

upon the first, must be equally opposed to their views, and even when they have the whole volume before them they read no further. I have direct evidence that this happens. (2) Those who read sympathetically are liable to draw the utterly erroneous conclusion that in Part I. is contained the substance of the Synthetic Philosophy, and that having read it they need read no further.

There is a mischief of another kind from presenting the "Unknowable" apart from the general system of things set forth under the title of "The Knowable." Those who are led to abandon the current creed, and whose lives have given them no knowledge of the natural order of things to fill the gap left, remain in a state of unstable equilibrium, and are apt to lapse back into one or other kind of superstition—Roman Catholicism usually. I personally know two instances of this.

A month or two later he assented willingly to the issue of a sixpenny edition of *Education*. The Northumberland Society for the Liberation of Education from State Control, was also permitted to reprint the chapter on "National Education" in *Social Statics*.

The quantity of miscellaneous correspondence got through during the three months spent in the country is astonishing, when one remembers his increasing infirmities—aggravated by the "unsummerly summer," as he calls it: "winter" is the term by which he describes it to Mr. Carnegie. "During this sojourn at Leith Vale," writes Mr. Troughton, "it became more manifest than it had been before that he was breaking up, physically, certainly, and also mentally; but the decay of mental faculty was less marked than the bodily decrepitude, which seemed now to be advancing with rapid strides."

Points of resemblance between Spencer's views and those of Rousseau had been touched upon in the past more frequently than Spencer liked, owing to the suggestion conveyed that he had borrowed some of his characteristic doctrines about man, society, and education from the French writer. With regard to education he had been at pains to point out to M. Gabriel Compayré in October, 1901, that he had never read *Emile*, and owed none of his ideas on education to it. And, now, when Mr. Hudson sought permission to dedicate a forthcoming book on Rousseau to him, he felt constrained to refuse.

TO W. H. HUDSON.

7 January, 1903.

I regret to say "No" to any proposal you make, but I cannot consent to the dedication of your book on Rousseau to me. There are several kindred reasons for this.

You probably remember the controversy with Huxley in the *Times* ten years ago or more. . . . One of his letters contained the assertion that I had adopted my political views from Rousseau. Such a dedication as you name would tend to verify this wholly baseless assertion. . . . His cardinal political principle, so far as I know it at second hand, I reject.

He is said to have taught the primitive equality of men. This I hold to be absurd, and my own doctrine implies no such belief, which is quite inconsistent with the evolutionary doctrine—the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest.

Not the equality of men, but the equality of their claims to make the best of themselves within the limits mutually produced, has all along been my principle. . . .

The equality alleged [in *Social Statics*] is not among men themselves, but among their claims to equally-limited spheres for the exercise of their faculties: an utterly different proposition. Huxley confused the two and spread the confusion, and I am anxious that it should not be further spread. Pray, if you have occasion to refer to my views, take care to emphasize this distinction.

His interest in affairs of public moment withstood to the last the advance of the infirmities of age.

TO FREDERIC HARRISON.

5 March, 1903.

Doubtless you remember the meeting held many years ago *a propos* of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church,¹ and doubtless you remember that you were commissioned to draw up the heads of a bill setting forth the aims of those represented by the meeting, among whom, by the way, was Mr. Chamberlain (!).

I presume you have a copy of this draft bill in printed form. The question is again coming to the front, and this meeting of Free Churches at Brighton may be the occasion for bringing it to the front. Would it not be well for you to put before the leaders this same document as indicating what were, and are still, I believe, the aims of those who moved in the matter. . . .

My distinct impression is that all property accruing to the

¹ *Autobiography*, ii., 258-260.

Church after the Reformation was to remain with the Church ; but that all property, existing as its property before the Reformation, was to revert to the State and to be used for such secular or other purposes as might be generally or locally decided.

The occasion is a good one for dissipating the injurious error, which is widespread, that those who seek to disestablish desire possession of the whole of the Church property, old and new.

The final occasion on which he was offered an academic title was in the spring of 1903, when the University of London sought to confer on him the honorary Degree of Doctor of Literature. It was intimated to him that the degree was to be conferred on the Prince and Princess of Wales, himself, and on not more than two others.

TO SIR A. W. RÜCKER, PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON,

March, 1903.

I greatly regret that acceptance of the honour, which so distinguished a body as the Senate of the University of London proposes to confer upon me, should for any reasons be excluded.

In the first place, my state of health has prevented me from leaving the house since last August. . . .

Even should the Senate, prompted by kind consideration on my behalf, dispense with my presence, there would still remain an insurmountable difficulty. For a third of a century, during which honorary titles, home and foreign, have from time to time been offered to me, I have, in pursuance of the belief that, though apparently beneficial to literature and science, they are in the end injurious, declined the offers. Were I now to accept the distinction which the Senate of the University of London is so good as to hold out to me, these bodies, including sundry British and foreign universities and various continental academies, which have proposed to accord me doctorships and memberships, would be thereby slighted ; and an act, which would manifestly inflict upon them something approaching to an insult, is one which I naturally cannot bring myself to do.

Of course, my regret that I am thus prevented from accepting the honour offered by the eminent men constituting the Senate is increased by the consciousness that the occasion is quite a special one.

Though unwilling to accept honours for himself, he was always ready to join in proposals to do honour to those

who deserved it. When it was proposed to give a reception to Mr. Holyoake on his eighty-sixth birthday, he wrote :

TO C. FLETCHER SMITH.

28 March, 1903.

I have not been out of doors since last August, and as Mr. Holyoake knows, it is impossible for me to join in the reception to be given to him on his 86th birthday. I can do nothing more than express my warm feeling of concurrence.

Not dwelling upon his intellectual capacity, which is high, I would emphasize my appreciation of his courage, sincerity, truthfulness, philanthropy, and unwearying perseverance. Such a combination of these qualities it will, I think, be difficult to find.

Though unable to write anything which the Industrial Freedom League might distribute as a leaflet, with a view to combat the growing tendency of municipalities to embark on business undertakings, he wrote to Lord Avebury : " I need hardly say how fully I sympathize with the aims of the Council and how energetically I should have co-operated had it been possible. I shall willingly contribute to the funds, if some fit form is sent to me." The state of his health probably prevented him complying with the request to send to *Le Matin* a message of good will to the French on the eve of the King's visit to Paris ; but a similar request, made before M. Loubet's visit to London in July, was responded to :

All advocates of peace (he wrote)—all who believe that future civilization is bound up with the friendship of nations—will rejoice in the visit to England of a Frenchman who represents France ; and I, in common with them, hope that his reception will prove that the general feeling in England expresses something more than the official ceremonies of the occasion.

With an effort he roused himself to send a message of encouragement to the Young Scots Society, " which seeks to revive Liberal ideals at a time when Liberal ideals have been forgotten."

Most of his acknowledgments of birthday congratulations this year included the refrain : " I feel now that the prolongation of a feeble old age is not a matter for con-



*MR. SPENCER'S SITTING-ROOM
AND BEDROOM at 5 Percival
Terrace, Brighton.*

gratulation — rather for condolence." All through the winter he had hardly ever stirred from his room; and although the return of spring brought back thoughts of the country, once and only once did he express the hope of getting there.

He had a strong prejudice against professional nurses (writes Mr. Troughton), and it was not until it became absolutely necessary that he consented to have one to look after him. Feeble and emaciated as his frame now was, he had lost little of that strength of will which had always been a marked trait with him, and both nurses and doctors found him a by no means easy patient to deal with owing to this. No less emphatic was the assertion of scepticism in regard to the treatment ordered by the doctor. He could not put himself entirely in the hands of another; he wanted to know the reason for this, that, or the other, mode of treatment recommended; the contents and probable effects of the prescribed medicines would be discussed at length, and if the use of them did not conform to his ideas he ignored them.

Marked symptoms of aphasia manifested themselves during the second week of May, along with hallucinations. While he was in this condition Dr. Charlton Bastian, in response to a telegram from Mr. Troughton, came to see him; but, under the impression that the visit was for the purpose of discussing some biological question, he became excited and begged to be left alone. A day or two after, when he began to get better, he had only a vague recollection of the brusque reception he had given to his friend. When his secretary quietly hinted at the purpose of the visit, he was filled with remorse; and dictated an apology "for the rude way in which I met your request for a little conversation." A day or two after he wrote again: "It was a great relief to me to receive your kind note, for I had been dwelling in the fear that you would be offended, and justifiably offended." In a similar vein he apologized on one occasion to his medical attendant: "Please erase from your memory sundry manifestations of my explosiveness and lack of judgment which you saw last night."

His recuperative power was wonderful. Before many days he was again able to undertake correspondence with

his more intimate friends. Miss Flora Smith had sent him flowers grown at Ardtornish, with the message: "I thought it might be a pleasure to you to have them from the place where we have with you spent so many happy days." This touched a responsive note. "The scent of flowers coming from Ardtornish hills had a double pleasantness — the general pleasantness of flowers from the hills, and the special pleasantness of flowers from the Ardtornish hills. To me, as to you, they are reminders of long past pleasures, and I am glad to hear that you and your sisters value them in that way, and pleased to think that my presence in those past times was not a disagreeable accompaniment in the thought of these pleasures."

TO SIR JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER.

6 June, 1903.

It was extremely gratifying to receive through Mr. Scott your kind inquiry. As one's links with life become fewer and fewer each becomes relatively more valuable, and the indication that it still exists excites relatively increasing pleasure.

I am very glad therefore once again to feel the pulse of my still-surviving small circle of friends, and glad especially to feel the pulse of one who had been so good a friend so many years.

I should like to have a few lines giving me indications of your own state, and will excuse you, as you will excuse me, from writing at length.

Sir Joseph Hooker was also extremely gratified to receive this "evidence of abiding fellow-feeling. . . . The dear old X Club is rapidly, with us, I fear, approaching the vanishing point. How curious it seems, that we who were, I think, considerably the oldest members, should be amongst the three survivors."

TO MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.

29 June, 1903.

Friends when talking to me about myself have often remarked, *à propos* of my state of health, that I have the consolation of remembering all that I have done, and that this must be a great set-off against all that I have to bear. This is a natural mistake, but a profound mistake. Occasionally, past achievements may be said to fill my mind—perhaps once a week, and then perhaps for ten minutes or a quarter of an

hour ; but they do not form components of consciousness to a greater extent than this. Practically, the by-gones are by-gones, and the by-gones of a large kind do not play much greater parts in memory than those of a smaller kind.

Your wish has recalled a conversation we had some years ago—I think when you had come down to see me in Arundel Terrace. Something led us to talk about meaningless coincidences, which might be thought full of meaning ; and I was prompted to give you examples, two of them being known to you personally. Further, by way of making the results very striking, to each successive case as I narrated it you put down what you considered a rational estimate of the probabilities for and against such a thing occurring to the same person within say twenty years ; and on compounding the numbers the chances against seemed astounding.

Thoughts of this kind are much more apt to intrude themselves than are thoughts of the kind you refer to ; and the average colour of the whole consciousness produced is grey.

How pleasant it would be if you were living so close at hand that you could come in frequently for a few minutes ! But that is one of the things not to be hoped for.

FROM ALEXANDER BAIN.

8 June, 1903.

I have heard with deep regret, of your continued feeble health and confinement to bed. You have never been so dependent upon exercise as I am, still you must feel very weak and depressed. I earnestly hope you have no actual pain, and can take some interest in passing events. . . . I send my long-delayed volume of reprints. . . . Accept my deep sympathy.

TO ALEXANDER BAIN.

13 June, 1903.

Very many thanks for your most kind and sympathetic letter, and thanks also for your wishes for my freedom from pain. Until recently I could have said yes, but of late spasms have from time to time made my life difficult to bear.

Knowing that your expressions of fellow-feeling are genuine I shall excuse myself from running further risks by writing at greater length.

This was the last exchange of letters between them. Professor Bain died on 18th September. In intimating this to Spencer, at Mrs. Bain's request, Professor W. L. Davidson added : "I should like to say from myself that *you* were

much in his thoughts of late, and that he frequently expressed his sympathy with you in your illness. His kindness of heart showed itself to the very last in his thoughtfulness for others."

TO WILLIAM L. DAVIDSON.

22 September, 1903.

On the loss of a companion one may, of course, fitly condole with Mrs. Bain, but otherwise I do not see that the event is much cause for regret. He had done his work and lived his life, and such portion of it as remained could be little more than continued tolerance. My feeling may be judged when I say that I envy him.

I have on sundry occasions recognized the sympathetic nature on which you remark, and, I think, manifestations of it had become more pronounced in the latter parts of his life.

"You come to me every day in thought," wrote Mr. Carnegie (14 September), "and the everlasting 'Why?' intrudes. . . . Mr. Morley comes in a day or two and you will, as usual, I am sure, be the centre of many talks."

TO ANDREW CARNEGIE.

18 September, 1903.

The Why? and the Why? and the Why? are questions which press ever more and more as the years go by. . . .

If means of locomotion sufficed to carry me to Skibo without jolts—if Mr. Spencer's air-ship had been sufficiently perfected, which one may dream of, but nothing more—I should have liked to join John Morley in seeing your feudal stronghold (!) . . .

You have forbidden thanks for grouse: but some words expressing thanks for those which arrived the other day must be added to the above: to which must be joined thanks for the beautiful sea-trout, which I think are more highly coloured in their flesh than any I can remember—more highly coloured than those I have myself habitually caught at Ardtornish.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY.

