

limitation of gambling to the risk of sums "larger than a man could afford to lose," would appear to imply that very rich men who take pleasure in gambling, might properly waste very large sums on it so long as they do not thereby endanger their resources as a whole. Now, we think that though it may be right to risk for amusement as much on a game of chance as one would pay for any other amusement which is an amusement only,—without any gain of either health, or instruction, or benevolent satisfaction,—it is not right to spend on the mere amusing excitement of a game of chance nearly so much as one might rightly spend on a healthful or cultivating recreation. If a game be made more cheerful by a little of the excitement of pure chance as to who will be the gainers and who the losers,—as games have been made and will be made more cheerful as long as human nature and youth remain what they are,—we can see no more harm in losing small sums for such a purpose than in losing them for the purposes of a cooling drink in summer or a hot drink in winter. But the difference between gambling and almost every other amusement is that it combines no advantage of a higher order with the advantage of excitement. It does not involve exercise; it does not teach anything, unless it be a little coolness and self-control; it does not cultivate the sense of beauty, like gazing at beautiful scenes; it does not sustain the body; and unless very moderately indulged in, instead of refreshing and restoring, it rather heats and exhausts the mind. It is, therefore, an amusement which has fewer constituents of a noble kind than any other amusement, and that must be taken into account in reckoning how much even a very rich man ought to afford to spend upon it. If the risk were for any higher purpose than pure amusement, we should justify a very much greater risk of wealth and time and thought upon it than we ever could upon gambling; but then, if the risk were for any higher purpose than pure amusement, nobody would think of calling it gambling at all. For instance, a very rich man might very rightly risk a great deal more for the purpose of discovering whether a seam of coal on his estate were worth working or not, than he could rightly risk for his own amusement; and hardly any risk would be thought too great for the sake of succouring a ship endangered in an Arctic expedition, however slight the hope and however great the cost. Nor would any one dream of calling such a venture "gambling." It is of the very essence of gambling that the venture shall be for no *higher* purpose than that of amusement, though, of course, it may be for a lower purpose, supposing a man were ignorant enough and selfish enough to think that he could steadily win other people's money from them by playing at a game of pure chance, or wicked enough to hope to win it by trading on knowledge which makes the risk to his competitors an unfair one.

But then, it is said that even within the limits we have assigned, gambling must necessarily be wrong, because it teaches us to enjoy risk, to teach our expectations to lean upon favourable chances instead of upon the secure earnings of sober industry. To that we should reply that the encounter with risk is a very important part of the duty as well as the accomplishment of man, and that the objectionable element in gambling is not by any means the habituation of the mind to a certain heightening of the interest in pursuits that are accompanied by a good deal of risk, but in learning to prize that heightening of interest too highly for its own sake when it is divorced from any higher end. That men should feel a certain heightening of interest in the face of risks of which they cannot compute the magnitude, is perfectly natural; and if that heightening of interest did not enter into the heart of every daring work, English daring would not be the admired, perhaps too much admired, quality it actually is. The doctor faces risk, often great risk, in the treatment of disease of which he only half-understands the causes and conditions; the great preacher faces risk in the treatment of premisses and arguments of which he can only half-calculate the precise effect on his audience; the engineer faces risk, sometimes enormous risk, in almost every original experiment he undertakes; and, above all, every captain of a ship, to say nothing of its being a ship-of-war, habitually encounters risk in battling with the elements. If in all such cases there were not a certain heightening of the interest in proportion to the risk, very few of the more practical enterprises of this world would be half as well discharged as they actually are. Bishop Butler has said that "probability is the guide of

