The Philosophy of War.

James Ram.

One Shilling.

THE

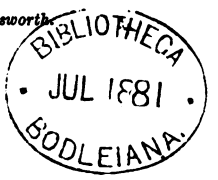
PHILOSOPHY OF WAR.

BY

JAMES RAM.

"But THY most dreaded instrument,
"In working out a pure intent,
"Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter:
"Yea; Carnage is Thy daughter."

Wordsworth.



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'YIELD THYSELF TO AN ARGUMENT AS TO A PHYSICIAN."

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PREFACE.

THE most contented theories are prevalent among men in regard to conflicts between races. A divine hand is said to have been constantly shown in past times in the transference of empire from one nation to another by war, in the territorial substitution of one tribe for another by war, and generally in the carrying out of superhuman designs through the same agency: and such sayings meet with full acceptance on the part of the most pious and humane of mankind.

This little book is an attempt at a logical application of nalogous modes of explanation and feeling to present and future wars.

An author who, on his first appearance, ventures, by vindicating war in the abstract, to confront the universal popular feeling against it, owes some deference to the reader whose sentiment he is about to assail in making the assertion that it is of set purpose that the earth is "filléd with violence."

The writer would therefore explain that he has not written this little work with a light heart, or to make for himself the rôle of a depreciator of human suffering. On the contrary, the book is the outcome of a submissive effort to search for the logical rationale of the bloodshed which pervades the whole animal kingdom, and which presents no exception in the case of man himself.

The misery of human war is but one tiny affluent to the great ocean of earthly suffering. As, everyday, the tidal wave of the sea never ceases to make the circuit of the earth, and twice in the twenty-four hours wells up upon our shores: so, when the phase arrives which brings to all created things the hour of hunger, a wave of bloodshed passes across the lands. Sunrise carries with it, as it travels round the globe, a tide of carnage at the need of those which seek their prey by day, and sunset inaugurates a reign of terror and of slaughter at the arousing of those which seek their prey by night. The poet says; "These wait all upon Thee, that thou mayest give them

their meat in due season;" and (excepting the few herbivora) this meat is the blood of others. If all the dumb things which perish by tooth and claw at every instant, under violent injuries of "the bloody house of life"—injuries to the full as fearful as any which befall a soldier on the field of battle—if all these dumb things could find voice and make their cry heard, it would indefinitely transcend the lament of separate human suffering.

The point to be taken to heart is this:—that the animals which subsist thus cruelly have been pronounced to be "all very good." At any rate, those who repudiate the Inspiration of Genesis have not taken up their parable to say:—these creatures are all very bad. What is more; the great majority of birds, beasts, fishes, insects, must either follow out daily their given instincts of ravin, or must simply perish of starvation, and thus render futile the intent and the work in which they originated: and unless creative power and purpose are to be discarded from our theory of life, there must appear to us to be necessarily involved in this perpetual carnage, some thing, some result, positively in accord with a supernatural sanction.

In the presence of this universal devastation of beings which share with us the breath of life, is it possible for us to be *quite sure* that to be chary of suffering, even that of mankind, is more rightly looked upon as an attribute of Creative Intelligence than an unsparing expenditure or suppression of aught, even human, whose use or waste may form an item in the accomplishment of systematic results? Is not the belief in such chariness a piece, on our part, of too hopeful anthropomorphism? Is it certain that individual conservation, and not type elevation, is the real or the worthier object of Creation? When we emphasize human suffering as suffering *par excellence*, can we be sure that man has not grown, and has not been meant to grow, to his present estate from a parentage of brute-like character by means of continuous war among his proto-types?

It would be something to find a logical interpretation of the bloodshed practically enforced in their very structure, as a means of subsistence, upon the great majority of creatures, a habit countenanced from end to end of the Bible, from Genesis i. to Revelation xix., and not least so under the head of human warfare. It would be something to show that a great method and intent underlie and prescribe the slaughter which forms so large a part of the history of man. The doctrines of Evolution, Natural Selection, and Survival of the fittest show how plans for the improvement of the human race, as a race, may have been and may still be, worked out by the process of frequent warfare. Like Achilles on the one side, and Hector on the other, the finest specimens may oft-times perish, but the finer race is always victorious, as the Greeks over the Trojans.

This exposition of the course of man's elevation in the scale of being will commend itself to those who prefer to regard him as a quasi-gorilla with a genius for advancement (still speaking of him as a type, and not as an individual,) rather than as a blemished angel with a shabby-genteel, known-better-days sort of pedigree.

Man has ceased to be, as he once was, altogether objective in mind and unconscious of himself, and he becomes every-day more and more subjective in temperament and more deeply impressed with self-conscious interest in the great questions; whence, and why, and what he is, and whither he is tending. He is now come to a point at which his knowledge of himself, of his heredity, and of his environment, compels him to relinquish both the notion of finality in creation, and that of his own supreme importance among created things, and enables him, taking his inspiration from what he observes of Creative Power, to react, of purpose prepense, upon the conditions of his existence, and to take humbly a discerning part, by judicious race culture and race extension, in the work of developmental creation.

Hence arise the suggestions in this book that man should give to war a high place in his thoughts, as a friend to his

type, and not an enemy to present culture, or to aspirations for the future improvement of human life:—suggestions that war should be regarded as a professed national cultus and a sacrifice of ourselves to objects higher than our own immediate material welfare.

The author would gladly have flattered himself, if he could, that this book is only the explanation, and not the apology of war. It has been the very intensity of his sympathy for human and for brute suffering that has led him, [himself a Vegetarian,] to devote his thoughts to the subject of bloodshed at large, and to seek to learn wherein lies the direful necessity for so much waste and misery as exist in nature's works.

An abhorrent yet reverent wonder at the sad conditions of the world, and a logical need to bring his mind into line with these phenomena and to investigate their solidarity with the theory of a Benign Intention running through all, are the motives which have urged him to afficher so grim a justification as follows of the prevalence of war.

He writes in the interest of truth. There are plenty of people to preach Hope and Comfort, but not all the truth in the world will induce men who love chiefly mental complacency to preach Despair. Yet a wholesome and resolute despair, [an objective despair, and not a subjective despondency,] is the very first stage towards making ourselves acquainted with the true conditions of life, and ascertaining the real value for good of those conditions.

Even Devils have been fabled to scorn delusive comfort, and shall Man accept it to his prejudice?

*** Extracts from Reviews of this work will be found at the end.

With reference to so much of it as treats of recent politics it may be mentioned that it was written before the announcement of the Anglo-Turkish Convention.

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Upper Norwood,
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THE PHILOSOPHY OF WAR.

A great question of the age is "Peace or War?" and I am anxious to gain a hearing for views of war which strike me as being more philosophic than those which ordinarily prevail.

A work written in favour, not of any particular war, as being politically or morally justifiable; but of war in the abstract, may not be popular, but there is much in nature to warrant the attempt to write it.

We hear a great deal of the "horrors of war," and among those who most deplore them are some men candid enough to own that war brings incidentally in its train many not inconsiderable blessings,—blessings, however,

accounted by them as of far less weight than the accompanying evils.

But observation of the ways of nature, ways long accepted among us as beyond our criticism, has led me to the conclusion that war, in a certain due degree, should be regarded as one of the good things of the world; and that it is its so-called evils (undeniable evils, in a certain sense) which should be regarded as incidental, and as being of less moment than the good which it effects.

I desire, in effect, to propound the doctrine that war in its naked proportions—I will not say, its naked deformity—is of a piece with operations of nature which men are wont to refer to a benign origin, and that the object of thoughtful men should be to refine rather than to abolish it, even if that were possible.

Is then war analogous to the operations of Nature? I ought rather to have said, to the *other* operations of nature; for all art is but

the highest expression of nature, and all human arts and actions are as much the outcome of nature as any processes of the physical world.

But before I proceed further with a work involving the statement that war is an authorised agency, a recognised method of procedure on the part of Nature, let me explain; in order that I may not be accused of framing an impious indictment against the Source of Light and Life; what it is that I mean by nature.

Being about to write of Nature as warranting human war, I must emphatically guard myself against being supposed to have any irreverent meaning when I set Nature before my readers in the light in which she appears to me.

By Nature I do not mean that Creator beyond our conceptions, whom to seek imparts a blessed grace in the days of youth, and whom to have sought without finding sheds a sorrow over old age,—a sorrow not altogether

unblessed if the search have been in earnest. But I do mean that mingled system of good and less good (or, as we call it, good and evil) working together, which we see in operation among all living things upon this earth.

This co-existence of good and evil is the great and sad puzzle of the world—of those, at least, among us who have not learned that good and evil are but different degrees of the same thing, and are in fact only relative terms; and that, as every material object, however cold to our sensations, has still some measure of heat in it (heat and cold being but varying amounts of the same condition) and as nothing can be reduced, by the methods at our command, to a state of absolute cold; so all actions have some good in them, and none can be regarded as absolutely evil, in the sense of having in them no trace of good.

We learn from chemistry that things which we disdain in the physical world, and which we

call rubbish, are in reality made up of elements which, in themselves singly, are perfectly pure and incorruptible. The whole earth is made up of some sixty such elements variously combined; and if we take the scourings of our houses, or the sweepings of the streets, and only apply to them a sufficient quantity of heat, such refuse is capable of being resolved thereby entirely without any residuum into some of these pure elements. It is only the admixture of these elements in unstable compounds that constitutes uncleanness.

And so it is with human deeds. Every action in the world is entirely made up from motives which, taken singly in themselves, are good.

It is only their unseemly juxta-position, or the irregular presence in excess of some in proportion to others, which constitutes wickedness or sin.

To think that any absolute evil, unredeemed

by an admixture of good, could exist, is a depth of misery to which a healthy human heart finds it impossible to descend. Hence arrives the paradox that thousands of kindly sensible men have led lives of by no means intensified goodness, though believing, or believing that they believed, that eternal misery was the due reward for such lives.

And though the cruelty involved in such a theory does not at all disprove its truth, yet no mind which has deep affections or wide sympathies can sincerely accept such a creed without losing the equilibrium of sanity, and it is useless to address men as if they were convinced of the existence of evil thus absolute.

Hence men are wisely encouraged to hope (however incomprehensible it may be to untrained minds that a Creator, regarded by them as being at once supremely beneficent and supremely powerful, should permit such a contradiction) that this conflict

between good and evil is permitted only for wise purposes, the reasonableness of which may be hopefully inferred from their notions of Providence. It is then this mixed system of conditions which we call Good and Evil, and not any Higher Power, that I am about to designate by the name of Nature.

In the earlier days of geological research we were told (though more accurate views prevail now), that the crust of this earth had gone through various stages—formation and metamorphism of strata, upheaval and depression of continents, and so forth,—all leading to one *final* condition for which all that had gone before had been merely preparation—namely, that condition which we see around us, and which has fitted the world for occupation by man.

But this notion of finality in geology has long since been given up, and we now more justly conceive that the present state of the

earth's crust is just as transitory as those which have preceded it; and that we are, in fact, just as much in the midst of the creative processes of the earth's surface, as were the dwellers upon it in the Silurian epoch or during the Laurentian era.

In an analogous way, we have till of late been accustomed to suppose that man too was a final product. Granting, as the more advanced minds have done of late, that there is a balance of evidence in favour of the theory that man has been developed during long epochs of time from progenitors who were at one time ape-like, though not apes, and these from still humbler forefathers, we still overlooked the fact that man himself was by no means necessarily a final product, and that he is quite as likely as his ape-like progenitors or any of his even more remote and more rudimentary ancestors, to be merely a means to something further; as likely to be destined to be improved into, and to give

way to, something developed from himself during further countless ages; something as much superior to him as he is superior to an ape, or an ape is superior to a star-fish.

Man may be, in fact, only a step in the ladder, and a step as near to the bottom as to the top of the ladder, by which intelligence achieves the ascent from the animation of plants and zoophytes to the inspiration of beings who shall be not even "a little lower than the angels;" though having passed through the man-like stage, as we have passed through the ape-like stage.

We have no doubt been a little too much used to think that the work of creation (in the sense of creative development) was finished; whereas, in the human world, just as in the inanimate world, as instanced in the earth's crust, this work is still going on, and man, as we know him, marks only a stage upon the way.

In attempting to apply the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" to the justification of the practice of war among nations, I do not presume to undertake to prove the sufficiency of the evidence for this doctrine, established, as it has been, to a certain limited extent, by far abler pens than mine; but I invite the reader to stand in common with me upon the ground prepared for us by those able pioneers.

Occupying this ground, I feel we shall be led to the conclusion that, as far as intention may be traced in the laws of the universe, this thing will be found to be evident—namely, that habitual war and fitness for war are an integral portion of the conditions of creative advancement, and that design may be inferred in reference to the establishment of these conditions as clearly as of any other mundane process. Further, I would infer that even if design cannot be predicated of the prevalence of war, war

has at any rate produced results worthy of a Benign Origin.

