893, in 2 min. 28 sec., which is a fifth of a second quicker than the best mile on an ordinary bicycle—a record made by F. J. Osmond, in 1890—and cut by the safety, as we have demonstrated, by 24 sec.

We will now take ten miles upon the old ordinary bicycle, a safety bicycle, and a tricycle. The first has for its record 27 min. 55$\frac{1}{5}$ sec. by Attlee, in 1891, at Herne Hill; the safety has been ridden ten miles in 23 min. 30 sec., by Stocks, in 1893; while the tricycle record for the distance is L. Stroud's 26 min. 24$\frac{2}{5}$ sec. Stroud's performance, it will be noticed, is again better than anything done on the old ordinary, although possibly, in the years when that now obsolete machine was at its zenith, the science of record-breaking was less cultivated and understood.

At fifty miles the ordinary record was 2 hours 33 min. 37$\frac{2}{5}$ sec. (Adams), the safety record is 2 hours 5 min. 45$\frac{4}{5}$ sec. (Stocks), and the tricycle, 2 hours 32 min. 22 sec. (Bidlake). The greatest number of miles ridden in an hour on an ordinary bicycle is 21 miles 180 yards, by Attlee; on a safety, 25 miles 690 yards, by Stocks; and on a tricycle, 22 miles 640 yards, by Bowen. But on September 15th, 1893, L. S. Meintjes made a world's record on an American track with 26 miles 107 yards in the hour.

Hitherto we have given track records only, but a few lengthier feats upon bicycles and tricycles performed by road-riders may be introduced, as they are wonderful instances of endurance and determination. The distance from the Land's End to John o' Groats (861 miles) has been accomplished, on a safety bicycle, by L. Fletcher in 3 days 23 hours 55 min., but G. P. Mills actually lowered this record on a tricycle, for in June, 1893, he rode the journey in 3 days 16 hours 47 minutes. In 24 hours on the Herne Hill track, Shorland rode 426$\frac{1}{4}$ miles, which ranks, as it may well do, as English record. Mr. Bidlake's magnificent bicycle record must also be mentioned. He covered 410 miles in the 24 hours and distanced all his competitors on bicycles except Mr. Shorland. The French, however, claim to have considerably exceeded Shorland's 24-hour ride; over 430 miles having being covered in that time on the great Paris tracks of the Vélodrome and Buffalo, by Messrs. Lesna and Stephane. The longest continuous road record ride was 2,054 miles in 19 days, by H. R. Godwin.

Finally, a most remarkable feat, so far as speed is concerned, was achieved by G. E. Osmond and J. W. Stocks, on the Herne Hill track, upon September 1st, 1893, when they actually covered, on a tandem bicycle, 26 miles 156 yards in the hour.

Turning from the material to the social side of cycling. The two great organisations, the Cyclists' Touring Club and the National Cyclists' Union, show signs of undiminished activity. The Cyclists' Touring Club have recently been publishing a series of excellent road-books, which are valuable to any one journeying on wheels in this country, but even more so for Continental work. The Touring Club deserves well of the fraternity, and we are sorry to notice that its numbers show a slight decrease last year. For the middle-class rider, the fixed tariff accorded to members at certain hotels in each town and village is undoubtedly a boon, and altogether the privileges given by the Cyclists' Touring Club cannot be said to be dearly purchased at a subscription of 3s. 6d. per annum.

The National Cyclists' Union is at present engaged in running a tilt against professionalism in high places. What is known as the "maker's amateur" question is very much to the fore. The maker's amateur is a curious sort of cross between amateur and professional, a man paid by the manufacturer to bring his machines into good repute by winning races mounted on them. These riders are almost a necessity to the trade, and are practically the commercial travellers of cycling. In the early days each firm had a good rider in its employment who would ride machines made by the firm at public meetings, and might be trusted to exhibit their good points in the most favourable light. On the continent the maker's amateur is still in full bloom, and there are in Paris several good riders who make no secret that they receive £5 or £10 a month to ride machines of certain firms. They race as amateurs, and usually win all the best prizes. In England the National Cyclists' Union have stopped this, and no man employed by a bicycle firm can now ride without a license. The exact status of these amorphous sportsmen is felt to be one of the great problems with which cycling legislation has to deal. The stringent action which the National Cyclists' Union have also recently taken as regards declared professionals has excited much criticism. No professional is now allowed to race at any meeting without a license from the Union, and it is complained that such licenses have been at times rather arbitrarily withheld. We do not think, however, that any such charge can reasonably be brought against the Union, and must congratulate it on its vigorous efforts to purify a sport which has been to some extent trailed in the mud. At the same time, we sympathise with those proprietors of tracks, and with others who find their business very seriously impeded by the new regulations. At present no professional may race without a license, no amateur may race with a professional, and, finally, the

Amateur Athletic Association refuse to allow any amateur foot races to be held at any meeting where professional bicycle events have also to be decided. It is obvious that these restrictions, necessary though they be, must very seriously hamper those who have to get up such a programme of sport as shall fill their enclosures and their pockets.

The last year has seen a great increase in what are known as cycling clubs. Man is a gregarious creature, and he prefers, it seems, to ride on his bicycle with other men. So club-riding has become a recognised branch of the pursuit. It needs very little notice, for in truth it presents no special feature of interest. Instead of going out alone you merely brand yourself with some club "badge" or uniform, and ride out at fixed times with your fellow club-men to a pre-arranged destination. These troops of rowdy young men rushing along our roads are too familiar sights; they have in summer time combined club runs, camps, and other festivities. Even on Sundays a church meet and service, savouring we fear very often of a farce, is arranged, and bishops have ere now preached to these cycling hordes. Altogether we do not look upon the club with very favouring eyes. The pleasure of an expedition is enormously enhanced no doubt by the company of one friend or more, but the presence of a roysterous troop seems very largely to counteract the advantages that a ride in the country offers to the observant mind. An abuse in connection with these "clubs" assumed alarming proportions last winter in many districts. The so-called smoking concert of bicycle clubs provides nominally a recreative and instructive evening of music, and a means as the promoters usually state of "keeping the members together in the winter." As a matter of fact, it degenerates too often into little better than a drinking bout; and the spectacle of numbers of young men sitting the long evening through in a reeking and tobacco-laden atmosphere, while they fill themselves with liquor to the accompaniment of vulgar and often obscene songs, is certainly the reverse of edifying. And this moves us to say that it would be a much better method to keep members together (if they must be kept) by organizing winter rides. Winter riding is at present entirely neglected, though there is no better exercise for cold weather. A moonlight ride on a crisp December night is a most invigorating experience, and riders who are not deterred by a little wind will find that the pneumatic tyre has minimised any difficulty as regards roads, except in the case of very evil country ways.

In spite of "smoking concerts" and "bicycle backs," the cyclist is a good fellow at heart and his hobby a healthy one, and so we take leave of him, wishing him a good mount and a happy season in 1894.

CRESTON.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MANNERS.

THE Continent possesses a code of manners which is uniform in most important points, but the Englishman stands ethically alone in Europe. He has a neighbour from whose territory he is separated by a narrow strip of sea which he crosses frequently. He has been familiar with his ways from childhood and yet he is as unable to understand him, as that neighbour to fathom his peculiarities.

The chief general distinctions in the characters of the two nations are an excess of sensitiveness and punctiliousness in the Gaul, and a corresponding excess of unhesitating enterprise and indifference in the Briton. In France everything is controlled and scrupulously apportioned. Pleasures as well as commodities are weighed with the greatest accuracy and the system of checks in all transactions has been raised to the highest degree of perfection. There is a nervous dread of fraud and the minutest and most costly measures are taken to prevent it. It seems that the French mind is averse to leaving anything to chance or to allowing any loophole for prevarication in any of the dealings of life. The smaller the issue, the more rigorously the regulations are observed, and whenever the stake becomes very large, as in great commercial undertakings, the observance of rules is much more uncertain. French financial associations, for instance, are formed with the utmost completeness. Their organization is perfect, and their statutes, framed with admirable minuteness, provide for every possible contingency. Yet, within the last ten years, we have seen a series of colossal enterprises, arranged to work with the regularity of clocks, successively undermined by the recklessness, the extravagance or the "megalomania" of their chiefs. The contrast between the order which reigns in the counting-house and the hazardousness of the private office is remarkable. Again, the public administration, though too elaborate, is a model of ingenuity and discipline. If, however, it be compared with the working of the Parliament, the difference will be found to be considerable.

The life of a Frenchman is considerably regulated by the State. From youth to old age he is under the tyranny of officialdom and he is forced to bear the blood-tax as well as the numberless imposts which encumber all professions and callings. But he endures it all good-humouredly and seldom complains of the fresh burdens which are constantly being placed upon him. He has still a remnant of the old Roman feeling of duty to the State, and respect for unwise laws, however history might seem to disprove it, is firmly implanted in his heart. The rights of individuals, in France, are very clearly

defined; certain sums of money procure certain rights which are honestly retained for the payer, who is always respected whosoever he may be. The smallest shopkeeper does not establish a shop without having made minute calculations, and arranged his tariff on a basis which he seldom thinks of changing. He has appointed all things carefully to scale, and if custom favour him, he is content with his position and scope; if not, he must endeavour to sell his business (which he had probably bought) with as little loss as possible. Extravagance, in any case, is seldom a cause of misfortune among this class, whose prudence is proverbial. They spend somewhat lavishly in perfecting and beautifying the place of trade, because their trade is part of their lives and they love to make it attractive, not only to the eye of the customer but to their own.

In England we find a very different series of conceptions. There is a minimum of control, individuals are freer, there is a less mathematical weighing of things, the idea is more studied than the perfection of its elaboration, and there is a certain looseness and want of precision in English institutions which might be taken advantage of, and often is, by the dishonest. But the English are more or less inclined to trust and are not addicted to reducing life too much to scale and measure. The Englishman is business-like and expeditious in his undertakings; he uses the means as a rough-and-ready passport to the end. His home, on which he bestows all his powers of adornment, is the real object of his care: the counting-house and the shop are only considered worthy of a practical species of decoration. He does not possess the same desire as his neighbour for refining all he comes into contact with to its utmost limit. With regard to temperament, the two nations are still more dissimilar. The French character is a strange mixture of patience and impatience. The French are patient to a certain point and for the attainment of an end, but if the tide of circumstances set too strongly against them they are capable of abandoning in a day the principle of a life-time. This hastiness has been shown distinctly in their later history. When the Parisian populace in 1789, weary of the abuses and the inefficiency of the government of Louis XVI., broke in one day with the traditions of eight centuries, they exhibited this temper. When they abandoned the Napoleonic dynasty on the morrow of the battle of Sedan they showed it once again. A nation's character is reflected in its history. In this respect their temper is somewhat of the feminine order—calm and amiable so long as it is not ruffled, but fiercely hostile when disturbed. This impatience, indeed, is not one of the best sides of the French character, and it contrasts strangely with the obstinate perseverance of the Englishman, who is never seen to better advantage than when trying to achieve the impossible. The latter, no doubt, often carries this

propensity to extremes, when endeavouring to force success against the greatest obstacles, and with all his philosophy, it is doubtful if he contrives to make his life as pleasant for himself as the Gaul who yields to the inevitable so much more readily. In France, as the saying has it, a door must be either shut or open.

There still linger in England some traces of the old feeling of respect for superiors which has disappeared to a great extent in France. The lower classes in England (those as yet untainted by socialism) attach a real meaning to the term "gentlefolk" as applied to persons of birth and education not necessarily noble or rich, whose acts are supposed to be invariably honourable. No corresponding class exists in France and the *bourgeoisie* which most nearly resembles it, is too often the personification of the hard egoism which was one of the determining causes of the Revolution. Mutual politeness between superiors and inferiors is certainly greater in France than in England, but the ancient respect for persons of refinement is very rare.

