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MR. BALFOUR AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

IN writing a personal impression one must speak of oneself; so I begin by saying that I was never one of those who thought that the Unionist Party made a mistake in relieving Mr. Balfour of his leadership. Now, as time goes on, I become grateful to them—not politically, nor in any party sense. It is quite true that whenever Mr. Balfour has taken charge of the attack on Home Rule, one has experienced a different movement of thankfulness. Under his direction, the onslaught would have been less pugilistic, less spasmodic, with less of sound and fury, but perhaps a good deal deadlier, and more difficult to meet. None the less, the change had to be; Mr. Balfour had in a sense lost touch with his party; he did not sum up their beliefs, he did not state their case—as Mr. Asquith does for his followers—exactly as every man in the rank and file feels that he would state it if he only knew how. But Mr. Balfour never has lost touch, and never will lose touch, with the House of Commons. His hold on it, his appeal to it, has become immensely stronger by becoming more general. He does it service which no one else can render; I could not imagine him elsewhere; and that is odd and significant, because no one could be in temper and equipment more unlike the ordinary House of Commons partisan.

But this academic swordsman delights in the noise of battle; he loves to use his rapier in a tumult; himself so unperturbed, so incapable of excess (though by no means incapable of anger), the cheering, the bursts of loud laughter (even when it is stupid), all have an evident exhilaration for him. Other people may find themselves happier among the discreet reticences of the hereditary Chamber, but never, I think, Mr. Balfour. He would be wasted on it. The House of Lords suits excellently for the set performances of men like Lord Rosebery. Admirable speakers, but, not to voice it ficial. I do not see them conducting argument through the running fire of question and dissent, which only brace and quiet Mr. Balfour's intelligence.



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Say what one will of the House of Commons, there is no place like it to speak in for the man who has the gift. Its special difficulty and its special charm arise out of conditions that are not perhaps always fully recognised. In it you are in a theatre, whose stage is vastly larger and more important than the auditorium; but the existence of the auditorium affects the whole quality of what passes on the stage. Where, after all, is the difference between discussion in a committee-room and discussion on the floor of the House? The same class of argument, the same style of speech is used in nineteen cases out of twenty, and yet the whole atmospheres are distinct. There is an obvious cause in the ampler space which involves a different pitch of the voice and more effort, conscious or unconscious; since whether you are addressing a House of three or four hundred persons or of thirty or forty persons, you must speak in such a way as will enable you to be heard by close on a thousand. That is the physical fact; but far more important is the moral effect of strangers looking on. The public is there, if only an infinitesimal part of it, but actually there, watching you, hearing you; you are upon a stage. Probably very few speakers, when they are on their feet, give the least thought to this outer circle of auditors; it is hard enough in speaking to a small House to bear in mind the necessity of being distinctly heard in the Press Gallery; but every man, whether speaking or listening, feels in his bones that the scene of which he makes a part is observed, does not pass in private. If anyone doubts this, let him consider the House during an all-night sitting when the galleries are empty. The Press is still there; everything that passes will be reported; but we take our unbuttoned ease, because no one is looking on. The whole business is somehow less real, because we are not reminded of our responsibilities.

If, then, a man is speaking on an important occasion in the House of Commons, he is addressing an audience of only some few hundred persons, but neither he nor they are quite as if they constituted a meeting in themselves; he speaks and they hear in the presence of an external audience which has, as they have, a representative character. Further, the speech is made to a body of men massed together in the physical conditions of a crowd, with the jostling, the actual bodily contact which breaks down the formal outline of each separate personality and brings into being a sort of composite entity; and yet the crowd is composed of selected individuals so chosen that all shall not swing, as the ordinary crowd swings, under a single impulse: so that there shall always be play and counterplay of feeling and two masses of opinion perceived, even in the utterance of one. To feel your mastery in such an assemblage is no mean experience, and few

men have enjoyed it more fully than Mr. Balfour—as, assuredly, no man has had more perfectly what is talked of as the House of Commons style. No one, that is, has been able more successfully to blend the tone of discussion among a limited body of men into that larger accent which accords with the representative character of the debate. Those whom he seeks to persuade are not only those who hear him: yet the pitch of his discourse is adapted absolutely to those who have the right not only to hear but to reply. Perhaps in a sense he has been too much of a House of Commons man, too little of a party chief. To see him at his best has never been to see the House of Commons at its most vivid moments; for these come when one man makes himself the voice of a whole body of thought and emotion, the crest, as it were, of a far-reaching wave, which, flinging itself through him, and through his supporters, upon the resisting element, carries to mastery for a moment the prevailing cause. Mr. Balfour is too individual, he moves too much by his own reason, too little by any widely shared emotion, to achieve such moments. Keenest of partisans, adroit, resourceful, indomitable, he has always met and assailed with supreme technical skill the contention of his opponents, but he has never succeeded in obliterating and replacing it by any vision of his own. He has never therefore, to my thinking, given in his partisan quality the full measure of his mind. When he has spoken best, with most authority and most acceptance, he has been the spokesman, not of his own party but of the House of Commons; and the finest of these speeches have been made concerning the institution in whose name he spoke. We are all of us conservatives there, all of us attached to a tradition; and Mr. Balfour, most conservative of all active minds, with his acute and probing intelligence, renders us the service of justifying our faith in ourselves. Even those who do not go all lengths with him in support of the institution as it exists recognise that when he speaks upon it he touches the very heart of the matter.

For this particular purpose he has, it seems to me, more easily found his characteristic excellence since he was disencumbered of the responsibility for a strictly partisan attack. Yet the most remarkable of the speeches which I have in view was delivered while he was still leader: perhaps, indeed, it was one of the reasons why he ceased to be leader. Only the other day he observed that party recriminations, which he had never enjoyed, became less and less attractive to him as he grew older; and during this Parliament the Tory Party have been much convinced of the need for extreme bitterness of recrimination—no one more so than Mr. Balfour's younger kinsman, Lord Hugh Cecil.

Lord Hugh Cecil, it has often been observed, argues like a schoolman; he applies with the same austerity and barrenness a scheme of formal logic to the universe of facts. On the other hand, Mr. Balfour's fundamental position is what seems to me the true principle of Conservatism—that a thing which has grown is better than a thing which has been made, and that growths must be judged in relation to the whole purpose of their being. Sometimes he pushes this doctrine to the point of paradox. Long ago, when a proposal in an Irish bill had been riddled by argument, Mr. Balfour made the answer that a stupid arrangement with which people were familiar was better than a clever one which they did not understand. Here was a case in which a highly trained thinker refused to yield to what was even by his own admission conclusive reasoning—because, I suppose, he would have argued, the reasoning did not take into account sufficient facts, omitted certain frictions which would establish themselves. In that instance, I think, he got no one to agree with him: there are limits to the extension of the conservative doctrine. But very different was the case, when, in discussion upon the Parliament Act, Lord Hugh Cecil had argued that members often and notoriously voted at the direction of the Whips without knowing the question on which they voted; that their interest prompted them to obedience because by disobedience they would risk their seats; that votes so given upon indirect motives and affected by a personal interest were corrupt votes; that the House of Commons was to that extent a corrupt assembly, and should be compelled to vote by ballot in order to close up this avenue to corruption. Formally, the chain of reasoning was closely knit, though every man who heard it felt that the conclusion was unsound and untrue to the reality of experience. Mr. Winston Churchill met it with nothing but angry scorn; it was Mr. Balfour who, speaking on the spur of the moment, delivered the profoundly reasoned defence of the institution in regard to the very matters for which it had been thus sharply arraigned.

He began with authority and experience, the true conservative opening. Lord Hugh Cecil had spoken of this pressure of the Whips as a modern and growing evil. 'I have been in this House,' said Mr. Balfour, 'since the year 1874. Possibly it was the year in which my noble friend was born—it was then or thereabouts'—it is easy to imagine how the House exulted in this little setting down, for no body of men likes to be called corrupt, on grounds however academic—'and it is a great mistake to suppose that the Whips of either party, wicked and unscrupulous as no doubt they are, are more unscrupulous or more wicked in the year of grace 1911 than they were in the year 1874—or 1784—or 1684.' Those who have heard Mr. Balfour will realise how

he carried the laughter and applause with him up the mounting asseverations. Then he prayed in aid the opinion of Sir Charles Dilke, an authority equal to his own, whose loss was fresh in men's minds; and having thus established by authority that things were what they always had been, he proceeded to analyse why they were so.

Setting aside altogether the proposed remedy for the evil, he asked in effect whether it was an evil at all. It was, he said, 'a fundamental fallacy to suppose that the business of a member of Parliament is to decide each question on the argument and to give his vote absolutely irrespective of any collateral effect which the vote may have.' There is a distinction 'not a distinction which can be laid down in a book but not a distinction which can be ignored because it cannot be laid down in a book'—between votes given under party pressure, and votes honestly given, but given apart from the merits of a particular question. 'Under our system, and it is the most extraordinary part of our system, the Ministry of the day are not merely the guides in legislation but directors of the administration, foreign and domestic.' No casuist, he thought, could establish a line of demarcation between the effect of mere party pressure and 'an honest determination to keep in office or turn out of office' a particular Government. Members streaming in from the library and smoking-rooms to give their votes without having listened to a word of the argument were 'an easy target for satire,' and the satire was deserved; in short, much argument that should be heard was not heard, because members neglected their business.

But nevertheless it is a great mistake to suppose that argument does not tell in this House. Any case brought forward in this House which day after day gets hammered, and on which the Government or the Opposition who support it never get the best of it, and on which all impartial spectators know they do not get the best of it—do not tell me that has no effect on this House.

