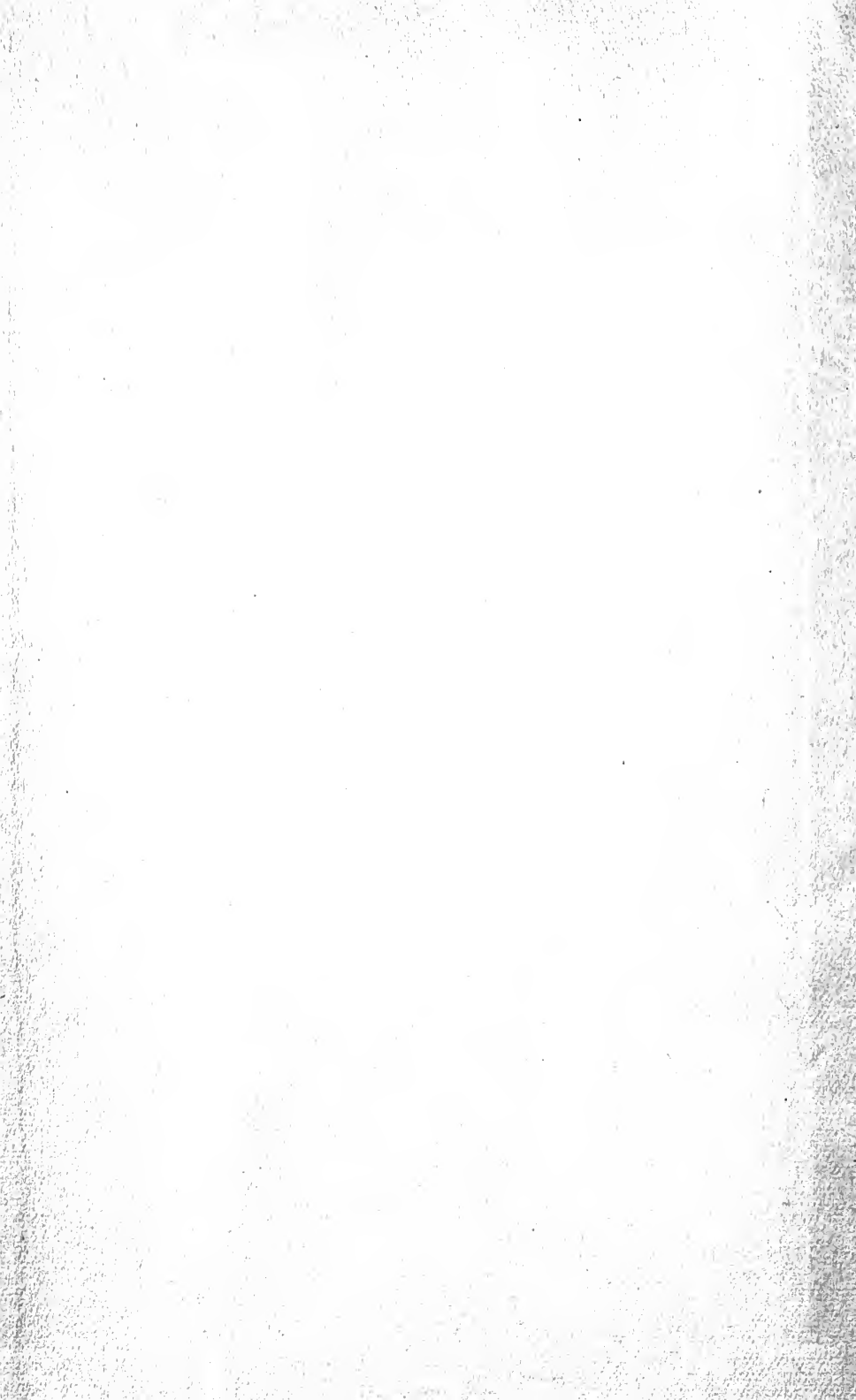


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PATRIOTISM



PATRIOTISM

By
E. K. FALLOWFIELD.



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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*To the Young Men and Women
who have their future before.
them and the shaping of
the world in their
hands.*



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CHAPTER I.

A PATRIOT.

ENRICO DANDOLO, DOGE OF VENICE.

“**A**FTER a short illness Enrico Dandolo passed away from the scene of strife, early in June 1205 (at ninety-eight years of age), leaving behind him a glorious memory and the fame of a heroic career. He was scarcely less eminent as a statesman than as a warrior. His mental vigour was only equalled by his physical energies. His was the ready arm and gallant soul; and his, too, the far-reaching sagacity of the thoughtful politician, a brain fertile in resource, a firm will, and an unconquerable patience. He elevated his country to the height of greatness by a combination of prudence, enterprise, tact and chivalrous daring, which is rarely met with in the same individual. He was at once its Marcellus¹ and its Fabius,¹ its shield and its sword; he legislated in the Council like Epaminondas,² and in the field of battle fought like Pelopidas.³ He seems to have been less open than other eminent sons of Venice to the charges of craft and selfishness. Like most truly great men, he was capable of warm feelings, and touched by the impulse of noble motives; and, if, in the clash of conflicting interests, he preferred the claims of his country to those of any other, without too minutely investigating their comparative justice, it can only be confessed that he was no cosmopolitan, *but what is infinitely better a loyal patriot.* He was one of those

‘Whose names are ever on the world’s broad tongue,
Like sound upon the falling of a force’;

and the story of

‘Blind old Dandolo, Byzantium’s conquering foe.’

still serves to point a moral as well as to adorn a tale.”

¹ See app. A. ² See app. B.

Thus Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams in "The Queen of the Adriatic."

Who has not been thrilled by the story of "Blind Old Dandolo," doge of Venice? He was eighty-four years of age when he was elected to fill that exalted position in 1192. Ten years later, almost wholly deprived of sight, he took command of the Venetian fleet that was to convey the crusaders to the Holy Land. Sailing down the Adriatic he attacked Zara, one of the revolted Dalmatian cities. "Enclosed by lofty walls and towers, so that nowhere a fairer, stronger or more wealthy place could be found," the Christian city of Zara was duly pillaged by the crusaders. He then diverted his course to Constantinople, and meeting with no resistance on his passage through the Dardanelles soon reached the capital of the Byzantine empire. The famous city could not withstand the old warrior and had to surrender, though it was defended by far superior numbers, amongst them the famous Varangians who formed the emperor's body-guard. This force was renowned all the world over, including as it did the descendants of those Saxons who had left England nearly a century and a half before, to escape the tyranny of their Norman conquerors. Dandolo himself, old and infirm as he was, took part in the attack. He stood on the prow of his vessel, with the standard of St. Mark held aloft, urging his men not to disgrace the glorious emblem, and, of all the mighty host, he was amongst the first to reach the shore and scale the battlements.

This expedition is known as the fourth crusade; but, instead of hurrying on to Palestine the crusaders stopped in Constantinople for more than a year. Of what followed let others speak: "Without cause, without a shadow of excuse, they proceeded with care and deliberation to sack the city. 'What a lovely place to plunder!' was all the fierce and uncouth old Prussian Blücher could say when he saw London; and if a civilised (save the mark!) soldier could speak thus in 1814, we can imagine the feelings of the brutal, vicious nobles of mediæval France and Burgundy when they found themselves among the wealth

for which they had thirsted so long. The Italians were almost as bad. The Venetians behaved worst of all, for they shed more blood than their allies.

“No circumstance of horror was spared the unhappy city. Thousands of citizens were murdered in the streets and houses; dwellings were sacked; their female inmates outraged in hideous fashion and frequently murdered, buildings destroyed right and left. Sacred edifices fared worse even than private houses; priests were slain, nuns violated. The clergy with the Westerners disgraced themselves and their Church for all time; they took an active part in the pillage, and lifted not a hand to stay the horrors that were going on. The loss to art was beyond calculation; the havoc done to the cause of civilisation by the wanton destruction of priceless books will not bear contemplation. The soldiery burned libraries in their camp-fires, and, though nominal Christians, they held ribald orgies in Hagia Sophia,¹ while prostitutes performed filthy actions and dances on the very altar!

“After three days of pillage, outrage, and murder, the leaders made a public distribution of such valuables as remained unplundered, and then collected all the bronze works of art and melted them down for the mint! It is difficult to write of such deeds without indignation. Italians and French alike showed that in 1204 they were barbarians—and barbarians of a very low type. The Turks in 1453 had the excuse that they were fighting hard up to the very moment of their entry into the city, but in 1204 all resistance had ceased long before the sack. The extreme depths of cowardice, greed, lasciviousness, and senseless stupidity, were reached on the occasion; the Westerners may fairly claim to have outdone the Turks

“Two-thirds of the splendid city of Constantine were heaps of ashes; all that remained was ruined, stripped bare of everything, naked and desolate; three-fourths of the people had fled or had perished; none but the poorest remained.

¹ The Church of St. Sophia, built by Justinian (532-58) and transformed into a mosque after the capture (1453) of the city by the Turks.

“The leaders of the shameful pirate raid were soon to know disaster and to pay for their deeds with death and captivity. One of them was past human judgment; Dandolo died soon after the sack. One hopes devoutly that if there be a hell,¹ torment of a special terror were reserved for him; he may fairly claim to have done more to ruin South-Eastern Europe and Asia Minor, to deliver them over to the Turks, to destroy Christianity in them, and to retard the general progress of civilisation, than anyone. Venice, for whom he did such deeds as, if private individuals were only concerned, would debar him from the company of honest men, may honour him; from the rest of the world he deserves nothing but execration.”

Thus Mr. Edward Foord in his “The Byzantine Empire.”

By what standard are we to judge Dandolo and his country? No objection ought to be taken if the standard chosen be their own—that of a Christian and a Christian nation. There is not one of Christ's precepts which the man and the nation have not violated, and the man as the head of the State must be held responsible. A true patriot, in contradistinction to a spurious patriot, would never besmirch his country's good name, as was done by Dandolo, and, what is worse still, help by his powerful example to lower the morality of his countrymen and make them familiar with acts of cruelty, oppression and treachery. When we speak of Venice, what is the picture that involuntarily appears before the mind's eye?—The canals and the gondolas; St. Mark's and the ²bronze horses; the ³Bridge of Sighs. The latter is undoubtedly the emblem of the state of Venice which has impressed itself most vividly on the mind of man; the embodiment of the policy that was paramount for many centuries and finally brought about a condition of stagnation that was no credit to the state; the reflex of Venice's position in the family of nations.

Objections may be raised to the standard chosen, i.e., that of a Christian and a Christian nation. It may be urged that as civilisation advances, Christianity

¹ See app. C. ² See app. D. ³ See app. E.

advances along with it, and that it is not equitable to judge Christians of times long gone by, when men were more savage, by to-day's standard of morality; just as we hear at present that some of the Bishops do not deem it in keeping with this democratic age—now that the world has been made safe for democracy—to live in a palace.

If this be allowed, let us judge the wonderful old man by a standard to which no one can object who claims to be a statesman, or has forced himself into prominence and won a position of responsibility on which the happiness of thousands of human beings and the good name of his country depend.

Which, the happiness of thousands or his country's good name, should a great, patriotic statesman place first?

May they not be one and the same?

Of such men we can and must demand a very high standard. If they are not capable of coping with the responsibility of their position, it is a crime not to relinquish it. Their patriotism should compel them to do so. Considering that the happiness of his own countrymen, then living, and the welfare of his country, perhaps, for generations to come, depend on his activities it is not the act of a patriot—in contradistinction to a spurious patriot—to retain a position of great prominence and responsibility unless he feels that he is fully capable of directing the nation's affairs in a manner that shall shed lustre on her name for all time to come.

A statesman must have a large vision; he must be able to look far ahead, to consider the effects of his acts, as far as it is humanly possible, not for a period reckoned by a few short years, but for decades, for future centuries. For instance, Richelieu (1585-1642) and Mazarin (1602-1661) might have foreseen that the state of misery to which the peasantry were reduced under their administrations would lead to a catastrophe—from their point of view—such as the French Revolution. But as they did not pose as patriots, but rather strove to uphold the idea of the identity of the king with that of the state, we may blame them for

their shortsightedness, but not for their lack of patriotism.

If Dandolo had been a true patriot would he have not prevented his countrymen from participating in the outrage so vividly described by Mr. Foord, even if by his so doing his country had not gained in wealth and the famous four horses had never reached Venice?—the famous four horses which another freebooter took, for a short time, to Paris.

Mr. Foord's judgment is doubtless severe. But, if exaggerated, it cannot be denied that Dandolo has contributed to a large extent to the ruin of South-Eastern Europe and Asia Minor, to their delivery into the hands of the Turks, to the destruction of Christianity and the retarding of civilisation, and that in consequence he inflicted great harm on his own country. The ruin of South-Eastern Europe and Asia Minor must have re-acted most detrimentally on Venice and her commerce; and we who live in the twentieth century still feel the effects of Dandolo's "patriotism." There might have been no "Eastern Question."

It may be pleaded that the treasure brought home by the Venetians had a beneficial influence on native art, and that, for the time being, Venice gained a great advantage over her commercial rivals, Pisa and Genoa. The upholders of this kind of patriotism must know that a similar plea could be brought forward in defence of many an act whose underlying motive is crass and cruel selfishness.

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER PATRIOT.

SIMON DE MONTFORT.

WE have dealt with the case of Dandolo at such length, not because we consider him a monster of exceptional cruelty and wish to hold him up to general hatred, but because the two extracts quoted in the foregoing pages serve as an impressive illustration of how one and the same object looked at from two opposed points of view, will generally appear totally different to the two observers. Mr. Adams' view appears to coincide more with the code of morality prevalent to such an extent during the greater part of the nineteenth century, when tinsel often passed for gold and, as a rule, more attention was paid to appearances than to actualities; when people seemed afraid to probe matters to the core, and it required great courage to disturb the state of complacency into which the well-dressed classes had allowed themselves to drift—till with many it had become a cult which regulated every action of their lives, from the bringing up and education of their children to the final farewell on their deathbeds.

In the year 1859 Darwin had not the courage openly to include man in his theory of Natural Selection, but even in spite of this many critics reproved him for his wickedness.

Mr. Foord deals with actualities. He is not one of those historians who like to lay the tinsel on thick, and it would be better if his example were followed to a much greater extent. Too many biographers deal only with the bright side of their hero's character, and do not mention at all or gloss over the acts of cruelty committed by him, particularly if the sufferers do not belong to the so-called superior races. As to history in general, there is one first principle which must be observed if truth is to prevail and a general improvement take place in consequence. Every nation ought

to attend to its own doorstep first, before passing remarks about the state of those of other countries—as otherwise there is the danger that instead of each nation attending to its own doorstep and hearth, a general bespattering with mud will ensue which will benefit nobody. This is the kind of contest the spurious patriot revels in, and it is perhaps not saying too much that with regard to such individuals the amount of mud thrown is a fair criterion of their lack of real patriotism.

Some may think Mr. Foord's judgment too harsh. Let us hear what Pope Innocent III. (1198-1216) had to say with regard to the fourth crusade which had been brought about largely by his endeavours. He wrote: "Those who were professing to seek not their own but things of Jesus Christ, steeped in Christian blood the swords they ought to have wielded against the Pagans, and spared neither religion, age nor sex." And this furnishes us with a striking instance of the non-application of the first principle, referred to above, which those ought to observe who wish to reprove others—a principle which is embodied in the old proverb: "Point not at another's spots with a foul finger." Innocent III. was the author of the so-called crusade against the Albigensians¹ which lasted twenty years (1209-1229). The crusaders under Simon de Montfort (1150-1218) spared neither age nor sex, and turned one of the most flourishing districts in the South of France into a wilderness. "La guerre fut sans pitié. A Béziers 15,000 personnes furent égorgées. Partout ailleurs à proportion. Le puissant comte de Toulouse, les vicomtes de Narbonne, de Béziers furent dépossédés (1209); le roi d'Aragon venu à leur secours, fut tué à la bataille de Muret (1213). Le légat du saint-siège offrit leurs fiefs aux puissants barons qui avaient fait cette croisade; ils refusèrent de prendre ce bien taché de sang. Le légat les donna à Simon de Montfort, et déclara que les veuves des hérétiques possédant des fiefs nobles ne pourraient épouser que des Français durant les dix années qui allaient suivre. La civilisation du midi, étouffée par ces rudes mains, périt. La

¹ See app. F.

gaie science, comme les troubadours appelaient la poésie, ne pouvait plus chanter sur tant de ruines sanglantes." Thus a French author, Victor Duruy, in his "Histoire de France." "The fury of the crusaders first fell on Béziers; they had scarcely sat down before the unfortunate town, when a sally of the garrison was repulsed with such vigour that the besiegers entered the town together with the routed host of the citizens. Word of this unexpected success was instantly brought to the Abbot of Cîteaux, and his orders were demanded as to how the innocent were to be distinguished from the guilty. 'Slay them all,' exclaimed the legate of the vicar of Christ, 'God will know His own.' The entire population was in consequence put to the sword; nor woman, nor infant was spared. . . . The victory of the crusaders was of course followed by executions at the stake and on the scaffold." Thus Mr. Eyre C. Crowe in his "History of France."

The man who directed these deeds of cruelty and devastation was considered by his contemporaries a model of all knightly virtues. Posterity has reversed this judgment.

This is not the case with the son of the knightly slayer of men, women and children. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, his name is still cherished as that of a great patriot, as one of the outstanding figures in the history of the development of English freedom. It was he, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester (1206-65), who summoned the first Parliament (1265) in which representatives of the cities and boroughs were present, together with the knights of the shire—thus laying the foundation on which others have built, the foundation of the institution which has done so much to promote all that is best in the English character. We have only recently seen what the absence of the spirit fostered in this country by Parliament has meant for another nation. In place of a natural development of thought leading towards freedom, a goal not yet reached in any country, we saw the ideas, the whole mental outlook, of a great nation, said to be a nation of thinkers, forced into channels

that could only lead to disaster. Let us remember that it is more than six hundred and fifty years ago that under the fostering care of Simon de Montfort the young tree took root, which in the course of centuries has brought forth what every freeman must esteem as the greatest gifts that providence has granted to mankind: free speech, free discussion, the courage of one's own opinion, the respect for those of others, an open mind, tolerance, love of justice and fair play—charity.

Simon was a great patriot. He benefited England without harming others. In fact he would have been one of the greatest benefactors of mankind if others had only been wise enough to learn. This is one of the tests of true patriotism, quite apart from the axiom that you cannot harm others without harming yourself. In this respect Cobden was also a great patriot. Free Trade has developed British trade—being in conformity with the British spirit—more than Cobden ever dared to hope. If others have not followed England's example, so much the worse for them; but how much better for humanity if they had.

Edward I. (1272-1307), Simon's pupil in this as in other matters, built on the foundations laid by the great earl, thus proving himself another great patriot. Whatever he may have achieved on the field of battle, patriotic Englishmen will always hold his name in reverence as the real founder of the House of Commons, as Simon's parliament of 1265 could not be considered as truly representing the people, he having summoned his partisans only—an example which even at the present time some of our politicians would fain follow.

