

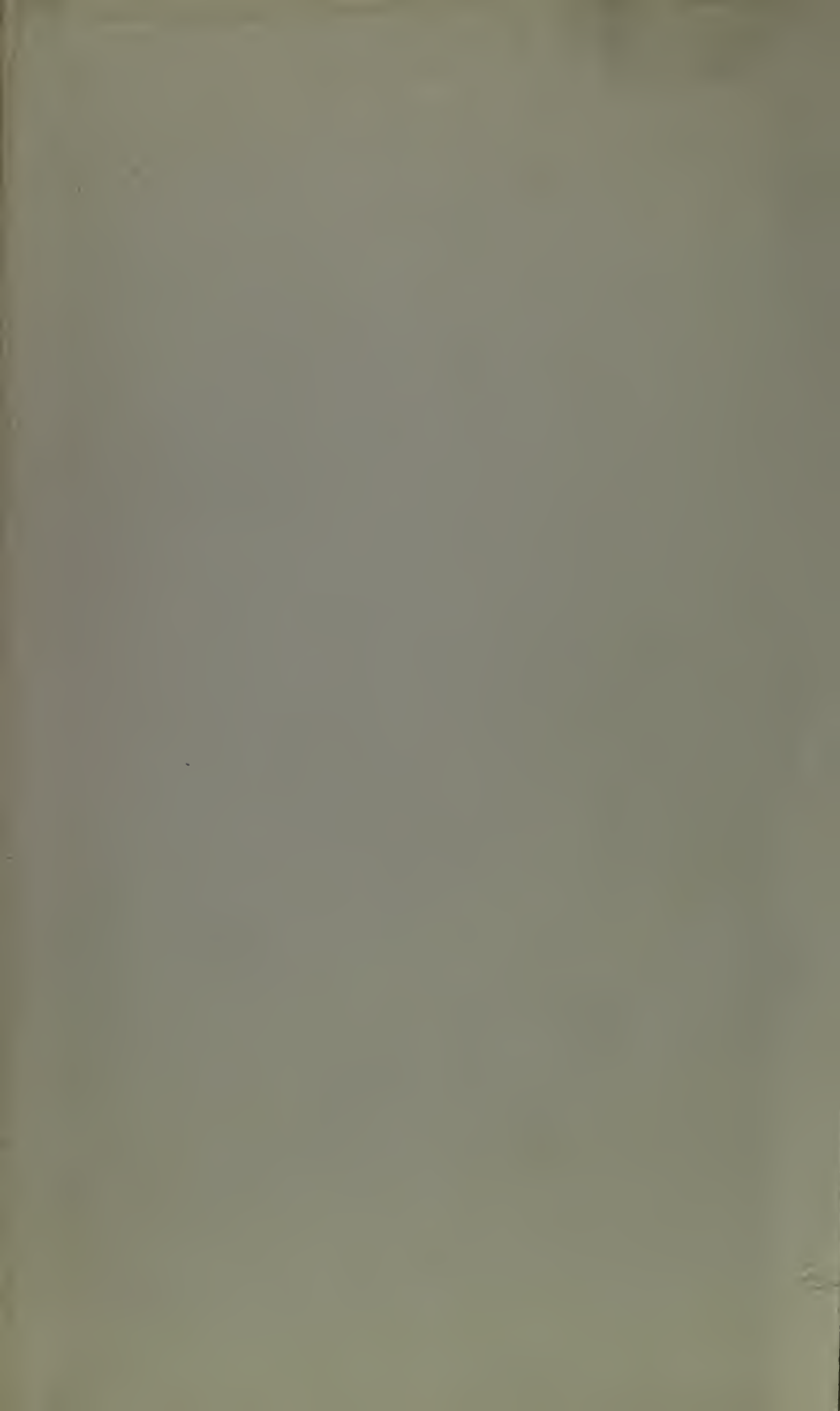
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CHALLONER

The Life and Times of Bishop Challoner. By Edwin H. Burton, D.D., Vice-President of St Edmund's College, Old Hall, F.R.Hist.S. In Two Volumes. London: Longmans & Co. 1909.

The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England. By Monsignor Bernard Ward, President of St Edmund's College. In Two Volumes. London: Longmans & Co. 1908.

ST EDMUND'S COLLEGE has done itself honour, and has taken away our reproach, by these four goodly volumes which at length tell the story as it ought to be told of English Catholics in the eighteenth century. No more fitting place could have been chosen from whence to send out these literary and religious memorials of a past, with which Old Hall is bound in links of piety and affection. Nor is it without a certain pathos that the name on Mgr Ward's title-page brings back to remembrance the association of his illustrious father's teaching with the college he loved so well, and with the DUBLIN REVIEW in days not soon to be forgotten. We are witnessing in this latest record of our confessors and ancestors a great act of justice, nay, of reparation. For it is not too much to affirm that a dimness had fallen over the landscape in which Gother and Challoner, Alban Butler and John Milner were once living figures. The age of the Vicars Apostolic is an unknown period to most modern Catholics. We are too apt to date the Church in this country as having died out before the Act of Emancipation and the Tractarian Movement; or at least to imagine that the previous time contributed little or nothing towards its revival. And our disregard of a history which was, in fact, unbroken, has told upon the feeling of solidarity (to use an expressive term) which needs to be strengthened among us by every means in our power.

It required a happy mingling of qualities, not at all common, to yield such results as those on which we may now congratulate Mgr Ward and Dr Burton. Research is of slight value without judgement; learning destitute of

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candour ends too often in a partisan narrative; and loyalty to the truth demands more courage than good people always possess or are willing to praise. The smouldering fires of controversies that blazed up vehemently in their hour lie beneath documents yellow with age, and breathe out warm against us when we unlock the muniment rooms of Westminster and Douay, of Oscott and the English College, Rome. The Cisalpine Club, the Catholic Committee, the writings of Charles Butler, Joseph Berington, Charles Plowden, Hugh Tootle—these are stricken fields in a kind of civil war, not large enough to claim dignity in the rehearsal, but most grievous to think upon. Perhaps the healthy dislike to fight such battles over again has led our generation to turn its eyes away from them.

But we cannot undo history. Faith will be feeble when it dare not be candid. We are constantly in want of the lesson which every period of the Church's progress ought to burn in upon our hearts as Catholics; I mean that the frailites of rulers, the haste and anger of controversialists, the scandals given by the well-meaning, and the disputes even of saints, do but leave Revelation unscathed. What we call the human element in religion is always to be reckoned with, and always to be discounted. In such delicate matters that historian shows his faith best who is frank, impartial and dispassionate. It is no mere compliment when we say that these volumes will be searched in vain for an unkind or a prejudiced sentence touching any of the names involved—all the evidence is given faithfully, and the summing up is couched in language not more lucid than it is good-tempered and just. It holds the balance even between Milner and his opponents, it is restrained in the difficult case of Joseph Berington. It adds no heat to the antagonist pleadings of Bishops and Regulars before the Holy See. It is charitable towards such trying personalities as Alexander Geddes and Courayer. It recognizes the edifying private lives of laymen whose attitude towards the prerogatives of the Pope was lamentably inconsistent with Catholic principles. And it brings into relief the saintly zeal, the perse-

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verance under obloquy and hard laws in keeping religion alive, the remarkable work done in preparing for the future by an oppressed and humble remnant, that distinguish the hundred and fifteen years which elapsed between the flight of James II and the Concordat with Napoleon.

There are two points of view from which we may regard this prospect—as English Catholics interested in a local and almost a family chronicle, or as students of the great world-movement where it has its place. A modest place, indeed; for, if the Church was losing influence all over Europe; if no genius of the first rank illustrates her annals after Fénelon died until Joseph de Maistre and Chateaubriand inaugurated a new era; if mediocrity set its stamp on Catholic literature and life as a whole, in England the causes of decline were far more active than elsewhere. An unparalleled chance had been given of recovering freedom and prosperity for the ancient faith when the Duke of York abjured the Thirty-nine Articles in 1669; but it proved the greatest of misfortunes. No calamity which has befallen us since the Reformation—not the Smithfield fires nor the Gunpowder Plot—dealt a heavier stroke at our religion than the blind and obstinate effort of James II to restore it by ruining the National Church, and by appropriating to Catholics the high places of the National Universities. We read the indictment which Macaulay has drawn up with incomparable force and lively colouring against James, and we lay it down feeling that some malignant power had infatuated his counsel. But for this dissolute, narrow-minded, harsh and incapable king, who united in himself the worst faults of the Bourbons and the Stuarts, Ireland would not have been conquered at the Boyne, neither would our forefathers have groaned under the tyrannical laws of William III, and what Burke has justly stigmatized as “the ferocious Acts of Anne.” This unhappy grandson of Henri Quatre had all his ancestor’s profligacy without any of his charm or his talent. In spite of the Holy See, which he compelled to take sides with the Prince of Orange by his own sub-

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servience to Louis XIV, James was bent on a casuistical interpretation of the Act of Supremacy such as to confirm Englishmen in their most deadly prejudices, to convince them that Catholics never would keep faith with heretics, and to rouse them into a fury not to be appeased by any submission on the part of those whom the King was professing to set free.

So once again, as in the days of Charles I, slavery and "Popery" were counted as synonymous terms. Ireland fell under another confiscation—the third in a century. The English recusants were frightened back into the catacombs of which the doors were watched by common informers, eager to win their wages by denouncing the priest who said Mass. From every position of dignity or emolument in public life the Catholic was excluded. He became an alien in his own country. He owed allegiance to a King in exile and needed direction in all that concerned his religious behaviour from the Roman See with which the law forbade correspondence. He was that deplorable thing, the inmate of a Ghetto, locked and barred from the world outside. Ambition, energy, enterprize, were not for him. He suffered in his estate by the double land-tax; in his character by forced withdrawal from Parliament, the magistracy, the Services; in his religion by the very means which he took to preserve it. He was doomed to extinction by the law; and, but for events which neither he nor his oppressors could have anticipated, he would now, in England, be extinct.

In 1773, when Alban Butler died, there were not, according to the estimate of Joseph Berington, sixty thousand Catholics in the whole country; and of these at least one in six came from an Irish stock. The number who conformed to the Establishment was great and growing among the old noble houses. Challoner, on a memorable occasion, prophesied the falling away of many more, but he added, "There will be a new people." His forecast was fulfilled; yet, in saying "a new people," the saintly bishop implied that the Penal Laws had done their work and that persecution by the tax-gatherer had

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succeeded better than persecution by the headsman. English Catholics, during Challoner's long tenure of office, dwindled in numbers and exerted no influence abroad or at home. They disappear from general history. They write no page in the national literature, unless we are willing to reckon Pope a Catholic writer, in spite of the Deism which infects his "Essay on Man." They had a few scientific names, of which Needham, Walmesley and Englefield deserve honourable mention. But we dare not compare any who figure in the volumes before us with their great contemporaries, with Voltaire, Locke, Swift, Montesquieu, Berkeley, Hume, Rousseau, Diderot. The forces which have created the world we live in belong to the eighteenth century; but none of them were orthodox, none Catholic. Yet from those unexpected sources are derived the freedom and by reaction against them the energy which enable us to speak of a Catholic Renaissance. Truly may we say with Virgil on a similar occasion,

"Via prima salutis,
Quod minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe."

Here is the genuine reason why men who do not look habitually beyond the French Revolution, except to trace its causes, take no interest in the small company of recusants huddled away among the back lanes of London, or cowering in fear within the walls of their ancient manor-houses at a distance from the Court. Here, too, is the tragedy of the situation. Catholics were not only defeated; their spirit was broken. Everywhere, indeed, the fierce reaction which filled Europe with wars and dissensions for one hundred and fifty years after the Council of Trent had come to an end. The last Pope that laid claim to the shadow of medieval rights over kings was Clement XI, who died in 1721. "Probably at no period since the days of Constantine," says Lecky, "was Catholicism so free from domineering and aggressive tendencies as during the Pontificates of Benedict XIV and his three successors." We understand what this language signifies; it is applicable, however, to the entire century in which

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Regalists and Gallicans scored their triumphs, the fall of the Society of Jesus being at once a token that the old Catholic system was to be overthrown, and a prelude to the revolution which led the Pope himself captive. But in all these vicissitudes of fortune English Catholics played no active part. There is hardly, in their writings, so far as I am acquainted with them, a line to indicate that they knew the drift, or measured the consequences, of what was passing before their eyes. They do not refute the Encyclopædists; they never meddle with Locke; they attempt no criticism of Voltaire; they are silent concerning Rousseau. All their writing is reminiscence, drawn from an earlier age and from authors whom they echo, from Bellarmine, Bossuet, and their own polemicists of the Elizabethan period. This it is which gives them so old-fashioned an air. In everything they are *Epigoni*, "the later seed of time"; and their formal style, neither idiomatic nor touched with any grace of imagination, does not atone for their want of original thought.

In general, we may say, they do not answer, for they did not realize, the problems which now agitate mankind. Their intellectual date is that of the controversy between the Holy See and the Reformed Churches, when none but Socinians doubted the Divinity of our Lord, when the Bible was an undisputed authority, and when atheists were burnt at the stake. Toleration was coming to be accepted as just in itself and the condition of public tranquillity. But the preachers of that doctrine were, as yet, mainly unbelieving philosophers or somewhat free-thinking Christians. In any case, these old-world Catholics have left for our instruction neither a system of first principles nor a code of political wisdom to which we may recur in our difficulties. Their past is not our present, and the stream of time will not roll us back to the shores on which they stood.