No doubt effects might not show at once in the lobbies. But 'there is the pressure of opinion which modifies the policy of the Government, and that is immediately and directly due to the force of arguments used in public debate.' So far as this, argument prevails and should prevail. To concede more would be undesirable; you must maintain

some stability of administration, some probability in the face of our countrymen, and still more in the face of foreigners, that the Government which is in existence is not a mere leaf driven about with every gust of wind and doctrine, but that the policy they are carrying out will be a coherent and a consistent policy—coherent and consistent because those who carry it out know that they have the solid support of an organised party. Organised party has its defects and they are great, but I am sure that

if he shattered them my noble friend would be the first to discover that the new evils which would arise in their place far exceeded in magnitude those which they had displaced.

That is the defence, and it deserves to be the classic defence, of the course taken by men who either vote without forming a judgment, or vote against their judgment on a specific point. It is not a dishonest action, not even intellectually dishonest, and it is limited by that indirect effect of discussion which Mr. Balfour describes. Men may vote once against their judgment, even against a clearly established argument, but they will make themselves disagreeable about it, and they will not go on so voting.

That is the truth of facts, and Mr. Asquith, as leader of the House, rose and with pointed and emphatic brevity thanked Mr. Balfour for vindicating 'the representative and independent character' of the House of Commons. But it will be noticed, the vindication went far beyond repelling a charge of even indirect corruption, or dishonest motives. The ballot is not the only remedy nor the real remedy for a strictness of pressure that has undoubtedly increased, whatever Mr. Balfour may say; and Lord Hugh Cecil, I should imagine, proposed secret voting mainly, if not merely, in order to annoy. No law of nature decrees that a Government shall go out if defeated on some minor detail of a bill; yet usage has come to treat it as all but necessary that defeat upon any argued question shall entail a change of Ministry. Mr. Balfour did not discuss this necessity, but characteristically defended facts as they are, the institution as it has grown to be; and certainly nobody could have shown better reasons why the House of Commons should continue to act in an unreasonable way.

For this defence, the House as a body was grateful, but it cannot have been acceptable to the more energetic Tories who nowadays like to speak of the elective chamber as a thieves' kitchen or a bucket shop: and Mr. Balfour, in due course, made way for a statesman who could be relied on to excel his followers in vehemence. Since then the late leader has by no means avoided debate; but he has interyened, not once, nor twice, almost in the rôle of mediator, and certainly as a man much detached from party. There was an instance in the most envenomed of all modern controversies, that on the Marconi business. When Mr. Balfour sat down after his speech on the second day of that debate, a general feeling prevailed that he had done real service, not only to his party, but to the House of Commons. He had given the debate a wholly new turn, and he had done this by proposing what was in its essence a fair thing—that the House should somehow mark its regret for the mistakes which had admittedly been made. He had served his party by making it

difficult for the Government to maintain its original position, and he had served the House by making his proposal in such a temper that it could be accepted without humiliation.

Every man [he said] who takes any active part in the debates has got his character established in essentials: and I would no more believe, with or without evidence, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General had done a thing which no man of honour could do. . . . I would no more believe that than I would believe a similar charge against my own nearest relation.

That assertion, coming from such a man, on such an occasion, did much to maintain the spirit of those fundamental assumptions of which undoubtedly the House had need to be reminded: and I am glad that a motion was put forward which, I think, fairly met Mr. Balfour's contention, and for which I could vote without needing to justify myself by an 'honest determination' to keep the Government in power.

These, however, are hot embers. But no fires underlie the last topic from which I shall try to illustrate the working of Mr. Balfour's mind in relation to the House of Commons. We were upon Plural Voting, a sufficiently arid subject, and it had been moved to make an exception for men with a university vote. Sir John Simon replied that it would be illogical to exclude from a bill in restraint of Plural Voting those constituencies in which it was most obviously present; and that the whole system of university representation was an anomaly which no one would think of establishing nowadays. This instantly brought Mr. Balfour to his feet—very angry with the Solicitor-General as with one who should have known better. Illogical? anomalous? the new countries would not have it?

Is it not one of the advantages of living in a country where institutions have slowly grown up, not in accordance with logic as understood by the learned gentleman opposite, but under the moulding influence of circumstances, acting from generation to generation, is it not one of the enormous advantages of such a constitution that it has what you call anomalies? It does not fit in, in other words, to some chessboard pattern which suits your notions of logic and fits in with some irreproachable process of ratiocination from certain premises which you first lay down. Is it not the very test of a statesman that he knows how to use those anomalous institutions which have come down from the past for every new purpose that comes for decision before the community, in a way which, unfortunately for itself, the new country is not able to do? . . . Are you prepared to say that the common law of England, the common heritage of all the English-speaking communities, is wholly free from anomalies? Would you like to set out your new idea of democratic government in some remote part of the world with a new code of your own construction, with no roots in the past whatever, simply based upon the ideal construction of some gentleman in a university or with university training, with all the notions of symmetry and logic which at all events appear to commend themselves to some of those who speak in the name of Oxford in this House?

That again is a sort of classic exposition (again delivered impromptu) of the inner vital principles of conservatism. No anomaly should be condemned because it is an anomaly, that is the first position. But further, anomalies may be useful. Rotten boroughs were not only an anomaly, but dangerous, yet admittedly they brought into Parliament 'men who would not have got in, would not have desired to get in, and, if they had desired, could not have got in, in a modern democratic industrial or rural constituency.'

Then followed a passage which delighted the House of Commons as I have seldom seen it delighted—a passage which described the parliamentary candidate as needing

An iron constitution, brazen lungs, perfect indifference to repeating the same speech innumerable times to an ill-attentive and indifferent audience, and the same readiness to leave out of account arguments which the speaker knows to be of importance, but which he equally knows in the time of stress and excitement of a General Election it is hopeless to bring before an excited meeting, however friendly, and still less before a meeting which, in addition to being excited, happens to be stormy and hostile. . . .

To this must be added 'the interstitial labours of going down in the middle of a heavy Session to tea parties, and smoking concerts, and all the other apparatus by which we succeed in exactly reflecting public opinion.' The House, which knows its own afflictions, admitted by bursts of conscious laughter the truth of this impeachment, all the more readily because Mr. Balfour fully accepted his own solidarity with it.

I have passed through all these things myself. I do not want this House to be composed of a lot of learned gentlemen who cannot stand up to a hostile audience, which is prepared to be argued with, and face out a question. I do not want this House to be composed entirely of pedants and professors; I do not want it to have too large an element of armchair politicians or of men who, with, perhaps, great political, social, and economic learning, yet have not that power of dealing with men in masses which, after all, is an essential part of the equipment of ordinary politicians. I do not desire this; but neither do I desire that from this House every man should be excluded who has not the health, the strength, the time, and the enormous patience necessary to go through the process which I have described.

In short, Mr. Balfour likes a fighting man. We did not need to be told so, for he has never failed to show a strong weakness for Mr. Lloyd George, assuredly no armchair politician. All he pleads for is the anomalous preservation of a few less athletic persons.

Well, without stopping to inquire what kind of political greenhouse is needed to guard such delicate and sensitive plants as Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Campbell, and Lord Hugh Cecil (to name a few leading University Members), we may be permitted to rejoice that Mr. Balfour has found his way to a haven, where

the demands upon his strength and patience will be reduced to a minimum of exaction; and to hope that during very many years he may charm the House of Commons, as he did with that speech, lulling a vigilant chairman of committees into complete oblivion of the rules of order. Mr. Whitley had frankly to plead that he had been under a spell, and to beg the House that he should not be bound by his failure to do what certainly the House would not have forgiven him for doing—namely, to confine Mr. Balfour's survey within the strict limits of the amendment.

But apart from the charm which he will always exercise when he chooses, Mr. Balfour has a peculiar field of authority open to him. Sir Charles Dilke was the staunchest of Liberals, but the House always looked to him for the independent utterance of an experienced statesman. Probably Mr. Balfour, having led his party for so many years, could never separate himself from them so far as to criticise explicitly what they say or do. The temptation for his opponents to make immediate party capital would be irresistible. Yet, I think the House of Commons, as a whole, will insensibly come to expect from him, as he will insensibly come to give it, the expression of a mind which can afford to look beyond the expedencies of party warfare to those realities which underlie all dealings with the government of human society. Each man's wisdom has its own peculiar quality, and no man's wisdom suffices. But at all events, Mr. Balfour is more likely now than ever before in his life to abate the full confidence of Radicals in drastic surgery, and to preserve the living organism of the State from some avoidable and perilous amputations.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE PROSPECTS OF RELIGION UNDER SOCIALISM

PERHAPS it may be well, at the outset, to define the main term. Throughout this article the word 'Socialism' is employed in its strict sense, and designates an order of things under which the entire system of production and distribution is held in the hands of the State. With the looser methods in which the term is now so frequently employed we have nothing to do. Probably there is no word to which so many different shades of meaning are at various times attached than this same word 'Socialism': indeed, many seem to fancy that any practice which carries altruism over the line of the average, or any governmental decree which compels one section of the community to put a larger share of its substance at the disposal of other sections, exemplifies the socialist idea. Of course, there is nothing to prevent people using any term in any sense they like, provided they can get a sufficiently large number to join them in their new adaptation of speech, and can so create something like a convention. For my present purpose, however, the word 'Socialism' is, as stated, employed in its strict and thorough-going signification, and stands for State-ownership of property and State-distribution of wealth—and consequently for the shifting of the principal emphasis of life, both in idea and in fact, from the individual to the community whereto he belongs. It may be that some of the things which will be said of this stricter Socialism would hold good also of many of the less complete social readjustments to which the term is sometimes applied. But however that may be, it is with the fuller conception that this article is concerned. 'Socialism' means that the ultimate reference of all a man is and does is not to himself but to the community, that every man has the State for his employer, that individual ownership has disappeared (except ownership of what the State returns into individual hands), and that the State, having first of all laid claim to the lives of its members in all their range, charges itself, on its side, with seeing that, so long as they are obedient, their bread shall not fail them and their water shall be sure.