The plan of selection may be illustrated in the following way :—Any breed of animals, as men, at any point in their history, may be held to occupy a position analogous to a step of a ladder. Let us call the lowest step of this ladder A ; the step next above this being called B, the third in the ascent C, and so on upwards through D, E, &c., in succession. Now, in the struggle for existence, all animals having a tendency to multiply beyond the immediately available means of subsistence, it results that the occupants of A gradually attain a higher and higher average of physical and intellectual development through the continual crowding out of the weaker by the stronger ; through the elimination, by rude processes of physical contest, of the sickly, the dull, the cowardly, the diminutive, and the weakly vicious ; also by the increased mental ingenuity generated, in

those more intellectually capable, in the effort to hold their ground against brute force; an effort which, while it affects the character and results of the contest, does not in any way diminish the intensity of it.

Now, of those who occupy the lowest step A, the more highly gifted in mind or body who survive, having attained a higher average of aptitude for life under more advanced conditions, are fitted to occupy the step B next in the ascent. Upon their arriving at B, a promotion by no means catastrophic in its character (if such a "*bull*" may be permitted to me) but one imperceptibly effected during long periods of time, the process above described is repeated, and the race is raised to a still higher average, qualifying it for the step C.

When this further promotion has been achieved, the specimens characteristic of B have become a missing link between C and A. Also C and D in their turn become the

stages of missing links, and when these processes have been long in operation the difference between the occupants of the step last attained and those who once occupied the lowest step becomes so great as to render it difficult to realise that there is any connection of heredity between the two.

Further, if E (say) be the step occupied by any breed of animals, as (for instance) man, at the present time, why should it be that the occupants of E are likely to escape the fate of becoming in their turn missing links, and of being *improved* off the face of the earth; not by any catastrophe, but by the slow and gradual improvement of their type through the method of "survival of the fittest?" Why should this process be supposed to be finite, and to be finite exactly at our own particular level; just because, forsooth, our self-appreciation might be hurt by recognizing the provisional character of our own embodiment?

Ought we not rather to be glad to reflect that by doing all we can to improve ourselves and our fellows, we can forward this great process, and can consciously, though humbly, take a part in forwarding the work of creative development? With such an opportunity before us we shall be less than ever inclined to say: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

WE may die off from the face of the earth, but we shall leave behind us descendants who will not reproach us for having made them, at our own expense, better than ourselves; though there are those among us who cannot speak disdainfully enough of the types of anthropoid animals who first learned to walk erect, to utilise the first finger into a thumb, to use tools, and to convey ideas by articulate sound.

But while resolving to do our utmost to improve our own and other countries by peaceful means, let us not blink the question whether Nature has not hitherto chosen, chiefly and by

preference, forcible modes for the improvement of the denizens of the earth; whether or not it is true that war has been the chief means by which she has thus far developed her highest work, and produced in Europe and elsewhere the finest varieties of man himself.

If war be found upon reflection to be a method of procedure adopted and authorized by Nature, then let us consider whether (since we have attained a conscious power of aiding in the work of creative development) we shall better promote that great work by cultivating and prosecuting readily the art of war, by treating it as a sacrifice to the cause of progress, and as a devotion to the interests of the World at large; or by shrinking from it and discountenancing it on every possible occasion.

For what applies to individuals applies to nations. Like lamps, we are lit, not for ourselves, but for others. Nations fail to note that while they press on blindly in pursuit of

their own selfish aims they are but giving effect to certain laws for the accomplishment of the high purposes of life.

We have been lately witnesses of what wears the air of a greedy blundering attempt to transfer the control of some of the fairest portions of Europe from weak to powerful hands; but what has been really a just weighing in the balance of the various merits and demerits of the contending parties: to decide between the barbarous Turk and his dreamy, ambitious foe which is the more fit to control those lands.

No other possible arbitrament could have done it so well. Everything has exerted its due weight. Physical strength, courage, endurance, temperate habits, training, talent, craft, past thrift, fecundity in numbers, the power of engaging sympathy, all have been included in the tale, some on the one side, and some on the other; and the event of war, like an honest umpire, as

Polybius says, like a fair judge, as Livy has it, has inclined to that side which has been entitled to the victory.

A war is not a question of moral worth, except in so far as moral worth is itself a tower of strength. It is a question of strength in the widest acceptation of the term, for strength is what Nature works by.

Providence, it is said, is generally on the side of the big battalions, and in confirmation of this it may be said that might and right generally go together. "Deos fortioribus adesse," as Tacitus expresses it. In spite of the amiable reclamations of Cato, that which has been pleasing to the gods has generally become the "Victrix causa" in the history of the world. In the Franco-German war, for instance, the Germans were decidedly in the right in resolving to constitute their nation in spite of selfish opposition on the part of the French people. The French ruler had better sym-

pathies, had he only had the courage of his opinions.

Again, while we enjoy the triumphs of Hannibal personally, we cannot fail to see that the progress of the world did not require his ultimate success. Carthage was too far from the centre of gravity of the ancient World, "Orbis Veteribus Notus," and her people were wanting in that stern solidity of courage and that respect for law which fitted the Romans,

> "regere imperio populos,
> "pacisque imponere morem,
> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

Doubtless also the Jews were far superior to the races whom they displaced, those races whom, under the sanction of the leadership entrusted to Moses, they exterminated to the latest-born male infant. [Num. xxi. 35; Deut. ii. 34 and iii. 6.]

The mention of so dread a severity forms a fit prelude to a digression upon the attendant

evils of war, and that I may not be supposed to uphold war with a light heart, or with an ignorant depreciation of the horrors which it entails, I will now turn to these.

At the first glance, war appears to involve nothing but pain and waste. And let us consider what it is that is so painfully wasted. It is labour, it is treasure, it is health, it is blood, it is men.

It is labour wasted. Millions of men all over Europe are at this moment idling away their time in demoralizing barrack life; trained, amid much physical and mental depravation, to no art but that of destroying each other skilfully. All this is *primâ facie* as much a waste of labour, as if they were first usefully employed, and then the produce of their work were cast into the sea.

Again, it is treasure, or rather treasures, which are wasted; stored up materials, metals hardly won from the earth, and products of its surface

and of a teeming animal life: immense quantities of things entitled to our high estimation, as the products of a bountiful nature and the reward of hard, long, and patient human industry.

Think of the labour bestowed upon a first-class ironclad, and how this retrograde process of war antagonistic to labour may send her to the bottom in an instant. She may, probably, have cost four hundred thousand pounds, and be worth, with her equipment, five hundred thousand. If we take the ordinary working man to earn £1 a week (say £50 a-year), and to have on the average twenty years of working life (and taking them one with another we shall not find that their years of toil last longer), we have the whole life's labour of five hundred men annulled by the single loss of such a ship. Think of all the patient rising up early, and the enduring toil, and the late taking rest of five hundred men during the whole of their working lives, and of all this being gathered

into one handful and then annihilated at a single crash.

Then again, it is blood that is wasted, the very embodiment of all human exertion. It is to gather and dispense the means of reinforcing this fluid vehicle of life that the whole breadth of our lands is cultivated, and the wide expanse of sea is traversed by our sails. All the homely occupations of life turn upon the necessity for maintaining it, and it is invested with such sanctity that reverent tongues refrain from naming it lightly, and speak with bated breath of an accidental effusion of it. Yet men can be got to come together in mighty crowds in the intent of making a monstrous spilling of it.

Next, it is health wasted. I will not pause to dwell on the maimed forms and lowered vitality of merely wounded men. Who shall appraise the value of a leg, an arm, or an eye, or the drawn-out misery of a shattered nerve-

system? One fact peculiarly demands note, that the wars of Napoleon reduced the average height of the French nation by two inches. Excess in the pursuit of war, like excess in any other pursuit, however healthy in moderation, is weakness and a cause of weakness.

Lastly, it is men that are wasted: men, the latest, noblest product of nature. It is so difficult to estimate the value of a man from the higher points of view that I am tempted to shrink from the task, and risking an anti-climax, to consider him from the very lowest only, and to say that if, as before, the average man have before him twenty years of hearty labour, and his labour be worth £50 a-year, then every such man killed is equivalent to the destruction of £1,000. Certainly £50 a-year for twenty years might at the lowest estimate be capitalized for £500, and yet we read of many battles where twenty thousand men have been actually slain, which, at the estimate of £500

for each,—and this, too, a most unworthy form of estimate of human life—will amount to ten millions sterling as the money waste in men alone at a single battle of the first class.

Nor are these things all. Famous books tell us: a Great Book tells us, of the slaughter of whole populations, of measures conceived for the express purpose of starving helpless men, women and children, of the mutilation of whole tribes of men by their victorious enemies. Have we not read how, at Austerlitz, in civilized times, many thousands were drowned in mass by the purposely effected breaking of the ice? After these things, it is idle to dwell upon burning houses and wasted crops.

I will come then to what the soldiers themselves suffer. How, walking over a field of carnage, you may view dead faces accentuated with terror, as caught with a sudden and despairing surprise from which there was no escape, and may note at one step how the poor human

body may be pierced and torn and yet hold the life within it, and at the next may wonder how little will kill.

Of all incidents of battle, the one which impresses itself most strongly on my imagination is that at Borodino, where sixty thousand French and Russians were left upon the ground, the groans of the wounded in the ensuing night sounded at a distance like the roar of the sea. The far off listener might expect to hear outcries of pain and distress from such a scene; that screams of agony should arise from instant to instant, and that the doleful piercing note should be taken up from this point and from that, and that night should be made hideous by this inarticulate misery. But here was no such intermittent lamentation, but from amidst twenty thousand corpses arose a hoarse, uniform, unceasing roll of the anguish of forty thousand men: all these "six score thousand persons and also much cattle" not spared, as

at Nineveh, but slain (they and their horses) or a prey to agony, such as if it befel one member of any assembled domestic circle, would strike every heart therein with a piercing terror.

Take a first-class English county town with a population of sixty thousand souls, and only three or four of our county towns have such a population (the average being less than half of that amount), and imagine that these sixty thousand souls were all grown men, and that in twelve hours, twenty thousand of them were killed out-right, and the remaining forty thousand laid low, crushed, pierced, rent, or broken by gun or bayonet, and all their dumb beasts brought out and mangled in their streets. Pass in imagination through this scene; ascend a hill adjacent to the town and think that your frightened ears drink in at night, while the heaven with all its stars looks upon the spot and makes no sign, the roar of misery from this "multitudinous sea incarna-

dined," and you may thus gather some faint echo of a single specimen of the dreadful things of war; the work of one single day, one incident of one war only out of an endless succession of wars stretching back as far as history can go, and doubtless indefinitely beyond.

And now, let us ask ourselves how Nature, paramount by authority either remitted to her or innate in her, looks upon these things. Is war, horrid war, an exception to the usual tenor of her course? Or does she regard men fighting as a naturalist may look on tribes of ants destroying each other?

The answer is that she is pitiless; absolutely pitiless, and yet wisely pitiless. Hers are not the eyes which fill with tears, at seeing tears in other eyes. She knows that the maximum of welfare depends on health, and that strength is inseparable from health. Above all she desires improvement, and improvement demands severity towards weakness. It is not mere

brute strength that she so loves, but strength in the fullest sense of the word, for she finds in it the real basis of healthy, highly wrought, and expanded existence.

Her taller trees debar the meaner shrubs from sun and breeze. It is nothing to her that the more lowly plants in the forest wither and pine for light and air. It is her will that the weaker should go to the wall. Ravin is the condition of the existence of half her creatures; and at this moment, while I write, as all around this sea-girt ball the strong animals prey upon the weak for their daily sustenance, more skins are being pierced and torn, more bones being crushed, more blood being shed in the far off places of the earth than twenty Russo-Turkish wars going on together would involve. Are we to be told that Nature enjoins these things, and yet is outraged by men tearing and rending each other?

Still she is not simply indifferent. She

appears to have a purpose in all this. She knows that the world is not wide enough for all. She keeps it upon principle in a condition of over-population. She thinks it better that the strong should crowd out the weak than that the weak should crowd out the strong by mere dint of numbers under any protective system.

She seems to desire the greatest good possible in the world, and her means to this end is the selection of the fittest, with the extermination of the less fit; the selection of the most highly organized in body, which includes the most highly organised in mind; for all mental or moral excellence is constituted by superiority of brain fibre trained by heredity and developed by environment. The physically weak, when we see them exceptionally preserved, must have some form of strength, less coarsely disclosed than mere muscular power.

In her care for the type she disregards in-

dividual men and individual races. Her resources can bear this profusion, for all time lies before her within which to attain her ideal.

