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trivance, and an explorer may just as well skirt rapids as be carried down them in a boat which in smooth water he could not row. There is no whirlpool anywhere which man desires to pass, and Graham's cask, "shaped like a buoy," will not help to reveal the secret of the Maelstrom; nor does any one want to be kept safe while carried down a mill-race. The new boat itself is of absolutely no value; and if it had been, the risk of the bagful of sand proved its value just as well as the risk of Graham's life. He did nothing in his cask except hold on and get sick, and possibly think of himself for a moment as the fool he certainly was. The adventure does, we suppose, prove to the observant that a particular shape of cask might, under certain conditions, be used to draw feeble or sickly passengers from a wrecked ship in bad weather, for a woman or child could have lived in Graham's machine as well as the cooper himself; but the circumstances are few under which it would be useful, and Graham, by his own account, had no idea of applying his contrivance in any such way. He pleaded no excuse for risking his life at all. He performed his feat, we suspect, partly out of the "bedevilment" which is a common note in the character of the perfectly fearless, and arises from a wish to pursue, as it were, an excitement which they know of, but which perpetually escapes them—the excitement of the "cruddle" caused in most men by excessive danger—partly out of the inventor's passion, such as led poor Mr. Cocking to try his parachute; and partly out of the desire, so strongly felt in our day, to be notorious, to be somebody who has done something separate, even if it be perfectly useless, like standing on one leg on a steeple, or taking a header from some impossible height. Graham knew that if he lived, his name would fly all through the Union, if not through the world; and being utterly careless of his life, sought fame by a risk which nevertheless his previous experiments show that he had calculated with almost scientific keenness and patience of inquiry. He did not want to be strangled by water, quite the contrary, though he risked such strangulation for no perceptible gain. The notion that he could make money by his success, which he hinted to an interviewer after the feat, came, we suspect, afterwards, when he found himself an object of interest to thousands, and of inquiry to all neighbouring newspaper reporters. He would not do it, he said, for fun again, but he would soon enough for money; exactly the thought a trapezist would have when he found himself unexpectedly able to perform a strikingly dangerous jump into the air.

We wonder whether Graham's obvious fancy that somebody might pay him to repeat his feat has any solid foundation. We should fancy not. That nothing interests callous men like the risk of a human life is undoubtedly true, and has been proved by the whole history of amusement, from the days of the arena—if not much earlier in Egypt—to those of the modern bull-fights in Spain and Blondin's performances in England; but we fancy the interest must depend on sight. Nobody would pay merely to know that at a specified hour Blondin would be risking his life a hundred miles off. The man inside the cask would not be seen, and to see a closed cask go bobbing about down five miles of rapids would not be an exciting amusement, more especially as, after two or three successful trials, the notion of any imminency or inevitableness of mortal danger would disappear from the spectator's mind. A crowd does gather, it is true, under the high wall of Newgate when an execution is going on, though nothing can be seen, and the only sound heard is the ordinary one of a passing-bell; but it may be doubted if any member of it would pay sixpence to stand there rather than anywhere else. Captain Webb, of course, expected his speculation to pay him; but then, it was in a somewhat different way. He did not expect any money from those who gazed from the shore, but believed—as did also the speculator who paid him—that if he swam Niagara, he would revive the waning interest in his really splendid feats of customary swimming. Graham might, if he took to exhibitions, get additional wages for his "Voyage in a Cask," but it would not be because the crowd enjoyed the risk of his life, but because they liked to stare at a man possessed at once of such unusual courage and such a deficiency of common-sense. The audience would pay more to see him than to see his cask, which is all they would see while he was in the rapids. At least, the balance of probability is that way, though we admit that the fascination that attaches to approaching death is one of the most inexplicable of all the worse phases of the human mind. The condemned cell

would be crowded but for the prison regulations, and both in England and America heavy sums have been paid merely to see a sentenced criminal hours or days before execution. Mr. Stevenson's idea, as expounded in "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll," that a wild beast lives in every man, is a little crude; but something very evil connected with death does live in a great many undeveloped Selwyns. The oddest thing is that it often does not live in the man who, for pay, gives the crowd a gratification for enjoying which he despises or detests them. No gladiator left memoirs, as he ought to have done, not even Spartacus, who alone among his fellows thought he might as well die fighting Romans as fighting his friends for Roman amusement; but all acrobats and lion-tamers who have been interviewed have expressed the same sentiment. They do not at all appreciate the feeling which they perceive to be latent in the crowd, and think a visitor who comes too often something of a brute. The crowd, however, always gathers when a human life is in peril, and it is just possible it would gather to see a cask, because a man might be drowning in it.