Victories on the field are often fleeting. What one generation has won the next has lost. What Edward may have gained by awarding Scotland's crown to Baliol (1292); by his victory at Falkirk (1298); by the execution of Wallace (1305)—soiling his and his country's name by the barbarous manner in which it was carried out—his son and successor lost what he had won. But the many beneficial statutes dealing with land tenure, the law of trespass, the recovery of debts, the administration of justice, which stand to the credit of Edward the Law-giver, were not lost, and the

House of Commons when true to its traditions remains the bulwark of English liberty. Should the time ever come when the lower chamber no longer deserves this honourable appellation, it will be the fault of the people themselves, as it rests with them alone who the men are to be that make up the House of Commons. And if with the lowering of the franchise and its extension to the other sex the choice should fall on representatives who place their own interests and privileges before the liberties of the people, it becomes evident that the majority of the people have lost their patriotism, because patriotic men and women would on so important an occasion make the choice of their representatives a matter of serious study, and not allow themselves to be carried away by mere catch-words and appeals to their emotions and passions.

When such appeals have no longer the desired effect, the day of the demagogue will be over.

How important it is that patriotic electors should choose patriotic representatives, men and women with high principles, principles that have borne the test of time, that are far removed from the passion of the hour, was shown at the time when autocracy and "democracy" entered upon their final struggle in this country.

The seventeenth century may be considered the most glorious page in England's history. Such names as John Hampden (1594-1643), John Pym (1582-1643), Sir Harry Vane (1612-1662), Henry Marten (1602-1680), Sir John Eliot (1592-1632), will never be forgotten. In the opinion of many, Sir John Eliot can lay claim to be England's greatest patriot. He died in prison rather than prove unfaithful to what he considered his duty to his country, than sway from the path his conscience told him was the right one, the only one that a man who had the true welfare of his country at heart could follow. Others compromised with their conscience and obtained their release. But a slight concession, and Eliot would also have been set free, would have been able to leave his dungeon and join his family in their beautiful home in Cornwall.

A principle was at stake. For a patriot there was no choice, though it meant death.

What a different course England's history would have taken if in those critical times the electors had not shown themselves true patriots and their choice had not fallen on really great men; if, instead, they had elected the most loud-mouthed bidders in the market place; men who act upon the convenient maxim that "promises are moulded by circumstances"; men who are a real danger to the state.

Simon de Montfort has another claim to the appellation of patriot; he did not stain the country's name by acts of cruelty or brutality. And that was in the thirteenth century, two hundred years before the Wars of the Roses, when cruelty bred cruelty, and retaliation was followed by retaliation, lowering each party more and more to the level of wild beasts. After the battle of Lewes (1264) the barons who still adhered to the royal cause were compelled by Leicester to take their trial. Previous to and for some centuries after his time, the executioner would have been kept busy on the scaffold and in the torture chamber. It was in the year 1640 that torture was inflicted for the last time in England, if we except forcible feeding and other modern methods of bringing a prisoner to reason. The punishment meted out to the barons mostly took the form of a short exile in Ireland—a form of punishment on which a great deal could be said. The conduct of the royalists after the battle of Evesham (1265) was different. They vented their rage by brutally cutting up the body of their dead foe; his head grievously mutilated they sent to a high-born lady, the wife of one of Leicester's bitterest enemies, thinking that so pleasant a sight would prove a source of joy to her.

In this respect we have certainly progressed during the last six hundred and fifty years. Even the mutilations of the slaughterhouse are carefully hidden from view. The question arises whether it would not be more honest to do away with slaughterhouses if the scenes therein enacted are such as would brutalise the refined sensibilities of the present age; and, as it strikes us strange that a lady should have taken

pleasure in so ghastly a sight as Simon's mutilated head, our descendants may wonder that ladies, both of high and low degree, of the present age should shrink with horror from the mutilations practised in the abattoirs and yet show no reluctance to raising parts of the mangled corpses to their lips.

A similar question might be raised with regard to the infliction of torture. Some English writers pride themselves on the fact that while torture was not a legal institution in England the Scottish Courts were by law allowed to employ it. What is worse to make torture legal or to apply it illegally? Which is the more honest course?

Torture was still applied in German prisons when Howard visited them in 1778. In France it formed part of the judicial system till 1789, the year of the cruel revolution which swept away so many usages hallowed by old age. Of those who helped to free their respective countries from so savage an institution let us name the following patriots: Christian Thomasius (1655-1728), German professor of jurisprudence; Cesare de Beccaria-Bonesano (1735-1794), Italian professor of public law; Voltaire; Frederic the Great. In Scotland the torture was still in frequent use after the Restoration. It was only abolished in 1708 (by 7 Anne, c.21, s.5), i.e., the year of the Union.

In this respect England can lay claim to greater patriotism than Scotland.

That was more than two hundred years ago. But another form of torture is still practised in our law courts. We mean the mental torture which so many witnesses have to submit to at the hands of some big bullying barrister. Surely, in this age of progress it will not be long before some patriotic member of Parliament will initiate the abolition of this form of torment. That of all places in the world a court of justice should be the place where such injustice is allowed to flourish must strike the reflecting observer as incongruous. On the one hand a practised speaker in familiar surroundings, on the other men and women, who have never opened their mouths in public, in a court of law where everything is strange, naturally

nervous, the eyes of all present centred on them, their utterances subject to the closest scrutiny, and whatever may have remained of their self-possession assailed by a man who is apparently allowed to make any insinuation that may appeal to a hardened mind—free from fear of the law of libel.

Surely there are high-minded judges and other members of the legal profession who are patriotic enough to put an end to a practice that reflects no credit on their country.

But to return to Simon de Montfort; if others had but followed his example of not indulging in a brutal exhibition of hate and vengeance when fortune placed his enemies in his hands, how much better would it not have been for the whole of mankind. We might have already arrived at a stage of civilisation which, as things are at present, we shall not reach for many a long year. Simon de Montfort was indeed a great patriot, and that in spite of the fact that he was a foreigner by birth.

CHAPTER III.

“ EGO-PATRIOTISM.”

SCIENCE has taught us that self-preservation and the preservation of the race are fundamental laws. It is only natural that an individual endeavours to hold his own; that he strives for his liberty, that he shields his family; that—unless he be utterly selfish—he upholds his village or town; helps to protect his fellow-townsmen, thinks more of his own county—be it as a cricketer, an admirer of nature, a lover of progress (what Lancastrian does not quote with pride “What Lancashire thinks to-day, England will think to-morrow”?) or from whatever point of view his fancy may suggest—and finally loves his own country more than any other. It is but natural. There is a gradual shading from love of self to love of country. There is an admixture of pride. We love our children because they are ours; if they excel in any accomplishment we feel proud of them; we feel a kind of selfish satisfaction at their belonging to us, at their being more accomplished than those of our friends. The feelings vary according to our nature. We see men who have no great natural affection for their children, show considerable pride when they hear them praised, and similarly we meet men who delight in telling acquaintances how their children have excelled although they do not trouble much about their education or development in other respects. If a visitor comes to our village or town we take pride in showing him “the sights,” the beauty spot—a Richmond resident would want him to appreciate the view from Richmond Hill—the fine streets and boulevards, the park, the buildings, the docks, the philanthropic institutions, or whatever may be the chief attraction—in Paris, perhaps, Napoleon’s Tomb; in Chicago the Slaughterhouses—and that with a pride as if we had fashioned the object of our admiration with our own hands. This is often the case when we ourselves have lived but a short time in the neighbourhood. We have

not contributed an iota to the "attraction," and yet this feeling of self-glorification.

An unselfish love of our town and fellow-townsmen would find expression in many other directions, principally in the service of our fellow-men; in the endeavour to improve their state; in the doing away with what we did *not* show to the visitor, what we tried to hide from his gaze; in striving to make their homes healthier and more beautiful, fit for human beings to live in; their surroundings brighter, with plenty of air to breathe, with playgrounds for their children, opportunities for wholesome recreation for the young men and women, good educational facilities, access to good books and other means of amusement; and to provide such improvements as may benefit the whole of the inhabitants, increase their appreciation of the beautiful, and inspire them with a feeling of contentment, so as to turn the inhabitants into friendly neighbours, always ready to help when the necessity arises.

This kind of love of home, village, or town, is totally different from the feeling of self-satisfaction at being able to enjoy the advantages the town offers. The latter feeling is mere selfishness, and it is often those who have done the least that are most vociferous in their boasts. It is mere self-glorification. It is similar with patriotism. The true patriot does not parade his patriotism. He loves his country as he loves his wife and family. He loves his country for his country's sake and not for his own sake. As he guards his own good name, he would cherish that of his country even more. Not to soil it, will be his first endeavour, and next to free it from any stain that may disfigure it. Such was the endeavour of Charles Dickens; and he must therefore be ranked as a great patriot. We shall name some other great patriots further on.

The worst of so-called patriots is he who adopts a lower standard of morality for his country than for himself; who loves his country merely because it is his; who proclaims "my country right or wrong"; who loves his country from selfish motives.

It will be found that such selfish patriotism generally

goes hand in hand with a dislike of other countries; just as a selfish man hates others, particularly those that are superior to him.

We want a name for this spurious, selfish patriotism, a Bentham¹ to form a new word, a word taken from the Latin or Greek language that it may be understood in all countries and become international. If a man then be designated—shall we say—an “ego-patriot” by his own countrymen it will be known to all the world that they do not approve of him and his selfishness; that they consider him an enemy to his own country and to mankind in general, opposed to the real welfare of his fellow-citizens at home and abroad.

When the whole world adopted the word “telephone,” there were ultra-patriots in Germany who objected. They won the day and the telephone was called “fernsprecher” (far-speaker), no doubt, an apposite expression. But, how foolish; here was a new invention which helped to bring mankind closer together, and then to give it a name that would separate Germany from her neighbours. What benefit will a great country derive from swimming against the tide, the great tide of historic fact, against the current of general opinion and the tendency of the times? Nothing will stop, least of all the clamour of the ego-patriots who want to keep nation from nation, this constantly growing stream of inventions that contributes so largely to making the world smaller and bringing mankind closer together. Many have not realised the effect of this form of progress on the mind of man. The introduction of the bicycle has in a similar way done more to give us in this country a more rational observance of the day of rest than all the pamphlets of the rationalists. And yet there are men in England who consider it patriotic to oppose the adoption of the metric system.

We are generally ready to injure those we hate; and we hate those we have injured; the more unjustifiable the injury the greater the hatred. Those we have placed under an obligation we like. Their mere presence creates a feeling of self-satisfaction; we are

¹ See app. G.

reminded of a good action we have performed.

The hatred felt by ego-patriots towards other nations is, in the first instance, not caused by injuries inflicted; it is the instinctive expression of the innate savagery surviving in man, strongly developed in some, almost extinct in others. This form of atavism should become less with each succeeding generation. It is the crude selfishness of the uncultivated mind that produces this hatred. Often, when the object of our hatred is not feared, contempt takes the place of hatred, particularly in the case of the so-called inferior races, and sometimes the contempt is replaced by indifference to the suffering inflicted.

As an instance of such ego-patriotism we may cite the opium wars. Can greater selfishness be found than forcing a poisonous drug on a helpless people? The justification for this action was—to put it bluntly—that the money was required. If the men responsible for this act had no consideration for the Chinese people they ought to have had it for their country's good name, and they cannot be called true patriots.

To deal adequately with the patriotic activities of the Anti-Opium Society and the final success which has attended their efforts would require a volume in itself.

From time to time we read of a poor Chinaman being fined or sent to prison for bringing a small quantity of the bliss-inspiring drug into this country—a fact which opens out a pleasant vista of interesting discussions on the appropriateness of the saying that circumstances alter cases, and makes one almost regret that the great Chinese sage is no longer alive, as no doubt, the philosophy of a Confucius would have been able to do justice to so delightful a theme.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

SPURIOUS patriotism is to real patriotism what intolerance was to true religion. It appears absurd to us, living in the present age of partial enlightenment, that, in times gone by, men who were convinced that their special grade of Christianity was the only true one should not have had sufficient faith in their religion to feel assured that it would prevail in the end. And if they did not have sufficient faith in a religion they professed to be God-inspired, they ought to have known that truth will emerge triumphant, and that a man who defends his opinions by forcing them upon others, makes it appear that he himself has doubts as to their validity. Anyone who feels convinced that he upholds the right cause should not fear the opinions of others, if expressed in a proper manner, whatever the circumstances, whether in time of peace or war. A statesman's first care should be that the country's system of education be based on truth, that the children be taught to think, not to accept statements on trust, and, as they grow older, to ask searching questions and demand the authority on which the lessons taught are based. It would teach them when grown-up, to read the newspapers with discernment, and to carefully weigh the words of our politicians and, in particular, the replies of our under-secretaries.

Religious wars ended when intolerance ceased to influence the majority of mankind; when it was realised that they did not "pay," that force was no remedy, that there was no sense in them. In the same way wars between nations will cease when the majority of mankind have learned to suspect the spurious patriotism that still flourishes in all countries, and have discarded it as utterly opposed to real patriotism. A real patriot's endeavour is to make his countrymen happier, his country a more desirable place to live in.

If we refer to one or the other nation for the purpose of illustrating our contentions, we do not wish it to be inferred that that particular nation has been chosen because we consider it worse or better, as the case may be, than any of the other nations, but because it happens that the instance quoted has been brought to our notice and appears suitable for our purpose.

We feel convinced that if there were a single country in which an appreciable majority followed the precepts of Christ the influence on other Christian countries would be overwhelming. This is to a degree demonstrated by Penn's influence over the Indian tribes living on the borders of Pennsylvania. Vicomte Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé makes one of his characters in "Les Morts qui parlent" address his fellow deputies as follows: L'Europe se couvre de soldats, régiments embusqués derrière les vieilles haines, les vieux préjugés, les vieilles ambitions, comme les survivants d'une épidémie derrière les tombeaux d'un cimetière où ils achèveraient de s'entre-détruire en se fusillant sur les morts de la veille. Partout un espoir de meurtre plane sur les villes laborieuses, paralysant l'essor pacifique du travail humain. Vous vous épouisez de sacrifices pour aligner une muraille de fer aussi large, aussi haute que celle de l'adversaire toujours attendu. Et vous laissez inutile l'incomparable armée des vraies forces françaises, l'immortelle armée d'invasion qui ne connut jamais ni arrêt, ni retraite, ni débâcle; l'armée des idées incarnées dans ce peuple et qui l'a toujours fait conquérant du monde par le droit du progrès. Ah! ne comprenez-vous pas votre erreur? Vous désarmez la France plus sûrement, plus dangereusement que si vous aviez licencié tous nos bataillons, le jour où vous retenez l'esprit français sur la route où il marche" [Europe is covered with soldiers, with regiments taking cover behind the old hatreds, the old prejudices, the old ambitions, like survivors of an epidemic behind the tombstones of a cemetery who, on mutual destruction bent, are firing at each other over the bodies of the dead of yester night. The expectation of the coming murder hovers everywhere over the busy cities, paralysing the peace-

ful endeavour of human labour. You are exhausting yourselves with sacrifices only to erect a rampart as wide and high as that of the daily expected enemy. And yet you pass by as useless that incomparable army which represents France's true strength; the immortal army of invasion which has never known a check, retreat or rout; the army of ideas that find their manifestation in this nation; the army that has made us the world's conquerors by the divine right of progress. You will disarm France more surely and expose it to greater danger than if you had disbanded all our battalions on the day on which you prevent the French spirit from pursuing its course . . .]

The speaker was right. Great is the power of thought. For good or for evil, Lenin's spoken thought cannot be recalled, its influence is felt by millions, and President Wilson's words are also re-shaping the minds of millions, whatever the unprogressive leaders of the allied countries may say. If the deputy or his prototypes in real life could have persuaded a predominant majority of their countrymen to share their views the effect on the civilised world would have been far-reaching, but, as it was, an influential number of their fellow-citizens attached more importance to concessions in North Africa and the granting of loans to what was probably the most cruel and reactionary despotism in modern times. The sordidness of those spurious patriots more than counter-balanced the effect of the "Esprit Français" and helped the spurious patriots of another country to convert the great majority of their countrymen to their view. That it was spurious patriotism events have shown.

As in former centuries intolerance was the cause of so many wars, till the majority of Christians would have none of it, so spurious patriotism is the cause of most modern wars, whatever form it may assume, be it concession-hunting, jingoism, pan-Germanism, chauvinism or "the cult of the big stick,"—and it must be the endeavour of all true patriots to convince their countrymen of the absurdity, not to say the criminality, of it. They must be brought to realise that there is no sense in it, that it does not "pay."

The power of thought is great, and as soon as the predominant majority in one of the great states have cast this spurious patriotism aside, as something that soils the country's good name, as something that should not be tolerated in an enlightened state, the change that will take place in international relations will be astonishing.

Point not at another's spots with a soiled finger.

Religious wars are things of the past, and so will wars between so-called civilised nations be. It just depends on how soon in any of the countries the majority become true patriots, determined to keep the country's good name undefiled, and not allow one of its representative men do in the name of his country what he would not do if his own good name were at stake.

Let the rulers of one of the great Powers keep their country's name clean but for one generation, say, but for five and twenty years; let it be seen that their motives are pure; that everything is avoided that cannot bear the light of day; that no support is given to any other Power that commits acts of cruelty and spoliation, or in any other way violates the high principles the nation in question is determined to follow—and the influence of that nation will be irresistible. Among men the man of character acquires an almost unassailable position, and this would be the case among nations. Why is it that statesmen do not endeavour to secure the respect of other nations by the same means? Even if the effect on other nations were found to be at first less powerful than was expected, the nation's influence would increase with each year that passed, and under no circumstances would it suffer. The whole nation would prosper; the example set by leaders would be followed by the people; the general and commercial morality would improve; its credit in the commercial world would be such that its trade would increase from year to year. Morality and wealth would advance; there would be less poverty, and this also would mean less crime; all the inhabitants would have a greater prospect of happiness.

Why is it that no ruler or rulers of men have made

the effort? It would be easy to carry out such a policy and the effect would be such as would rejoice the heart of every true patriot. Are our rulers mostly ego-patriots? Or is it that every nation has the ruler it deserves? If so, it must be the endeavour of the nation to deserve rulers that are true patriots. If the rulers refuse to set a good example to the people, let the people show the rulers the way they should go.

It may, of course, be mooted that when Confucius (551—479 B.C.) made the effort it did not prove a success. He was placed by the reigning duke in charge of the state of Lu. We are told that "his administration proved so sagacious and successful that the contiguous states gradually grew uneasy. It was feared that the 'balance of power' might be endangered if the state of Lu were allowed to grow too good and too powerful." Is there any fear of a state growing too good, and, consequently, too powerful at the present time? Confucius retired. Without fuller particulars it is impossible to form an opinion. Confucius, perhaps, allowed his sagacity to overrule his goodness. It is possible to be good without being sagacious, though to be good is to be wise. At any rate it might be worth the while for a Christian nation to follow the example set by the Heathen Chinese some five-hundred years before Christ was born.

There is no other country in the world which has produced as many patriots in the best sense of the word as England, men determined to uphold the good name of the country they love, and bring to justice anyone who has dared to soil it.