These observations appear to me well-founded; nevertheless, from another point of view they must be taken as not quite complete. Certainly we find in English Catholics after James II no suspicion that they were

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living at the end of an age, and no thought for a morrow such as dawned with the French Revolution in blood and fire. Bishop Walmesley, indeed, put forth a once famous work, *Pastorini on the Apocalypse*, which has flashes of insight; but it cannot be named with Burke's *Reflections* or the astonishing *Considérations sur la France* of De Maistre. But as their religion was the one vital element which survived in them, what they did on its behalf has borne fruit to this day. I am far from denying that their undeserved and inevitable limitations have left their mark on us. Of none of their works can we say that it displays transcendent genius. Inspiration was lacking to the most learned among them, and the art of literature, which they would not cultivate, has failed to give their writings that stamp of immortality which they never sought. What, then, did they accomplish? We may reply that they served as a chain to unite the Catholics of England for all future generations with the Church before the Reformation. And that, however imperfect their writings, judged by a literary standard to which they were altogether alien, they have given us books of prayer and meditation; a serviceable edition of the Holy Scriptures; accurate and earnest, if not picturesque, lives of the Saints; priceless memorials of our martyrs, in especial of our missionary priests; the *Imitation* in English, with many other spiritual treasures, such as the Catechism now used in our schools, St Augustine's *Confessions*, St Teresa's *Autobiography*, St Francis de Sales' *Introduction to a devout Life*; and a treatise almost worthy of Bossuet in *The End of Controversy*.

Thus they "builded better than they knew." And of this catalogue which is their fairest inheritance to after-times, we owe the largest part to Challoner. To Challoner, whom his own flock called "Venerable," and who reminds us in many ways of Bede, the other recluse, teacher, and meditative soul, as unworldly and spiritual-minded as the gentle Vicar Apostolic who shares with him this attractive title. To Challoner, whose long life of ninety years carries us from the downfall of King James to the Gordon

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Riots—during all which twilight of their faith Catholics walked in the Valley of Humiliation. To Challoner they looked up, and he guided them as a Saint, under thick clouds, in distress, in poverty of every sort, with a beautiful courage and a modesty only too perfect, for we know him rather by what he did than by what he was. Challoner is the English St Francis de Sales, fallen upon evil days, unconquerably mild, exquisite in consideration for others, but so reticent about himself that he remains hidden to his nearest friends and will not sit for his portrait to us. He gives, however, by this absolute reserve, the very form and pressure of the eighteenth-century Catholic, who in him is summed up and may hereafter be canonized.

Richard Challoner was born at Lewes on Michaelmas Day (Old Style), 1691. His father, after whom he was called, appears to have been a "rigid Dissenter," and belonged to the small trading class. His mother's name was Grace Willard. Milner could not say whether she was originally a Catholic or not. Her husband died while Richard was very young; and she took service at Firle, the seat of Sir John Gage, who then represented this well-known Catholic family. Here, perhaps, Mrs Challoner was reconciled to the Church, and her boy ceased to be a Protestant. Many years afterwards, Richard, now bishop-designate, was granted a dispensation by the Holy See, on the ground that his father had "lived and died in the Anglican heresy," and that he himself had been brought up in it until he was about thirteen. Before 1704 his mother entered a second Catholic establishment, apparently as housekeeper to Lady Anastasia Holman, at Warkworth Manor, two miles east of Banbury. Lady Anastasia was the daughter of Lord Stafford, who underwent martyrdom during the frenzy of the Popish Plot. Her husband, George Holman, died in 1698. He is described by Anthony à Wood as "a bigoted and melancholy convert," and in fact his "retired and stately home" was one of those country mansions where a priest could always find shelter, and Holy Mass went on in spite of the laws forbidding it.

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The chaplain at Warkworth happened to be John Gother. He, too, had submitted to the Church in early life. A student and superior at Lisbon College, sent back to England in 1682, this delicate, inconspicuous-looking man, with piercing dark eyes, had a valiant soul and wielded a pen not to be despised. Dryden admired it; and Macaulay would have done well to quote Gother's *Papist Misrepresented and Represented*, which ran through forty editions, instead of the grotesque apologies over which he makes merry as the only efforts of Popish writers to meet Anglican attacks on their faith under James II. Gother had been ousted from his chapel in Lime Street to make way for the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. He retired to Warkworth, led an exemplary life as writer and missionary, and trained up Challoner in his own principles, which wore the peculiar aspect of an austere gentleness, characteristic in their time. He it was that determined Richard's vocation to the priesthood and recommended him to Douay. But Gother died in 1704 on his way to Lisbon, where he had been appointed President. And Challoner arrived at Douay on July 31, 1705, being put on Bishop Leyburn's foundation.

There he continued, bating a short interval in 1717, until August, 1730. The College was now one hundred and thirty-six years old. It gave a university education, sound and classical as the system was, without mathematics or history. This plan of studies lingers yet in our Catholic schools, and the names of the classes recall an age when poetry, rhetoric, philosophy were exercises prescribed to growing lads, and when neatly turned Latin "compliments" were served up in honour of noble guests during dinner. Strongly Jacobite and sturdily English as was the spirit of Douay, we cannot be surprised if the influence of France made itself felt, not only in the manners but in the mode of thinking prevalent among these exiles from their native land. They were devoted to the Holy See and proud of the hundred and sixty martyrs who had laid down their lives in its defence. Yet, during the reign of suspicion which followed on the publication by Cle-

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ment XI, in 1705, of the Brief, *Vineam Domini*, they did not escape trial. Dr Hawarden, who left the College in 1707, was charged with teaching Jansenism. In October, 1709, under the severe Dr Paston, orders were despatched to the Vicars Apostolic from Rome, commanding them to remove the professors if they would not forfeit the Papal endowments. Who the accusers of their brethren were that advised these proceedings it is not now possible quite to determine. Dr Paston met them by denying the allegations altogether; the Pretender and the Duke of Berwick wrote on behalf of the College to the Roman authorities; and the enquiry which was held in November, 1711, by the Dean of Mechlin and another, at the Belgian Nuncio's direction, absolved superiors and students from all the charges brought against them. No suspected doctrine was taught; the professors were excellent and the discipline was exact. Among the "divines" who came before the commission, Challoner's name is found. Dr Hawarden's *Dictates*, or written lectures, had also undergone scrutiny, and they passed without censure. The topics dwelt upon seem to have included "the invocation of saints, devotion to our Ladye, frequent communion and indulgences," with, of course, the "propositions of Jansenius."

Other perils of a different kind beset the College, arising out of the political situation and the wars in which Englishmen were fighting on both sides. In 1710 Douay underwent a siege by the allied troops from April 22 until June 28, the French commander, Albergotti, defending his walls with the utmost skill and courage while Prussians, Danes, Saxons and Dutch assailed them. No records of the English College during this critical time have survived; but we know that most of the priests and alumni escaped in the early days of the blockade to Lille. Those who stayed behind were spectators at scenes of confusion and pillage, while a rain of shells descended on the town, the streets were in flames, and monasteries and churches fell in ruins under the ceaseless bombardment. Famine made itself felt; there was terrible slaughter at the Esquerchin Gate during the last assault; and, after losing 6,000 men

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out of the garrison of 8,000, Albergotti capitulated. He was allowed the honours of war which he had splendidly deserved. The Morel gate was thrown open; on June 28 the Dutch came in; and on July 3 Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough made their triumphal entrance. The England which was wedded to Protestantism and the Hanoverian succession had conquered Catholic Douay.

For two years the Dutch occupation lasted. Then Villars with his French appeared before the town in 1712, began the siege on the Feast of our Lady's Assumption, and entered on Christmas Day. The President had removed his whole community to Arras; but the College suffered much from shot and shell during those four months.

Dr Paston was not happy in his rule, which had extended over twenty-six years. Reserved and ungracious, he failed also in administration, and he left the house encumbered with a debt of forty thousand florins, while the number of students did not increase. Fortunately, his successor, Dr Witham, was altogether unlike him—a strong, sensible Yorkshireman, who cleared off most of the debt, rebuilt the College, and in a reign of twenty-three years brought studies and discipline up to a high-point of efficiency. Among the final measures of Dr Paston had been an official subscription, in which the entire staff joined, to the Bull *Unigenitus*, on July 16, 1714. The Pope sent a kind answer; and we hear no more of the attacks on the orthodoxy of the College. Unpleasant accusations, just as little founded as those which had impugned their theological opinions, were, indeed, brought forward by an Abbot Strickland in the year 1719, against the conduct of the house. But these also fell to the ground. In dealing with them Challoner was admitted by friends and enemies to be a most competent witness; and his vindication of Douay reflected equal credit on the cause and the champion.

Had this admirable priest and scholar taken another view of the bearing of literary gifts on the spiritual life, we might now possess a correspondence, unique in value, from his pen, giving us a picture of times so interesting to

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Catholics. Three hundred letters written by Challoner have been found. But they are official and impersonal; they tell us nothing directly of the man, nor do they ever attempt the portraits of others. We learn from the usual records that he became professor of philosophy in 1712, and was ordained priest by the Bishop of Tournai on March 28, 1716. Next year he spent a couple of months in England, probably on affairs connected with the unhappy Jacobite attempt of 1715. For the College was passionately loyal to the Stuarts; every week High Mass was sung for the conversion of Britain, and when the Pretender landed a *Te Deum* celebrated the great event. But now estates had been forfeited, and Challoner was, perhaps, sent over to do what he could towards saving a little from the fire.

In 1718 he became prefect of studies; he proceeded B.D. and L.D. the year after in the University of Douay; and his "thesis" led to a significant dispute between the English authorities and the French Rector. Challoner was in his general views a disciple of St Thomas. He never accepted the current Jesuit, or so-called Molinist position with regard to those deep and dangerous problems of grace which for two hundred years had been discussed, but had not been resolved, by contending Christians. Another large controversy turned on the respective rights of Pope and King, which was complicated with a third on the relation of the Holy See to General Councils. In 1682 the Four Articles had been thrust upon the Church in France by Louis XIV, and Gallicanism was made obligatory in all the seats of learning under Bourbon rule. But Challoner, who in certain of his features may recall Fénelon, was at one with him in upholding the Pope's infallibility. His thesis now declared that the doctrine was a part of St Thomas's teaching. That could not well be denied; but the Rector of the University was bound by the Four Articles, and he endeavoured to stop the disputation. The Bishop of Arras took sides with him and reproved Challoner. But the Chancellor of France would not interfere; the argument was held; and it remains a precious testimony to the genuine tradition which, as De

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Maistre has clearly shown, was always favourable to the high Papal doctrine among French ecclesiastics, and, in fact, it never died out.

In 1719 Dr Witham appointed Challoner as his Vice-President and professor of theology. He became spiritual director of the students, ministered to the Irish brigadiers who had their quarters in Douay, was a candidate for the University chair of Catechism, which he lost by a somewhat unfair decision; and took his Doctor's cap in 1727. Soon after he published *Think well on't*, a devout treatise which went through four editions in twenty years. In 1730 he resigned his offices, and with a brilliant reputation arrived in London, where he was to abide as missionary priest and bishop during more than half a century. He is described as being about five feet ten inches in height, of a fair complexion, mild in demeanour, and his portrait shows a sensitive cast of countenance, with large forehead and earnest eyes. On the whole there was in this man a still enthusiasm, which sought neither praise nor even recognition from the world, but its flame kindled into strong pleading with sinners when he preached or heard confessions. He was constant in prayer as a saint, abounding in alms-deeds, tender towards the poor, and little given to visiting, except on the call of duty, among the higher Catholics. He lived, says Milner, in poor and humble style, even when he became a prelate; and he spent forty years in lodgings without a house of his own. His daily rule was that of a recluse, a writer of good books, and a visitor to the sick, the imprisoned, the destitute. Recreation he had none; he took no part in public affairs; and to sum up, he was a striking example of the Stoic proverb, *Bene vixit qui bene latuit*.

The "hidden life"—that remarkable Catholic phrase—tells us how the persecuted remnant tried to escape those cruel laws which they could not get repealed, while the American Revolution was silently preparing, and French men of letters were undermining the Bourbon monarchy. When Challoner settled in London, Bonaventura Giffard, sometime "Popish" President of Magda-

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len College, Oxford, was Vicar Apostolic at the age of eighty-four. He had seen twelve popes come and go, had been consecrated himself in Whitehall, and by his favourite saying, "Moderata durant," gave his verdict on the ill-starred policy of James II. Bishop Petre, a man of high birth and colourless temperament, acted as his coadjutor. From 1690 to 1740, the year of Challoner's accession to the episcopate, there is almost a blank in our Church's history. Dr Burton sketches with a learned pen the condition of religion and of the London chapels as they existed in this stagnant period. Some twenty-five thousand Catholics, four-fifths of them dwelling in the capital, made up the Bishop's flock. No increase was registered for thirty, nay, for sixty years. Controversy, though of a subdued kind, was prosecuted occasionally; Challoner took it up against obscure Nonconformists, and had for a while, in 1737, to leave the country, owing to his sharp rejoinder on Middleton's celebrated *Letter from Rome*.