Any interference with her plans only leads ultimately to a diminution of the general sum of welfare. To descend to a homely illustration. Complaints are heard from sportsmen that the race of grouse is growing more weakly every year; that the birds are few, backward, and feeble on the wing; that in a damp season a murrain comes among them and carries them off, and there are in some years almost none to shoot.

The explanation is that on lands where this occurs they have been so carefully preserved by man that all the sickly ones which ought to have fallen a ready prey to the hawk and the kite, the ferret and the weasel, have survived and reproduced themselves in a puny progeny, until the whole breed has become infected with a tendency to disease.

Nature has no blundering pity in such matters. She does not, as we do, cherish idiots, and teach and train them, and expand their feeble faculties until they are just enabled to marry each other and produce other idiots. In her eyes even a Bridge of Beresina (and such life is) is productive of results less injurious than an idiot asylum. She knows that each sickly grouse removed makes room for a stronger one, and that the removal of the weak improves the average, and ultimately increases the general sum of welfare and happiness in the race; and this is how, when not thwarted by human theories, she deals with the broods of men likewise. Aborigines protection societies undoubtedly afford good spiritual culture for the protectors, but they only enfeeble the protected and barely postpone the day of their extinction.

When we see any righteous man forsaken, and his seed begging their bread, depend upon

it, that in this particular instance, the righteous (in spite of his righteousness—and righteousness is itself a principal variety of strength, and one which should be engrafted upon all other kinds of strength) is disqualified by some concurrent form of weakness, physical or intellectual, from being chosen to predominate on the earth.

And when we see the rain falling on the just and on the unjust, till our bitterness at the sight almost tempts us to think that it falls rather on the unjust; and when we see the wicked flourishing like a green bay tree (and it is not every such tree that, when we pass that way again, is cut down, and his place vacant),—when we see these things, we may be sure that there is reason in them; that the unjust, the wicked, has either bodily power, or talent, or beauty, or a power of engaging sympathy, or a happy temperament, or a something which has made him worth selecting and

preserving; perhaps in order that he may transmit to others his valuable quality, sadly alloyed though it be with that wickedness which is one form of weakness.

This quality, which makes him predominant, notwithstanding the drawback of his wickedness, may hereafter, when intermarriage has compounded it in his posterity with finer qualities and better culture, be turned to high purposes. Just so the brutal and bloody Romans prospered and were improved by Greek culture, until their rule gave the world as much happiness as it was capable of in their day; and so the domineering and crafty Normans improved and were improved by the honest and law-abiding Saxons.

The early history of the Anglo-Saxon tribes in this country has been reproachfully qualified as a history of kites and crows. In effect the English nation, and the same may be said of ancient Rome, grew out of a concourse of

kindred tribes engaged in incessant warfare among themselves. In the course of time domination over the rest was achieved successively by tribes of higher and higher degrees of pugnacity, and so the lines of a great nation were laid down. It was just the same in ancient Italy and in Greece, where Rome and Macedon respectively took the final lead.

In an analogous manner the excellence of man himself is the outcome of continual fighting among species of anthropoid animals, involving the continual destruction of the weaker by the stronger, and a constant selection of the fittest to survive.

It is curious to note that it is not those most distantly below us on the scale that we are chiefly eager to destroy. It is generally those who more nearly approach to us in gradation, and who consequently clash with us, that we destroy. Those whose

complete inferiority prevents us from fearing them escape. At the present time nature is doing much more by human agency to destroy Red Indians and native Australians than to exterminate gorillas.

No links have so great a tendency to disappear altogether as those which are nearest to ourselves in the chain. As man ascends the ladder, he kicks off those who stand on the step next below him. This habit has in time created an immense gap between us and some of those through whose condition our race has once passed,—a gap so wide as to make it almost impossible for any but studious men to realise that there is indeed any solidarity between us and the lowly forefathers ascribed to our species.

I will leave the subject of nature's love for strength, with the protest that I do not simply mean muscular strength. Far from it. I include all those fine varieties of nervous fibre,

product of hereditarily derived training and of favourable environment, which confer mental strength, moral strength, energy of spirit, and the power of generating sympathy in others.

I expressly disclaim the special worship of mere muscular force; while pointing out that nature knows no right which cannot be brought under the head of strength, and no wrong which cannot be brought under the head of weakness. It is not brute force, but scientific force for which I plead. Nature uses force, and surely Nature is not unscientific.

It is interesting to note how the progress of human science, while extending the scale upon which national war is carried on, affords many alleviations of it, and shortens its duration and tempers its effects. The average number of killed and wounded on both sides in the great Napoleonic battles taken collectively was a little over one-fourth of the whole forces en-

gaged. The average in the great European battles fought within the last thirty years, since the general introduction of arms of precision, gives a little less than one-twelfth. So that the adoption of improved weapons has been accompanied by a diminution in the percentage of casualties.

In the days of the old smooth bore, when it was a maxim not to fire till the whites of the opponents' eyes were visible, it was said to take a man's weight in lead and iron to kill him, so many bullets and cannon balls were fired ineffectively; but now, owing to the increased distance at which firing takes place and to the general use of earthworks, it is still more difficult to do execution. The truth is that the more scientific the instrument, the less is the bloodshed in the campaign as a whole.

And what is still more noteworthy, the less is the hatred engendered between the oppos-

ing parties. Before the invention of gunpowder, when fighting was conducted at comparatively close quarters, soldiers fought with an animosity which is now rarely seen. The man who was to take your life, unless you took his, projected himself before you, dangerous and hateful. But under the present system wounds seem to come from some impersonal agency; a man is less vividly impressed with the personality of his foe, who, like the Æthiopians, is blameless, because he is far away, and whose individuality is lost at the distance of a quarter of a mile, where he is taking shots at you from behind a hedge.

But in ancient times great bodies of men once interlocked in conflict could not be drawn off till utterly exhausted with mutual slaughter, and hence we read of such battles as Cannæ, where, on the Roman side alone, according to Polybius, out of eighty-six

thousand men, not much more than fifteen thousand prisoners or fugitives came off unhurt; and Cressy, where there perished of the French on the field or in the pursuit, between thirty and forty thousand men; battles in which the wounded and disabled experienced in butchery that cruelty to which in brave minds the frenzied fears attending close conflict can alone give rise.

Some of the indirect influences of war may be suitably noticed here. I have already claimed for every human action whatsoever that it is the resultant of motives which in themselves singly are good. The deeds of war, terrible as they are, contain among their component motives, courage, fortitude, mastery of personal fear, contempt of pain, love of country, ambition to excel, enthusiastic disregard of self amid the contingencies of an exalted undertaking, the power of commanding sympathy, the habit of obedience, and

others, all singly good in themselves and only horrible in undue admixture.

A high ideal of excellence in any individual involves combativeness and readiness to suffer. The great soldier who has also the brains to be a great civilian and the heart of a good man, is the highest of human beings. Such men have been rarely seen. Alexander, in spite of the vices of his day, approached this ideal. Napoleon missed it through having a petty heart.

Nor is it in individuals alone that the highest excellence includes readiness for war. Was any great nation ever known that was not peculiarly ready for war and great in war, with whom war was not at once an art, a science and a devotion? War is the chief subject of Grecian literature and the principal incentive of Grecian art. Jewish prophecy and Roman history are alike replete with the spirit of war, the praise of it, or the description of it.

Was any pure nation ever known with whom war was not a sacrifice enthusiastically offered in defence of what it held holy? In what country is public life so pure as in England? and the English are always at war in some part of the world. The lower French Empire was peace, but what a corrupting peace it was, and how much purer has France been since the Franco-German war. Peace, like the sirens, is a great deceiver. War, like other adversities, is a great teacher. It was peace which betrayed France in 1870, and war that taught her the path of recovery.

What corruption has at times been latent in some of the politico-commercial circles of the long unruffled United States. It is only since their great war that they have become at all keenly conscious of this reproach and have begun to study how to amend it.

Peace at any price, if not a whited sepulchre, hides many ignoble elements of decay, and is

not to be preferred to war. It would be retrograde to beat our swords into ploughshares. The strong man armed that keepeth his house, he it is whose goods are in peace.

Those who advocate peace at any price should be told that if they advocate it in the interests of the present race, war may be advocated in the interest of races yet to come. Those who are for accomplished facts should be invited to range themselves on the side of facts worthy to be accomplished.

Had there never been any war, the process of progressive creation would have flagged and led to nothing; and if war has answered good purposes thus far in the history of the world, why should it be supposed to have lost its efficacy now, and why should we set our faces against any beneficial application of it out of tenderness to the present generation. To do away with war would be to introduce among the families of the earth a species of

trades-unionism, in accordance with which the wage of the unworthy and unhandy worker would be the same as that of his more highly gifted and more energetic competitor.

There is a story of a patriotic Scot, not a humanitarian exactly, but with vegetarian sympathies, who was such an ardent protector of his native weed, the thistle, that he was at the pains to take some seeds of it out to one of the colonies with him, and by his ill-timed encouragement of that plant (which indeed, like other protected ill growths, did not need much encouragement to do a great deal of harm) ruined a district as big as Yorkshire. Surely we have sufficiently long protected Turkish thistles. The thistle is a warlike entity, and so is the Turk, but he cumbers a great deal of ground very injuriously at present. To be warlike is a great thing; but if, when you have conquered, you do no good and gather no good, the best thing than can happen to you is

to be subjected to those who are both warlike and progressive. The Turks will one day make for the Russians, if we do not take them in hand ourselves, a splendid force of auxiliary soldiers analogous to our own Sikh levies.

Let us pause here and try to investigate what would have been the effect upon our world had there never been any war in it. There are in London thirty thousand people belonging to the criminal classes, all of them depraved and most of them diseased; moreover, of however low grade they be, they are probably quite equal to the average of mankind a great many thousands of years ago.

Now, if all these people—men and women—were to be transplanted into an island cut off from the rest of mankind: by what process, let us ask, could this population, without any external interference, be rendered in the course of time most moral, most healthy, most cultured, most highly organized?

Would it be by a protective system, under which all the products of the island should be fairly divided amongst them all, and every violence forbidden, under which those sickly or diseased in body, those mentally or morally deformed should be just as free to breed and multiply their puny and corrupt offspring as the stronger and cleverer individuals of the party? It may safely be said that under these conditions no progress would ever be made except towards general starvation and pestilence.

But once "cry havock" and let loose the dogs of war among such an assemblage, and improvement will immediately begin. Those afflicted with disabling diseases, those labouring under deficiency of wits, will quickly perish in the contest for food, and will cease to prolong their lives. A merciful cruelty on the part of Nature forbids the perpetuation of their race. They are well out of the scrape of this world, if they did but know it.

Hideous as they were, the surviving crew are at first little better. They are coarse, they are brutal, they are vicious. But they have one merit. They are stronger and healthier by one degree than those whom they have coarsely crowded out, and many repetitions of the process are yet to come.

A few physically weak ones always, it is true, survive among their more robust compeers, but these are the possessors of superior mental power, whose wits have been sharpened in the struggle for existence to a degree which makes up for their want of muscle. These introduce into the assemblage a fresh variety of strength, namely craft, by which the mental average of the whole party is improved.

But fighting still goes on among the inhabitants of the supposed island. There are other objects of desire besides food. Individuals become associated together by cir-

cumstances for self-preservation. They learn that union is strength, and union involves abidance by settled rules. Regulations arise, necessary for the safety of each gang. Law is laid down. Organization commences.

Future contests take the form of fights between parties rather than between isolated individuals. They learn the advantage of adherence to their party. They admire the prowess of those who become leaders. The virtues of obedience to a chief and of fidelity to a flag develope themselves. Man has something to live for and to fight for besides himself.

From contending for simple food he comes to contend for territories. Just as at first, the individuals of poorest qualities were crowded out; so now the tribes with the least power of resistance go to the wall. It is true that in any particular contest, the finest individuals, as the foremost in the fray, may

perish; but this applies to the combatants on both sides, and the finer of the two contending races is still the one which survives.

The nucleus of a great nationality is formed by the superior pugnacity of some one of many competing tribes, and a mighty empire is the result; with all its attendant civilization, its art and law, morality and religion. With war, such things would be possible in such an island, but under a protective system which forbade violence they would be impossible.

The earth is such an island, and its civilized inhabitants are the fruits of such violence. It is not merely a bitter jest that the history of mankind is a history of kites and crows. It is the kite and crow principle which has raised us to be what we are. And after all, do we pretend to trace our origin to any author higher than the author of kites and crows?

Nature is not protective. She only allows her creatures to protect themselves. Every unhealthy individual, every unhealthy nation that is thrust aside, makes room for a more healthy specimen. Thus happiness in the world is continually increased in a way which throws into the shade the cruelty of the previous exterminations. The weak are replaced by the strong, the sickly by the healthy, the inert by the active, the dull by the alert, the stupid by the crafty, the timorous by the bold; finally, the vicious and corrupt by the wholesome and righteous among the denizens of the earth.

