

presented to me admit the alcohols through any gate that might distinguish them apart from other chemical bodies. I can no more accept them as foods than I can chloroform, or ether, or methylal. That they produce a temporary excitement is true; but as their general action is quickly to reduce animal heat, I cannot see how they can supply animal force. I see clearly how they reduce animal power, and can show a reason for using them in order to stop physical pain or to stupefy mental pain; but that they give strength—*i.e.*, that they supply material for construction of fine tissue, or throw force into tissues supplied by other material—must be an error as solemn as it is widespread. The true character of the alcohols is that they are agreeable temporary shrouds. The savage, with the mansions of his soul unfurnished, buries his restless energy under their shadow. The civilised man, overburdened with mental labour or with engrossing care, seeks the same shade; but it is a shade, after all, in which, in exact proportion as he seeks it, the seeker retires from perfect natural life. To resort for force to alcohol is, in my mind, equivalent to the act of searching for the sun in subterranean gloom until all is night.

“That gives my argument in a nutshell, and every day I live I am more convinced of its truth. I am as sure of it as that two and two make four, and I arrived at it by a chain of logical reasoning and scientific research which has never yet been successfully disputed. My feet are planted on the rock of truth in this matter.

“Now came the struggle, whether I should continue a ‘moderate’ drinker or whether I should declare myself. And I determined to declare myself, and give up the use of alcoholic drinks altogether. I found I worked better for the determination and was every

way healthier, and have never seen any reason to regret it, either in myself or others.

“You must understand, I did not at first give up prescribing alcohol in my practice. But then I found I never knew what I was giving, so I prescribed it pure, mixed with water in proper proportions, just like any other drug. Commonly it is called pure spirits of wine. Then I knew exactly what it did when prescribed. But I gradually began to give it up, even in that form, and now I scarcely ever prescribe it.”

“What would you recommend as a substitute?”

“I don’t believe in substitutes,” was the doctor’s prompt reply. “They deceive, morally and physically. For faintness I always prescribe a recumbent position, fresh air, cold water to the temples, and for a drink, hot milk and water or beef tea. It is fifteen years since I became an abstainer, and I have never seen an injury or failing of any kind from the adoption of Total Abstinence. I have never gone in for what may be called the enthusiasm of the matter; I take my stand on physical principles.

“On the whole, I think public opinion is coming round to our view. Everything is being given up but ‘moderation;’ on that point I think people are still deceived. They consider they are practising moderation; they are really producing disease insidiously.”

The statistics of the Inland Revenue Returns show that the consumption of alcoholic liquors is steadily declining. And without in the least degree disparaging the noble work of many other men and women in the Temperance Cause, yet one of the most potent influences in that decline of the drink traffic has been the Scientific Temperance so logically wrought out and so persistently advocated by that genial man of science in Manchester Square.

TRIUMPHS OF TRADE.

THE SEA.



If it be true, as Goethe once said, that “the eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing,” it is easy to understand why trade should be dull and prosaic to many minds. They are ignorant of its past, and their imaginations cannot be touched into activity by simple and present

things. Battles they may enjoy—in books; crusades will fire their minds, apart from their vast influence on trade; and the far-away and unreal will seem to them poetic and delightful. Trade triumphs, however, are behind and about every great historic movement, and they seem, when surveyed in their long sequences, to leave little else for the historian, the geographer, or the poet. To live, men have streamed into Europe, crowded to America, and pushed into Africa and Asia. Cold and heat, hardship and privation, have been borne in the great quest for food, land, and wealth, ever since the world began. To call such records dull, is to libel the human race. It is in the reading, the deciphering of them, that the difficulty lies, and in the selection of effective illustrations from so wide a field.

The sea was to primitive man a dreadful and a little-known wilderness. It seemed to disjoin men, to hinder



"THEY HAD PIRATES TO FEAR" (p. 465).

trade, to coop up the human race. To-day it is the "ring of marriage with all nations." As upon the great deserts, merchants traded in caravans for safety and counsel, so they at first traded upon the sea in fleets, as soon as individual explorers had led the way, and commerce had any sort of organisation. Men were too timid to venture alone with their goods.

The picturesque element was undoubted. Take Venice as a type, not too remote in time for the modern mind. A green sea laves the feet of its white quays and palaces. Red-robed officials stand at the top of the quay-steps, and the doors of mansions, and on the Rialto. The public square is alive with the sound of fifes and trumpets, and processions of archers, mariners, and dignitaries pass along. Venetian beauties smile on the young patricians who are about to leave home for a long journey. The air is heavy with flags and pennants; it is a public holiday, for the fleet is going eastward on its annual journey, and going in a body under a Commodore elected by the Grand Council, who has his own train of musicians, his black-robed physicians, his pilots, scribes, and craftsmen bearing their tools.