When we approach the subject of the people, we see the same contrasts as in the other classes. The populace in France, and especially in Paris, is a degree higher in the social ladder than in England. They are healthier, happier, and more intelligent; their dress is cleaner and more suitable for their callings; they are more thrifty, and they are never offensively vulgar. They have a greater respect for their women, whose faces are much less care-worn than those of the English house-wife, and whose well-developed figures offer none of the cruel woundings of the sense of human proportion which are presented by the British workman's careless spouse. The latter, if a little more virtuous than her French prototype, is largely deficient in sobriety and ingenuity. Who that has ever witnessed a wedding party at Meudon or at Suresnes and noticed with how much rational merriment the occasion is celebrated, the decorum which is observed, the gallantry of the men and the pleasant frankness of their manners, can fail to be struck with the superiority of the masses in France? A spirit of contentment seems to pervade these bridal parties, and it is to be regretted that the ridicule to which their one day's splendour exposes them from the mocking Parisians is beginning to cause their discontinuance. Compare this with the solemnness of the British labourer's wedding, and the advantage will unquestionably be on the French side. The lower classes in France have a better place in the plan of society and their dignity is greater.

Let us now consider patriotism in its conception by the two nations. Patriotism in France is at once a warm and earnest sentiment springing from the hearts of the people, and a noisy species of nervosity, frequently aggressive and often only half sincere. It is excited, in this latter phase, and chiefly kept alive, by the cheap

prints which appeal to what is considered to be the instincts of the masses. Of course I am not alluding here to legitimate love of country, but to the kind of propaganda which brings it artificially and unnecessarily before the minds of the people, on the most trivial grounds. It is no doubt natural that in a country which lives so much within itself, the idea of patriotism should be more largely developed than in one which extends its scope all over the world, but it is unfortunate that it should be made the pretext for a great deal of political manœuvring which is not creditable to the nation. No country loves glory so much as France, and patriotism, especially in its present form, is a kind of prospective glory which the child is trained to cultivate from his tenderest years. Whether it is a healthy feeling is a matter on which opinion may be divided, but considering the situation of France to-day, it is easy to see that it is a natural one. Patriotism, at all events, is an ever popular subject on the lips of a deputy or in the columns of a newspaper, and no matter how badly it is treated, its success is assured. In the name of patriotism the grossest errors are condoned, and the most serious shortcomings are pardoned. True patriotism is one of the leading virtues of the French race, but there exists by its side a commercial patriotism which too often discredits it.

When, during the course of last year, a deputy in the French Chamber, who had long attempted to discredit the Government of the hour by every means in his power, produced the memorable set of false papers by which the British Embassy was said to be the purchaser of state secrets—perhaps the most ludicrous blunder ever committed—the Press and the public condoned the error because it had been made, as they considered, from patriotic motives.

Is it necessary to add, that the ephemeral popularity of that strange political juggler, Boulanger, was entirely owing to the constant profession of patriotism which he made?

In England patriotism is of a less demonstrative nature. It is less generally mentioned, either by speakers or in the press, because it is too well understood to need it. It is so fundamental a principle, that the hearth and home are to be defended to the death against invaders, that the subject is hardly considered worthy of being referred to. There is no word, indeed, in the English language which conveys all that is meant by the word "patrie"—the word "England" sufficing to the Englishman to denote the country of the world in which justice, morals, meat and sanitation are best and honestest. He feels that the wide-reaching arms of the gigantic Empire protect him wherever he may be, and he does not form the same attachment to his village steeple as the Frenchman of the country districts, whose aspiration, when in a foreign land, is to return to end his life beneath its shadow. Patriotism in England

is a practical virtue, with much stern courage and resolution to support it, but with little romance. It is not used decoratively as in France, but it is not the less present in the English mind.

From patriotism to politics there is but one step, and when we have taken it we reach at once the worst, the weakest, the most crooked of the institutions of the France of to-day. We find a Chamber in which the welfare of the nation is constantly sacrificed to personal interests—a Chamber in which many of the leading men have been, justly or unjustly, accused of dishonourable practices; but who, by their knowledge of the complicated machinery of parliamentary tactics, have contrived to make themselves indispensable. A whole class of professional politicians has sprung from universal suffrage, a band of clamorous demagogues, whose narrow views are at constant variance with the wiser judgment of the moderate but more silent members. There is not a short-sighted law which they fail to support, if it possess a particle of personal or party interest; and the voter who sends this class of fortune-hunters to the Palais Bourbon does incalculable harm to the country. The Chamber of Deputies is the grave of French manners, which sadly degenerate in its precincts; and nothing is more ironical than to contrast the outward marks of respect accorded to the President each day on his entry to the Chamber between two rows of soldiers, and the disregard with which he is treated subsequently by the turbulent assembly. When Robespierre turned to the President, who was ringing his bell to cause the turmoil to cease, and said, "Veux-tu taire ta sonnette, président d'assassins," he showed the true spirit of unruliness which has characterized the Chamber ever since. The new school of politicians in France is the worst the nation has seen for a long period, and the tendency of the times is to elect plebeian agitators who, though they have not yet been able to obtain the reins of government, are the despair of all real statesmen that attempt the Herculean task of governing France. Querulous, ill-bred and bigoted, they are the worst product of the nation. But unfortunately they are not the only defect in the French parliamentary system; and the recent Panama scandals proved convincingly that state reasons (which are generally party reasons), in the French theory of government, scatter principles to the winds upon emergencies. Universal suspicion, which always follows inconsistent measures, is the result. No government can govern well which is not credited with a certain quantity of honourable intentions, and yet the year 1893 was a perfect holocaust of reputations!

How does the English conception of modern politics compare with this? Until the absorbing question which has destroyed the best traditions of the British Parliament had been brought forward, the superiority of the English parliamentary system was indisputable.

Except on rare occasions a pleasant courtesy ruled. One felt that there was a real connection between the grave personage on the woolsack and the decorum of a legislative body. Passion and invective had not yet entered into parliamentary manners, and universal suffrage had not yet given its full measure of disintegration. Is it different now? and has the French system invaded parliamentary manners in this country? Let us hope that it has not, and that the tone of English politics will continue to be higher and less esoteric. Suspicion, at all events, is not the ever present enemy which thwarts the best intentions and magnifies the worst. The reputation of the name of Member of Parliament has not suffered so much as in France; the prestige of the Parliament is greater and the number of adventurers it contains far less. There is something stable and reassuring in the architecture and general air of the Houses of Parliament with their devotional Gothicness, which is absent in the Bourbon Palace. The one seems to breathe promises of peace, the other an atmosphere of turbulence.

And what is to be said of the French Press? It is at once the brightest, the most interesting, and the most literary press in the world—a leisurely press which does not live at fever heat, and which relies more on the ability of its writers than on the obtainment of news, treating its public *en famille*, discreet in the matter of domestic scandals, polite to authors and composers; in fine, a press which has learnt so well the art of exciting interest that it invests even the dullest of parliamentary debates with a literary garb which conveys to the reader all the information he is likely to need, and is in itself a model of witty condensation. The French Press is artistic in all its methods, and whether the French journalist is writing a theatrical criticism or inditing a paragraph of current news, his hand has always a delicacy of touch, for which French journalism appears to possess a special secret. A journal of the *verve* and good humour of the *Figaro* is without its equal in the Press of the world. The favourite writers of the Paris Press are almost as popular with the Parisian public as the heroes of the open-air concerts, which is saying a great deal. Their persons and their styles are known familiarly, and an article by one of them is a Parisian event to be discussed at the breakfast table. The name of journalist, however, is in considerable disfavour in Parisian society because it is generally associated with certain questionable processes of turning to profit the power of the pen's publicity, while writers who devote themselves to special subjects enjoy a much higher reputation. The French require that all things should have a personal stamp, and the few anonymous journals which exist are not extremely popular. The French reader is fond of opening his journal to ascertain, not so much what it has to say

on a particular event, as how a popular writer has treated it. The argument *ad personam* is always sought.

But there is a reverse side to the medal. The little print commonly known as the *feuille de chou* is the pest of French journalism. It is this section of the Press which feeds the fire of false reports and accusations, which denounces without proof and lies without shame. It is unprincipled and disreputable, and has largely contributed to lower the journalistic profession in the eyes of the public; it is also a fruitful source of duels. There is but one thing in its favour—the journals which compose it make some slight amends by their brightness, while their cleverness of invention and the bellicose nature of their patriotism often raise a smile on the lips of those who most disapprove of their manners.

From the French to the English Press the transition is extraordinarily great, for we find ourselves at once in the realms of small type and long columns of stern, uncompromising anonymity, and of strict sobriety of style seldom broken into, save, perhaps, for the purpose of describing a royal wedding with an extravagant wealth of empty hyperbole. The journalist in England is the unknown *deus ex machinâ*, who guides the public mind from the obscurity of his room in Fleet Street, and who is little known outside Press circles. It is this hidden nature of English journalism which gives it a greater influence upon public opinion and inspires the English public, which is naturally reverential, with a firm belief in the wisdom and integrity of the printed sheet. The average middle-class Englishman takes heed of the opinions expressed in the journal he reads, and they assist him greatly in forming his judgments, but the Frenchman having a greater familiarity with journalists and their ways is more sceptical. It is a common saying among Englishmen that French journals are incomplete and deficient in quantity of matter, but it must be remembered that Frenchmen have not the same desire as Englishmen to know what is taking place in all quarters of the globe, and that as regards literary contents there is little or no difference, the advertisements in the French newspapers being kept within reasonable bounds, which they invariably exceed in English journals, whose readers' eyes are constantly wearied with hideous typographical displays. Attempts are seldom made to render English journals less ponderous. It seems that they reflect the feeling of the nation in its love of stern seriousness, without which earnestness appears to it impossible. The London "daily," the contents of which are only to be found in the centre like the kernel of a nut, is not a cheerful publication, and although its practical utility may be greater than that of its French contemporaries, its power to interest and amuse is certainly far less. On the other hand, the manners of the minor press in England are superior to those of the Boulevard prints, and

English law provides the strongest reasons why they should be careful to avoid defamation. But in England such newspapers are almost exclusively conducted on commercial principles to win the small coin of the million, while in France many are created to maintain a political doctrine at all hazards and with the utmost unscrupulousness. The English journalist is a hard brain-worker, dealing with facts in careful language; while his French confrère is a clever word-artist, who clothes his themes in the most graceful dress they are capable of wearing. Again, the London public seldom criticises an article of the daily press, but the Parisians, as I have said, with their finely critical sense, are much addicted to this amusement.

Let us pass on to the great question of morality. Morality is a term which is so differently understood on the two sides of the Channel that no comparison would be complete which did not deal with it, and there is no subject on which the two nations accuse each other more unjustly, or more blindly, chiefly from their mutual inability to lift the veil which separates the semblance from the reality. In France a moral life according to the strict English conception is almost unknown among men, and the condition of mistress is more openly recognised than in England: so long as an unmarried couple in France live quietly together and are scrupulous in the payment of their debts they are treated with a great deal of consideration by classes beneath them. Men do not always shrink from introducing them to their friends, and their status is by no means bad. In the higher ranks of society *liaisons* are commonly accepted so long as the pair do not cohabit, because in France, as elsewhere, the conditions of dwelling constitute a moral standard in themselves. The French with their Gallic blood, their catholicism with its remission of sin, their free thought, their greater proximity to nature in the relations of the sexes, have always been more ready to recognise natural propensities which the cooler Saxon, still half a Puritan, shows a continual desire to hide. Moral laxity as regards the appropriation of one woman by one man exists largely in all classes of French society, but so reasonable are the French in their irregularity, and so free from the vulgar debauchery with which it is so often accompanied in other countries, that the race has in no apparent way suffered in consequence. Immorality in France is what may be termed the immorality of nature, and the sound good sense of the people will always prevent it from being otherwise. But if the number of conjugal infidelities be great, and, indeed, it is so great as to cause wonder that the whole system of marriage should not be broken down, this is attributable to two causes, the essential amativeness of the race and the practice of marrying according to fortune rather than predilection.