life." But if so, there is exceedingly little life, and hardly any important act of life, in which risk has not to be faced steadily and coolly. But there is no gambling in all that. It is the preference for encountering risk for the sake of risk, as a mere distraction, as an amusement, and an amusement uncombined with any other element of advantage, that is of the very essence of gambling. It may be a man's highest duty to encounter risks infinitely more serious than his risk of serious loss at any ordinary game of chance such as it would pay the conductors of the game to provide, though that risk is equivalent to a certainty of loss in any long series of trials. Still, there are a thousand risks which men of action run, and rightly run, and run often, in the course of their lives, in which they expose life itself to far greater peril than that to which they expose their property in the ordinary gambling games. But then they have a noble object in the one case, and only an ignoble object in the other. Still, this being fully conceded, there can be nothing wrong in making an amusement of running a small risk, so long as the price you pay for that amusement is not more than the price that you would pay for any other amusement equally devoid of useful or of noble elements. Suppose it right to pay two guineas for the pleasure of looking at a Royal procession, or half-a-guinea for seeing a Lord Mayor's Show, then we do not see how it can be contended that an equally rich person is committing a sin in spending the same sums on a week's whist, or on a round game at cards which amuses a number of young people for an hour or two. What is culpable in gambling is spending on it any sum which you would be ashamed to spend on the most trivial of all distractions of any other kind. For a game of chance played for money is an utterly trivial amusement, of which the best that can be said is that it gives a certain amount of discipline to the understanding and character, in teaching a true estimate of the element of chance on the one hand, and cheerful indifference to trivial gain or trivial loss on the other hand. But it seems to us that if the right limits be assigned to risk at such games of chance, there is at least not less, perhaps we might justly say, a good deal more, to be said for them than can be said for spending such sums as are actually spent on the gratification of the palate or the mere dazzling of the eye. In games of chance you do learn to realise practically what it means in life to have the odds against you, as men so often must have them against them in much more serious matters, and matters where it is far less possible to calculate the amount of the odds against them. You might learn, too, and often do learn, how much piquancy is given to otherwise very stupid occupations by the uncertainty of the issue. And you certainly get a very good opportunity of practising equanimity in small reverses and magnanimity in small successes. Take it all in all, we hold that games of chance played for such trivial sums as a man may properly pay for the most trivial of other amusements, are by no means wrong, though it is extremely wrong to encourage in yourself so great a taste for the excitement of risk that you are willing to pay for that excitement as much as you would pay for the most healthful and ennobling of human recreations, recreations which develop the body, or cultivate the mind, or stimulate the soul. We do not believe that there can be any wrong in enjoying in a moderate way in pure play, the sort of excitement which all great explorers, all great scholars, all great pioneers, all great soldiers, all great sailors, enjoy in a large way in the pursuit of their various objects in life. But when the element of risk is sought after for itself alone, when it is entirely dissociated from any useful or noble or beautiful object beyond itself, then it ought undoubtedly to be kept, and jealously kept, within very narrow limits, and not permitted so to eat into the nature that everything seems to be tame and uninteresting which is not flavoured with risk. After all, the certainties of life are infinitely greater and higher than the uncertainties, and the one delight which it is impossible to connect in any sense with the divine, should not be the one in which man finds his most vivid satisfaction.

EVOLUTION AND POLITICS.

THE future historian of literature and philosophy, we imagine, will pause, when he reaches the seventh decade of our century, to describe a change in general thought, feeling, and expression, more permanent than any other that

was equally sudden, and more important than any other that was equally obvious. We at least who have watched the rise of the idea of Evolution on the horizon of thought, cannot discover in the past any previous emergence of an idea entirely intellectual which modified so profoundly and immediately all thought and all feeling. The convictions of unprejudiced and original thinkers were not more changed by it than the assumptions of the conventional and the thoughtless; the whole background of thought was altered. Turn to a novel or a sermon of the pre-Darwinian era, and you feel on foreign ground. "The Origin of Species by Natural Selection," giving, as it did, in simple, carefully moderate language, the message which the world was waiting to hear, altered at once what we may call, for want of a better expression, the atmosphere of orthodoxy. Men had seen the varied hues of the "imponderable agencies" disappear in the single ray of force; the continuous development of the later geology substituted for the magic of "cataclysms." No wonder that a work which repeated this process of simplification in the mysterious domain of life became at once the popular study of a generation. The oneness of life behind growth came to be regarded as the clue to all mystery; and differences the most vast that language can express, or thought can conceive, were resolved into statements of mere time sequences; so that the very meaning of Before and After seems now enlarged to include all that our fathers understood as causation; and wherever we describe a sequence, we are supposed to announce a law. But let us describe, in better words than our own, the influence on all thought, of that new philosophy which came in with the belief in the origin of species by natural selection.