It should also be stated that in giving to this article the title of 'The Prospects of Religion under Socialism' I have no intention of discussing whether or no the establishment of Socialism—the actual process of putting it in force—would, *per se*, be contrary to religion or involve the violation of any religious rule. That is, I am not going to argue the point as to socialistic schemes involving 'robbery and confiscation,' nor to join in that heated war of words, so often waged between Socialist and anti-Socialist, in which the flying bullets consist principally of opprobrious names. My purpose is to form an opinion, by recalling some of the characteristics of normal humanity, some of the forces which work in the nature of men (characteristics and forces which would assuredly remain unaltered under the most thorough-going socialist *régime*)—to form an opinion about the place which religion would probably hold, and the extent of the influence which religion would retain, did the Socialist's kingdom come. Should that inquiry result in a conclusion unfavourable to the prospects of religion's permanence under Socialist conditions, another question would emerge in the end—the question whether there be not some other method whereby the good which Socialism aims at can be secured, without the sacrifice of religion which Socialism would involve. An inquiry of the kind indicated as the primary one is specially to the point just now, since Socialism is advocated from so many religious and Christian quarters as being the embodiment and working out, on the social side of life, of the Christian spirit and idea. It is, in fact, particularly to those who, from the Christian standpoint and for Christian reasons, range themselves alongside of such advocacy that this paper is addressed. Socialism, they tell us, is the system which the pressure of the Christian spirit, left to work itself out unhindered, would infallibly produce: Socialism is but the earthly name for a heavenly thing, for that 'kingdom of God' for whose advent all Christians pray: Socialism is the translation into actual experience of the abstract ideas of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; and that new commandment of love which Christianity sets in the forefront can only be obeyed when the individual life contentedly merges itself in the social whole. Socialism is pre-eminently the system which religion works for and the system which religion, had it not been retarded by the constantly uprising selfishness of men, would have established long ago. Well, if this be so, we should expect that, under Socialism, religion, in the sense of real moral and spiritual culture, would have its prospects greatly enlarged. Religion could scarcely fail to increase its hold under a system which religion itself called for and produced. Does an investigation of the possibilities and probabilities lead us to con-

clude that this enlargement of prospect, this tightening of grip, would come? Would men and women, so far as we can reckon the thing out, be likely under Socialism to turn to religion with eager hearts and minds? It is to that question we shall endeavour to find a reply.

It is prophecy, of course. The whole inquiry may be thereby discounted in the minds of some. George Eliot said long ago that prophecy is the most gratuitous form of foolishness; and there are many occasions on which the warning might well be borne in mind. But when we are asked to make changes in the established order of things we are bound to open the prophetic eye and to tell the vision it beholds. Before entering upon any enterprise of magnitude it is well to count the cost—and this is but prophecy under another name. And, besides, the objection tells both ways. The Socialist, in his dreams of the coming millennium, is as much a prophet as anybody else can be. He foresees, as he thinks, a coming good. If prophecy be ruled out, the Socialist must sit down with the rest of us and put his dreams aside. If, however, he thinks himself entitled to prophesy concerning his own foreseen golden age, he must permit others also to prophesy about any alloy which, as they think, will be found mingling with the gold. It is in the long run a question as to which prophecy is mistaken and which is true.

II

How, under Socialism, is religion likely to fare?

There is one thing—not perhaps, apparently, quite in the direct line of reply to this question, yet really belonging thereto—which it is worth while to note. It is, in brief, this: that under Socialism altruism necessarily disappears. And what is implied in this may easily be set down. If altruism be, as some will have it, the *whole* of religion, it means that under Socialism religion would die. And if altruism be, as all would assert, an *essential part* of religion—one of its inevitable practical results—it means that under Socialism one of religion's outstanding features would be gone. A fundamental inconsistency would therefore seem to be involved at the very outset in advocating Socialism from the religious point of view and as the supreme embodiment of religion itself.

It is not difficult to see that the coming of Socialism would of necessity involve the driving of altruism, as commonly understood, from the field. Altruism may lead not a few (and, as a matter of fact, does so) to work for the establishment of Socialism, because a socialistic *régime* appears to offer a prospect of increased and permanent felicity to those who lie under the shadows now. Yet, if altruism succeeded in establishing Socialism, altruism would

itself be compelled to retire because there would be nothing left for it to do. Socialism means that if a man discharges a fixed duty to the State, the State secures him against failure and loss. There is no loophole left for the entrance of chance—of chance resulting in the exaltation of one man and the depression of another: life becomes, on this system, a matter of working out an infallible rule; and all such terms as the larger opportunity, or the greater success, or the completer inheritance of fortune's favours on the part of some lose their point. This, it may be said, is an altogether desirable thing; and at the moment I am not disputing the point. But we need to realise what it all implies. If these things were carried through, there would be no room for the ministry of riches to poverty, no possibility of one life surrendering something of its substance to the clamant necessities of another, no scope for the exercise of those charities and services usually designated by altruism's name. Of course, to a certain limited extent brotherhood and kindness would still find their channels. The coming of death into one home would fling open the door for the entrance of sympathy from a second: the common sorrows of the human lot—those sorrows which do not hinge on the presence or absence of any material good—would still, in their recurrent visitations, make opportunity for love; under Socialism, as under other systems, men and women would still be able to rejoice with them that do rejoice and to weep with them that weep. But altruism, in the sense of an actual helping of human lives to make the most of themselves, would be done with. With certain conditions fulfilled, the summit of success would be automatically attained—what need or possibility is there left for any mutual help? Under Socialism, altruism receives no further call.

To associate or identify religion with altruism (and associate the two, at any rate, we all must), and then to work for the establishment of a socialistic order in religion's name, is a fundamentally inconsistent procedure. And indeed, so far as concerns those who look on altruism as the *whole* of religion, to point out the inconsistency is really to answer the main question with which we are faced. There are many who not only declare that the Christian spirit, rightly interpreted, makes for the socialist ideal, but assert that Christianity means Socialism and nothing more nor less. For this end was Christianity born, and for this end did it come into the world. Christianity is nothing more than altruism at its highest; and altruism at its highest demands that Socialism shall come. Well, but the double identification of Christianity with altruism, and of altruism with Socialism, means that Christianity itself is but for a day. How, under Socialism, would religion fare? The answer—if religion be merely another

name for altruism—is easy. Under Socialism religion would die. It would perish in the realisation of its own aim. It would abolish its opportunity by the doing of its own appointed work. If this is a prospect to be viewed with complacency, well and good. But let us at least know what we are called upon to do when we are asked, in the name of an altruism which is declared to be the whole of Christianity, to establish a socialist State. We are asked to declare that Christianity did not come to be a permanent and inexhaustible force in the programme of the world—that it has no reserves of revelation and power which eye hath not seen nor ear heard and which have not entered into the heart of man—but that it merely came to carry through a certain dealing with the present order, and that, this dealing once accomplished, it will have to withdraw from the field. And even against those who, without so completely identifying Christianity with altruism, nevertheless allow (as all must allow, or rather insist) that altruism is one of Christianity's essential and inevitable practical results, and then go on to declare Socialism the only true embodiment of the Christian idea on the corporate side, similar considerations hold good. Christianity, even if some of it survive, loses one of its most distinguishing marks. And altruism, though it be not the whole of Christianity, is so bound up with it that its loss leaves Christianity itself a totally different thing from what it was before. There would surely seem to be something wrong, at least something suspect, about a theory which represents Christianity as destroying, by the exercise of one of its chief virtues, that same virtue's scope. Yet this is what it comes to. The altruism which was previously essential and inevitable is, under Socialism, essential and inevitable no more. It is, on the contrary, wholly impossible now. No room for it remains. And so we repeat our previous assertion—that to associate or identify religion with altruism, and then to work for the establishment of a socialistic order in religion's name, and as being the supreme manifestation of religion itself, is a fundamentally inconsistent thing. It implies that through the doing of its appointed work religion, at the worst, commits suicide or, at the best, becomes halt and maimed.

In thus pressing the inconsistency of basing a socialist propaganda on a religious foundation one needs, however, to guard oneself against a charge which might easily be made. I am not suggesting for a moment that a religious man must, simply through a desire to maintain religion and its altruistic activities, desire also to maintain the injustices and hardships of the existing social order, or that these injustices and hardships are divinely ordained in order to provide a sphere in which religion may do its work. Something like this, it must be confessed, has at times

been said; and when it is said it is quite to the point to reply that if religion cannot persist unless multitudes of human beings remain in the mire, then religion had better die. But what is meant is simply this—that those who believe in the permanent mission of religion in the world (if the term ‘religion’ is to keep anything like its present significance) cannot consistently labour for the organisation of a merely mechanically ordered social system from which religion would have to withdraw. A faith in the permanence of religion and its beneficent activities by no means requires the permanence of social wrongs; but one may venture to say that it does require the permanence of the *possibility* of social wrongs—precisely in order that religion may show its power to prevent the possibility from becoming a realised fact. In other words, it forbids society, whatever else society is or is not, to be an automatically working machine. And this is the point which the present section of this article is intended to bring out. If the altruism which is on some theories the whole, and on all theories an essential part, of religion—if that is to be preserved, then Socialism cannot be the goal; and any one who, believing in the permanence of religion, declares himself as believing in Socialism too, needs to set about clearing of his thought. For, once more, under Socialism altruism must go. To establish Socialism is to disestablish religion, so far as the altruistic element of religion is concerned, not to perpetuate its reign.