Notwithstanding this, however, it would be an error to suppose

that there is no conjugal fidelity in France, for French society offers examples, and many, of the most perfect domestic happiness and feminine fidelity, especially among the middle classes and in the provinces, where religion is less artificially observed than in the capital. When it is thoroughly understood in England that the majority of French people (exception being made for the Anglomaniacs of advanced society) consider that "flirting" is a dishonourable amusement, and that a woman who has once listened to the overtures of a man considers it an act of justice to console him, this side of the French character will be more comprehensible to the English mind. This, and the force of the suspicions which attack every woman in society, and which in self-defence she is often driven to justify, is the cause of many French *liaisons* formed in the *désœuvrement* of fashionable life, the philosophy of which is deeper than appears on the surface. The worst immorality is that which destroys the family, and yet in France the family tie is extremely strong, and the devotion of children to their parents exceptionally great.

Again, immorality in France never assumes the grim aspect it takes in England, where it is so often associated with insobriety, and there still lingers a sense of order and of fitness even in those who have sunk lowest in the scale of respectability. In the higher walks of "misconduct" many women take a signal and skilful revenge upon society, and the number of their male victims, whom they calmly dispossess of their fortune without the slightest compunction, never diminishes, the most striking examples of their system of pecuniary subtraction being apparently no deterrent. It is well known that the chief aim in life of this class is to retire ultimately to the seclusion of a country life in the character of charitable *rentières*.

But the Lesbian blot on French manners, which is neither deniable nor denied, casts a shadow on the national life. An able chronicler has not shrunk from describing it in the columns of one of the most influential journals, and it is a recurring topic of conversation. Nervosity, an excess of refinement and culture, a strong disinclination for child-bearing have been the causes which have revived the practices of the ancient East, and Paris has to bear the responsibility of having resuscitated them in obedience to the magic power of gold. The evil has its origin among the wealthy classes, among those who can afford to buy the dish of sensuality from less fortunate acquaintances, induced by the smallness of their means and their love of luxury, to sell it. It has produced a strange, almost superstitious feeling, an unnatural atmosphere of society in which sex is confounded with sex, and the occasions for scandal are increased threefold. Undoubtedly it is a severe form of egotism, of that kind of egotism which has become so ornate, so luxuriously, so delicately refined in the expression of its grossness, that it has

contrived to become a highly-developed transcendental materialism tempered by a flavour of cynical philosophy due to the outside influences of modern thought.

And how do morals in England compare with morals in France? In some ways well, in others badly. In England there is no frankness, no voluntary admission of any falling away from the principles of morality as they have been fixed by religion and custom. Just as in English society people are all theoretically of no occupation, so there is a fiction that English morals are pure. Morality is held to be a British institution, all departures from which, however numerous, are regarded as isolated instances in no way impairing the principle on which society is based. It is true that the law-courts, whose proceedings are made ruthlessly public, disclose some very serious exceptions, but yet there is no abatement of the contention that virtue is the rule.

Immorality in England has a tendency to become as unbridled as a sailor on shore freed from the discipline of his ship: in its lower forms it almost invariably becomes coarse and intemperate. It seems as if the watery clouds which hang eternally above the British Isles had made virtue chillier and vice more tenebrous. It is one of the first principles, however, of official ethics in England, that the existence of vice is to be ignored, notwithstanding the testimony of the streets, and similarly, immorality is carefully concealed in the inner mind of each individual. The tone of masculine conversation at clubs and elsewhere is in conformity with this feeling. Women are not the favourite subjects of comment, and one seldom hears, as in Paris, the same discussions upon the fittest and cleverest methods of behaviour towards them, nor the same cynical and witty jokes on the theme of love. If by chance the Englishman depart from his stubborn, almost oriental silence regarding women, he often goes to the other extreme and speaks of them too grossly.

But this maintenance of a bold pretension to national purity, however hypocritical it may appear, is a curb on the spread of immorality, since what is unseen is less likely to be imitated than what is seen, and this is a distinct advantage for the English system.

It must be admitted also, that the virtue of married women, which the throne requires as a passport to recognition, is more general than in France, and the English woman possesses a natural, inborn desire to guard her virtue which passion frequently does not succeed in destroying. Sentiment and not passion is the basis of the ordinary English marriage.

The greatest degrees of immorality in England are to be found in the highest and in the lowest classes—the two classes which, from two opposite causes, are best able to hide their proclivities. At either end of the social ladder there is a relaxation of moral principles. In

the upper steps it proceeds chiefly from the *inertia vitæ* of opulence, in the lower from the despair of misery. It is easy to understand, then, that the English middle-class matron, the bulwark of British propriety, looks with abhorrence on all lack of moral conscience, which she considers of foreign and usually of French origin; but even her uncompromisingness is preferable to the ostentatious abandonment of principles which characterizes that class of Englishmen who have become continentalised too soon, and who, by the too hasty adoption of habits to which they had not been bred, only succeed in showing the weakness of their judgment. For when Englishmen or women lapse suddenly into moral laxity, after having received a British education, they almost invariably lack good taste and moderation.

Again, the dissimilarity between the two nations is shown by the fact that a scandal in England is generally spoken of as a grave social failure, to be mentioned in a prudish undertone, while in France it is the subject of ordinary and often witty comment. It is needless to say that one of the most comic personages in French literature is the husband whose wife, by her infidelity, has caused a certain sobriquet to be applied to him. In this instance alone, the difference of views is strikingly apparent. The French recognise the existence of unorthodoxy in morals, while the English do not. Moreover, French women are quick in their conclusions and resolutions; they have no patience for half shades and hesitancy, they are as absolute in the character of their minds as they are gracefully precise in the movement of their bodies. Their English sisters are less hasty, but they think perhaps more deeply, or at all events do not act so quickly on their thoughts.

The question of cleanliness is another on which the ideas of the two nations are at variance. In France the cleanliness of the thing seen is the primary consideration, in England, things both seen and unseen are required to be clean. Cleanness in the preparation of food, in the outer clothing of the body, in the elimination of dust, is always remarkable in France, and dirt is never allowed to offend the eye. Unfortunately, the genius of the nation for cleanliness ends here, and the necessity of water as a purifier, in towns like Paris, where the supply is inadequate, is insufficiently recognised. It is not understood among the lower and lower middle classes that if it is beautiful to live in an *apparent* state of cleanliness, it is equally so to exist in a *real* one; and that as long as sanitation and hygiene are put into a corner as troublesome sciences, which are costly, to no visible advantage, perfect living cannot be attained. The whole Continent suffers from insufficiency of ablution, and although in fashionable households the morning bath has succeeded in establishing itself, a large proportion of the population is content

to live in a state of inner griminess. It is hardly necessary to allude to the persistent violation of health principles by architects. They are not blamed for their dangerous disregard for the essential conditions of healthy living, and they are therefore indifferent upon the subject, the more so as the nation at large has impaired the sensitiveness of its olfactory nerve by familiarity with irritants.

The Englishman, on the other hand, has an exaggerated, almost eccentric, craving for abundance of water, which he satisfies at all costs, and under the most difficult conditions. He has developed this craving to an astonishing degree, and when he is absent from his hygienic country he nurses an almost superstitious dread of evil sanitation. Not a breath of unsavouriness escapes his finely tempered sense, and his life abroad is constantly rendered unhappy by offences against it. He has a cult for clean and rosy skins, and his ideal of moral purity cannot be disassociated from physical purity. For priests abroad, whose poverty has made them careless as to cleanliness, Englishmen have a great aversion, and often refuse to believe in the piety of an ecclesiastic imperfectly cleansed. Is it the constant suggestion offered by the waves which encircle his island or the raininess of his climate that has made the Englishman so love water? Whatever it may be, he has certainly set the example to the rest of the world of a delightful system of living by reducing to a minimum the unpleasant materialism of the body, and making it appear more ethereally human.

But in art the French make more than ample amends for their deficiencies. Art is the best, the truest, the most perfect thing in France—vivid, living, real, neither sentimental nor meretricious, but convincingly just in expression and in execution.

Paris, the place of exhibition for the nation's art, is unequalled in the world for the exquisiteness of its taste. What can be more elegantly beautiful and more quietly harmonious than the decoration of a Parisian interior, with its justness of proportion, its pleasant air of repose, and the admirable moderation of treatment, which is skilfully relieved here and there by an artistic gem of infinite originality and brightness attesting the life-breathing influence of art?

And it is not only in the frame of the home life that taste predominates in France, but in every manifestation of the artistic spirit; in the originality and vigour of the modern school of painting, in the finished methods of the French playwright, in the delightful subtlety of analysis, the exquisite comprehension of human destinies and instincts shown by the French novelist, whose works are read by the whole world, and, lastly, in the finely tempered musical sense of the nation.

The Parisian is by nature an artistic being, from the child of the people who as *modiste* devises the most enchanting costumes, the

coiffeur whose delicacy of touch and dexterity are famous, to the *chef*, who maintains the glory of French cookery. All, in their way, are artists.

They have all penetrated to the truth in art, and the national conscience can, indeed, be called healthy in an æsthetic sense. Art in France is honest and sincere.

It would be too much to claim that the French never err in artistic matters, because occasionally in their earnestness they aim too high. They are, however, unprejudiced, and they honour whatever the imagination creates that is excellent and real, turning away from affectation and idle searchings for effect. They recognised the talent of a Zola and a Loti when it is doubtful if another nation would have done so. One feels that their work is exactly what, given the premises, it should be, never surcharged and always just in its proportions.

In England, alas! all this is very different. Art is a dreary inefficacy which procures no joy and excites no enthusiasm. It is an insipid form of artistic pleasure dreamily sentimental. With a few exceptions, it has no existence beyond the shores of England, because no public in the world, except its own, can be found to take an interest in it. Whether it be in the painting, the novel, the play, or in the ordinary surroundings of everyday life, the same want of artistic perception reveals itself. There is no boldness, no strong personality, no "sacred fire," no vigour; art in England is lifeless and faded. The exact goal is rarely reached and the English artist seems like a forced plant which has no spontaneity of growth.

In fiction, the English have developed the school of the marvellous and the improbable. Being forbidden by public opinion and by the State from treating too plainly the one subject which has been the principal *raison d'être* of literature from its origin, the English author and the playwright have too often recourse to complication and weirdness, unlike life or possibility, the artist is timid in the use of colours and the general taste is at a low ebb. There is an incompleteness in everything connected with taste, an inability to realise the necessity for the small but all-important details which make the object grateful to the eye and a bluntness of the critical faculty. Within the last few years, no doubt, great attempts have been made in England to remedy this defect. House furnishers and others have *learnt* art as an education, and have been slightly successful in making use of their *acquired* taste, but the majority of the nation remains in darkness and trusts to its writers, its painters, its sculptors, and its musicians to guide its sense of the beautiful. Alas, when a statue more monstrously grotesque than usual makes its appearance in a street which was boasting some pretensions to good architecture we see the value of the guidance.