"No characteristic of modern intellectual method is more striking, or more fertile in results," says one of the deepest thinkers of our time,* "than the application of the idea of Time to the contents of the Cosmos, as well as to the vicissitudes of the human race. Science formerly addressed itself to the world as an ordered system of bodies in space, not indeed without incessant movements, but all repeating themselves as night and day, as life and death, and, since their institution, unaffected through the ages which they count. . . . There was therefore no continuous tale to tell; but only a fixed constitution to define, and a circulating list of changes provided for and predicted from its law. . . . On the other hand, it was the drama of mankind that unfolded itself indefinitely through Time, with new persons and new scenes, now tragic, now brilliant, but never reproducing the same attitudes and events. There was thus the strongest antithesis between the studies of the synchronous order of the external world, and of the successive order of human experience: there was nothing historical in the former; and nothing scientific in the latter. . . . If formerly the book of Nature was but a collection of separate tales, it is now turned into a continuous epic, unfolding itself from end to end. . . . The conception of Nature itself" (under this new aspect) "parts with almost all that had been taken for granted, and is resolved into that of a perpetual becoming, so that nothing ever *is*, but something always *happens*; and to give account of it, you must relate the before and after. Hence the newer methods of science have more and more become *historical*,—i.e., have devoted themselves to the successive processes, rather than the synchronous conditions, of phenomena; and with such daring glances into the past, that the *regressus in infinitum*, which was once the absurdity, has almost become the favourite instrument of our philosophers."

In these profound and accurate words we have a description of all that is fascinating in the philosophy of Evolution, and a suggestion of all in it that is dangerous. It is not wonderful that the discovery of continuity beneath the most striking differences should powerfully affect all thought; it is not possible that what affects all thought should not create some error. All difference is now supposed to veil a fundamental unity; all change is regarded as some form of growth. Every antithesis becomes a mere change of Now and Then, and the idea of a fundamental contrast is expunged from the catalogue of possible existence. Crime is a later stage of misfortune, indignation the twilight of dawning pity. Time is the universal harmoniser. How large a part of what every thinker must concede is here justified and illustrated! How much of what every one, whether thinker or not, must feel! The search for Unity beneath differences is the very

aim of philosophy; the discovery of a unity that harmonises the most striking differences is the great lesson of experience. When the young man says "I," he means something with definite preferences, with limited aims; when the old man says "I," he means something in which are combined all that is various. He knows—it is at least a very meagre development which does not teach the lesson—that within the unity of self all opposites are harmonised. A packet of old letters shows excuse and condemnation as indissoluble elements of one retrospect; it seems a short distance from that revelation to the discovery that good and evil, too, are but stages in a single process. The philosophy which echoes the lesson of memory may well become the fashion of the hour, as well as the possession of the ages.

But so far as it is the fashion of the hour, the thinker will be on his guard against its distorted inferences and disregarded limitations. To describe any general tendency is to formulate a warning, and none is more urgently needed than that which protests against the assumption that the discovery of unity beneath difference forms the aim of *all* intellectual toil. It is too little to say that this assumption substitutes the half for the whole. The discovery of the One behind the Many is the most impressive half of this aim, the most interesting to the popular imagination; it is far more arduous to point out differences, to dissolve the strong cement of popular association, and break up a manifold unity into its constituents. Far more necessary is it at the present moment to protest against the instinct that confuses than against the instinct that divides. We are now in an epoch like that which, after the acceptance of the Newtonian philosophy, rendered true ideas of chemistry difficult of acceptance, because they seemed to oppose themselves to Newton's great generalisation. We confront all that seems opposite to Evolution, as the chemists of that day opposed all that seemed opposite to Gravitation. It is the perennial tendency of men of science; and Science bears a perennial testimony against it, ever warning us, that so far as the East is from the West, so far is the light of truth to be expected to dawn on a new generation from the spot where its latest revelations have been made to the seekers of the past.