16 September, 1903.

When I tell you that a few days ago I consulted with one of my executors respecting details of my funeral, you will see that I contemplate the end of this descent as being

not far off—an end to which I look forward with satisfaction. The contemplation of this end prompts me to ask a favour of you.

I have directed that my remains shall be cremated, and I have as you will naturally suppose interdicted any such ceremony as is performed over the bodies or ashes of those who adhere to the current creed.

At the same time, I do not like the thought of entire silence, and should be glad were there given a brief address by a friend. On looking round among my friends you stand out above others as one from whom words would come most fitly; partly, because of our long friendship, partly, because of the kinship of sentiment existing between us, and partly, because of the general likeness of ideas which distinguishes us from the world at large. . . .

Will you kindly undertake this service for me? Should you assent, the consciousness that words of farewell would come from one so wholly appropriate would be a satisfaction to me during the short interval between now and my death.

25 *September*.—Since writing there has occurred to me an obstacle to your assent which may possibly prove fatal. Your next election may be endangered, and if you think so, pray do not run the risk.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY.

26 *September*, 1903.

I need not tell you with what feeling I received your letter. The occasion for it and the purpose of it both alike moved me deeply. That I should comply with your wish, if I survive you, is indeed most certain, and I am grateful to you for mentioning our long friendship and our general community of ideas. I shall always cherish the recollection of your friendship, and I shall never depart from the spirit of your ideas.

Your letter found me at Carnegie's. He desired me, if possible, to ascertain from you one or two objects which you might choose by way of memorial, and he would authorize me when the time comes, to call upon him for the financial means of carrying out whatever among those objects should seem to be most desirable.

I thank you, my dear Spencer, for this high mark of your confidence.

26 *September*.—It is most considerate of you to think of this obstacle. But I do not suppose that my good friends, though staunch presbyterians, could have any notion of curtailing my freedom, and if they had, I should resist it without much fear.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY.

27 September, 1903.

I thank you most heartily for your assent, and the more so because it is expressed in such a way as to leave me in no doubt respecting the willingness with which it is given. . . . Nothing suggests last words at present. But should there presently come a time when life is obviously ebbing, your face is one of those I should be most anxious to see.

P.S.—If my second letter, which an oversight in the first made needful, should give you the least reason for changing your reply, pray do it. That some speeches of yours in Parliament should be possibly lost is an evil which I recognize as immeasurably greater than the alternative.

P.S. 2.—Mr. Carnegie's request I hope to fulfil in a way that will be satisfactory to him.

The hope expressed, that he might be able to fulfil Mr. Carnegie's request to name one or two objects that he might choose by way of memorial, appears not to have been realized, owing, probably, to his rapidly diminishing strength. He was feeling too heavily the burden of years to take up any important matter. He could do little more than wish success to *School*—a magazine which it was proposed to start in January, 1904.

TO LAURIE MAGNUS.

12 October, 1903.

A periodical which is to adopt the conception of education I have so long entertained, and which is everywhere implied in my writings at large, cannot fail to have my hearty good wishes. The only passage in your programme which calls for comment and suggests a fundamental doubt is that which commits me to the belief that the "training of citizens and the preparation for life" should be undertaken by the State. Now, as from the beginning I have, and do still, maintain that the State has no such functions, and have further maintained that it is not for a government "to mould children into good citizens, using its own discretion in settling what a good citizen is, and how the child may be moulded into one," it appears to me that my approval just given is practically cancelled. Only if the word "State" is omitted from the passage in question, so reducing the proposition to a self-evident one, can I endorse it.

The death of Mr. Lecky severed one more of the few remaining links between him and his old life.

TO MRS. LECKY.

25 October, 1903.

The praise of those who are gone very generally contains insincerities, but among the many things which, were I physically able, I might dictate from my sick bed, I can think of none that are not laudatory.

Intellectually clear and judicial, Mr. Lecky was morally sincere in an extreme degree, and his devotion to the setting forth of historic truth has been conspicuous to me as to every one.

The pains incident upon the breaking of a long companionship must necessarily be great. Pray accept my sympathy, now as heretofore.

For some time his more intimate friends had ceased arranging beforehand to come and see him, as the mere anticipation of a visit perturbed him, and he was sure to wish to postpone it. Symptoms similar to those shown in May again made their appearance. By November he was seldom well enough to answer letters, and took little interest in what was going on. In replying to Mr. Shaw Lefevre (now Lord Eversley), who had congratulated him "on the honour conferred on you by the Nobel Trustees," he made no reference to the Nobel Prize. Nor does he appear to have taken any notice of the paragraph in *Der Tag*, of Berlin (November 12), describing him as a candidate for the Nobel Prize for Literature for 1903. *Der Tag*, unfortunately, instead of his portrait gave that of Earl Spencer, with the subscription—"Ein Anwärter für den literarischen Nobelpreis vom Jahre, 1903: Lord Herbert Spencer." This was not the first instance of the confusing of Spencer with Earl Spencer by continental writers. In 1885 Earl Spencer apologized for having opened a note from M. Hoguet, addressed "Earl Herbert Spencer, 27, Saint James' Place." "I cannot claim to have any works worthy of the attention of M. Hoguet," he wrote, "though I am proud to bear the same name as one so distinguished in letters as yourself."

In response to a repeated request he dictated a note on November 20 to M. Coutant of Paris: "I assent to the addition of my name to the list of those who approve

of the aims of the *Bibliothèque Pacificiste Internationale*." After this only one more letter was signed by him, namely, one on the 26th to Mrs. Courtney, who had forwarded a letter addressed to him by Mrs. Steyn, giving an account of the improvement in Mr. Steyn's health and their hope of being able to return to South Africa. "Even when there," Mrs. Steyn wrote, "we will not forget to think with love and reverence of you as the great Englishman who, in the hour of our deepest suffering, shed so bright a ray on our path and made us again take hope for the future." Surely there was a singular fitness in this that the two last letters he signed should have been connected with one of the main purposes of his life—the promotion of peace on earth and goodwill among men.

During the last week of November he took a decided turn for the worse. He had expressed a wish that Mrs. Sidney Webb should be present when he passed away. She came to see him on the 4th December, but by that time he seemed to have ceased to care to see anybody, only desiring to be left alone. Now and again his indomitable will asserted itself, as when a day or two before he died, after several ineffectual attempts to convey a pill to his mouth, he declined the assistance Miss Killick offered, saying, "I hate to be beaten." On another occasion, when signing a legal document, he remarked to Mr. Troughton, who had moved the paper so as to get the signature at the proper place: "What are you doing? Do you think I am a dying man?" When bidding him good night on the Sunday before he died, Mr. Charles Holme said: "I shall see you to-morrow morning," and was rather surprised by the prompt question: "Why not?"

"All through Monday," Mr. Troughton writes, "he was either unconscious or semi-conscious; and it was during a semi-conscious interval that he motioned me to his bedside, and, holding out his almost fleshless hand, uttered the last words he ever spoke—characteristic in syntactical expression, but apparently meaningless, though it is possible that some definite purpose prompted them. The words were: 'Now I take this step for the benefit of those who are to be my executors; my intention being that after death this my body shall be conveyed by sea

to Portsmouth.'” In the evening he became unconscious, remaining so till 4.40 on the morning of Tuesday, 8th December, 1903, when he passed peacefully away. His end was such as his friends desired and he himself wished.

His executors, Mr. Charles Holme and Mr. Frank Lott, found the instructions for the disposal of his body most explicit and detailed. He had forbidden “the now usual display of wreaths and the use of a hearse with open sides for the purpose of display.” It was also his wish that those present should not wear mourning. In the event of Mr. Morley not being able to be present, he had left directions that Mr. Leonard Courtney should be invited to take his place. Being at sea on his way to Sicily, Mr. Morley was unable to fulfil his promise to say a few words at the funeral of his friend. Mr. Courtney, who was in Edinburgh engaged in a political campaign, promised to come, if no one else could be found. Lord Avebury found it impossible to come, and Mr. Balfour greatly regretted that official engagements of pressing importance compelled him to decline. Putting aside his own convenience, therefore, Mr. Courtney hastened south.

On the morning of Monday, December 14th, the remains were removed from Percival Terrace, the Mayor of Brighton in his official capacity, and the President of the Brighton and Hove Natural History Society, following the hearse to the railway station. At Victoria station a few friends had assembled. A plain close hearse followed by three carriages constituted the funeral procession through London. As it passed along the streets, few were aware that this was the last journey of one of the greatest thinkers of this or any age. The assemblage at the crematorium at Golder's Green included, in addition to relatives, the members of his household, the executors and two of the trustees, many intimate private friends, distinguished representatives of literature and science, with most of whom Spencer had long been associated as a fellow-worker, and several foreign friends and disciples. A few of his dearest friends were, to their deep regret, unable, owing to the infirmities of age, to pay their last tribute of respect.

The following impressive address was delivered to the

assembly of mourners by Mr. Leonard Courtney (now Lord Courtney of Penwith) :

I am not worthy to be called to the most honourable duty which has this day fallen upon me. So much I am bound to confess in all simplicity and sincerity at the outset of the few words I may utter. I cannot claim to have been in any fit sense a student of Herbert Spencer's works. I cannot plead for recognition as one of the great company of his disciples. You know, indeed, that Herbert Spencer's first desire was that another man, known and honoured of us all, should speak on this occasion. His consent had been sought and obtained, and his words would have been fitting memorial of the work and worth of the dead. But four years of unremitting and, towards the end, of exhausting toil, have induced John Morley to seek recovery of health and strength by the Mediterranean Sea, and the news of Herbert Spencer's death overtook him as he reached the Sicilian shores of imperishable memories and ever-renewed beauties. His weariness has passed away, his normal vigour is re-established, but it would have been impossible for him to return here to-day had it been right to make the attempt, and it was represented to me that Herbert Spencer had expressed the wish that I should take the place of John Morley if he could not be present himself.

This message was sent to me four days since, when I was in the Northern capital. I was immersed in another sphere of action and occupied with far other thoughts, but to such a call I could not be disobedient, and I am here to-day, craving all forbearance if I fail to satisfy the unspoken desires which attend this office. I am indeed borne down when I think how vast a concourse of learners and workers in all lands are, in spirit, if not in body, attending here to-day to testify with gladness and gratitude the depth of their debt to the departed. Yet I must not shrink from adding a few more words of a personal and private character.

It is many years since I first became acquainted with Herbert Spencer, and more than a score since our acquaintance became more intimate and my opportunities of intercourse more frequent and more fruitful by my entering into a family of which he had been an habitual guest and honoured friend. Women of that family are here to-day in whose earliest recollection Mr. Spencer's personality dwells, who passed from childhood to girlhood, from girlhood to womanhood, under his eye, and to whom his death is the passing away of the last survivor of the grown-up people into whose society they were born. Their memories have in some measure become my own, and upon the advantage thus secured friendship grew and sympathy increased, a sympathy in respect to public affairs

never so great, so animated, and so helpful as in the years which have quite recently passed.

The first thought of every one musing over the life of Spencer must be that of admiration for the vastness of the work he planned for himself and of gratitude and even joy that he lived to see his self-ordained task completed. Rarely or never in the history of thought have we seen so vast a conception carried forward by a single man into execution. The syllabus which he issued in the year 1860, inviting support to his undertaking, must have appeared to many readers a dream that could never be translated into reality. A thousand chances, apart from a failure in the pertinacity or resolution of the planner, might be counted against the fulfilment of his plans. We know, indeed, that such evil chances soon asserted themselves. A delicacy of constitution of which, having regard to his long years, Spencer himself was, perhaps, too sensible, threatened to interfere with, if not to arrest altogether, the progress of his work.

The support he received was inadequate to meet the charges of his undertaking, and his means were being consumed at a rate which would soon exhaust them. This second hindrance was more easily set aside than the first. A circular, intimating that the work must be suspended, quickly brought a sufficiency of help. Spencer had already obtained more readers and more disciples than he knew, and friends across the Atlantic united in offering aid substantial enough to remove anxieties. As the result proved, a continually growing sale of his books quickly afforded all needful support, and the special response to his appeal was scarcely necessary.

Indifferent health proved a more lasting difficulty. He was reduced to working very few hours a day, and sometimes to abstaining altogether from work for considerable intervals. The wonder is that with the moderate allotment that was possible so much work was done. Thirty-six years did indeed pass from the first announcement of the undertaking before the final volume was issued. But what a range of inquiry, what an accumulation of illustrations, what a width of generalization do the volumes of the series not cover.

All history, all science, all the varying forms of thought and belief, all the institutions of all the stages of man's progress were brought together, and out of this innumerable multitude of *data* emerged one coherent, luminous, and vitalizing conception of the evolution of the world. It is this harmony issuing out of many apparent discords, this oneness of movement flowing through and absorbing endless eddies and counter-streams and back currents, that constitutes Spencer's greatest glory and caused the multiplying army of readers of Spencer's successive volumes to feel the joy of discovering a great and ennobling vision of progress hitherto unrealized.

If, in later years, some sense of the limitation of the inquiry has supervened, if some feeling has arisen of the insufficiency of the explanations offered, of some steps in the proof, some apprehension of gaps uncovered in the synthesis, there still remains throughout all the varied populations of the civilized world the abiding, undiminished conviction of a great gain realized, of a new plane of thought surmounted and mastered, new footholds of speculation secured which will never be lost in the education of man and the development of society.