MEN AND WOMEN.

THE most marked characteristic of our age, it will be generally allowed, is its love of equality. We see it in every department of thought. The political, if the most obvious sphere of its exercise, can hardly be called the most important; it is a strong influence in realms of even wider extension. The old ideal of education, for instance, was to introduce the young mind to a hierarchy of knowledge; and while allowing scope for individual preference, still to mark out for catholic acceptance that special domain of study familiarity with which constituted a cultivated man. The new ideal ignores all such distinctions, it spreads the whole domain of knowledge before the mind of the learner, and desires him to choose for himself. The enclosure of Privilege, here as elsewhere, is to be broken down. One fact is to be as good as another, one department of thought is to have as good a right to attention as another. The principle of aristocracy in knowledge is to come to an end.

As yet we are far from realising the full significance of the change. We are apt to imagine, or at least unconsciously to assume, that men will carry on to the acceptance of a new creed the desires and aspirations which are the natural growth of beliefs which they have discarded. And no doubt those individual men will do so to a great extent. The limits of an individual life are too narrow to exhibit the change of moral colouring which corresponds to the change of intellectual conviction. But democracy is old enough now to show us the influence of the ideal of equality on the moral life. We may trace it in the growing distaste for any kind of moral differentiation. The older view looked upon differences of position and relation as part of the moral scheme in which we find ourselves, and accepted them as in their degree a basis of duty and a justification of claim. The new ideal insists that a clean sweep shall be made at starting of every such distinction. All individual claim must be justified by circumstances needing for their discernment merely logical insight; so that nothing shall be a duty which cannot be a mutual claim between man and man. You must not expect anything of me that I may not expect of you. Of course, *contract* may establish such expectations, a promise may convert mutual to correlative claim; you have engaged to be my servant; I may therefore blame you for disobeying me, though I cannot be blamed for disobeying you. But there is no idea of obedience as an excellence in itself. It is no longer felt a loss never to have practised it; it has ceased to be a desirable characteristic of any age in which it is not an absolute necessity. We are obliged to keep some shadow of the old belief when we are dealing with the relations between children in the nursery and their parents; but even there it is astonishing to see how little of it survives, and beyond these limits it almost disappears. The young are expected to listen to the advice and consult the wishes of the elders; they are no longer expected to defer to their authority. Obedience is no longer regarded as the virtue of the young. All that we imply in the word, indeed, may much more truly be described as the vice of the old. The ideal of our day would banish it from young and old alike, and leave justice and reason to adjust their differences and arbitrate on their mutual claim.

It would be a great gain if the general mind could recognise in this change the substitution of a more difficult for a less difficult duty. We do not mean that this is an argument either way. It is natural that duty should get more difficult as one

gets older, and the principle may hold good, perhaps, of society as well as of the individual. But it is a disadvantage not to recognise the fact that in losing all differentiation of claim we have put a much greater strain on moral originality. Let us explain ourselves by a trivial illustration, which lies within the experience of most people,—we mean the proverbial difficulties that attend fellow-travellers. Why are those who take a journey together so certain to discover each other's faults? Nobody can suppose that the life of foreign hotels and railways brings ordinary mankind into trying and difficult circumstances where human endurance gives way. All that happens to convert the courteous host or guest into the intolerable fellow-traveller is that the idea of hospitality—that is, of moral differentiation—is at an end. Host and guest expect different kinds of excellence from each other. The guest does not feel affronted if the carriage is ordered without any consultation with him; the host takes care that his guest shall be helped first at dinner, and seated in the most comfortable chair. But as fellow-travellers, whose comfort is to be considered and whose decisions are to be accepted? All claims are, as it were, boiled down together, and an equal share is meted out to each party. It is surprising, considering how very common the experience is which demonstrates the increased difficulty of relation in these circumstances, that people so rarely discover its warning as to the strain that is thrown on character when position goes for nothing. Horace Walpole, in reviewing his squabble with Gray at Venice, wonders, with a rather pathetic humility, that the man of genius could not put up with the impertinence of the man of fashion; and there is a certain moral attractiveness in the notion that the richer nature should be prepared for tolerance. But, in fact, nothing is harder than to put up with impertinence because one is a person of eminent genius or virtue. The relation of host and guest is a fact unaffected by moods, acknowledged without question, implied without arrogance; the idiosyncrasies of individual character are complicated by considerations which must make them always an unstable foundation for tolerance, or even for justice. No position is so insecure as conscious magnanimity; and that of conscious insignificance has its dangers, of a different kind. Men need a great deal more goodness, and a great deal more wisdom, when they have to take their several endowments of each into account before they settle their mutual difficulties.