Each ship has been chartered by public auction, and is directed by a patrician. The fleet, with the blessing of the Doge, and the good wishes—alas! also the tears—of the people, will slowly make its way eastward, and when it has bought cargoes of silks, camlets, carpets, Persian shawls, and spices, sent by caravan to the Syrian ports and to Egypt, it will curve back towards the mouth of the Mediterranean, distributing its riches as it goes, and shipping others, until it has reached Portugal and can creep along to Antwerp, the centre of Western trade, and thence to the Thames, to assemble in state at Southampton for the homeward voyage, laden with English kerseys and cloths.

Continental wine fleets came to England in this way in the early time. Tossed into disorder, they reached the Thames, and when they neared the New Weir, the city boundary, they dressed up, raised their ensigns, and then came up to London Bridge, the mariners singing all the way, with lusty voices, their *Kiriele*, or song of thanksgiving and deliverance. Many Englishmen, in their river craft, and from their overhung doorways and dormer

windows, used to think these foreigners made a needless fuss about a little toss on the German Ocean, or a hustle in the chops of the Channel; but then, as now, they had a wicked wit for men in strange garb, over-curious in their eating and drinking, and quick in speech.

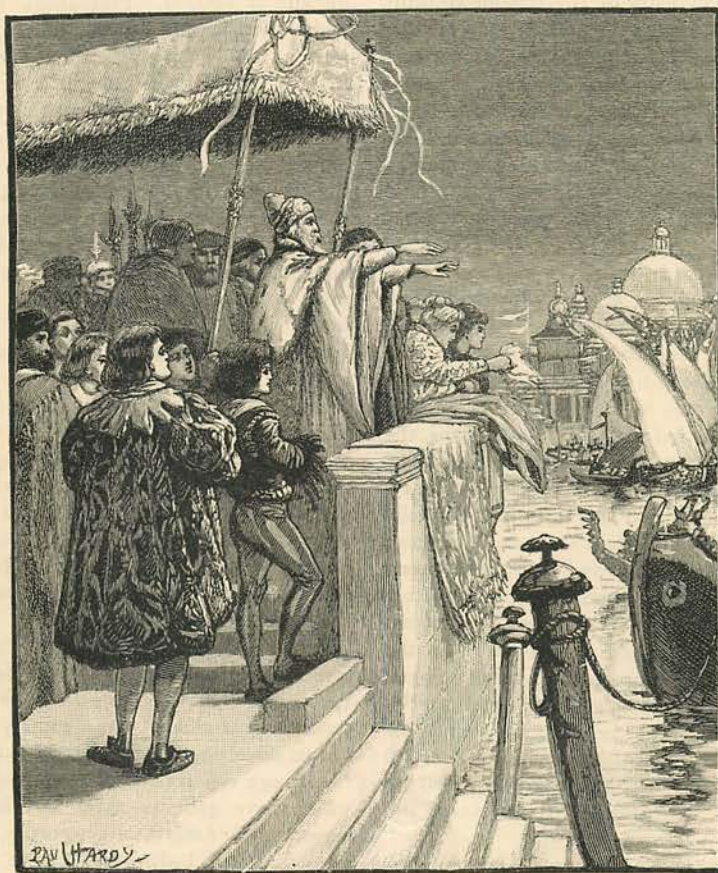
The modern merchantman glides, or is tugged, down the Thames or the Mersey, attracts little attention, casts off its pilot, and plunges seaward, alone, without beat of drum or shriek of fife, or many-garbed and cheering crowd. Bound to India, China, Australia, or America, it is quiet, self-contained, provisioned for a long period, and designed for an independent activity



"IN THE DUSKY ALE-HOUSES AT WAPPING" (p. 466).

extending over weeks and months. It is a type of knowledge, courage, and conquest. It represents the individualism of to-day, in all its quietness and power. Law, custom, amicable rivalry, and scientific inventions fence it round with inviolable freedom. Fleets are for war, not commerce, except it be the harvest of the sea.

up its flags for a talk with a passing vessel homeward bound. Keen eyes watch for its arrival; and at Lloyd's there will be a short telegraphed history of its career. The mystery of the deep has diminished. When Drake had his first view of the Pacific, it was from a tree he had climbed on the Isthmus of Darien, and he re-



THE DOGE BLESSING THE VENETIAN FLEET (p. 464).

The collective fleets had pirates and freebooters to fear. The men of commerce of one nation made war upon the men of commerce of another nation. Outside the Mediterranean, there was hardly any sea-law at all for centuries. Chaucer has given us his picture of the British merchant adventurer :—

“Of nice conscience took he no keep;
If that he fought, and had the upper hand,
By water he sent them home to every land.”