Admiration of the range of his inquiry, of the vigour of his analysis, of the scope and comprehension of his great theory, must be our first impression in reviewing Spencer's work, yet must it never be forgotten that his one overmastering and dominant purpose was practical, social, human. Let it be noted that when it seemed too probable that his life would not endure to complete his design in all its parts, he broke off the sociological analysis to reach forward to the right determination of the bases of individual and political ethics. To lay the foundation of these on bed-rocks of truth had always been his ultimate purpose. It was indicated in the first sketch of his proposed labours, and when preparatory clearances threatened to overwhelm him, he left these works to achieve the essential purpose of his plan. The leading principle of his previous inquiries gave him the clue to the solution of this final problem.

The self-adjustment of forces, which he had found explaining all cosmic movements, had a parallel in the self-adjustment of the forces through the working of which has been developed the society of man. In Spencer's vision it seemed inevitable that this should lead him to the highest exaltation of the worth of individual freedom, and to contest with all his energy the interference of the rules of the many with the growth of the one. We may be permitted to cling to the faith that this conception presents a true aspect of ultimate evolution; and yet it must be admitted that not many of us could accompany Spencer in all the thoroughness of the immediate application of his principles to society as it is. If we know but imperfectly what we are, and know not yet what we shall be, we may still believe in the ultimate realization of a perfect order without coercion, and of the service that shall be perfect freedom; and we may be bold to insist that meanwhile the presumption is against interference, the justification of which is a burden to be discharged.

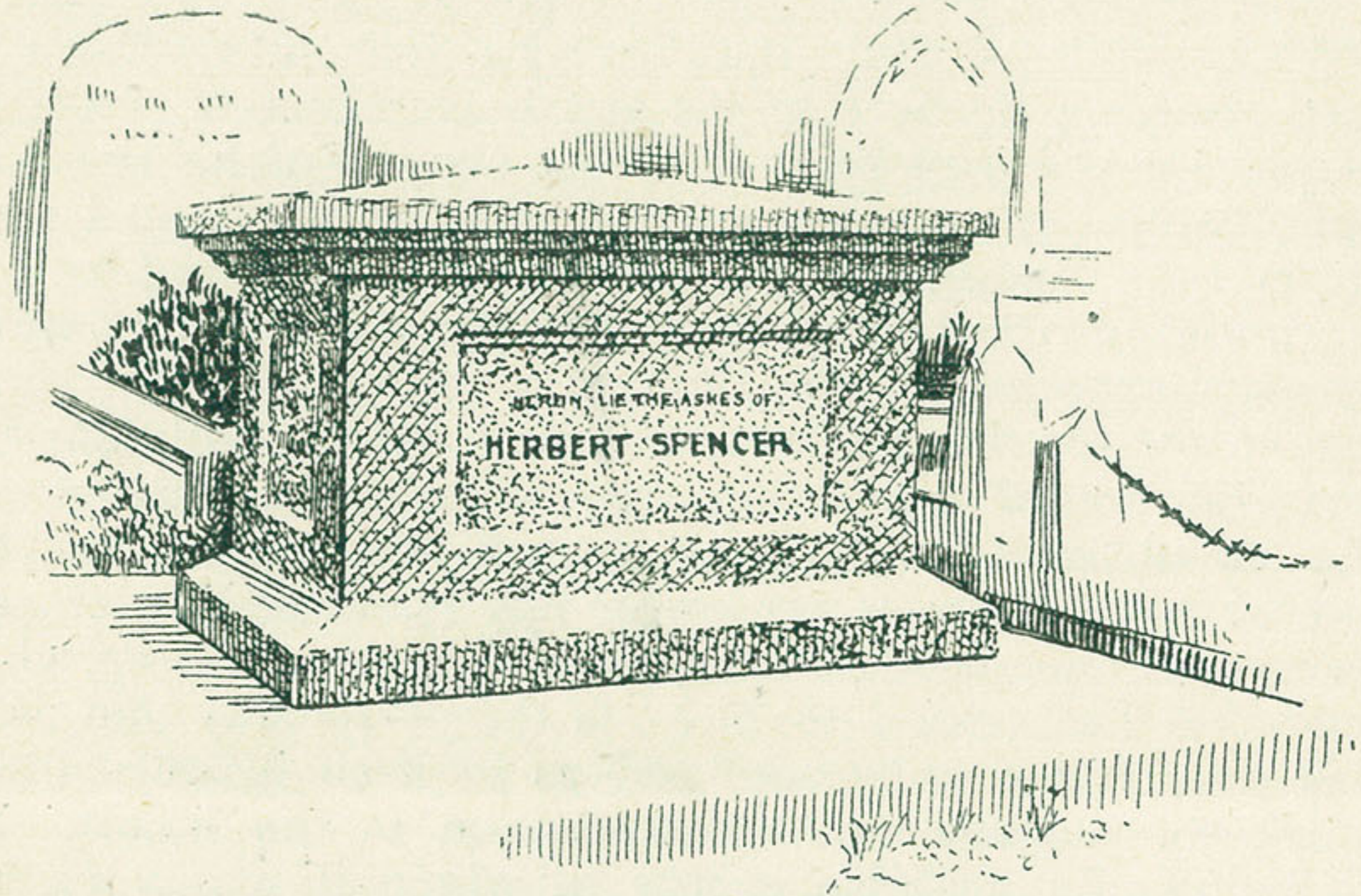
Spencer, indeed, in his late years sadly took note of movements apparently in contradiction to the leading principles of his doctrines, and here I may recall a conversation within a week of his death between him and a friend who had once been wholly with him, but had latterly leant to Collectivist action. "We have been separated," said Spencer, "but if we have been moving along different lines, I know we have both

been moving to the same end." "Yes," she replied—it was a woman who showed that divergence of opinion could not detach her from offices of tenderness and of love—"and it may be that in time some other method of attacking the great problem will be adopted, which will be neither wholly yours nor wholly ours." "Yes, it may be," said Spencer, thus revealing in the last week of his life a mind open to receive new suggestions and to accept new proposals of change.

Standing here by these poor remains so soon to be reduced to "two handfuls of white dust," we are irresistibly drawn on to accompanying Spencer in his last brave effort to scrutinize the implacable facts of life. The last chapter of his last book grapples with ultimate questions and propounds his final judgment on the "Riddle of the Universe." No record can be more candid, no confession more striking than that in which he is even appalled by the thought of space with its infinite extension and everlasting laws enduring before evolution and creation, declared things as they are. What is the place of man in this great vision? The brain so full and so powerful has ceased to act. There is no longer any manifestation of consciousness. Can consciousness survive after the organ on which it depended has ceased to be? Is the personality that dwelt in this poor frame to be admitted as in itself indestructible? Or must we acquiesce in its reabsorption in the infinite, the ever-abiding, the ineffable energy of which it was a passing spark? If indestructible in the future, must it not have been as incapable of coming into existence as it is incapable of ceasing to be? Our master knew not. He could not tell.

The last enigma defies our question. The dimensions of the unknown may be reduced through successive ages, but compared with our slender discoveries, estimated at the best, a vastness that remains must ever overawe us. Some fringes of the unknowable may yet prove to be capable of being known, but the great central secret lies beyond our apprehension. Yet two thoughts remain. If the night cometh in which no man can work, we may work while it is day. If we can work, it is somehow within our power to work for what is noble, for what is inspiring, for what is broadening, deepening, and strengthening the life of man. We may devote our lives to the service of supreme goodness. Looking back on the years of Spencer we may say that he thus worked, he thus dedicated himself as truly and as bravely as any man enjoying the solace of a more definite creed. To this spirit, then, whose work survives, whose words yet speak, the wave of whose influence can yet pass from generation to generation, we may say in all the fulness of interpretation which the phrase can bear—"Farewell."

In the afternoon of the same day the ashes were conveyed to Highgate Cemetery and deposited in the sarcophagus which he had kept in readiness for some years. The stone, in accordance with his directions, bears only his name, the dates of his birth and death, and his age.



The sense of loss was widespread and profound, as was evident from the letters that came from all parts of the world. Societies at home and abroad vied with one another in their eagerness to pay a tribute to his memory. From Italy condolences were sent by both the Government and the Chamber of Deputies. The Italian Ambassador telegraphed :—

I have been instructed by the Minister of Public Instruction to express the profound regret of the Italian nation for the death of Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose noble life, entirely devoted to the highest aims of philosophy and science, has been an object of deep admiration for all Italian students.

The resolution of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, which was communicated to the Marquess of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, by His Majesty's Ambassador at Rome, and by the Italian Ambassador in London, expressed the condolence of the Chamber with

the British Government and the great and friendly nation on the death of Herbert Spencer.

In accordance with an announcement made at the cremation a sum of £1,000 was presented to the University of Oxford, by Mr. Shyamaji Krishnavarma to found a Herbert Spencer Lectureship. Three annual lectures have already been delivered—by Mr. Frederic Harrison in 1905, by the late Hon. Auberon Herbert in 1906, and by Mr. Francis Galton in 1907. A movement was also made for the purpose of raising some fitting memorial, national or international, to be placed, if permission were granted, in Westminster Abbey. The following is the correspondence that took place on the proposal.

I.

TO THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

30 May, 1904.

DEAR SIR,

We beg to place in your hands herewith a memorial letter addressed to yourself and bearing the signature of those whose names are given in the accompanying list. The original signatures to the form of memorial circulated for this purpose are also enclosed.

In asking you to give consideration to the matter referred to in the memorial, we desire to point out that those who have attached their names have done so in their individual capacities, and not as representatives of any public body or office.

We are, dear Sir,

Yours obediently,

(Signed) R. MELDOLA,
GEOFFREY S. WILLIAMS.

II.

TO THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

DEAR SIR,

A number of the friends, admirers and disciples of the late Mr. Herbert Spencer, being of opinion that some fitting memorial should be raised in this country in recognition of his lifelong devotion to philosophical studies and of his influence upon contemporary thought throughout the world, have come to the conclusion that Westminster Abbey would be an appropriate place for the reception of such a memorial.

In view of the important and stimulating effect of Mr. Spencer's writings in the domains of Philosophy, Science, and

Education, we whose signatures are appended feel justified in approaching you with the request that, in the event of an international fund being raised for this purpose, you would grant the necessary space in the Abbey.

We are, Sir,
Yours obediently,

List of Signatures to the Letter to the Dean of Westminster.

- His Grace The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, K.G., Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.
- The Rt. Hon. Lord AVEBURY, P.C., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.
- The Rt. Hon. Lord HOBHOUSE, P.C., K.C.S.I., C.I.E.
- The Rt. Hon. Lord REAY, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., LL.D., etc., President of the British Academy; President University College, London.
- S. ALEXANDER, M.A., Professor of Philosophy, Victoria University, Manchester.
- T. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Physic, University of Cambridge.
- The Rev. T. G. BONNEY, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., Honorary Canon of Manchester, Emeritus Professor of Geology, University College, London.
- THOMAS BOWMAN, M.A., Warden of Merton College, Oxford.
- E. CAIRD, LL.D., D.C.L., etc., Master of Balliol College, Oxford.
- EDWARD CLODD, Esq.
- F. HOWARD COLLINS, Esq.
- The Rt. Hon. LEONARD H. COURTNEY, P.C.
- A. W. W. DALE, M.A., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Liverpool.
- The Rev. C. H. O. DANIEL, M.A., Provost of Worcester College, Oxford.
- FRANCIS DARWIN, Esq., M.A., M.B., Foreign Secretary of the Royal Society.
- G. H. DARWIN, LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., Plumian Professor of Astronomy, University of Cambridge.
- The Rt. Hon. Sir MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I., P.C., F.R.S.
- The Rev. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., etc., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford.
- Sir MICHAEL FOSTER, K.C.B., M.P., V.P.R.S., late Professor of Physiology, University of Cambridge.
- The Rev. THOMAS FOWLER, D.D., LL.D., President Corpus Christi College, Oxford; formerly Professor of Logic in the University.
- The Rev. J. FRANCK BRIGHT, D.D., Master of University College, Oxford.
- FRANCIS GALTON, D.C.L., F.R.S., etc.

- The Rev. T. H. GROSE, M.A., Registrar, University of Oxford.
 The Rt. Hon. R. B. HALDANE, K.C., M.P., LL.D.
 The Rev. D. HAMILTON, D.D., President of Queen's College,
 Belfast.
 C. B. HEBERDEN, M.A., Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford.
 ALEX HILL, M.A., M.D., J.P., Master of Downing College,
 Cambridge.
 Sir JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER, G.C.S.I., C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., etc.,
 Past President of the Royal Society.
 A. HOPKINSON, K.C., LL.D., Vice-Chancellor of the Victoria
 University, Manchester.
 Sir WILLIAM HUGGINS, K.C.B., O.M., F.R.S., etc., President of
 the Royal Society.
 H. JACKSON, Litt.D., LL.D., Fellow and Prælector in Ancient
 Philosophy, Trinity College, Cambridge.
 The Rev. B. W. JACKSON, D.D., Rector of Exeter College,
 Oxford.
 The Very Rev. J. H. LANG, D.D., Vice-Chancellor and Principal
 of the University, Aberdeen.
 G. D. LIVEING, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry,
 University of Cambridge.
 Sir J. NORMAN LOCKYER, K.C.B., F.R.S., etc., President of the
 British Association.
 The Rev. J. R. MAGRATH, D.D., Provost of Queen's College,
 Oxford.
 A. MARSHALL, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Political Economy,
 University of Cambridge.
 The Rev. W. W. MERRY, D.D., Rector of Lincoln College,
 Oxford.
 HENRY A. MIERS, D.Sc., F.R.S., Waynflete Professor of Minera-
 logy, University of Oxford.
 The Rt. Rev. J. MITCHINSON, D.D., D.C.L., Master of Pembroke
 College, Oxford; Canon of Gloucester, formerly Bishop of
 Barbadoes.
 D. B. MONRO, LL.D., etc., Vice-Chancellor, University of
 Oxford; Provost of Oriel College.
 C. LLOYD MORGAN, LL.D., F.R.S., Principal of University
 College, Bristol.
 JOHN H. MUIRHEAD, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Philosophy, the
 University, Birmingham.
 J. PEILE, Litt.D., Master of Christ's College, Cambridge.
 HENRY F. PELHAM, M.A., F.S.A., LL.D., Camden Professor of
 Ancient History and President of Trinity College, Oxford.
 EDWARD B. POULTON, D.Sc., F.R.S., Hope Professor of Zoology,
 Oxford; President of the Entomological Society, London.
 H. R. REICHEL, M.A., LL.D., Principal of University College,
 Bangor.
 J. S. REID, M.A., LL.M., Litt.D., Professor of Ancient History,
 University of Cambridge.