In this diatribe, which upheld the essential sameness of "Popery and Paganism," the writer, a free-thinking clergyman of the Church of England, had opened a discussion that was afterwards to branch out into archæology, folklore, and kindred subjects at that time undreamt of. Middleton possessed a style to which Milner ascribes "magic sweetness"; but he handled his theme polemically; and he called forth from Challoner a corresponding treatment. It was not hard to prove that Papal Rome taught Christianity, and that Pagan Rome did not. The enquiries which lay behind these truths were still wrapt in the future. But Middleton, exasperated by Challoner's ironical tone, invoked, as is said, the law against his opponent, who retired to Douay. There he was claimed by Dr Witham as a predestined successor to himself; but Bishop Petre took the alarm, and by threats of resignation prevailed on the Holy See to cancel that appointment. He begged that Challoner might be named his own coadjutor, prophesying that he would turn out to be "a burning and a shining light," greater than all that had gone before him. Delays hindered the new bishop's consecration until

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January 29, 1740. It was held in the convent chapel of Hammersmith; and an "Asiatic title," that of Debra or Debora *in partibus*, was bestowed on the suffragan who, from henceforth, governed the Vicariate. Bishop Giffard had passed away at the age of ninety in 1736; Bishop Challoner was destined to as long a life; and these two men bridge over the years when Catholicism, having reached almost its vanishing point, began a fresh career of progress.

Challoner set out on his first official visitation in 1741. The chapters in which Dr Burton leads us from one great Catholic house to another in the Bishop's footsteps offer us a map and an accompanying history, full of touching or romantic detail, but too copious for our present handling. They put to excellent use the Bishop's own note-books, and describe a state of almost feudal relations between the old families and their dependants which now appears strange to us. Names occur like Sutton Place, the seat of the Westons; Cowdray, the doomed house of Lord Montague; Burton Park, which belonged to the Gorings; West Grinstead of the Carylls; Arundel, at that time half dismantled; Slindon, where Cardinal Langton died; Tichborne and Twyford and Winchester, to be illustrated in after years by Milner and Lingard. This bare summary cannot yield the gracious impression made upon us when we follow Dr Burton's narrative, so lightly, yet so truly, coloured from these ancient manuscripts. Challoner also visited White Knights, where the learned Sir Henry Englefield resided; Fawley, the mansion of the Moores; Buckland, which had descended from the Yates to the Throckmortons, and which has only now passed out of Catholic hands; East Hendred, the home of the Eystons, famous for its chapel dating from the fourteenth century; as well as Calehill, associated with the Darells; Weston Underwood, for ever dear to the memory of the poet Cowper; and Ingatestone, the chief place of Lord Petre, who supported six missions in Essex.

On all these spots we might linger with affection and often with sadness, for the changes of time have swept

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away many Catholic congregations, and those which remain about the old centres appear to be dwindling. The Church in England advances upon fresh lines; and ancient names have been taken from it into the Establishment. Where are now the Gages, Shelleys, Mordaunts, Teynhams, Ropers, Gascoignes? Where the Giffards, Seftons, Swinburnes, not to dwell on other painful defections from which we have more recently suffered? Not without anguish of travail did religion in this country bring forth its "new people," nor without loss of the old.

We see in that transformation the beginning of a wider process, everywhere visible, by which the decaying members fall off and new vigorous branches are grafted upon the Catholic olive-tree. This great revolution, which has raised up a Church of the people where chaplains had served nobles and the squire dictated to the bishop, was not imaginable in Challoner's age unless to a prophetic vision, and then but dimly. One evil consequence of what may be termed Whiggism, or the rule of a few distinguished families over the faithful, was the curiously artificial, yet not enlightened, air to be observed in the writings, speech and behaviour of these secluded brethren. Joseph Berington describes the clergy in somewhat too unfavourable colours, as often wanting not only in erudition but in the courtesies of life; and it was hardly to be expected that they should possess a knowledge of the world from which they had been shut out. Their training at Douay was uniform and almost monastic; they received orders at the hands of foreign bishops; they were wretchedly poor; and although, thanks to their celibate condition, they were not exposed to the indignities which Macaulay has portrayed as the common lot of Anglican ministers, they had sometimes to undergo the slights and to bear the caprices of their secular lords. Among these, however, we find men of rare piety, open-handed, unworldly and edifying in all their relations. But an Erastian spirit was creeping in; the laity felt that they must act for themselves whenever the chance might be given; and it is remarkable that in 1778 they left the clergy out

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of their petition for a softening of the Penal Laws, and would admit no bishop to their deliberations, so far as they could help it.

Challoner's mild temper did not qualify him to play the part of a Hildebrand. He was always, like Bede, devoted to writing as the one chief instrument by which to inform his flock. That he created English Catholic literature has been asserted, and in a sense it is true. We admire the dauntless confidence which drove him upon attempting every work that wanted doing, however it might have taxed the resources of genius. He ranged, accordingly, far and wide, from the *Imitation of Christ*, which he translated in 1737, to the *History of the Old and New Testaments*, published by him in 1767. The name by which he lives (and his age has been summed up in it) is doubtless *The Garden of the Soul*. This book of prayers and instructions, dated 1739, no longer exists in its original shape. Becoming popular, it was repeatedly issued, altered to suit the times, and from the Birmingham edition of 1830 to the present day has undergone changes that leave it less and less resemblance to Challoner's design. He wished to give a scheme of the spiritual life, sober, complete and regular, founded mainly on the teaching of St Francis de Sales. "Solid and austere," the epithets by which Dr Burton hits off this cast of religion, are commendable words, but he is also justified in remarking that the "stately phrases" of prayers so deliberate may seem to a more expansive time not feeling enough to touch the spirit. Archbishop Ullathorne, who was brought up in Challoner's school, praised his achievements (at Sedgley Park in 1863) as resulting in "a literature marked with a depth of piety, a solidity of erudition, and a learning which went to the very best sources, and which he had couched in a language that was pre-eminently Saxon and English." But fashions change, especially in usages that lie outside the Liturgy. Our prayer books are innumerable, their contents varied, and the tendency to *bric-à-brac*, so widespread in every branch of art, has not spared the art of vernacular devotions. Challoner could not write in

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the twentieth century as he wrote in the middle of the eighteenth. The *Garden of the Soul* was modern then; it gave the essence of Catholic belief and practice in a manner suited to those for whom it was put together, and what more can we ask?

A far more delicate task was the revision which he undertook, *proprio Marte*, of the Douay Bible, extending over both Testaments. How long he was engaged upon it we do not know; the New Testament came out in 1749, the whole of the Scriptures in 1750, and three more editions in Challoner's life-time (1764-72-77). Between 1633 and 1730 there had not been a single issue, even of the New Testament, for the use of Catholics. We need not travel into the story of the Rheims and Douay versions; nor should we forget that Rheims contributed effectively towards the text of King James's revised New Testament. But the language of the Catholic translators, often designedly framed on its Latin model, was antiquated and obscure. It had never to come into popular employment; what hope was there of its winning readers in the prosaic and literal century which only suffered Shakespeare's inverted style, with tropes and metaphors woven into it, because he held the stage by force of intellect? Challoner brought to this vast undertaking a good knowledge of the classics, both Latin and Greek, but no Hebrew, and only the current views with regard to his native tongue. He, therefore, modernized expressions which seemed in his eyes obsolete or archaic; he cleared away some confusion; he removed undoubted blemishes; but he did not produce or indeed aim at a literary masterpiece. Had he dreamt of competing with the Authorized Version, its happy turns and sublime eloquence must have overpowered so daring an ambition. But, in fact, he borrowed from it or approached it, while abandoning the Douay readings to such an extent that, as Newman says of his labours on the Old Testament, "they issue in little short of a new translation." And again, "Challoner's version is even nearer to the Protestant than it is to the Douay; nearer, that is, not in grammatical structure, but in phraseology and

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diction." Moreover, "undoubtedly he has sacrificed force and vividness in some of his changes"; and, as regards the New Testament, it has been subjected by Challoner himself to a continual modification. The Old remains "almost verbatim as he left it."

This is not the place to pursue the ever-widening variations which befell our English Catholic Bible after it passed from Challoner's hands into the home and American markets. But we may draw some conclusions which appear to be worth stating. Had the revisor not been a bishop, it is unlikely that he would have ventured on so dangerous an enterprise, and he would scarcely have gained the *Imprimatur* without which his text could never have seen the light. But, although or because a bishop he was, the Vicar Apostolic made bold use when he deemed it expedient of the Authorized Anglican version. He was "reforming" the Douay, so that it should faithfully represent the Clementine Vulgate which was not in being in 1582, when the New Testament of Gregory Martin and his companions came forth. Nevertheless, he took as seemed desirable to him from an English text founded on the Hebrew or the Greek, and published by Royal, not Papal, authority. The outcome was a new recension. To conclude in the strong language of Cardinal Wiseman, "We cannot but regret that no one properly qualified and properly authorized has yet been found to undertake such corrections and improvements in our received version, as would finally settle its text, and save it from the repeated liberty which has been taken with it. To call it any longer the Douay or Rheims version is an abuse of terms. It has been altered and modified till scarce any verse remains as it was originally published; and so far as simplicity and energy of style are concerned, the changes are in general for the worse."

When will the great Cardinal's desire be acted upon?

Another work which has gained significance in later days, was the *Lives of Missionary Priests*, drawn with the help of the devout and learned Alban Butler from Douay documents. Challoner compiled a list of four hundred

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names, told the story from first-hand evidence, and has been proved accurate after searching trial. His conception of biography, and we may say as much of the venerated Butler, is not quite ours. The great things of life are to him spiritual, as they should be to us; but the little personal touches, the phrase or the gesture which reveal so much of a man, he passes over and marks for omission. Nevertheless, we cannot praise too highly this Golden Legend of our martyrs. It may be transformed to the modern style; in substance it will never fall out of date. When we add the *Britannia Sancta* and the efforts continually renewed by him to have the ancient English names inserted in the Church's yearly office, we shall be sensible how deeply Challoner was musing on the days of old, and how indefatigable in saving from the wreck its finest treasures. His *Meditations*, published in 1754, and long the daily reading of thousands, became a religious classic. The Catechism which he shaped from its Douay predecessor, as that was modelled on the work of St Peter Canisius and so goes back to the Council of Trent, is in the main still used by Catholic children all over the English-speaking world. These are achievements that none of our writers since the Reformation have equalled, if we consider their wide and lasting effects. In the region of letters they do not, perhaps, attain a very high rank; but as ecclesiastical guides and teachers they are followed by millions to whom literature is of small account or unknown.

And they were only a part of what Challoner did in a troubled, shifting scene. Those dull Hanoverian years, curiously enough, gave us the romance of the Stuarts, Prince Charlie and the '45, the tragic suppression of the Jesuits, the beginnings of religious freedom on both sides of the Atlantic. Challoner destroyed all papers which might bring danger to his flock in connexion with the Jacobite campaign of '45. But we know from Milner that in the very height of the rising he dissuaded his friends who were prepared to join it from going north. Catholics had been ordered to quit London by the Government;

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the prisons were crowded with them; but even when Black Friday brought the tidings of the Highlanders' arrival at Derby, and when Newcastle was hesitating whether he should proclaim James III, not one of the southern recusants would stir. A time of distress followed after Culloden. Even the chapels of the Ambassadors were closed. Catholic houses were invaded under pretence of searching for arms; "the storm," says Charles Butler, "was short, but it was very severe," and, while it lasted, Challoner "was the universal refuge." In theory a Jacobite, the Bishop continued to acknowledge the Pretender down even to 1759. But neither he nor English Catholics in general had ever accepted the pure doctrine of Legitimacy or of passive obedience as held in the Anglican Church. By the year 1776 Clement XIII had so completely abandoned the Stuarts, that he punished the Rectors of the English and Irish Colleges in Rome for having received the young Pretender with royal honours. The Cardinal Duke of York is called on his tomb Henry IX, but thirty years before he died Catholics in these countries had transferred their allegiance to George III as settled on the throne by Providence, and their lawful King. Had they acted on these principles (which would surely have been Sir Thomas More's, were he living at the time of the Revolution) when James II was overthrown, who could have blamed them? They preferred a more unfortunate but an heroic part. As under Charles I, so until the third and fourth generation of his descendants, they were loyal to a cause which proved their downfall. One cannot say much for the wisdom of their policy, but it left no stain on the sword of Sarsfield; it glorified the exile, the prison and the scaffold where they expiated their devotion to a lost cause. We honour but we need not imitate them.