In a word it has been by war, by countless ages of war, of constant physical war, that she has brought savage men out of monkey-like anthropoids, civilized men out of savages, and good men out of lawless and immoral ones.

And as nations are no more perfect than

individuals, and can never be so, the process admits of continual repetition with advantage. It has been going on for ages. We English have ourselves had a great part in it. We are spectators of it at the present day.

But our academic humanitarian agitators have lost the enthusiasm of imperial progress in the entourage of material prosperity. They cry, "Hold! Enough! The world is going on sufficiently well. Man needs no further development. All he needs is reform." They have no desire to be outshone by future inhabitants of the globe. They would like to stop the process just at the point to which we ourselves have attained. Or they say, Commerce and the spread of knowledge will do the rest. True; commerce and knowledge may do much; they may immensely improve the recipients of our products and the objects of our missions, but they will not do what Nature wants done; if we may judge by

what she has done in the past; namely, the continual replacing of inferior types of men by those capable of higher organization; as Celts were replaced by Saxons, when the English came from the continent to take possession of Britain; as Saxon rulers were replaced by Norman rulers when William came from Normandy to England.

We are proud of these things in the past, but we hesitate to repeat them in the present. If we only remember that out of twelve hundred millions of people on the earth, as many as four hundred millions are Chinese; that out of every three human beings one is a Chinaman, we shall surely see that Nature has yet much to do in this respect. It will not be done in our time; it will take ages to do it. Nature has her own good time; a time not limited to many centuries; whether to supplant the Chinese or to raise them in the scale of humanity; but it will surely be done.

My readers must not hastily conclude that I want us to start off and cut the throat of every Chinaman we meet; but I do think that China should be opened up like India.

If we do not take our part in raising the standard of the earth's population, as we did in the days of Clive and Wolfe and Cook, there is a power that will do it without us. Russia is a country which, like our own, controls one-seventh part of the habitable globe. It has a strong belief in its own destiny, and cherishes visions of wide-spread empire, which, as far as Asia is concerned, know absolutely no limit.

It is not merely a "Ring" at Petersburg, which fosters these hopes. All educated Russians dwell upon them, and uneducated Russians too. Waking dreams of this kind are often suggested by a nature capable of their fulfilment, and lead to enterprises, which, when backed by solid qualities, often change

the face of the world. Philip of Macedon was such a dreamer, and when he was cut off untimely, his hardly greater son accomplished those dreams.

The Russian, solidly brave and warily adventurous, with a spirit of fiery exaltation gathered in his northern home and grafted on a temperament of fitful melancholy inherited from an eastern stock, has that enthusiasm for imperial politics which we ourselves had in the days of the great navigators and soldiers of the last century; when we planted our flag on the islands of the Pacific, on the heights of Quebec, and on the walled cities of India. He believes in Holy Russia; his devotion to his sovereign partakes of the character of a *culte*, and he has a perfect genius for conquest.

Is it not itself a phenomenon to give us thought that the leading spirits of a country, whose civilization is of such recent date,

should so early manifest such a passionate instinct for extension? Doubtless this may be qualified as mere greed, but so may the aspirations of most successful conquerors, from William the Conqueror downwards. Success in life is generally attained by coarse means. Refinement is reserved to be the fruit of adversity.

The bravery and the fecundity of this people fit them for such a career. Napoleon said: First, you must kill a Russian, and then you must knock him down, for even in death he confronts you. The population of Russia, which in 1870 was nearly eighty-six millions, will soon grow to a hundred millions, while our own may increase, in the same time, to not much more than a third of that amount.

If we feared France with a frantic hatred in the Napoleonic days because she had twenty-six millions to our fourteen; what reason have we not to watch with apprehension the growth

of Russia? With such a spirit of bravery and enterprise and such a population, it is no wonder that Russians dream of wide-spread conquest.

The wonder is, that we do not recognise how natural their aspirations are; having been ourselves (to say the least of it), a very acquisitive people; and that it never occurs to us to realise how we should feel if any part of our own magnificent empire (a great deal of which was acquired by sailing about and hoisting our flag on lands which belonged to nobody, *except their inhabitants*), were debarred from its natural outlets by the jealousies of unfriendly neighbours.

For my part, were I a Russian, I should think of Constantinople by day and dream of it by night. I should regard China as Clive regarded Hindostan, and should forecast the day when a Christian ruler of my country should exercise dominion over the whole Mahometan and Buddhist world.

The behaviour of England about the Turkish empire must be irritating to the Russians in the extreme. It is worse than that of the dog in the manger. He did at least occupy the manger; but we will neither use it ourselves nor let anybody else use it. Though we have been invited to do so, we will neither take possession of any part of the effete Turkish empire ourselves nor let anybody else do so.

Constantinople itself is not our affair. It is the Asiatic side of the strait that should concern us. In a certain sense, Constantinople belongs in the future, as a matter of right, to the Russians. It is their heritage. Nobody can doubt that they will achieve it. But as for Turkey in Asia, there is no race under the sun which could turn it to such good account as the English. With our Indian experience and our talent for great proconsulships, we could make a smiling garden of those ill-used

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provinces; and the whole world would be benefited by the impulse which a rule like our own would give to commerce with some of the most productive portions of the earth.

The "Ring" of imbecile debauchees who ruin, under pretext of governing, Turkey should be left with their city to their fate. They will not mind, if the Russians will only guarantee them their palaces and harems on the Bosphorus. Let the Sultan, if he choose, find a mediatised royalty under the protection of our flag at Broussa, as the great Mogul did at Delhi, and let us have a Turkish Civil Service and a Governor-General of Asiatic Turkey. The Turks would make us almost as fine soldiers as the Sikhs; and good government, from whatever quarter, would be only too welcome to them to be refused.

All this, I am quite conscious, will be looked upon as silly rodomontade. To enunciate anything out of the beaten track is a sure way

to make one's self the object of contemptuous amusement; but I apprehend that it shadows forth the course of the next hundred years or so. A century and a-half ago, a similar forecast in regard to India would have been laughed to scorn by Englishmen and foreigners alike.

The exploits of Cook and Wolfe and Clive were but the sallies of youth. Are we to have none of the successes of mature life? Cavour and Garibaldi understood well the value of well-calculated adventure in politics. The motto which carried the Italians to Rome was, "Be bold, be bold, be not too bold." The same motto might carry us to positions equally historic. The Turk is no longer worthy to patrol the plains of Troy and to mount guard on the hills of Jerusalem.

The supreme scenes where The Victim lived and moved and had His being, and rendered up His life, should be rescued from the impure

tread of a horde whose religion forbids liberty, forbids fraternity, forbids equality with those subject to its rule.

"Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross."—

Henry IV.

Adventures are to the adventurous, as a great authority among us has said. And if we do not essay such acquisitions, the Russians will. We form the only power capable of entering the lists with them for such a prize; and the prize of one of us it will undoubtedly one day be.

Meanwhile, we have been trying, in the hope of staving off for a little while the death of the sick man at Constantinople, to negotiate an understanding with the sick man at Vienna —the sick man at Vienna who is playing the

same selfish part towards the mutually attracted Slavs which France used to play towards the mutually attracted Germans, and which each of them played in turn towards the now happily united Italians.

Doubtless our tenacious opposition to Russia is partly provoked by her dishonest diplomacy. After all I have said in her praise there must still come the fatal "but." The lower classes of Russians are said to be great liars. Those who know them assert that they will give you an explanation in great detail, and upon the falsity of it being exposed, will simply drop it (as a chess player requests permission to withdraw an inadvertent move), and will furnish you with another, totally different, equally detailed, and equally false; and so on again *de novo.*

Something of this habit seems to have found its way into their diplomacy. It is to be hoped that they will grow out of this in

time. Lying is the vice of weakness; and Russia, though growing fast to gigantic strength, is still weak by the side of a combination of jealous neighbours. As she increases in strength, she will become more truthful.

In this country we are justly proud of our honest diplomacy; but our own rulers were not always the most truthful people in the world. William the Conqueror was not in all things a pattern of just dealing. Charles I. was a thorough liar. The Russian, brave as the Saxon, crafty as the Norman, may some day become as truthful as the descendant of these mingled races now boasts himself to be.

The mention of possible conflict with Russia leads to the consideration of our own armed force. Here we meet with a singular anomaly which must be full of surprise to every thoughtful mind. In any other department of human occupation, if you have a man in your

employment who is a bad servant, you can afford to send him away, and can find another desirous to take his place ; at any rate, as long as you are willing to regulate by the state of the labour market the remuneration which you offer.

But if you have a soldier in your army who serves you badly, who is drunken and insolent, or stupid and disobedient, you cannot afford to send him about his business. On the contrary, he is very likely to run away from you ; and when he has so left you, far from your being able to congratulate yourself on being rid of him, you find it necessary to send in pursuit of him, to bring him back by violence, to punish him for having left you, and to detain him at the cost of much subsequent ill will between him and you. He does not mind losing his place. Even if he were well-disposed, it would be worth very little to him ; but however ill-disposed he may be, you are

unable, except in extreme cases, to regard his taking himself off as anything but a loss.

Now, in no other branch of human occupation, at least in countries where slavery is abolished, can this anomaly be found. And what is the employment in regard to which this singular state of things presents itself? It is the one which in the abstract commends itself to the imagination more than any other as worthy of honour.

To keep one's self ready to die suddenly and by violence in that cause which one's country upholds; to be prepared to expose, in obedience to vows assumed, the beautiful completeness of the bodily frame to injuries which mar it for ever; to do these things in all parts of the world and in all climates: these are conditions more heroic than are attached to any other employment.

Or if, on some occasion worthy of being matched with the most heroic, we wish to

bestow the highest praise on a civilian who has died offering his life in some good cause,—as a missionary perhaps, or a fireman, or a life-boat man, or a physician—the expression of our admiration instinctively takes the form of saying that the subject of our praises died like a soldier—a soldier of Christ, it may be, or fighting bravely against fire, or against the storm, or contending on behalf of a stricken population against a contagious pestilence; but always as a soldier: so are we wont to say.

Disguise it as we may, to say that a man fights bravely, is to award him our most ideal praise. An undying instinct leads us to feel that combative power of some sort or other is the necessary characteristic of a complete man. The combat need not be with material weapons. It may be simply with moral ones. But the capability for it must be there, if the man is to evoke our unqualified respect.

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One thing only surpasses this readiness for conflict, and that is to bear with passive fortitude. But even here, when some notable instance of the kind is brought within our ken, we find ourselves framing a wish that the heroic sufferer could have broken forth and vanquished his less worthy fellow-creatures who oppressed him. However, without courage there is no safe foundation for any other virtue.

Now, these things being so, combative power of some sort being a characteristic of the highest development, and an object of very great admiration, one might expect that the office of performing so much fighting as is conducted by any nation would be looked upon as a privilege, and would be an object of desire and competition among any class of the community that could command an especial share of social advantages.

It would hardly be expected that duties

appealing so strongly to the imagination and having such a halo of adventure and interest cast about them, would be relegated to the least decent members of society; that, with a sprinkling of honest, respectable and kindly lads, the army would include a great percentage of men who would not be thought desirable to have under one in any other line of life.

Now, the constitution of our army illustrates both these positions. There is a class endowed with position, money, the prestige of birth, and all that makes life pleasant to man, who press eagerly to take their share in these risks, who in time past used to exert all possible interest to be permitted to enter the service, and to live in it almost entirely at their own expense, at a salary which they would have thought contemptible in any other vocation; who moreover now-a-days undergo long and tedious processes of education, in the hope of being

qualified to compete successfully for such employment.

And there is another class, poor, degraded, shiftless, and with no ambition; who enter upon the same vocation only because they have failed to find or to keep employment elsewhere. Of these extremes, with the addition of a certain respectable element, limited in quantity but by no means to be rashly disparaged, is our army composed. It is not true, as an ill-natured and ignorant writer once declared, that it is made up from the froth at the top and the scum at the bottom of society. Alma and Balaclava give the lie to such a libel as this. But it is true that it is principally made up from the two extremes of society.

And between these two there is a great gulf fixed. No member of the intermediate classes enters the army. It is not that these do not love adventure, for they show much courage in other walks of life. They delight in amuse-

ments, the zest of which consists in personal conflict, and is enhanced by any element of danger. They enjoy forming themselves into voluntary associations for the practice of drill and for instruction in the use of arms: they find a grave pleasure in the subjection to discipline and in that consciousness of strength which invests bodies of trained men.

But the regular army is made not fit for them. It is so constituted that there is no place in it for the bulk of the respectable members of society. There is no place in it for any man whose status is below that of what is commonly called a gentleman, and above that of what is commonly called a labourer. Or if such a man does enter the service, he finds himself uncomfortably and exceptionally placed. His remuneration is beggarly, and his *entourage* uncongenial.