This loss of differentiation in the ideal of duty has hitherto influenced the relation between the different ages more than that between the two sexes; but we begin to perceive it here too. Only turn back to the civil sentences at the beginning of Macaulay's review of a book of Miss Aikin's, and you will feel what a different thing the relation between men and women was half a century ago. "It would," said the great critic, "be of most pernicious consequence that inaccurate history or unsound philosophy should be suffered to pass uncensured, merely because the offender chanced to be a lady. But we conceive that, on such occasions, a critic would do well to imitate Ariosto's courteous knight when he found himself compelled by duty to keep the lists against Bradamante. He, we are told, defended successfully the cause of which he was the champion; but, before the fight began, exchanged Balisarda for a less deadly sword, of which he carefully blunted the point and edge." Macaulay evidently felt that he owed Miss Aikin a kind of consideration which to him and her alike it would seem absurd to expect from her, not because he was a great writer and she was a small one, but because she was a woman and he was a man. The feeling belonged to that social scheme which assumed that man was to be the protector and supporter of woman; which looked upon men and women as possible husbands and wives, owing different service, requiring different aid. Circumstances have changed, and still more feelings. Most men find a companion for life among women, and very few indeed find a rival. But the fact that even exceptional women have taken up the work of ordinary men has led all men to look upon them less as specimens of a different kind of being, adapted to supply their own deficiencies, and more as fellow-workers, to be judged by a common standard. Men and women have changed their aspect each to each, and are on their way to be all mere human beings, owning the same needs, the same fears, aspiring after the same virtues, dreading the same kinds of reproach.

The process which we would thus indicate is an incomplete one. We may seem to exaggerate in thus describing it. It is doubtless to many rather an aspiration than an achievement. Dare we confess that our object is to urge upon these persons a

reconsideration of their ideal? The avowal is a perilous one. But in our day there is little danger in urging any objections to the ideal of equality, except, indeed, so far as an unwise or exaggerated objection is apt to stimulate the progress of that which it would oppose. It is the ideal of the past which now needs representation and claim; men and women alike would gain by considering that view of life which made them rather correlatives than equals. It would not slacken woman's progress towards new spheres of exertion to consider what that is which she should dread to lose in the attempt. Or, at least, if it would slacken such progress, it would, we are certain, only retard its velocity to increase its momentum. It would delay her entrance on new realms only to render that entrance more secure, and that abode more enduring and more fruitful of good.

The standard of the sexes has hitherto been largely moulded by differentiation of claim. The mere fact that a woman cannot fight, affects all that she aims at being. We should condemn cowardice in man or woman, but we should not condemn it equally. It is not so very long since it was thought, as Miss Cobbe has said, possible to avow cowardice as a feminine weakness which had a certain charm for the manly heart; and although the silliest woman could hardly make that mistake now, an expression of fear which nobody would remember against a woman would, among the cultivated classes, be felt very damaging if it came from a man, and this even in cases where he had no advantage from his superior strength. A man's possible duties, we feel, ought always to modify his actual fears. No doubt there is a sense in which "the manly soul," ascribed by Ben Jonson to a heroine in some fine lines, should be the characteristic of women also; but it is not the same sense, and if we tried to destroy this difference, we should find that we had been levelling down, not levelling up. It is, unfortunately, more easy always to make human beings cowardly than courageous; the theory that women should be as courageous as men would be apt to be embodied in the fact that men became as timid as women. We cannot make the loss of a special the gain of a universal duty. While men feel it their special duty to be manly, women will uphold the standard of courage by the tribute of admiration; let them be taught that men need show no more courage than they do, and so far as such teaching has any effect at all, the standard of courage sinks for man and woman alike.