And now a revolution was to be effected, so surprising and profound that even to this day most of us do not grasp its true meaning. Catholics had striven to keep the old political order intact. Much of it had fallen; the foundations were now assailed and all must come down. Jesuits and Puritans had put limits to the powers of

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royalty; the King was to forfeit his absolute sway and become Chief Magistrate of a free people. In one form or another the *Res Publica* was to be known as the basis even of monarchy. Toleration, or liberty of opinion, had been preached by Milton, Sydney and Locke; all had excluded Catholics from its benefits; but so halting a logic could not stand against the principles which were thus misapplied. The Liberal slowly disentangled himself from the Puritan. Neither Catholics nor High Church Anglicans would have rebelled against George III; but when "America shouted to liberty," as Flood expressed it, the whole world echoed with the cry. A formidable coalition hung on the skirts of England. Irish Catholic soldiers were admitted by stealth into the Army. In 1774 an Oath of Allegiance was carried through the Dublin Parliament which Catholics felt justified in taking; and the breach was made through which O'Connell would by and by drive Emancipation. But it was America, once Puritan, still largely Presbyterian, that shook to its base the mighty structure of intolerance. As for English Catholics, they lay prostrate, not daring even to approach the throne with such fulsome addresses as had gone up from the representatives of their brethren across the Irish Sea. In 1778 came the opportunity for which they had been long and silently waiting. And, as often happens, the hour before dawn was very dark.

A persecution, ignoble and obscure, lay heavy on Challoner's little flock from 1765 till the Catholic Relief Bill was introduced. Vile informers, of whom the chief was a certain Payne, tracked the clergy down, accused them before the magistrates, and succeeded in getting one priest, John Baptist Maloney, condemned to imprisonment for life. His offence, as stated in the indictment, was that he had said Mass and administered Holy Communion. Payne went on to indict Challoner himself, with four priests and a schoolmaster, all as amenable to the law which forbade their existence in England. He even bought the house in Lamb's Conduit Street where Challoner resided. The Bishop and his companions were admitted to

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bail; and as Payne had forged subpœnas against them he was terrified into dropping the prosecution. But he brought four others to trial at Westminster, who escaped only because Lord Mansfield insisted on proof of ordination, which the informer could not give. It appears that in so deciding Mansfield was supported by the entire Bench of Judges. No such proof had ever been exacted before. But times were changing. The last of these infamous charges was that which Payne alleged against Bishop James Talbot, Challoner's coadjutor and a most saintly man, who came up to be tried at the Old Bailey in February, 1771. The Bishop was acquitted, simply for want of evidence, although it is fair to add that both judge and jury were hostile to the informer. Men had begun to recognize iniquity in the laws which encouraged the basest of mankind to practise on some of the noblest their detestable passions of cruelty and greed.

Our venerable prelate had outlived his generation. He stood alone, deeply respected, an object of devotion alike to the impetuous Milner and the strong-minded Charles Butler, having passed without making an enemy through more than one critical moment. When the provoking question, a legacy from evil days, of the "faculties" enjoyed by the Religious Orders, was threatening to divide the clergy once more, Challoner's firmness and good sense had contributed much to the solution which Benedict XIV published in 1753. When, in 1762, the Society of Jesus underwent suppression in France, and their College of St Omer was handed over to the English secular clergy at Douay, Challoner foresaw the tempest which this proceeding would arouse, and he did not approve of it until compelled by circumstances. The secular clergy were not, indeed, to blame. They won the tacit approbation of the Holy See, if not something more; but behind this quarrel a long history stretched out, as far back as the founding of St Omer by that redoubtable Robert Parsons whose name was a signal for everlasting strife. The year 1773 rang with Clement XIV's decision to make an end of the great Company in his *Dominus et Redemptor*. The

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English province contained 120 Jesuits, who submitted immediately; but they were continued in their place under the same superior, Father Henry More, and without loss of property or of influence. The traditions of the Society were preserved by the "gentlemen of Liège," in Belgium; and were carried thence during a highly dramatic episode of the French Revolution to Stonyhurst. Challoner himself became the founder of one school at Standon Lordship, from which St Edmund's grew out, and of another in 1763 at Sedgley Park, transferred more than a century afterwards to St Wilfrid's, Cotton. Of this unpretending man it may be said that all his works have prospered. But he drew back in fear and trembling when the day of freedom broke. Its unknown but suspected perils daunted him, as though he had caught the sound of the Gordon Riots approaching to trouble his last hours.

After the Declaration of Independence in 1776, the American Congress had invited Catholics to settle in the United States, and had promised them religious liberty. What could the Government of England do? The oppressed had found a deliverer. Steps were taken by Ministers to recruit for the Army among the Scottish Highlanders, then largely Catholic. Dalrymple consulted Bishop Hay, and the Bishop demanded repeal of some, at least, of the persecuting laws. He gave Dalrymple an introduction to Challoner. But the aged prelate was unwilling to act with this politic ambassador. He addressed a letter in conjunction with Bishops Hay and Talbot to Lord Petre's committee, in which he demanded "a free toleration of religion in private, without any mention of particular grievances." Negotiations followed. Lord North, Lord Mansfield, Lord Rockingham and even Lord Shelburne were favourable to measures of indulgence. Edmund Burke drew up an address to the throne, exceedingly humble, but marked with his royal phrasing beyond the common of such petitions, and the King received it graciously. A draft of the Catholic Oath was made out by Charles Butler and submitted to Chal-

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loner, who modified some of its terms, as Milner tells us. The Relief Bill was brought in on May 14, 1778, by Sir George Savile and seconded by the great lawyer, Dunning; it passed its third reading on May 20, went through the House of Lords without a division, and on June 3 received the royal assent.

Then the Nonconformist hatred of Popery sounded the alarm. It is sad to think of Wesley in his old age defending the new "Protestant Association" in language that provoked the rabble, even while it deprecated violence. Riots broke out in Edinburgh and other Scottish towns in 1779. Bishop Hay saw his own chapel burning, and heard the wish expressed that he might himself be thrown into the fire. The historian, Robertson, was threatened with death as favouring the Act of Repeal. "The mob of Edinburgh," said Wilkes, "had set an example to that of London." It sent Lord George Gordon to lead the movement; and on Guy Fawkes' day the Association put forth its appeal. The agitation went on increasing all the winter and spring, until by the end of May, 1780, everything was ready for action—the monstrous petition, the meetings of thousands, the call to disorder while King and Parliament looked on. In bright sunshine, on Friday, June 2, the Protestant army marched from St George's Fields to the House of Commons; and a week of rioting began, such as the metropolis had never witnessed since Jack Cade struck his sword on London Stone.

That amazing tragi-comedy, not surpassed in the Revolutions of Paris, had its Hogarth-like features which appealed to a great modern humourist by their mingled terror, ferocity, and lurid splendour. In *Barnaby Rudge* the story of the Gordon Riots is told once for all. It may be illustrated from the letters of Horace Walpole, and Dr Burton has quoted from the diary of a zealous Catholic gentleman how Challoner escaped the shameful death which the mob was preparing for him, had he fallen into their hands. It is a touching narrative. Dickens might have added to the pathos for which he drew upon his imagination, if Mawhood's description of the Bishop's

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heroic gentleness during that fearful time had been known when he was writing his romance. All we can say now is that the mild figure of our confessor stands encircled with a halo, as the curtain falls on London given over to fire and fury, with its burning Newgate and its shrieking rabble. A handful of criminals, mostly young lads, became masters of the largest city in Europe and went nigh laying it in ashes, thanks to the spirit of intolerance which could not endure that the despised and all but extinct Catholic Church should enjoy freedom under just laws. Wesley saw that Church rising once more from its tomb; he pointed to "the amazing growth of Popery," as already beginning; and his words have thus far come true.

Challoner, stricken in years, overpowered by the sight of ruined chapels and destitute people, died on January 12, 1781. He lies buried at Milton in Berkshire; and the immense changes that have arisen out of those two revolutions, the American and the French, might seem to have obliterated his name from the popular memory. At length he emerges, almost from oblivion, by the labour not unworthily spent on records of a period the least attractive in English Catholic annals, but not the least important. Challoner, we shall be more and more convinced, shows its true qualities in the fairest light. He remains a hidden saint (let us call him one under correction), a saint whose poor home was a cloister, and who desired no remembrance except by his writings for the public good. These have passed into circulation by their own merits; they are common property and every one handles them as he will. They make no pretension to the charm which, in St Augustine's *Confessions*, or in Newman's *Apologia*, transmutes personal traits and intimate experiences to an argument for religion. They address the individual soul, but as a voice in the air, as the tradition of ages, and as elementary, because they are universal. We might even call them anonymous, for what difference on the title-page does Challoner's name make, added or omitted?

This passion for effacement came to him from the school of St Sulpice, from M. Olier, Father Eudes, St Vincent de

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Paul, whose life Challoner could not read without tears, from the early Benedictines and the Fathers of the Desert. It is most unlike the genial observant humour which bids a man act on the saying, *Nil humanum a me alienum puto*, and which has given us Dantean pilgrimages, Catholic painting, medieval architecture—a civilization touching every fibre of the heart, austere by selection rather than by total refusal of what Nature may bring. But we are living no more in a cloistered age, and the future of English Catholics will probably engage them in the world to an extent never equalled hitherto. By expansion, adaptation, employment of all the resources now open to them, must be carried forward the great Restoration on which they are bent. In such a time it is well that another type, embodied in men like Challoner, should remind us of the “still enthusiasm” we may be a little apt to disdain. If we can do half as much for the coming generation as he did for his own, we may rest content. Shall we bequeath to them a Bible adapted to their reading, a Catechism plain and full, a library of meditations, of the Lives of the Saints, of Church History and spiritual treatises, such as this one man gave to his people? It is devoutly to be wished, and Challoner has shown us the way.

WILLIAM BARRY

THE ETHICS OF STRONG LANGUAGE

IT is a fairly obvious remark that the effectiveness of strong words in controversy largely depends on the habitual language of the person who uses it. Strong language, like strong drink, loses much of its effect if it is used constantly. It may continue to have a pleasant stimulating quality, but it ceases to have power or to be convincing. A strength of expression which in a discussion between Frenchmen only gives animation, would in England savour of aggression. Epithets, habitual and harmless in a speech from M. Clémenceau, would come with crushing force from one so slow to anger, so accustomed to weigh his words, as the late Duke of Devonshire. When Schopenhauer wanted to discredit Hegel's philosophy he might have done it some damage by measured and careful criticism. But when he wrote that Hegel had "reached the lowest depths of degradation," that he had turned "Philosophy, the daughter of reason, into an instrument of obscurantism and Protestant Jesuitism"; when he characterized Hegel's actual writing as "the emptiest verbiage and most senseless hodge-podge ever heard out of Bedlam,"* people simply smiled at the *odium philosophicum* and the manners of German Professors. Again, with some writers, as Ruskin and Carlyle, strong words are an habitual *sauce piquante*. With others they are at most symbols, not intended to convey more than a fraction of their meaning in the dictionaries. When Dr Johnson said that the devil was the first Whig, he only reminded his hearers that he did not believe in the Whigs. Mr Chesterton's strong language needs the same key to its interpretation, and need not be taken as signifying that he is constantly distraught by deep emotion.

Strong language, on the other hand, in the mouth of one who uses it very rarely, and then very deliberately,

* *Die beide Grund-Probleme der Ethik*, 1841, p. 84.

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or who seldom speaks at all, is a weapon of great force. Mr Plimsoll—an almost “silent” member—electrified the House of Commons on a famous occasion, some thirty years ago, by a few vehement words used under deep emotion. A classical instance of the effect of strong language used by one who rarely employs it, was the controversy of fifty-five years ago between John Henry Newman and Charles Kingsley, which culminated in the *Apologia*. The vehemence of Newman’s indignant expressions moved all England. They contributed quite as much to his victory as his wit and brilliancy in the debate. People quoted with glee and satisfaction his apostrophe, “fly away into space, Mr Kingsley.” Every one read with sympathy the angry exposition of the unfair methods of “my accuser,” who not only preferred against him, with little or no tangible evidence, every conceivable charge of duplicity and superstition, but “poisoned the wells” of public opinion, discounting beforehand any reply Newman might make as sure to be untrustworthy. The curt and rude retorts in Newman’s *Appendix*, in which each charge was treated as a “blot” to be wiped away, created in most quarters the feeling that, even if Newman’s anger was excessive, Kingsley had brought the chastisement on himself by a most unfair and unprovoked attack.

One interesting fact transpired years later—that the indignation which had carried every one with it at the time, did not really represent a deep personal feeling. Newman thought that indignation was thoroughly merited, but the strength of his words was deliberately designed to convince the public. It was not the spontaneous overflow of irresistible anger. It was no case like Mr Plimsoll’s of being carried away by a torrent of emotion. Newman has left this fact on record in a letter to the late Sir William Cope. Experience had taught him, he said, that on some occasions nothing but strong language can convince the public, therefore he used words denoting an anger which he did not feel.

“I never” (he wrote), “from the first have felt any

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anger towards Mr Kingsley. As I said in the first pages of my *Apologia*, it is very difficult to be angry with a man one has never seen. A casual reader would think my language denoted anger; but it did not. I have ever felt from experience that no one would believe me in earnest if I spoke calmly. When again and again I denied the repeated report that I was on the point of coming back to the Church of England, I have uniformly found that, if I simply denied it, this only made newspapers repeat the report more confidently; but if I said something sharp, they abused me for scurrility against the Church I had left, but they believed me. Rightly or wrongly, this was the reason why I felt it would not do to be tame and not to show indignation at Mr Kingsley's charges. Within the last few years I have been obliged to adopt a similar course towards those who said I could not receive the Vatican decrees. I sent a sharp letter to the *Guardian*, and, of course, the *Guardian* called me names, but it believed me and did not allow the offence of its correspondent to be repeated."