Queen Elizabeth, in her time, put money into some of these freebooting excursions. And, curiously enough, the British mariner, once the most desperate man afloat, is now the most law-abiding. He was then an innovator; he is now supreme.

No news of the fleets reached the more distant port of embarkation for months; they plunged upon a path that had no records. Now, the individual ship runs

solved to “sail an English ship in those seas.” Now all is known, sounded, surveyed, and mapped. The paths of the sea are familiar; even its ways of behaviour are known and localised. It is under dominion.

The vessels in which our forefathers voyaged or traded were very small, according to our present notions. Sir Humphrey Gilbert crossed the Atlantic in a vessel of ten tons. When Sir Francis Drake ploughed a furrow round the world, every one of his five vessels was under 100 tons. Modern seamen could not be induced to voyage to India, China, or America, in some of these cockle-shells. But with more of the power of knowledge, there is less need for the old individual hardihood.

In 1621 it was considered wonderful when the British Levant Company sent out ships, “not yearly, but monthly.” This implied more system in obtaining

return cargoes, the great difficulty of early trade. The staple-ports were designed to deal with the matter, but outside them the merchant adventurer had to wait for months, and was often tempted to plunder some more fortunate vessel. The old Greek mariners, according to Herodotus, after discharging their cargoes, landed upon some convenient spot, sowed corn, waited until it ripened, reaped it, and then went homeward! But now the industry of the Hindoo peasant, or the Russian moujik, or the Western farmer, enables the trader to store his corn, make his biscuit, and maintain himself in the most barren regions, amongst the Northern icebergs, or the intricacies of a Saragossa sea. The sea enables us to get immense food-supplies cheaply, and by their means we can cross it safely with cargoes of iron and skins, with cotton bales and shirtings, with Canadian pines and West Indian sugars.

The old jealousies and heart-burnings are past. The world is always wanting news, and geographical secrets cannot be kept. It was one of the accusations against the old Hudson's Bay Company that they would not explore north of Churchill, "for fear," said Dobbs, "they should discover a passage to the west ocean of America, and tempt, by that means, the rest of the English merchants to lay open their trade." They give out, he adds, that "the climate, and country, and passage thither are much worse than they really are," to prevent undue curiosity. Captain Middleton put two Indians on an island and left them there, because they wished to come to England and make a fuss, which might lead to further discoveries, confirming his own, which he wanted to conceal. In the dusky ale-houses at Wapping, many an ear-ringed sailor shook his head knowingly when some newly-returned navigator declared he had *not* found the North-West Passage. "The frozen straits is all chimera," is the language attributed to some of them by a wise man of the last century. It smacks of the tavern.

The effort to get more Eastern trade, led and sustained the search for the North-West Passage to India; and out of its varied results, and the battling on the "Spanish main," we finally acquired the dominion of

the sea—we laid our hand "upon the ocean's mane," as Byron puts it.

It used to be a common saying with the Dutch that they would make the English "wear their old shoes." The Dutch had certainly a fuller command of the sea until after the Civil War, though long before then English merchants had been seeking new shoes in the North, the East, and the West, with a considerable amount of success. Plantations had been formed in India, Africa, and North America; rich companies were in full working; and brave navigators gave their lives to the task of seeking a new way to the East amidst the icebergs and Arctic terrors of the North.

The more successful sea-kings we all know. Their names are as "household words" amongst us. But the pathos of the fate of some of them is less familiar. It has been declared that our maritime supremacy is quite as much due to Sebastian Cabot as to Cromwell's navigation laws, and yet the veteran Bristol adventurer was neglected in his old age, and we do not know where or when he died. The fate of Henry Hudson, who did more than "leave his name upon a canton," is even more touching. Henry Green and others mutinied against Hudson, in the bay named after him, on the ground that he was concealing provisions whilst they were starving. They put "the master," bound, into a shallop, "with the poore, sicke, and lame," and sent him adrift to an unknown death and a nameless grave. The ringleaders were soon afterwards killed by savages. Scarcely less tragic was the fate of Mitrovitch, a Spaniard, who entered the Pacific in the first steam-ship. Affrighted natives, poor trade, and disappointment, impelled him to fire a pistol into a barrel of gunpowder and blow up his vessel and crew. But who can properly feel the sufferings, or describe the mental phantasmagoria, the heroic devotion, the fidelity, the simple manliness, yea, the savage rigours and bursts of "storm and pressure" which have gone to make our knowledge of Arctic regions and American geography, of the great far-away East, of India, and China, and the isles, and our glorious and admitted maritime supremacy? It consists of epic fragments, which some coming Homer may string together.

EDWIN GOADBY.