No instance of the tendency of our time to insist everywhere on a premature simplicity seems to us more dangerous than the fatalism introduced into political life, by the fact that Evolution now exists in the public mind as an underlying axiom, supposed to guarantee every assertion which it may suggest. We have explored the inheritance of the past, and have discovered it to be infinitely larger than we had supposed. We have discovered that what our ancestors *thought*, we *feel*. We see that their experience has become our intuition. The human race, in the depth of its being, is permitted no oblivion, for below conscious memory lies the ineffaceable record of desire and impulse, and that record is enforced upon the superficial and the frivolous, in ways they little anticipate. The sudden discovery coincides with a perennial temptation; men are but too ready to surrender themselves blindly to every maxim that can set up a plausible connection with the principle of moral inheritance. That principle is brought home at once to what is highest and lowest in human nature. It soothes our indolence, and gratifies our demand for unity; it bribes what is corrupt in humanity, and appears to satisfy what is strongest in it. It is welcomed by the coward and the slave that lurks somewhere in the heart of every man; and then, again, it is welcomed by the benign spirit that pleads in every heart for justice to the coward and the slave. A principle appealing thus forcibly to our best and worst is entangled with all the dangers of ready and universal acceptance. For there is no single truth concerning human nature that is not a fragment, and when the fragment is treated as the whole, it matters little, for some important purposes, whether in itself it be false or true.

The Past itself is a fragment. All that man can remember is incomplete and incoherent, apart from that which he has to expect. And the fact that he can expect nothing except death with the same certainty with which he remembers everything, should warn him that he will fatally mutilate his being if he deem that his equipment for contemplating the future is composed exclusively of memory and reason. Night and day are not more adjusted to his passive and active powers in the outward world than are time past and time to come in the inner; and he who spends the hours of sunshine in slumber does not so disastrously invert the indications of Nature as he who

* Dr. Martineau, *Types of Ethical Theory*, II, 335 foll.

provides for the future by carrying on and expanding his recollections of the Past. Doubtless that is a part of all wise anticipation. The inexorable Past remains to each one of us, the unseen comrade of our journey; we know in the night-watches, and often in the busiest hours of the day, that what we leave behind us is in some sense ever with us. But we know also that each one of us is called on to exercise a selective power towards this heritage of the Past, "and say which seed shall grow, and which shall not;"—that just as the race would cease if all men refused the position of a father, so, if they refuse a position in the moral world which we can only describe as that of creator, there will be an end of all that gives the race its aspiration and its hope.

The fact that it is impossible to put into language impregnable to attacks from the side of the logical understanding, what it is that we mean when we speak of such a duty, is no refutation of the argument which urges it on all who recognise an ideal in the manly life. The rational faculty contemplates the Present alone; those powers by which we come into connection with both the Future and the Past have each an element of mystery. It is allowed by those who would banish from the world of speculation all that is mysterious, that memory contains such an element. No one can explain the predominance of the faintest memory over the most vivid dream. The knowledge that some shadowy mental image, whose outline we detach with effort from the dim background of the Past, *contains a record*, is an ultimate and inexplicable fact, secured from dispute by those who would explain everything only by the absolute universality of its experience. The most audacious sceptic has never suggested that the vista which seems to open to the Past, may be a mere drop-scene from the hand of phantasy. Yet those who dispute that man can *will*, do not advance a less audacious defiance to all the deepest convictions of our being, or rely upon facts of more significance than one who should dispute that man can *remember*. If Memory seem more explicable than Will, it is merely because the one is a *condition*, present to the mind which would explain it, while the other is an *act*, which he may forget, all that is most characteristic of which he may deny. And it is not only on intellectual grounds that men are tempted to deny that they can command *anything to begin*; the hatred of mystery is reinforced by the love of ease; the doubts of the thinker represent the indolence of the agent. The vigorous line from a forgotten poet,—

"And that grows fate that was but crime before,"

describes an undeniable fact. There does come a point when a man *can* only exhibit the sequence of cause and effect, when it is as impossible for him to meet temptation to which he does not yield, as to touch fire by which he is not burnt. But nobody, when dealing with an individual, ever tries to hasten this stage of moral decay. Every word of exhortation that is ever spoken by sane lips is a summons to that faculty in man which confronts the future from the side of Will. We know, in speaking thus, that we are saying only a part of the truth. Resolve—break with this evil habit—conquer this temptation—who does not feel, when he makes any appeal of this character, that the imperative will bear no translation into the future? We say, "Be strong!" and every action of the past shows that the man is weak: we know that he will remain weak; we do not expect a few words from us to possess any magical power; but we know also that to assume this weakness in any address to himself, is the way to make him weaker. We cannot forget that his only hope lies in an appeal to something in him that is strong. Only when men address a nation do they assume that when any action is shown to need resolute will, it is proved impossible.