JOHN RHYS, M.A., Litt.D., Principal of Jesus College, Oxford.

F. F. ROBERTS, M.A., Principal of University College, Aberystwith.

W. R. SORLEY, M.A., LL.D., Knightsbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of Cambridge.

The Rev. W. A. SPOONER, M.A., Warden of New College, Oxford.

The Rev. J. E. SYMES, M.A., Principal of University College, Nottingham.

Sir WILLIAM TURNER, K.C.B., D.C.L., Vice-Chancellor and Principal of the University, Edinburgh.

JAMES WARD, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., Professor of Mental Philosophy, University of Cambridge.

W. ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., Vice-Master, Trinity College, Cambridge.

The Rev. P. A. WRIGHT-HENDERSON, M.A., Warden of Wadham College, Oxford.

III.

TO PROFESSOR MELDOLA.

DEANERY, WESTMINSTER.

17 June, 1904.

DEAR SIR,

When you first approached me privately with reference to a proposal to commemorate the late Mr. Herbert Spencer in Westminster Abbey, I replied in accordance with precedent that, if a formal request reached me stating the grounds on which the application rested and signed by a few weighty names, it would be my duty to give it grave consideration. I added for your guidance that it would be necessary that I should satisfy myself upon the two following questions:—

(1) Whether Mr. Herbert Spencer's contribution to English thought is of such importance as to merit the assignment to him of one of the very few vacant spaces which are now available in the Abbey for the commemoration of the most distinguished of our countrymen; and

(2) Whether Mr. Herbert Spencer's attitude towards Christianity, as expressed in his writings, may be rightly described as one of suspense rather than hostility, and one which does not make it inappropriate that his memorial should be placed in a Christian church. I said further, that on coming to a decision on these two points I should not be guided entirely by my own judgment, but should seek the aid of persons who would be recognized as experts.

The letter which has now reached me refers to Mr. Herbert Spencer's "lifelong devotion to philosophical studies and his influence upon contemporary thought throughout the whole world," and proceeds to base the request upon the stimulating

effect of Mr. Spencer's writings in the domains of Philosophy, Science and Education. With these expressions of appreciation of Mr. Spencer's work I think that there would be a very general agreement, especially in view of the service which he rendered in familiarizing the public mind with the general conception of Evolution, and in applying that conception with great courage to various departments of human thought and activity. But I observe that the memorialists do not claim that Mr. Spencer has or will have a high place as a philosophical thinker. When I ask with what important achievement in philosophy or in natural science, or with what permanent contribution to thought his name is destined to be connected, I meet with no satisfactory reply. His philosophical system has called forth the severest criticism, and his views in various branches of knowledge, physical as well as metaphysical, are severely challenged by experts. Eminent he was in his own generation, and stimulating in a high degree. But these characteristics, apart from the enduring quality of work, do not constitute the highest claim to a national homage which is now necessarily restricted to a very few; and I have failed to find evidence that the results which Mr. Spencer has achieved are such as are certain to command recognition in the future.

After what has been said it is unnecessary to enter into the question whether Westminster Abbey as a place of Christian worship could appropriately receive the monument of a thinker who expressly excluded Christianity from his system of thought. It may be right that I should say that this question is answered in the negative by some thoughtful men who differ very widely in religious opinion. At the same time I should wish to recognise the notable softening of his earlier asperity towards religious systems which marks the closing pages of Mr. Spencer's *Autobiography*.

For the reason which I have given above I am compelled to decline the proposal, notwithstanding the distinguished signatures by which it is commended. In doing this I would plead for forbearance on the part of those who will think my decision to be wrong, on the ground that if I have erred it is on the side of caution in the discharge of a great responsibility, and that a mistake of refusal in matters of this kind can be honourably repaired by a future generation.

I beg that you will be good enough to convey this reply to the signatories of the letter.

I remain, your obedient servant.

(Signed) J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON,
Dean of Westminster.

Bearing in mind Spencer's sensitive and high-minded nature and his well-known views on the subject of honours,

the present writer would have preferred to pass over in silence the refusal of Dean Robinson to admit any memorial of Spencer into Westminster Abbey—a refusal, be it said, couched in perfectly courteous and dignified terms. But silence might be interpreted as acquiescence in the Dean's judgment upon Spencer's position in the world of thought. On the question whether Spencer had "a high place as a philosophical thinker," it seems enough to say that it may reasonably be assumed that the many very distinguished men of science, philosophy, and letters mentioned above were fully aware of the exceptional nature of their request, and that they deliberately, honestly, and without any mental reservation, subscribed their names to the opinion "that Westminster Abbey would be an appropriate place for the reception" of the memorial. If it was difficult to understand the Dean's decision at the time, it has been rendered much more difficult since. In May, 1904, the Dean refused to a philosopher recognition of "the highest claim to a national homage which is now necessarily restricted to a very few"; in October, 1905, he conceded that recognition to an actor. This incident alone would justify Hegel's famous taunt about the value set upon philosophy in England.

Whether memorials in Westminster Abbey should be confined to "those who profess and call themselves Christians" is a question which it would be out of place to discuss here; but the readers of this volume will recall some of the many occasions on which Spencer felt called upon to suspend his work in order to try to convert Christians to Christianity.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHARACTERISTICS AND PERSONAL
REMINISCENCES.

ONE of the most striking features of Spencer's character was the small weight he attached to authority or, to be more exact, his utter disregard of it. The same trait was possessed by his father, but in a less marked degree ; and though his mother displayed the opposite temperament, he himself was inclined to think that a strain of nonconformity had been inherited by him from her recusant ancestry. As he grew up to manhood, the constitutional proneness to set authority at defiance became less an instinctive impulse and more a matter of principle. The tendency for those in power to abuse their position became a settled conviction. Authority had therefore to be jealously watched. When it attempted to restrict his individual liberty, it was firmly resisted, and when it encroached on the liberty of others, their efforts to withstand it claimed his sympathy. Without waiting to acquaint himself with the rights and wrongs of a dispute between those in authority and those subject to it, his first impulse was to take the part of the latter.

In his thinking as well as in his acting, he set authority at naught. Unlike Mr. Gladstone, of whom Mr. Morley

NOTE 1.—This chapter is largely based upon contributions from many of Spencer's personal friends—not always distinguishable in typographical arrangement from the biographer's own narrative. This will explain a certain amount of unavoidable repetition.

NOTE 2.—For published reminiscences of Spencer written by three men who knew him intimately, the reader is referred to the following :—

“Personal Reminiscences” by Grant Allen, written in 1894 and published in the *Forum* for April—June, 1904.

“A Character Study” by William Henry Hudson, *Fortnightly Review* for January, 1904.

“Reminiscences” by James Collier, forming a chapter in Josiah Royce's *Herbert Spencer*. Fox, Duffield and Co., New York, 1904.

says (i., 202) that "in every field of thought and life he started from the principle of authority," Spencer never began by attempting to learn what had already been said. His aversion from reading, which he himself attributed to constitutional idleness, was probably due largely to indifference to other men's opinions. "All my life long I have been a thinker, and not a reader, being able to say with Hobbes that 'if I had read as much as other men I should have known as little'."

His disregard of authority, human or divine, was disregard of *personal* authority only, and was accompanied by whole-hearted fealty to principles. His profound respect for the *impersonal* authority of principles in human affairs had its complement in a reverence for Divine *impersonal* authority. State ceremonial and ecclesiastical ceremonial were alike distasteful. To pay homage to royal persons while showing little respect for the principles that underlie human society, drew from him the reproof: "It is so disloyal." To bend the knee and utter praise to a Divine person, while ignoring the principles of religion and morality, met with a similar condemnation: "It is so irreligious." One of his most cherished sentiments found expression in what he wrote for the album of autographs and sentiments to be published in Italy at the fourth centenary of the discovery of America: "Be their rank or position what it may, from Emperors and Kings downwards, those who have done nothing for their fellow-men I decline to honour. I honour those only who have benefited mankind, and as one of them I honour Columbus."

Though the moral imperative had not to array itself with the adventitious insignia of personal authority, before it was obeyed, he recognized that personal authority was necessary at a certain stage in the development of the individual and the race. He himself outgrew this stage between his eighteenth and twenty-first year. Referring to the change that took place in his own character during these three years, he says in a memorandum:

This transformation was, I doubt not, due to the falling into conditions more appropriate to my nature. There are those to whom life under authority, with more or less of

coercion, is both needful and wholesome, and in whom there is produced by it no distortion of moral attitude. There are others better fitted for self-regulation, less needing control, and to whom control is proportionately repugnant, and in whom by consequence, control is the cause of perpetual chafing and restiveness and a more or less abnormal state. All through my boyhood and up to the time I left home this was the case with me ; and as soon as the restraints and the irritation consequent upon them were removed, a more healthful tone of feeling arose, and a beneficial change began, which had, it seems, at the date I name, become very marked. This trait of nature is evidently the same trait which I have just indicated in the description of my religious, or rather irreligious, condition of mind, as also in the tendencies above described to criticize the doings of those in authority, and to originate new plans or invent new appliances. Emotional nature is an all-important factor in the direction taken by intellectual activity. To discover, or to invent, implies a relatively large amount of self-confidence, and therefore a relatively smaller respect for authority ; and this relatively small amount of reverence, which runs throughout the conduct towards human beings, is shown also in aversion to that current theory of the universe which makes it the product of a being who demands incessant homage.

The habit of seeking for a cause for every phenomenon was being formed by the time he was thirteen. And as the idea of the universality of natural causation became confirmed, the idea of the supernatural, as ordinarily conceived, became impossible to be entertained. The current theological creed insensibly grew to be alien to his convictions. As his father wrote in 1860 : "It appears to me that the laws of nature are to him what revealed religion is to us, and that any wilful infraction of those laws is to him as much a sin, as to us is disbelief in what is revealed." At what time the change took place Spencer could not say, as it had no marked stages. It was unobtrusively going on during the Worcester life. Though in *Facts and Comments* there are indications of a fuller recognition of the reasonableness of religion as a factor in human life, there are no indications of any return to his boyhood's acceptance of a personal Providence intervening in the affairs of the world. His position was frankly agnostic, negation being as unwarranted as affirmation. The mysteries of existence remained mysteries to the last. Though he did not accept

the dogmas of any creed, he was, in the truest sense, religious. "In private life," says Mr. Troughton, "he refrained from obtruding his heterodox views upon others, nor have I ever known him give utterance to any language which could possibly be construed as 'scoffing.' . . . The name of the Founder of Christianity always elicited his profound respect." Mr. Troughton recalls more than one occasion on which Spencer strongly condemned language which appeared irreverent.

He had an abundant share of self-confidence. The possible failure of any of his many inventions was seldom taken into account. His doctrines were from the outset deemed secure against attack, notwithstanding repeated experiences of having to modify, or enlarge, or restrict, his previous expositions. More reading and less thinking—more observation and experiment, and less speculation—would have shaken his confidence in some of his conclusions; but would also have caused him to tread with a less firm step the long road he marked out for himself. Self-confidence, however, is natural to all, diffidence comes only with experience of obstacles. Most of us are so familiarized with objections, prohibitions, and troublesome facts, that the idea of another side to what we think, no less than to what we do, is never altogether absent. On Spencer, accustomed to think and act for himself, "the other side" did not obtrude. Hence occasional dogmatism; hence also proneness to treat critics and criticisms in a somewhat cavalier fashion.