FREDERIC CARREL.

MAGAZINE controversy, on complicated and serious subjects, though it can never be exhaustive, may yet be of great use, if it calls the attention of the public to the main points at issue, if it helps men to judge for themselves of the character and weight of the arguments which are capable of being employed on one side and the other; and, above all, if by elucidating the points on which opponents agree, the area of actual dispute be narrowed down and defined. For this reason it seems to me not useless to examine briefly the answer which, on behalf of a body of Socialists, Mr. Shaw has made to the criticisms which in this Review, and elsewhere, I have recently directed against the entire Socialistic position—and particularly against that position as expounded by himself and his colleagues.

But first let me say a few preliminary words which Mr. Shaw's article suggests. Whenever two persons engage in any argument, a certain element of personality must necessarily be present, for the arguments have to be taken as two individuals put them; but the discussion is useful in proportion as this element is reduced to a minimum. It appears to me that Mr. Shaw has forgotten this simple truth, and has encumbered his arguments with personalities, with regard both to himself and me, which though perfectly inoffensive, and in his own opinion very entertaining, are altogether irrelevant. Over these therefore I do not propose to linger. But there is one point raised by him which bears closely, not indeed on the conduct of such a discussion as the present, but on its value; and of this point I think it desirable to speak.

Mr. Shaw says that I have complimented the Fabian Essayists on their talent, mainly with a view to enhancing the effect of the easy argumentative victory which I fancied I was going to gain over them. This is far from being the case. Mr. Shaw's opinion is probably to be accounted for by the fact that he takes to himself everything I have said with regard to the real services which Socialists, as a school, have rendered to economic science, and he imagines that I was alluding to himself as the "pioneer of a true method," when the persons I had in my mind were Karl Marx and Lassalle. Let him acquit me of paying him such foolish and pointless compliments; but let me repeat at the same time what I actually do mean. I mean that not only Mr. Shaw, but the other Fabian writers, are persons, at all events, of sufficient intelligence, sufficient knowledge, and sufficient literary skill, to render the way in which they put the case for Socialism a valuable indication of what the strength of

that case is. It was for this reason that I thought *Fabian Essays* worth criticising; and for this reason I think Mr. Shaw's answer worth criticising also. It is an indication not only of how Mr. Shaw can argue as an individual, but of what arguments are available in defence of the position which he occupies; and Mr. Shaw has taken trouble himself to make this view still more plausible, by the hints he gives that in the composition of his answer he has sought the advice and counsel of his faithful colleagues; so that his pages represent the wisdom of many, though presumably the wit of one.

I propose, then, to show, in as few words as possible, that Mr. Shaw has not only proved himself incapable of shaking a single one of the various arguments advanced by me, but that whilst flattering himself that, in his own phrase, he has been taking his opponent's scalp, the scalp which he holds, and has really taken, is his own. His criticism divides itself into two main parts. One is an admission of the truth of one of the fundamental propositions on which I insisted. The second is a complete evasion of another, and the substitution for it of an ineptitude which is entirely of Mr. Shaw's invention, and which, as no human being could ever defend it, he finds it so easy and so exciting to demolish, that he sets it up as often as he knocks it down for the pleasure of displaying his prowess over again.

Here, then, are three propositions to be dealt with: First, the primary proposition on which I insisted, and the truth of which Mr. Shaw admits; secondly, a proposition on which Mr. Shaw declares that I insisted, but which is really his own invention; and thirdly, a proposition on which I did insist actually, but which Mr. Shaw never even states, much less attempts to meet. This third proposition I shall briefly state once again when I have dealt with the two others, and show how Fabian philosophy—indeed the philosophy of all Socialism—completely fails to meet it.

To begin, then, with the first. My primary object has been to exhibit the absolute falsehood of the Socialistic doctrine that *all wealth is due to labour*, and to replace this by a demonstration that under modern conditions of production labour is not only not the sole producer of wealth, but does not even produce the principal part of it. The principal producing agent, I have pointed out, is what I have called Industrial Ability—or the faculty which, whilst exercised by a few, directs the labour of the many; and if this truth is once accepted, it completely cuts away from Socialism the whole of its existing foundations, and renders absolutely meaningless the whole of its popular rhetoric. For the most powerful argumentative appeal which Socialism can make to the majority is merely some amplification of the statement, which is no doubt plausible, and is advanced by Socialists as an axiom, that the exertions of the majority

—or, in other words, Labour—has produced all wealth, and that therefore the majority not only ought to possess it, but will be able to possess it by the simple process of retaining it. But the moment the productive functions of industrial ability are made clear, the doctrine which seemed an axiom is reduced to an absurdity; and what might before have seemed a paradox becomes a simple and intelligible truth—the doctrine, namely, that a comparatively few persons, with certain exceptional gifts, are capable of producing more wealth than all the rest of the community; and that whoever may produce the wealth which the rich classes possess, it is at all events not produced by the multitude, and might, under changed conditions, be no longer produced at all.

Now this doctrine of Ability Mr. Shaw accepts, and completely surrenders and throws overboard the Socialistic doctrine of Labour. He does indeed endeavour to make the surrender seem less complete than it is, partly by irrelevant comments on some minor points,[1] and partly by insisting on certain qualifications which are perfectly true, and to which I have myself often elsewhere alluded, but which, as I shall show presently, are, on his own admission, of small practical importance, and do not appreciably affect the main position. For instance Mr. Shaw argues that it is not always the most able man who, in any given business, is to be found directing it. This also is no doubt true. It merely means, however, that of industrial ability the same thing may be said, which has so truly been said of Government—that it is always *in*, or *passing into*, the hands of the most powerful section of the community. Businesses conducted by men of inferior Ability are gradually superseded by businesses conducted by men of superior Ability. Men's actual positions may be a few years behind or before their capacities, but for all practical purposes they coincide with them; and the utmost that Mr. Shaw's contention could prove would be that some members of a minority are in places which should be occupied by other members of a minority; not that the majority could take the places of either.

But I merely mention these points in passing, and waste no pains

(1) Mr. Shaw, for instance, is at much pains to point out that Ability is not one definite thing, as the power of jumping is, and makes himself merry by asking if Wellington's Ability could be compared with Cobden's, or Napoleon's with Beethoven's. This is all beside the mark. I have been careful to define the sense in which I used the word Ability, to define it with the utmost exactness. I have said that I use it as meaning productive Ability, industrial Ability. That is to say those faculties by which men, not labouring themselves, are capable of directing to the best advantage the labour of others, with a view to the production of economic commodities. In the Middle Ages I said that another kind of Ability was more important—*i.e.* Military Ability, instead of Economic; and the historical importance of this fact, which Mr. Shaw says I discovered only after I had written my first article on Fabian Economics, I insisted on, at much greater length, years ago, when criticising Karl Marx's "Theory of Value," in this Review. Again, let Mr. Shaw turn to *Labour and the Popular Welfare*, p. 328, and he will find what he says put more clearly by myself than by him.

in insisting on them or pressing them home, because their practical insignificance is admitted by Mr. Shaw himself. The great body of men—of men selected at random, even if they should enjoy the advantages of superior position and education—"could not," he says, "invent a wheelbarrow, much less a locomotive." He amplifies this admission by quoting the case of an acquaintance of his, whose exceptional Ability secured him £4,000 a year, because without the assistance of that Ability his employer would have lost more than this sum. "Other men," he proceeds, "have an eye for contracts, or what not, or are born captains of industry, in which case they go into business on their own account, and make ten, twenty, or two hundred per cent., *where you or I should lose five.* . . . All these people are *rentiers* of Ability." Again he quotes with emphatic approval a passage from an American writer, whom he praises as a skilled economist; and using this passage as a text, endorses its meaning in these words of his own. "The able man, the actual organiser and employer, alone is able to find a use for mere manual deftness, or for that brute strength, and heavy bank balance, which any fool may possess." "The capitalist and the labourer run helplessly to the able man." "He is the only party in the transaction capable of the slightest initiative in production."

I need not add anything to these admissions. They constitute, as I say, a complete surrender of the Socialistic doctrine of Labour, and an emphatic admission of the primary proposition I advanced as to the productive function of Ability. It is enough then to say, that so far as the question of Labour is concerned, Mr. Shaw throws over completely all the doctrines of the Gotha programme, the Erfurt programme, of Karl Marx and his disciples, of Mr. Hyndman and his Social Democrats; in fact the cardinal doctrine of Socialism as hitherto preached everywhere.

Having disposed then of the point as to which Mr. Shaw agrees with me, I will pass on to the point on which he supposes me to disagree with him; and this is the point to which he devotes the larger part of his article. Everything else is thrown in as a sort of by-play. This point is as follows. Speaking roughly and adopting the following figures, not because I consider them accurate, but merely because they agree with Mr. Shaw's, and are for the present purpose as good as any others, above £700,000,000 of the national income go to the non-labouring classes. Mr. Shaw, as I gather, would set down about £200,000,000 of this as the earnings or profits of Ability; whilst he contends that the remainder is the product neither of Ability or Labour, but of capital or land. It represents the assistance which land and capital give to the two other productive agents; and it goes to those who possess this land and capital, simply on account of the rights which they possess as passive

owners. This sum, which Mr. Shaw estimates at about £500,000,000,[1] ought, he contends, still go to the owners—in fact, it must always go to its owners; but the owners should be changed. They should be the whole nation instead of a small class.

Now Mr. Shaw says that my great mistake has relation to these £500,000,000. He says that, having argued rightly enough that £200,000,000 or so are the genuine product or rent of actual and indispensable Ability, I have committed the absurd mistake of confusing with this rent of ability, the rent of land, of houses, and above all, the interest on capital. "Mr. Mallock," he says, "is an inconsiderate amateur, who does not know the difference between profits and earnings, on the one hand, and rent and interest on the other." And he summarizes my views on the subject by saying, that I "see in every railway shareholder the inventor of the locomotive or the steam-engine," and that I gravely maintain that the £300,000 a year which may form the income of one or two great urban landlords, is produced by the exercise of some abnormal ability on their parts. This supposed doctrine of mine forms the main subject of Mr. Shaw's attack. He is exuberantly witty on the subject. He turns the doctrine this way and that, distorting its features into all sorts of expressions, laughing afresh each time he does so. He calls me his "brother" and his "son"; he quotes nursery rhymes at me. He alludes to my own income and the income of the Duke of Westminster, and intimates a desire to know whether the Duke being, so he says, many hundred times as rich as myself, I am

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many hundred times as big a fool as the Duke. In fact, he has recourse to every argumentative device which his private sense of humour and his excellent taste suggest.

The immediate answer to all this is very simple—namely, that I never gave utterance to any such absurdity as Mr. Shaw attributes to me, but that, on the contrary, I have insisted with the utmost emphasis on this very distinction between profits and earnings, and rent and interest, which he assures his readers I do not even perceive. Mr. Shaw, therefore, has devoted most of his time to trampling only on a misconception of his own. This is the immediate answer to him; but there is a further answer to come, relating to the conclusions I drew from nature of rent and interest, after I had pointed out their contrast to the direct receipts of Ability. Let me show the truth of the immediate answer first.

I do not think that in my two recent articles in this Review there is a single sentence that to any clear-headed man could form an excuse for such a misconception as Mr. Shaw's, whereas there are pages which ought to have made it impossible. Indeed, a notice in *The Spectator* disposes of Mr. Shaw by saying that he evades the real point raised by me, not meeting what I did say, and combating what I did not say. But, as I started with observing, magazine articles can rarely be exhaustive, and I will assume that some incompleteness or carelessness of expression on my part might have afforded, had these articles stood alone, some excuse for their critic. Mr. Shaw, however, is at pains to impress us that he has read other writings of mine on the same subject. He even remembers, after an interval of more than ten years, some letters I wrote to the *St. James's Gazette*. It might, therefore, have been not unreasonable to expect that he would have referred to my recent volume, *Labour and the Popular Welfare*, which I expressly referred to in my two articles, and in which I said I had stated my position more fully. As an answer to Mr. Shaw I will quote from that volume now.