The political world has been a good deal amused and excited within the last few months by a duel in high quarters in which some very strong language was used, between the Lord Advocate for Scotland and the Leader of the Opposition. And as the interest of the incident is wholly psychological, the DUBLIN REVIEW may discuss it without departing from its custom of taking no side in party politics. The words used on either side are too recent to need full recapitulation. Mr Ure declared in more than one public speech that the old age pensioners had good grounds for alarm lest their pensions would not be continued under a Unionist Government. Mr Balfour indignantly denied the insinuation, and said that the Unionists could no more repudiate such an obligation than they could repudiate the national debt. Mr Ure, in spite of this denial, again repeated his statement. Then Mr Balfour came down on the Scotch lawyer with the tremendous and scathing denunciation which has been so much canvassed—accused him of telling a "frigid and

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calculated lie," and intimated that he had disgraced his position, his country, and his upbringing. The Lord Advocate naturally did not like Mr Balfour's remarks. He replied that he had only meant by his speeches that such a scheme of Tariff Reform as the Unionists were likely to pass would not yield enough money for the pensions. He proceeded to intimate that in other days and under other manners he would have called Mr Balfour out for the language he had used.

As to Mr Ure's explanation, its identification of a falsehood which might have irreparable consequences with a harmless and unconvincing argument was exhibited by *Punch* in its true colours in the following extremely happy paragraph:

We understand that an admirer of Mr Ure, having reiterated the statement that, if the Unionists were returned at the polls, they would abolish the system of Bank Holidays, now desires to offer an explanation. It seems he simply meant that he could not see how a Ministry which promised so much employment for the country could afford to allow those days to remain idle.

Mr Balfour declined to withdraw his remarks or to admit that an attempt to frighten the pensioners and gain their votes could be plausibly identified with an attack on the sufficiency of a scheme of Tariff Reform to supply all the finances which the country needed, coupled with the suggestion that the old age pensions would probably be the particular debt which a Unionist Government would be unable to pay.

These two instances of strong language present some remarkable points of similarity, although the political one was, of course, far slighter and less important than the other.

In the first place, neither Mr Kingsley nor Mr Ure knew how to make an apology. Mr Kingsley had, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, instanced John Henry Newman as one who admitted that "Truth for its own sake was no virtue according to the Roman clergy." Here was a grave charge, which he absolutely failed to justify by citing any words of Newman's at all. He ascribed the view

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to Newman as an inference from his sermon of 1844 on "Wisdom and Innocence," but when challenged he could not even allege that there were any words in the sermon expressing the opinion in question. Yet he could not bring himself to own that he had made a charge which he could not substantiate. He took refuge in explanations which ignored the real grievance against him.

In his proposed apology he said that he was glad to find Dr Newman had not meant by his words what he (Kingsley) had supposed—the real point being that he had cited no words at all. He added that no one understood the meaning of words better than Dr Newman, and that he was glad to find Newman "on the side of truth in this or in any other matter." The correspondence which ensued showed the same shuffling habit, the same incapacity simply to withdraw what had been said hastily, falsely and unfairly.

So, too, the Lord Advocate, even before his encounter with Mr Balfour, had signalized himself as a man who did not know how to make an apology. He had supported a political argument by figures giving the amount received by the Duke of Buccleuch in compensation for damage to property, which proved to be preposterously wrong. Convicted of this, he declined to apologize. He said that his attack was not on the Duke but on a system, and that the true facts of the case supported his argument as well as the falsehood. This explanation was nearly as surprising as the identification already referred to of a play on the fears of old-age pensioners with a criticism of the probable yield of tariff reform. But anyhow it was clear that his false statement in a matter of fact called in the first instance for an apology. Suppose that I say, "it is monstrous that the Bishop of Barchester should receive £30,000 a year when he does so little to earn it. I do not blame the man for taking what they give him, but he makes a most unfair profit." If the Bishop points out that he receives only £3,000 a year, I obviously owe him an apology, though I had attacked the Bishop rather than the man. After his apology had been made

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Mr Ure could, if he pleased, have gone on to maintain that the true facts were as useful to him as the invented ones. But he had first to apologize for making the invention. Not to do so was not to observe the rules of the game in public life. The incident made quite clear a peculiarity in Mr Ure's way of looking at things and of acting—a psychological idiosyncrasy. It is probable that the Buccleuch incident was generally felt to throw light on the pensions incident, and perhaps the remembrance of the former redoubled the strength of Mr Balfour's blow, for he evidently had to force into a straight position something very habitually crooked.

And while neither Mr Kingsley nor Mr Ure knew how to make an apology, Mr Balfour, like Newman, was known to be in the habit of carefully measuring his language and weighing his words. This gave his denunciation very special influence and effectiveness. Like the Captain of the *Pinafore* Mr Balfour is a man who "never uses a big, big D"; or if not "never," at least "hardly ever." Things must have been very bad, it was felt, to draw such strong language from *him*. He consequently in an instant carried with him a large body of opinion—where a man more readily and frequently provoked to anger might simply have been criticized for losing his temper and being abusive.

Newman, in the first instance, showed up the shuffling of his antagonist by a brilliant and witty summary of their correspondence. The anger and the strong language were reserved for a later stage—the publication of the *Apologia* itself. This first sally is so generally forgotten that I may be allowed to reproduce it.

Mr Kingsley begins then by exclaiming: "Oh, the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it! There's Father Newman, to wit; one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He a priest, writing of priests, tells us that lying is never any harm." I interpose: "You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where." Mr Kingsley replies: "You said it, reverend

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sir, in a sermon which you preached when a Protestant, as vicar of St Mary's, and published in 1844, and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you." I make answer: "Oh . . . *not*, it seems, as a priest speaking of priests; but let us have the passage." Mr Kingsley relaxes: "Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice—greatly rejoice—to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said." I rejoin: "*Mean* it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic!" Mr Kingsley replies: "I waive that point." I object: "Is it possible? What? Waive the main question? I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me—direct, distinct, public; you are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly, or to own you can't!" "Well," says Mr Kingsley, "if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it—I really will." "My *word*!" I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my *word* that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a professor of lying that he does not lie! But Mr Kingsley reassures me. "We are both gentlemen," he says, "I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another." I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all it is not I, but it is Mr Kingsley who did not mean what he said *Habemus confidentem reum*. So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott. "I left Baby Charles, and Steenie laying his duty before him," says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno; "Oh, Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence."

Kingsley was furious at Newman's skit and replied in his memorable pamphlet entitled, "What then does Dr Newman mean?" in which he reiterated his original charges and a dozen fresh ones as well. It was here that he suggested (as I have already said) that as Newman was untruthful on principle, no reply he might make could be trusted, for it would probably be conducted on the principles of those masters of equivocation Liguori and Scavini.

Then followed the thunderclap of the original *Apologia*, with the vehement, indignant and scornful pages which its author never republished in later editions.

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There were people who said that Newman's language had been too strong; that Kingsley was indeed wrong but had not merited such severe expressions. But this criticism missed the real point. What really mattered was to deal successfully with public opinion. That some people should call him unmannerly or touchy Newman cared comparatively little, provided he were successful. He meant to strike with so great a force of indignation that no one should ever again say with Kingsley that his career had been tainted by inaccuracy and duplicity. Had he not struck hard enough to kill completely the dangerous calumny which, if not killed, would grow up again from any living root he left to it, his work was vain. That he should have struck, if it so proved, harder than was necessary for his purpose mattered very little. To have struck not hard enough would have been fatal.

The case is, I believe, somewhat similar in the recent political duel. While at first it was generally said "to draw such strong words from Mr Balfour was to have deserved them," I think that this opinion was in some quarters afterwards modified as the matter was more fully discussed. Mr Ure, like anyone else, had his friends who were indignant. His record was good, his character high. After all, it was said, party politics is on both sides to some extent a game. If he went a little too far in his special pleading against the Unionists, if he exceeded the exaggerations allowed on all hands and used equally by both sides, it was preposterous to speak of a "frigid and calculated lie," and of his disgracing his country and his upbringing. "No, no!" people began to say, "Mr Balfour has gone too far. Perhaps it was due to the tension wrought by an exceptionally long session. Both men had better get a holiday. The idea that, because the leader of the Opposition is generally courteous, he may on occasion break all rules of courtesy and by doing so can prove that he is right, is not to be entertained. He has made a mistake in accusing an opponent of a deliberate lie. The Prime Minister very rightly took him to task for it in the House of Commons." This is a view

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of the case which eventually, at least, divided the honours, though many still remained unreservedly on the side of Mr Balfour.

But the above criticism wholly fails to take in the *raison d'être* of Mr Balfour's action, its primary object, and the test by which it must be justified. I use the word "action" advisedly; for he was in reality, like Newman, striking a blow to avert a very practical danger. Mr Balfour said afterwards—and it added another feature to the Kingsley-Newman parallel—that he had no personal feeling against Mr Ure. He probably cared nothing about Mr Ure. But he cared a great deal about pensioners and their friends. It might be only a slowness of perception in Mr Ure, a thickness of skin, that prevented his seeing that he was going beyond the exaggerations which are permissible in attacking the opposite political party to his own. What did that matter? The effect on the pensioners was the same, and that was the thing that signified. It was, as Mr Balfour said in the House of Commons on November 3, the playing on the groundless fears of the pensioners and thus gaining their votes, which was really hitting below the belt.

Anyone with experience in managing public opinion knows that when once an idea becomes fixed in the people's minds no amount of argument can eradicate it. A prompt, decisive, and irresistible blow had to be struck in time to prevent Mr Ure from going on with his poisoning operations on the public mind until it was too late to stop the fatal results. To adjust the blow carefully to Mr Ure's personal deserts—to define exactly the degree to which he was morally guilty and the degree to which a thick skin and want of fine perception were the cause of his offence was of secondary importance. Mr Balfour had to strike at once and decisively. He treated Mr Ure's words as having that character which they would have in a normal man with a normal skin and normal perceptions. The Lord Advocate had spoken of fears as well grounded which all the world knew had no grounds at all. If his peculiar mind considered that this obvious

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untruth could be proved by a subtle argument Mr Balfour was not going to weaken the effect of his blow by any subtle reply. Moreover, a blow which required to be instantaneous did not allow of the delay necessary either for argument or for a psychological inquiry into Mr Ure's peculiarities. He had to strike at once and as hard as possible. He had to arouse universal attention by the shock his words administered. He must so speak that never again would the electorate for a moment doubt that their pensions were safe. What did it matter if some people said that he had gone too far, that he had broken the laws of good manners. Who hesitates to jostle his fellow passengers and to jostle them very roughly and rudely if he cannot without doing so save a boat from capsizing? If the success of a blow is a matter of life and death the one essential point is that it should be sufficiently hard and decisive. That it makes an unpleasant noise, that you do not look graceful as you strike it, that it turns out even (if so be) that a somewhat less forcible blow would have done the job as well—these are matters of little moment. Mr Balfour meant to stop a calumny at once, everywhere, and for ever. He moved the whole country and his work was thus accomplished. Criticisms which fail to see his main object are simply beside the mark.

One consideration already touched on incidentally calls for a word more. It may be said that strong language may be all very well as a means of managing public opinion, but that if it amounts to calumny no object, however important, can justify it. "A frigid calculated lie" is what Mr Ure's friends regard him as incapable of. Such words were excessive and ought not to have been used however unfair Mr Ure's methods had been. I think that here Mr Balfour's point of view was again much the same as Newman's. Newman expressly said that he did not think Kingsley could help his unfair view of his opponent; that he believed Kingsley to be a good illustration of one of the very sayings of Newman's own, to which Kingsley objected—that with certain defective

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minds a lie is the nearest approach to the truth which is possible. Kingsley was, he held, by his mental limitations incapable of taking a truer view of his opponent than he had taken. "He has done his worst towards me" (he wrote) "but he has also done his best." But the fact that ingrained prejudices and a certain coarseness of grain and narrowness of view were in the man himself the cause of his utterances and palliated their guilt, did not alter the other fact that they were objectively slanderous, unjust, unstraightforward in the highest degree. They had to be publicly dealt with as what they were objectively, in themselves and in the public eye. If Mr Kingsley's prejudices made him see things crooked his opponent could not treat those things as corresponding in reality to what he saw. On the contrary, his prejudices must be ruthlessly shown up. A shock was necessary to bring home to him how monstrous in other eyes were views he allowed himself to regard as obvious. Newman's language was for the public and must treat the charges as what they were in the public eye. Palliating idiosyncrasies in the man who made them were not public property at all.

And so, too, when in an electioneering speech a man places before credulous voters as urgent, fears which all the world knows to be unfounded, his public opponent has no call to weaken his case by allowing for the personal inconsistencies to which friends testify as palliating in the man himself the guilt involved in the offence. A pertinacious slowness of mind, an entire lack of delicate perception in such matters may prevent an unmistakable untruth from having the quality usually ascribed to a conscious lie. But what has a public opponent or a public audience to do with this? The only way to prevent such personal moral eccentricities from corrupting the standard of public life is to be relentlessly severe with them. Therefore Newman and Mr Balfour alike used the language which their opponents' unfair words and shuffling conduct objectively merited. Newman, as we have seen, was ready enough to believe that a thick skin and an ingrained prejudice were answerable for much.