III

It is time, however, to turn to the wider, and probably the more important, aspect of the theme. Let us take the term ‘religion’ in its full sense—in the sense of a veritable culture bestowed upon soul and character, and upon those relations with God and with spiritual influences and forces by which soul and character are enriched. What, under a Socialist *régime*, do the prospects of religion, taking the term in this sense, appear to be?

It is an obvious deduction from observation and experience that, with the majority of mankind, the absence of pressure leads to decay of moral aspiration. Men are least likely to be religious when all things go well. In saying this, I have not in view the indisputable fact that many who, when the sun is high in their heavens, forget their God, will turn eagerly to Him when their noon of prosperity becomes overclouded, and in the time of their trouble will say ‘Arise and save us.’ Apart from that, it is certain that a pure and unselfish desire for spiritual good, a passion for holiness, an upward bent of the spirit—that all these things will, as a rule, be strongest in those who find the world least satisfying, and weakest in those who are lapped in ease. It is not difficult, indeed, to see why this is so. A *compulsory* struggle

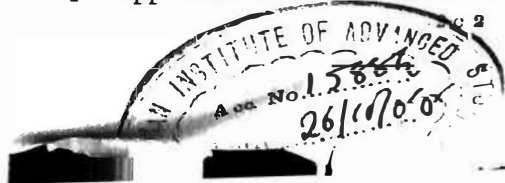
is in itself a constant reminder of unfinished manhood, and consequently makes more probable an acceptance by man of the *voluntary* struggle implied in an earnest pursuit of religion and a sincere culture of the soul. Set in a world which compels him to push his way against more or less hostile powers, to force doors for himself if he would pass through, to win his satisfactions and his gains as it were at the point of the sword, man cannot forget that there is something as yet unattained. He pays too heavily and too immediately if a moment of forgetfulness comes. And when religion, speaking in its turn of something unattained as yet, raises its call, he is the more likely to give heed, inasmuch as the idea of a life which must make itself, complete itself, reach onward and stretch upward, is familiar to him on his ordinary plane. Religion's call repeats, though in other tones and with other ultimate objects, the call which the world has already sounded forth. With ears already opened, man is the more likely to hear. Man is already, as it were, in the attitude of athletic alertness and spring; and the new summons does but direct him to a new path along which he is to run his race. With his nature previously braced, he is the more likely to make the attempt. Precisely because common life *compels* him to realise his incompleteness and to struggle towards self-making in the realm of common life's ideals, will he be the readier to realise that other incompleteness whereof religion speaks, and to embark, for his self-making in the realm of spiritual ideals, upon that struggle to which religion does not *compel*, but only *invite*. Instances abound on every hand of men and women who, having cared for religion and for God in the days of their poverty and stress, have become heedless in the days of their wealth and joy. Could we penetrate into the depths of the psychological process beneath the change, we should in all probability discover that, with the disappearance of any necessity for struggle on the lower plane, the invitation to struggle, as it came down from the higher, lost all power to move. The sense of life's incompleteness, being no longer an obligatory guest, was no longer welcomed when it knocked for admission at the door. The very fact that a man is forced to make his way in one direction prepares him to accede when he is bidden, but not forced, to make his way in another. The summons of religion to a voluntarily-undertaken spiritual effort fits into the known scheme of things for him who is already engrossed in an effort into which, by no choice of his own, he was thrust. For the presupposition behind that summons—the presupposition of an unfinished manhood—is one with that to which the man has previously been used.

Now an established socialistic system removes the pressure of

hostility once for all. It not only makes it possible for every man to succeed, but it makes it impossible for any man not to succeed. Life becomes a simple bargain with circumstances: the desired prizes have not, in the strict sense of the word, to be *won*, but are received, on an infallible method of exchange, when once certain payments in the form of activity and work (payments quite clearly defined) have been made; nor is there anything in the nature of a struggle, of a fight against more or less unwilling powers, thrust as a necessity upon men. Man has no longer, even in the lower sense, to make himself as against opposition. He has but to move along certain lines, and then, as his sure reward, to receive what is ready-made. Environment is entirely for him now—not in any degree against. He needs not to wring a satisfactory fate out of reluctant hands: it is offered him on definite terms. He has but to sign the contract and keep it, and the thing is done. Down on the lower and material side of his existence there is no forcible reminder of unfinished manhood left. It is of a finished manhood, rather than of an unfinished one—a finished manhood which he can possess for the asking, so that his asking be done in the language prescribed—that everything speaks.

And it is almost inevitable that, with the *compulsory* struggle of life thus done with, the *voluntary* struggle implied in religion will have less chance of drawing men to take its burden up. Religion's reminder of unfinished manhood is now in opposition to, instead of, as previously, in accord with, the voice of experience on the common and lower plane. The suggestion is bound to intrude itself—with this bargain completed, this bargain which secures me in regard to the things lying most immediately near, surely everything is done! A spurious sense of completeness, which it is so much pleasanter to yield to than to resist, asserts itself; and religion, in endeavouring to wake the sense of incompleteness, finds a foe, or at least a contradiction, on that range of life where it found an ally, or at least a confirmation, before. By so much has its chance of being welcomed, its chance of having its programme of moral and spiritual culture adopted, been brought low.

It has, at any rate, an additional obstacle, and a serious one, to get over in the quietude of life on life's material side. Its message now is not 'Put into your soul-management the spirit which you put into the management of your lower experience,' but 'Take care *not* to put into your soul-management the spirit which in your lower experience suffices! There is no such tranquil bargaining, no such cut and dried settlement, there!' That is, the summons of religion fits into life no more; and the presupposition behind it—the presupposition of an unfinished man-



hood—is *not* the one to which the man has previously been used. And the answer which would rise most easily within the man's mind would be : ' Why, with conflict done with in the one sphere, launch out into conflict again? Why not be content with this completeness which is secured to me, and forget or deny an incompleteness which I am able to forget or deny if I like? ' Socialism's removal from life of the idea of a *compulsory* struggle against hostilities must of necessity put religion at a disadvantage when religion asks men *voluntarily* to embrace struggle against hostilities again. One may say that it would be unreasonable of mankind thus to argue, or rather thus to feel. Unreasonably it may be, but all experience shows that it is on these lines argument and feeling would actually run. Under a socialistic system, religious endeavour must come to appear as a sort of unnecessary extra : the religious instincts, whenever they asserted themselves, would be frowned down as superfluous impertinences, and all the apparatus and programme of religion would come to appear like intruders from a foreign land.

Of course, there is another side to all this. The absence from life of a compulsory struggle against hostility must, it has been argued, predispose a man against the voluntary struggle involved in a positive culture of the soul. But may it not be urged with at least equal force that the existence of a compulsory struggle against hostility makes it impossible for a man to enter upon any struggle for the cultivation of character's grace? It is surely not to be expected that those who are utterly 'down' should have time or thought to spare for religious exercises, for moral athletics, for anything beyond the all-engrossing endeavour to keep final collapse at bay. The completer reply to this idea—or, rather, the adjustment of this idea (for its validity is not questioned) to the idea that religion is most likely to flourish when life is something else than the mere arrangement of contract-terms which Socialism would make it—will be presently offered as we come to insist that religion itself, in the full understanding of the name, supplies a safeguard against the pushing of any man so low that no margin of time or strength for spiritual effort remains. For the moment, all that need be said is that in this matter we have to avoid the falsehood of extremes. It is quite true that if the struggle against the hostility of circumstance be too severe, a man cannot devote himself to any culture of the soul. But we are not entitled to deduce from this that the entire sweeping away of the struggle against circumstances is the ideal thing. There may be an intermediate condition of things that seems desirable ; and if so, it must be looked at, to say the least. And, on the other hand, the man who is jealous for the honour of

religion must not, because it seems to him that Socialism would diminish religion's influence or even end its sway, advocate or acquiesce in a policy of social *laissez-faire*. He, in his turn, must ascertain whether there is not an intermediate condition of things in which all the good that Socialism might bring would be secured, and its attendant evils at the same time escaped. For in the contention put forward—the contention that spiritual aspiration and spiritual effort will decay if all pressure on the ordinary levels of life be removed—there is no denial of the fact that pressure does, as a matter of fact, often become too overwhelming in its downward thrust. It is only asserted that, with the removal of *all* pressure, spiritual aspiration and spiritual effort are like to fade. It is admitted that if life's common struggle grow too severe, a man will have nothing to spare for religion's call. But it is claimed, also, that if life's common struggle disappear, disinclination will do what disability performs in the other case, and, once again, religion's call will die away unheard. And there is no inconsistency between the admission and the claim.

It should perhaps be added that religion as a mere assent to a system of doctrine might, of course, remain under Socialism as under any other social scheme. That is not questioned. But with religion in that attenuated sense this article is not at any point concerned. It is, as previously indicated, religion in the sense of a definite culture of character toward divine ideals and under divine influences, that is intended in this article's usage of the word. And it is for religion in this sense that there would remain, if the struggle of men against hostile circumstances were altogether to subside, scarce any chance at all. It is to this conclusion that all the indications of history and experience point.