The first Book deals with certain statistics as to production in this country, and the growth of the national income as related to the population. In the second Book I deal with the cause of this growth. I point out that the causes of production are not three, as generally stated—viz., Land, Labour, and Capital; but four—viz., Land, Labour, Capital, and Ability; and that the fourth is the sole source of that *increase* in production, which is the distinguishing feature of modern industrial progress. In thus treating Capital as distinct from Ability, I point out—taking a pumping engine as an example—that capital creates a product which necessarily goes to its owner, *quâ* owner, whether the owner is an individual or the State. I then proceed to show that fixed capital—*e.g.* an engine—is the result of circulating capital fossilized; and that circulating capital is productive only in

proportion as it is under the control of Ability. For this reason I said that whilst it is *in process of being utilised*, Capital is connected with Ability as the brain is connected with the mind, it being the material means through which Ability controls Labour; and that thus from *a certain point of view* the two are inseparable. I need not insist on this truth, because Mr. Shaw admits it. But Mr. Shaw will find a subsequent chapter (Book IV., chapter II.) bearing the title, *Of the Ownership of Capital as distinct from its Employment by Ability.* From that chapter I quote the following passage:—

"In dealing with Capital and Ability, I first treated them separately. I then showed that, regarded as a productive agent, Capital *is* Ability, and must be treated as identical with it. But it is necessary, now we are dealing with distribution, to dissociate them for a moment and treat them separately once more. For even though it be admitted that Ability, working by means of Capital, produces, as it has been shown to do, nearly two-thirds of the national income,[1] and though it may be admitted further that a large portion of this product should go to the able men who are actively engaged in producing it—the men whose Ability animates and vivifies Capital—it may be argued that a portion of it which is very large indeed, goes as a fact to men who do not exert themselves at all, or who, at any rate, do not exert themselves in the production of wealth. These men, it will be said, live not on the products of Ability, but on the interest of Capital, which they have come accidentally to possess; and it will be asked on what ground Labour is interested in forbearing to touch the possessions of those who produce nothing? . . . Why should it not appropriate what goes to this wholly non-productive class."

If Mr. Shaw or his readers are still in doubt as to the extent to which his criticism of myself is wide of the mark—if he still thinks that he is fighting any mistake but his own, when he attacks me as though I confused interest with the direct earnings of Ability, let me add one passage more out of the same chapter:—

(1) The case may also be put in another way. Interest is the product of capital *quâ* capital, as opposed to the product of ability as distinct from capital. But the bulk of modern capital is historically the creation of ability, which has miraculously multiplied the few loaves and fishes existing at the close of the last century. Interest may therefore be called the secondary or indirect product of ability, whilst earnings and profits may be called the direct product of ability. Anyone who is living on interest at the present moment is almost sure to be living, not on his own ability, but on the products of the ability of some member of his own family who has added to the national wealth within the past two generations. Suppose a man who died in 1830 left a fortune of £200,000, which he made, as Salt did, by the invention and production of some new textile fabric; and suppose that this fortune is now in the hands of a foolish and feeble grandson, who enjoys £8,000 a year. This is evidently not the product of the grandson's ability; but it is the product of the ability of the grandfather. The truth of this may be easily seen by altering the supposition thus—by supposing that the original maker of the fortune, instead of dying in 1830, is alive now, but as imbecile as we supposed his grandson to be. He has, we will say, long retired from business, and lives on the interest of the capital he made when his faculties were in their vigour. Would anyone say that he is not living on his own ability? The only difference is—and it is a difference which, from many points of view, is of the greatest importance—that formerly he was living on the direct product of his ability, and he is now living on its indirect product.

"Large profits must not be confounded with high interest. Large profits are a mixture of three things, as was pointed out by Mill, though he did not name two of them, happily. He said that profits consisted of wages of superintendence, compensation for risk, and interest on Capital. If, instead of wages of superintendence we say the product of Ability, and instead of compensation for risk we say the reward of sagacity, which is itself a form of Ability, we shall have an accurate statement of the case."

Again, two pages earlier Mr. Shaw will find this :—

"Interest is capable, under certain circumstances, of being reduced to a minimum without production being in any degree checked; and every pound which the man who employs Capital is thus relieved from paying to the man who owns it constitutes, *other things being equal*, a fund which may be appropriated by Labour."

These quotations will be enough to show how the bulk of Mr. Shaw's criticisms, which he thinks are directed against myself, are criticisms of an absurd error and confusion of thought, which I have myself done my utmost to expose, in order that I might put the real facts of the case more clearly.

Let me now briefly restate what I have actually said about these facts. Let me restate the points which Mr. Shaw hardly ventures even to glance at. I have said that Capital and Ability, as actually engaged in production, are united like mind and brain. There is, however, as I observed also, this difference. So far as this life is concerned, at all events, brain and mind are inseparable. The organ and the function cannot be divided. But in the case of Ability and Capital they can be. The mind of one man has often to borrow from another man the matter through which alone it is able to operate in production. Thus though Ability and Capital, when viewed from the standpoint of Labour, are one thing, when viewed from the standpoint of their different processes they are two; and Capital is seen to produce a part of the product, as distinguished from the Ability, whose tool and organ it is. Mr. Shaw says that the capital of the country at the present time produces £500,000,000 annually, and, for argument's sake, I accept this figure. Thus far, then, Mr. Shaw and I agree. But what I have urged Mr. Shaw to consider, and what he does not venture even to think of, is the following question: —How did the capital of this country come into existence?

Even the soil of this country, as we know it now, is an artificial product. It did not exist in its present state two hundred years ago. Still it was there. But of the capital of the country, as it exists to-day, by far the larger part did not exist at all. Let us merely go back two generations—to the times of our own grandfathers; and we shall find that of the £10,000,000,000, at which our present capital is estimated, £8,000,000,000 have been produced during the last eighty years. That is to say, four-fifths of our capital was non-existent at a time when the grandfathers of many

of us were already grown men. How, then, was this capital produced? The ordinary Socialist will say that it was produced by Labour—that it is, as (I think) Lassalle called it, "fossil Labour." Mr. Shaw, however, judging by what we have seen of his opinions, will agree with me that though a small part of it may be fossil Labour, by far the larger part is fossil Ability. It is, in fact, savings from the growing annual wealth which has been produced during the period in question by the activity of able men. But these able men did not produce it by accident. They produced it under the stimulus of some very strong motive. What was this motive? Mr. Shaw's Socialistic friends and predecessors have been spouting and shouting an answer to this question for the past sixty years. They have been telling us that the main motive of the employing class was "greed." Unlike most of their statements, this is entirely true. Nor, although the sound of it is offensive, is there anything offensive in its meaning. It means that in saving capital and in producing the surplus out of which they were able to save it, the motive of the producers was the desire to live on the interest of it when it was saved; and that if it had not been for the desire, the hope, the expectation of getting this interest, the capital most certainly would never have been produced at all, or, at all events, only a very minute fraction of it.

I asked in one of my articles in this Review whether Mr. Shaw thought that a man who received ten thousand a year as the product of his exceptional ability would value this sum as much if he were forbidden by the State to invest a penny of it—if the State, in fact, were an organized conspiracy to prevent his investing it so as to make an independent provision for his family, or for himself at any moment when he might wish to stop working—as he values it now when the State is organized so as to make his investments secure? And the sole indication in the whole of Mr. Shaw's paper that he has ever realised the existence of the question here indicated is to be found in a casual sentence, in which he says that to think that the complete confiscation of all the capital created by the two past generations, and the avowed intention on the part of the State to confiscate all the capital that is now being created by the present—to think, in other words, that the annihilation of the strongest and fiercest hope that has ever nerved exceptional men to make exceptional industrial exertion, would in the smallest degree damp the energies of any able man—"is an extremely unhistoric apprehension," and one as to which he "doubts whether the public will take the alarm." And having said this, he endeavours to presently justify himself by an appeal to history. He asks if the men who built the Pyramids did not work just as hard "though they knew that Pharaoh was at the head of an

organized conspiracy to take away the Pyramids from them as soon as they were made?"

This remarkable historical reference is the sole answer Mr. Shaw attempts to make to the real point raised by me. If it is necessary seriously to answer it, let me refer Mr. Shaw to *Labour and the Popular Welfare*, pp. 124, 125, where his childish piece of reasoning—actually illustrated there by the example of Ancient Egypt—is anticipated and disposed of. As I there pointed out, these great buildings of the ancient world were the products not of Ability, as it exists in the modern world, but of Labour, the difference between the two (so far as this point is concerned) being this:—that the labour an average man can perform is a known quantity, and wherever a dominant race enslaves an inferior one, the taskmasters of the former can coerce the latter into performing a required amount of service. But the existence of exceptional ability cannot be known or even suspected by others till the able individual voluntarily shows and exerts it. He cannot be driven; he must be induced and tempted. And not only is there no means of making him exert his talents, except by allowing these talents to secure for himself an exceptional reward; but in the absence of any such reward to fire his imagination and his passion, he will probably not be conscious of his own Ability himself. Pharaoh could flog the stupidest Israelite into laying so many bricks, but he could not have flogged Moses himself into a Brassey, a Bessemer, or an Edison.

This, however, is a point with which it is impossible to deal in a few sentences or a few pages. The great question of human motive, closely allied as it is with the question of family affection, the pleasures of social intercourse, the excitements and prizes of social rivalry, of love, of ambition, and all the philosophy of taste and manners—this great question of motive can be only touched upon here. But a few more words may be said to show the naïve ignorance of human nature and of the world betrayed by the Fabian champion.

Mr. Shaw, in order to prove how fully he understands the question of Ability, quotes the case of a friend of his, who, by his Ability, makes £4,000 a-year. This, says Mr. Shaw, is just as it should be: but if a man, like his friend, should save £100,000, and desire to leave this to his son, invested for him at 3½ per cent., so that the son may receive an income whether he has any of his father's ability or no—this, says Mr. Shaw, is what Socialism will not permit. The son must earn all he gets; and if he happens to have no exceptional ability, which may probably be the case, he will have to put up with the mere wages of manual labour. He will have to live on some £80 a year instead of £4,000. And Mr. Shaw says, that to introduce this arrangement into our social system will have no appreciable

effect on the men who are now making, by their ability, their £4,000 a year. Let us suggest to him the following reflections. What good, in that case, would the £4,000 a year be to the father, unless he were to eat and drink nearly the whole of it himself? For it would be absurd and cruel in him to bring up his children in luxury if the moment he died they would have to become scavengers. Wealth is mainly valuable, and sought for, not for the sake of the pleasures of sense which it secures for a man's individual nervous system, but for the sake of the *entourage*—of the world—which it creates around him, which it peoples with companions for him brought up and refined in a certain way, and in which alone his mere personal pleasures can be fully enjoyed. Capitalism, as Mr. Shaw truly observes, produces many personal inequalities, which without it could not exist. He fails to understand that it is precisely the prospect of producing such inequalities that constitutes the main motive that urges able men to create Capital. They create Capital by their Ability, in order that Capital, when entrusted to the Ability of others, may produce an income for its original creators, or their representatives, independent of any further industrial exertion on the part of the recipients.