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When his strong words had done their work in killing Kingsley's slander he omitted them from further editions of his book. But he did not retract them. And I think that Mr Balfour's remarks in the House of Commons evinced a similar attitude. The words he had used were, he held, deserved by the objective character of Mr Ure's proceedings. He could not unsay them. They were necessary lest Mr Ure's performances might result in the general belief of a most dangerous untruth. Personal judgement beyond the limits of these public objective facts he gave none. Personal feeling he directly disclaimed. Had his words been printed in a book as Newman's were, he would have probably omitted to reprint them after their necessity to stop a dangerous evil was past.

WILFRID WARD

UNEMPLOYMENT AND ITS REMEDIES

Unemployment, a Problem of Industry. By W. H. Beveridge.
Longmans, Green & Co., pp. 317. 1909.

Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws and Relief of
Distress; pp. 1237. 1909.

Boy and Girl Labour. By N. Adler and R. H. Tawney. Women's
Industrial Council, 7 John Street, Adelphi; pp. 18. 1d. 1909.

THE problem of Poor Law administration presents itself in a two-fold aspect: there are the persons who enter the workhouse through destitution alone, and the persons who enter it through destitution caused or intensified by age, sickness or physical infirmity. In other words there are those who might and should be employed, and there are the unemployable, usually referred to in Poor Law parlance as the non-able-bodied. Sad as their lot is they offer a comparatively simple problem to local administration. The sick must be nursed and the children educated in accordance with the best available methods. The aged, thanks to Old Age Pensions, will be an ever-decreasing burden on the rates. The many classes of afflicted persons—the crippled, the epileptic, the blind, the feeble-minded—who crowd the wards of the general mixed workhouse, have already in some measure in the past been provided for in special institutions suited to their needs, and will admittedly have to be so provided for to a much greater extent in the future. The expense will necessarily be considerable, but in principle no one protests against contributing towards the support of those who really cannot support themselves.

The true crux of Poor Law administration concerns the able-bodied: i.e., that portion of England's army of healthy unemployed that applies for assistance to the relieving-officer. In regard to their treatment we are agreed in principle as little as in practice; it is in respect of them that the Majority and the Minority Reports

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of the Royal Commission are at sharpest issue. The evils of a slack or bountiful administration have been amply demonstrated in the past. On the other hand the futility of mere severity has at length come to be recognized by all serious students. No one would expect to reduce the prevalence of a fever epidemic by drastic treatment of those who took advantage of hospital accommodation. All that would ensue would be a diminution in the number of patients presenting themselves for treatment. The disease would run its course unchecked. So it is with the social disease of unemployment, which in its causes and its fluctuations remains wholly unaffected by deterrent disciplinary measures within the workhouse. The first lesson that Poor Law Guardians have to learn is that the presence of a number of able-bodied men in any workhouse cannot be successfully dealt with as a temporary and inconvenient circumstance, but must be accepted as evidence of a deep-seated national evil which will need to be scientifically diagnosed ere we can even hope to inaugurate a course of regenerative treatment.

Happily, although we are far indeed from having arrived at any generally accepted solution of the problem of unemployment, the ground has been cleared during the last few years of various popular fallacies concerning it, and we have at our disposal a body of facts on which it ought to be possible to build some solid edifice of reform. The moment, owing to three circumstances, is at least favourable for fruitful discussion. We are, in the first place, in possession of the invaluable mass of evidence tabulated by the Royal Commission on the Poor Law together with two rival Reports as to the conclusions to be drawn from it. Then we have instructive statistics and a considerable amount of very varied experience supplied by the working, since 1905, of the Unemployed Workmen Act, and of the Statutory Distress Committees, first called into existence by Mr Walter Long. Finally, in Mr Beveridge's *Unemployment, a Problem of Industry*, a book published but a few months since, we have, for the first time, a full and scientific treatment of the whole sub-

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ject of unemployment—its causes, its effects, its probable remedies—a book that for the moment holds the field both by the lucidity of its exposition and the logic of its arguments. What is now needed is that the essence of the conclusions arrived at by these various authorities should penetrate into the public mind and prepare the way for some statesmanlike scheme of social reform.

The first thing made plain to us by a study of these various authorities is that in the last few years many remedies for unemployment have been tried, and that none has proved efficacious. "Anarchy and confusion," in the opinion of the Minority Commissioners, reigns to-day throughout the whole realm of relief, and public and private efforts have resulted only in "a minimum of prevention and cure," and in much "far-reaching demoralisation of character" (Minority Report, p. 999). That the Poor Law itself fails to supply a remedy requires no reiteration here; it is condemned root and branch, both by Mr Beveridge and by the Majority and Minority Reports.

"In the whole of the evidence we took we are not aware of a single witness who urged that the present Poor Law as it now stands and is generally administered, is adequate to deal with the problems of distress due to unemployment" (Majority Report, p. 366). Indeed every experiment of recent years has been a tacit condemnation of Poor Law methods. Unhappily, voluntary charity has been as little successful as rate aid. It is true something may be said even on the economic side for permanent organizations, such as the Church and Salvation Armies, which have bravely carried on their work of rescue and reformation under extremely unfavourable conditions; nothing at all can be said in defence of those spasmodic attempts to deal with recurrent distress known as Emergency Funds. Speaking of the Mansion House Fund of 1885, Mr Beveridge declares: "There are men still living among the unemployed of to-day who can recall with regret those golden days" (p. 158). Press funds would appear to be notorious for laxity of management and to present in

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an acute form all the established evils of "sporadic and unorganized charity" (Majority Report, p. 373). The present writer has had personal experience of the demoralization produced in 1908 among the hop-pickers of Kent by the well-meant endeavour of a certain newspaper to provide them with boots. Thousands of pairs of boots were literally scrambled for by tens of thousands of hoppers, and the anger aroused among the disappointed far exceeded the gratitude of the successful applicants. Even in the following season mission-workers were met on every side with pathetic tales of destitution which invariably led up to the one word "boots." Again, few persons will venture to propose municipal relief works after studying the accounts of recent experiments in that direction, save, perhaps, as a temporary and regrettable necessity. Since the issue of Mr Chamberlain's epoch-making circular of 1886, a circular which has been re-issued from time to time by the Local Government Board, many municipal authorities have made genuine efforts to lessen destitution and save deserving families from the workhouse by providing relief works in time of seasonal distress. These have been carried out in accordance with a variety of schemes and all without exception have developed in practice serious and unforeseen drawbacks. The Special Investigators of the Royal Commission pronounce municipal relief works to be "a complete failure," and "economically useless" (p. 383). The Minority Report asserts that "work at wages provided by Local Authorities . . . creates, sooner or later, as much unemployment as it relieves" (p. 1130). Mr Beveridge summarizes the prevailing features of relief work; the real danger of its developing into a permanent institution, the impossibility of insisting on any decent standard of competence, the difficulty of finding suitable schemes of labour and the irresistible tendency to discard one by one all those "necessary" conditions laid down in the original instructions (pp. 154-7). He, too, is unhesitating as to the insufficiency of the remedy.

When, however, we reach the consideration of the

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Unemployed Workmen Act of 1905, the latest official effort to cope with the problem, a slight divergence of views becomes apparent.

The aim of the Act was less to inaugurate a new policy than to improve and systematize previous efforts. It was hoped that by setting up a permanent framework of Distress Committees all over the country, with a Central (Unemployed) body for London, the evils of hasty and ill-considered schemes would be materially lessened and charity guided into useful channels. Relief work was to be granted with greater discrimination and was to last longer, and an important feature was to be made of registration of the unemployed. For this purpose elaborate record papers were prepared and issued. The Act has now been in operation for four years and besides providing what has been unquestionably a small proportion of the registered applicants with temporary employment it has successfully emigrated a number of selected families to Canada, and by means of the Hollesley Bay Farm Colony has made an instructive attempt towards getting suitable men "back to the land."

From the first the Committees have carried out their duties under a perpetual stream of criticism which finds emphatic expression in the authorities before us. The signatories of the Majority Report demand the repeal of the Act in drastic terms. The Act, they say, "was started under impossible conditions," and "has mainly resulted in the wholesale and periodic relief of casual or chronically under-employed labourers under non-deterrent conditions." Hence, although they admit that the committees "have accomplished experimental work of great value with regard to emigration, labour colonies and labour exchanges," they conclude that "the unsuccessful methods of the Distress committees are in our opinion so harmful that we feel it to be in the interests of the State that they should be discontinued" (p. 394). It must be borne in mind, however, that the Commissioners have their own elaborate scheme of Public Assistance Committees to bring forward, and are naturally anxious to clear the ground of rival authorities.

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The Minority Commissioners approach the subject from a very different standpoint. They lament the inadequacy of the relief offered, and admit that the measures taken afford no real remedy for Unemployment, but they lay much of the blame for the failure in various directions on the policy of the Local Government Board which hampered the committees at every turn, more especially in the development of Rural Colonies and Labour Exchanges which were intended to form integral parts of the scheme. In so far as the Act has tended to withdraw the unemployed from the Poor Law, the signatories consider it "full of valuable suggestion and promise," and they are of opinion "that it should certainly be continued in force until a more adequate scheme of dealing with the grave social problem of Unemployment, otherwise than under the Poor Law, has been placed upon the Statute Book" (p. 1130).

Mr Beveridge may be said to occupy a position midway between the two opposing schools on the Royal Commission, and the fact that he has himself been a member of the Central (Unemployed) Body gives weight to his testimony. He, too, testifies to excellent work having been done in emigration, in tabulating information, in farm colonies and above all in starting the Metropolitan Labour Exchanges, to which we shall return later, but he points out that in its main function of relief the Act has already broken away from its original intention and has fallen into most of the errors of earlier experiments. There is, he declares, "a consensus of opinion that no permanent benefit has been conferred on those who have received temporary assistance" (p. 180); consequently the Act has made no appreciable impression upon the problem of Unemployment, and "its main service has been to demonstrate beyond question its own essential inadequacy and the inadequacy of all measures, which, like itself, leave industrial disorganization untouched and deal only with the resultant human suffering" (p. 191).

The plain fact, then, has to be faced that none of the remedies for Unemployment hitherto proposed and

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brought into operation in England has proved effectual. The Poor Law stands condemned; emigration, a favourite nostrum in some quarters, is admittedly inadequate, and can only benefit our more efficient workers, the Colonies wisely declining to allow themselves to be used as dumping-grounds for undesirables. Inadequate also are the many voluntary agencies that deal with distress, for though they do much to alleviate suffering they can do little or nothing to cure it, and often, unwittingly, they help to perpetuate evil industrial conditions. Some years ago the plea would have been raised that England was over-populated, but to-day the public conscience is waking up to the dangers of a diminishing birth-rate and, in point of fact, until the country shows a falling standard of life and a lessening productivity in proportion to her population—which at present is not the case—it is difficult to maintain that the limit of population has been reached. At the moment the demand for new industries is the popular and plausible cry among those who forget that new industries have arisen in England with unprecedented rapidity during the last sixty years, and that unemployment, after passing through cyclical fluctuations, has arrived at an acute and possibly a chronic stage. "All history shows," declares Mr Beveridge, "that a rising demand for labour is no cure for unemployment" (p. 193). It would seem, therefore, that we must seek elsewhere for a remedy. For we cannot any longer lull our social consciences to sleep with the comforting assurance that every decently industrious man can get work if he chooses. That fallacy has been finally disposed of by the evidence collected during the past four years by the Metropolitan Distress Committees. Those of us who have worked on these committees know well that numbers of steady competent men are out of work at any given time through no fault of their own, because, to all appearance, there is no work for them to do. The position is heart-breaking in its individual aspect; regarded from a national standpoint it becomes a problem of most urgent importance.

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Happily at this point Mr Beveridge, who gained his practical knowledge of the subject at Toynbee Hall, comes upon the scene with a general theory of causes for unemployment and a comprehensive scheme of reform. Not a few of his arguments and suggestions may be found interspersed with other matter in both the Majority and Minority Reports, but inasmuch as Mr Beveridge's conception is at once more simple and more closely reasoned than the necessarily diffuse conclusions of the Royal Commissioners, it will make for clearness if we discuss the suggestions in the form in which he presents them.

The problem, says Mr Beveridge, is an economic one—that of the adjustment of the supply of and the demand for labour—and must be approached from the standpoint of industry alone. Unemployment cannot be explained away as the idleness of the unemployable. It is not due to any general want of adjustment between the growth of the supply of labour and the growth of the demand, but it is due to certain specific imperfections which entail serious results. These may be classed as (1) changes in trades or in their organizations; (2) seasonal and cyclical fluctuations; (3) the existence of reserves of labour to meet these fluctuations of trade.