He was slow to form a friendship; but, once formed, it was not likely to be broken through disregard on his part of even the least of its claims. Several of his closest friendships were with those who had little or no sympathy with his doctrines: as for example, with Mr. Richard Potter, on whose constant affection he had entire dependence. With reference to this Lady Courtney of Penwith writes:—

My mother argued with him a good deal, my father never. It is rather curious that, considering the affection between the two men, and Mr. Spencer's generous appreciation of my father's practical sense and genial and expansive nature, the latter never read Mr. Spencer's books. My father loved an emotion or a sentiment, and understood the concrete; but he

had a rooted distrust of abstract ideas, and not much confidence in deductions which depended upon sustained argument ; and I can still hear him cheerily ending one of these arguments with : " Won't work, Spencer ; won't work, my dear fellow." After I was grown up, I remember vividly an incident illustrating Mr. Spencer's good-humoured acceptance of this attitude of his friend. My mother and I were sitting in the garden at Standish, when Mr. Spencer came up to us with an expression half-annoyed, half-amused, on his face, and said to my mother : " I could almost be angry with your husband, Mrs. Potter, did I not know him so well." " What has he done ? " said my mother. Then Mr. Spencer told us how they had been standing together near a large pond we had, of which my father was rather proud, when the latter said : " I wish, Spencer, you would explain the main points of your philosophy to me, just shortly." To which Mr. Spencer replied : " I have been sending you my books these twenty years back ; I know you have not read them, and it is a little hard to put them all into ten minutes ; however, I will try," and so he began to expound. " Your husband," continued Mr. Spencer, " seemed to be listening intently, as he gazed into the water, and I thought I had at least got my friend to give his mind to my ideas. Suddenly he exclaimed, ' I say, Spencer, are those gudgeon, and rushed round the pond.' "

To go back to my childish memory of Mr. Spencer. He comes back to me as a tall slight man, with a certain air of personal distinction which made even an old coat look well on him. There was a dignity—perhaps also some precision in his manner—which discouraged familiarity, and, except when we were very naughty and in open revolt against our elders, we treated him with great respect. Not that we did not laugh a little over his ways, and even argue with him on subjects of daily life, when we thought we could safely meet him ; and we got scolded for it too. I remember when quite a small child, Mr. Spencer coming down to breakfast one morning with his rather long upper lip longer than usual, and saying : " I slept badly, Katie argued with me last night " ; and that my remorse was not unmixed with pride that I should so affect a grown up man.

He never liked to feel far removed from opportunities of meeting his friends, though when he knew they were near he could do with little of their company. Few things gave him more satisfaction than to know that the feelings he cherished towards his friends were reciprocated. Lady Courtney gives an instance of this in connexion with one of her last visits to him.

I had come armed with all the news I could collect of people he had known, whom I had seen at all recently, and, among others, mentioned the friend whose parents he had so frequently visited in Scotland, and to whose mother he had been much attached. After giving him a greeting from this lady, I said: "She spoke of her mother's affection for you." He started up in bed, coloured up, and said eagerly: "Did she really say that?" ; and when I repeated the words as accurately as I could remember them, he lay back looking very pleased and said: "I am very glad to know that. I had a great affection for Mrs. — [Mrs. Smith], but I never thought she liked me. I fancied she only asked me because her husband did, and because she thought it was a duty to add to the pleasures and health of a man who was doing good work; but I am glad, very glad, she liked me for myself." In spite of his great intellect Mr. Spencer always seemed to me to have a strong element of the feminine in his character: an element which manifested itself in the weaknesses, as well as in the attractive qualities, of his personality.

The Athenæum was greatly prized, among other reasons, because there he could frequently—for many years almost daily—see his friends. The present writer remembers Spencer's unusual elation the morning he received intimation of his election. Readers of the *Autobiography* might be inclined to doubt whether a man of his habits could readily adapt himself to a kind of life so foreign to his experience as that of a London Club, but for thirty-seven years he was an acceptable member of one of those institutions in which absolutely democratic principles have to be reconciled with a nice regard for the feelings and comfort of others. The Club became more of a home to him than his own residence. He tells us that in the beginning of 1868 there occurred "an incident of moment to me, affecting greatly my daily life throughout the future." This was his admission as a member of the Athenæum, under the provisions of a rule whereby the Committee each year elect not more than nine persons of "distinguished eminence in science, literature or the arts, or for public services," and the election must be unanimous. The names of the other eight members elected in the same year were: Mr. W. R. Greg and Professor David Masson, being representative of literature; Mr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Hallé, of music; Mr. W. Holman Hunt, of Art; Mr. (now Sir) C. R. Markham,

Major Sir William Palliser, and Colonel Sir Arthur Phayre, for public services; and Colonel W. J. Smyth, F.R.S., of science. Two of the number, Mr. W. Holman Hunt and Sir C. R. Markham, still survive. Spencer valued the distinction of election to the Athenæum Club by the Committee very highly, and it was the sole recognition of merit which he accepted.

When in London he used to go to the Athenæum almost daily, and occupied himself in looking at the weekly papers, glancing at the magazines, and skimming the new books, to see what was going on. Occasionally he read novels, but only by instalments. Biographies and histories he passed over, but travels had an attraction for him as containing materials for his work. Books dealing with sociology, philosophy, and theology were scanned, both for observing the current of opinion, and also to notice adverse criticism of his views. He was sensitive to anything in the way of misrepresentation and always took action at once, saying he kept in mind the proverb: "Give a start to a lie and you can never overtake it." He used the library for purposes of reference, and never spared time or trouble in verifying facts and statements. An hour or two every afternoon was passed at the billiard table, for which he offered no excuse. He simply liked the game. He was not displeased to have his own dexterity acknowledged, and once modestly boasted that his best break had been one of 47.

In May, 1874, he was chosen a member of the Committee, "and for a long subsequent time continued to take an active part in the administration of the Club." He scarcely missed a meeting, and gave much thought and attention to the smallest details of domestic management, as well as to the more dignified elective duties under the rule above mentioned. He had an extraordinary acquaintance with facts of practical value, and loved to discuss the art of tea-making and kitchen administration on philosophical principles. This does not suggest a very pliable committee-man, but Spencer had more good sense and forbearance in social intercourse than he gave himself credit for. With his usual habit of severe self-judgment he accuses himself of want of tact as a committee-man,

and mentions how on one occasion Sir Frederick Elliott, an influential member and ex-Indian official, by means of suavity and cautiousness of expression, carried a motion which Spencer had not been able to accomplish. "Let me add that, though I sometimes failed in my aims from want of tact, I frequently succeeded by persistence." That his services were valued may be seen in the fact that although the usual term of service was three years, and a year must have elapsed before one who had served could become once more eligible, yet he was one of a special committee appointed at the Annual Meeting, and was then elected for a second term. He was thus connected with club business for seven consecutive years. He had long been a member of the London Library Committee. "At this my attendances were far less regular. I suppose in part because the administrative business, neither so extensive nor so complex, attracted me less."

In many respects Spencer was a model club-man. In his relations with his fellow members he invariably showed delicacy and good feeling. It is not enough to say that he was strictly courteous, but he realized that the true spirit of club etiquette is for a man to behave with the studied decorum of one who is living not in his own house, but rather in the house of a friend. In his manners and bearing he showed plenty of that tactful good nature in which he thought himself deficient. He never offended anyone by loud speech, injudicious remarks, or incautious behaviour and was ever most punctilious in adhering to the small unwritten laws upon which so much of the comfort of club life depends.

His craving for companionship and his hospitable impulses were always struggling against the limits which health and work imposed on social intercourse. As he writes in 1870: "I find more and more that I can manage pretty well when I am master of my circumstances; but when the circumstances master me, I am pretty sure to go to the wall." His morbid fear of the results of excitement greatly restricted his personal intercourse with guests, some of whom have been known during a visit of several days duration not to have seen him once. Yet no host could have been more solicitous for the comfort of his guests

than he was. When in ordinary health he entered with zest into the amusements of the domestic circle. "He could thoroughly enjoy a good story," says Miss Killick, "and his powers of relating one were splendid." I have heard him repeat a poem of considerable length—'The Northern Lights'—giving it in the Lancashire dialect with great charm. He enjoyed the humour of it so much that the tears streamed down his face." His conversation was singularly free from personal gossip, and invariably rose to the general point of view. Seldom adorned by graces of style, it was always fluent, correct, and clear: his deep rich voice adding to the charm. The gift of lucid exposition was shown in his conversation as much as in his writings. Mr. Frank E. Lott mentions a visit in 1871 "to Penrhyn Slate quarries with Sir W. Gull and Sir James Paget, at which Mr. Spencer pointed out the glacial scratches on some of the rounded rocks in the Pass of Llanberis; and his clear and vigorous description of the old glacier coming down from Snowdon, impressed me even more than when, a few years later at the School of Mines, Sir Andrew Ramsay explained the same phenomena in his usual interesting manner."

He cannot be accused of going out of his way to increase his reputation. From his replies to offers of academic and other honours, one may gather that there was at bottom a sense of disappointment that such signs of recognition had not been made earlier in his career, when they might have helped him in his struggle. Had he been less honest and outspoken he would have kept this feeling to himself. Even such notoriety as could not fail to be associated with his name was distasteful, leading him to go out of his way to avoid the manifestations of it, and causing regret, and sometimes offence, to those who wished to show their regard for him. Lady Courtney writes:—

We did not realize Mr. Spencer's reputation till we grew up and came often to London. Probably his fame was not great in general society before that time. It seemed to me to culminate during the seventies and early eighties. I was conscious during those years that you could not mention his name in many companies high or low without exciting a thrill of interest, and even in the most unlikely quarters his

name would be known as that of a distinguished man. I remember travelling from Aberdeen to Inverness in a third class carriage (not that this in Scotland was an unlikely quarter), and hearing some Scotch farmers, and a minister from a far away northern village, discussing his books, and finding myself unawares quite a centre of attraction when I remarked that I knew him in the flesh. But he was far from kind to his disciples and admirers, and very disconcerting to those who had contrived to gain a sight or a word for them. He has himself told the story how, when at Cairo, he refused the request of a distinguished personage for a visit. . . . I can add another story of the same period—a Dutch Judge of the Consular Courts was a great Spencerian, and his wife came to my sister and myself, to beg us to bring about a meeting. We thought and thought, and finally hit upon a moonlight ride to the Tombs of the Prophets. Mr. Spencer readily agreed, and the Judge, though he had not ridden for years, and was decidedly stout, eagerly accepted the invitation to join in. We started, and Mr. Spencer's admirer sidled up to him and began with much pomp a carefully prepared sentence. He was hardly under way when up came the Egyptian donkey boys yelling and hitting, and away went the donkeys in various directions, and so the comedy went on all the time. Finally, Mr. Spencer absolutely refused to go to supper with our kind Dutch friends. We went and found all his books spread out on the tables—a pathetic disappointment to the poor gentleman, who was doubtless very stiff the next morning after his unwonted exercise. People talk of Mr. Spencer as having a large measure of egotism, and he certainly did not conceal, as most of us do, what he had of that quality; but a truly vain and self-regarding man would surely not have discouraged admiration and flattery as he did. Not only did he never seek, but most ungraciously refused, worldly honours and advancement all through his long life.

Again and again he complained of his lack of quick perception of the motives and actions of others, leading him to mistaken judgments and wrong courses of conduct. He thought he would be an easy dupe at a spiritualistic *séance*. While deficient in reading the motives of others, he was singularly wanting in ability to hide his own. He doubted his power to say "No"; but few who had to do with him would accept this as a correct delineation. It used to be said of the late Sir Bartle Frere, when Governor of Bombay, that in refusing a request he did so with more than his usual courtesy, leading the applicant to think he had got a half promise. Spencer was not in the habit of

toning down the terms of a refusal : his reply being usually more blunt than suave. He thought more of making his refusal plain than of how it would be taken : as when requested by an American doctor to bequeath to him "the most perfect and wonderful brain of this century." He did not mince the terms of his refusal. "A bequest such as that which you wish I would not make even to my most intimate friend. You may judge, therefore, how little chance there is that I can be induced to make such a bequest to a stranger." Perhaps it was a certain brusquerie of manner and speech, joined with his unemotional coldness that prevented people, on first acquaintance, feeling quite at ease in his presence. Manner apart, his intellectual and moral superiority could not fail to engender a feeling of remoteness, which, however, disappeared on closer acquaintance.

Though he was not fond of the lower animals, the infliction of suffering on them was intolerable to him. His power of sympathy with human beings was exceptionally strong. Ill-health or distress of any kind, experienced by relatives, friends, acquaintances (even casual acquaintances), or correspondents whom perhaps he had never seen, could not be brought to his notice without exciting his lively interest and leading to measures for alleviation. Hundreds of letters bear eloquent testimony to the practical turn his sympathy took. For verbal expressions of sympathy, his undemonstrative character, and his dislike to exaggeration, unfitted him. As he wrote to a friend who had recently lost her husband : "I always feel so strongly my inability to say anything adequate in the way of consolation that I am habitually debarred from attempting it." To the ailing members of his household he was "kind almost to a fault." Into their personal or family concerns he entered with sympathetic interest : rejoiced when they rejoiced, was grieved when things went wrong with them, warned them against courses which involved risk, pointed out dangers which they were likely to overlook ; but never said "I told you so" when his counsel had not been followed, and the bad consequences he had foreseen had to be faced. Above all he was considerate to his domestic servants, there being the fullest recogni-

tion of the moral obligations of the employer. In ill-health every care and comfort was bestowed upon them. "On one occasion," writes Miss Killick, "when he was living in the country for a few months, a young woman had been engaged to assist in his household, and, observing her pallor and general lassitude, he gave her strengthening medicine, which, however, proved of small assistance, and she had to discontinue work and return to her home. Mr. Spencer himself drove over one afternoon to see her, and gave her a donation; and on hearing that her bedroom was practically unfurnished sent furniture for it anonymously." He could never turn his back upon genuine need, nor refuse to help a worthy person or a worthy cause. Even when a struggling author, he would pinch himself to help a friend. His generosity kept pace with the improvement in his circumstances. To the family of his uncle Henry, to Derby friends and acquaintances, to young men preparing for the battle of life, he extended a generous hand. Several who have since taken worthy positions at home and abroad, still remember him with gratitude. Against evil of all kinds, writes Rev. J. W. Chadwick, he "projected himself with an ardour and vehemence strangely at variance with the idea that a cold, hard, dry intellectuality was exhaustive of the man."