As an instance, we may quote the judicial murder of George William Gordon and the suppression of the riots in Jamaica, in the year 1865, called by some "The Tragedy of Morant Bay." Gordon, a member of the legislative council, on hearing that a warrant for his arrest had been issued, gave himself up for the purpose of meeting the charge. The governor had him placed on board a man-of-war, which conveyed him to a port where martial law had been proclaimed—in itself an "altogether unlawful and unjustifiable act." There he was brought before a court martial, found

guilty and hanged. Other natives were hanged, their houses burnt, men and women flogged, some with cats made of piano wire.

A number of patriotic Englishmen, amongst them John Stuart Mill, Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, Huxley, Goldwin Smith, Leslie Stephen, Frederic Harrison, protested. As the Government would not prosecute, a society was formed to bring the governor to justice. He was acquitted.

Gordon's death was not in vain. A new constitution was granted to the island.

In what other country would you find a large number of influential patriotic men protesting against the ill-treatment of men of colour? Which other country has an Aborigines Protection Society?

With regard to the court martial, Lord Cockburn, at that time Lord Chief Justice, stated: "I can only say that it was as lamentable a miscarriage of justice as the history of judicial tribunals can disclose."

We are not prepared to say which is the greater crime—a judicial murder or a common or garden murder. We believe, however, that, as mankind improves, the former will be the more abhorred. It is for the state and those in authority to set an example. Why should we expect the people to lead? As long as the state holds life cheap it is but natural that there will be many who, if hard pressed, do not mind taking life. Let the state set an example and abolish capital punishment. Also, if the state values life let it remove the various causes that produce death, such as the slums; let it proceed against the owners of the land on which the slums stand, and let it force more land into the market by an adequate tax on the real value of the land, particularly on the land that is ripe for building and is held back by the owner in the hope that the value will still further increase as the years roll by,—each year seeing a large number of additional human beings making their appearance in this vale of tears.

The parents of these little new-comers often think them little angels. It would be a blessing if they were. But as they are not, and as they have no wings,

they have to make use of the earth. They have got to put their feet somewhere. The question is, seeing that they have no wings to keep themselves afloat with, can they claim a portion of the earth as a right? Or can they only do so when they leave this vale of tears again? It may seem a paradox. It is, however, a fact.

The question as to whether the slum-owners are patriots we leave to the discernment of our readers.

CHAPTER V.

GREATER THAN PATRIOTISM.

THERE are some things even greater than true patriotism, the love of one's country, which finds expression in the desire to see the good name of the home land without a blemish. The love of truth is one of these. Occasion may arise when truth and patriotism seem to be at variance; the true patriot has apparently to choose between love of country and love of truth. For the spurious patriot the choice is soon made. In such circumstances truth finds little favour with him. As far as his country is concerned he believes in the adage that "the end justifies the means," not realising that any opinion or sentiment stands self-condemned which has to depend on what is probably the most unscrupulous defence that can be brought forward in any controversy. There is another thing which makes it easy for a spurious patriot to come to a decision. In the rarest instances only will he have to bear the consequences of his action. In private life it is different. If he prefers deception to a straightforward course of action, he may find himself in a difficult position. He may find himself in gaol.

A statesman in most cases returns to private life—when the public is tired of his deception—and there is an end of it,—or he is translated to the House of Lords.

The position of a true patriot is difficult. He loves his country and he loves the truth. He cannot do otherwise. . . . Something has happened. One of the men in whose charge the country's good name has been placed, has tarnished it, perhaps with the best intentions in the world. The fact is as yet known to the few. Oh, that it could be kept from the knowledge of the many, that the stain could be concealed and not be exposed to the gaze of the whole world. The temptation is great, and unless the love of truth prevails, another blot will soon be added to the many that sully every country's reputation.

Take the Dreyfus case. The infamy had been committed. The deed could no longer be concealed. The spurious patriot did not hesitate. He had recourse to perjury and to forgery. In this case militarism was joined to spurious patriotism. Militarism and ego-patriotism are often found together; they are a powerful combination for mischief. In fact, militarism so often appears in the guise of patriotism that the shallow mind confounds the two; and it was thus that militarism held the sway in France. When at first a few true French patriots began to protest there seemed but little hope that truth and justice would prevail. They were shouted down by the "patriots," that shallow, unthinking crowd, that are so easily led away, that seem to be utterly incapable of calm thought when the flag they have been taught to revere is waved vigorously. Who the person is that holds the flag and what his motives are, are matters of no moment. It is the same in all countries.

Love of truth instils courage. The small band of men persevered, and they won. France's glory is all the greater for having been defended by men like Colonel Picquart, Emile Zola, Maitre Labori, Scheurer-Kestner, Clemenceau, Anatole France, and Jean Jaurès—Jean Jaurès, a greater patriot than whom, in the true sense of the word, there never lived.

Alfred Dreyfus was tempted by the spurious patriots to make a spurious confession. It would have been an easy way out of the difficulty, easy for those who set truth and justice at naught. Dreyfus was not one of these, and thus France was enabled to remove a foul spot from her bright armour.

Ego-patriotism, militarism, and anti-semitism make a powerful combination; they are the cause of much mischief and suffering. And, seeing the false gods that mankind worships, it is not surprising that in the twentieth century there should still be nations which allow their spurious patriots to disgrace them by anti-semitism in the form of pogroms. At the present time their number seems to have been reduced to one. In America we find a similar exhibition of hatred and brutality. We read of attacks by the strong on the

weak; of might being right; of civilised whites butchering their coloured countrymen without mercy.

Motives, similar to those that had influenced Dreyfus' enemies, i.e., that the country's good name should not suffer, were at work in this country during an inquiry held in regard to a raid made by an armed force into a friendly neighbouring country at the instigation or with the connivance of certain eminent persons interested in diamond and gold mines. The consequence was that the truth was not brought to light regarding certain transactions which, though undertaken for England's sake, did not redound to her credit.

In Germany, Maximilian Harden was patriotic enough to risk the Emperor's displeasure. He brought to light a scandal of a different kind.

Ego-patriots are indeed difficult to deal with. What Shelley said of love and jealousy is equally true of patriotism and ego-patriotism: "Love is not akin to jealousy; love does not seek its own pleasure, but the happiness of another. Jealousy is gross selfishness; it looks upon everyone who approaches as an enemy; it's the idolatry of self, and, like canine madness, incurable."

Let us, however, hope that the latter is not true with regard to ego-patriotism.

CHAPTER VI.

LOYALTY TO KING AND CHURCH.

MANY a man is proud of being English, French, Italian, or German, or whatever other nation he may belong to, without having achieved anything to make his countrymen proud of his being a fellow-countryman of theirs.

You meet Spaniards who are proud of being Spanish, of the mere fact of having been born in Spain; Englishmen proud of being English, of the fact of having been born in England; Americans who have the same pride; Germans, Italians, French; in fact, it would be difficult to find a country the majority of whose inhabitants do not manifest pride at having been born in that particular country.

The question arises whether this form of patriotism is a natural emotion; that is to say an innate sentiment or feeling, or whether it is a fostered feeling. Would it manifest itself if it were not cultivated by the parents, at school, and by the daily surroundings? A mother's love for her child requires no cultivation. It is there. If the mother were not forced by some instinct to protect her offspring there would be no progress, no preservation of the race, no evolution. We find patriotism among the ancients. The Greeks and Romans have died for their country; but it is doubtful whether, when one Greek was ready to lay down his life for Sparta and another for Athens; when the Americans counted no sacrifice too great in the defence of their rights, and the opposing English soldier was prepared to meet death in fighting for the pretensions of his King and country; when the citizens of the Italian republics risked their all in those fratricidal struggles that make up so large a part of the history of Italy during the middle ages, being often caused by feuds amongst the factions of one city;—it is doubtful, we say, in view of those and many other conflicts of a similar nature, whether

patriotism is an unconscious inward impulse; whether it can be classed as being one of those fundamental laws of nature, which have had such a compelling influence on the development of the animal kingdom from the time when the first amoeba felt lonely and decided to divide itself into two parts, to the present moment when that marvellous product, the human brain, is employed in thousands of diverging lines to hasten the rate of progress; and when that still greater mystery, the human soul,—which, as Darwin, Stanley Hall, J. A. Thompson and P. Geddes teach us “is no whit less the offspring of animals than man’s body, our psychic powers being new dispensations of theirs and the ascending series of gradations no more broken for the psyche¹ than for the soma²”—when that still greater mystery, the human soul, is striving for the betterment of mankind; the prevalence of a compassionate spirit; the substitution of kindness and love for the rule of selfishness and force.

Our emotions can be divided into two classes, those that are producing these ascending series of gradations and those that have no such effect. Hunger, Thirst, Self-Preservation, Love and Protection of the Offspring doubtless belong to the former. Self-preservation finds expression in some cases in the herd-instinct. The latter is akin to patriotism, but patriotism as generally found at present amongst civilised nations is such an artificially elaborated variety of the herd-instinct, if it be permissible to compare the two, that it cannot be included in the series of gradually developing fundamental emotions which, in spite of occasional backsliding on part of the human race, are gradually taking man farther away from the state of savagery, in which he first found himself, towards that final goal when the great principle of universal brotherhood will prevail and, as we were taught close on two thousand years ago, we shall love our fellow-men as ourselves, whatever country they may belong to.

¹ psyche—the soul. ² soma—the whole axial portion of an animal, including the head, neck, trunk, and tail.

The mere fact that patriotism should require so much fostering should give us pause.

We have previously referred to Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, who placed loyalty to the Crown before patriotism. There was some justification for their conduct. Out of the welter of feudalism during the Middle Ages, when the noble often rivalled his own sovereign, there emerged the purely monarchical state, which reached its highest development in England under Henry VIII. (1509—1547), in Spain under Philip II. (1556—1598), and in France under Louis XIV. (1643—1715). ‘L’état, c’est moi (The State, I am the State) is a fitting description of the relative position of King and State, and as it was easier to strive for the King’s welfare, or what the King thought was to his own advantage, than for that of the State—a matter which requires faculties greater than those given to man, and only achievable by strict adherence to the highest principles—it was only natural that the King’s Minister should place loyalty before patriotism. Besides, it was safer. When the monarch was not identified with any one particular State, as, for instance, Charles V. (1516—1556), Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, ruler of the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples, the New World, of Austria and the Hapsburg Dominions, we find a school of statesmen of whom it may be said that they were of no country and had no patriotism and no principle but the will and interest of their master. With modern statesmen their own personal interest sometimes takes the place of the latter,—the desire to be in the limelight, in the seat of power.

The chief Ministers of State were in many cases churchmen, as for instance: Ximenes (1457-1517) in Spain, whose destinies he ruled till forced to make way for the young King and Emperor, Charles V, who in his turn abdicated (1556) in favour of his son Philip II., previously referred to;—Cardinal Amboise (1460-1570) in France;—and Wolsey (1471-1530) in England. When the first minister is a churchman a third interest comes into play, that of the Church. Ximenes succeeded in serving all three, that of the

church, that of the country, and that of the crown as far as it coincided with that of the country. Amboise, a good son of the church, was a faithful servant to his King, Louis XII. (1498-1515) and as such to his country. The latter he cleared of robbers and discharged soldiers who were infesting it, thus rendering his master and his countrymen a great service. Whether the discharged soldier of that period had a claim to different treatment, is a question which does not arise at the present moment. Amboise's accession to power was marked by reforms in every department of government, and particularly reform in matters of finance, which is one of the greatest blessings that a statesman can bestow upon his country, whilst their neglect is a proof of the statesman's incapability or lack of patriotism. Of course, it was the King who benefited most by his statesmanship, and, this being the object Amboise had principally in view, it cannot be termed patriotism. It was the feudal principle of personal allegiance which still had so powerful an influence at that time. Amboise aspired to the papacy. As pope, he could be of still greater use to his King. In trying to satisfy the cardinals who were on the point of electing a new pope he had to sacrifice the King's interests without, however, gaining his object; and thus he failed to serve his country (that is if the attainment of the King's ambition to conquer Italy, would have been of real advantage to France, in the persons of the French people, which is more than doubtful), his King, and, as it happened, his church, because if he had become pope the papal throne would not have been occupied by Julius II. (1503-1513), who was more of a warrior than an ecclesiastic.

Wolsey's dying words are well known: "If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs," or, as rendered by Shakespeare: "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my King, He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies." But, would he have served his country better if he had served his God more and his King less? An interesting question, which it would take too long to discuss

here. And what should a patriot do if his conscience tells him that his country's demands clash with his Christian faith?

Patriotism in its modern form is only of comparatively recent growth; it has taken the place of attachment to the King and submission to the Church.

Of course, the writer does not wish it to be understood that in his opinion patriotism was not known previous to the development of the modern state. It is but necessary to quote: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"; or Trajan's (98-117) noble speech on presenting the badge of office to Saburanus, whom he had appointed Prefect of the Pretorian Guards: "Take this sword. Remember it is your duty to use it for my defence while I govern well; if I govern ill, your duty to your country, beyond your duty to me, will oblige you as a good citizen, and an honest man, to use it for my destruction." Truly the speech of a great patriot. Fenelon (1651-1715) expressed the lofty sentiment that "he loved his friends equal to himself; his country far better than his mind and himself; mankind in general beyond all put together."

CHAPTER VII.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST PATRIOT IN THE XIX. CENTURY.

SOME readers will doubtless have noticed that so far no reference has been made to what the majority of mankind consider the noblest form of patriotism. This is not due to any want of appreciation of the heroic deeds of the soldiers and sailors of this and other countries, of the men who have been ready to make the greatest sacrifice of all, the laying down of their lives in the defence of their King, their country, their ideals.

If this form of patriotism has not been dealt with before, it is partly due to the difficulty of doing justice to so large a subject, and partly due to the fact that in the literature of every country it takes so prominent a place that little remains to be said. It must strike any unbiassed observer, when perusing the average history, that the accounts of battles, of brave acts in the face of the enemy, of deeds of daring nobly done, deeds that are given to the sailor and soldier only to accomplish, of deadly encounters on land and sea, take up the greater part of the volume.

Let us take, for instance, Cassell's *History of England*, of which no critic can say that it is written in a jingoistic spirit. On turning to Vol. III. we find that more than a hundred and thirty lines are devoted to the battle of Edgehill (1642), while twelve words are considered sufficient for Harvey (1578-1657) who in the year 1628 announced the circulation of the blood in his celebrated "*Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguini in Animalibus.*" He had followed in the footsteps of Nemesius, Bishop of Emissa (fourth century): Mondino of Bologna (fourteenth century); Sylvius (1478-1555); Servetus (1509-1553, when he was burnt at the stake by Calvin because they did not agree on certain dogmas); Caesalpino (1519-1603) who was the first to name the blood-flow "*circulatio*"; Fabrizio d'Aquapendente (1537-1619) who taught Harvey; Paolo Sarpi (1552-1623), said to have

discovered the circulation of the blood in 1580; all of them men who have done well for mankind, whose names, however, are almost unknown; men who, had they achieved as much on the field of battle as they have done in the study, would doubtless occupy a more prominent place in the pages of general history. And how many of the general readers have heard of Marcello Malpighi (1628-1694) who with the help of the microscope was the first to see and prove the circulation of the blood (1661)? His discoveries have doubtless saved many lives; but how much greater his fame if he had slain as many on the field of battle.

The description of the fighting that took place between June 12th and June 18th, 1815, ending with the battle of Waterloo, takes up six hundred and thirty-eight lines in Cassell's History, five further pages being reserved for illustrations.

It therefore appears almost unnecessary to deal with this kind of patriotism. England's history is one long record of her sons' readiness to lay down their lives in her defence. Why repeat, how at Waterloo they stood and never wavered? Whenever and wherever they had to face the foe it has been the same. It was thus in China and Afghanistan. "Their's not to reason why, their's but to do and die." The Crimea was followed by the Mutiny, and what nobler examples of patriotism, of devotion to duty, can be found than those recalled by such imperishable names as Cawnpore and Lucknow?

Only protected by low mud walls; with no shelter against the enemy's fire, which was daily thinning their ranks; unable to afford protection to the women and children; exposed to the fierce rays of the Indian sun—water to be obtained only at great risk; agonised by the thought that nothing could be done for those they loved who shared with them all the horrors of the siege; spurred to greater effort as the number of the wounded and slain, even amongst the weak and helpless, grew from day to day; as hour followed hour and help seemed no nearer—till hope began to fade, and none dared think of the fate of their wives and children when the final hour should have come and their beloved

ones be left to the tender mercies of their bitter foes who, exasperated by the stubborn defence which had cost them so dear, were thirsting to satisfy their lust for vengeance that was consuming them with a fire beyond human endurance—hoping and toiling; fighting and praying; these brave defenders of the old military hospital at Cawnpore held out to the bitter end—but three escaping of the remnant that was tricked into leaving the camp—and we, far away from the scene of this cruel tragedy, though we read of their sufferings and their deaths with deep emotion, take their courage and their devotion to duty as a matter of course because they were Englishmen.

At Lucknow they also fought and endured, with equal courage. Many a terrible day had to pass till finally, on September 25th, 1857, the gallant Havelock arrived and rescued the besieged men, women, and children, from a veritable hell on earth.

There were other English children for whom there seemed to be no help. Whom were they to look to for succour? Was there no brave patriotic Englishman to come to their rescue? Was day to follow day, and weeks to turn to months, and yet no help? Was year after year to pass and no ray of hope to brighten their dark lives? They also lived in a veritable hell on earth; they were born into it and no one seemed to care whether they died in it. There seemed no way out of it and despair must again and again have clutched at their hearts. What had they done that they should have been condemned to misery from their very birth? Why should just they be born to this lowly station when others were surrounded by every kind of luxury? Were there no brave Englishmen striving to save them, no true patriots anxious to remove so foul a stain from England's proud escutcheon? There were some. Their names are mostly forgotten. Who still thinks of that noble patriot, Jonas Hanway¹ (1712-1786)?

It was in the year 1760 that his attention was first drawn to the poor little black slaves. Though kindly nature had given them a white skin, the callous in-

¹ See app. H.

difference, the brutality of their countrymen, the sacredness of property brought it about that they were truly little black slaves, to whom the song of the ten little nigger boys might well have been applied, for they died fast enough in all conscience without, however, there being much variety in the manner of their dying. These little nigger boys were sold for 20s. and 30s. each. A dog would have fetched more. They, the little English boys and girls, were forced up the chimneys, often perfectly naked. As they struggled heavenwards they again and again chafed their skins. Their wounds received no attention, and the soot settling in the open sores produced sooty cancer. The mortality was great; lung troubles and skin diseases of a most irritating nature also claimed a large number of victims. Sometimes they were burnt to death or suffocated when the chimney was on fire.

Hanway tried to rouse the public, but in vain, that callous, complacent, self-centred public, the despair of every reformer; the public who will not stir unless it first be tuned up to a high pitch of excitement by some fresh sensation. And the suffering of the climbing boys was nothing new. The public was used to them, and, as is still the case in these so-called enlightened days, what they are used to they take as a matter of course, as the sunrise in the morning; and anyone who proposes a change is generally considered a nuisance, and quite as much a crank as he who would bid the sun arrest his course.