IV

It is the more necessary, in any discussion of the relations between Socialism and Religion, to emphasise the significance of religion as a process of positive and definite spiritual culture, because the question as to the position which religion would be likely to occupy under Socialism sometimes gets itself settled, or seems to, by using the term 'religion' in a sense much less pronounced. This method of answering the question demands at least some notice. Men would be more religious, not less, it is frequently contended, since so many temptations would be removed from their path. So many of the crimes men commit—so many, also, of the minor offences and turpitudes which are condemned in the court of conscience, even though no cognisance be taken of them in any other court—are the result of the disadvan-

tages imposed and the passions roused by the present unfair distribution of material good. The struggle for existence in many cases almost compels a lapse from high levels of right; and for so many the only possible choice appears to be a choice whether they shall sin or starve. The weakest goes to the wall, so that he whom circumstances have enfeebled has to reinforce his attenuated strength with whatever weapons he can lay his hands upon, even if they be weapons which the moral law proscribes. Under a socialistic system the whole face of things would be changed: man would have no need to be anything but virtuous; there would be no imperious clamour of unsatisfied material hungers pleading against the dictates of morality and decency and right; the religious method of life, as it comes to present its appeal, would find a clear path and an open door, where now it finds an armed mob of irritated and ragged instincts ready to bar its way and bid it begone. Surely under Socialism the religious method of life stands to gain!

Even if, however, we allow to this idea full validity for the moment, the matter is not exhausted. What it amounts to is merely that Socialism might secure a merely negative morality; and if such a merely negative morality were secured in perfection, the complete interests of religion would not be safeguarded, and most assuredly not positively served. Underneath the contention that Socialism tells in favour of religion, because under Socialism many of the temptations to flagrant wrong-doing would disappear, lies a mistaken conception of religion which takes it simply as abstention, as *not* doing certain things, as a simply prohibitive code of law. It is not in this sense that religion has been understood through the ages: it is not from this conception of religion that anything like sainthood has ever been born. As we guarded ourselves just now, for the purposes of this discussion, against taking religion in the restricted sense of intellectual assent to a system of doctrine, so we need to guard ourselves with equal care against taking religion in the sense of merely holding aloof from wrong. The question how religion would fare under a socialistic *régime* cannot be discussed to purpose unless the term religion be understood in its full sense, as signifying the effort of the human soul to bring itself into contact with powers and inspirations whereby its own moral energy is to be reinforced—or, to use the phrases employed before, as a definite culture of character under divine influences towards divine ideals. Religion, in other words, means the forming and development of positive relations between man and God. And once this is understood, the irrelevance of the contention that Socialism makes for religion's advantage, because under Socialism there must be less temptation to open breaches of the moral law, becomes

clear. That under Socialism temptation would, as a matter of fact, to a great extent die down, may be quite true. But that is not by any means the same thing as saying that under Socialism religion gains. For religion and purely negative morality are in nowise terms to be indiscriminately interchanged.

But the reply may be carried further. It is really very doubtful whether even the negative morality alluded to could permanently maintain itself in a society ordered according to a socialistic scheme. For it may be very reasonably argued that in any community even this kind of morality is preserved among the masses of men only because there is something higher at work among the few : those who are swayed by religion in the positive, aggressive, constructive sense, make an atmosphere and start an influence which penetrate downward through the ranks of those for whom religion has no magnetism at all ; and the majority are held back from grossness of wrong-doing—at any rate to a great extent—because a minority aims at something more than the colourless virtue implied in the avoidance of sin. The average of conduct reaches the level it does largely through those whom the average cannot content, and who strive for goodness in the superlative degree. The spiritual passion of these, on the heights, does something to refine the air of the valleys below. The little leaven leavens the whole lump, even if the taste of the leaven be far less strongly marked out towards the circumference of the mass. The men and women who give themselves to an active and passionate culture of the soul create the atmosphere in which at least a merely negative morality comes to appear indispensable for the rank and file. Because some pursue religion at the maximum, does the crowd accept religion (so to call it) at the minimum? If, therefore, it be true, as has been here argued, that under Socialism religion, in the positive significance of the term, would practically disappear, it follows that under Socialism the chief guarantee for morality of even the merely negative kind would be gone. There would no longer be, under the activities of the average man, that upward-bearing power which now emanates from the striving after positive spiritual ideals put forth by the few ; and the activities of the average man would in consequence drop down the scale, and sooner or later might easily pass the line dividing negative virtue from positive wrong. All the influences—undoubtedly existing and real, imperceptible and unrecognised as they may be by the world in general as the world's life goes on—all the influences which, issuing out of the spiritual passion of the minority, diffuse themselves through the community, elevating its normal practice, making impossible or almost impossible the extremer forms of sin, would have vanished away. This is really to say, of course, that Socialism would ultimately destroy itself,

inasmuch as with the gradual crumbling of the religion which does *not* do certain things would come the outbreak of passions and instincts through which the socialistic order would be disintegrated again. At any rate, when it is contended that the coming of Socialism would mark the greater triumph of the religion which consists in the avoidance of wrong, whatever might be the fate of the religion which cultivates the inner life of the soul, it is to the point to say that only in a community where culture of the soul's life prevails to no inconsiderable extent is the average negative standard kept up. And if, under Socialism, positive religious culture would practically disappear, then it cannot be held that under Socialism even negative morality would be safe.

V

It was suggested at the outset that a final question would have to be faced. If we are compelled to say that under Socialism the prospects of religion's permanence fade, is there not some other method whereby, without the sacrifice of religion, the good for which Socialism hopes may be attained? The question inevitably rises up. It would be quite rightly pressed from the side of those who, thrilled by altruistic passion, have hitherto declared for Socialism as the only practical embodiment of the Christian spirit. For all that has been said, being wholly negative, seems like a cold douche upon altruism, and, if nothing were added thereto, would appear to point to a purely *non possumus* attitude as the only one religious people can take up towards the social problems of their time. 'You insist'—so those in whom the social conscience is quick would protest—'you insist that under Socialism religion would probably pass away, and up to this point you have insisted on little or nothing else. But, unless more than this can be said from the religious point of view, the better course would surely be to let religion go, for the sake of lifting men from the sloughs of despond in which so many are engulfed. Has religion no other note to send forth than this note of cowardly fear? Has it no positive word? Is self-preservation its only concern? Are social inequalities and wrongs to be left alone, simply in order that religion may survive?'

It may be admitted at once that the feeling whence such an utterance as this would spring is a feeling altogether worthy. If the alternative were between a policy of social *laissez-faire* (this accompanied by religion's survival) and the adoption of the socialist programme (this involving religion's decline), decision would to all noble minds be easy enough. The sense of a common humanity would impel the verdict 'Let religion die!' But the alternative is not forced upon us. The supposed dilemma does not really exist. Religious people who, from the religious point of view, have advo-

cated a socialistic reorganisation, need not be afraid that, if the incompatibility of religion and Socialism be demonstrated, they will have to surrender any altruistic hope. For religion has a much higher note than the merely negative one to strike when it is brought face to face with the Socialist ideal: it is not merely the motive of self-preservation, but a motive of emulation and of conscious superiority, that prompts it to put the Socialist ministry aside; and what religion has to say, is that it can *itself* do all the good which Socialism aims at, without doing the harm which Socialism would bring in its train. And in order to content their admittedly worthy altruistic passion, religious people need not attempt to combine a socialistic system with religion (a thing which, if the contentions of this article be valid, cannot be done), but need only understand better what religion is.

Socialism claims to give 'certainty' on life's lower and material plane, to deliver life from the hazards and dangers which, in the experience of so many, lie in wait for it now. But religion itself can do precisely this—and must do precisely this, if it be rightly understood and faithfully practised. That it has to so great an extent failed to do it, while a lamentable fact enough, only goes to show that the general understanding of religion has been partial and the general practice of religion incomplete. Obviously, if religion be taken in either of those imperfect senses to which reference has been made—if religion be looked upon as constituted either out of an intellectual assent to a system of doctrine or out of a mere avoidance of positive sin—then religion brings little or no power to bear upon the social ordering of things, and the religious man may easily fail to count (as not a few professedly religious people have failed to count) as a factor in the social amelioration of the human lot. But if religion be understood in the larger sense—surely the only true sense—also spoken of before, then religion contains within itself the sufficient power, and a power which must even automatically work itself out, for the social redemption of the world. Religion as a definite cultivation of definite relations with God, as an absorption by the inner life of man of the mind and energy of God Himself, as a re-creation and re-birth of the inner elements of human nature out of the nature of God, not only *may* do a great deal for the correction of whatever wrongs are inherent in the social system, but *cannot help* doing so. What it comes to is that the truly religious man would, in all his relations with the world and with his fellow-men, act as God Himself would act; and on the conception of God as Love, the conception which through all the Christian ages the Church has claimed to hold, this means that the truly religious man would seize on every altruistic opportunity, and respond to every altruistic call. Indeed, to say that the reli-

gious man would, in his relations with his fellows, act as God Himself would act, does not push the idea far enough. On the true conception of religion, the religious man does not merely believe that, because God is Love, God would do this or that, and then adjust his own conduct to his mental conception of what God would do; but the activity of the religious man, with his own personal inner life subjected to the life of God, his relations with God so cultivated that his own personality is, so to say, adopted into God's—the activity of the religious man comes to be actually God's own activity at one remove. In saying this, I am perhaps venturing somewhat far into the distinctly theological field. But it must be remembered that I am primarily addressing those who are concerned about the bearing of religion on the social problems of the day, and who are driven, as they think, into socialistic views by the compulsion of religion itself. It is a deeper understanding of religion's essential significance that is needed by such as these; and in endeavouring to make this clear, one can scarcely avoid touching upon theology properly so called. And indeed, the true conception of religion, once grasped, shows at the same time how impossible it would be for religion to survive under a Socialist *régime*, and how, on the other hand, religion offers all, and more than all, that any Socialist *régime* could give. Religion is this actual struggle of man's nature into oneness with the nature of God. It would not, therefore, as we have seen, maintain itself if all struggle disappeared from the lower plane. But once more, religion is this actual struggle of man's nature into oneness with the nature of God. In itself, therefore, it contains the remedy for every social ill; and religion, rightly understood and practised, and being the recognised regulative power, would be always on the spot when any man fainted or fell lame in life's race. Obvious and flagrant injustices would, of course, be immediately redressed. And while the majority might still have their own life to make, find their burden of responsibility undiminished, be compelled still to win their material good through more or less of conflict against hostility and through more or less surmounting of disadvantage, yet ceaselessly there would be at hand, in the religiously dominated lives of many, the reserve power which would move at once to any point in the body politic where some conquered one went down. Misfortune might still sometimes bring men for a moment to the position whither misfortune often brings them now; but they would never stay there as now they stay. The community would contain within itself ample provision for every contingency that could befall; and the due distribution of needed help could not fail. Religion, in fact, always on the supposition that religion is rightly understood and faithfully practised, offers all the 'cer-

tainty' that Socialism could bring; only, instead of the certainty of machinery, it gives a certainty based on the certain voluntary movement of the individual's heart and hand—which movement, under the conditions, is a thing so certain that, voluntary as it would be, it may with justice be called almost automatic too. The final social readjustment—the establishment of a system under which flagrant wrongs could not exist, under which all incidental wrongs would correct themselves, and under which all existing social arrangements, whatever they might be, would be at once lightened for any whom they might temporarily oppress—comes through a fuller apprehension of religious ideas and ideals.

