

Single Signs not reckoned.	With 10.	With 11.	With 12.	With 13.	With 14.	With 15.
In Hoist of } 2 Signs }	90	110	132	156	182	210
Ditto 3	720	990	1,320	1,716	2,184	2,730
Ditto 4	5,040	7,920	11,880	17,160	24,024	32,760
Ditto 5	30,240	55,440	95,040	154,440	240,240	360,360
Total with } 2, 3, 4, and 5 }	36,100	64,460	108,372			
Total with } 2, 3, and 4 }				19,032	26,390	35,700

Single Signs not reckoned.	With 16.	With 17.	With 18.	With 19.	With 20.
In Hoist of } 2 Signs }	240	272	306	342	380
Ditto 3	3,360	4,080	4,896	5,814	6,840
Ditto 4	43,680	57,120	73,440	93,624	116,280
Ditto 5	480,480	742,560	1,028,160	1,395,360	1,860,480
Total with } 2, 3, 4, and 5 }					
Total with } 2, 3, and 4 }	47,280	61,472	78,642	99,180	123,500

It will thus be seen that the Committee of 1856, in fixing on eighteen flags, provided for no less than 70,000 distinct signals, with a possible extension to 78,642, each signal consisting of a hoist of not more than *four flags*; and this provision (as experience has testified) has proved amply sufficient. To counteract the obvious difficulty of *colours* of signals not being discernible by reason of distance or hazy weather, a Code of Distant Correspondence is inserted in the book, and *shapes* of signals are substituted, of which we give examples (Fig. 3).

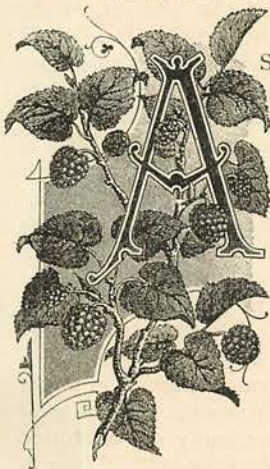
There is one thought that seems to arise from our brief consideration of this interesting subject. Our country is popularly designated "The Mistress of the Sea." The poet Campbell has sung :

" Her march is on the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep."

It appears to us that the best practical evidence of this assertion may be discovered, not alone and solely in the victory achieved at the Baltic or Trafalgar, but in the more peaceful and enduring conquest by which, in 1857, she gave a common language to the countless thousands of all peoples and tongues "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters."

RICHARD HOLLAND.

WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER, STATESMAN AND PHILANTHROPIST.



As a man's death dissolves from our memories the acid of antagonism—be it personal, political, or religious—so a good memoir enables non-combatants and the world at large to get a clear view of the totality of a man's character. The one purifies recollection, the other rounds off judgment. Mr. Reid's story of Mr. Forster's life,* told, "so far as may be, in Mr. Forster's own words," enables us to reconcile conflicting theories, to follow the evolution of a singular character, to come to close grip and quiet converse with a powerful, storm-loving, and yet tender-hearted man. It is not a history so much as a panorama—full of battle and pathos, thunder amid the crags, and gleams of sylvan beauty and pastoral peace.

Mr. Forster was not a Yorkshireman by birth, but he was "more a Yorkshireman than the Yorkshiremen themselves." There was Northern blood in his veins; and when he had made his first trip to the

* "The Life of the Right Honourable William Edward Forster," by T. Wemyss Reid. Two Vols. Chapman and Hall.

North, and studied the hardy folk there, and learnt to love them for their grit and grip, he seems to have said to himself, "These are my own people, and amongst them I will dwell." Norwich had been lazy and sleepy; in the North all was vividness and activity. He was engaged in wool-sorting in the Pease mills at Darlington, and he wrote in his diary, "Employment, dirty drudgery; standing, tiring; bear it heroically, because I hope it will do me good." He had previously assisted his famous uncle, Mr. Fowell Buxton, in preparing his anti-slavery speeches, developed an interest in questions touching native races, and settled in his own mind what he should like to be. When twelve years old he had said, "I shall take to the law, because in that line I may get into Parliament." However, it was commerce that claimed him, and as a man of commerce that he entered public life. His father opposed him in several ways, notably when he desired to be his uncle's secretary; and his uncle was equally hostile to his wish to join the ill-fated Niger expedition.

Again, when Forster consulted his uncle about entering a manufacturing concern where slave-grown produce was manufactured, the answer came, "Pray it out." He did not join it. His interest in the anti-slavery question was intense. The Northern Slave Trade was a favourite subject with him, and he compiled facts and statistics concerning it with great

ardour. "Most glad should I be," he wrote to his uncle, "if, by doing anything or going anywhere, I could be of the slightest use in the mighty cause." It was after reading a paper he wrote on the subject that Mr. Fowell Buxton said, "That young man will make his mark."