These considerations will find a ready agreement, so long as it concerns the special obligation on the man to be manly. We would ask our readers why considerations obvious as to the characteristic duty of one sex should be thought dangerous when referred to the characteristic duty of another. Why should it be thought that the expansive power of a special duty disappears when we translate manliness into the Latin form in which—by a curious and interesting process, embodying a large part of the history of morals—it has crossed over from one sex to the other? Why should not a woman be bound over to her virtue by a special claim, as a man is to his? If those moralists who now bend their efforts to make purity an equal duty to the sexes urged that the present standard should be simply inverted—that the *man* should be pure, that the *woman* should be courageous—we should concede, though not without hesitation, that effort may profitably be fixed on the duty which is most remote from the character. But even then, we should feel the chief value of the concession was in its tribute to the importance of this special claim, which is just what these persons are trying to do away with. Any measure of success attending *their* effort would, we are certain, result not in an elevation of the human standard towards the female, but in its depression towards the male standard. Impurity might conceivably become a peccadillo in every human being; no preaching, no effort, no general consent of society could equalise its reproach in any other way. Nature and history are stronger than theoretic morality, and they have proclaimed with no uncertain voice, that this sin has a different scope among one half the race and among the other. The mercy which, in order to soften the punishment of a woman here and there, would lower the barrier which saves women from the parentage of a fatherless child, is like that which would hesitate to break her slumbers in order to save her from a burning house. And, on the other hand, if unmarried mothers were to be received into society as unmarried fathers are, men would lose that which to many is their only religion. They would not only cease to be pure themselves, they would cease to reverence purity. We have two standards now, and we should have two standards

then. But the division-line which now separates men from women would then separate sinners from saints. We can hardly imagine a change more to be deprecated in the interests of morality. While purity is the virtue of the woman, it is an object of reverence to all but bad men. Make it the virtue of the saint, and it will cease to be the object of reverence to ordinary men. Most men have loved some woman more than any man, and the love has taught them to discover depths within their own nature much beyond anything that could be revealed by the warmest friendship for one of their own sex. The characteristic virtue of a class represented by the person one has most loved has an attractive power wholly lacking to the characteristic virtue of a class formed only by the fact that each member excels in it. Men have no natural respect for the exceptional. It is not only that among the saints they would have to remember some of the coldest, the most selfish of mankind, among the sinners, some of the most generous and warmhearted; it is that the very fact of recognising two grades of moral claim cuts off the aspirations of ordinary men from the highest. Whatever else they are in doubt about, they are sure they are not saints. Sainthood is not so much above them as remote from them. We are not speaking of men who hate or despise it; we have in view the ordinary citizen, the man who would like to be better than he is, but who must not be asked to go to any vast moral expense in the process, and is always in a hurry to return to the easy non-moral region where conscience may go to sleep. Let us not so under-rate his moral equipment as lightly to imperil it. He already regards seduction with indignation, crime with abhorrence, debauchery with contempt. Above all, he shudders at the idea that his wife should share his own laxity as to vice which entails neither seduction nor debauchery; he feels a stain on her honour a wound to his own. Many influences may prevent reverence for virtue from developing into imitation of virtue; but we should work on their side if we insisted that all such imperfect reverence must be branded as hypocrisy. There is nothing in the recognition of grades of difficulty to imperil urgency of claims; rather it is this recognition which makes urgency efficient. We sanction no lowered aim in one half of the human race when we insist that it shall be the special duty of the other half to keep that aim at its ideal height.

"Man and woman," says a mystic writer, "are each to each the image of God," and many who recognise no other God will feel the truth of the words. It is in lamentable ignorance, if with good motives, that some who labour to make men's lives pure are preparing to rob them of that religion. Their effort is allied to that Christianity which would bring over all adherents of a different religion by destroying the faith they possess already; to that political theory which, in identifying love of one's own kindred with injustice to others, would make patriotism the foe of philanthropy; and to that scientific heresy which ignores the result of a patient study of Nature's laws, and thinks that the great law of evolution—the development of heterogeneity—can be inverted in its most striking illustration—the history of man. Nor is it less opposed to the teaching of a faith which has recognised the Divine in the human, and has called upon man to recognise his ideal as something above,—something, in a sense, inaccessible above him. All these profound and varied springs of will must be neglected if male and female purity are to be measured by one standard; men must turn to that view of duty which is least dynamic, they must set logic to do the work of passion, they must look to argument for the rush of desire, to calculation for the upheaval of a mighty inspiration. May Heaven grant better things than that good men should have to discover, in their battle with the canker of our civilisation, the comparative strength of the ideal which they thus desert, and that which they seek to follow!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY CONTRASTED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your impression of July 10th, you discuss this question wisely and well, and as you allude to Buddhism in connection with Theosophy, perhaps you will permit me, as one who occupied the position of President of the British Theosophical Society for some years, to offer a few remarks on the subject.