It may be objected that this points to a social equipoise far too delicate to be long maintained. At any moment, it may be said, this spiritual force by which, on the theory, social adjustments are to be kept right, may fail. A change of mood, a moral lassitude, a weakness of will, may all unexpectedly assert itself, to the greater or less disintegration of the social order. To depend upon religion as the power for the prevention or amelioration of social ills is to lean against a support which has itself no firm foundation, and which any wind may suddenly fling down. The equilibrium is far too unstable. Surely it cannot be seriously pleaded that religion will do more than Socialism, with its definite and tangible arrangements, would perform!

Yet, under any system whatsoever, society can only be in a condition of delicate equipoise, after all; and, whatever the appearance of things may be, you cannot reduce the relations of men to the certainty of mechanical working. Socialism, in fact, would be a more delicate equipoise still. It would be the *appearance* of machinery without the *reality*; for among the wheels and cogs of the machinery there would be operating—disguised, so to say, or painted over to look like iron and steel—all the living passions of men. So long as human nature remains what it is, it is impossible to be sure that the working of society will conform itself to any mechanical formula, unless there be at hand, outside of society and yet pressing closely upon it, a supreme reserve force equal to any emergency that may arise. Yet Socialism assumes that it can be sure. Socialism, indeed, skips a step in the process of making 'certainty,' omitting to state how the living passions and instincts of men are to be changed into mere connecting links in a mechanical chain. You cannot, by theoretically sketching a social organisation in which men and women are supposed to be automatic, or even by experimenting with it, make them so. An experiment, in fact, would probably be merely a costly and disastrous method of demonstrating how impossible the thing really is. But in a social readjustment and re-creation which springs from religion rightly understood, the difficulty is met. For, outside of

and beyond the men and women by whom the social order is to be first of all revised and subsequently maintained in its better state, there is a reserve force—in the God with whose nature and life men and women have linked their own—which, if at any time or at any place the equilibrium of things be disturbed, will suffice to restore it once again. A delicate equipoise has, under any social system, to be reckoned with. It is when, over and above the powers and workings of the system itself, or of the men and women ringed in within its limits, an *outside* power and working waits in reserve—it is then, and only then, that the delicacy of the equipoise ceases to alarm. And in a social readjustment created out of religion, in a social system maintained under the impulse and inspiration of religion, such a reserve power is found. To the objection that in relying upon religion for the prevention of social ills we are establishing too unstable a system, it may be replied that, unstable as the system (like all others) may be, its liability to disorder is amply balanced by its direct connection with the eternal Love.

All this, let it be repeated in the end, is addressed specially to those who, caring for religion and desiring to maintain it, are being driven by the passion of altruism towards socialistic ideas. To those in whom no care for religion, and no faith in religion, dwells, it may well seem empty words. But religious people must remember that they need to become, not *less*, but *more*, religious, if they would reconstruct the world. They may confess with sincerity, and indeed with burning shame, how little religion has hitherto accomplished in the way of forcing a realisation of the brotherhood of man, in the way of such a reorganisation of society as would bring back the golden age. The confession is all too true. But they need not, in order to correct the failure, devote themselves to helping on a revolution of the wrong kind. And they must not serve, in the name of religion, a cause whose success would mean the disappearance of religion in the highest sense of the word. They must understand that religion can only persist in a social system wherefrom the *possibility* of failure is not shut away, since only when men are familiarised with the idea of struggle on the lower plane will they accept the idea of struggle on the higher: they must understand that religion, while thus barring out a mechanical constitution of society, has power to deal with all contingencies which under a non-mechanical constitution of society would arise; and they must understand, consequently, that religion neither demands nor permits recourse to such a mechanical constitution of society as Socialism would provide. Religion is able to save both itself and others with it. A revolution is needed, indeed—but a religious revolution first and foremost. For religion holds the key of the social situation, and is in itself a

positive social force. It can do all that Socialism professes to do, and more; and this without exacting Socialism's too tremendous price. Religion, fully understood, saves the *whole* of manhood—saves manhood both on its material and on its spiritual side. It is to a realisation of these things that the present religious advocates of Socialism need to come. And although to the wisdom of many the thing may seem foolishness, they who wish at the same time to preserve religion and to ameliorate the lot of the less fortunate among the children of men need not hesitate to assert that the final social readjustment must arrive rather through an indirect than a direct method of attack upon the social problem—through a fuller apprehension and working out of religious ideas and ideals.

HENRY W. CLARK.

PETERSBURG IN 1806

THE following diary was written by R. H. Lawrence, a gentleman residing at Champion Hill, Camberwell, in the year 1806. This was a year of great unrest and anxiety in Europe. Napoleon had been victorious at Austerlitz, and no European nation could feel that there was any safety or security in the political outlook, or any prospect of peace. Alexander the First, the Czar, of whom Mr. Lawrence writes, was born at St. Petersburg in the year 1777; the son of Paul, whom he succeeded in 1801. Napoleon invaded Russia in 1812, and in the following year Alexander became a leader in a coalition against France, and entered Paris with his allies in 1814. He died at Taganrog, Russia, in 1825.

Mr. Lawrence writes that he left Champion Hill in a post-chaise on the 5th of May, for Gravesend, where he embarked on the brig *Linskill* at 11 o'clock the same night, accompanied by Mr. Boyes and Captain Lotharington, who were his companions on the tour.

H. LAWRENCE.

June 4, 1806.—Arrived at 6 o'clock A.M. at Cronstadt. We landed, and, leaving our passports with the Translator, appeared before the Admiral of the port at his house. We did not get our passports back till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and were obliged to appear also before the military commandant. At 7 o'clock we left Cronstadt in a boat for Oranienbaum, being permitted to carry no other luggage than a few changes of linen in an handkerchief. In consequence of Major Gardner, who joined us at Cronstadt, taking from his ship two other parcels, a Custom House boat boarded us and carried us before an officer on the Mole. After opening our handkerchiefs he permitted us all to proceed, but retained the major's parcel.

We landed at Oranienbaum, and proceeded at 9 o'clock that evening to Petersburg in a coach drawn by three horses harnessed abreast. The distance is thirty-six versts, or twenty-seven English miles. Cronstadt is the port of Petersburg, and the naval arsenal for the whole Russian navy. The harbour here is very large, and entirely surrounded by a mole, the whole of which is faced with granite. On the mole are several batteries, of immense strength both in number of guns and weight of metal, and the

approach is defended by three other batteries on an island; the largest of the three, mounting an immense number of guns, is within a cable's length (120 fathoms) of the entrance.

June 5.—At 3 o'clock in the morning we reached Petersburg, after having our passes examined by the officer on guard at the gate near the entrance of the city.

The few hours that elapsed between sunset and sunrise had so little of the darkness attending night in our climate that the prospects on each side of the Peterof road were seen very distinctly. As we approached within fifteen or twenty versts of the capital a succession of villas seemed to occupy the right side of the road, most of them being situated on rising ground, and having about them more or less wood. All the buildings, as is the custom here, were white on the outside, a large number of them being built in a very magnificent style of architecture, and all differing in plan from each other. As the carriage passed rapidly by them, viewed by that light in which we saw them, and in the still hour of the night, the style of architecture to us uncommon and the perpetual variety in the grounds and buildings, gave to the whole scene an appearance resembling the idea of a fairyland.

Our driver placed us in a situation sufficiently awkward for strangers on their first entrance into Petersburg; by the assistance of one of the party he drove us as far as the streets of the city, but stopped with us in a place where nothing resembling an inn was discoverable. None of us had the slightest knowledge of Russ, the only language which he spoke, and we knew as little of the topography of Petersburg. By mere good luck we found the English hotel we were in search of in the same street. To our drunken driver we paid, as we had agreed, 15 roubles. I called the same morning on Mr. Cramp, a merchant here, and a friend of Mr. Boyes, who invited us three, Mr. Boyes, Mr. Arthur and myself, to dinner the following day.

June 6, 1806.—Went to see the Museum of the Academy of Science, and also the large globe called the Gottorp Globe.

June 10, 1806.—Saw the Tauridan Palace, formerly the residence of Prince Potemkin. The grand saloon is one of the finest I have seen, and contains a great many copies in fine marble of the most famous ancient statues. There I saw the Empress, who happened to come there to walk in the garden. This palace is often the residence of the Imperial family. I walked all over the gardens with Captain Lotharington, which are laid out with great taste and in precisely the English style. The great saloon I measured by walking over it, and found it 95 paces long by 17 broad between the two innermost rows of pillars; but, as it is surrounded by a double row, it is on the whole much broader. Supposing each pace to be $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length the hall is 237 feet

long and 42 feet broad. I paid one of the servants here a rouble.