The slums are a disgrace to the country and the cause of untold suffering. They ought to be done away with. To ameliorate the lot of the sufferers is but to perpetuate the cause of their suffering.

Hanway begged that the poor little victims might be allowed to wear a climbing dress, as in Germany, France and other Continental countries. He pleaded for public baths that at least once in a while they might be freed from their "garment of soot." Cases have been known of boys not having a wash for four or five years.

The children were young—some starting work when four years of age—and their limbs pliant. They had

to press them against the sooty sides of the chimney, so as to get a firm hold. In consequence most of the survivors had distorted limbs. They were beaten and kicked at night—their sores, their eyes, their lungs, filled with soot—they slept on the sacks that contained the soot.

What filled their little hearts and minds it is difficult to say; thankful to get a rest they were probably looking forward with dread to the hour when once again they would have to undergo their painful ordeal—perhaps the nearest approach among human beings to those unfortunate performing animals, who dread the time when they will once again have to assume unnatural positions to please an unthinking public.

How utterly forlorn these little chimney sweeps must have felt. They knew no mother's care, there was no one to look after them, no one to love them. This was in the year 1760. Hanway's patriotic and humane efforts brought about some slight amelioration, but it was not till 1875—18 years after the release of Lucknow—that legislation finally put an end to the "climbing boy."

It seems incredible that Parliament should have refused to bring about a change, unless we realise that the comfort of many of the members was in jeopardy. It would have meant the reconstruction of their chimneys, and this might have damaged their property.

One hundred and fifteen years these poor helpless, hapless children had to wait for succour. In 1859, a century all but one year since Hanway first started his agitation, Darwin published his "Origin of Species," disclosing the force that governs the world—that it is simply a survival of the fittest—who, in view of the fate of these poor little chimney sweeps, would dare to say that Darwin is wrong.

It may, of course, be argued that much depends upon who are the fittest; the selfish plutocrats who would rather see hundreds of poor little children suffer untold agonies than have their property interfered with, or the little sufferers and their protagonists, those agitators who feel compelled to take up the cudgels on behalf of the under-dog. To judge by recent events

it would seem that those who feel as Hanway did will be the survivors, and that in time to come, as the number of true patriots in England increases, the selfish brutes will not have much prospect of surviving. The division lists in the House of Lords, and also in the House of Commons, show that those who refused to hold out a helping hand to their suffering little countrymen were of the true type of ego-patriots.

We have previously compared England and Scotland, and with regard to the legalised form of torture just discussed the people of Scotland were far more patriotic than their neighbours south of the Tweed.

“He had seen children with back and breasts black; and on a child living within a mile of his house, he had counted thirty-three cuts on his back. His lip was cut and his eyelid was cut. What crime had this child committed? He had worked so long that he had fallen asleep over his work. The Rev. G. S. Bull once sent me a lock of hair with part of the scalp attached to it. He said it had been torn from the head of a poor factory girl in his neighbourhood. She was asleep as many of them used to be, and the angry overlooker had seized her by the hair and had swung the child round in the air, and dashed her on the floor, and in doing so had torn the hair and part of the scalp from off her head.”

The foregoing is taken from a speech by Richard Oastler, one of the small band of English patriots fighting for the English factory children, delivered at a meeting held at the London Tavern in the year 1833 under the chairmanship of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex. Other English patriots who strove for the deliverance of these little slaves were the Rev. Joseph Rayner Stephens, John Fielden, the Rev. G. S. Bull, J. Brotherton, John Wood, Rathbone Greg, Michael Thomas Sadler.

The latter, a Tory and an uncompromising opponent of political and religious freedom, produced in the House of Commons black heavy leathern thongs employed by the mill overseers to beat the children with to keep them from falling down asleep. Even girls were beaten over arms, face and bosom. The

children were kept at work twelve, fourteen, and eighteen hours without meal-times; they ate the little they had to eat as they worked; they slept as they stood. The overseers kept tanks of cold water at hand in which they dipped the lads to awaken them, who had to work afterwards in their wet clothes.

But why continue this tale of horror? The Rev. J. R. Stephens, like so many agitators before and after him, finally found himself in gaol. The question arises, who could help being an agitator under those circumstances? If a true patriot see his countrymen exposed to much suffering, is it not his first duty to agitate for their deliverance? And who is to decide as to who is the better man and greater patriot, the judge or magistrate who condemns, or the man in the dock who is sentenced?

A list of those who opposed the reforms proposed for the improvement of the lot of the little English slaves in the cotton mills would surprise many. It would contain the names of well-known reformers and philanthropists, of the greatest advocates of freedom and progress, of men and women held in high esteem. Alas for human nature; and, seeing what human nature is, let those who like, blame our long-forgotten ancestors, whatever form or shape they may have possessed. But let those of us who claim to be patriotic, endeavour to cast out whatever there may be left of the tiger and the ape.

Many opposed the reforms on grounds of political economy. They thought, horror of horrors, that trade would suffer. They forgot or never had heard of the rule by which alone true progress can be measured,—the rule which shows us that in the course of centuries one form of cruelty and brutality after the other had been discarded, that men and women are to be judged by their sentiments in regard to the infliction of suffering and pain; the only rule that is safe to follow, that should serve as a guide to every progressive man and woman from the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary downwards. Just as the torture and the stake, upheld in former times from the highest motives, have passed away, all the various

methods of inflicting pain and suffering employed at the present time must be done away with if we wish to march along the road of true progress. At all times there have been prophets of certain ruin if some amelioration should be introduced. They would not have dared to utter their dismal prophecies if they could have foreseen how foolish their neglect of the true rule of progress would make them look.

Take, for instance, Samuel Plimsoll (1824—1898), "the sailors' friend," and the introduction of the Plimsoll Mark (1876). Measured by our rule, there can be no doubt as to it being a step forward, bringing us nearer to the goal every patriot should be striving for, the happiness of his fellow-countrymen which has been expressed by another great patriot, Jeremy Bentham (1748—1832), as "the greatest good of the greatest number."

If it were not so disheartening, it would be amusing to read the predictions as to the impending doom of British shipping. In discussions of this kind the reactionaries always use the same threadbare arguments which again and again have been refuted.

Unhappily, "the sailors' friend" is dead; it is to be hoped that another "sailors' friend" will soon arise, and the line of safety be restored to the level from which it has been removed within recent years.

But to return to our little slaves and the patriotic men and women who came to their aid. In the coal mines children from five to seven or eight years were employed to attend to the trap doors. The ventilation, and in consequence, the safety of the men employed in the mines, depended on not a single one of them being allowed to remain open, and the little watchers had to sit, except when someone passed through the doors, for twelve hours consecutively in solitude, silence and darkness. Other children had to draw the sledge tubs by means of a chain passing between their legs and fastened to a girdle. Some of the passages were from twenty-two to twenty-eight inches high, and the little serfs were compelled to crawl on all fours. The chains rubbing against the skin caused nasty wounds that bled. Girls were also

employed for this work. There were often several inches of water in the passages. But, why weary the reader? This is not meant to be an account of the fight for freedom waged during the whole of last century on behalf of English men, women and children; a fight which is still being waged.

There can be no doubt that the man who can lay claim to being the greatest patriot of the nineteenth century was the Earl of Shaftesbury (1801-1885), a Churchman, a member of the House of Lords and a Conservative. He certainly deserved well of his country and his countrymen. He did more than any other man of his time to rescue English children, women and men from a life of misery.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GREAT PATRIOT'S PROTEST.

WE have previously referred to Sir John Eliot. After the death of that great patriot, his son petitioned the King to be allowed to remove his father's remains to Cornwall, for burial. King Charles wrote at the foot of the petition: "Let sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of that parish where he dyed." He had not been able to break his prisoner's spirit, and so he wreaked his petty spite on the dead body.

There were other things which the King could not forgive. Amongst them was a disclosure made by Sir John to the House of Commons in the year 1625, with regard to certain ships which were to be loaned to Louis XIII, King of France (1610-1643). Sir John Pennington (?1568—1646) who was to command this small fleet, had received a great send-off by the people, it being understood that he was to fight the hated power of Spain. Great was his consternation, therefore, when he realised that he was not going to sail against "papist" Spain, but that his orders were to aid "His Most Christian Majesty" against his Protestant subjects at Rochelle, the famous town on the west coast of France.

It is not in every man's life that a time of crisis arises, when a momentous decision has to be taken, when interest and duty clash, when prosperity, ease and comfort point in one direction and hardship, toil, and suffering in the other. Happy the man whose life runs its even course; happier still he who, when the hour of decision has come, has the greatness of soul to know where his duty lies and has the courage to act accordingly.

Such a moment had now arrived for Sir John Pennington.

In times not long gone by, when the King was supreme, the decision would not have been difficult, that is for the ordinary man anxious to do his duty

according to his lights. A man of wider outlook, to whom a higher standard of morality would appeal, would even at that period have placed his country before his King, as the greater of the two; as standing, in the light of morality, on a loftier plane.

It cannot be gainsaid that a King, being but a single human being, liable to all the faults and failings of such, is more likely to stray from the path of rectitude than a whole nation, made up of thousands of varying elements.

Selfishness is the most prevalent of human failings. It is based on one of the great mainsprings of human actions, referred to before. If it had not been for the instinct of self-preservation none of the various families that make up the animal kingdom would have survived, and, for that, none of the plants. The question whether life is worth living might have been solved long ago. The further we are removed from the state of primitive barbarism, the more the instinct of self-preservation is superseded by the feeling of self-sacrifice, brought forth by the fundamental law of progress which, in the course of ages, teaches mankind to cast off brutality and cruelty, the indifference to the suffering of others, and to replace them by gentleness and respect for the rights of our fellow-creatures.

Of course, it may be argued that, when brutality has disappeared and consideration for others rules supreme, the instinct of self-preservation will be superfluous, as man will have nothing to fear from others, and that, in consequence, the more we show consideration for others—the more we shall benefit, the more we shall serve our own interest and, therefore, the more selfish we shall be.

Like every other inhabitant of a country, the King is tempted to place his own welfare before others, the difference in his case being that his acts often affect the whole country to such an extent that the country's position may be placed in jeopardy. In such circumstances a man's choice between his King and his country should not be difficult.

If, however, the majority of his countrymen for

reasons of selfishness or narrowness of outlook, or others, act as honourable men would not, the position would be different. A true patriot would join the minority, and with their help endeavour to bring the majority to see the error of their way, as, for instance, in the case of Cobden and Bright in regard to the Crimean War. And if the whole nation, against the will of the King, gives way to selfishness and acts in an unscrupulous manner, as they as individuals would not do, then the choice is hard indeed for the true patriot. Even a true patriot must come to the conclusion that there are greater things than patriotism, and if his King is right and the country wrong, he will stand by his King, probably not realising that in the end he will, after all, have shown himself a patriot. The nation being made up of so many varying elements, it is most likely that after some time a better informed, more conscientious minority, a group of men and women, that are not so easily carried away by the ferment of the hour (and later on, when passion has given way to reflection, the majority), will realise that they have done wrong and, in the course of time, will hail their countryman who remained true to his principles and his King, as a shining ornament of true patriotism, as deserving a prominent position among the nation's true heroes. In the case we are dealing with, however, the King was wrong and the people right.

Admiral Pennington, as a British seaman, did not lack courage and was not slow in deciding how to act. He returned to England and, we are told, sent a messenger to Sir John Eliot at Oxford, where Parliament was then sitting.

Sir John Pennington had shown himself a true patriot.

Eliot, great statesman and patriot that he was, rose to the occasion; he, perhaps more than any other man, had realised that the two great principles of autocracy and democracy were at death-grips. Who was to be master in England, the House of Commons, representing the people, or the King? If once the power of the purse was lost, the King would be supreme and,

one after the other, the dearly bought rights would be taken from them.

Eliot knew what it meant to brave the King. He appealed to the House to insist that before granting any further supplies they be furnished with a statement setting out how all special grants had been spent since the last Parliament of James I. That King had been known to use what has been called a "cogent and conclusive argument." In the year 1618, Selden (1584—1654) published his "History of Tithes," giving an account of the rise and development of these ecclesiastical payments. Many of the clergy did not relish some of the disclosures made and issued a confutation. When James heard that the great lawyer was going to reply, he feared that during the wordy warfare which was sure to ensue, the doctrine of divine right might suffer. He sent for Selden and said: "If you or any of your friends shall write against this confutation, I will throw you into prison." That ended the discussion. Even in the present century some governments confute opponents they have to fear in a similar manner.

Carried away by his eloquence, the House supported Sir John, who, even then, had every reason to fear that, as far as his person was concerned, the Commons' "cogent and conclusive argument," which was and still is the power of the purse, would be met on the part of Charles with one quite as forcible and unanswerable.

In former times the power of the purse enabled the House of Commons to curb a spendthrift King; at present it seems that the only power able to curb a spendthrift House of Commons is also that of the purse—the empty purse.

As we have seen, the great patriot died a lingering and painful death in prison, his body being thrust into an obscure corner of the Tower church, while the court rejoiced that its great foe was no more.

Of course, it may be argued, if patriotism comes before loyalty to the King—a proposition which not so very long ago would have been strongly resented by many—the larger containing the smaller, then love

of mankind must for the same reason be placed before love of country. As has been shown, true patriotism has the quality of benefiting the whole of mankind,—and that not only by the force of example, but also by the fact that it is not possible to cultivate in your own country what is noble and good without benefiting others. As soon as the ego-patriots gain the upper hand in a country the peace of the world is in danger. Happy the country that has no history! Who, when a war has come to an end and peace has been signed, is the gainer? The real gainer is never known till many years later. Reference to the last great catastrophe that has shaken the world to its very foundations has been avoided; and as to the war of 1870—71, it is even now impossible to say who was the gainer, France or Germany. The difficulty, the almost unsurmountable difficulty, seems to be to make good use of a victory. It is not so difficult for a true patriot, as has been shown by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman after the Boer war. He benefited his own country and that of the late enemy. Of the members of the Reichstag only the Socialists seemed to be willing to profit by the lesson taught by the Englishman some two hundred and fifty years before—a long time for one country to be in advance of another. If the other parties in the Reichstag who professed liberal tendencies had only followed the example set by this noble English patriot and refused supplies, the power of the Junker class and military caste would have been broken. The principal party styled itself national in addition to liberal, an unfortunate combination. It has an enervating effect on the democratic spirit, enabling the ego-patriots to come more and more to the front. This ego-patriotism or, as it was without doubt the case with many, the inability to learn in the school of history as to what course a true patriot ought to pursue has resulted in disaster, not only to their own country, but to the whole of Europe.

Eliot, and the other patriots whose imperishable names adorn the pages of English history, laid the foundation on which other friends of freedom in the

seventeenth and eighteenth centuries built story after story, till an edifice had been erected that served as a beacon to the great minds across the Channel, encouraging them to spread the light in France, till freedom found a resting place in that country, thus proving again that true patriotism does not only benefit your own country, but also others. Not only a lighthouse did they build to send its rays to other lands; it was a citadel they had erected, a storehouse for those ideas that a true patriot must always hold dear, ideas which supported their descendants when the time of trial came, which tested their patriotism to the utmost.

It is impossible to imagine a more difficult position than that of a patriot who sees his country drifting into an unjust war, and knows that any word of protest on his part may encourage the opposing side. He trembles at the thought of his beloved country covering itself with infamy. If he succeeds in inducing the country's rulers to place their country's honour first and thus prevents an unjustifiable war, his name will stand high. He may have prevented a calamity that would have taken generations to repair. Through his action thousands of his countrymen may be saved untold suffering. Further seeds of hatred and revenge that disfigure the history of every country would not be sown; the acts of cruelty and devastation inherent to every war would be avoided, and by the prevention of such a struggle the power of reaction broken, and mankind taken one step further along the true line of progress, towards the happy future when cruelty and brutality, of the bestial and the cool, calculated kind, shall be no more. It is a great stake to play for, beyond the comprehension of the ego-patriot. For the true patriot the decisive factor will be whether the steps contemplated by the rulers were such as they, as honest men, would not undertake if their own good name be at stake. A strong, big man, who values his good name would not attack a small, weak neighbour, and thus a true patriot (a man who does not value his country's good name is not a true patriot) would be adverse to his country attacking or

provoking a quarrel with a weak neighbour, whether his neighbour's country be situated in Europe or on some other continent, whether he be white or coloured, and above all, if he is of his own flesh and blood.

A patriotic Englishman knows the history of his own country. He knows that his forefathers have died for the maxim: "No Taxation without Representation." What is he to do if he finds that his countrymen do not act in accordance with the principles they so loudly proclaim? What *was* he to do when he found them unfaithful to the great charter of England's liberty? For a patriot like Chatham, there was no choice, and we find him violently opposing the attack on the thirteen colonies.

It is difficult to say what would have happened if George III. had not been so stubborn and had been agreeable to the colonies sending representatives to the House of Commons. The Americans would never have consented. They were no fools. They knew that representation of that kind would have been a farce. Representation is valueless if your representatives can always be outvoted by the representatives of another component part of the assembly.

Chatham continued to raise his voice against the war, and when certain methods were adopted which, it was thought, would "bring the enemy more quickly to reason," methods which no one except an ego-patriot, "a friend of every country's good name but his own," would justify, he delivered the great speech which will for ever stand out as the classical instance of a true patriot fighting for his country's greatest treasure, the country's reputation.

A noble lord, we shall not give his name, had said, in reference to the employment of Red Indians, that "we were justified in using all the means which God and nature had put into our hands." Chatham rose and said:

"I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed in this House or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian.

"My Lords, I did not intend to have trespassed

again on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My Lords, we are called upon, as members of this House, as Christian men, to protest against such notions, standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. *That God and nature put into our hands!* I know not what idea that Lord may entertain of God and nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife, to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating; literally, my Lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine and natural, and every generous feeling of humanity; and, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

“These abominable principles, and this abominable avowal of them, demand most decisive indignation. I call upon that Right Reverend Bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel and pious pastors of the Church: I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this Learned Bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the learned Judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships to reverence this dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I will call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of the noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country! In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant religion of his country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition; if

these more than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose amongst us, to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connexions, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child—to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? Against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war—hell-hounds, I say, of savage war. Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example of even Spanish cruelty: we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry; and I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the State to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy Prelates of our religion, to do away these iniquities from among us; let them perform a lustration—let them purify this House and this country from this sin.

“My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, or have reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.”¹

Is there any other country in the world where so many prominent men have dared to uphold the honour of their country in defiance of public opinion? In England the list would indeed be a long one. In some other countries one or two instances might be found. We have already referred to the Dreyfus case.