He often referred to what he called his constitutional idleness, seeming to be rather proud of it than otherwise. If intellectual work consists in acquainting oneself with the opinions of others, the charge may contain an element of truth. But even in that sense, the man who could gather together and assimilate the wealth of facts to be found in his books, cannot have been so wanting in industry as some of his remarks would make it appear. If there was any defect of verbal memory it was compensated for by the readiness to grasp logical relations, as well as the natural relations of things. His defective memory for words and arbitrary relations, had, in his own opinion, much to do with the development of his mind, favouring as it did internal building up as much as it retarded external building up. The pleasures of thinking were all the greater that he did not coerce the mind. His powers of analysis and synthesis were unsurpassed. He had a rare gift of seizing

upon the important aspects of a question, and of keeping the unimportant points in the background. But for this he could not have marshalled his numerous facts so effectively. Complaint is sometimes made of the abstractness of his terms; but such terms were necessitated by the width of his generalizations, only a part of the denotation of which would have been covered by less abstract terms. A more serious complaint was that he not infrequently passed without warning from the general and abstract use of a term or proposition to the special and concrete, or *vice versâ*, drawing conclusions which, though warranted in the one case, were not warranted in the other.

In some ways he gained, and in others lost, by not having had the training given by University life, which as Rev. J. W. Chadwick says, acts as "a social mill in which men grind each other's angles down. Spencer's never were ground down: they were acute angles always." But argumentative and disputatious as he was, he never argued for victory. Always there was a principle to be contended for. Mr. Francis Galton writes:

Mr. Herbert Spencer's magnificent intellect was governed by a very peculiar character. It was full of whimsies that unduly affected the opinion of those who did not appreciate its depth and purpose. His disposition was acknowledged by himself to be contentious; I would venture to consider it also as being sometimes a little perverse.

My knowledge of him was chiefly due to our both being in the habit of spending an afternoon hour or so in the then smoking room of the Athenæum Club, which was a very suitable place for quiet conversation. This is quite altered now. He always took interest in my hobbies, and I owe much to his remarks and criticisms, which were not however always accepted. He loved to dogmatize from *a priori* axioms, and to criticize, and I soon found that the way to get the best from him was to be patient and not to oppose. He was very thin skinned under criticism, and shrank from argument; it excited him over much, and was really bad for his health. His common practice when pressed in a difficult position, was to finger his pulse and saying: "I must not talk any more," to abruptly leave the discussion unfinished. Of course, wicked people put a more wicked interpretation on this habit than it should in fairness bear. Anyhow, when Spencer forsook the Club as he did some years ago, to seek greater quiet elsewhere, I was conscious of a void which has never since been filled. . . .

An amusing instance of his strong leaning to *a priori* reasoning rather than to experiment occurred on his coming to a laboratory I had then established for anthropometric purposes . . . I told Spencer of the difficulty of accounting for the peculiarities in the pattern of finger prints, and that the dissections of embryos had thus far told no more than that they could be referred to folds of membrane in which the sudorific glands were formed, but threw no light on the reason why the pattern should here be a whorl and there a loop, and so on. He said that dissection was not the best way to find out what I wanted to know : I ought to have started from a consideration of the uses of the ridges, and he proceeded to elaborate a line of argument with great fulness in his usual sententious way. It was to the effect that the mouths of the ducts, being delicate and liable to injury from abrasion, required the shield of ridges, and on this basis he reared a wonderfully ingenious and complicated superstructure of imaginary results to which I listened with infinite inward amusement. When he had quite concluded, I replied with mock humility, that his arguments were most beautiful and cogent and fully deserved to be true, but unfortunately the ducts did *not* open out in the shielded valleys, but along the exposed crests of the ridges. He burst into a good humoured laugh, and then told me the story, which also appears in his *Autobiography*, of Huxley's saying, that if Spencer ever wrote a tragedy, its plot would be the slaying of a beautiful deduction by an ugly fact. . . .

The power of Spencer's mind that I most admired, was that of widely founded generalizations. Whenever doubt was hinted as to the sufficiency of his grounds for making them, he was always ready to pour out a string of examples that seemed to have been, if not in his theatre of consciousness when he spoke, at all events in an ante-chamber of it, whence they could be summoned at will. In more than any other person whom I have met, did his generalizations strike me in the light of true "composite" pictures. Whether the examples he gave in justification were selected with a conscious or unconconscious bias, or were taken at random, is another matter. Anyhow his wealth of ready illustration was marvellous.

The verdicts on his style have been almost as divergent as those on his doctrines. Occasionally, but rarely, it has been described as obscure—a criticism open to the retort that the obscurity may be due to the inability of the reader to grasp the meaning, no matter how it is expressed. Bearing in mind the highly abstruse nature of his thought, one will have to admit that few writers have so seldom left their readers in doubt. Burdened by wealth of illustra-

tion and exemplification, his style is apt to appear wanting in lightness and grace: but occasionally "a grave eloquence lights up his pages." Its massiveness corresponds with the massiveness of his thought. Occasionally it is lightened by singularly felicitous words, or phrases, or passages, which have become part of the English language—thus furnishing additional examples of the survival of the fittest. Though condemned for its "barbarous terminology," it has also been praised for its "wonderful simplicity," its "terseness, lucidity, and precision." The author of the "Philosophy of Style" had, naturally, his own ideas about punctuation, and was often annoyed at the liberties taken by compositors and press readers. "The structure of a writer's sentence is in part the structure of his thought." His faculty of composing, under what would be to many very distracting circumstances, was remarkable: showing his rare power of concentration—of abstracting his thoughts from his surroundings. Whether in a racket court at King's Cross, or in a sports field at Kensal Green, or in a boat on the Serpentine, or under the trees in Kensington Gardens, he was able to carry on a train of abstract thinking, and to dictate to his secretary, as serenely as if he were in the privacy of his study. Unlike his friends, Mr. G. H. Lewes and Professor Huxley, who wrote and re-wrote their compositions,¹ he made comparatively few changes in his manuscript. In revising for future editions, however, he made numerous changes in the expression, but very few in the argument.

One of Mr. Spencer's traits (says Mr. Troughton), was his seeming inability to take in hand two or more things concurrently. If, for instance, some controversy occupied him, permanent work was for the time being put aside altogether. He had a rooted dislike to being hurried. A sequence of this was that he resented being put under pressure to do any piece of work within a given time. This largely explains his reluctance to engage in controversies, especially newspaper controversies, in which replies and rejoinders had to be made on the instant. The daily increments of work accomplished were very small, but the paucity of the performance never seemed to trouble him, or at all events never stimulated him to quicken the pace.

¹ *George Eliot's Life*, ii., 99. *Life of Professor Huxley*, ii., 39, 291.

He was an essentially methodical man. This characteristic manifested itself alike in his personal habits and in the expression of his thoughts. His personal effects were all arranged and distributed on this principle—keys in one pocket, knife in another, and so on. Still more so was this the case with his papers of all kinds. These were all classified and put away in certain receptacles according to a definite plan, so that when required they could be found without any bother. When the time came for using any particular group of materials for the work in hand, that group would be subjected to a sub-classification, and so on, until the materials for a particular section were assembled together. With this orderliness of habit, it was not at all difficult, when circumstances arose which involved a suspension of work, to pick up the thread again when the time came for resuming it.

Some light is thrown upon his general reading by two of his secretaries. Referring to the period about the middle of the eighties, Mr. W. H. Hudson says:—

Once we went through some of the eighteenth century novelists, and he was specially interested in *Humphrey Clinker*. He was also struck by the delicate art of W. D. Howells, though he tired after two or three of his stories. I recall that he thought much of Shakespeare's witty dialogue (as in "Much Ado") forced and childish. I think of all the novelists I read to him, he most enjoyed Thackeray.

Reading could hardly be called one of his pastimes (says Mr. Troughton, with reference to a later period), unless it was reading the daily and weekly journals, or rather listening to them, for reading them aloud was one of my functions almost from the beginning. Certainly his appetite for the *Times* was invariably keen and he followed the reading of it with close attention, accompanying it with a running commentary on events and opinions recorded, and noting anything especially bearing on his own work. This reading of the paper was the first order of the day, and moreover was always done in a certain sequence—summary first, then the gist of the leading articles, followed by the foreign news, and then the miscellaneous news—this was the order down to the last month of his life, when he usually dropped asleep before it had proceeded far. Then, in addition to the morning paper there was the evening paper, an invariable item in the day's programme, while the various weeklies gave him enough mental food to tide over Sunday. Of the constant succession of books which reached him—mostly of a grave character—a glance usually sufficed, and many of them were put away on the

shelves without even that. Fiction he had little taste for, and only at very long intervals read any.

Music was a great pleasure to him (Miss Killick writes), and his taste in the matter of composers good. In early life he enjoyed singing in glees, and in his closing years liked to hear them played on the piano. But in music, as in everything else, he had his own ideas how certain passages should be rendered, and they were as a rule contrary to the prescribed methods.

Spencer "disciplines himself to amusements," wrote Dr. Youmans in 1871. This was quite true. The disciplinary process was also recommended to his friends. "Pray follow my example," he advises Dr. Cazelles, "in taking as much rest and amusement as is needful for your restoration, and be sure that, though at first you may, in consequence of having wedded yourself to work, find amusement dreary and uninteresting, you will in course of time habituate yourself to it, and begin to find life more tolerable." While passionately fond of the country and country pleasures, he cared little in boyhood and youth for out-door games. Of skating he was very fond, and Mr. Frank Lott remembers "the very graceful figure he always made on the ice." After the breakdown in 1855 he began the sedulous pursuit of means for restoring his health. At first the quest was mainly not for pleasurable occupations, but for those involving bodily exertion and inducing sleep. After a time pleasurable pursuits were sought. But here also not the pleasure at the time, but the beneficial after-effects were the main considerations. He had few indoor relaxations. Backgammon and whist were played occasionally; but he was not good at the latter, nor did he like playing for money. Miss Charlotte Shickle, who sometimes joined him in a rubber at Queen's Gardens, informed the present writer that it was an understanding that he would pay his losings when he lost, but would not accept winnings when he won. This was his invariable rule.

His ideal of life found no place for asceticism, neither for the asceticism due to religious or moral feeling, nor for that which is dictated by the assumed demands of business. "Life is not for learning, nor is life for working; but

learning and working are for life." A strange maxim this to come from one who scorned delights and lived laborious days in order to complete a task he had deliberately imposed on himself. While primarily valuing life and health for the happiness they afforded, he valued them next as the means of accomplishing his work. From worldly ambition, the desire to amass wealth—to "get on" in the ordinary sense—he was singularly free. He often spoke as if he had a mission—a message to deliver to the world. To this mission everything was subordinated.

His sincerity, truthfulness and honesty, impressed all who knew him. "He was absolutely sincere himself," writes Miss Killick, "and could not tolerate the very smallest deviation from the truth in others. Although at times he might *appear* to condemn unjustly, investigation always showed that some necessary data were unknown to him, and therefore his judgment, while apparently unsound, was in accordance with his knowledge of the facts." Suspicion of the motives of others was characteristic of himself, as well as of his father. Describing his first interview, Mr. Troughton says:

I had been informed that Mr. Spencer was in a precarious state of health, so much so that whoever filled the post could not expect to retain it for more than twelve months at the outside. But really there was nothing in his appearance to suggest any apprehensions of early demise—on the contrary, he struck me as being a man of more than average vigour: his upright bearing as he entered the room, his clear crisp voice, his searching gaze, seemed to betoken a hale, though perhaps not a hearty, physique. My unpunctuality called for serious notice. The time appointed was ten o'clock. Why was I late? The explanation being forthcoming, a multitude of questions followed in quick succession. His inquisitiveness rather took me aback, but what struck me most was the brusque way in which he delivered his questions, and the way in which, when putting them, he concentrated his gaze upon me. Surely this man must have practised a good deal at the bar, I thought. I came to know afterwards that this was only a bit of affectation. Some years later, when about to fill up a vacancy on his domestic staff, he deputed me to interview the applicants: instructing me in detail as to the proper method to pursue in interrogating them. It was just the same as that which he adopted at my first encounter with him. . . .

Numerous as were the instances in which Mr. Spencer

appeared to distrust those with whom he had business or professional relations, it would not be fair to say that in more than a very few of them did he harbour any positive suspicion. He was a man who in everything he did, even in trivial matters, was guided by principle, the principle in each case being that which by a process of reasoning he had found to be valid. Because a large proportion of men are either unreliable or dishonest, therefore it must be assumed for the time being, that the man with whom you have dealings belongs to that number. To a certain extent the world at large acts on this assumption, but Mr. Spencer carried it to extreme lengths, and with entire disregard of the law of probability. I more than once told him that in the City, where office boys are more trusted than he trusted men of standing, business would come to a standstill if his principle were carried out to the letter.