June 11, 1806.—I delivered most of my letters of introduction. We all received an invitation to dinner from Lord Gower. We had delivered our letter from Mr. Fox to his secretary the day before.

The characteristic feature of Petersburg is, undoubtedly, grandeur. The regularity of the streets and uniformity of building are obvious consequences of its sudden growth. The houses are universally built of brick, covered with plaster mostly, quite roofed with plates of copper. At the extremity of the city wooden houses are frequent, but they are daily decreasing in number. The river Neva is the greatest ornament to the city, its principal stream, on the left bank, on which are the palaces, is as broad as the Thames at London Bridge, always full, having no tide, and admitting but few ships on account of the small depth of water at the mouth. From the extremity of the English line to a considerable distance beyond the summer garden it is embanked with granite, excepting only the part occupied by the Admiralty. This building and its yards interrupt the line which, from one extremity to the other, extend certainly as far as 4 versts.

A very handsome gravel walk has lately been made entirely round the Palaces, thus connecting the English line and that before the Palaces. They are now proceeding in the embankment of the opposite bank of the river in the same style. There are at present two bridges on boats over the Neva, one 3 versts long, equal to two miles English, from the Square, where stands the statue of Peter the Great, erected in 1782—Peter is 11 feet high, the horse 17—to the Vassili Ostroff, the other from the summer garden to the Petersburg quarter. At the setting in of the ice they are both removed, but the former is, I understand, replaced when it becomes fixed. The number of public buildings and palaces belonging to the Government, or others, is very great and form a remarkable feature of the city, as well as the breadth of the streets and numerous canals, almost all of which are banked with granite and are lined with a cast-iron railing.

Almost everything remarkable and magnificent here is the work of Government, and the Emperor Alexander, as I have been informed, devotes more of his revenue to these purposes than any other. There are five grand works now in different stages of advancement—viz. a new cathedral of an immense size, to be erected nearly on the site of the present Church of Casan, which is to be pulled down. In the embryo of a church are to be seen so many extraordinary pillars of granite, composed each of one block. The new Exchange will be a building of immense size, at present hardly advanced beyond its foundations. The embankment of the

opposite side of the Neva, a work of amazing labour and expense. A building of enormous dimensions is approaching fast to completion in the great Square by St. Isaac's Church, resembling that near the Winter Palace, for exercising the troops in, and it will, I apprehend, be devoted to the same purpose. A new bridge of stone is also erecting over the first canal that crosses the Newskoi Prospect. It is not to be supposed that these undertakings are executed at even a moderate expense, as might be inferred from the multitude of them and the celerity with which they succeed each other. Perhaps in no other European country but Russia could they be executed at all; but even here it is the general opinion that they are carried far beyond what true policy can warrant. The labour of each individual is, it is true, procured at a very small cost, but they are so inferior in dexterity and industry to many more civilised nations that a much larger number must be employed to perform the same labour. The materials of which so large a part of these edifices are composed render them exceedingly laborious and expensive; I mean the granite, the enormous blocks of which it is composed must be brought from a great distance, and to this is to be added the great weight of the stone as well as its natural hardness, from both which causes they proceed very slowly in reducing it to form. It seems to have been the fate of Russia in late years to have seen its treasures lavished upon the whim of its princes, most of whose schemes have either been useless, or abandoned for new ones as soon as finished. The unlimited obedience always paid here to the caprices of the monarch, be they ever so unreasonable or ruinous, and the total absence of all restraint which the Sovereign is perfectly sensible of, seems to give rise to excesses of this sort. Novelty also in all things has been for a long time the rage in the Court of Petersburg. Sensible of their inferiority in many respects to other European nations, they are eager to seize upon civilisation and luxury, as it were, by force—indeed arbitrary power, excepting in the hands of extraordinary men, far superior to the common run of princes, generally displays in all its attempts an unregulated kind of force and obstinacy that is seldom directed to the proper means of accomplishing its object. This naturally creates disgust, and fresh projects are resorted to by the same weak erroneous judgment and necessarily with the same ill-success. Such a nation or Government as Russia may, however, think itself fortunate if the errors of its prince arise from no worse cause than want of discernment. Paul the First ordered a fort to be erected, in the winter, in the open sea, about one mile from Cronstadt; it was finished accordingly before the spring, and is esteemed a wonderful work. Several thousand men, however, are said to have died in consequence of the severity of the weather, and the fort will in all prob-

ability never prove of real service. The Palace of St. Michael, built by the same monarch just before his death, a truly magnificent habitation and complete in every respect, now sees its bare walls only inhabited by a set of French players. The Emperors of Russia appear not to have known the value of revenue or to have thought it inexhaustible.

June 15, 1806.—Dined at Mr. Carr's, near Strelna, and saw the grounds belonging to the Grand Duke Constantine's Palace there—there is nothing here worthy of attention.

June 16, 1806.—It is worth noticing, as a fact confirming the idea generally entertained of the French method of defeating their adversaries' armies by means of bribery, that a gentleman here, with whom I am well acquainted, told me to-day at Mr. Cramp's table the following anecdote. When he was at Moscow he dined with the English Club; Prince Bragathion was there, the same who distinguished himself in the last campaign, and he declared, at that public table, that he had been offered by Buonaparte's agents five million livres if he would act as he should direct. This was said by the Prince immediately after his return from the army.

June 17, 1806.—I went this morning in company of Mr. Ponsonby, one of Lord Gower's secretaries, over the palace called the Hermitage. It is only a wing or addition to the Winter Palace, but is yet of immense size and vast number of rooms. They are, excepting a few, where some gems and pictures of less value than those below are kept, all on the second floor. They are disposed in suites, and have been lately furnished by the present Emperor. All of them are hung with pictures, of which I had only time to observe that they were the works of the best masters. The furniture of the rooms is magnificent beyond description. Such a profusion of gilding I never saw anywhere, and the ornaments of all kinds in bronze and gold with which every room is crowded are exceedingly beautiful, and the rarest kind of marble is to be seen everywhere. The stoves are bronzed, with gilt figures in basso-relievo on them. The room called St. George's Hall is wonderfully grand; it is of an immense size, surrounded by very large marble pillars, between which stand gilt ornaments of 10 or 12 feet. There is a throne at the upper end of the room. There is also a gallery painted in exact imitation of the celebrated gallery of Raphael in the Vatican, but I much doubt whether they have not added a great quantity of gilding. There are also an immense quantity of gems of great value, and a great collection of the most curious pieces of workmanship in gold, silver and precious stones. One of the most astonishing things in this palace is a garden of more than 100 feet in length and of a considerable breadth—actually in the second story of the palace. It is planted with shrubs

and birch trees, many of which are 30 or 40 feet in height; at the end of it is another small garden enclosed with a wire netting, in which I observed many birds at liberty. I paid here a golden ducat—or 4 roubles and 10 copecs.

June 18, 1806.—I went to see the fortress on the Petersburg Island. In the church are the tombs of the late Sovereigns of Russia, and a great collection of standards taken from various nations at different times. There were but three of the French, taken lately, before the battle of Austerlitz—two of the 4th and one of the 2nd Dragoons. I also saw this day the new cathedral building behind the Church of our Lady of Casan—intended to be in lieu of that church. The granite columns are truly wonderful; there are a great many of them, all 30 feet high, of one piece, and highly polished.

June 20.—Went to see the Palace of Tzarskoe Selo, 22 versts from Petersburg. It is a very large building in the old taste, fitted up in a most costly and magnificent style. The gardens are exceedingly beautiful, and much in the English style. I here saw, in the upper story of a pavilion in the garden, a dining-room so contrived that the whole dinner was served without the appearance of servants. It was done by means of machinery below.

June 24, 1806.—Saw the Palace of Peterhof, 26 versts from Petersburg; it is chiefly remarkable for its waterworks. It has a fine view of the Gulf of Finland and Cronstadt. The city of Petersburg is certainly daily increasing in magnificence. Foreigners form a very considerable part of the inhabitants of Petersburg—if not in number, at least in appearance. In the best parts of the city the largest and best furnished shops are entirely kept by foreigners and filled with foreign manufactures. Far the largest number of artisans and mechanics are, I understand, foreigners, mostly German.

The admiration indiscriminately lavished on the language, fashions and customs of foreigners, and also on their persons, by the Russian nobility is a prominent trait in their character and, I think, not a favourable one. Indeed it appears to me to be one of the greatest obstacles to the attainment of true civilisation; it checks all originality of sentiment and character, even had they the taste to prefer what was really best; but the fact is, as must naturally be the case among a set of men politically and morally slavish and uneducated, that they fly with the greatest eagerness to the vicious or frivolous habits which are most congenial to their unregulated appetites and minds. The political slavery of the whole nation, the nobles in utter subjection to an Emperor, and the bulk of the people slaves to nobles, must depress the hearts and understandings of all, for tyranny debases the mind of man as much as slavery, and the nobles are both tyrants and slaves. The

basis of any improvement must be diffusion of knowledge by means of a good system of education, and here they are most miserably deficient. The bulk of the Russian nobility, at least those in Petersburg, educate their children at home, and their instructors are selected from the class of French adventurers who come to Russia in order to take every possible advantage of the nation, resolved to practise any art or deception by which they may make a fortune, and they generally succeed by their confidence and impudence. A Russian prince at Moscow, desirous of giving his children the best education, took a Frenchman into his house in order to teach them the French language. The attention of the tutor was not thrown away on them, they soon began to speak in the admired dialect very glibly. And the instructor grew daily in favour. It was thought necessary shortly after that a governess should be added to the establishment, that the female part of the prince's family might be qualified for the meridian of Petersburg. The French lady was informed that the boys had made a great proficiency in speaking French, and was desired to examine them. The parties appeared not to comprehend each other; the astonished and disappointed parents, unable to explain the mystery, themselves demanded an explanation. The lady who did understand French informed them that the children spoke very good Finnish. The rage of the Russian nobleman may be imagined, for the Finns are held in the utmost contempt by all ranks of Russians. In such a country it may be supposed that the detected tutor did not escape punishment. He was nothing but a worthless Finn.