The result is that the profession of arms is practically closed to three-fourths of the most

reliable and most enterprising members of the community. The eagerness with which these men form themselves at their own expense into bodies of volunteers, does not permit us to suppose that they are indifferent to the field from which they are thus shut out, and suggests the strongest hope of an improvement in the *personnel* of our forces.

The result of our present arrangements is that we have a poor little army, which we are at our wits' end to keep up, and that while we have half-a-dozen or a dozen eager candidates for every vacant and poorly paid officer's commission, members of the vitiated classes of society, who ought to be regarded as debarred, by their want of tone, from the privilege of bearing arms for the country which has the misfortune to own them, are eagerly fished for as recruits, and impart to our regiments a stamp which is degrading to the limited contingent of honest respectable

lads, who have entered them from feelings akin to those which attract the highest classes so urgently to the colours.

The absurdity reaches its climax when we observe that while nobody engages even an errand boy, without some enquiry as to his antecedents; nobody ever dreams of asking a recruit for his character or a reference. No doubt a percentage of recruits have excellent past characters to enter with; but the want of one does not act as an obstacle. The man is always welcome, be he worthy or unworthy.

Was ever such a state of things known in a high-minded country? The rich and noble have a liking for the profession of arms. A few of the honourably poor and humble share in this liking. The dishonourably indigent and low, who like it not, are enticed into it.

All the intermediate portions of the community, the very backbone of society, who show by their volunteering that a liking for it

is far from alien to them; who in fact have developed this liking under circumstances adverse to its display, are practically shut out from this profession. It is tacitly assumed that in any cause, however sacred or noble, which needs regular soldiers, they are too ignoble to be leaders, and too noble to be followers under the English flag.

Our neighbours, however, in more than one great country, have preserved better the classical and feudal tradition that to belong to the fighting classes of the community is a privilege and not a disability; a sign of predominance and not a badge of inferiority.

Eminence in society properly belongs to those who in some form or other can contend well; and a system which throws into the shade those who possess in a high degree that variety of contending power which has most markedly affected the destinies of all denizens of the earth establishes a kind of trades-union-

ism under which those fitted to predominate are to be unfavourably handicapped for the benefit of those less highly endowed.

Peace at any price among nations is another form of trades-unionism; tending to put a limit to the superiority of those most fitted to occupy and replenish the earth; and to give, in opposition to Nature's principle of natural selection, an equal chance to the less worthy with the more worthy types of mankind.

But, to return to our army; it must not be supposed, from what I have said, that I desire to advocate the adoption of the conscription among us. Far from it. Very far from it. But I do desire the recognition of the principle that arms form a profession honourable in every class, and honoured by the participation of any class: and I wish to suggest that our army might be so remodelled as to give employment, under wholesome and comfort-

able conditions, to all the intermediate classes of English society.

These have, as yet, their share of bravery and enterprise: but, if they are always debarred from the profession, they will gradually lose, by the cumulative effect of disuse in successive generations, qualities which they would now think it shame to be without, and which will meanwhile be correspondingly intensified by heredity in the highest and the lowest ranks of society and in them only.

As for the conscription, if England cannot command voluntary soldiers enough to defend her homes or to maintain her empire, the sooner we give up the *rôle* of a powerful nation the better. A nation that cannot find voluntary soldiers of her own stock deserves to be conquered by any other that can. It is only a question of expense to augment largely the area from which recruits and eager recruits of the best type may be drawn.

One thing we should do, and that is to enact that every school-boy, from the young noble at Eton to the costermonger's boy at the Board School, should be trained to the scientific use of fire-arms and to at least company drill. Children are wonderfully intelligent in matters of out-of-door education; and there would thus be provided an enormous field from which (so popular is the *métier* of a soldier, when once relieved from depreciatory treatment) we could draw by suitable liberality any troops we might require, however numerous, and of a material unsurpassed in the world.

In this country I would never compel a man to serve as a soldier, but I would compel every child to learn how to be a soldier; to be a soldier ready made, if in subsequent life the danger of his country, the needs of her empire, his own spirit of adventure, or his sense of the personal advantages of such a career, should incline him to enter the ranks.

As the proverbial possible Marshal's baton in his knapsack symbolizes a congenial incitement to each French recruit; so every English schoolboy's satchel should typify the inspiration of a possible signal like Nelson's last; the training to a possible devotion like that of Havelock.

We already compel all boys to learn to read and write. Why not compel them all to be drilled and to acquire the knowledge of arms? I distinctly deprecate compelling them subsequently to fight against their inclination; but there is no slavery in being compelled to do what every one else is compelled to do; especially when the thing to be done is to learn that which raises the standard and the ideal of the boy, improves his physique, and renders him a finer fellow, and consciously a fellow of finer boys, than he was before. Hardly anything is better calculated to raise the tone of a nation than the training of its whole male population to the use of arms.

When Nature holds her tournament and erects the lists of natural selection, and calls for the champion nations to contend for the prizes of the world, are we English to give way to competitors really inferior to us, either because we love our money too well, or on the ground that we think soldiering dirty work?

The arming and training of whole nations for supreme struggles with each other, is the latest call that she has made upon their energies, and will do more than anything else to determine with what races superiority really lies, and which are best fitted to occupy and replenish the earth.

If any classes are to be excluded from fighting, it should be the most degraded, whose courage partakes largely of insensibility, who discredit the profession in time of peace, and brutalize it in time of war, and who are quite below the ideal of the soldier who fights for his country, or his race, or his faith.

The root of the contrary assumption lies in the notion of our peace party, that war is low and unholy work; and this assumption is fostered by the parsimony which withholds from our military forces the handsome expenditure which Englishmen as a rule bestow upon all other objects of public or private interest.

Hence it was that we lowered ourselves to the indignity of hiring a miscellaneous collection of Germans to form a legion for us in the Crimean war; that politically disgraceful (though incidentally heroic) Crimean war in which it took two of the Great Powers of Europe, and two of the minor ones, (these last eagerly admitted by us to share in the fray), before we could bring to bay, and only bring to bay, the single-handed power of Russia. If we cannot by ourselves fight Russia, when occasion arises, then the sooner we hand India over to her the better.

The same insensibility to the cultivation of soldierly qualities at home, has left us just now with no resource but to send for our Indian contingent; brave but not fully reconciled auxiliaries, in whom we are fostering an hereditary development of combative power, while we are extinguishing the same in our own people, by making each generation less and less qualified to intensify and transmit to its descendants, the true stamina of a predominant race.

It is a question, from the point of view of heredity, whether our native Indian army is not a gigantic mistake; the maintenance of it consisting, as it does, in an attempt to shove off on inferior races a training which should be our own prerogative.

When great conquering peoples turn vanquished races to account as auxiliary forces the decline of their own supremacy is not far off.

I cannot too strongly insist upon this point, that if fighting is to be done at all upon our behalf or in our name, it should be done by ourselves. The qualities which are developed and strengthened by warlike training and discipline, by a preparation to encounter, deliberately, injury and pain, by a habit of holding certain things in higher estimate than death, and by resolute determination to fulfil an exalted ideal of courage, are among the most valuable which can exercise the human mind.

These qualities are not to be had at call. If not carefully prepared beforehand, they are found wanting in time of need. They are the resultant of hereditary derivation combined with encouraging environment. Like a muscle, they grow and strengthen with use; they shrink and become flaccid with disuse. Mind is a condition of matter, and not a thing apart from it, and in very fact these

qualities do consist in a certain tonic condition of brain fibre, well wrought by the deeds and habits of warlike forefathers, and nurtured by the inspiration of story and so prepared for enterprise.

When we employ others to fight our battles for us, we deliberately weaken these qualities in ourselves and diminish our power of transmitting them to our descendants, while we strengthen them in others; perhaps in allies, who may one day become our enemies, or in vassals, who may one day become rebels. We act as a man would act who, having to compete in some athletic contest, should induce his future opponents or his servants to do his training for him: should ask a neighbour to wield the dumb bells for him, should set his footman to practise running for him, and his groom to go through the suitable dieting for the coming competition; and then should be surprised to find himself beaten by

others, and perhaps hard run by the very people whom he had paid to perform a vicarious preparation for him.

To omit to give to all our countrymen the advantage of being trained to warfare is a ridiculous piece of neglect, only equalled by the folly of fostering such training in possible enemies, by employing uncertain allies, or ill affected dependants to do our fighting for us. A nation without arms is like a lion without teeth or claws, or an elephant without trunk or tusks; lumpy, unwieldy, illogical, defenceless.

It cannot be said that we English are altogether without arms. The fault to be found is that, as regards the regular army, the arms are not in the right hands; and that a passion for material comfort makes us unwilling to incur the expense necessary to put them in the right hands.

A great deal of money is spent in breeding and training horses and other animals. The

greatest care is exercised in their selection and development. It is recognized that qualities desirable in them are hereditary and capable of cultivation; but the transmission of human qualities upon which our pre-eminence in the world has been based, and by which only it can be maintained, is left to chance, and the cultivation of those qualities is practised less upon ourselves than upon those whom we have reason to despise or fear.

It cannot be said that any reasonable amount of money would be wasted in educating our middle classes to that trained alacrity towards danger and conflict, which at present is on the one hand the eagerly sought privilege of the rich and noble, and on the other an unvalued boon thrust by our parsimony on some of the least estimable layers of our people. We may well give votes to these last, when we look to them to do our fighting for us. We are indeed edu-

cating our future masters in disciplining them to do it.

It is the passion for material comfort which makes us unwilling to find the money necessary to transfer the physico-moral education of military training from our lowest to our middle classes. This transfer would require increased taxation; and we, the taxed classes, which in this country means the governing classes, are unwilling to submit to this.

This passion for material comfort makes us think much of the houses in which our bodies dwell, the beds on which they lie, the raiment which they wear, and the tables at which they are fed, and little of the bodies themselves in which our spirits are comprised; perfection in which bodies is the only thing which permits the perfect disposition of the soul.

So long as we do good unto ourselves in matters of corporeal gratification, all men will speak well of us. Or so at least we think.

We wish to have no mission in the world except where our material interests are touched. The growth of our population is a matter of curiosity and not of care. Instead of endeavouring to take the lead in the world we are selfishly striving to prevent others from doing so, and to this end are impeding the natural dissolution of the Turkish Empire.

We call this maintaining the Balance of Power. But there ought to be no balance of power. This balance of power is trades-unionism in disguise; a system under which the efforts of the worthy and energetic worker are to be restrained within those limits of effort, which the unworthy and sluggish worker finds it convenient to him to prescribe. Power ought to belong to the worthiest, and in matters of territorial possession, the worthiest is the mightiest. If we do not show ourselves worthy, the Russians will.

These short-comings will be best remedied

among us by recognising the all-important part played by the genius of combat in the past history of the world; by realizing the truth that we are but parts of a stupendous whole, and that, too, a passing and provisional part; that further progress on the part of Nature requires a continuous application of the principle of conflict; that it is our duty to take our part in this, and to take it efficiently, and to take it in the persons of the most estimable classes of the community, because these are best fitted to benefit by the physico-moral training derived therefrom.

Our regular regiments should be assimilated (as regards their *personnel*) to our present corps of volunteers. The pecuniary and social advantages of the private soldier should be such that the man who lost his place in the ranks by misbehaviour should have reason to feel that his dismissal was a misfortune for him; and this feeling might be in-

tensified by taking security from each recruit for the expenses of his first year's training.

The hours of drill should be reduced to a reasonable minimum,—an easy thing with a superior class of recruits. Barrack life should be abolished. Regiments not on active service should have a territorial localization, and the private soldiers should be permitted, as officers are now, to live how and where they please, provided they are present at all hours of instruction and practice. They should be encouraged to follow occupations of their own; and in all garrison towns there should be manufactories and depôts of military stores in which some of them might find employment. To have much idle time should no longer be a characteristic of the soldier.

As selected members of the community, distinguished for physical and moral qualities calculated to give predominance to their country, they should not be discouraged from marrying.

The celibacy of soldiers impoverishes the physique and the spirit of a nation by debarring in the very prime of life some of its finest specimens and most elevated spirits from taking part in the increase of the population.

Such innovations as I have ventured to suggest are but a logical sequence of the success of our volunteer corps. Could we resolve upon an expenditure sufficient to carry them out, we should have a force such as the world has never before seen but once, and that in the American civil war. Then, indeed, it might be said to England of her soldiery, in the words of the poet:—

"Primo avulso, non deficit alter;
————Et simili frondescit virga metallo.
Carpe manu; namque ipse volens facilisque sequetur,
Si te fata vocant."