The two first causes are habitually recognized as direct sources of unemployment. Displacements must take place with industrial progress, but as a rule these changes operate slowly and account for less unemployment than is sometimes assumed. Seasonal fluctuations are due to weather, to social habits and other permanent conditions, and coming with regularity can in great measure be met by private or collective saving. Ultimately they are a question of wages. "From an economic point of view no industry is self-supporting unless it pays wages sufficient to keep men, not only while they are at work, but also while they must stand idle and in reserve" (p. 37). Cyclical fluctuations which affect all principal trades at the same period, and, indeed, the whole life of the nation, present a far more serious problem. The causes of the phenomenon are obscure and deep-seated, and are still a

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subject of keen dispute. Certainly few would be prepared to explain authoritatively just why trade is good or bad in any particular year. It is not a matter within the control of individual employers, still less is it affected by the wishes or characteristics of the men employed. What is certain is that the causes "will not be eliminated within the next few decades. Within the range of practical politics no cure for industrial fluctuation can be hoped for; the aim must be palliation. Measures of palliation, however, may be bad or good, hasty or well thought-out. . . . The need for some measures is undoubted. Cyclical fluctuation of trade may have economic justification. The course is strewn with individual disasters" (p. 67).

In his chapter on the reserve of labour Mr Beveridge reaches the centre point of his whole argument. Trade-union returns prove that the unemployed percentage, however it may fluctuate, never fluctuates down to zero even at the busiest times. In unskilled trades the unemployed percentage stands, of course, permanently at a much higher figure. Thus there would seem to be in all trades a chronic excess of labour: "whatever the demand the supply tends always and everywhere not to coincide with it, but to exceed it." This is due to our lack of industrial organization, owing to which we have not one labour market but an infinite number of separate little labour markets. Each of these maintains its own reserve of labour largely in excess of its actual requirements. Thus work which for its accomplishment never requires more than, say, 800 men, is habitually divided up among 900 or 1,000. All this part of Mr Beveridge's argument is worked out with extreme lucidity and should be studied in detail in his own pages. He shows conclusively that the main evil is not that certain men have no work at all, but that a large number of men have insufficient work, in other words, that it is a problem less of unemployment than of under-employment. On this point the Minority Report is equally emphatic. Casual labour and under-employment go hand in hand. The more the element of chance comes into play the greater will be these unnecessary reserves of labour, and chance, we know, does play a very consider-

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able part in many unskilled industries. An employer has nothing to gain by encouraging a reserve of labour beyond what is needful for his busiest moments. Yet, in point of fact, by haphazard methods of engagement he helps to maintain this perpetual reserve of under-employed men over and above his maximum requirements. The classical instance of this is of course the condition of dock-labour on the Thames previous to the great dock-strike of 1889, when it was estimated that for work sufficient, if evenly distributed throughout the year, to give 3s. a day to 3,000 men, at least 10,000 competed regularly. Waterside labour, however, is but one type of casual labour; in the building trade men suffer from the same incalculable irregularity of employment, and the experience of Distress Committees shows a fringe of under-employed labour almost everywhere and in dependence upon an enormous number of trades. The physical and moral evils of such under-employment on the workers themselves must be obvious to all. Casual labour tends ever to beat down wages; it forces women and children into sweated industries; it leads to the involuntary subsidizing of wages by charity, and in its acuter stages it drives men into the workhouse.

What then is the remedy? First and foremost the organization of the labour market on a business footing, and this, in the unanimous opinion of the Royal Commissioners as well as of Mr Beveridge, can only be attained by the establishment over the whole United Kingdom of a connected system of Labour Exchanges. The limited experience of the Metropolitan Employment Exchanges set up under the Unemployed Workmen Act has been of a distinctly encouraging nature. In England, practically, labour still has to be hawked from door to door; there is no recognized method of bringing together employers and unemployed. If we could imagine a modern city without servants' registries, it would be clear to us that mistresses and servants were put to a great amount of inconvenience in seeking each other out. Yet this is precisely what takes place in the industrial field. Much time

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is wasted in seeking work that ought to be expended in doing work. Moreover, experience shows that the process is peculiarly demoralizing. Men of looser moral fibre and feebler stamina cannot stand the strain of repeated disappointments; only too often they give up the struggle and fall back on their wife's earnings or on maintenance in the workhouse.

It is only through a system of official Labour Exchanges that the decasualization of labour can be realized. An employer would be free to engage his regular workmen how and where he pleases—for his casual men he would have to apply to the Exchange, where the unemployed would necessarily register themselves. In this way a single pool of labour would be established for each industrial district. If labour ran short the Exchange would be in a position to obtain it from elsewhere at the shortest possible notice—should it be over-abundant full information as to openings in other districts would be supplied. There might be a system of cheap railway rates or of travelling benefits as in certain trade unions, while facilities for emigration could be offered to suitable persons. By such means the fluidity of labour would be restored and the friction and waste caused by existing maladjustments between the demand for and the supply of labour would be obviated. The system, once in working order, would bring with it a number of subsidiary advantages. It would lessen the evils of seasonal fluctuations by facilitating the dove-tailing of occupations. It could do something at least to guide boy-labour into productive channels, and so to prevent the fatal demoralization of street-corner loafing to which idle and inefficient youth is at present so lamentably prone. Finally, for the unemployed the Exchange would provide a test of the highest utility in relation to the class that drift in and out of our workhouses. One of the standing difficulties of Poor Law administration is that, as things are, there exists no reliable test. A policy of mere deterrence stands condemned, and at present there is nothing to take its place. Consequently it is impossible to say with any cer-

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tainty when a man enters the workhouse whether he is the victim of trade depression or of his own idleness and inefficiency. Through the Labour Exchange it would at least be possible to ascertain if work was available and if it had been refused.

Mr Beveridge is far too sound an economist to base his industrial reconstruction—for nothing less is in question—on a single measure of reform. He would be the first to allow that casual labour can never be entirely eliminated, but neither is it essential that it should be. It is only a dangerous social disease when it has developed as at present to abnormal proportions. Every working-man's family can survive without much discomfort a few weeks of enforced idleness in the year; it is when these unproductive weeks amount to 25 per cent. or 50 per cent. of the whole that, bit by bit, the home is exchanged for pawn-tickets and the family suffers definite deterioration. Mr Beveridge admits with equal readiness that "no amount of Labour Exchanges can guarantee that every man falling out of one job shall at once find another suited to his powers" (p. 219). Hence in a final chapter of his most absorbing book he suggests a series of contributory measures all of which, however, are dependent for their success on the preliminary establishment of Exchanges. Thus he suggests that fluctuations of trade should be met up to a certain point by elasticity of working hours as in coal mining, and, to a lesser degree, in cotton spinning. He also favours some form of contributory insurance against unemployment, on lines somewhat similar to those on which some of the trade unions already pay unemployed allowances. The cost of such a scheme is considered by many to make it impracticable, but people do not always realize how small an allowance will tide a family through a few weeks of unemployment; nor would it ever be desirable to render the state of unemployment as tolerable as one of toil. Just how insurance could best be effected, however, is a problem far too intricate to be discussed here. Various schemes are in operation in different Belgian and German towns, that known as the "Ghent"

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system, by which municipalities supplement grants made to their members by trade unions, being the most generally popular. German officials, who are nothing if not thorough, have treated the whole subject exhaustively in a three-volume report issued by the Imperial Statistical Department in 1906.

Unhappily, when the main lines of our future industrial organization are agreed upon, and some measure of agreement seems now within our reach, there still remains a most serious aspect of the problem for consideration. What of those whom no organization can benefit? What of the semi-unemployables who will find themselves squeezed out by these changes in our industrial structure, men who have existed in some fashion on those precarious earnings which will no longer be available? Mr Beveridge says curtly, "these men would be left for disciplinary or hospital treatment under the Poor Law" (p. 215). Some of us hope there will be no Poor Law to which they can be referred. One of the great arguments for abolishing the mixed workhouse is that as long as it is allowed to survive it will represent in the public mind a species of convenient rubbish heap on to which human wreckage may be flung without scruple. This, however, is by the way. It is undeniably in the interests of labour that the lowest grade of incompetent worker should, if possible, be taken off the market altogether, even if those who compose it have to be maintained temporarily at public expense. It is equally desirable that a less hopeless class, crowded out through inefficiency, should be compulsorily detained and trained in suitable labour colonies, until such time as they may compete once more in the open market with some prospect of success. The thing is being done successfully in various continental countries and may well be done here. What we have to face is that industrial organisation will temporarily, at least, drive upon public maintenance an incalculably large number of semi-incompetent individuals, neither very vicious nor deliberately idle, but of feeble physique and low mental capacity for whom training can do practically nothing.

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This type of individual, more sinned against than sinning, fills the able-bodied wards of our workhouses to-day, and will prove an intolerable burden to the authorities of the future unless drastic steps can be taken to reduce its numbers. This can, I believe, only be effected by a thorough reform of our educational methods.

Mr Beveridge is somewhat scornful towards those who would account for existing unemployment by our paucity of trade schools and the brevity of our elementary school course. He thinks any scheme of industrial training that may be introduced, though doubtless beneficial, would have a very limited effect on the situation. I am with him in believing that education without organization will be found of no avail; but I am almost ready to assert with equal emphasis that organization without concurrent measures for cutting off the supply of unemployables will have no chance of success. At present, on the contrary, we are steadily preparing fresh recruits for their ranks.

Born and bred in the slums of our cities, the victims throughout childhood of insufficient food and unhygienic surroundings, our boys and girls receive, at great expense to the nation, a purely literary education up to their fourteenth birthday and then—we wash our hands of them. The boys by the thousand, more eager to earn than to learn, enter “blind-alley” occupations—as van-boys, errand-boys, newspaper-boys—or engage in one of the many forms of work that are too easy and too light to need a man’s services. At eighteen when they begin to ask for a man’s wages they are turned away, to find themselves stranded without knowledge of any industry, without habits of regularity or discipline—for their life has been spent largely in the streets—and often without the physical strength to do a hard day’s work. Many are below the chest measurements for a line regiment. It is at eighteen and nineteen that boys come to grief literally by the thousand, that they drift into the lowest class of casual labour, that their value as citizens becomes permanently depreciated. Every worker among

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the poor must have watched with dismay the gradual demoralization of dozens of once promising schoolboys. Statistics of Distress Committees fully bear out the gravity of the evil. From 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. of the applicants have been found to be under 25 years of age. The Majority and Minority Reports are unanimous in deploring existing conditions and urge far-reaching reforms. The writers of an admirable pamphlet on "Boy and Girl Labour" do not hesitate to assert that, "Appalling as are the industrial conditions under which many adults are working to-day, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that a more insidious and even more lamentable danger is concealed in the exploitation for immediate profit of some of the boys and girls on whose character, physical strength and mental alertness the welfare of the next generation depends" (p. 1). In a word, we spend millions a year on elementary education and we fail conspicuously to prepare our children for the life that lies before them.

In this matter of manual and professional training we are markedly behind our continental neighbours. Indeed the little that we have done has been mainly copied from them. Apprenticeship has died out, and the well-meant efforts that are being made in some quarters to revive it seem to me misdirected. It is surely the trade-school that we have to look to for the future. In many foreign countries the practical preparation of young people for their future calling forms an integral part of elementary education, and though, of course, systems vary considerably, the one prevailing feature is compulsory attendance at some trade or professional school for both boys and girls up to a certain age. In some of the Swiss cantons, Fribourg for example, boys and girls specialize on certain broad lines during the last two years of their regular school curriculum, i.e., from 13 to 15, and after that make compulsory attendances at a recognized centre for a year or two longer. Indeed, young men of the peasant class are never lost sight of by the educational authorities until they enter on their period of military service. Thus they are guided, trained and protected during all the suscep-

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tible years of adolescence. It is surely reasonable to attribute the absence of an unemployment problem in Switzerland in some measure to the thoroughly sensible education organized by the different cantons. I cannot share the opinion of some who hold that an extra year at our existing Council schools will in any way solve the problem. What we need are a variety of schools, teaching different subjects, aimed at the training of hand and eye, and above all we want the discipline of school influences maintained through the first wage-earning years of our young workers.

Compulsory continuation schools will carry with them the obligation of a half-time system for young workers. Evening classes at the end of an over-long day will never be accepted as a tolerable solution. A limit of thirty hours' labour per week has been suggested for all young people under eighteen, allowing time for thirty hours' study. This programme seems to me excessive, and fifteen hours per week devoted to educational work ought to be ample and all that could be reasonably expected of young people who are certainly entitled to a Saturday half-holiday.

To make the employer responsible for the school attendance of those he employs should have an excellent effect in reducing the undesirable demand for juvenile labour. As things are the employer enjoys all the advantages of cheap boy and girl labour, and has no concern for their future. "Our boys," says an employer, 'are employed solely *for their present commercial utility.*' When that utility—another name for cheapness—is exhausted, they are thrown out like a scrapped machine."* As soon as the responsibility can be placed on the employer's shoulders he may find it more to his advantage, as it is to the advantage of the State, to employ adult labour and to pay a man's wages.

Indeed not a few of the objects which industrial organization has in view will be directly furthered by an improved educational system, while others can only be realized

* *Boy and Girl Labour.* By N. Adler and R. H. Tawney, p. 9.