In the way of freedom nothing more perfect has

¹ See app. I.

existed than that which prevailed at the end of the eighteenth century among the upper classes in England. You were allowed to say exactly what you felt, not only with regard to political matters, but also in respect of the Christian religion. It must have been unmitigated joy to have been alive at that time, that is, of course, if you were a member of the privileged class. For anyone who did not belong to the charmed circle it was a dangerous thing to do, as Tom Paine (1737-1809), that good man who wanted to benefit his country by the introduction of old age pensions, maternity benefits, and free and compulsory education, learned to his cost, when he tried to benefit the whole of mankind by publishing in 1791 his famous "Rights of Man," a book which can now be sold and bought without fear of imprisonment. The author was outlawed. He had to flee the country. The mistake he had made was to issue a cheap edition, accessible to the poorer classes. How backward the country was at that time can be shown by an extract from a book dealing with another patriot, who had died in 1790, the year before the publication of Paine's work. This was John Howard (b. 1726) to whom reference has already been made in Chapter II. and without whose name no list of patriots would be complete. "It was early in the month of March, 1774, that the then House of Commons called before them a plain, unpretending country gentleman, one John Howard, of Cardington, near Bedford, and thanked him publicly for a great service rendered to the State. I will tell you what that service was, and how he came to render it. From the autumn of 1773 to the spring of 1774, or, to be more exact, between the beginning of November of the one year and the end of February of the other, there might have been seen, now at one county town, now at another, first of the midland districts of England, then of parts more remote, a gentleman on horseback followed by his groom. It was not a time of year when men take pleasure trips; and it was obvious that the gentleman had some serious matter in hand; for he alighted at the county and borough gaols, and spent some time

there. Thence he would make his way to an inn, order the usual dinner for the good of the house, spread his note-book before the fire, and make a frugal meal of tea, bread and (if he could get it) fruit. This gentleman was no other than Mr. John Howard, of whom I have spoken, the lately appointed High Sheriff of the County of Bedford, the model landlord of Cardington; and he was travelling about at this bleak season in search of a Precedent. He would find, if he could, one case at least in which the Justices of the Peace paid the gaoler of a county prison a fixed salary. Had he succeeded, he would have gone back to Bedford, near which town he lived, and would have strengthened the hands of the Justices with the precedent without which they had told him they could not act. But, happily, Howard failed. He could find no single instance in which a gaoler was paid by a fixed salary. How then, you will ask, was he paid? In lieu of salary he was allowed to charge certain fees; and these fees had to be paid by every prisoner, whatever the way in which he became a prisoner—to be paid before he could be permitted to leave the prison. He might be a poor debtor (much more than half the inmates of our prisons were debtors—Vicars of Wakefield perchance incarcerated by designing or vindictive creditors); he might be innocent of the crime with which he was charged, and have been acquitted; or the Grand Jury might not have found a true bill against him; he might be a petty offender committed for some small theft, or a pressed man with home ties and duties, innocent of everything but not having a stomach to fight; or a man of violence—a highwayman, a burglar, a murderer, or a treacherous fraudulent scoundrel—a forger, a receiver of stolen goods, a monster of chronic fraud; or perhaps a raving madman. Whatever he was, he must pay the gaoler's fees, or remain in prison. No pay, no liberty. The consequence was that innocent men by the thousand were kept locked up in the prisons of England, many for years, or for life; many to die there, victims of gaol fever, confluent small-pox, and the other fatal maladies which spring out of the want of the prime necessities

of life—food, water, fuel, clothing, air, exercise: some to be lashed into madness, some to lapse into fatuity.”

In the twentieth century the recital of such cruelty and injustice fills every right-minded man, woman, and child with indignation. This cannot have been the case some hundred and fifty years ago. Surely, the great majority of English men and women were right-minded at that time—just as they are now. Then why did the public not protest against such abominations? Presumably they were used to such a state of affairs and took it as a matter of course. But should this fact not cause us heart-searchings? Has cruelty and injustice been entirely done away with in England? How are we assisting in their final disappearance? Is our present prison system all that it ought to be? Is it not time for another Howard to appear? We cannot all be John Howards; but that is no reason—particularly if we profess to be patriotic—why we should be satisfied to form part of that large body of inert, complacent men and women known as the public. As to the men in power we have the right to demand that their thinking faculties should be fully developed and active. If they allow conditions of injustice and cruelty to continue in England they must bear the blame. Small wonder that in those times they did not appreciate the “Rights of Man.”

It is to be feared that there are still a large number of men in authority who are governed by the ideas of their forefathers and who would rather see injustice and cruelty flourish than act contrary to precedent.

CHAPTER IX.

WILBERFORCE AND PITT.

CAN we speak of patriotism of animals? Animals will die fighting for the family, for the herd. Is it instinct or something higher? If it is something higher, if we can speak of animal patriotism, it is only right that we place those animals that possess patriotism in a class apart from those that do not, a class nearer to man, and as such deserving treatment similar to that which we would mete out to our fellow-men. We must concede the rights to them which we have hitherto refused. As in the course of progress we have learned to show more consideration to the lower races of man—although they are still treated too much as mere beasts of burden—progressive thinkers are anxious to mete out greater justice (if a term such as “greater” justice be at all admissible) to the higher animals and not to act in the manner of those free-thinkers who are followers of Haeckel and point to his “Riddle of the Universe” as containing the vindication of their want of “Faith”—as if the animals were placed by nature at their disposal for whatever purpose may seem good to them in the search of their deity—Knowledge.

On the other hand, if it be only instinct that compels the animals to sacrifice themselves for the good of their fellows, may the feeling that induces man to offer up his life in defence of his “herd” and his “pasture” not be akin to instinct?—not that the two will bear comparison, as man can envisage the fate that may await him. In whatever form, however, man may share this feeling with the animals the latter cannot claim to have reached the level of man who is prepared to hazard his life for an ideal (but even here it is not wise to be too sweeping, as dogs are known to have died in defence of a living and in mournful memory of a dead master); for an ideal he believes will benefit the whole of mankind; for an abstract idea, such, let us

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say, as truth. Spurious patriotism, always ready to lie for what is thought to be the country's good, must be placed on a much lower level.

However we may look at it, viewed from the standpoint of real progress—of doing to our fellow creatures what we should wish them do to us—animals whose instinct is so far developed as to resemble patriotism or who possess the first rudiments of patriotism can claim a more considerate treatment than is generally conceded by man; and if some of the animals are entitled to prefer such a claim, surely, every member of the human family has the same right, whatever his state of development; and men who are prepared to strive for what will benefit their fellow-men in general are further advanced on the road to the final goal than those who concentrate their efforts on one country only, particularly if they have no eyes for a foul sore disfiguring their country, a sore which those that have progressed further on the road of progress are, as true patriots, endeavouring to remove.

We may, therefore, place Wilberforce on a higher plane than Pitt, of whom Brougham writes in reference to the abolition of the slave-trade¹; "When at length, for the first time, in 1804, Wilberforce carried the Abolition Bill through the Commons, the Lords immediately threw it out; and the next year it was again lost in the Commons. All this happened while the opinion of the country was, with the single exception of persons having West India connections, unanimous in favour of the measure. At different times there was the strongest and most general expression of public feeling upon the subject, and it was a question upon which no two men, endowed with reason, could possibly differ, because, admitting whatever could be alleged about the profits of the traffic, it was not denied that the gain proceeded from pillage and murder. Add to all this, that the enormous evil continued to disgrace the country and its legislature for twenty years, although the voice of every statesman of any eminence, Mr. Windham alone excepted, was strenuously lifted against it—although, upon this

¹ See app. J.

only question, Pitt, Fox and Burke heartily agreed—although by far the finest of all Mr. Pitt's speeches were those he pronounced against—and although every Press and every pulpit in the island habitually cried it down. How are we, then, to account for the extreme tenacity of life which the hated reptile showed?—how to explain the fact that all those powerful hands fell paralysed and could not bring it to death? If little honour redounds to Parliament from this passage in our history, and if it is thus plainly shown that the unreformed House of Commons but ill-represented the country, it must also be confessed that Mr. Pitt's conduct gains as little glory from the retrospect. How could he, who never suffered any of his coadjutors, much less his underlings in office, to thwart his will even in trivial matters—he who would have cleared any of the departments of half their occupants, had they presumed to have an opinion of their own upon a single item of any budget, or an article in the year's estimates—how could he, after shaking the walls of the Senate with the thunders of his majestic eloquence, exerted with a zeal which set at defiance all suspicions of his entire sincerity, quietly suffer, that the object, just before declared the dearest to his heart, should be ravished from him when within his sight, nay, within his reach, by the votes of the secretaries and under-secretaries, the puisne lords and the other fry of mere placemen—the pawns of his board? It is a question often anxiously put by the friends of the Abolition, never satisfactorily answered by those of the Minister; and if any additional comment were wanting on the darkest passage of his life, it is supplied by the ease with which he cut off the slave traffic of the conquered colonies, an importation of thirty thousand yearly, which he had so long suffered to exist, though an Order in Council could any day have extinguished it. This he never thought of till 1805, and then, of course, the instant he chose, he destroyed it for ever with the stroke of his pen. Again when the Whigs were in power, they found the total abolition of the traffic so easy, that the measure, in pursuing which Mr. Pitt had for so many years allowed himself to be baffled,

was carried by them with only sixteen dissentient voices in a house of 250 members. There can then, unhappily, be but one answer to the question regarding Mr. Pitt's conduct on this great measure. He was, no doubt, quite sincere, but he was not so zealous as to risk anything, or even to give himself any extraordinary trouble for the accomplishment of his purpose. The Court was decidedly against abolition; George III. always regarded the question with abhorrence, as savouring of innovation—and innovation in a part of his empire connected with his earliest and most rooted prejudices—the Colonies. The courtiers took, as is their wont, the colour of their sentiments from him. The Peers were of the same opinion. Mr. Pitt had not the enthusiasm for right and justice, to risk in their behalf losing the friendship of the mammon of unrighteousness; and he left to his rivals, when they became his successors, the glory of that triumph in the sacred cause of humanity, which should have illustrated his name, who in its defence had raised all the strains of his eloquence to their very highest pitch."

It is certainly most distressing and a sign that man is as yet not very far removed from the animal state, when we find that a statesman who in his speeches utters the most noble sentiments fails to translate them into action. It can be taken as a proof that he is not animated by a sincere desire to do so. He must know, particularly if he be proficient in gauging the trend of public opinion—and without such proficiency, unless carried there by sheer force of genius, he could not have reached the top rung of the political ladder—he must know that, if called upon by one of their favourite leaders, the true patriotism of the average man and woman of these isles is strongly enough developed to gladly, not to say enthusiastically, respond to an appeal to their better feelings. If therefore, a statesman does not appeal to the nobler sentiments of the British public it is a proof that either he himself does not possess such noble sentiments, or that they would not fit in with his tortuous and secret foreign and domestic policies. He is certainly not a

patriot. A patriot would not endanger his country's reputation for honest intention and fair dealing.

As Brougham has shown, with regard to the abolition of the slave-trade, the public were more than ready for it, and in this matter Wilberforce certainly proved himself a greater patriot than Pitt. That England was the first to abolish the disgraceful traffic, will in future ages redound more to her honour than anything that may stand to Pitt's credit as a statesman. And as in the course of time history will concern itself more and more with human progress and less with accounts of battle and slaughter, and the chicanery of statesmen, so the name of Wilberforce will advance and that of Pitt recede, and with the name of Wilberforce those of Clarkson, Ramsay, Lady Middleton, Mrs. Bouverie, Granville Sharp, Dillwyn, Sir William Dolben, and Fox.

And it must not be forgotten that Pitt condoned the atrocities of '98.

On the other hand, Wilberforce's activities were limited by his being a Christian first and then a man, that is a man of the right kind—kind-hearted, sympathetic towards the suffering of others, liberal in mind, aware of his own short-comings and tolerant in respect of those of others. His claim to be considered a true patriot was spoiled by the possession of that hard, cruel disposition of the relentless, not to say ruthless, Christian who can brook no opposition; who demands that in religious matters all shall see eye to eye with him; and considers anyone, particularly if badly dressed, who has opinions of his own, equal to a criminal, and it only right that he should be treated as such. It mattered not to Wilberforce whether the victim of his hatred was innocent or not. He approved of Peterloo (1819). He did much to introduce the cruel Combination Laws of 1799 and 1800 which contributed so largely to making the lives of hundreds of thousands of English men, women and children a burden greater than that borne by the average negro slave. To cause so much suffering to your fellow-countrymen is surely not the act of a patriot. The Acts made the employers practically the

prosecutors, in many cases the persecutors, and judges of their own employees which meant that the latter had to accept any terms that were offered; and finally brought about the cruel child labour previously referred to. Pitt had as great a share as Wilberforce in the enactment of these hard laws which were a disgrace to England. The men, to all intents and purposes, had to accept the wages the masters felt inclined to offer, or go to prison. The patriot who did most to bring about the repeal of the Combination Laws was Francis Place (1771-1854), aided by Joseph Hume (1777-1855) and others. But as already stated, Wilberforce showed himself the most cruel in what, no doubt, he considered his religion. Then he knew no mercy. It mattered not whether the victim was innocent or guilty of what, in the eyes of Wilberforce, was a crime. He and his had to suffer, if suspect of want of faith in what the Bible taught. If innocent the sufferer received no pity; he ought not to have exposed himself to suspicion.

Though greater than Pitt, even Wilberforce cannot rank high as a patriot.

CHAPTER X.

HERO-WORSHIP.

FROM the love of country it is but a step to hero-worship; a patriot is prepared to die for his country, to suffer imprisonment and indignities—what man, boy or girl is not willing to do the same for the hero he or she worships? As a rule, although not always, the hero is of the same country as the worshipper.

Man has worshipped heroes as long as he has worshipped a supreme being, probably longer. He generally imagined the hero to have a god for his father, the mother being mortal. Seeing that he was the offspring of a superior being it was but right that man should worship him, whatever his faults may have been. Is it not a rule that man attributes to the Deity he worships his own qualities?

The time came when man no longer believed his heroes to be of divine origin. Was he right in still worshipping them? Whether right or wrong, it certainly seems foolish to indulge in hero-worship before the object of one's admiration has passed away, particularly if he be a politician or a statesman—or a poet. It may, however, be said that a man, who in the course of his life has not at one time or other suffered from hero-worship, cannot be a man of much heart. He cannot be a desirable person to meet. Probably the only hero he has ever admired is his own self. As we come to years of discretion it is certainly wise to suppress tendencies of this kind. They generally lead to disappointment.

Hero-worship is a noble thing—for boys and girls, for young men and young women.

This may seem a hard saying. But is there a man or a woman at whose feet we could burn incense unstintedly, unreservedly? History has yet to produce such a person. To give way to an impulse of this kind shows a lack of judgment. The writer remembers having read of a German girl who declared that she

would be gladly killed by being run over by the Kaiser's motor car—presumably while the Kaiser was in it. It shows a want of those critical faculties, the absence of which is the distinguishing mark of the mob, whether formed by the rabble of the street or the shallow-heads of the drawing-rooms; which makes it an easy matter for the unprincipled demagogue to command a large following.

Do not let us restrain our enthusiasm for a good cause; but, whenever we find ourselves one of a mob let us realise that the time has come to do some hard thinking. Let us listen to the one who does not agree with the others in the drawing-room, though he may seem a hateful person.

It is this lack of judgment which makes the world what it is and which produces nearly all the misery we find in the world, human suffering being mostly due to human action, nature having but a small share in it. Disease is generally due to removable causes. One of these causes is over-crowding, for which there is no necessity. Small houses in narrow thoroughfares mean that the street has to take the place of the children's nursery. Thousands of well-to-do Londoners pass every day, on their way from Waterloo Station to Hungerford Bridge, through a narrow street which bears the name of a well-known family, who may or may not be the ground landlords. If the passers-by had eyes to see, they would perceive that the children's nursery is the asphalted roadway. Do they ever, on their return home, when entering the sweet-scented, clean nursery where their own children receive every attention and care, think of those poor urchins, the floor of whose nursery is covered with horse-dung?¹ There was a small hole in the centre of the roadway. A little Briton of not more than three or four summers was inserting a stick under the asphalt—perhaps with the evil intent of enlarging the hole. "Just see what that young devil is up to" said the passer-by to his companion. The question arises, what steps had the passer-by taken to prevent the production of such

¹ Some readers may consider a reference of this kind out of place in a book dealing with so noble a sentiment as patriotism. That may be so, but the thing itself is certainly out of place in a nursery.

“young devils.” As it was, a heavy brewer’s dray came along and prevented the nefarious design from being carried out.

As we feel inclined to curse the callousness of the self-satisfied classes in the earlier part of the last century, who allowed little English children to suffer in the coal mines, the cotton mills and elsewhere, our children will wonder how we could permit the state of things just described.

Those responsible for such conditions—and we all are responsible—may perhaps argue that it kills the weaklings and hardens the survivors, and that the battles of 1914—1918 were won on the playing fields of the back streets. How much better not to have any weaklings at all.

One thing, however, is beyond dispute. If only five per cent. of the men and women of England were really patriotic, little English girls and boys would not be allowed to grow up in such surroundings.

Concentrated thought is of such vast importance to the whole human race that the want of it can only be excused in the young. We can forgive the Lancashire boy who, in the ’seventies and ’eighties, prayed to God to “let Hornby make a century,” and who never faltered in his devotion though frequently doomed to disappointment.

It is to be feared that Mr. A. N. Hornby little realised what his dashing style meant for his worshipper, and that when he failed to knock the Yorkshire bowler about he helped to knock his admirer’s faith in the efficacy of prayer to pieces.

Perhaps another boy in the neighbourhood of Bramall Lane had asked on his knees that the Lancashire captain’s efforts might end in “a duck,” or if Providence designed to be especially kind, “a pair of spectacles.”

We can excuse the young French girl—as if there was anything we could not forgive her—who still reverences the memory of Napoleon I. Are we not told that we admire the qualities we ourselves do not possess?—the women, the qualities found in the stronger sex? According to Hippolyte Adolphe

Taine (1828-1893), the great French historian and man of letters, 1,700,000 Frenchmen were killed in the Napoleonic wars between the years 1804—1815, and that solely to satisfy one man's ambition. Of other nations, over two millions had to be sacrificed on the same altar. We can forgive the young girls their admiration of one who is responsible for such slaughter, but what of those who have instilled this admiration?

It does not seem possible to dispute Napoleon's claim to genius in the generally accepted sense of the word—originality of thought, freedom from prejudice, facile acquisition of knowledge, rapid assimilation of new facts, concentration on essentials without neglect of what is of less importance, intellectual excellence of the highest degree, the mastery of men, intuitive achievement of success. Was there not something lacking in Napoleon the possession of which would have placed his claim to being a genius beyond doubt, a genius without any qualifications whatever? Has he left anything permanent commensurate to his capabilities? He has not.¹ How different it would have been if he had devoted his enormous mental powers entirely to the benefit of his country—if he had been a patriot! He could have made France one nation by itself, the envy of the whole world. What if he had applied his marvellous gifts to the improvement of France in every direction? The mere thought of what he could have achieved dazzles the imagination,—the schools he could have founded; the universities he could have endowed; the inventions he could have encouraged; the men of science, the artists he could have collected around him; the industries he could have promoted; the vast field he could have opened out to the discoveries of the powers of steam and electricity, of chemistry, then in their infancy; the improvements he could have introduced in the lives of the working-classes; the millions of French women and men he could have rendered happy instead of being the cause of their sufferings, their

¹ The Code Napoléon, the University of France, the Bank of France, etc., prove what he could have achieved if he had really cared for France's welfare.

death;—how he could have fostered the noble impulses that gave rise to the Revolution, and by setting an example to other rulers, by being just and benevolent—so that no nation need to have feared France—have brought the period nearer when the chiefs of each nation devote their whole time and energy to its betterment and the only competition worth waging is—not that of piling up armaments and building men-of-war—but that of making the inhabitants of your country the happiest on earth. There must have been something lacking in Napoleon the want of which does not entitle him to the appellation of genius. And as he had such opportunities to benefit his country and did not avail himself of them, he cannot be classed as a patriot. He has soiled France's fair fame with many a foul spot.