Probably the fervour of the anti-slavery movement did very much to develop the two great qualities of Mr. Forster's nature—courageous aggressiveness and delicate sensibility. His father was sensitive to womanliness at times, with spells of distressing lethargy. The son was never inactive, and always bright and hopeful. The miseries and inhumanities of the slave trade and of slave-life burnt themselves into his brain. His father wrote to him, when he was still in his teens, about some pathetic scenes over signing petitions—"men signing out of doors, on a horsing-block—on the top of a wall;" others, who could not write, thinking "the blood of all the negroes would be upon them if they did not make their mark"—saying, "I often think how much I should have valued thy help. Thou wouldst have managed the whole thing so capitally for me." Pouring out his whole soul for the movement, Mr. Forster defended Mr. Fowell Buxton's scheme against Mr. Sturge; and still later in life we find him writing in the *Westminster Review* to welcome Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle

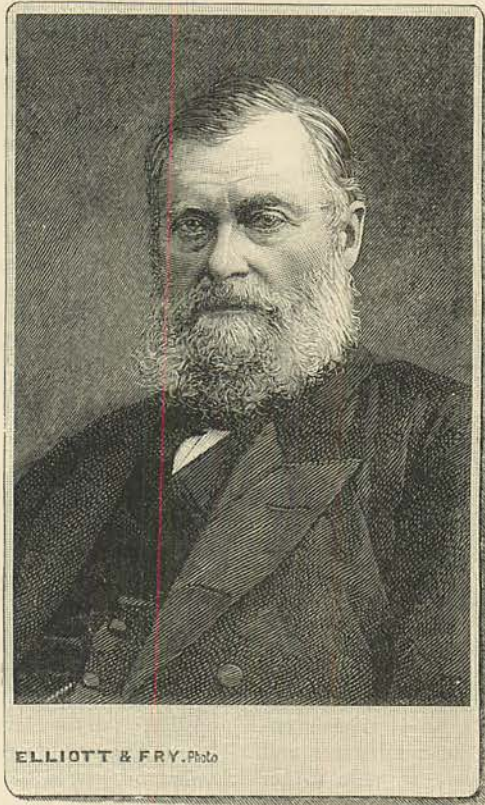
Tom's Cabin," to increase the powerful effect it produced, and to move the Northern people to say to their friends in the South, "We will no longer be either your slave-catchers or their gaolers." Still later, when the slave question became prominent in America, he wrote to an American friend, Mr. Yarnall, "I feel for you and with you intensely; so much so that my hand shakes when I open an American paper." His attitude in the Civil War, and over the Geneva Arbitration, belong to the strict domain of politics, and need not concern us here. The poor slave had no truer friend than Mr. Forster.

He complained of one philanthropist, that he had "never fully believed the negro to be a man and a brother." His own feeling was a combination of pity for the down-trodden, of desire to assist the backward races in their struggle with civilisation, and of love for

everything—black or brown or white—that bore God's image. His philanthropy, in fact, was a part of his nature. Very early in life he realised the fact that he could not attain to his father's ethical standard. He loved mathematics, and used to receive little lectures upon rising immoderately early to study them. It seemed that his father wanted him to do many things he disliked, and checked him over other matters he would ardently pursue. But there came no check to his love of human-kind, of nature, and of animals.

The father was a missionary enthusiast; the son was a burning reformer.

The Kaffirs were early taken under Mr. Forster's care. He condemned our Cape policy in the *Westminster*, and he lived to use his influence to assist the Bechuanas when assistance could be given in office and in Parliament. He "unearthed the telegraphic despatch" which justified their appeal for help. His general policy was described in a letter he wrote, as follows:—"We must not abdicate the duty which our right as the strong and the wise gives us to rule the weak and the ignorant, as the philanthropists would wish; still less to misuse that right and turn it into a wrong, as has been our practice; nor to fulfil it by denying them their rights, as would Carlyle." Colonial feeling was very strong in his nature. He wanted to mature the young communities, to unite them to the Mother



THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER.
(From a Photograph.)

Country, and to bind them in a great Federation. He took the chair at the London meeting in favour of Federation in 1884, and pronounced it "a great success;" and nine years previously he had stirred Edinburgh with a striking address on colonial government and our responsibilities. Our glorious heritage had deeply impressed him "from boyhood," Mr. Reid says; "and, in no small degree, it had modified the influence of his birth and early training, putting him, to a certain extent, out of harmony with some, at least, of the traditions of the Society of Friends." When he was about to marry Dr. Arnold's daughter, he received a solemn remonstrance; and years afterwards he told some Friends, "You people turned me out of the Society for doing the best thing I ever did in my life." When he decided to abandon the distinctive dress of his early life, he did not

gradually alter it; "he changed his appearance in a single hour."