It is a pity that the Americans, to whom I have just alluded, themselves English, should have seceded from the English cause in the

world, just because they would not be put upon a little by poor silly George III. and his stupid ministers. Poor old George III.! His father had fought their battles for them against the Red Indians and the French, when the latter, then well-established in Canada, after making treaties with the native tribes, constructed a chain of forts from Montreal to New Orleans; and, with their savage allies, hemming in the English colonists along their whole western frontier, struck at their very existence, and almost threatened to drive them into the sea. And he himself behaved like a gentleman when they and the French had beaten us; and yet they write such histories about him for use in their schools!

Anybody who wonders why there is such a deficiency of goodwill on the part of this great branch of the English-speaking race towards ourselves should look into a few of the elementary histories written for use in the schools

of the United States. Utterly ignoring the fact that Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror and the famous Edwards and Henrys were their kings as much as they were ours, they seem to think that all history begins with that echo of our Great Rebellion which sounded in the Declaration of Independence.

They overlook alike the protection which the mother-country gave them against the French, and the help which the French gave them against the mother-country. The ill-judged persistence of the Imperial government in calling upon them to bear their share in the maintenance of armaments of which they had experienced the benefit is held up to scorn and detestation as the coarsest tyranny, and their successful repudiation of any such obligation is represented as an heroic vindication of right.

Surely, if we were a little over-bearing, they were something less than fair. Nothing

that has ever been written by English liberals in abhorrence of the genuine tyranny and falsehood of Charles I. goes further in exciting to hatred and contempt than that which these writers of school histories permit themselves to say of Great Britain in reference to her attempt to "put upon" her children to the extent of making them bear their quota of the Imperial burdens.

It is not they, but we of the old country who have reason to load with bitter contempt the blind imbeciles who then conducted our affairs, and who, in spite of the protests of Burke and Chatham, and in spite of the fact that there were at one time as many colonists in arms for the king as against him, brought about by their blundering this ever to be lamented severance, and made us an object of "words of high disdain and insult," to those who should have been "our hearts' best brothers."

Really educated Americans, of the kind who keep aloof from public affairs in their own country, are free from these feelings. The sentiments which they manifest towards the old country, when they visit it, are gratifying in the extreme to those who yearn for a complete *rapprochement* between the two kindred nations. Those of our visitors from the States who are classical scholars, and there are many such, do not need to be reminded of the words of the oracle to the Æneidæ.

> "Quæ vos a stirpe parentum
> Prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere læto
> Accipiet reduces; antiquam exquirite matrem."

They make pilgrimages to Oxford and to Waverley, and realise that the famous scenes of mediæval English history are theirs as much as ours, and that the great dead of those days, Becket, and Wolsey, and Simon de Montfort and Warwick, the king-maker, are to them precisely what they are to us.

With what effect might the whole united English-speaking race now act in the world had the people of the States (like the Canadians) preserved their solidarity with the land of their fore-fathers. The States might have been quite as big as at present, and they certainly would have been more great. They and we are equally losers by this shortsightedness of which they seem at times so proud. By this unhappy severance we have lost strength and impetus, and they have lost grace and tone.

We ought to have been mutually proud of each other; and ill-will between us a thing to be as little apprehended as ill-will between Yorkshire and Lancashire; yet this dishonest school instruction trains them up from early childhood to hatred of us as tyrants, and contempt of us as unsuccessful tyrants; and whenever we are in possible jeopardy, they play vexatiously upon our apprehensions by coquetting with an absolute monarchy which is the embodiment

of all from which they profess to have fought to free themselves.

It is to be hoped that one day citizenship will be in common among all English-speaking nations in all parts of the world; and that just as sovereigns of gold, whether coined at the mint of the Imperial government in London, or at the colonial mint at Sydney, are circulated reciprocally and with mutual confidence in Great Britain and Australia; so at some future time citizens of the United States and of the United Kingdom may have reciprocal access to and be mutually welcome in the law courts, the universities, the churches, and the legislatures of the two countries.

The Italians and the Germans have attained complete re-union. The Pan-Slavist movement is gathering strength and promises success. Is it too much to hope that another century may see a Pan-Anglican movement, and the establishment of a common citizenship, if not a

common government, among all nations of English origin?

But meanwhile the first step towards a complete reconciliation between our American cousins and ourselves, and towards their giving us their powerful co-operation in the affairs of the world, and in the maintenance of the predominance of our common race, will be the correction of the prejudiced misrepresentations about us which a nation with so many claims to enlightenment still suffers to be instilled into the minds of its youth.

These misrepresentations are the more to be lamented, because (paradoxical as it may seem), the possibility of raising ill-will between any two individuals or nations is directly proportional to the amount of resemblance between them, and to their latent desire for each other's good opinion.

The extreme touchiness of the Americans towards us proceeds, in fact, from real sensi-

tiveness towards our opinion. There are no quarrels so bitter in private life as those between near relations. It is not the alien in blood who can most deeply move us to anger. The one we love is he to be wroth with whom "doth work like madness in the brain."

The more any work of art is to our taste, and the more nearly it approaches perfection in our eyes, the more provoking it is to find a flaw in it. The smaller the flaw, and the more nearly in consequence the work approaches perfection, the more provoking is it that there should be any flaw at all.

We do not hate a man for a great difference from us, but for a little one. It is nothing to us if he be a Jew, a Turk, or an Infidel. But that he should be a Christian and not be a Protestant, is odious to us. That he should be a Protestant and not belong to our own section of Protestantism, is more odious still. The distaste which we may feel for a Buddhist

is nothing compared with the dislike of an Evangelical for a Ritualist. The enmity of an Imperialist towards a Republican is tame by the side of the ill-will which different sections of Republicans feel for each other.

The more highly kindred nations esteem the ideal of their common race, the more warmly do they resent small points of difference between them.

Had the ancient Greeks maintained a cordial union among themselves they might have conquered the world in politics and in arms, as they did in philosophy, in literature, and in art.

But having failed to maintain any degree of concord among themselves, they were justly relegated to a secondary place under the domination of a race, brutal and ignorant in comparison with themselves, but whose talent lay in the direction of aggregation and solidarity. Let us hope that such

may never be the case with the Anglo-Saxon race.

As, on the one hand, the enthusiasm of humanity may be shocked by the naked disclosure of Nature's utter indifference, in view of the improvement of the type, to individual men and individual nations; so, on the other hand, it may appear inconsistent with a love of mankind at large for any writer to advocate earnestly measures tending to ensure the predominance of the particular race to which he himself belongs.

But the truth is, that visions of general good are best realized by seeking to effect good in some particular direction. He who desires the improvement of his fellows will best promote it by striving for the improvement of himself and those immediately about him. He who aims at the good of men in general will best conduce to it by working for the advancement of the community with

which he is most immediately connected. He who wishes the races of highest capacities to survive will best ensure this result by doing his part that his own race may become worthy to be one of the survivors.

It is not good for men or nations to stand aloof as merely critical spectators of the great drama of life. Even cosmopolitan sympathies find their most useful expression when they are disciplined to the service of some localised object. It is best to take some side, though we may be assured that the best side will win, and that side not necessarily our own. Hence I have not hesitated to find the exponent of an ardent desire for the advancement of man at large in an ardent desire for the advancement of the Englishman in particular; that is, of the English-speaking people wherever they may be found. I cherish the anticipation of their predominance.

Though the tendency of modern civilisation

is to cultivate immediate comfort at the expense of prospective sentiment, and though our own country has its full share of this tendency, yet Englishmen are in reality well fitted for such emprise.

This shy, nervous and passionless seeming people are in their inmost hearts the most enthusiastic and imaginative in the world. The power of unuttered yearnings lies retired under their self-restraint, and they have not the less a temper of romance because they conceal their sentiment as a lover conceals his flame.

With the melancholy which their climate inspires, they are precisely the people to realise the idea that a nation, like an individual, may "miss happiness, and, instead thereof, find blessedness." That is, they may find a higher life in devoting themselves to the accomplishment of some great conception than in seeking only to arrive at that personal condition which

is generally designated as happiness, or prosperity.

The advocates of "peace at any price" put forward, as the great motive of their policy, the promotion of what they describe as the happiness of the people; that is, the full supply to them of all the comforts of the body, and all the gratifications of the mind, joined with such training as shall induce a healthful moderation in the use of these things.

Now, this is indeed a noble aim; but it is not the highest, inasmuch as it regards this happiness as an end, and not as a means. Happiness, or a state of weal, is a means of health in the widest acceptation of that term, and this health is essential to the successful carrying on of existence; but happiness is not the object of existence, nor does it supply an adequate object for existence. It embraces no end for the employment of men when they are thus provided for.

The advocates of happiness as a *raison d'être* for man are like an artificer who should busy himself in fashioning perfect instruments, but should have no idea as to any use to be made of the instruments thus laboriously constructed; if, indeed, anything can be said to be perfect which has no ultimate application, and which is not destined to perish in giving rise to something beyond and greater than itself.

It is this power of so perishing, or being worn out in the act of producing something nobler than itself that constitutes the worth of any created thing, and not its capacity for its own enjoyment, however useful this enjoyment may be in keeping it in healthful working order. That earthly thing which cannot perish cannot produce, and must ever be regarded as a failure.

It is note-worthy that those who are most enthusiastic in the cause of happiness utterly fail in inspiring any enthusiasm for happiness

as an end; while the strongest sympathy for the contrary condition is easily evoked. Some slight instances will illustrate this. Nearly all the romances written and devoured amongst us have their interest based on the calamities which befal the characters described.

As long as the lost heir cannot be found, as long as undeserved suspicion falls upon the virtuous, as long as the rich old uncle will not die, and the cruel parents refuse their assent to the marriage of the hero and heroine; so long, provided it be well written, the reader finds the attraction of the story unflagging, through nearly three whole volumes.

But when once these conditions are reversed—when the heir has been discovered and recognised, the unjustly aspersed character rehabilitated, the rich uncle conveyed to the tomb, and the right couples paired off in marriage, the author feels that his occupation is gone, and the rest of the story is

huddled up into half-a-dozen concluding pages. The hero and heroine retire, united, rich and glorified, into the unbroken happiness, where two children, a boy and a girl, and content for ever after await them.

Why do they never emerge again from, or rather re-appear in, this happiness so deep and so lasting? Why does not the author write three more volumes, describing at length the prosperity of these people? The answer is, because he could not do it. The subject would not interest him. Because these three further volumes would not sell, if he could write them. They would not interest the public.

Exceptions to this rule are very rare. There is but one writer of romances in this country who can write a story in which, as in Tancred, the interest of the story is kept alive by the narration of the prosperities of the leading characters in it, and that writer is the present Prime Minister.

The principle which I have stated prevails, with very few exceptions, through all literature, ancient and modern. So much of literature as concerns man, be it history, biography, or romance, resembles music in a minor key. The book of Job consists of forty-two chapters, of which forty-one and a-half are taken up with Job's misfortunes and comments arising thereupon, and only half a chapter with a very curt recapitulation of his restoration to prosperity.

The writer, having once satisfied our longing for justice towards Job as against Satan, evidently thinks our interest in Job to be ended, and makes no attempt to assign another forty-two chapters to the description of Job's prosperities, and conversations thereupon, though the measure of these prosperities exactly doubled that of his previous adversities. The feeling of a deep instinct of human nature lay at the bottom of this omission. Justice

once done, the writer did not care about Job's further happy history, and did not expect his readers to care about it either.

Again, how much more does "Paradise Lost" compel our interest than "Paradise Regained," though Milton is said to have preferred the latter, probably because it had cost him a greater effort to write effectively four books of a gladsome story than twelve books of a sad one.

> "Death is the chief hero of poetry,
> Though life is its perpetual theme."

Bunyan likewise felt the same difficulty as the author of the book of Job. He gives us no account of Christian from the moment that that hero passes the heavenly gate. He renounces the exercise of his imagination upon aught that may have taken place in Christian's subsequent state of being.

Both Dante and Doré have utterly failed in their descriptions and illustrations of happi-

ness by the side of their comparatively successful endeavours to portray woe. All the great plays and great poems of the world convey the same idea; that, to be supremely interesting to his fellows, man must be supremely unhappy.

Nor, though he may be finally triumphant, must he be less than supremely beset and endangered, or be engaged in less than supreme trial and travail, if he is to confer great lasting good upon his contemporaries or those who come after him.

It is not so much the morality of the Christian religion, every precept of which may be found in some præ-Christian writer or other, as the tragic interest of the story of The Victim, and the pitying sympathy evoked for the grief of The Mother, that have filled all lands with a dolorous enchantment of sympathy with, and a humanising enthusiasm of love for, the cause of that

religion which first taught that man was loveable and was beloved on high.

The same teachings which, delivered from the rugged eminence of adversity, have moved the whole world, or are in a way to do so, would, if delivered from the sleek table-land of earthly prosperity, have never brought a great healing name down to us through eighteen Christian centuries. It is the story, and not the morality, that has made the religion: a sad life, and not a happy one, that has emphasised its doctrines.