But let us not grudge the young the pleasurable sensation of hero-worship.

It is indeed not wise to place any man on the highest pedestal until after his death. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's death was an irreparable loss to England. If he had been spared, the great war might not have taken place. Well may English Christians, and for that, Christians all the world over revere his memory. He was one of the few statesmen, if not the only one, who had the courage to apply the great verities to be found in the Bible to statesmanship. He did unto others as he would be done by; and he found that his faith in the Bible truths "paid," as other professed Christians would find, if they had sufficient faith to apply them in their daily intercourse with other Christians.

Campbell-Bannerman certainly showed more courage and faith than any other British Prime Minister or any other leader of a democratic State has ever done. In spite of the greatest opposition on the part of the vast majority of the most influential section of his countrymen, he gave liberty and freedom to the enemy who had been bitterly reviled but a short time before, and charged with treachery and great cruelty.

A hero, worshipped by all his countrymen, was Andreas Hofer (1767—1810). Though abandoned by

his Emperor, he would not submit to the mighty prince at whose feet nearly the whole of civilised mankind was then grovelling. Let the head of the Hapsburgs sue for peace, he and his brave Tyrolese would not let the foreign oppressor desecrate their valleys and their mountains where they and their ancestors had lived since the memory of man. Again and again the invaders were forced back till, overcome by superior numbers, Andreas Hofer, accompanied by a few of his faithful followers, had to retire into the fastnesses of the Passeyr. Patriotism and the love of freedom seem to flourish where the wind blows fresh over the hill-tops, and it is perhaps only given to a small nation of mountaineers fully to realise what it means to see their country handed over to the enemy.

As the 22nd of February¹ will always be remembered by another free people, as the birthday of their great liberator, the 20th of February is a day of mourning for the Tyrolese. It was on that day in the year 1810, that their great patriot was shot in Mantua. And the Passeyr Valley, with the Sandhof where Hofer's cradle stood and the chalet of the Kellerlahn where he was betrayed, will for ever remain consecrated ground, hallowed by the memory of a brave man who laid down his life for his country. It is the Mecca of the Tyrolese and no Englishman or other lover of freedom has failed, when his steps have taken him to the Tyrol, to visit the home of the great patriot and pay a silent tribute to his memory.

Let the young worship their heroes and let us think with gratitude and reverence of the great departed, who have set us so noble an example.

As to the living, it is not for man to worship them.

The worship of those who have not yet completed life's short span is only permissible when it is reflected in the eyes of man's best friend, those mirrors of devotion and loyalty, of his trust in man—a trust which no one possessed of honourable instincts would betray. The man who would dare play false in view of such faith is no credit to his country.

¹ George Washington was born on the 22nd of February, 1732, at Bridges Creek, in Westmoreland co., Virginia.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

WHEN the League of Nations has commenced its work, it would be of advantage if it were to appoint a native of each of the countries belonging to the League—by preference an enlightened, humane professor of history (not a man who considers the justification of a historical deed to depend upon its successful issue)—to furnish an account of the acts which it ought to be ashamed of, a list of deeds it ought not to have done and which a true patriot would not have done. Such a compilation would furnish incontrovertible proof that we all live in glass houses and cannot afford to throw stones. It would help to stiffen the resolve of all good men who truly love their country that such deeds shall not be repeated, and it might lead to a competition amongst the various states, as to who would have the cleanest sheet at the end of each year, of each decade. It would certainly make the most irresponsible person less addicted to pointing at other people's spots. It does indeed seem strange how eager our rulers and publicists show themselves to throw mud at their opponents, quite regardless of the fact that in the process of mud-flinging they thrust not only their hands and arms into the mud, but often cover themselves from head to foot with it, and cause thinking people to doubt their very word; how much more sensible it would be if they were to remove the last stain from their own edifice so that the difference between themselves and their adversaries, between their own country and other countries, would be apparent to the dullest intellect.

This proposal will, of course, be laughed at by many, just as the idea of appointing a Minister of Peace was scorned. If the democratic, advanced, liberal and Christian nations had had a Minister of Peace in addition to a Minister of War (the former need only to have cost the country the hundredth part of the

expenditure under the control of the latter) the last war would not have taken place. His function would be to rally the friends of peace around him and to bring them into contact with those in other countries with the help of the respective Ministers of Peace, to make the people realise the horrors, cruelties, bestialities of war, the nameless suffering involved for the women and babies, outrage and slow starvation, and the injustice inflicted on the individual by the callousness of the bureaucrat. What a reflection on the Christian countries that the followers of the Prince of Peace have no Minister of Peace.

Even to the ordinary man and woman it is given to help in the right direction. What, for instance, is the use of pointing the finger of scorn at Spain for tolerating bull-fights as long as tame-deer-hunting flourishes in this country; the same can be said of fox-hunting. Personally, I should prefer to be shot to being hounded to death; the fox will doubtless share this view, unless he is a conservative living in the traditions of the last century and considers it a crime, or worse still a solecism to shoot one of his family. The latter view was held by the writer for a long time, even after he had reached the so-called years of discretion. When he read of a Frenchman shooting a fox he thought civilisation had come to an end.

What value will the Spaniard attach to our condemnation? He has probably read accounts of how the carted deer are hunted, of animals mad with fear being impaled on iron railings, of others breaking their legs in trying to clear a gate or wall, or cutting and wounding themselves by jumping on a green-house or glass-frame; of these gentle creatures being bitten or torn by the hounds, or being drowned when seeking refuge in a river, canal, or pond. And when they are caught, utterly exhausted, trembling with fear, scarcely able to stand, they are taken back to go through the whole agony again on another day,—tortured to make a ladies' and gentlemen's holiday.

Fox-hunting appears to be framed to produce the maximum of torture to the quarry. The gamekeeper has earthed up the fox's hole during the night so that

it cannot get back in the morning—a cowardly deed. The pack arrives.

“He (the fox) has, it may be, three or four hours’ run before him, with that terrible bell-tongued chorus behind him. One can conceive him toward the close, his strength failing, even his vulpine cunning, his eyes starting from his head and glassy with terror, his jaws dropping foam, his heart like a hammer that must break, straining, straining, helplessly, hopelessly towards some covert that he knows now is not. And upon that, at last, the more merciful rush, the feeble turn at bay of an exhausted creature, the mellay of hounds, and—Death. Is it possible to conceive that to a creature any greater torture could be applied.” The foregoing is from an article by H. B. Marriott Watson, which appeared in the “Daily Mail” of February 8th, 1905. Mr. Watson certainly deserves the appellation of Patriot.

The headmaster of Eton, who abolishes the beagles, will also rank as a true patriot. The influence of this “sport” on the boys, and, in consequence, on the ruling classes must be very great; it is reflected in the whole of our national life. It retards legislation and endangers England’s proud position of being in the van of true progress.

The Spaniard may say the whole thing smacks of Pecksniff should he have heard of that gentleman.

The cinema was showing the beauties of rabbit coursing. The final scene depicted the hunted animal’s terror, agony and distress, as expressed in the poor creature’s eye, which was thrown on the screen. It was more than the audience could stand. If the sight was more than human beings could bear, what must have been the poor victim’s actual suffering. The thing must be put a stop to, done away with, there and then.

And henceforth, this particular film was shown no more.¹

It is notable that historians pay little attention to what with the great majority of progressive persons serves as a guidance in judging a man’s character,

¹ See app. K.

his fitness to be reckoned among the really great, namely, as to whether he has realised the true line of progress and endeavours, as a patriotic man, to lead his country and his countrymen along this line, along the path which, as history has taught us, mankind is steadily pursuing, the path that leads away from cruelty, brutality, and indifference to suffering, bodily and mental, towards toleration and the consideration of others' feelings, the realisation of the right of others to claim for themselves the privileges we ourselves enjoy. In the "Dictionary of National Biography" we expect a full account of the principal acts of the subject of each biography. If we turn to Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth (1757-1844) what do we find? There is no record as to how Sidmouth voted with regard to the abolition of the Slave Trade, although the article occupies more than eight columns. How a man votes on questions of that kind gives you a clear insight into his true character,—as to whether he was a true patriot, whether he had his country's good name at heart, or, whether as an ego-patriot he cared only for himself and the party he belonged to.

A chair of biography has recently been founded at Carleton College, in the United States. It will be interesting to note how the newly-appointed professor, Dr. A. W. Vernon, will deal with the question of true progress.

In the article mentioned, we find for instance, that as a young man, Sidmouth "showed a taste for writing English verse," but, as already stated, nothing as to his attitude towards the great moral question that was agitating the English-speaking world while he was in Parliament. We notice the same omission in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The author of the article may have thought it unnecessary to state that a man of Sidmouth's frame of mind was not much interested in the fate of the poor coloured people, seeing that later on he reduced the majority of Englishmen to such a condition that freedom was a mockery, and liberty a snare; a state to which no patriotic statesman would bring his countrymen. While he

was Home Secretary (1812-1824) not only was the Habeas Corpus Act suspended, and that in times of peace, but spies and agents provocateurs were employed by the Government,—perhaps to justify the suspension of that great bulwark of personal liberty.¹ When the question was before Parliament (1817) Wilberforce, the liberator of the slaves, showed that with regard to the question of freedom of thought and speech, and of action in the case of the working classes, he had much in common with his former opponent, Lord Sidmouth.²

We have seen that a mid-Victorian writer considered a man a patriot however much he besmirched his country's good name; and the student of history knows that in times gone by, these ego-patriots boasted of their acts of cruelty. At the present time they plead necessity or bring forward the excuse that the other side is as bad. Or again, they publish denials, which shows that they have progressed to some extent and that they honour their country's good name. This, however, is not patriotism; and, furthermore, there is something greater than patriotism upon which the progress of the whole world depends. This is truth. Why has progress been so slow? Because truth has been constantly suppressed. To disregard truth is certainly not the act of a patriot, even if done with the best intention; in the long run it will react on the country. If statesmen and politicians show their lack of patriotism by their disregard of truth the consequences are disastrous, not only as regards the country's foreign policy and relations with other nations, but even more so in respect of its baneful effects on the country itself. Sir Harry Wotton's (1568-1639) description of an ambassador as "an honest man sent abroad to lie for the benefit of his country," is well known, and it may be due to this saying that the general public do not condemn the statesmen who when dealing with foreign countries, act as if the tongue was given to man to disguise his thoughts. When, however, such ambiguity—to make use of a euphemism—is employed to deceive the people them-

¹ See app. L. ² See app. M.

selves, it might be expected that they would be less tolerant. It would seem natural that when patriotic men and women notice that their leaders whom they should look to for guidance appear to be making fun of truth, that a clever evasion is received with merriment in the House of Commons, as something to be proud of on account of the skill required for framing a delphic reply, and because of the effect on the questioner, who is often made to look a fool and prevented by the antiquated rules of the House from obtaining the information he desires; if they perceive that the statesmen make a practice of deceiving them, it would seem but natural that patriotic men and women, who have England's good name at heart, would resent it. And if they do not resent it, they, after some time, lose faith in their leaders; they learn by degrees to think less of truth. It becomes natural for many to practise deceit, following the example of "their betters," and the moral standard of the whole nation suffers.

And what is the moral effect on the man himself who, whether from motives of patriotism or party, deceives the House of Commons and the nation? At first it must require an effort and leave a bitter taste in the mouth. But he gets used to it and the untruth falls glibly from his lip. Does he not learn to think lightly of truth, and may this not have saddening consequences should temptation come his way in his private life?

And what if his name does not appear in the usual list of honours?

Formerly, members of Parliament received bribes in their public capacity. That has passed away. Now they speak untruths in their public capacity. That will also pass away. It rests with the patriotic members of the House and the voters who love their country to accelerate the process.

It has been shown that there is still a larger scope for patriotic endeavour in this country. Let every English patriot concentrate his efforts on the removal of the spots that soil England's escutcheon. If in doubt what to do, let him look at a list of Charitable

Institutions.¹ It is noble work they are doing, but a patriot would sweep most of them away by removing the causes that make them necessary. Prevention is better than cure. Concentrated effort for what is but a short period in the life of a nation,—say, for twenty-five years, or even for only ten years, would produce remarkable results. At present it is a close race, England generally leading. After ten years' endeavour England would be first and "the rest nowhere." What a proud position to occupy. Let it be every patriot's one thought and effort to secure this position for England, to make her the fairest country to live in, as free from blemishes and imperfections as possible, containing the largest number of happy and contented beings. Other nations could not help but follow. The time of isolation is past. It is not an easy task and enthusiasm alone will not do it. It requires concentrated thought and the love of truth. When the reader next finds himself in a crowd, or in a drawing-room where one or two of those present have opinions of their own, let him think hard and consider how a true patriot should act and what an ego-patriot would do. A true patriot shuns everything that would sully the country's good name; he marches along the line of true progress and avoids what may cause suffering to those too weak to defend themselves. Brute force or cunning is no remedy, and as man becomes more enlightened it will be brought home to him that the fittest to survive and those that will finally survive are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Those statesmen who give no provocation; who by no act of aggression or usurpation engender envy and hatred; whose one endeavour is to see their country's name honoured (not feared) amongst the nations, as one whose policy is guided by pure motives, and not merely claiming to be actuated by such ideals; those statesmen, who not only profess noble sentiments but adhere to them in times of stress, they are the men who will be honoured as great patriots and their country will gain such influence in the council of nations that it will become all powerful.

¹ Let him, for instance, write to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 40 Leicester Square, London, W.C., for a list of their pamphlets.



APPENDIX.

A.—MARCELLUS AND FABIUS.

(p. 11.)

After the Romans had been defeated by Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, at Cannæ in 216 B.C., "Q. Fabius Maximus became for some years the virtual chief of Senate and People. He was already an old man; more than seventy summers had passed over his head. His disposition was so mild or so apathetic that he was known by the popular name of *Ovicula* or the Lamb. His abilities seem not to have been great. His merit was that he had the hardihood to avow that the Roman militia were no match for Hannibal's veterans" (an avowal an ego-patriot would never make), "and had the courage to act on his belief" (a thing an ego-patriot would never have the sense to do). "The cautious system which he had practised after the battle of Lake Trasimene had excited discontent; but the great defeat of Cannæ had most unhappily vindicated it. For some years it was rigorously carried out by commanders more skilful in war than Fabius himself. Of these coadjutors the ablest was unquestionably M. Claudius Marcellus, who was called the Sword of Rome, as Fabius was called the Shield. He also was past the middle age, being at this time more than fifty. In his first consulship he had distinguished himself by a brilliant victory over the Insubrian Gauls; and his name now stood high, for having given the first check to Hannibal in his career of victory. Marcellus was a true Roman soldier, prompt and bold in action, resolute in adversity, stern and unyielding in disposition, blunt and illiterate, yet not without touches of finer feeling, as was proved at the siege of Syracuse."

(From "History of Rome" by Henry G. Liddell, D.D., pp. 253-254.)

B.—EPAMINONDAS AND PELOPIDAS.

(p. 11.)

"The power of Sparta on land had now (379 B.C.) attained its greatest height. At sea she divided with Athens the empire of the smaller islands, whilst the larger ones seem to have been independent of both. She had now reached the turning point of her fortunes, and her successes, which had been earned without scruple, were soon to be followed by misfortunes and disgrace. The first blow came from Thebes, where she had perpetrated her most signal injustice. That city had been for three years in the hands of Leontiades and the Spartan party. During this time great discontent had grown up among the resident citizens; and there was also the party of exiles, who had taken refuge at Athens. Among these exiles was Pelopidas,

a young man of birth and fortune, who had already distinguished himself by his disinterested patriotism and ardent character. He applied a great part of his wealth to the relief of his indignant fellow-citizens, and gave such undivided attention to public affairs as to neglect the management of his own property.

Pelopidas took the lead in the plans now formed for the liberation of his country, and was the heart and soul of the enterprise. Rebuked by his friends on account of his carelessness, he replied that money was certainly useful to such as were lame and blind. His warm and generous heart was irresistibly attracted by everything great and noble; and hence he was led to form a close and intimate friendship with Epaminondas, who was several years older than himself and of a still loftier character. Their friendship is said to have originated in a campaign in which they served together, when Pelopidas having fallen in battle, apparently dead, Epaminondas protected his body at the imminent risk of his own life. Pelopidas afterwards endeavoured to persuade Epaminondas to share his riches with him; and when he did not succeed, he resolved to live on the same frugal fare as his friend. A secret correspondence was opened with his friends at Thebes, the chief of whom were Phyllidas, secretary to the polemarchs" (polemarchs were high officials in Sparta, Thebes, and other parts of Greece, who exercised both military and civil functions), "and Charon. Epaminondas was solicited to take part in the conspiracy; but, though he viewed the Lacedæmonian government with abhorrence, his principles forbade him to participate in a plot which was to be carried out by treachery and murder." (Epaminondas was evidently a real patriot).

"The dominant faction, besides the advantage of the actual possession of power, was supported by a garrison of 1500 Lacedæmonians. The enterprise, therefore, was one of considerable difficulty and danger. In the execution of it Phyllidas took a leading part. It was arranged that he should give a supper to Archias and Philippus, the two polemarchs, whose company was to be secured by the allurements of an introduction to some Theban women remarkable for their beauty. After they had partaken freely of wine, the conspirators were to complete their work by the assassination of the polemarchs. On the day before the banquet, Pelopidas, with six other exiles arrived at Thebes from Athens, and, straggling through the gates towards dusk in the disguise of rustics and huntsmen, arrived safely at the house of Charon, where they remained concealed till the appointed hour. . . . The hour of their fate was now ripe, and the polemarchs, flushed with wine, desired Phyllidas to introduce the women. The conspirators, disguised with veils, and in the ample folds of female attire, were ushered into the room. For men in the state of the revellers the deception was complete; but when they attempted to lift the veils from the women, their passion was rewarded by the mortal thrust of a dagger. . . . The news of the revolution soon spread abroad. Epaminondas, whose repugnance to these proceedings attached only

to their secret and treacherous character, now appeared accompanied by a few friends in arms." (He would not participate in a plot which was to be carried out by treachery and murder. He was, however, willing to benefit by it. The questions arise: was he right in doing so? and, does love of country ever justify treachery and murder?) "At Sparta itself it occasioned the greatest consternation. Although it was the depth of winter, the allied contingents were called out and an expedition undertaken against Thebes. . . . The Thebans had always been excellent soldiers; but their good fortune now gave them the greatest general that Greece had hitherto seen. Epaminondas, who now appears conspicuously in public life, deserves the reputation not merely of a Theban but of a Grecian hero. Sprung from a poor but ancient family, Epaminondas possessed all the best qualities of his nation without that heaviness, either of body or of mind, which characterised and deteriorated the Theban people. In the exercises of the gymnasium he aimed rather at feats of skill, than of mere corporeal strength. He excelled in music. . . . To these accomplishments he united the more intellectual study of philosophy. . . . A still rarer accomplishment for a Theban was that of eloquence, which he possessed in no ordinary degree. These intellectual qualities were matched with moral virtues worthy to consort with them. Though eloquent, he was discreet; though poor, he was neither avaricious nor corrupt; though naturally firm and courageous, he was averse to cruelty, violence, and bloodshed; though a patriot, he was a stranger to personal ambition, and scorned the little arts by which popularity is too often courted."¹

(From "History of Greece" by William Smith, LL.D., pp. 459-464.)