More than ten years ago I published a book called *Social Equality*, devoted to the exposition of these truths. I cannot dwell upon them now. In that book history is appealed to, and biography is appealed to; and the special case of literary and artistic production, of which Mr. Shaw makes so much, is considered in a chapter devoted to the subject, and Mr. Shaw's precise arguments are disposed of in anticipation. But to a great extent the true doctrine of motive is one which cannot be established by mere formal argument. It must to a great extent be left to the verdict of the jury of general common sense, the judgment of men of experience and knowledge of the world—that knowledge which, of all others, Mr. Shaw and his friends appear to be most lacking in.

It will be enough, then, to turn from Mr. Shaw himself to ordinary sensible men, especially to the men of exceptional energy, capacity, shrewdness, strong will, and productive genius—the men who are making fortunes, or who have just made them, who are preparing to settle down to live on them, or to create houses out of them for their children, and to tell such men that the sole answer of Fabianism to my attack on the Socialistic position is summed up in the following astounding statement—That the complete confiscation of all the invested money in this country, and all the incomes derived from it, would have no effect whatever on the hopes and efforts of those who are now devoting their Ability to making money to invest (see Mr. Shaw's article, p. 491). Well—*Bos locutus est*: there is the quintessence of Mr. Shaw's knowledge

of human nature and of the world, and though it would be interesting and instructive to analyse the error of his view, no analysis could make its absurdity seem more complete than it will seem, without analysis, to every practical man.

Putting aside, then, this impotent and feeble utterance, the rest of Mr. Shaw's criticism on myself consists of three parts: one is the complete admission of the truth of my fundamental proposition; the other is an attack on a proposition, which I not only never made, but the absurd falsehood of which I have elaborately exposed; and the third is a series of occult witticisms, and an anecdote about himself in a garret—a garret belonging to a Socialist who is attempting to democratize production by printing books which cost five guineas apiece, and carpets and curtains which cost three guineas a yard. To sum up, Mr. Shaw is like a man at bay in a corner, who violently threatens all who offend him with instant death, but who, when the moment comes, drops half of what he says he will fight for; then, instead of fighting, begins to dance a hornpipe; and, finally, turns to the wall and pummels his own shadow.

W. H. Mallock.

*** *The Editor of this Review cannot undertake to return any Manuscripts. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written.*

Scottish Provident Institution

INSTITUTED 1837. INCORPORATED 1848

·MUTUAL · LIFE · ASSURANCE · WITH ·

·MODERATE · PREMIUMS ·

FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT
BEING FOR YEAR
1893.

NEW ASSURANCES **£1,124,700**
PREMIUMS **£602,550**
INCOME **£959,900**
CLAIMS **£410,100**

MORE THAN HALF OF THE MEMBERS WHO DIED IN 1893 HAD BONUSES AVERAGING CLOSE ON 50 PER CENT OF THEIR POLICIES WHICH PARTICIPATED.

THE FUNDS
EXCEED
8½ MILLIONS.
INCREASE IN YEAR **£409,900**

THE PREMIUMS ARE SO MODERATE THAT, AT USUAL AGES FOR ASSURANCE, **£1200** OR **£1250** MAY BE SECURED FROM THE FIRST FOR THE YEARLY PAYMENT WHICH IN MOST OFFICES WOULD BE CHARGED (WITH PROFITS) FOR **£1000** ONLY,—EQUIVALENT TO AN IMMEDIATE AND CERTAIN BONUS OF **20** TO **25** PER CENT.

THE WHOLE PROFITS GO TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS ON A SYSTEM AT ONCE SAFE AND EQUITABLE—NO SHARE GOING TO THOSE BY WHOSE EARLY DEATH THERE IS A LOSS TO THE COMMON FUND.

THE DISTINCTIVE SYSTEM OF THE INSTITUTION IS SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR ASSURANCES REQUIRED FOR

FAMILY PROVISIONS
MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS
AND PARTNERSHIP OR
OTHER BUSINESS ARRANGEMENTS

AND FOR ALL CASES WHERE IT IS OF SPECIAL IMPORTANCE THAT THE PREMIUM BE MODERATE AND AT THE SAME TIME SECURE RIGHT TO PARTICIPATE IN THE WHOLE SURPLUS.

NEXT DIVISION OF SURPLUS AS AT CLOSE OF **1894**

THE ARRANGEMENTS AS TO SURRENDER, NON-FORFEITURE, FREE RESIDENCE, LOANS ON POLICIES, AND EARLY PAYMENT OF CLAIMS, AND ALL OTHER POINTS OF PRACTICE, ARE CONCEIVED ENTIRELY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE MEMBERS, THERE BEING NO OPPOSING INTERESTS IN A MUTUAL SOCIETY. POLICIES, AS A RULE, ARE WORLD-WIDE AFTER 5 YEARS, PROVIDED THE ASSURED HAS ATTAINED THE AGE OF 30.

EDINBURGH, 6 ST. ANDREW SQ. JAMES GRAHAM WATSON, MANAGER.

Scottish Provident Institution.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS, BY DIFFERENT MODES OF PAYMENT,

For Assurance of £100 at Death—With Profits.

Age next Birth-day.	Annual Premium payable during Life.	ANNUAL PREMIUM LIMITED TO			Single Payment.	Age next Birth-day.
		Twenty-one Payments.	Fourteen Payments.	Seven Payments.		
21	£1 16 3	£2 10 6	£3 4 11	£5 10 0	£33 0 1	21
22	1 16 9	2 11 0	3 5 9	5 11 0	33 5 10	22
23	1 17 2	2 11 6	3 6 5	5 12 1	33 11 2	23
24	1 17 7	2 12 1	3 6 11	5 13 1	33 16 5	24
25	1 18 0	2 12 6	3 7 3	5 14 0	34 2 0	25
26	1 18 6	2 13 0	3 7 10	5 14 11	34 8 2	26
27	1 19 2	2 13 6	3 8 7	5 15 11	34 16 1	27
28	1 19 11	2 14 1	3 9 5	5 17 1	35 4 9	28
29	2 0 8	2 14 8	3 10 3	5 18 6	35 14 1	29
*30	2 1 6	2 15 4	3 11 2	6 0 1	36 4 0	*30
31	2 2 6	2 16 2	3 12 1	6 1 10	36 14 6	31
32	2 3 5	2 17 1	3 13 2	6 3 8	37 5 5	32
33	2 4 6	2 18 0	3 14 4	6 5 8	37 17 2	33
34	2 5 7	2 19 0	3 15 7	6 7 9	38 9 7	34
35	2 6 10	3 0 2	3 16 11	6 10 0	39 2 9	35
36	2 8 2	3 1 5	3 18 4	6 12 5	39 16 11	36
37	2 9 8	3 2 9	3 19 11	6 15 0	40 12 4	37
38	2 11 3	3 4 3	4 1 7	6 17 9	41 8 7	38
39	2 12 11	3 5 9	4 3 4	7 0 7	42 5 4	39
†40	2 14 9	3 7 5	4 5 2	7 3 7	43 2 10	†40
41	2 16 8	3 9 2	4 7 2	7 6 8	44 0 11	41
42	2 18 8	3 11 1	4 9 3	7 9 11	44 19 9	42
43	3 0 11	3 13 1	4 11 5	7 13 3	45 19 3	43
44	3 3 3	3 15 3	4 13 10	7 16 9	46 19 7	44
45	3 5 9	3 17 6	4 16 4	8 0 7	48 0 8	45
46	3 8 5	4 0 0	4 19 1	8 4 6	49 2 8	46
47	3 11 5	4 2 8	5 2 1	8 8 8	50 5 8	47
48	3 14 8	4 5 8	5 5 4	8 13 2	51 9 7	48
49	3 18 1	4 8 9	5 8 9	8 17 11	52 14 1	49
50	4 1 7	4 12 1	5 12 4	9 2 10	53 19 3	50
51	4 5 6	4 15 5	5 16 1	9 7 11	55 4 5	51
52	4 9 5	4 18 10	5 19 11	9 13 1	56 9 0	52
53	4 13 5	5 2 5	6 3 11	9 18 3	57 12 11	53
54	4 17 8	5 6 3	6 8 0	10 3 5	58 17 2	54
55	5 1 11	5 10 2	6 12 1	10 8 6	60 0 8	55

[The usual *non-participating* Rates of other Offices differ little from these Premiums.]

* A person of 30 may secure £1000 at death, by a yearly payment, *during life*, of £20 : 15s.
This Premium would generally elsewhere secure **£800** only, instead of **£1000.**

OR, he may secure £1000 by 21 yearly payments of £27 : 13 : 4—*being thus free of payment after age* 50.

† **At age 40**, the Premium *ceasing at age* 60 is, for £1000, £33 : 14 : 2,—about the same as most Offices require during the whole term of life. Before the Premiums have ceased, the Policy will have shared in at least one division of profits. To Professional Men and others, whose income is dependent on continuance of health, the limited payment system is specially recommended.

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GLASGOW, 29 St. Vincent Pl.
ABERDEEN, 25 Union Street.
DUNDEE, 12 Victoria Chambers.
BIRMINGHAM, 95 Colmore Row.
BRISTOL, 31 Clare Street.
CARDIFF, 19 High Street.
LEEDS, 35 Park Row.
LIVERPOOL, 25 Castle Street.
MANCHESTER, 10 Albert Sq.
NEWCASTLE, 1 Queen Street.
NOTTINGHAM, 27 Victoria St
BELFAST, 10 Donegall Sq., N.

DUBLIN . . . 36 COLLEGE GREEN.

LONDON OFFICE: 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, *Edinburgh.*

CLERICAL MEDICAL & GENERAL

ESTABLISHED 1824.

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

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Assistant Actuary.

WILLIAM J. H. WHITTALL, ESQ.

Actuary & Secretary.

BENJAMIN NEWBATT, ESQ.

FINANCIAL POSITION, June 30th 1893.

Assets, over	£3,000,000
Income, over	£360,000
New Assurances in the year, over	£470,000
Annual Premiums thereon	£16,000
Sum Divided among the **Assured,** 1892, over (yielding an average Cash Bonus of 35 % on Premiums.)	£352,000
Reversionary Addition to **Policies** corresponding thereto, nearly	£500,000

CHIEF OFFICE: 15, ST JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON. S.W.

Clerical, Medical and General

13TH BONUS—1892.

RESERVES.

The Valuation having been made **by the most stringent Tables of Mortality in use** (the H^M and $H^{M(s)}$ Tables of the Institute of Actuaries), in combination with the **very low rate of 2½ per cent. interest** (a rate employed by two other offices only), and to the **high reserves** so brought out, viz., **£2,533,078,** further sums amounting to **£90,000** having been added, the **total reserves,** relatively to the engagements they have to meet, were brought up to an amount in excess, it is believed, of those of any other office whatever.

PROFITS.