Surely there is something for our example to be learned from these things. It is not merely that man is essentially dramatic, and loves to see the great drama of life performed before his eyes. It is not merely that the man who has undergone the stimulus of adversity regards people whose whole lives have been passed in unbroken comfort, just as an old salt who has been down to the sea

in ships, and occupied his business in great waters, looks with a sort of tolerant pity upon a riverside boatman.

It is something more than this. It is that the whole world is turned upon the pivot of adversity. Though we all strive, both singly and nationally, to be prosperous, and though we invariably shrink from misfortune, yet when we find a high motive or a great object to stir us, the motive must be based upon some adversity, past or nigh, of ourselves or others; the object must be one which involves in its attainment some hazard of a reverse.

Those nations only know the real flavour of liberty whose members have fought for it, suffered for it, and died for it; and even conquered races must feel that it is better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all. The victory is not always to the victor, and even in this life oft-times he who shall lose his life shall gain it.

That saying, so dear to the advocates of peace at any price: "Happy the people which has no history," leaves out of view the fact that man is fit to have some higher *raison d'être* than simply to be happy, even with the most refined kind of happiness. There must be something for him to do, something for him to suffer, something for him to sacrifice himself for, if he is to attain his fullest development, as well as something for him to be, and something for him to have and enjoy. Mere happiness is in itself an insufficient aim. Devotion to some cause gives us a motive beyond this, and raises us to be a means; which (in a world where there is so much to be done) is far nobler than to be an end.

It is because I feel that man needs a high motive for his line of action, and that a care for material comfort alone will not supply such a motive, that I venture to point out, as a worthy object for him, the consciously taking

part in the developmental creation of the future inhabitants of the world by promoting the great movement in favour of race agglomeration, and the training himself to take part in the great coming conflict of the races which will form but a continuation of Nature's process for the selection of higher and higher types of human creatures.

Whoever shall say that I advocate rushing into war for the mere sake of bloodshed and vainglory will totally misrepresent me. Whoever shall say that I am indifferent to the happiness of my fellow-creatures will altogether mistake the drift of what I have endeavoured to write.

But I do say that happiness should be a means and not an end; that the great use of happiness is to produce healthiness in the widest acceptation of the term. And I do say that health and wealth are not to be kept, like the one talent, in a napkin, but that it is

a worthy thing to engage them, even at the risk of some diminution of them or possible disaster to ourselves, in the promotion of some high cause. And I do suggest that this cause may best be found in lending ourselves intelligently to the prosecution of Nature's plan for the advancement of the inhabitants of the earth to higher and higher forms of being; and further, that Nature's plan is based on the constantly recurrent use of the habit of warfare among her subjects.

Of course danger lies in the adventurous policy which I advocate, and which implies an habitual preparedness for war, and a readiness to enter into it (though not with a light heart); dispositions which will shock many humane readers, though my book is written to sway opinions, and not to affront feelings, with which I have my full share of sympathy.

But there is also danger in stagnation, however comfortable or luxurious it may be.

Those waters are most truly in a wholesome condition upon which the forces of Nature are freely spent. It is not material prosperity that makes the high history of the human race. It was upon the news of Cannæ that Rome showed herself most great. It was by the waters of Babylon that the sweetest of the Jewish songs were composed.

It is not a pleasing task to say anything to impair the hopes of those who believe that for the more civilized parts of the earth aggressive war is about to become a thing of the past, and that after an interval during which war shall bear, at least for all professedly Christian lands, a purely defensive aspect, there will come a time when physical conflict between nations will be at an end, and when only a contest of Industrialism will remain.

All Prophets and Poets have sung of such a time, and he must be more or less than

human whose heart does not turn wistfully towards such an idealization; and who does not sicken at the announcement of a public declaration of war, as he would at the approach to those who share his affections of the beneficent knife of the surgeon in their time of need.

But when we reflect how small a fraction of the earth's population is really civilized or really Christian, and what great questions remain to be settled between rival races, there will be found to be but little ground for these flattering expectations.

Doubtless, in this country, none but defensive war is really welcome, but it appears to me that there is much work in the world to be done which requires offensive warfare, to abstain from which work will retard the cause of humanity; and if we do not undertake it, there is at least one great power in Europe which will do so.

There are some who think that Russia will be interrupted in her career by internal revolution; but those who think so should remember how France burst her banks when the fountains of her great Revolution were broken up, and how she carried all before her in Europe till the excesses of her own energy prostrated her, and gathered all the birds of the air around the expiring eagle. The melancholy Russian temperament may not lead it to such excesses, or subject it to such a reaction.

Whatever anticipations we may form about the distant future, it is evident that, at present, war is the sovereign tribunal of all earthly matters. Bloodshed is also the ordained condition of the nourishment of half the species of the animal world, and is organized by us for the maintenance of the bodies of men.

Perhaps, in the course of future ages, man may come to have destroyed all the carnivora,

and may have renounced for himself the use of flesh meat. Then a great step will have been made towards the ideal of peace upon earth, and the cause of goodwill among men will have been forwarded a stage by a growing repugnance to the thought that even in the case of the inferior creatures they have a right to

—— "take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life."

In the meanwhile humanitarian agitators who think there are no horrors like the horrors of war should realize what is daily done for us (in a few cases with some humane precautions and appliances) in providing the community with what it demands for its daily sustenance.

Beside the more homely varieties of nutriment and clothing derived from animals, there are forms of food and rarities of dress for which the habits of society create a demand, and which cannot be supplied in the per-

fection which fastidious tastes demand without physical agony inflicted on dumb creatures in comparison with which the terrors of a gunshot wound are tame.

But some will say: The agony of a battlefield is *human* agony. True, but human sufferers have compensations which dumb brutes have not. They have the rapture of the strife, the consciousness of a national cause, of bravery upheld in the presence of their captain and their comrades.

If they die, they die with their eyes upon their flag, with the feeling of having died for some object, and they end this life with hopeful aspirations for a life beyond. If they recover from their injuries, pitying eyes will look upon them, tender hands will smooth their pillow, eager arms will welcome them back.

But dumb creatures, without any of these compensations, are made to end their sweet

lives in great numbers under cruel torture for our artificial desires. And this is how we treat the house of life, without having the excuse which Nature has for her cruelty, that the average of the breeds thus hardly dealt with is improved thereby.

A sensitive philanthropy is a valuable endowment. World-wide sympathies are highly ennobling. The man who can dwell upon the sufferings of his fellowmen without the keenest pang of tender commiseration is entitled to no credit for culture, to no sympathy, and no respect.

But a distinction should be made between needlessly inflicted pain and the suffering or loss of life which may be incurred for the promotion of any calculated beneficent enterprise.

I have said that Nature is pitiless; but yet, since man has grown to be pitiful, and since man is the latest outcome of Nature, I ought

to own that this rule, like other rules, has its exception; and that the beautiful beneficence of mercy and forbearance has grown to be among the healthful moral qualities which are included in her ideal of complete strength.

She was always solicitous for types, and in this, her latest phase, she has become, in the hearts of thoughtful men, tender to individual suffering; though she profits more, probably, through the culture gained by men in showing tenderness, than in the persons of those to whom such tenderness is shown.

And she brings good out of evil. I must not say that in war she does evil that good may come. But at least she employs a less good to bring about a greater good. Moreover, she so heals the wounds which she inflicts that good supervenes where evil has been wrought.

The bodies of the dead lying high on the mountains by the Shipka Pass will be soon

resolved into their primeval elements. These elements will be carried gently down by the soft rains of heaven into the neighbouring valleys. They will there enter into the composition of smiling flowers and sustaining fruits, and will gladden the eyes and supply the needs of future and more civilised races of men.

The forces which permeated those elements of yore will again convert them to creative purposes, and will use them to give form and growth to herbs and trees and animals and men; ever to something which Nature fashions, ever to something which Nature loves.

Is this inhumane burlesque? (I think I hear some reader say). Indeed it is not meant for such. In sober thought it seems to me that so Nature works, and has done since the world began. She too has the enthusiasm of humanity; not, indeed, of humanity as it is, but of humanity as it

ought to be and is destined to be. She can afford to be thus prodigal of the present men, for she has all the ages before her within which to work out her ideal, and to give her finishing touches to the crowning issues of life.

Still, though complete general peace may never be attained, and is doubtless undesirable, as tending to stagnation, as destroying individuality, as interrupting that progress which consists in the elimination of the least fit; yet peace, sweet peace, must still remain the ideal towards which even war must tend. As all men can never be equal, but all legislation ought to lead towards their equality (pursuing ever a goal which constantly recedes); so all can never be peace, but all hopes should be directed towards it, though reason tell us that it can never be completely attained.

War will always come in spite of our efforts to avoid it; as wholesome as a light-

ning storm, though as destructive; and like other things hard to bear, it will be found to have in it, when it does come, a precious jewel of good.

Doubtless a great deal of what I have urged is painful, but then Nature is very painful. And a great deal of what I have said is no doubt full of inconsistency; but then I have been constrained by the contemplation of this great inconsistency, that while Nature carries out the improvement of her works by a merciless elimination of all that is weak, she yet has rendered man, her highest work, subject, in his latest development, to the impulses of pity and mercy. Free from such impulses in her works at large, she yet refines the highest education of man by the suggestion and culture of such impulses, so that not only weak men, but strong ones too, are subjected to such feelings.

Finally, the progress of thoughtful aspira-

tion with which she has imbued man has led him to form his Highest Ideal as "slow to anger and of great kindness, and as repenting Him of the evil;" as one "whose nature and property is ever to have mercy and to forgive," so that to Him Christian men appeal, when "tied and bound" by the chain of evil, that "the pitifulness of His great mercy" may loose them.

But painful and inconsistent as a book on such topics as I have chosen must necessarily be, it is always well to be ready to find one's self, for the sake of that which appears to one to be true, in a minority, however small.

I would gladly have reduced my thoughts on these things to the supreme golden rule which I recognise as the first great principle of manners between man and man, of doing to others as we would have others do to us; but, in truth, the world at large has not been endowed with the power of submission to such

a rule. Doubtless the lamb would much like to lie down with the lion; but, as a matter of fact, has the lion been so made as to lie down with the lamb except with the lamb inside him? In fact, if he do spare the lamb, a lingering miserable death by starvation has been appointed for him. And so with us, who occupy one of the topmost places in the world, we must war, or we must be crowded out by those inferior to ourselves.

Grievous as the course of Nature may be, it is impossible to doubt that

"Whatever is, is in its causes just."

Hamlet pursued the ghost on hearing that it had something to impart, though his friends pleaded that it might "tempt him towards the flood or to the dreadful summit of the cliff, and there assume some other horrible form, which might deprive his sovereignty of reason, and draw him on to madness." And following

humbly in the steps of so great an impersonation, when I see what I take to be a truth which "beckons me to go away with it, and waves me to a more removéd ground," however alien such ground may be to that which I have been exhorted to consider safe, I feel bound to follow it, even though what I learn by so doing may be to me, as it was to Hamlet, a shock to my comfort and at variance with my desires.

It is in this spirit, in the spirit of one who aims at truthfulness, and not for the sake of any equivocal *éclat* to be gained by giving utterance to hazardous sayings, that I have ventured upon offering to the public my interpretation of one of the saddest themes of the tragic symphony of life.

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS

OF THE

PHILOSOPHY OF WAR,

By JAMES RAM.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

E. J. DAVEY, Boy Court; [58] Ludgate Hill.

THROUGH ANY BOOKSELLER

OR BY POST FOR TWELVE STAMPS FROM THE AUTHOR,

19, BELVEDERE ROAD, UPPER NORWOOD, LONDON, S.E.

The Scotsman, Edinburgh, September 3rd, 1878.

Mr. Ram's *Philosophy of War* is undoubtedly a very bold and original treatise. Wordsworth expounded the idea when he defined slaughter in war as God's daughter. Mr. Ram explains and justifies it in this book by arguments which are undoubtedly forcible and well-sustained. The essay is unquestionably deserving of attention, and furnishes much valuable material for thought.

Glasgow Herald, November 28th, 1878.

This thoughtful little volume is well named.....It offers some fresh conceptions about war in the abstract, and as to its place in the economy under which we live. The argument is a serious and well conducted piece of reasoning, which will not well bear condensation.....You cannot fail to respect the author's earnestness and solemnity of purpose, his width of information, and lucidity of expression.

The Saturday Review, August 10th, 1878, p. 190.