The last is a most remarkable sentence; surely it should read: "being a patriot, he was a stranger to personal ambition"?

C.—DANDOLO IN HELL.

(p. 14.)

"Although a hell of punishment for sinners has been regarded as so essential a part of Christianity that Justin Martyr declared that if there was no hell there was no God, and Chrysostom said that it is because God is good that he has prepared a hell, nevertheless the Christian hell is in no sense an original conception. It is merely an intensification of the later classic hell, which was itself a graft of Eastern origin. . . . Virgil's hell lasted a thousand years; the Christian hell endures for ever and ever. Pluto became transformed into Satan, the furies became demons. . . . Once damned, the agony of the sufferer is absolutely without hope. This eternity of unrelieved anguish and crushing despair is insisted upon with sickening

¹ To meet the expenses of this war the patriotic Athenians levied a tax on property.

reiteration by all theologians, with very few exceptions, until the latter half of last century. . . . Thomas Aquinas says: "That the saints may enjoy their beatitude and the grace of God more richly, a perfect sight of the punishment of the damned is granted them." "When thou art scorching in thy flames," wrote Christopher Love, "when thou art howling in thy torments, then God shall laugh, and his saints shall sing and rejoice, that His power and wrath are thus made known to thee." Bunyan, in his "World to Come," is no less emphatic: "The saints shall rejoice that we are damned, and God is glorified in our destruction." . . . The damnation of infants was held to be the logical consequence of the doctrine set forth by Paul in Romans v. 12, that through Adam's fall a burden of sin rested upon all men, dooming them, without exception, to eternal punishment. They could escape this dire decree only through baptism. St. Fulgentius (sixth century), in his treatise "De Fide" writes: "Be assured, and doubt not, that not only men who have obtained the use of their reason, but also little children who have begun to live in their mothers' womb and have there died, or who, having been just born, have passed away from the world without the holy baptism administered in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, must be punished by the eternal torture of undying fire. . . . The doctrine of the damnation of infants was by no means confined to the Roman Catholics. . . . The Puritans were, if possible, more extreme than the Catholics. . . . The Church of England forbids the ordinary office of burial to be used for an unbaptized infant."

The foregoing is from "The Christian Hell" by Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner, which book also contains extracts from various writers who seem to take a fiendish delight in describing with great ingenuity the various forms of inflictions which await the sinner in hell. On one point they all appear to agree. The torment is to last for ever and there is not to be a single second's interval. It is not stated whether "the devils who strike the sinful with glowing hammers without ceasing" work in three eight-hour shifts. The punishment is such as neither Dandolo nor any human being whatever crime he or she might commit would deserve. They must have been cruel, ignorant men who invented these disgusting horrors, and present disbelief in hell is a sign that we are advancing along the line of true progress. What would be thought of a man who held a dog's paw in a fire for only thirty seconds? And then imagine millions of little innocents, including the dear little doll-like children we see in the streets of China and Japan suffering the torments of hell for eternity. Whatever guilt our little friends across the seas may share in these days of wireless telegraphy and airships, at the time of Dandolo they could scarcely be held responsible for not having heard of the Christian rite; and as for the old hero himself, surely, it would have been sufficient punishment for him to behold the agonies of only one child in hell and that for not longer than. . . .

D.—THE BRONZE HORSES.

(p. 14.)

“While almost every Church throughout Christendom received a large accession to its reliquary from the translated bones of Saints and Confessors¹ scarcely one monument of ancient skill and taste was thought worthy of preservation for a similar purpose. The Venetians afford a solitary exception, in the removal from the Hippodrome of the four horses of gilt bronze which (except during the short interval of their transfer to Paris by Bonaparte, in a like exercise of a presumed right of conquest) have ever since crowned the western porch of the Basilica of St. Mark. Antiquaries appear to hesitate concerning the date and even the native country of these horses; for by some they have been assigned to the Roman school, and to the Age of Nero; by others to the Greeks of Chio, at a much earlier period. Though far from deserving a place among the choicest specimens of Art, their possession, if we may trust their most generally received history, has always been much coveted. Augustus, it is said, brought them from Alexandria, after his conquest of Antony, and erected them on a Triumphal Arch in Rome; hence they were successively removed by Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Constantine, to arches of their own; and in each of these positions, it is believed that they were attached to a chariot. Constantine, in the end, transferred them to his new capital. It may be added to their story, that when reconveyed to Venice by the Austrian Government, in 1815, the captain of the vessel selected for this honourable service claimed descent from the great Dandolo; and it is satisfactory to be told, that of all the works of art restored at that time to their rightful owners, these horses suffered least injury from travelling, because they had been taken down and packed by the English” (from “Sketches from Venetian History,” published by John Murray in 1844). Napoleon transferred them to Paris in 1797; they occupied the summit of the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel. A suitable sub-title for the history of these horses might be: “Fallen Among Thieves,” and, as Mark Twain observes, the people of Venice may well be proud of them seeing that they are the only horses they possess. Strange to say, in 1814 the Allies did not seem to contemplate the return of many of the art treasures collected by Napoleon.

¹ According to Giambattista Ramusio's (1485-1557) catalogue, the following formed part of the booty secured by the Venetians: a piece of the true cross; an arm of St. George; a part of the head of John Baptist; the bodies of Saints Lucia and Agatha, and of the holy Simeon; a phial containing the blood of our Saviour “which had flowed from a statue pierced by the Jews at Berytus.”

E.—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

(p. 14.)

“At the head of the Giant’s Staircase (leading up to the Ducal Palace in Venice) two small slits in the stone wall were pointed out—two harmless, insignificant orifices that would never attract a stranger’s attention—yet these were the terrible Lions’ Mouths! The heads were gone—knocked off by the French during their occupation of Venice—but these were the throats, down which went the anonymous accusation, thrust in secretly at dead of night by an enemy, that doomed many an innocent man to walk the Bridge of Sighs and descend into the dungeon which none entered and hoped to see the sun again. This was in the old days when the Patricians alone governed Venice—the common herd had no vote and no voice. There were one thousand five hundred Patricians; from these, three hundred Senators were chosen; from the Senators a Doge and a Council of Ten were selected, and by secret ballot the Ten chose from their own number a Council of Three. All these were government spies, then, and every spy was under surveillance himself—men spoke in whispers in Venice, and no man trusted his neighbour—not always his own brother. No man knew who the Council of Three were—not even the Senate, not even the Doge; the members of that dread tribunal met at night in a chamber to themselves, masked, and robed from head to foot in scarlet cloaks, and did not even know each other, unless by voice. It was their duty to judge heinous political crimes, and from their sentence there was no appeal. A nod to the executioner was sufficient. The doomed man was marched down a hall and out at a door-way into the covered Bridge of Sighs, through it and into the dungeon and unto his death. At no time in his transit was he visible to any save his conductor. If a man had an enemy in those old days, the cleverest thing he could do was to slip a note for the Council of Three into the Lion’s mouth, saying “This man is plotting against the Government.” If the awful Three found no proof, ten to one they would drown him anyhow, because he was a deep rascal, since his plots were unsolvable. Masked judges and masked executioners, with unlimited power, and no appeal from their judgments, in that hard, cruel age, were not likely to be lenient with men they suspected yet could not convict.

We walked through the hall of the Council of Ten, and presently entered the infernal den of the Council of Three.

The table around which they had sat was there still, and likewise the stations where the masked inquisitors and executioners formerly stood, frozen, upright and silent, till they received a bloody order, and then, without a word, moved off like the inexorable machines they were, to carry it out. The frescoes on the walls were startlingly suited to the place. In all the other saloons, the halls, the great state chambers of the palace, the walls and ceilings were bright with gilding, rich with elaborate carving, and resplendent with gallant pictures of Venetian

victories in war, and Venetian display in foreign courts, and hallowed with portraits of the Virgin, the Saviour of men, and the holy saints that preached the Gospel of Peace upon earth—but here in dismal contrast, were none but pictures of death and dreadful suffering!—not a living figure but was writhing in torture, not a dead one but was smeared with blood, gashed with wounds, and distorted with agonies that had taken away its life!

From the palace to the gloomy prison is but a step—one might almost jump across the narrow canal that intervenes. The ponderous stone Bridge of Sighs crosses it at the second story—a bridge that is a covered tunnel—you cannot be seen when you walk in it. It is partitioned lengthwise, and through one compartment walked such as bore light sentences in ancient times, and through the other marched sadly the wretches whom the Three had doomed to lingering misery and utter oblivion in the dungeons, or to sudden and mysterious death. Down below the level of the water, by the light of smoking torches, we were shown the damp, thick-walled cells, where many a proud patrician's life was eaten away by the longdrawn miseries of solitary imprisonment—without light, air, books; naked, unshaven, uncombed, covered with vermin; his useless tongue forgetting its office, with none to speak to; the days and nights of his life no longer marked, but merged into one eternal eventless night; far away from all cheerful sounds, buried in the silence of a tomb; forgotten by his helpless friends, and his fate a dark mystery to them forever; losing his memory at last, and knowing no more who he was or how he came there; devouring the loaf of bread and drinking the water that were thrust into the cell by unseen hands, and troubling his worn spirit no more with hopes and fears and doubts and longings to be free; ceasing to scratch vain prayers and complainings on walls where none, not even himself, could see them, and resigning himself to hopeless apathy, drivelling childishness, lunacy! Many and many a sorrowful story like this these stony walls could tell if they could but speak.

In a little narrow corridor, near by, they showed us where many a prisoner, after lying in dungeons until he was forgotten by all save his persecutors, was brought by masked executioners and garrotted, or sewed up in a sack, passed through a little window to a boat, at dead of night, and taken to some remote spot and drowned." (from "The Innocents Abroad" by Mark Twain).

How many innocent men must have suffered; how many widows and orphans must they have made; how much bloodshed could have been averted—if that wicked secrecy could have been done away with! Without doubt secrecy is a wicked thing, particularly when it places the fate of thousands in the hands of Three. Would they have acted thus if they had known the verdict of posterity?

F.—ALBIGENSIANS.

(p. 18.)

About the middle of the twelfth century, certain religious opinions, which it is not easy, nor for our present purpose, material, to define, but, upon every supposition, exceedingly adverse to those of the church, began to spread over Languedoc (the old southern province of Languedoc lay between Garonne and the Rhone). "Those who imbibed them have borne the name of Albigeois, though they were in no degree peculiar to the district of Albi. In despite of much preaching and some persecution, these errors made a continual progress; till Innocent III., in 1198, dispatched commissaries, the seed of the Inquisition, with ample powers to investigate and to chastise. Raymond VI., count of Toulouse, whether inclined towards the innovators, as was then the theme of reproach, or, as is more probable, disgusted with the insolent interference of the pope and his missionaries, provoked them to pronounce a sentence of excommunication against him. Though this was taken off, he was still suspected; and upon the assassination, in 1208, of one of the inquisitors, in which Raymond had no concern, Innocent published a crusade against the count and his subjects, calling upon the King of France, and the nobility of that Kingdom, to take up the cross with all the indulgences usually held out as allurements to religious warfare." (N.B.—In present times, in similar cases, Acts of Indemnity are passed.) "Though Philip would not interfere, a prodigious number of knights undertook this enterprise, led partly by ecclesiastics, and partly by some of the first barons in France. It was prosecuted with every atrocious barbarity which superstition could inspire. Languedoc, a country, for that age, flourishing and civilized, was laid waste by these desolators; her cities burned; her inhabitants swept away by fire and the sword." (From "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," by Henry Hallam, LL.D., F.R.A.S.)

G.—JEREMY BENTHAM.

(p. 27.)

"It ought also to be noted that, although he erred in the exuberance and uncouthness of his terminology, his newly-coined words and phrases are often very felicitous, and that he has enriched the English language with such terms as "international," "utilitarian," "codify" and "codification," "maximize" and "minimize," etc. He himself has told us that his earliest recollection was of "the pain of sympathy." That is very significant, presaging the future champion of the downtrodden and the suffering, the friend of the lower animals as well as of men. . . . It stands to Bentham's credit also that he was extremely fond of the lower animals, inveighed against cruelty to them, and advocated legislation on their behalf. Needless to say, Bentham fully sympathised with

Howard and his herculean efforts at prison reform. (Extract from "Political Thought in England: the Utilitarians from Bentham to J. S. Mill," by William L. Davidson, M.A., LL.D).

H.—JONAS HANWAY.

(p. 46.)

English philanthropist and traveller, a native of Portsmouth, who was a merchant successively in Lisbon, London, and St. Petersburg, and distinguished himself by a venturesome caravan ride into Persia (1743—5). After his return (1750) to London he spent his time chiefly in bettering the condition of chimney sweeps, pauper infants, Magdalen asylums, etc., and advocating Sunday schools. He was also co-founder of the Marine Society (1756). He was the first man who regularly carried an umbrella in London. His zeal in attacking the use of tea brought down rebukes from Johnson and Goldsmith. (From Nelson's Encyclopædia.)

I.—THE EMPLOYMENT OF RED INDIANS.

(p. 61.)

Chatham, of course, was not the only one who spoke against their employment. Nearly all the great Englishmen of that period proved themselves patriots in the best and only sense of the word. Burke rightly objected to the charge for scalping-knives appearing in the army estimates. The speech delivered in the House of Commons on the 18th November, 1777, by George Johnstone, formerly Governor of West Florida, is of interest, not so much on account of this protest against the use of Indians, but because of his condemnation of the proposed starvation policy:—

"I have read, Sir, a late Proclamation of that Great General and Preacher, Mr. Burgoyne, which is shocking to a civilized and generous nation. As a state paper it disgraces our country. The Imperial Court have often employed many kind of irregular troops, Croats, Pandours, and Hussars, but their names disgrace no public act. If they plunder, they do not torture. The pious Preacher, Mr. Burgoyne, complains of this froward and stubborn generation; and at the very moment of mentioning his consciousness of Christianity, displays a spirit of cruelty renougnant to every principle of humanity. He boasts that he will give stretch to the Indian forces under his direction, and they amount to thousands. Merciful Heaven! Thousands of Indian savages let loose by the command of a British General against our brethren in America! Human nature shrinks back from such a scene. At his heels, leasht in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire, crouch for employment. Mr. Burgoyne's feelings as a man, I fear, will not hereinafter be as universally acknowledged as the military talents of the great General. In the present case I have that pity for him and his employers

which they have not shown to others. What, Sir, has been, and continues, the conduct of the Indian savages in war? Is it not to exercise the most wanton cruelties on their enemies, without distinction of age and sex? The conduct of this war goes on a par with its principles. Has the feeble old man, the helpless infant, the defenceless female, ever experienced the tender mercies of an Indian savage? He drinks the blood of his enemy, and his favourite repast is on human flesh. Is a stretch given to thousands of these cannibals by command, in a public manifesto of one of the King's Generals? I am bold, Sir, to declare, that such orders are unworthy the General of any Christian King. They are only becoming a Jewish Priest to a Jewish King, a Samuel to a Saul, in the most bloody and barbarous of all histories, the History of the Jewish Nation. The orders of the Jewish Priests were, now go and smite the Amalekites, and destroy all they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, ox and sheep, camel and ass. General Burgoyne threatens the Americans with all the vengeance of the State, not its justice, that the messenger of wrath will meet them in the field, devastation, and famine, and every concomitant horror. Not the sword of even-handed justice falling on the head of the bold rebel, but the savage horrors of the tomahawk, from the thousands of Indians under his direction, on the innocent women and children. I remember, Sir, an honourable Gentleman (Lord Advocate of Scotland) whom I see in his place, a Gentleman very high in the Law, not only humanely proposing, according to ideas, and in the language of his own country, but dwelling with rapture on what he classically called a Starvation Bill for the poor Americans. I rely, however, Sir, on the spirit of the Americans, that they will neither suffer the fate of the Amalekites, nor retaliate the attempt on the savages of Europe." (From "The Beauties of the British Senate," printed for John Stockdale, opposite Burlington House, Piccadilly, 1784.)

J.—THE SLAVE TRADE.

(p. 66.)

"In this year (1783) certain underwriters desired to be heard against Gregson and others of Liverpool, in the case of the ship *Zong*, captain Collingwood, alleging that the captain and officers of the said vessel, threw overboard one hundred and thirty-two slaves alive into the sea, in order to defraud them, by claiming the value of the said slaves, as if they had been lost in a natural way. In the course of the trial, which afterwards came on, it appeared, that the slaves on board the *Zong* were very sickly; that sixty of them had already died; and several were ill and likely to die, when the captain proposed to James Kelsall, the mate, and others, to throw several of them overboard, stating "that if they died a natural death, the loss would fall upon the owners of the ship, but that, if

they were thrown into the sea, it would fall upon the underwriters." He selected accordingly, one hundred and thirty-two of the most sickly of the slaves. Fifty-four of these were immediately thrown overboard, and forty-two were made to be partakers of their fate on the succeeding day. In the course of three days afterwards the remaining twenty-six were brought upon deck to complete the number of victims. The first sixteen submitted to be thrown into the sea; but the rest, with a noble resolution, would not suffer the officers to touch them, but leaped after their companions and shared their fate."

"In the vessel of twenty-five tons, the length of the upper part of the hold, or roof, of the room, where the seventy slaves were to be stowed, was but little better than ten yards, or thirty-one feet. The greatest breadth of the bottom, or floor was ten feet four inches, and the least five. Hence, a grown person must sit down all the voyage, and contract his limbs within the narrow limits of three square feet. In the vessel of eleven tons, the length of the room for the thirty slaves was twenty-two feet. The greatest breadth of the floor was eight, and the least four. The whole height from the keel to the beam was but five feet eight inches, three feet of which were occupied by ballast, cargo and provisions, so that two feet eight inches remained only as the height between the decks. Hence, each slave would have only four square feet to sit in, and, when in this posture, his head, if he were a full-grown person, would touch the ceiling or upper deck." (These vessels were specially built for the slave traffic.)

"The circumstance took place after the arrival of the same vessel ("The Little Pearl"), at St. Vincents. There was a boy-slave on board, who was very ill and emaciated. The mate did not choose to expose him to sale with the rest, lest the small sum he would fetch in that situation should lower the average price, and thus bring down the value of the privileges of the officers of the ship. The boy was on board, and no provisions allowed him. The mate had suggested the propriety of throwing him overboard, but no one would do it. On the ninth day he expired, having never been allowed any sustenance during that time." (Officers were allowed the privilege of one or more slaves, according to their rank. After the sale, the sum total fetched was divided by the number of slaves sold, the average price of each slave thus being arrived at; the officers receiving the equivalent in cash).