NOTWITHSTANDING these large and exemplary reserves, the **condition of prosperity** of the Society was such that **the divisible surplus** in respect of the **5** years **was larger** by **£53,450** than that of any previous quinquennium. The sum remaining for **division among the Assured,** viz., **£352,500,** which was **larger by £40,000** than any previous one, provided a Cash Bonus averaging **35** per cent. on the premiums of the quinquennium, being the **largest Cash Bonus ever declared** by the Society. The following is a

TABLE OF SPECIMEN BONUSES

Declared on Whole-Life Policies of £1,000 *each, effected by Annual Premiums at the ages undermentioned.*

Duration of Policy.	20						30						35					
	Cash.			Reversion.			Cash.			Reversion.			Cash.			Reversion.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
5 years	30	10	0	86	0	0	41	0	0	95	0	0	47	10	0	101	0	0
10 ,,	31	0	0	79	10	0	41	10	0	88	10	0	48	0	0	92	10	0
15 ,,	31	10	0	73	0	0	42	0	0	81	0	0	48	0	0	84	0	0
20 ,,	32	0	0	67	10	0	42	0	0	73	10	0	48	0	0	77	0	0
25 ,,	32	0	0	62	0	0	42	0	0	67	10	0	48	10	0	72	0	0
30 ,,	32	0	0	56	10	0	42	10	0	63	0	0	49	0	0	67	0	0

Duration of Policy.	40						45						50					
	Cash.			Reversion.			Cash.			Reversion.			Cash.			Reversion.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
5 years	56	0	0	108	10	0	65	0	0	114	0	0	78	0	0	126	0	0
10 ,,	56	0	0	98	10	0	65	0	0	104	10	0	79	10	0	118	0	0
15 ,,	56	0	0	90	10	0	66	0	0	98	0	0	79	10	0	109	10	0
20 ,,	57	0	0	84	10	0	66	0	0	91	0	0	80	10	0	103	10	0
25 ,,	57	0	0	78	10	0	66	10	0	86	0	0	82	0	0	99	0	0
30 ,,	57	10	0	74	0	0	68	0	0	82	10	0	82	10	0	95	10	0

N.B.—In future the method of distributing profits will be so modified that the proportion of profits allotted to any Policy will increase with its increased duration, a modification in favour of the older Policyholders which, it is believed, will not appreciably affect the large initial bonuses here shown to be given to the younger members.

Chief Office:—15 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

Branch Offices:—Mansion House Buildings, E.C.; 8 Exchange Street, Manchester.

Life Assurance Society.

ASSURANCE AT PRIME COST.

ONE of the wants of the present day is a table of whole-life premiums, which, while making the least possible demand on the resources of the Assured, shall at the same time admit the Policies to full Bonus advantages. The annexed table of reduced premiums, which are believed to be lower than any hitherto published for Policies issued free from debt, has been framed to meet this want. Being below the mathematical premiums for the several risks provided in the Society's full premiums, these reduced premiums may properly be said to supply "assurance at prime cost." They depend on the realization of a certain ratio of profit, and in the event of the profit at any division being insufficient, the sum assured by any particular policy will need to be charged with payment of such a sum as will make good its share of the deficiency, unless the Assured prefer to pay off the balance due to the Society. So large and so consistent, however, have been the profits of this Society, that there is little likelihood of any such deficiency arising.

The new premiums, which are payable annually, are at all ages 75 per cent. only of the ordinary whole-life, with-profit rates, the Society advancing the remaining 25 per cent. The 25 per cent. so provided by the Society, accumulated at 5 per cent. interest in advance, will be a charge on the current bonus. If death should occur within the quinquennial bonus period, the interim bonus will exactly meet the current charge, and allow of the sum assured being paid without deduction. If, on the other hand, the Policy should survive the quinquennial period and share in the declared bonus, it may be expected that the cash bonus allotted at each division will more than meet the current charge.

This surplus cash bonus may, on its declaration, either be at once received by the Assured, or, if he prefer it, be converted into an equivalent Reversionary Bonus, payable with the sum assured in the event, and in the event only, of death occurring subsequently to the attainment of an age to be stated in the Policy.

Further particulars as to the Prime Cost System will be furnished on application.

REDUCED ANNUAL PREMIUM

For £100 at death.

Age next Birthday.	Annual Premium.		
	£	s.	d.
20	1	7	11
21	1	8	8
22	1	9	5
23	1	10	2
24	1	11	2
25	1	11	11
26	1	12	10
27	1	13	9
28	1	14	8
29	1	15	8
30	1	16	7
31	1	17	6
32	1	18	5
33	1	19	7
34	2	0	8
35	2	1	10
36	2	3	2
37	2	4	5
38	2	5	9
39	2	7	3
40	2	8	9
41	2	10	3
42	2	11	9
43	2	13	3
44	2	14	11
45	2	16	8
46	2	18	6
47	3	0	5
48	3	2	8
49	3	5	3
50	3	8	1

INVALID LIVES.

ASSURANCES on Declined Lives, or others below the average standard of health, effected at rates proportioned to the risk, upon a system which gradually ameliorates and ultimately nullifies the original surcharge. (*See Prospectus.*)

Chief Office:—15 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

Branch Offices:—3 Bennett's Hill, Birmingham; 36 Park Row, Leeds; 22 Clare Street, Bristol.

CLERICAL MEDICAL & GENERAL

ESTABLISHED 1824.

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

13th BONUS—1892.

SHORTLY stated, the results of the Bonus show, as the direct consequence of the settled policy of the Directors in giving increased strength to the Society at successive Valuations,

That the SOCIETY'S RESERVES are now the STRONGEST,

and That its BONUSES are amongst the LARGEST known.

[See further particulars on previous pages.]

NEXT BONUS.

THE NEXT DIVISION OF PROFITS will take place in January 1897. Profit Policies effected now or before the end of June will be entitled to one year's additional share of Profits.

The Last Bonus Report, the Full Prospectus, Forms of Proposal and every information on application.

B. NEWBATT,
ACTUARY & SECRETARY.

November 1893.

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PRINTERS: C. & E. LAYTON, LONDON.

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·Founded · 1823·

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DUBLIN. 55 Upper Sackville St.
MANCHESTER. 12 King Street
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The New

'EDINBURGH' POLICY

£40 A YEAR for 25 YEARS

or

£50 A YEAR for 20 YEARS

SECURES

£1000 at Death if within Term,
£50 a Year for Life after the Term; and
£1000 when that ceases or is relinquished.

See Special Prospectus for particulars of these and Other

GUARANTEED OPTIONS

· HEAD · OFFICE ·
· 22 GEORGE ST EDINBURGH ·

Whereas Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Baronet.

hath effected an Assurance with the Edinburgh Life Assurance Company, on his own Life, for the whole term of Life in the sum of Three Thousand Pounds, and hath subscribed, or caused to be subscribed and deposited at the Office of the said Company, a DECLARATION bearing date the Twenty Fifth day of November One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty Three, setting forth, amongst other things, His ordinary and present state of health, and that on that day he did not exceed the age of Fifty Years years, and hath paid the sum of One Hundred and Two Pounds, Fifteen Shillings and Eight Pence to the Directors of the said Company, as the Premium for such Assurance for one year from the Twenty Fifth day of November One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty Four. Now know all men by these presents, That if the said Sir Walter Scott shall die at any time previous to the Twenty Fifth day of November One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty Four, or in the event of he being beyond the said term, if he or his Assignees shall pay to the Directors of the said Company during his life, the like Premium, on or before the Twenty Fifth day of November One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty Four, and on or before the same day and month in every subsequent Year, during the existence of this Policy, the Capital Stock, and Funds of the said Company shall be subject and liable to pay and make good to his Heirs, Executors, or Assignees, within three calendar months next after the Decease of the said Sir Walter Scott shall have been duly certified and proved to the reasonable satisfaction of the Court of Directors of the said Company, the said sum of Three Thousand Pounds of the lawful money of Great Britain, together with such further sum or sums as may, under the Regulations of the said Company, have been from time to time appropriated as a Bonus or Addition to this Policy. Provided always, That the Assurance hereby granted shall at all times, and under all circumstances, be subject to the terms and conditions printed on the back of this Policy, and shall be valid only in case the declaration herein before referred to shall prove in all respects true; and this Assurance shall be void in case the said Sir Walter Scott shall go beyond the Limits of Europe, or shall enter into any actual Military or Naval service without leave from the Court of Directors; or shall die upon the seas (except in sailing from one part of the United Kingdom to another), and also except in time of peace, in a deck passenger or steam-boat, from British to Foreign ports, between the Tweed and Brest, or from Foreign ports situated as aforesaid to British ports); or shall die by Suicide, Duelling, or the hands of Justice. Provided also, and it is hereby Declared to be the true intent and meaning of these presents, That the Capital Stock and Funds of the said Company, for the time being, shall alone be answerable for any demand thereupon, under or by virtue of this Policy, and that no claim or demand under or by virtue of this Policy, shall lie against any person or persons except the Partners of the said Company, and which Partners shall not, under any circumstances, be subject or liable to such demand, beyond the amount of his or her shares of the said Capital stock, or Funds, any thing in this Policy to the contrary notwithstanding. In witness whereof, We, three of the Ordinary Directors of the said Company, have subscribed these Presents, written (as also the same are not printed), by [illegible] for and on behalf of the said Company, upon paper Stamped according to Law, at Edinburgh the Tenth day of December One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty Three years, before these Witnesses, [illegible]

Edinburgh: T. and A. Constable *Printers to Her Majesty*

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FIFTH SERIES.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

Part 65. Published JUNE 1, 1889.

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SIR JAMES MURRAY'S FLUID CAMPHOR is a valuable remedy in cases of Sleeplessness and Weak Nerves, and in general as a mild Sedative and Antispasmodic. Bottles 1s. and 2s. each. Sir JAMES MURRAY & SON, Chemical Works, Temple Street, Dublin; BARCLAY & SONS, 95 Farringdon Street, London.

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The Trade supplied by all Wholesale Houses.

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"An exquisite National Cake."

Made by powerful Steam Machinery. In Cakes, 1s. each; and in Tins, 2s. 3d., 3s. 4d., and 5s. 6d. each. The above Tins per Parcel Post, 2s. 9d., 4s., and 6s. 4d. each.

Sample Cake, post free for Fifteen Stamps.

J. W. MACKIE & SONS,

Purveyors to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,
108 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.
Established 1825.

THE WINDOW BLIND OF THE PERIOD

OR PATENT METALLIC VENETIAN.

Only requires Washing to Make it New.

Is Light, Durable, Elegant, Cheerful & Fireproof.

HODKINSON & CO., LTD.,

Canada Works, Small Heath, BIRMINGHAM.

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"FIRESIDE BEAUTY" GRAND BLACK LEAD

The Latest Invention for the Household.

Gives a perfect BLACK permanent polish instead of the grey dulness or lustreless shine usually seen. Easily applied without labour or the possibility of dust on the Furniture or Carpet, and once done lasts for months. Cleanly, simple, unequalled. Insist on having the "*Fireside Beauty*" *Grand Black Lead.*

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Wholesale Agents for London and South of England—GRAHAM & MALAW, 86 Leadenhall Street, E.C. *Sole Agents for England and America*—ALLEN, TALLIS, & Co., Manchester.

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The SPECIFIC
For NEURALGIA.

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DAVIS' PEARL BATH ENAMEL

will effectually resist boiling water, leaving a beautiful appearance resembling porcelain, and save the cost of re-japanning baths.

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This truly brilliant Enamel is made in all colours, and highly commended by thousands who have tested it, for art decorations, furniture, wood, stone, or metal of every description. In Tubes, 3d. each; Tins, 6d. and 1s. each, 3d. extra per post. Write for pattern cards.

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J. W. DAVIS & SON,

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Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. Admitted to be the BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c. Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Chemists, Ironmongers, &c.

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SAMUEL FOX & CO., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

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He said: "Perhaps you have already heard about my case, and if so, it 's no use my telling it all over again."

"I heard it alluded to in Manchester," was the answer, "but I should like to hear it from your own lips."