How is it that when decisions far more important than any which can be undertaken by an individual are at stake, men give up all that they urge with earnestness in proportion to the importance of any individual concern? How is it that men suppose themselves then most nearly to approach the duty of the statesman, when they take the attitude which in the friend or the brother they would condemn as fiendish treachery or incredible folly? Whatever be the answer to such a question, we may rest satisfied that the remedy for such a delusion lies at its source. All true appreciation of history leads away from such a perversion of history; none can study the past without recognising that all in it which is glorious depends on the recognition, by the men to whom it owed its nobility, that they were responsible for the future.

They felt, if we remember them now with gratitude—it was felt thus by most whom we remember at all—that a nation, if in many respects its life differs from that of an individual, is not a poorer or a less varied being; that whatever the change needed in all conceptions of individual duty before they became applicable to a State, a blank impoverishment of such conceptions is at any rate no part of the needed expansion. They would not have said this, for the simple reason that no one would before our day have denied it. The notion that men are associated only by their animal nature; the rejection of any idea of a national duty,—this is an eclipse, peculiar to our own day, of the truth that has made life worth living in the past. We look for manlier counsels, for richer beliefs, with unshaken confidence, to the Future. That men can long cease to believe in the responsibilities of national life, seems to us as impossible as that they should ever cease to believe in the identity of individual life,—both are inexplicable, both belong to that region of faith where all is enshrined that it most concerns the life of man to accept as a reality.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

M. PASTEUR'S PROPHYLACTIC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The following are the real facts about the points Mr. Taylor raises in his second letter:—

1. It was notorious at Nottingham that Mr. Taylor disbelieved in the existence of rabies, and this was confirmed by his paper read to the Medical Society.
2. Mr. Taylor repeats in another form his misrepresentation of the deaths from hydrophobia in France before the founding of the Pasteur Institute. I have only to repeat that the French Government admitted in the Chamber that till M. Pasteur's work drew attention to the subject, the figures were utterly unreliable.
3. Mr. Taylor's new "erroneous belief" that people die of a dread of the disease, for obvious reasons is not supported by a single piece of evidence.
4. Mr. Taylor says he "has no wish to depreciate the results" of M. Pasteur's labours. Your readers possibly do not know that in other points (scarcely any of them for good reasons medical), Mr. Taylor has during some years done all the little he could to depreciate M. Pasteur and his work. Moreover, his own letters are the best evidence of his candour on this point.
5. Mr. Taylor, by carefully chosen language, first makes it appear as if, of the several thousands he has treated, M. Pasteur has lost 162; and secondly, he says that because deaths have occurred, M. Pasteur is powerless. Firstly, why does not Mr. Taylor honestly criticise my former corrections of his errors on this point; secondly, why does he not tell your readers that M. Pasteur has lost just one-half of the number he quotes?—the remaining cases, if they occurred at all, happening in the practice of M. Pasteur's pupils in Russia and elsewhere. Your readers—but, I fear, not Mr. Taylor—may like to know that these pupils have now attained the same success as M. Pasteur,—viz., the saving of thirteen out of fifteen persons certainly doomed to die of hydrophobia.
6. There have been no deaths caused by M. Pasteur's mode of treatment. The first two cases quoted by Mr. Taylor did not bear careful investigation made into them. The Italian cases are beside the question, as the physician in charge abandoned M. Pasteur's method for one of his own, with fatal consequences. Are we to give up the use of chloroform, morphia, &c., because some ignorant person makes a fatal mistake in a dose?
7. As, like all others who simply ask for the privilege, I have overhauled M. Pasteur's books for myself, I can afford to smile at Mr. Taylor's repeated misrepresentation regarding the nature of the cases admitted into the Institute, inasmuch as he has made no such examination, nor does he apparently read the published records.
8. Spitzka's experiment was long ago shown in all medical journals to be an absurd falsity, inasmuch as he was not dealing with rabies at all, but with septicæmia.
9. Mr. Taylor has his reasons for depreciating the certificates given by veterinarians; but the profession will not suffer in consequence.