I joined the Theosophical Society on the understanding that

it was a Theistic Society, founded for the purpose of "Investigating the Nature and Power of the Human Soul on the Ground of its Divine Sonship to the Great First Intelligent Cause." The founders of the Society, however, in India identified themselves as Buddhists of the Southern, or Atheistic, school of Buddhism, and the lady founder of the Society openly declared herself to be an Atheist. I then at once retired from the Society, because a Theosophic Society without a God was, of course, an absurdity.

So far as one can comprehend the teaching of the so-called Theosophists of the Atheistic Buddhist school, they are, that the soul and spirit are evolutions from matter, and that the supreme knowledge which saves the soul can only be acquired by the innermost self-introspection, and herein lies the great contrast between this form of Buddhism and Theism and Christianity. In this form of Buddhism there are no such words or thoughts as "Lead me to the rock which is higher than I;" or, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit;" or, "Our Father, who art in heaven;" or, indeed, any belief in any intelligence higher than the highest celestial man.

The moral teachings of Gautama Buddha and of Jesus Christ are closely allied as to purity, love, and self-denial; but on the other side, while there is no allusion by Buddha to a supreme intelligent First Cause, the continual teaching of Jesus is the personality and fatherhood of God; and hence I conceive it is that while Buddhism, having no external elevating force as its attraction upwards, has more and more become degraded into the lowest superstition and formalism, while Christianity, having, in direct communication with its centre, the attractive force of a Divine love from above, must for ever be drawn upwards, and thus develop by evolution those nations in the direct ratio of their living belief.

The great interest at present taken in Buddhism has arisen out of the recent researches of Oriental scholars, and more immediately from the influence of that beautiful poem, "The Light of Asia." A large proportion of thoughtful people have become dissatisfied with the conventionality and formality of much Christian teaching, and Buddhism has been presented to these minds in a philosophical form, and by the poem in a lovely form; and the consequence has been that many who were indifferent or agnostical have found in Buddhism so presented a vague form of faith which has pleased their imaginations. But the Buddhism of "The Light of Asia" has no resemblance to the practical Buddhism of Thibet, China, or Japan, where it has, as I have said, become degraded into the lowest forms of superstition and formality, as, for instance, in the praying-wheels of individuals and of communities. It is not denied that Christianity in the Middle Ages also descended to the lowest depths of superstition and formality; but in the midst of the vilest periods of the Christian Church, arose men like Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Dante; while this very degradation of the Church was the cause of the rebound to a higher order of things under Luther.

Buddhism, however, having no internal or external force of reaction, has not and cannot even arise out of its ashes; and it is very noteworthy that beyond Gautama himself, out of Buddhism during the last 2,400 years has arisen no prophet, no poet, no artist, no musician, no man of science, no discoverer, and not even one warrior of renown.

Buddhism becomes transcendent in "The Light of Asia;" but Jesus has always been in the Sermon on the Mount, "The Light of the World;" and even a Shakespeare, had he attempted to turn into an epic the words of the Divine and miraculous Son of Man, could have attempted no more than "to gild refined gold."—I am, Sir, &c, GEORGE WYLD, M.D.

ENGLISH COMMERCE AND ENGLISH EDUCATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I think the writer of the article in the *Spectator* of July 10th on "English Commerce and English Education" takes too low a view of our mercantile activity. It would be an exception for a merchant here not to understand and correspond in the language of the countries with which he did his principal business, or for a Birmingham traveller not to speak the language of the country to which he was sent. My firm corresponds regularly in five foreign languages, and employs twelve persons (besides agents living abroad), as clerks or travellers, who understand at least one language besides English, and this has been the case with us, more or less, for more than a