His youthful ideals were slowly realised. He did not get into Parliament until 1861, and it was many years before he could do anything actual in pursuit of the aims which he had formed when he was eight-and-twenty. Time after time he said, in conversation with Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, "If I had to take a part in the administration of the affairs of this country, I would strive to accomplish two great purposes—to give relief, and lasting relief, to poor Ireland; and to get the children of the working classes out of the gutter by educating them." Close contact with Irish misery in the famine time had touched his heart, and made him tender. How he laboured hereafter we all know, amid peril and controversy, to achieve some little good upon the lines of an early ideal. Had his work been cast in quieter times, probably his success would have been more marked; but no chapters Mr. Reid has written are full of more vital interest than those in which he stirs the controversies upon which we cannot enter. Mr. Forster's educational work remains an enduring monument; it developed all his fighting qualities, and he sacrificed many friendships in pursuance of his plans. It was frequently his misfortune to struggle with companions and friends, who were compelled to admire his sincerity of purpose even when they differed from him as to modes and forms. The children have, indeed, been taken out of the gutter, and we owe that fact to Mr. Forster's determination and his heroic zeal. The practical mind of a Yorkshire manufacturer accomplished what the doctrinaires would have fought over for many years to come.

Upon social questions Mr. Forster was always keen-sighted and bold. Mr. J. M. Ludlow described him as a mill-owner "whom the working men all round love and trust, and take pride in as a friend;" who would "come up from Yorkshire on a fool's errand, to urge the Government to legalise co-operative associations." The theme was one he loved to discourse upon, and he made it his text on taking the chair when the Company was formed to which this publication belongs. His faith in work was worthy of Carlyle, whom he resembled in energy, but excelled in human kindness. He penned a series of articles on the subject of "Man's Right to Do his Duty"—namely, to work; and he broached the then curious doctrine that "instead of shutting men up in Union houses, he would put them on farms with spades in their hands, and then tell them to work or want." This practical way of looking at difficult problems was characteristic of his whole bent of mind. He was always for overcoming something.

His overpowering courage was exhibited in many ways. He showed it in his early Bradford days, when he risked business to favour current agitations. "I am determined to tell no lies, either to the mob or myself, if I can help it," he wrote in his diary in 1848, and so he set himself to study everything pro-

curable about French socialism. A friend of the Arnolds pictured him about this time as "frightened of nothing." In 1859 he shocked all his earlier friends by joining the volunteer movement. He even went to Hythe, a business man of forty-two, for instruction in musketry! He did not shoot well. "I find I know absolutely nothing," he wrote in one of his playful Hythe letters. He liked the "heckling" of the platform by reason of his combativeness. Mr. Reid says, "There was something to him positively exhilarating in this brisk give-and-take in argument and assertion before a crowded audience."

In 1878 he was thrown from a carriage at Pau and broke his leg. Still a cripple, he came to London to take part in an election at the Athenæum. He would not be beaten. "I climbed up the stairs on my back, and voted." It was this pluck that aided him in overcoming so many obstacles. He read hard, and the best books—in his mature age as well as in his youthful days. He had little time for systematic culture, but he kept his mill going and his mind active as well. Even Yorkshiremen were astonished at a manufacturer who cared for books and read them intelligently. When his last illness came, and he had to battle with weakness and pain, he said to his wife, "We have had some blessed times together. I would not have been without this illness for the world." In toil and travel, in business and Parliament, his indomitable energy and zest for work were always conspicuous. In controversy he was equally courageous, as witness the "tremendous theological talks till two a.m.," of which Dr. Norman Macleod writes in his diary at the time Forster was in attendance on the Queen at Balmoral.

The essential feature of Mr. Forster's character was revolt. He was in revolt against half the conditions of his early life, in revolt against passive ideals, in revolt against his own sensibility, in revolt against current wretchedness, in revolt against everything that seemed dishonest, impracticable, and mean. An energetic faith in human improvement seemed to burn in his heart and flash into his speech. It killed cynicism; it enkindled responsibility. As a speaker, he was eloquent, but not oratorical. His words came hot from the mint. They made you listen and respect; they provoked antagonism or compelled conviction. Tall in stature, awkward in gait and dress, with a rugged face (in which intellect had visibly tried to conquer emotion, and had failed), Mr. Forster was a true Northerner, a brave high-spirited patriot, and a man of mark. In one of the pauses in his pain at Torquay, he said, as if justifying himself to himself, "I have tried to serve my country." The best of men can do no more than the Yorkshire manufacturer attempted; the worst may learn something from the conquering energy of his career. For all he is an example of unselfish devotion, of courage, and of single-minded uprightness. We can always think of him—to use the Queen's own words, in her touching letter to his widow—as one "who served his Queen and country bravely, truly, and loyally."