The foregoing are three extracts from "The History of the Rise, Progress and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the African Slave-Trade by the British Parliament," by Thomas Clarkson, M.A., published in 1803.

Thomas Clarkson (1760-1846) is one of that host of great Englishmen, whose efforts have contributed so much to the progress of the human race; who have brought it about that what to one generation seemed an everyday sort of occurrence was regarded with horror and disgust, and that rightly so, by

the one that followed; one of those dauntless Englishmen, who when they come across an abuse resolve to remove it, cost what it may; who when they see a wrong set out single-handed to right it; who though fully aware what it will mean to meet the supineness and often concealed opposition of the Government, to contend against the active hostility of the vested interests and to struggle against that sluggish mass of inertia, the cause of so much disappointment, otherwise public opinion, satisfied with things as they are and often opposed to the removal of a custom, bad and cruel though it may be, because it is English,—who though fully aware of the obstacles they will have to overcome and the heart-breaking delays they will have to experience, never rest and never falter till their task is achieved and England, their England, is made a better and a freer country to live in.

Does England honour these heroes sufficiently? Where are the statues she has erected to the memory of these patriots? As long as their names are cherished in the hearts of their countrymen, they require no memorials in brass or stone.

The following extract shows that Clarkson fully realised what was in front of him:—"The first place I resolved to visit was Bristol. Accordingly I directed my course thither. On turning a corner, within about a mile of that city, at about eight in the evening, I came within sight of it. The weather was rather hazy, which occasioned it to look of unusual dimensions. The bells of some of the churches were then ringing; the sound of them did not strike me till I had turned the corner before mentioned, when it came upon me at once. It filled me almost directly with a melancholy for which I could not account. I began now to tremble, for the first time, at the arduous task I had undertaken, of attempting to subvert one of the branches of the commerce of the great place which was then before me. I began to think of the host of people I should have to encounter in it. I anticipated much persecution in it also; and I questioned whether I should even get out of it alive.¹ But in journeying on, I became more calm and composed. My spirits began to return. In these latter moments I considered my first feelings as useful, inasmuch as they impressed upon me the necessity of extraordinary courage and activity, and perseverance, and of watchfulness, also, over my own conduct, that I might not throw any stain upon the cause I had undertaken. When, therefore, I entered the city, I entered it with an undaunted spirit, determining that no labour should make me shrink, nor danger, nor even persecution, deter me from my pursuit." (Vol. I., pp. 293-94). On page 524 of the same volume Clarkson writes: "It was supposed by some that there was a moment in which, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer (i.e., Pitt) had moved for an immediate abolition of the Trade, he would have carried it that night (9th May, 1788); and both he and others, who professed an attachment to the cause, were censured for

¹ An attempt was made by some of the slave-captains to drown Clarkson.

not having taken a due advantage of the disposition which was so apparent." Clarkson himself does not blame Pitt as the commission appointed by the government had not yet reported. Pitt died on the 23rd of January, 1806, that is nearly eighteen years later, and still the slave-trade flourished.

"It appears that there is also great suffering when these poor victims are conveyed to the coast, by the rivers. Falconbridge" (Alexander Falconbridge was a medical man whom force of circumstances compelled to sail on one or two of the slave-boats. Clarkson met him during his visit to Bristol), "says, 'While I was on the coast, during one of the voyages I made, the black traders brought down in different canoes from 1200 to 1500 negroes, which had been purchased'—(The Slave-trade, i.e., the greed of the whites, induced various tribes who had previously lived peacefully together to attack each other)—'at one fair.' They consisted of all ages. Women sometimes form a part of them, who happen to be so far advanced in their pregnancy, as to be delivered during their journey from the fairs to the coast. And there is not the least room to doubt, but that, even before they can reach the fairs, great numbers perish from cruel usage, want of food, travelling through inhospitable deserts, etc. They are brought down in canoes, at the bottom of which they lie, having their hands tied, and a strict watch being kept over them. Their allowance of food is so scanty as barely to support nature. They are, besides, much exposed to the violent rains which frequently fall here, being covered only with mats that afford but a slight defence; and, as there is usually water at the bottom of the canoes from leaking, they are scarcely ever dry."

"We have a faithful description of the miseries of the middle passage" (i.e., the passage from Africa to America), "from the pen of an eye-witness, Mr. Falconbridge. His account refers to a period antecedent to 1790. He tells us that 'The men negroes, on being brought aboard ship are immediately fastened together, two and two, by handcuffs on their wrists, and by irons riveted on their legs. They are frequently stowed so close as to admit of no other posture than lying on their sides. Neither will the height between decks, unless directly under the grating, permit them the indulgence of an erect posture, especially where there are platforms, which is generally the case. The platforms are a kind of shelf, about eight or nine feet in breadth, extending from the side of the ship towards the centre. They are placed nearly midway between the decks, at the distance of two or three feet from each deck. Upon these the negroes are stowed in the same manner as they are on the deck underneath. . . . Upon the negroes refusing to take sustenance, I have seen coals of fire, glowing hot, put on a shovel, and placed so near their lips as to scorch and burn them, and this has been accompanied with threats of forcing them to swallow the coals, if they any longer persisted in refusing to eat. These means have generally the desired effect.' Falconbridge then tells us that the negroes are sometimes compelled to dance and

sing, and that, if any reluctance is exhibited, the cat-o'-nine-tails is employed to enforce obedience." (This was done for the sake of exercise. Witnesses who appeared before the Commission on behalf of the respectable traders and merchants, and others financially interested in the trade, swore that they had seen the merry blacks dance and sing, evidently having the time of their lives after their liberation from some cruel native king. Others said, we should think of their souls, as without the slave trade they would have remained ignorant of the blessings of the Christian religion). "He goes on to mention the unbounded licence given to the officers and crew of the slavers, as regards the women. . . . 'But,' he continues, 'the hardship and inconveniences suffered by the negroes during the passage are scarcely to be enumerated or conceived. They are far more violently affected by the sea-sickness than the Europeans. It frequently terminates in death. The exclusion of the fresh air is among the most intolerable. Most ships have air-ports; but whenever the sea is rough and the rain heavy, it becomes necessary to shut these and every other conveyance by which air is admitted. The fresh air being excluded, the negroes' rooms very soon grow intolerably hot. The confined air, rendered noxious by the effluvia exhaled from their bodies, and by being repeatedly breathed, soon produces fevers and fluxes' (a kind of dysentery) 'which generally carry off great numbers of them. . . . But the excessive heat was not the only thing that rendered their situation intolerable. The deck, that is, the floor of their rooms, was so covered with the blood and mucus which had proceeded from them in consequence of the flux, that it resembled a slaughterhouse.' . . . He proceeds to notice the case of a Liverpool vessel which took on board at Bonny River nearly 700 slaves (more than three to each ton) and Falconbridge says: 'By purchasing so great a number, the slaves were so crowded, that they were even obliged to lie one upon another. This occasioned such a mortality among them, that, without meeting with unusually bad weather, or having a longer voyage than common, nearly one-half of them died before the ship arrived in the West Indies.' He then describes the treatment of the sick as follows: 'The place allotted for the sick negroes is under the half-deck, where they lie on the bare plank. By this means, those who are emaciated frequently have their skin, and even their flesh, entirely rubbed off, by the motion of the ship, from the prominent parts of the shoulders, elbows, and hips, so as to render the bones in those parts quite bare. The excruciating pain which the poor sufferers feel from being obliged to continue in so dreadful a situation, frequently for several weeks, in case they happen to live so long, is not to be conceived or described.'"

The foregoing are extracts taken from "The African Slave Trade and Its Remedy" by Thomas Fowell Buxton, published in 1840.

Mr. Buxton also quotes a speech by Mr. Pitt: "Some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret; we may live to behold

the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, and in the pursuit of a just and legitimate commerce; we may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which, at some happier period, in still later times, may blaze with full lustre, and, joining their influence to that of Pure Religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent."

What is the object of these beautiful imageries, these per-fervid perorations, when nothing is done? Is such a speaker sincere? Perhaps he is carried away by his own flow of language, his endeavour to calm and soothe the public mind, having the effect of a sleeping draft on the orator himself, which would, of course, account for the subsequent inactivity.

Those slavers sailed under the British flag; and, whatever we may think of Pitt who, after all, died for England, every patriot will execrate the authors of that disgrace—the statesmen responsible for the peace treaty of Utrecht, signed in 1713—who obtained for their country what Mr. Edward E. Morris, M.A., of Lincoln College, Oxford, joint editor of "Epochs of Modern History," calls in his "The Age of Anne," the privilege of importing negro slaves into America,¹ a privilege previously enjoyed by France. Let their names be forgotten, and let England be saved from such privileges.

What right have a few men seated round a table, to dispose in arbitrary manner of their fellow-creatures—transferring them against their will from one country to another? On what moral authority do they base their claim to treat men, women, and children as cattle?

Whom do we and whom will posterity consider the greater patriots, Clarkson and his friends, his "coadjutors," who removed the stain from the Union Jack, or the men who by their peace-treaty soiled that emblem of liberty?

One is tempted to ask, how many white bodies, dead and decaying on the battlefields, should be taken as a fair proportion of the price paid for securing the privilege of shipping those more or less dying black bodies across the bright blue sea.

And the self-respecting white feels, when meeting a member of the coloured races from the Dark Continent, that he owes him an apology.

And the patriot feels that to make such peace terms is an insult to the dead, who laid down their lives for their country's glory.

K.—PATRIOTS AND ANIMALS.

(p. 79.)

"I know that the world, the great big world
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault
But will shout for the dog on top.

¹ Known as the Assiento contract.

But for me, I shall never pause to ask
 Which dog may be in the right;
 For my heart will beat, while it beats at all
 For the under dog in the fight."

(From Walsh's Literary Curiosities).

The multitude generally applauds the man on top; and it is a regrettable fact that the men at the top, as a rule, have a great fellow-feeling for other men who are on top, however blood-stained their hands may be.

"From Shakespeare down to the present time, practically every great and familiar name in our literature has been associated with advocacy of the claims of animals and pleas for their kindly and protective treatment. The list includes: Dr. Johnson, Shelley, Oliver Goldsmith, Milton, Dryden, Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Ruskin, Tennyson, Pope, Cowper, Keble, Wordsworth, Southey, Blake, Edwin Arnold, Lewis Morris, Robert Buchanan, Browning and his wife, Thomas Hardy, Carlyle, S. T. Coleridge, John Morley, James Payn, Wilkie Collins, Marie Corelli, Sarah Grand, Professor Freeman, Alfred Russel Wallace, William Watson, Bernard Shaw, Jerome K. Jerome, and others. Nor must we forget those of other countries who have associated themselves with this brilliant company, Wagner, whose centenary we have just celebrated; Ouida, whose heart burned with indignation at the suffering inflicted on animals; Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Voltaire and Pierre Loti of the great Latin race which has so enriched literature and philosophy; while Maeterlinck has brought his country (Belgium) into the list of the nations whose literary sons and daughters have pleaded the cause of the oppressed; and Tolstoy has done the same for Russia.

Nor should I care to forget what those of Anglo-Saxon ancestry in the United States have wrought in this matter, to mention only Longfellow, Mark Twain, R. W. Emerson, Walt Whitman, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Myrtle Reed. Nor, in this connection, would I be disposed to omit the powerful appeals for the animals made by that sturdy publicist, Robert Ingersoll."

The foregoing is from the preface, written by Sidney Trist, to "The Under Dog," a book that every lover of animals and every lover of his country should possess. Surely, it is a deed worthy of a patriot to remove a stain from his country, a stain which as yet soils all countries, the cruel treatment of defenceless creatures. Being defenceless, it is the deed of a coward and egotist. The first chapter in the book deals with what was known as the "Belgian" horse-traffic. A friend of the writer from Charleroi in Belgium, expressed his surprise that Englishmen who professed such love of horses should leave their faithful friends and servants to such a cruel fate in their old age; and after all the profit was not so very great.

Sir Thomas More, truly a patriot if there ever was one, wrote in his "Utopia," published in 1516, as follows: "Nor can they

(i.e., the model citizens) comprehend the pleasure of seeing dogs run after a hare than of seeing one dog run after another; for if seeing them run is that which gives the pleasure, you have the same entertainment to the eye on both these occasions, since that is the same in both cases; but if the pleasure lies in seeing the hare killed and torn by the dogs, this ought rather to stir pity, that a weak, harmless and fearful hare should be devoured by strong, fierce, and cruel dogs."

That was over four hundred years ago and still the hare and other harmless creatures are being chased. How much better would mankind have been employed if they had used the time to chase the ape and the tiger out of their blood.

And if Sir Thomas could return to this world would he not be pleased to see what a beautiful Utopia we have made of it!

As one of the animal's best friends we must name another "More," J. Howard Moore, late Instructor in Zoology, Crane Manual Training High School, Chicago, author of "Better-World Philosophy," "The Logic of Humanitarianism," "Ethics and Education," "The Ethics of School Life," "The New Ethics," "Savage Survivals," and "The Universal Kinship," the last being probably the best book ever written on behalf of our friends and protégés, the animals. America should be proud of such a son.

L.—SIDMOUTH.

(p. 81.)

"There was one danger from which the trade unionists of the industrial districts were rarely free, the danger of the serpent in their councils. The arts by which Castles, Oliver, and Edwards won their reluctant fame were the arts by which many of their contemporaries earned their living. The use of spies was common in all times of popular excitement or upper-class panic, and in some parts in the North and Midlands they became part of the normal machinery of the law. Bills for spies are for many years a regular feature of the Home Office papers. Spies were employed by the Home Office itself, by some of the officers commanding in the industrial districts, and by several of the more active magistrates or their clerks. . . . This system was in force in the industrial districts long before the Luddite disturbances, for Bolton Fletcher (i.e., Colonel Fletcher of Bolton, magistrate) sent up a bill for £123 in 1805, his agents being used on that occasion to watch a Weavers' Combination. As spies had to justify themselves and to encourage the authorities to continue their employment, their trade was rather that of the artist than of the detective. If they had relied for their living on their observations, they would soon have starved. . . . Five men were transported in 1813 on the unsupported evidence of a spy, and a spy with a particularly scandalous past." (Ex-convicts were employed). "Spies were well paid. . . There was no influence at the Home Office checking this abuse

until Peel became Home Secretary. He extinguished one promising career in espionage, and had he gone to the Home Office some years earlier, the adventures of Oliver would have followed a different course." (Sir Robert Peel, that noble patriot who gave his hungry countrymen the cheap loaf, was Home Secretary from January, 1822, to April, 1827, and again from January, 1828, to November, 1830. In 1829 he gave us the Police Force). The foregoing are extracts from "The Town Labourer" by J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond.

Let every patriot read this book and its companion volume, "The Village Labourer." They will help him to understand the cause of the class hatred which is so bitter at times and which may at any moment flare up again and cause infinite harm to the country he loves. He will learn that the working-classes lived under impossible conditions at the beginning of last century, and that the middle-classes, consisting then, as they do now, to the greater part of well-intentioned, kindhearted men and women, considered those conditions natural, as much as they shock us now. May it not be possible that in another hundred years the average middle-class man and woman will feel, in their turn, astonished that the working classes should ever have consented to live under the conditions they do now?

"The truth was, a number of spies in the pay of the Government, with the notorious Oliver at their head, were traversing the manufacturing districts of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire and Lancashire, to stimulate the suffering population into open insurrection, that they might be crushed by the military. Bamford (Samuel Bamford, who wrote "Early Days and Passages in the Life of a Radical") and the more enlightened workmen at once saw through the snare and not only repulsed the tempters, but warned their fellows against their arts. The failure of the first design, however, did not put an end to the diabolical attempt on the part of the spies. They recommended that another night attack should be prepared for Manchester, and that Ministers should be assassinated. Such proposals were again made to Bamford and his friends, but they not only indignantly repelled them, but sought safety for their own persons in concealment, for continual seizures of leading Reformers were now made.

Disappointed in this quarter, the odious race of incendiary spies of the Government tried their arts in duping some individuals in Yorkshire, and many more in Derbyshire. That the principal Government spy, Oliver, was busily engaged in this work of stirring up the ignorant and suffering population to open insurrection from the 17th of April to the 7th of June (1817) when such an outbreak took place in Derbyshire, we have the most complete evidence. It then came out, from a servant of Sir John Byng, commander of the forces in that district, that Oliver had previously been in communication with Sir John, and no doubt obtained his immediate liberation from him on the safe netting of his nine victims. In fact in a letter from Sir John Byng (then Lord Strafford), in 1846, to the Dean of

Norwich, he candidly admits that he had received orders from Lord Sidmouth to assist the operations of Oliver. . . . Here, as well as from other sources, we are assured that Oliver only received authority to collect information of the proceedings of the conspirators, and by no means to incite them to illegal acts. . . . All this has been industriously put forward to excuse Ministers, but what are the facts? We find Oliver not only—according to evidence which came out on the trials of the unfortunate dupes at Derby—directly stimulating the simple people to insurrection, but joining in deluding them into the persuasion that all London was ready to rise. . . . In Derbyshire the insurrection actually took place. . . . Such were the means employed by the British Government in 1817 to quiet the country under its distress—a distress the inevitable result of the long and stupendous war. The only idea was to tighten the reins of Government—to stimulate the sufferers into overt acts, and then crush them. Fortunately, with the exception of the Derby juries, the juries in general saw through the miserable farce of rebellion, and discharged the greater part of Oliver's and Lord Sidmouth's victims." (From Cassell's Illustrated History of England, Vol. V.)

M.—WILBERFORCE.

(p. 81.)

"Wilberforce's point of view was quite different from that of Romilly, or Bennet or Sheridan. When it was proposed to suspend the Habeas Corpus, or to give arbitrary powers over the lives of the working classes to magistrates, they asked themselves whether such measures would not lead to the gross oppression of poor and defenceless people. Each of them had known such cases and brought them to light. Wilberforce asked himself a totally different question. He asked himself whether the Christian religion and the social order would not suffer if men whose principles and outlook he held in horror were allowed to write and speak as they liked. His answer to this question led him to support authority under all circumstances. Before the French Revolution he had been afraid of liberty of speech; after it he thought discipline the supreme need of the poor. In that cause inhumanity might become a duty. Wilberforce and some of his friends prosecuted a small bookseller for selling Paine's "Age of Reason." The wretched culprit was found starving in a garret, his children ill with small-pox, and Erskine, the prosecuting counsel, made a strong appeal for mercy. But Wilberforce boasts in his diary that he and his fellow-Christians stood firm, and insisted on the ruin of the man and his home. During the debates of 1817 on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, Burdett put a pointed question to him. He showed that persons were thrown into prison without trial, that they were kept there for years in solitary confinement, and that they were forbidden any communication with the outside world. He

reminded Wilberforce of the saying of Christ, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not," and he asked what a Christian was to think of those who not only did not visit the prisoner themselves, but would not allow others to visit him. Wilberforce replied that religion had taught him to value the blessings which the country enjoyed, and to hand them down to posterity unimpaired." (From "The Town Labourer.")

For us the question arises: "Was it the act of a patriot to thus treat his countrymen, and, what is of even more importance, by letting injustice and oppression prevail, to soil his country's reputation?"

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