He could not readily adapt himself to other peoples' ways, had very decided views as to how things should be made or done, and was fidgety and irritable when they were not made or done as he thought they should be. Though he was, in consequence, not easy to get on with in the house, yet he lived with the same hostess at Queen's Gardens for about a quarter of a century. While possessing wide knowledge, and a singular power of tracing the working of great cosmic forces, he was as innocent as a child in many of the ways of the world. Master as he himself was in dealing with wide generalities, and in marshalling and co-ordinating the details on which they rested, he overlooked the fact that most people content themselves with passing from detail to detail without a thought of a connecting link between them. They think from hand to mouth, as well as live from hand to mouth. Unable to grasp the principle which gives unity to details, they are liable to be plunged into confusion when told that they should take it as their guide. Allow them to ignore the general rule, all goes well until some unexpected event takes place which a wider outlook might have foreseen. If he himself had had the carrying out of his views on housekeeping, doubtless he would have justified their soundness. But having to depute this to others he would have been well advised had he kept many of his theories to himself. Embued with the notion that convention reigned supreme within the house as without, he continually fought against it. He had his whims

and his crotchets—he was exacting in the sense of insisting that duties undertaken should be performed—he was not easily satisfied. But the attractiveness of his personality not only covered a multitude of foibles, but claimed the loyalty of those who lived with him, and who knew the deeply sympathetic nature that lay beneath a certain brusqueness of manner. Of his relations with Spencer, extending from the end of 1888 till the end of 1903, Mr. Troughton writes :

Brusque as Mr. Spencer often was in addressing those about him, he invariably treated me with courtesy. I cannot call to mind a single occasion during the many years I was in daily contact with him when he gave way to temper with me, and I have many remembrances of the kindly feeling he showed towards me. Beneath the asperity of manner which often showed itself, there was a really sympathetic nature ready to manifest itself when circumstances gave the needful stimulus.

Would Spencer have made a successful administrator? If he had taken to teaching, one may say with confidence that as far as high aims, sound methods, and single-minded devotion could command success, he would have made his mark. But it is questionable whether he would have been successful in the administrative side of school-work. His want of tact, bluntness of speech, lack of quick and true perception of character, and impatience with the weaknesses of average human nature, would have stood in the way of smooth working with subordinates, colleagues, educational authorities, and, perhaps most important of all, with parents. Had he adhered to railway engineering, there would doubtless have been some daring feats of constructive skill to be recorded; but whether capital and labour would have co-operated with him is a moot question. Given his highly evolved humanity of the future, he would probably have proved a successful administrator; with humanity as we know it, the issue would have been more than doubtful. Mr. Francis Galton writes :

He was a most impracticable administrator on the only occasion in which I saw him put fairly to the test. We were both members of the Committee of the Athenæum Club, at a long by-gone time, when the dining room management was bad, and there was much discontent. Spencer moved and carried the appointment of a Special House Committee, to consist of

only three members. He, of course, was Chairman, another was one of the prominent malcontent members, and he persuaded me to be the third, as having no official duties and therefore presumably a man of leisure. I accepted the nomination with great misgivings, which after events fully justified. A more comically ineffective Committee than ours I never sat upon. Spencer insisted on treating the pettiest questions as matters of serious import, whose principles had to be fully argued and understood before action should be taken, with the consequence that we made no progress. Many funny scenes took place, one was with the butcher, who had supplied tough meat. Spencer enlarged to us on the subject of toughness in the same elaborate and imposing language with which his writings abound, and when the butcher appeared he severely charged him with supplying meat that contained an undue proportion of connective tissue. The butcher was wholly nonplussed, being unable to understand the charge and conscious, as I suspect, of some secret misdoing to which the accusation might refer.

An amusing instance of the failure of some of his theories, when brought to the test of experience, is related by Lady Courtney.

Of course he was an inveterate critic. He says so himself. One form this characteristic took was criticism of our various governesses for their management of us—on one occasion with amusing results. He had complained to my mother that one of these much suffering ladies, and an especially indulgent one, was checking and destroying our natural instincts by her rules and instructions, mainly, I think, because she would not let us take off our jackets and either give them to her to carry or throw them about. Mother and the governess talked it over together, and Mr. Spencer was asked if he would like to take us out himself for the afternoon walk, and readily agreed. So off he started with some half dozen girls, whose ages ranged from six to fourteen, up the hill into the woods. We had heard all about the complaint of our governess, and had had a pretty broad hint that we might behave as we liked. Two of the younger ones began at once to play the fool, and got so excited and outrageous that my eldest sister and I tried to second Mr. Spencer's efforts to control them. In vain and in vain. He eventually stamped his foot and said "When I say no, I mean no!" Finally they managed to lead him into a pit full of dead beech leaves and carried off his hat which had fallen off—"you rude children!" was his exclamation, and all round behind the trees echoed r-r-r-rude children—for he rolled his r's slightly—or at any rate we thought so. He came home a wiser and a sadder man, and told my mother at dinner that two of her

children were very headstrong, and would need a good deal of control. . . . I know that he interfered less in future with our governesses.

Mr. Spencer certainly had a keener desire than most men to get other people to adopt and carry out his views, even on quite trifling subjects: such as how to light a fire, or revive it when it was low, the hanging of pictures, the colours in a carpet, or of the flowers on a dinner table, the proper shape of an inkstand, and a thousand other matters; and he allowed what he thought an unreasonable way of doing these things, even when they had nothing to do with himself, to unduly disturb his peace. Indeed, the commonplace person would have said the philosophic temper was curiously absent in this great philosopher—so much so, that as he grew older and more nervous and delicate, his friends almost unconsciously abstained from arguing if they differed from him, unless they could put their point humorously, for a good joke always found Mr. Spencer appreciative. Alluding to this irritability of temperament, I remember Professor Tyndall saying at my father's house in London, Mr. Spencer standing by: "He'd be a much nicer fellow if he had a good swear now and then"—and our hilarity at the very notion of Mr. Spencer swearing.

An unsparing critic of others, how did he take criticism of himself? He was too ready to say that he had been "misunderstood" or "misrepresented," and too prone to attribute the one or the other to moral obliquity. But he never deliberately took an unfair advantage of an opponent. Polemical writing was apt to entail "mischievous consequences" on his health. Foreseeing these, he often retired from a contest at an early stage, when the issue was as yet uncertain; thereby causing annoyance to his opponent, besides laying himself open to the suspicion that he had begun to feel a little uncertain of his ground. Between personal and impersonal criticism he drew a sharp line. In the former he seldom indulged, and if in the heat of controversy he was led into the use of personalities, he took care not to perpetuate them. Purely impersonal attacks on his doctrines seldom disturbed his equanimity, though they might lead to sharp thrusts of intellectual polemic. It was different with attacks on his character. To these he was more than usually sensitive.

Spencer's habit (the drawbacks of which he did not seem to realize) of throwing down a book when he

disagreed with any of its cardinal propositions, afforded some justification for the suggestion that he was unwilling to deal with arguments and facts opposed to his own views. An accusation of want of candour would have greatly distressed him, conscious as he was of absolute loyalty to his convictions. The fact was that, though his allegiance to the truth never wavered—not a single instance being known of his declining to acknowledge as true what he believed to be true—he sometimes failed to reach it, owing to the engrossment of his mind with the creations of his ever-active constructive imagination precluding the admission of alien ideas. The shortcoming was intellectual, not moral—was due to the limitations of human intelligence, even of the highest. Whatever his moral shortcomings, disloyalty to truth was not one of them. He who could only contemplate “from the heights of thought that far-off life of the race never to be enjoyed by [him], but only by a remote posterity,” would have been the last to claim immunity from the infirmities of human nature. But we require to be reminded that the very greatness of the man has helped to bring too much into relief both the shortcomings of his character and the defects of his work. Take him for all in all, he was intellectually one of the grandest and morally one of the noblest men that have ever lived. His life was devoted to a single purpose—the establishing of truth and righteousness as he understood them. The value of a life of self-sacrifice for a lofty ideal is inestimable at all times, and is especially so in the present day of advertisement, push, and getting on in the world. This will endure whatever may be the fate of his philosophical opinions. “In the whole story of the searchers for truth,” said the *Times*, just after his death, “there is no instance of devotion to noble aims surpassing his—courage, baffling ill-health, and proof against years of discouragement, unwearied patience, wise economy of powers, and confidence in the future recognition of the value of his work.”

CHAPTER XXX.

SPENCER'S PLACE IN THE HISTORY OF THOUGHT.

BY way of criticism on the Synthetic Philosophy much has been written about its *a priori* character. Spencer's habit of setting out from first principles and ever returning to them—his constant endeavour to verify every inductive generalization by showing it to be deducible from some higher generalization—has been too readily taken to imply that his philosophy does not rest on the solid ground of nature. Such an opinion is a survival of the Baconian reaction against the *a priori* methods of the schoolmen. It ought not now-a-days to be necessary to repeat the truism that the progress of science depends not on observation and experiment alone, nor on theorizing and hypothesis alone, but on the co-operation of these methods. Both are essential, and as a matter of fact both are pursued in all departments of knowledge, though not in an equal degree. The nature of the phenomena to be investigated, the stage the enquiry has reached, and the mental endowments of the investigator, each or all of these determine which of the two methods should be chiefly followed. Taking these considerations into account, the scientific enquirer shows his skill in so combining the two complementary methods as to avoid the one and the other of two dangers that lie in the path of the seeker after truth. When theoretical speculation predominates there is the risk of losing touch with realities. When it is neglected in favour of observation and experiment there is apt to be aimless groping in the dark. The strict follower of experiment and observation reminds one of the man who had collected an encyclopædic mass of information which he could not use, and of whom an Irish friend remarked: "Yes, he has got all the answers, but he has not got the questions." Unassisted by the

guidance of hypothesis, experiment and observation are apt to land the investigator in a labyrinth out of which he has to be assisted by some one possessing the clue. Mr. Darwin, one of the most painstaking of observers and experimentalists, was well aware how indispensable deductive reasoning is in the course of inductive inquiry. "No one," he said, "could be a good observer, unless he was an active theorizer." "Without speculation there is no good and original observation." But the limitations of faculty rarely allow of the same individual possessing superior excellence both as a speculative thinker and as an observer or experimentalist. It has been said by way of disparagement of Spencer, that he was not a specialist, or expert. Had he been so he could not have taken the wide view he did of the whole domain of knowledge. Besides the consideration of constitutional aptitude for the one or the other, there is the further consideration that specializing absorbs a great deal of time. To acquire a minute acquaintance with details is often the labour of a lifetime. The specialist has rarely the time, and still more rarely the aptitude, to follow up wide generalizations. To disparage, therefore, the work of one who takes a wide survey of the field of knowledge, because in matters of detail he is not equal to one who has devoted his life to a very small portion of that field, indicates an entire misapprehension of the limitations of human faculty and of human life. The organizer of knowledge would abdicate his function were he to attempt to emulate the specialist's acquaintance with details. His function is not to accumulate a store of individual facts, but to co-ordinate the facts supplied him, and reduce them to their most general forms. Moreover, as already said, the needs of science are not always the same. Accumulation of data may, at one time, be too far in advance of organization; just as theorizing may, at another time, be too far ahead of accumulation. The necessity for the guidance of theory was emphasized by Professor Huxley in the testimonial he gave to Spencer in 1860, when the system of philosophy was planned. "Science would stagnate if the co-ordination of its data did not accompany their accumulation." Professor Huxley saw clearly that a man was needed to co-ordinate and

systematize the facts and conceptions that had accumulated—to carry an “illuminating conception through all the departments of experience.” Spencer came to supply the want by giving to the idea of evolution a development and application hitherto undreamt of.¹ That he was successful in this respect has been freely acknowledged by those best able to judge. “In these days of increasingly straightened speculation it is well,” says Professor Lloyd Morgan, “that we should feel the influence of a thinker whose powers of generalization have seldom been equalled and perhaps never surpassed.”

The dread of hypothesis and deductive reasoning was for a time a healthy reaction against the methods of the schoolmen, but it is mischievous instead of salutary when carried to extremes. What Professor Meldola says of Biology is true of other branches of science. “In the case of the purely literary treatment of biological problems by writers who are not experts, the danger of over-weighting the science with hypothesis is much exaggerated. Writers of this class are often capable of taking a wider and more philosophic grasp of a problem than a pure specialist, and ideas of lasting value have sometimes emanated from such sources. . . . The philosophic faculty is quite as powerful an agent in the advancement of science as the gift of acquiring new knowledge by observation and experiment.” It is not in the interests of science for those gifted with unusual speculative ability to keep the brake applied on their special endowment so as to secure leisure for observation and experiment, any more than it would be in the interests of science for singularly gifted observers and experimentalists to slight the accumulation of facts in order to soar into the regions of speculation. To restrict the free play of special endowments is the certain road to common-place results. Each should do what he can do best. He who is endowed with the rare gift of organizing knowledge should exercise that gift to the full, and he who has the less rare, but equally valuable, gift of accumulating knowledge should make full

¹ See Mr. J. S. Mill's letter, dated 2 December, 1868 (chap. xii., p. 152).

use of it. Just as it is bad policy to put checks on experiment and observation; so also is it unwise to clip the wings of speculation. It is far better that a Darwin and a Spencer should each exercise to the full his characteristic intellectual endowment and pursue the scientific method such endowment favours, than that a Darwin should try to be like a Spencer, or a Spencer try to be like a Darwin.