"Well, sir," said James, "I'll run it over for you. I've told it lots of times, and it 's always done good to somebody. It was two years ago this summer that I was taken very bad with indigestion. How ill I was, and how I finally got cured, is no news to the people in this part of the country, sir. Scores of them came from far and near to see me and talk to me about it. I first noticed a dull feeling all over me, and my appetite failed so, I could eat nothing without just forcing it down, sir; and then it lay like a heavy weight on my stomach. Food used to make me feel strong for work and exercise, but now it seemed to do me no good at all. My mouth tasted bad, and when I looked in the glass I saw my skin and eyes had a yellow colour, and people said I was dreadfully bilious, my liver was out of order, and my blood all full of poison. And so I believed, for my head ached, and my legs and arms ached, as though I had some manner of fever hold of me. I took pills, and a hundred other medicines, but they only made me feel a little easier for a day or two, and then I was worse than ever.

"After a bit, sir, I began to be short of breath, you know, and had to sit down and rest, when once I could walk all day without being tired or once fetching a long breath. I couldn't make out what was the matter with me, or whatever had brought it on, but I kept on getting worse, and that much I was sure of. My heart would flutter and get weak and faint in my breast, and that frightened me more than the stomach trouble, for I didn't know then that the indigestion and dyspepsia were really the cause of it all, sir. People kept telling me I had the heart disease, and was likely to fall down dead any minute. You may fancy how this took all the courage out of me, and I thought my work was done in this world. So it went on, sir, and neither my friends nor the doctors appeared to understand what was ailing me.

"One day I was taken with such a queer spell, it almost scares me to think back to it. I couldn't get my breath. I was choked as though a strong man had me by the throat, and I was sure I was going to die. The people fanned me and gave me whisky, and after a while I came out of it, weak as a cat, sir, and all in a cold sweat.

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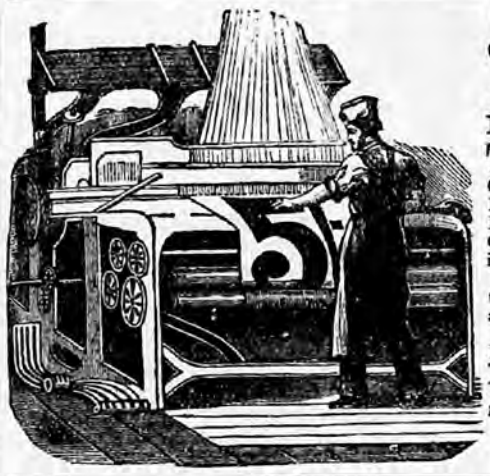

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BROWN'S CELEBRATED "SCORER" FIELD-GLASS

is unrivalled for excellence and cheapness. It shows the number of people in Boats four miles distant, Sea-Birds one mile distant, and Bullet-marks on target at 600 yards.

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CALL AND SEE THE WORLD-RENOWNED

CHEMICAL DIAMONDS & ELECTRIC GOLD

(Registered)

Which are Crystals of Marvellous Lustre, Brilliance, and Hardness, and cannot be detected from the genuine article. Experienced judges deceived. They will stand all acids and heat. Can be mounted at the side of Real Gems without fear of detection, and can be worn by the most fastidious person with confidence. Electric Gold is the same Rich Colour throughout the entire metal, and is guaranteed equal to Real Gold. Everyone pleased. Money returned if not approved. For size of finger cut hole in Card.

(Agents wanted everywhere.)

1/4

Single Stone Claw Ring, very massive and full of fire. A wonderful Ring. Post-free, 1/4.

3/6

Half-hoop Ring, set with Five Mixed Stones or Diamonds of the first water and very bright lustre. Experienced judges deceived. Post-free, 3/6.

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Mixed Stone Dress Ring. Our Well-known Wonder. Post-free, 1/4.

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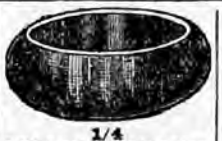
Lustrous Gipsy Ring, equal to 20 guinea diamond. Guaranteed undetectable. Post-free, 1/4.



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Solid Band or Wedding Ring, beautifully finished, and equal to 22-ct. gold. Post-free, 1/4.

2/6

Ladies' Diamond or Mixed Stone Dress Ring, very neat and pretty. Post-free, 2/6.

1/4

Buckle or Keeper Ring, stamped 18-ct. This ring is a masterpiece, and perfect in every respect. Post-free, 1/4.

B. L. GOLDSTEIN, 18, Oxford St., London, W. Only one door from the Oxford Music Hall, and nine from Tottenham Court Road

F 15

THE GAMEKEEPER'S STORY.

THERE are very few men in England who are naturally more hearty and healthy than James Braddock. He is a gamekeeper, and lives at Jepson's Clough, Adlington, near Macclesfield. He is stoutly built, and until two years ago we may say he never had a week's illness in the whole sixty years of his life. One day this summer (1887) he was found at home, and in the course of the talk that sprang up, Braddock told the following story, which we print because it will interest many besides himself.

He said: "Perhaps you have already heard about my case, and if so, it 's no use my telling it all over again."

"I heard it alluded to in Manchester," was the answer, "but I should like to hear it from your own lips."

"Well, sir," said James, "I'll run it over for you. I've told it lots of times, and it 's always done good to somebody. It was two years ago this summer that I was taken very bad with indigestion. How ill I was, and how I finally got cured, is no news to the people in this part of the country, sir. Scores of them came from far and near to see me and talk to me about it. I first noticed a dull feeling all over me, and my appetite failed so, I could eat nothing without just forcing it down, sir; and then it lay like a heavy weight on my stomach. Food used to make me feel strong for work and exercise, but now it seemed to do me no good at all. My mouth tasted bad, and when I looked in the glass I saw my skin and eyes had a yellow colour, and people said I was dreadfully bilious, my liver was out of order, and my blood all full of poison. And so I believed, for my head ached, and my legs and arms ached, as though I had some manner of fever hold of me. I took pills, and a hundred other medicines, but they only made me feel a little easier for a day or two, and then I was worse than ever.

"After a bit, sir, I began to be short of breath, you know, and had to sit down and rest, when once I could walk all day without being tired or once fetching a long breath. I couldn't make out what was the matter with me, or whatever had brought it on, but I kept on getting worse, and that much I was sure of. My heart would flutter and get weak and faint in my breast, and that frightened me more than the stomach trouble, for I didn't know then that the indigestion and dyspepsia were really the cause of it all, sir. People kept telling me I had the heart disease, and was likely to fall down dead any minute. You may fancy how this took all the courage out of me, and I thought my work was done in this world. So it went on, sir, and neither my friends nor the doctors appeared to understand what was ailing me.

"One day I was taken with such a queer spell, it almost scares me to think back to it. I couldn't get my breath. I was choked as though a strong man had me by the throat, and I was sure I was going to die. The people fanned me and gave me whisky, and after a while I came out of it, weak as a cat, sir, and all in a cold sweat.

"But my stomach got worse afterwards, and I was afraid the choking might come back, and the next time it would certainly kill me. It was about this time, one day, I picked up a North Cheshire newspaper and read of a case like mine being cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I thought half-a-crown would na' break me, and I bought a bottle. The first few doses did me good, sir. You wouldn't 'a believed it, neither would I, but it did. In a few days, maybe two weeks, sir, my stomach began to act, and my victuals stopped on it, and my strength began to come back."

"You had no more choking, then?" said the visitor.

"No, sir, not after that. The fluttering of the heart troubled me no more, and the yellow went out of my eyes and skin; and, to put it short, sir, after taking two bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup I got as well as I ever was in my life. What this medicine is made of I don't know, but I 'm sure that it 's not like anything else. If I hadn't seen that account of it in the paper, and been led to use it, as certain as I talk to you now, sir, I believe I should have been under the sod months and months ago. I tell about it to everybody, and will do so as long as I have a tongue in my head, sir."

Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is for sale by all chemists and medicine vendors, price 2s. 6d. per bottle, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 35 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

LADIES' LINEN DRESSES EMBROIDERED (Floss Flax). THE DRESS OF THE SEASON.

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IRISH LINEN PILLOW SLIPS MADE UP READY FOR USE, from 8s. 9d. per dozen to Finest Quality.
PILLOW SLIPS Frilled with Fine Linen Cambric, 1s. 3d. each.
LINEN SHEETS, TWILLED AND PLAIN, MADE UP READY FOR USE, all Sizes and Qualities.

DAMASK TABLE-CLOTHS, NAPKINS, DIAPERS, SHEETINGS, TOWELLINGS, GLASS CLOTHS, SHIRTINGS, PILLOW AND SURPLICE LINENS, CAMBRIC, &c. Manufacturers by Special Appointment to the Queen. Lowest Wholesale Prices.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

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Ladies', from 1s. 11d. doz.
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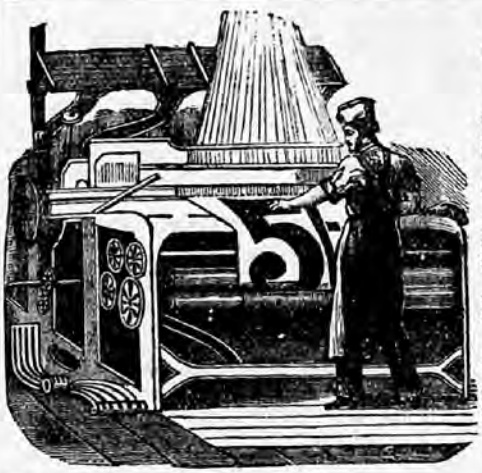
} HEMMED READY FOR USE DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS {
Hemstitched, from 3s. 9d. doz.
Gents' do., from 5s. 11d. doz.
Embroidered and Coloured Bord'rd.

For the convenience of Customers, small Parcels are sent per Parcel Post.

WRITE IN FULL TO **JAMES LINDSAY & CO., Ld., BELFAST.** Established over 60 Years.



5/- 10,000 CARPETS. 5/-

EACH. **EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.** EACH.

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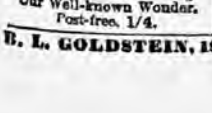

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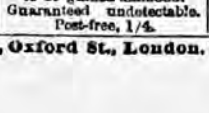

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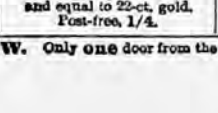

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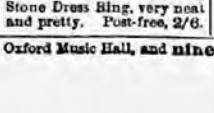

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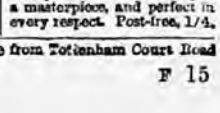

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BEFORE.

HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN FOR ITS SURPRISING EFFECT IN SOFTENING, IMPROVING, AND PRESERVING THE SKIN, AND IN RENDERING THE COMPLEXION CLEAR AND BEAUTIFUL.

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IN THE NURSERY IT IS INDISPENSABLE, GIVING IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO INFANTS BITTEN BY INSECTS.

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND IT DELIGHTFULLY SOOTHING AFTER SHAVING.—SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Granular Effervescent

CITRATE OF CAFFEINE.

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Citrate of Caffeine is now recognised by the Medical Profession as the safest and surest remedy for bilious or other Headaches.

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TRADE MARK.

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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the side, and HEADACHE. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. SUGAR COATED. PURELY VEGETABLE, do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.

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A New Material, Quite unique for the purpose.—Clean.—Healthy.—Do not harbour Dust.—Drape well.—Impervious to all Impurities.

Made in Cream, Maroon, Blue, Gray, Buff, Green, and White, with beautiful patterns in Gold—bordered and unbordered; also in the Plain Colours with gold border. Some of the Cloths are made with the gold pattern both sides. These Goods are really NOVEL and EQUAL in EFFECT to Articles sold for the same purpose at TEN TIMES THE PRICE. 38, 45, and 54 inches wide. The Sanitary advantages render these Curtains most desirable for use in the Bedroom, as well as in the Drawing-room. They are also suitable for Bed-hangings, Valances, &c. ANY LENGTH CAN BE PROCURED.

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