A book which professes to deal philosophically with so great and terrible a subject will always have a certain attraction, and must invite a considerable amount of criticism. A state of war is so diametrically opposed to the ordinary tenor of our lives and entails so much that is repugnant to our ideas of religion and morality, that any reasonings purporting to defend such a condition of affairs will be listened to with curiosity, if not with interest. The Author has touched with some skill on various topics which are interwoven with the primary idea set forth at its commencement, that war is not an unmit-

igated evil, but rather that it forms part of the natural government of the world, and tends, like other ordinances of nature, to ultimate progress. Upon this thesis, arguments on the present political state of the world are based..... The severance of the United States from England is lamented over as tending to hinder the working with a common object of the English-speaking races. The scheme of enlisting subject nationalities to fight the battles of their conquerors meets with strong disapproval. Nations who aspire to victory in arms must be prepared to fight their own battles with their best men. There is much in this little book that is put cleverly, and much that is true.

The Spectator, July 27th, 1878.

At the end of this little book, before parting with his readers, Mr. Ram seems to feel that some words, not exactly of apology, but of deprecatory comment, were required or would not be out of place. It is not the "equivocal éclat of being the utterer of hazardous sayings," he tells us, which has led him to venture on offering to the public his "interpretation of one of the saddest themes of the tragic symphony of life." He has thought the subject out fairly for himself, and having arrived at conclusions entirely convincing to his reason, he speaks them out, in the spirit of one who aims at truth before all things. His main position is, that war, in the abstract, is "one of the good things of the world," and politically and morally, not only justifiable but beneficent. Turning to his own country he is greatly exercised by England's attitude and policy. It is a serious "question whether the maintenance of our Indian Army at all is not a grand mistake," for "when conquering peoples begin to use vanquished races as auxiliaries, the decline of their supremacy is not far off. We are practically excluding from the soldiers' work all but our most degraded class, who "discredit the profession in time of peace, and brutalize it in war." And so at this time, when Nature is obviously "erecting the lists, and calling on the champion nations to contend for the prizes of the world," we are likely to find ourselves hopelessly handicapped. Mr. Ram sees clearly what his premises involve, and accepts the conclusion that "the whole world is turned upon the pivot of adversity." All history, biography, romance, all the greatest poems and dramas of the world, prove that "man to be supremely interesting must be supremely unhappy." But is not this view painfully inconsistent with the highest aspirations of humanity, Pagan as well as Christian? Bearing, however, this protest and the inferences from it in mind, the most timid reader will get nothing but good from the bracing and vigorous atmosphere of Mr. Ram's pages.

Edinburgh Daily Review, July 26th, 1878.

Nothing on war as a beneficial element in an evil world has been written so able and so convincing as the late Canon Mozley's University sermon. Mr. Ram's little book follows in the same track, but more in a political and practical fashion.

The Nonconformist, July 31st. 1878.

The romance of war is a common subject for heroics; but a feeling seems to be now prevalent, that the periodical revival of the war spirit in this country requires a more serious justification. Mr. James Ram has endeavoured to minister to this want by a brief exposition of the philosophy of the subject. It is only justice to acknowledge that he treats it in no spirit of levity, and indeed is evidently touched by the mystery of human woe. His argument differs from other attempts of the kind in the serious and even pathetic temper which animates it. His originality consists in his adornment of the ugly features of that theory [the doctrine of natural selection], as applied to man, with the heroic morality suggested by the sadness of history, and by the power wielded over human life by the story of the Cross.

The Book Analyst, February 7th, 1879.

Mr. Ram's book is an attempt to promote views of war philosophic rather than humanitarian; but with this reserve —that the severity of nature, as illustrated by brute warfare, and exemplified by human warfare, in eliminating the weaker tribes and nations, and in expediting the ultimate natural selection of those most fitted to replenish the earth, is really, in the long run, the highest form of humanitarianism.

The author, while putting himself in opposition to many of the received opinions against war, expressly disclaims doing so with a light heart, and a considerable portion of the work is devoted to a rueful and sorrowing exposition of the horrors and wastefulness of warfare. The book is an explanation of the prevalence of war; an explanation which lapses, through the writer's conviction of its necessity and usefulness, into an apology for it. Though an out-spoken advocacy of war as a thing to be adopted and refined rather than to be abolished, it altogether repudiates Chauvinism; and, if such a contradiction in terms be permissible, it may be described as an optimist adaptation of pessimistic views of life.

A defence of Russian ambition, a criticism of the composition of our own army, a lament over the alienation of the United States from England, and an exaltation of adversity as the leading theme of the "tragic symphony of life," are subordinate motives in the work.

Edinburgh Courant, August 27th, 1878.

He is a bold man who writes, "in favour, not of any particular war, as being politically or morally justifiable, but of war in the abstract," and this is the task which the author of the *Philosophy of War* has set himself. From the days of Hobbes down to those of Darwin, there have been those who have upheld the doctrine that the state of nature is a state of war; but Mr. Ram goes further than this; contending that, knowing war to be the natural state, we should ourselves help nature to carry out her design.....It must not be thought that Mr. Ram under-estimates the horrors and evils of war.... he estimates them as truly and deplores them as sincerely as the advocates of peace at any price.

The Westminster Review, October, 1878, p. 523.

The sense in which Mr. Ram may be said to differ from other people is, that while many have thought and spoken of ancient or distant calamities which they had not imagination enough to realise, as working out the design of nature or of God, he uses the same thought of present and probable disasters.

Vanity Fair, October 19th, 1878.

Mr. Ram's book is a most extraordinary piece of work. We have gone through it with as much pleasure as erstwhile we were wont to take in clean and elegant mathematical demonstrations. His paragraphs are strangely like steps of an elaborate "proof," so neatly are they dove-tailed, so absolutely do they satisfy the logical sense. Our deliberate opinion is that the argument of the book is unanswerable. Any one who reads with extreme care may perhaps be inclined once or twice to plume himself on having caught the author tripping, but he will invariably find the lapse covered by some judicious rider which makes the apparently weak position secure. Going far beyond the apologetic persons who are merely content to allow that war is an inevitable evil which must unhappily continue as long as life is on the globe, he declares that war is not only inevitable, but that it is a good rather than an evil thing. The race of men has attained its present level of physical and mental excellence, only because its more ignoble predecessors were engaged in a long wrestle, in which the strongest and worthiest escaped scatheless. This is a blunt and inadequate way of stating Mr. Ram's thesis, and readers must go to his book to find out the wonderful daring and skill with which he supports it.

The Liverpool Albion, August 3rd, 1878.

Our author starts with the proposition that "Every action in the world is entirely made up from motives which *taken singly in themselves*, are good." He therefore finds it impossible to descend to the belief that absolute evil could exist: he also believes that man, having passed through the ape-like state, is now in the man-like state, and is as yet on the lower steps of the ladder of intelligence. War is to raise the present man-like state to higher rounds in the intellectual ladder; —thus he applies the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" to the justification of the practice of war among nations..... For war has made monkeys into savage men; savage men into civilized men; civilized men into good men.

The Examiner, July 13th, 1878.

It cannot be denied that the author supports his thesis with considerable ability.

Eastern Daily Press, July 20th, 1878.

The Author is not insensible to the waste and misery of war. We are not aware that its consequences have been depicted in more forcible language or painted in more lurid colours than those which Mr. Ram has employed at the commencement of his little work. And yet he is pitiless, for he finds Natures to be "wisely pitiless."..... Mr. Ram's book is well-written and logically reasoned.

The Graphic, August 17th, 1878.

There are many– not philosophers at all—who greatly doubt if peace in every case, except the case of self-defence, should be the first object of an Imperial Power. But Mr. Ram goes a long way beyond this.....In the Balance of Power Mr. Ram has no belief. It is mere trades-unionism in disguise, keeping back those who are most worthy to gain the most. Were he a Russian, he would dream of Constantinople night and day. Being an Englishman, he would fain see the English breed the masters of the world. He would make every Englishman—middle-class Englishmen more particularly—a man of war.....In all this there is a good deal which is really clever; and which, though by no means wholly true, bristles with quaint, unpopular, half-truths.

London, February 22nd, 1879.

The author must in common fairness be admitted to be a man of very unusual courage. In each of the three main conclusions which he has drawn in his essay he runs full tilt against the prejudices of a large and influential section of the public..... Not that Mr. Ram is forgetful of the horrors of war; on the contrary, he goes almost out of his way to call attention to them.

South London Press, November 16th, 1878.

It is difficult to imagine any condition of the human mind in which the advocacy of war in the abstract would obtain popularity. Plenty of instances might be found in which there were enough advocates and to spare of particular wars having particular objects. but the general notion of war remains the same—namely, that it is always to be dreaded and avoided, except in certain well-understood extremities. A voice, however, has recently made itself pretty widely heard proclaiming the opposite doctrine, and setting forth the grounds which lead to "the conclusion that war, in a certain due degree, should be regarded as one of the good things of the world; and that it is its so-called evils (undeniable evils, in a certain sense) which should be regarded as incidental, and as being of less moment than the good which it effects." This is undoubtedly a very startling position to take up, and one well worthy of examination. Never permitting himself to speak dogmatically, Mr. Ram, in finding reasons in favour of war, does not lose sight of its terrible and woful side, nor would he have any nation invite its verdict "with a light heart." Indeed, he expressly disclaims occupying any such position, and gives a picture of the drawbacks of war, which, taken by itself, would make anyone sigh for the time when swords and spears should be beaten into plough-shares and pruning-hooks; and of the suffering it entails he speaks in eloquent words that show how earnestly he deplores it ..... But he sees in this and in other less terrible occurrences only one of the ways nature has of obtaining the improvement in life which is her chief care..... In conclusion, although Mr. Ram is not likely to find many who will go wholly with him in his advocacy of war as a means of human development, his careful and most philosophic essay will certainly awaken serious and valuable reflection in every thoughtful mind.

London Quarterly Review, October, 1878.

We hold that Mr. Ram is quite right in insisting that, if not by conscription, yet still in some way, the middle class should take its share in manning the army.

Echo, November 9th, 1878.

Mr. Ram has said two things with which we heartily agree. He hopes the time soon will be when all the English-speaking peoples of the world will own a common citizenship, if not a common government, and his suggestion is a good one that the Americans should give up the travesty of English History at present in use in their schools. The other point is when he deprecates the state of the army—our gilded youth at one end and the scum of the streets at the other. Let the middle

classes, he says, be brought into the army as they are in Germany, but without conscription.

John Bull, November 16th, 1878.

We agree with many of the sentiments and can appreciate the pathos of several of the passages in which Mr. Ram defends the necessity, and pleads for the dignity of war.

Mayfair, December 31st, 1878.

In the *Philosophy of War*, by James Ram, will be found the whole argument in favour of war as an institution set forth with enough clearness of phrase and neatness of style to make its reading something of a pleasure. Mr. Ram is both earnest and ingenious.

British Quarterly Review, October, 1878, p. 531.

Mr. Ram's little book, which is written with a good deal of vigour and acuteness, is a practical vindication of the "survival of the fittest" theory..... England and America ought never to have separated, but ought to form a great Pan-Anglican fighting nation, so as to conquer the world. The best men of a nation should be its fighters. We should seek to "refine rather than abolish war;" for "habitual war and fitness for war are an integral portion of the conditions of creature advancement."

Whitehall Review, January 4th, 1879.

Thoughtfully written and in a somewhat unusual vein, this work places Mr. Ram's views before the reader in lucid sequence..... The author has thought the matter carefully out.

Sydenham Gazette, July 20th, 1878.

Exceedingly well written in a readable style.

Vegetarian Messenger, February 1st, 1879.

In reading Ram's "*Philosophy of War*," one is delighted to meet with a striking passage in favour of our truly peaceful way of life.

Public Opinion, November 15th, 1878.

This work is written from a sensible stand-point. The author is of the extreme optimist School of Philosophy, and his work is so thoughtful that students of any other School must peruse it.

Colchester Chronicle, July 13th, 1878.

There is Philosophy and some sound wisdom set forth in this brochure. Every student who turns his attention to questions of war or peace should read attentively Mr. Ram's *Philosophy of War.*

Ipswich Journal, July 9th, 1878.

We rather like Mr. Ram's book because of its boldness in stemming a current idea, and the writer's daring following of his logic to its ultimate consequences. He tells us that peace at any price among nations is a form of trades-unionism: tending to give, in opposition to Nature's principle of natural selection, an equal chance to the less worthy with the more worthy types of mankind. His conclusion gives the key-note to the position he occupies as a thinker, "Hamlet pursued the ghost on learning that it had something to impart, though his friends pleaded that it might 'tempt him towards the flood, or to the dreadful summit of the cliff, and there assume some other horrible form, which might deprive his sovereignty of reason, and draw him on to madness.' And following humbly in the steps of so great an impersonation, when I see what I take to be a truth, which 'beckons me to go away with it, and waves me to a more removéd ground,' however alien such ground may be to that which I have been exhorted to consider safe, I feel bound to follow it, even though what I learn by so doing may be to me, as it was to Hamlet, a shock to my comfort and at variance with my desires."