These adventurers, prepared equally to take on themselves the office of valet or tutor, seldom fail to insinuate themselves into the favour and family of some nobleman who has no idea of a higher sort of education for the young princes than what such an instructor can give. It appears to me that this circumstance alone sufficiently explains the causes of the state of society as it exists at present in Petersburg. Public amusements are but ill-frequented, and I am informed that the Court contribute largely to the support of the theatre. This, I believe, will always be the case where a middling class of society either does not exist or have neither influence or consideration in the eyes of the Government. There is no appearance in Petersburg of independence of any sort, rank at Court seems to be the only standard by which anyone claims respect, and here all rank is military. Civil officers wear military uniform according to their rank, and to the martial part alone are the Russians habituated, throughout the empire, to pay blind submission.

The bustle and noisy activity displayed in other populous towns of Europe are rarely to be seen here, and the people mark strongly in their habits the slavish dependence in which they are held.

Many causes, perhaps, contribute to cast a sombre appearance on this city—the long beards, long dresses, and dirt of the men, and the custom, apparently universally prevalent here, of shutting up women of all ranks at home; the barren state of the country round and the inhospitable climate have also their share in these evils. How widely different is the cheerfulness and cleanliness of the natives of Copenhagen, and indeed of all other cities which I ever visited.

The Russians, though capable of enduring great fatigue, are fond of inactivity—they do nothing with that energy which Englishmen are accustomed to. It might be inferred from the conduct of all ranks here that they considered the human frame a machine, a piece of clockwork that was liable to decay only from its own action, so highly they seem to prize rest.

All who pretend to rank above the *canaille* abhor walking, and the *gens du bien* are to be exhibited to the eyes of the public only as they dash through the street in their carriage and four, or loll in their balconies.

A strong feature of barbarism is the cruelty they exercise unnecessarily on their domestics, slaves, human and brute. Their servants and horses, whenever they visit, remain at the door, be the weather ever so severe, and if the visit be extended to the whole night, no exception is made for these unfortunate animals. In some of the most frequented squares fires are provided for the men in circular hearths for that purpose, and it is usual to make them in the courts of large houses. I have frequently seen in the mornings the four horses in their harness, the coachman and postilion extended together on the pavement waiting the return of their master. The nobility scruple not to make a servant travel with them on the outside of a carriage, without springs, from Moscow to Petersburg, 700 versts.

The ordinary equipages of the first ranks are far from being splendid or even neat. They pay no attention to the cleaning or repairing of them—few of them surpass the common glass-coaches for hire in London. I had no opportunity of seeing them on public days, for which occasions all their finery is reserved.

The Emperor Alexander is far from encouraging outward show by his example. The magnificence of a Court is seldom displayed, and in his habits of life he affects a great degree of simplicity. He occupies at present a few rooms at the corner of the Winter Palace, and I have met him in the streets of Petersburg on a droshka, attended by no other companion or servant than the driver. This frugality is not, I find, approved by all classes at Petersburg, where so many find an interest in the expenditure of a Court. He dresses always in a green uniform, and is very attentive to his troops, being almost always on the morning parade and frequently

manœuvring the troops in the square, or open place, adjoining the Marble Palace. In his person he is tall and handsome, but bears in his countenance no marks of penetration or firmness; in these qualities he is generally deemed deficient, though none seem to doubt the goodness of his heart. He is esteemed partial to the English, and is said to speak English very tolerably. The Empress is little seen in public. I was fortunate enough, however, to meet her walking in the garden of the Tauridan Palace. She is a beautiful woman, particularly interesting in her air and expression of countenance. She is a Princess of Baden, and a sister to the Queen of Sweden. During my stay in Petersburg the Russians were flattering themselves with the expectation of an heir to the throne. They are particularly anxious on this head, the present successor being the Emperor's brother, the Grand Duke Constantine. His character is very opposite to that of the Emperor, and he is universally dreaded. In his violent capricious and cruel disposition he greatly resembles his father Paul, and stories are related of him which disgrace human nature. He is very much of the savage; he prides himself on being indifferent to all the inconveniences of heat and cold, and fatigue of all kinds. The comforts and decencies of life he studiously rejects. It is said that there is not a bed in his palace at Strelna and that he makes a practice of sleeping in his clothes; his hours are very early; he is always up at 4 o'clock exercising his soldiers, and this occupation is his greatest pleasure. He is undoubtedly a good soldier, and had he been anything but a prince would perhaps have been a good general; personal courage he is said to possess in a great degree, and to be by no means deficient in natural sagacity, but the total absence of control, joined to his natural violence of disposition, have been great obstacles to his progress. He has been lately, since the battle of Austerlitz, put at the head of the Army, and for that profession he is, in many requisite qualifications, well fitted—despising hardships of all kinds, and constantly active he enforces attention and strict discipline in others. His spirits sink under no difficulties, and he has the art of ingratiating himself with the men and animating them in all circumstances. Two good qualities he has, though in most respects a brute, he hates the French and really loves his brother Alexander. For him, they say, he would at all times fight or risk his life. He is in make a very fine man, and strong as Hercules, of a fair and florid complexion, but far from handsome in the face: he is said greatly to resemble his father.

There were in Petersburg no part of the Russian Army excepting the Horse and Foot Guards and a few Cossacks. The Grand Duke had his regiment of Uhlans at Strelna. It is impossible from these to form an opinion of the Russian troops in general.

There can be no finer soldiers than those composing the garrison of Petersburg. The Foot Guards are very numerous, consisting of several thousands, all fine men of 6 feet high and more, and their appointments exceedingly good. Their uniform is green, white pantaloons and boots (all the Russian Infantry wear boots), with caps resembling those worn by our own Infantry, but handsomer. All the duty of the city is done by the Guards, and the number constantly on guard is very great. There are guard-houses in every street almost, and the sentinels at the Palace and other buildings of Government occupy a great number of men. When drawn up their appearance is very fine, and they go through many manœuvres with great regularity and celerity. As far as an idea can be formed from their appearance alone the officers of the Guards do not seem to deserve so high a character as the men. They are almost all very young men, and there is an air of effeminacy and foppishness universally prevalent among them that does not bespeak a military spirit. They are most completely *petits maîtres*, and if report can be depended on, they give themselves up to debauchery and excess of every kind. This is the more probable, as the Guards are constantly quartered in the city and its environs. The Horse Guards, of which regiment the Grand Duke is colonel, are the crack regiment of Petersburg; they, as well as the Guards, were very roughly handled in the last campaign, but their ranks have been recruited with great care, and they have been drilled without intermission, so that in the course of a few months the regiment has been completely restored. The men appear to come from the southern parts of the empire, and are so extremely dark that the black artificial moustachios which they all wear give them the most horrid and frightful appearance that can be conceived: and the more so as they are all enormous men, and dressed in a white uniform. But they are certainly more calculated to act as Infantry than Cavalry, for the Russian horses are all small. The Cossacks are a species of force peculiar to Russia, with the exception of some Eastern nations. They have of late been formed into regiments, but I suspect their irregular habits yet accompany them in the field. They appear to me to be fitted only to act as light and independent Cavalry, for their horses are so small that it is impossible they should be able to make a charge with effect. Most of their horses are not more than thirteen hands high. It is said, too, that the Cossacks are not famed for 'seeking a reputation in the cannon's mouth'; they are afraid of the fire of regular troops: predatory warfare is their delight. The French give a horrid account of them in Poland, and affect to hold them in great contempt. The discipline of the Russian troops is very severe and even brutal—they are beaten for the

slightest fault. The police of Petersburg is exceedingly good, but it is all under military law, and the Police Guards are a very large and efficient corps.

June 29, 1806.—Left Petersburg finally and went as far as Mr. Carr's house at Strelna, 18 versts on the Peterhof road.

A week after our arrival we went into lodgings at Dimuth's Hotel. Three in number, viz. Mr. Boyes, Arthur, and myself. There were three rooms, including one for the servant, and for these we paid 70 roubles a month. We were served with all we wanted for our meals from a *traiteur* in the same house. To our servant we paid one rouble and a half a day. Our baggage was obliged to be sent through the Custom House to Cronstadt, where we found it on our arrival.

June 30, 1806.—I proceeded from Strelna to Oranienbaum, and walked over the grounds belonging to the Royal Palace there. There is here an imitation in wood of the ice-hills which they construct on the Neva in winter on a very large scale. The length of the whole course, or run, from the summit of the first to the spot where the sledge stops is a quarter of a mile. They are, however, now quite out of repair.

July 1, 1806.—Crossed over to Cronstadt and took up my quarters with Mr. Boyes and Arthur at the English house here. Mr. Boyes and myself took our passage in the *Xanthus*, 260 tons, Captain Hutchinson. The *Ariadne*, 20 guns, an English frigate, was lying close to the mole, waiting for Lord Gower, who is to return in her.

July 7, 1806.—Sent a letter home by Mr. Cochrane, of the *Ariadne*, and after waiting nearly a week for a fair wind, during which time we spent many agreeable hours with the officers of the *Ariadne*, Mr. Boyes and myself embarked on board the *Xanthus* and sailed the same evening.