That Spencer came in the fulness of time to render an all-important service to modern thought, and that his mission was successful, are clearly set forth in the following sketch, for which the present writer is indebted to Mr. Hector Macpherson :

It may be fairly claimed for Herbert Spencer that he revived speculative thinking in this country, and inaugurated a new system of philosophy. When Spencer came upon the scene philosophy was at a low ebb. In one of his essays J. S. Mill bears decisive testimony on this head. In his review of Professor Sedgwick's "Discourse on the Studies of Cambridge 1835," reprinted in his *Dissertations*, Mill says: "England once stood at the head of European philosophy. Where stands she now? Consult the general opinion of Europe. The celebrity of England in the present day rests upon her docks, her canals and her railways. In intellect she is distinguished only for a kind of solid good sense, free from extravagance, but also void of lofty aspirations." Mill goes on to complain of the absence of investigation of truth as truth, of thought for the sake of thought. For this state of things there was an obvious reason. Science had eclipsed philosophy in the popular regard. As I have said elsewhere—"The early years of the nineteenth century were years of great fermentation. The practical energies of the nation freed from the great strain of the Continental wars found new outlets in commerce and industry. Scientific study of Nature, no longer tabooed by theology, demonstrated its validity by an imposing record of inventions and discoveries, whose influence on the national prosperity was at once dramatic and all embracing. Science became the idol of the hour. It was inevitable that an attempt would be made to reduce to something like order the ever-increasing mass of facts. Since the days of Bacon thinkers have endeavoured to weave the facts of science into a unified system. Whewell's *History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences* was an attempt in this direction. Unfortunately, just when Whewell was engaged upon the task of generalization and interpretation, epoch-making discoveries were being made, calculated to change the entire foundations of scientific and philosophic thought, for

which no place was found in his work ; such as the conservation and dissipation of energy, the variation of species, and organic evolution."

Next came Comte. Valuable as was Comte's contribution to the higher thought of the time, his influence on the philosophic side was rendered sterile by the arbitrary line which he drew between the known and the unknown. Many of the phenomena which science to-day is bringing into the region of knowledge were declared by Comte to belong to the region of the unknowable, to peer into which was a foolish waste of time. He tabooed all enquiries into the nature of gravitation, light, heat, electricity, etc. All enquiries into origins were dismissed as ontological speculations. Hampered by his restricted method, he could get no further than the division of phenomena into six classes—Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and Sociology. He clearly enough showed the relation between the sciences, but his limited conception of philosophy prevented him from tracing them to a common root. Comte left the great problem of the unification of the sciences unsolved ; he even declared it insoluble.

The philosophy of J. S. Mill was also inadequate to the task of assimilating and unifying the new facts of science. Mill's empirical theory of knowledge made it impossible for him to trace the bewildering phenomena of the Cosmos to a common root.

Up till the time of Whewell the mechanical conception of Nature held sway—a conception which threw great obstacles in the way of discovering unity in Nature. If we treat the Universe as a vast machine we do not readily discover the idea of unity. Between the various parts of the machine there may be no necessary unity, which indeed may exist only in the mind of the constructor. To the mechanical conception was largely due the waning influence of philosophy of which Mill complained. The philosophy of which he was the distinguished representative and exponent was ill-fitted by its fundamental conceptions for grappling effectively with the new views of Nature which science was disclosing ; it could not help in the endeavour to find necessary unity at the heart of things. In this sphere Mill was hampered by his theory of knowledge, which he inherited from Hume. According to this theory, knowledge originates in impressions made upon the senses, and is limited, of course, by the external world. Knowledge in this view, in its ultimate analysis and when perfectly organized, will consist of the classification of facts and the arranging of them into groups. Are these groups held together by any necessary law ? Can the various branches of knowledge be traced back to one common root ? By the nature of his philosophy Mill was compelled to answer this question in the negative as follows : "There exists in Nature a number of permanent causes, which have

subsisted ever since the human race has been in existence, and for an indefinite and probably an enormous length of time previous. The sun, the earth, and the planets with their various constituents—air, water and the distinguishable substances whether simple or compound of which Nature is made up—are such permanent causes. Why these particular natural agents existed originally and no others, or why they are arranged in such a manner throughout space, is a question we cannot answer: more than this we can discover nothing regular in the distribution itself. We can reduce it to no uniformity, to no law.” In its final results the Experience philosophy of Mill, like the Positivism of Comte, lends no encouragement to the search for unity which the new dynamical theory of Nature was fostering.

Spencer saw clearly that, on the lines of the old Experience philosophy, the problem was insoluble. He saw that if the mind cannot pass beyond particulars, as Mill said, it was hopeless to search for universal laws, hopeless to trace existence in its multifarious aspects to one dynamic process. What Spencer did was to start with two universal intuitions, which cannot be proved, and which must be accepted as necessities of thought—belief in personal identity, and belief in the permanence of the constitution of things which we call Nature. By starting with two intuitive beliefs—subjective existence and objective existence—Spencer escaped the sceptical conclusions of Hume and Mill.

As I have observed in a review of Spencer’s philosophy: “Accepting as the data of philosophy, subject and object, self and not-self, Spencer deals with the general forms under which the not-self, the Cosmos, manifests itself to the self, the mind. These general forms under which the not-self, the cosmos, manifests itself to the self, the mind, are space, time, matter, motion, and force. After a careful analysis of these forms by which all thinking is conditioned, he comes to the conclusion that space, time, matter and motion, all necessary data of intelligence, are built up or abstracted from experiences of force. Force persists. When we say that force persists, we are simply saying that the sum total of matter and motion, by which force manifests itself to us, can neither be increased nor diminished. This, like personal identity, is an ultimate fact, an ultimate belief, which we must take with us as the basis of all reasoning; if force came into existence and went out of existence, the Universe would be not a cosmos but a chaos, nay more, reasoning would be impossible. Scientific deductions, as well as abstract reasoning, would be impossible if the forces of Nature did not persist. Viewed thus, the Universe is one fact, the varying phenomena being but so many phases of the redistribution of matter and motion.”

Spencer found in the two great scientific generalizations—

the nebular theory and the conservation of energy—precisely the scientific materials which were necessary to the framing of his philosophical system. Here was clear proof that the Universe was not machine-like in construction, but was the outcome of a dynamic process. Starting with the ultimate fact of the redistribution of matter and motion, Spencer proceeds to trace the process by which the Universe evolves from its primitive nebulous form to its latest state of complexity. It is noteworthy that Spencer, in dealing with matter, did not, like so many of his contemporaries, accept the atom as an ultimate. When he wrote, the atom was treated as the foundation stone, so to speak, of the Universe. In his *First Principles*, he showed that matter, under philosophical analysis, resolves itself into a form of energy—a view which the discovery of radium amply confirms.

From the cosmical side, Spencer's great task was to trace the process of evolution. For convenience, phenomena are divisible into sections—astronomic, geologic, biologic, psychologic, sociologic, but the process is one, and the law is one. In those spheres, Spencer has illuminated a whole world of facts, and by his magnificent powers of analysis and generalization has raised the human mind to higher reaches of thought. It has been finely said that to a thinker capable of comprehending it from a single point of view, the Universe would present a single fact, one all comprehensive truth. Spencer's attempt is the greatest that has yet been made to realize this ideal.

Spencer intended his system to be a philosophy of phenomenal existence, but at the outset he deemed it necessary to deal with ontological problems. By his famous theory of the unknowable he involved himself in controversies which distracted the public mind and drew attention away from his real aim. He realized that in this he had made a mistake. He was in his later days anxious to make it plain that his system was quite independent of his theory of the Unknowable. His system, he once remarked to me, should be judged on its merits, apart from its metaphysical basis.¹ Spencer's mistake was in prefacing his *First Principles* with a discussion associated with the philosophy of Hamilton and Mansel. The conclusion of his great work was the proper place to treat of its philosophical aspects, when he would have been in a position to deal with ontological problems on modern lines.

Great inconvenience came from the mixing up of the scientific and the metaphysical. For instance, in *First Principles* Spencer proceeds on the assumption that force, which he calls a form of the unknowable, explains all phenomena, living as well as non-living. His attempt to correlate living and non-

¹ See *Supra*, chap. xv., p. 201; chap. xviii., p. 252; chap. xxviii., p. 464.

living forces, and embrace them in a mechanical formula did not latterly satisfy himself. In the sixth edition of his *First Principles*, revised by him in 1900, he no longer believed in the transformation of motion into feeling, but only in a constant ratio between the two. In dealing with life the same change of view is noticeable. In the last edition of the *Principles of Biology* the admission is made that "life in its essence cannot be conceived in physico-chemical terms." The effect of these admissions is to make the "Synthetic Philosophy" dualistic rather than monistic. From a scientific point of view these admissions are of no moment, because, as the psychical only manifests through the physical, it is quite legitimate to use mechanical terminology in dealing with phenomena. Both in biology and psychology the Spencerian formula has been exceedingly fruitful. In regard to the former we have the testimony of a competent authority, Professor Arthur Thomson, the Scottish biologist, who describes the *Principles of Biology* as an epoch making work. "Even as a balance sheet of the facts of life the book is a biological classic; consciously or unconsciously we are all standing on his shoulders." Distinguished scientists on the Continent have given like testimony to Spencer's labours in the region of biology.

In psychology Spencer's work was also epoch-making. His book proved to be the forerunner of a new method in the study of brain and nerve evolution and dissolution. No greater evidence of the value of Spencer's work in this department can be had than the testimony of distinguished medical specialists in brain and nerve disorders. It is claimed for Spencer that in neurology, psychology, and pathology, he has discovered the fundamental principles, and that whatever systems are erected in these sciences must be erected on the foundations he has laid. In Spencer's hands psychology, from being a sterile science confined to academic circles, has been converted into a valuable instrument of scientific research.

To the ethical, sociological, and political sciences, Spencer applied his evolution formula with marked originality. To the utilitarianism of Bentham and Mill he has given something like a scientific foundation, while political philosophy, which before his day was usually associated with forms of government, has now its proper place in sociological evolution. As has been well said: "Spencer, exchanging the point of view from the mechanical to the biological, originated quite a new train of political thinking. An organized society is subject to the law of growth. It has an economic root, and all political structures as well as ethical ideals are determined, not from the outside by legislation, but by the economic conditions at each particular stage. All students of social evolution are his debtors."

What will be the verdict of history upon Herbert Spencer?

It will surely be that he belonged to the highly gifted race of thinkers who, by the boldness of their generalizations and their commanding outlook upon life and thought, have opened out to humanity wider intellectual vistas.

The warmth and catholicity of the tributes paid to the remarkable force of Spencer's intellect, the lofty simplicity of his character, the grandeur of his aims, and the heroic devotion which had sustained him throughout a long life, bore eloquent testimony to the extraordinary impression he had made on the men of his day and generation. He had reached the front rank among thinkers. But, it has been asked, will he hold this place in the estimation of future generations? Do these tokens of appreciation warrant the assumption that the impression will be enduring—that there will be a permanent widening and clearing of the intellectual horizon, and such a purifying and strengthening of character as will stand the test of time? This question is more easily put than answered; but an attempt to answer it is desirable, inasmuch as the raising of it, besides carrying with it a suggestion of belittling Spencer and his achievements, implies that an affirmative answer *may* be given to the general question—Is it possible for any one to frame a theory of things that shall be final?

The durability of a thinker's work is seldom discussed with profit: owing partly to the uncertainty attaching to forecasts of events like opinions and impulses, to the formation of which so many subtle elements contribute; and partly to the absence of a clear idea of the question raised. Finality, in the strict sense of the word, may at once be put aside. Scientific theories cannot be final, inasmuch as the revelations of Nature are not final. A theory holds its own so long as, and only so long as, it harmonizes better than any other with ascertained facts. In any other sense than this, finality was not claimed by Spencer, nor could it have been claimed by him consistently with his fundamental doctrine. The gradual development of his own conceptions was a striking exemplification of evolution. "It may be," says Rev. J. W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, "that there are particulars of Spencer's system that will require serious modification. If there are not, it will be an exception to its central

law. In Spencer's world there are no finalities, and for him to imagine his own system of philosophy as one would be impossible." Change, he held, is life, absence of change, death. He did not, as was implied by one of the newspaper obituary notices, so far forget himself as to conceive "it possible that he was saying the last word in Philosophy." He would have admitted that many of his generalizations would "have to give way before the tests of future experience and research"; that many of his formulæ were likely to "perish, not by being ever refuted, but because they cease to be instructive." A theory, though professing to be the most complete generalization of the on-goings of the universe as known in the second and third quarters of the last century, does not on that account claim to be installed as the accepted scheme of things for all time, or for even the next generation. To suppose that Spencer, who had traced the genesis and growth of science in the past, assumed that there would be no growth in the future, would be to treat him as one of the most short-sighted, instead of one of the most far-seeing of thinkers. Viewed in this light, Spencer's work has nothing to fear from the discoveries, marvellous in number and importance, made in recent years. Even if evolution had now to be consigned to the scrap-heap, where lie so many outworn theories, that would not affect its claim to have been the most complete generalization of knowledge at the time he wrote. But, though there may be ambiguities of statement, oversights in details, and mistakes in application, there are at present no indications of the doctrine as a whole being superseded. Even the phenomena of radium, revolutionizing previous conceptions as to the constitution of matter, do not overthrow the doctrine of evolution. Some there are, indeed, who think with Dr. Saleeby that these phenomena "answer the Spencerian definition of evolution as if it had been framed to explain them." Others are of opinion that the formula of evolution will not fit the new discoveries so perfectly as this—that it will require a little letting out here or a little taking in there. When one remembers how the formula evolved in Spencer's mind under the influence of increasing knowledge, one will be prepared for such further modifications as fresh discoveries may necessitate. But whatever discoveries—far