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through the co-operation of those who have enjoyed the advantages of technical training. Improved education means that a far smaller number of boys start as casual labourers, and thus the whole industrial level of the country is sent up. It means a decrease in the evil of over-specialization, as at the trade school the pupil acquires an all-round knowledge of his subject, and is therefore less liable to be thrown out of work by any changes in the manufacturing process. Incidentally also it should mean a decrease in juvenile crime—a fertile source of unemployment—if we accept the statement of the Borstal Association that 80 per cent of their charges first fell into the hands of the police while out of work. Education confers a greater readiness to take advantage of that increased mobility of labour which it will be the aim of organization to produce, as well as greater dexterity and adaptability so necessary for the rapid development of new industries. On the one hand it helps to keep out the foreign workman whose superior skill brings him into demand, and, on the other, it opens wide the door of emigration which at present is shut to so large a proportion of our population. Finally, it is only manual training that can cut off the supply of unemployables who clog the wheels of the industrial machine and represent a dead weight of unproductive human material that has to be borne by the community at large. If we have to train such men in the end on a farm-colony under every disadvantage, surely it were both cheaper and kinder to train them from the first in a trade-school?

Technical education for girls seems to me to stand on a somewhat different footing. For them as much as for boys compulsory attendance at classes between the ages of fourteen and seventeen is essential, but the training given should be primarily for the home and not primarily for the workshop. It should aim at general efficiency rather than at specialized skill. Even where instruction in skilled feminine trades is provided it should be a condition that one or two hours a week should be given, as in the Swiss trade-schools, to strictly domestic

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subjects such as cookery, ironing and fine darning. Girls of the working classes must to a great extent go out to work and be self-supporting, and many trades and occupations are properly filled by them. Under normal conditions, however, the working years of the majority of them should be short, merely filling the gap between adolescence and marriage, and this should always be borne in mind by those who organize their training. It is notorious that one of the unhappy features of our present industrial chaos is the extent to which married women have become the recognised bread-winners of the family. It is less a cause than an effect in relation to unemployment. Men are not unemployed because women do the work, but women do the work largely because of their husbands' casual and insufficient earnings. This has been clearly brought out by the valuable investigations into the conditions of women's labour carried out of recent years by the Women's Industrial Council. It may therefore reasonably be hoped that the decasualization of men's labour will effect a progressive diminution in their wives' work, and that public opinion, now thoroughly aroused concerning infant mortality—largely attributable to the absence of mothers from the domestic hearth—will be brought to bear in a similar direction.

It will be remembered that the Minority Report emphatically condemns the employment of widows who have children to look after at home, and proposes that they shall receive full maintenance from the State on condition of their devoting themselves exclusively to the care of their homes. This is urged partly in the interests of the children who are seriously neglected in the enforced daily absence of their only parent, and partly because such withdrawal, together with the halving of boy labour would, in the opinion of the Signatories, materially increase the volume of employment available for men. The proposal seems to me more drastic and absolute than is feasible, though there is not a little to be said in its favour; nor do I think the withdrawal of all

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widows with young children from the labour market would appreciably benefit men, but it would undoubtedly be a boon to single women and to widows without children, whose under-employment at present constitutes a serious problem.

With our large surplus of female population a permanent industrial class of women workers is a necessity, and the conditions under which they labour cannot be ignored in any general discussion of the subject. Women workers as a body are admittedly difficult to organize, and consequently their work is largely underpaid. I know of nothing more piteous than the fate of elderly single women struggling painfully to eke out an existence on earnings which, even if regular, would provide but a meagre subsistence, and which, being intermittent, are totally inadequate to maintain a person in health. These women pass in great numbers in and out of the workhouse every year, through no fault of their own, but through sheer inability to support themselves. Trade Boards may do something for them; the general organization of labour ought undoubtedly to improve their outlook, but for my part I put greater faith in a reform of our elementary education. Apart from those who become destitute through drink or through a definite break-down in health, very few of these women are in any sense skilled workers. They have never had the chance of becoming skilled. Those who have worked from early girlhood in factories and workshops possess no feminine accomplishments, they can neither cook nor sew nor clean a house. It is notorious that one of the main difficulties in the management of the work-rooms for destitute women opened by the Central (Unemployed) Body for London was the depressingly low quality of the work done. Only plain sewing was expected, but many of the applicants were incapable of supplying it at a level that would command any price at all in the open market. Even in the workhouses at the present time it is increasingly difficult to get the necessary sewing for the establishment done by the younger inmates, while the

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supply of competent ironers is never equal to the demand. This certainly seems to point to inadequate education and lack of manual training as lying at the root of the evil. At Fribourg, where every girl in the town has to go through a course of fine sewing and dressmaking at one or other of the continuation schools, I was assured that the only drawback was they could make themselves so many frocks they were inclined to become very vain. We are far from this drawback in England, where it is safe to say that outside dressmakers' apprentices not a girl in a hundred of the working classes can make a skirt or blouse with her own fingers. They may master sufficient of the simpler processes of a trade to be able to earn a living by it, but their general helplessness and lack of dexterity tend to keep them in a permanent condition of poverty.

My contention, then, is that educational reform must go hand in hand with industrial re-construction; that the one is as essential, at this moment, as the other. The one reduces unemployment, the other cures the unemployable. Together they may inaugurate a new era of industrial prosperity for England.

It will no doubt be urged that technical training will not increase the amount of employment available, but neither does organization increase it. What both organization and training, working hand in hand, do effect is to ensure that every bit of work that is available will be taken advantage of, that there will at least be a competent man for every job. We are far indeed as yet from this ideal in England, and the practical thing is surely to work vigorously for its attainment. Only then shall we be in a position to say with any certainty whether it is necessary to have recourse to artificial means of increasing the amount of employment in the country by Government provision of work. The signatories of the Majority Report regard with abhorrence everything in the nature of State-subsidised labour, and make no suggestions for anything outside a reformed Poor Law, save for loans for schemes of work in times of exceptional and protracted distress due to severe industrial depression, such work

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to be entirely temporary in character. Mr Beveridge believes that a judicious policy of industrial organization such as he has outlined, strengthened by a more systematic distribution of public work will prove a sufficient solution for all existing evils. It will not indeed ensure "that every man shall have the certainty of continuous work through life," but it will, in his opinion, ensure that "no man, able and willing to work, shall come to degradation or destitution for want of wages" (p. 236). And that, surely, is sufficient. The Minority Report, on the other hand, clearly contemplates that when all has been done that can be done to organize labour, to train the rising generation, and to improve the physique of the nation, there will still be needed a generous reserve of employment organized by Government for periodically recurrent depression of trade, as well as a provision of "full and honourable maintenance at the public expense" for any surplus of labourers who may be found to exist. Conceivably these alternatives may prove to be indispensable in the future, but it is at least premature to experiment in this direction now. It is not easy to see how the State is to succeed where Municipalities and Distress Committees have conspicuously failed, nor how the knowledge of these comfortable alternatives in the background can be prevented from producing in the worker that slackness and demoralization that the Minority Commissioners in other portions of their Report seem most anxious to guard against. That such experiments, however, commend themselves to no inconsiderable section of the community could be seen by the unexpected measure of support accorded to the "Right to Work" Bill introduced in the House of Commons by the Labour Party in 1908. Whenever a grievous social evil can be shewn to exist there are always people eager to cure it by attempting a short cut to an ideal which can only be reached by long and laborious processes, processes which often depend for their success as much on the moral qualities of those who carry them out as on their own intrinsic excellence. The national ideal in the present

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instance is work for all; the short cut is to ordain that Government shall provide the work, or that the foreigner, somehow, shall pay for it. The true method is to develop bit by bit a favourable field for industry in which our young people will be trained and guided, our old people decently provided for, and the manhood of the nation afforded every encouragement to a life of honest independence. To the elucidation of the problem how all this is to be effected the Royal Commission has brought an invaluable mass of evidence, and Mr Beveridge a concise theory of cause and effect. The establishment of Labour Exchanges throughout the country in the coming year will mark a further stage towards the realization of the programme of which Old Age Pensions was the first step.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD

TENNYSON

FIFTY years after Tennyson's birth he was saluted a great poet by that unanimous acclamation which includes mere clamour. Fifty further years, and his centenary has been kept by a general detraction. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish the obscure but not unmajestic law of change from the sorry custom of reaction. Change hastes not and rests not, reaction beats to and fro, flickering about the moving mind of the world. Reaction—the paltry precipitancy of the multitude—has brought about a ferment and corruption of opinion on Tennyson's poetry, rather than the novelty of change. It may be said that opinion is the same now as it was in the middle of the nineteenth century—the same, but turned. All that was not worth having of admiration then has soured into detraction now. It is of no more significance, acrid, than it was, sweet. What the herding of opinion gave yesterday it is able to take away to-day, that and no more.

But besides the common favour-disfavour of the day, there is the tendency of educated opinion, once disposed to accept the whole of Tennyson's poetry as though he could not be "parted from himself," and now disposed to reject the whole, on the same plea. But if ever there was a poet who needed to be thus "parted"—the word is his own—it is he who wrote both narrowly for his time and liberally for all time, and who—this is the more important character of his poetry—had both a style and a manner: a masterly style, a magical style, a too dainty manner, nearly a trick; a noble landscape and in it figures something ready-made. He is a subject for our alternatives of feeling, nay, our conflicts, as is hardly another poet. We may deeply admire and wonder, and, in another line or hemistich, grow indifferent or slightly averse. He sheds the luminous suns of dreams upon men and women who would do well with footlights; waters their way with rushing streams of Paradise and cataracts from visionary hills, laps them in divine darkness, leads them into those touching landscapes, "the lovely that are not beloved,"

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long grey fields, cool sombre summers, and meadows thronged with unnoticeable flowers; speeds his carpet knight—or is that hardly a just name for one whose sword “smites” so well?—upon a carpet of authentic wild flowers; pushes his rovers, in costume, from off blossoming shores, on the keels of old romance. The style and the manner, I have said, run side by side. If we may take one poet’s somewhat too violent phrase, and consider poets to be “damned to poetry,” why, then, Tennyson was condemned by indiscriminate sentences that were to be spent concurrently. We have the style and the manner locked together at times in a single stanza, locked and yet not mingled. There should be no danger for the more judicious reader that impatience at the peculiar Tennyson trick should involve the great Tennyson style in a sweep of protest. Yet the danger has in fact proved real within the present and recent years, and seems about to threaten still more, at any rate among the less judicious. But it will not long prevail. The vigorous little nation of lovers of poetry, alive one by one within the vague multitude of the nation of England, cannot remain finally insensible to what is at once majestic and magical in Tennyson. For those are not qualities they neglect in their other masters. How, valuing singleness of heart in the sixteenth century, splendour in the seventeenth, composure in the eighteenth; how, with a spiritual ear for the note—commonly called Celtic, albeit it is the most English thing in the world—the wild wood note of the remoter song; how, with the educated sense of style, the liberal sense of ease; how, in a word, fostering Letters and loving Nature, shall that choice nation within England long disregard these virtues in the nineteenth century master? How disregard him, for more than the few years of reaction, for the insignificant reasons of his bygone taste, his insipid courtliness, his prettiness, or what not? It is no dishonour to Tennyson, for it is a dishonour to our education, to disparage a poet who wrote but the two—had he written no more of their kind—lines of “The Passing of Arthur,” of which, before I quote them, I will permit myself

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the personal remembrance of a great contemporary author's opinion. Mr Meredith, speaking to me of the high-water mark of English style in poetry and prose, cited those lines as topmost in poetry:

On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Here is no taint of manner, no pretty posture or habit, but the simplicity of poetry and the simplicity of Nature, something on the yonder side of imagery. It is to be noted that this noble passage is from Tennyson's generally weakest kind of work—blank verse; and should thus be a sign that the laxity of so many parts of the "Idylls" and other blank verse poems was a kind of unnecessary fault. Lax this form of poetry undoubtedly is with Tennyson. His blank verse is often too easy; it cannot be said to fly, for the paradoxical reason that it has no weight; it slips by, without halting or tripping indeed, but also without the friction of the movement of vitality. This quality, which is so near to a fault, this quality of ease, has come to be disregarded in our day. That Horace Walpole overpraised that virtue is not good reason that we should hold it for a vice. Yet we do more than undervalue it; and several of our authors, in prose and poetry, seem to find much merit in the manifest difficulty; they will not have a key to turn, though closely and tightly, in oiled wards; let the reluctant iron catch and grind, or they would even prefer to pick you the lock.

But though we may think it time that the quality once over-prized should be restored to a more proportionate honour, our great poet Tennyson shows us that of all merits ease is, unexpectedly enough, the most dangerous. It is not only, with him, that the wards are oiled, it is also that the key turns loosely. We lack, in reading, the "heart-animating strain," and the page, though much decorated, is dull. This is true of much of the beautiful "Idylls," but not of their best passages, nor of such magnificent blank verse as that of the close of "A Vision of Sin," or of "Lucretius." As to the question of ease, we

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cannot have a better maxim than Coventry Patmore's saying that poetry "should confess, but not suffer from, its difficulties." And we could hardly find a more curious example of the present love of verse that not only confesses but brags of difficulties, and not only suffers from them but cries out under the suffering, and shows us the grimace of the pain of it, than I have lighted upon in the critical article of a recent quarterly. Reviewing the book of a "poet" who manifestly has an insuperable difficulty in hacking his work into ten-syllable blocks, and keeping at the same time any show of respect for the national grammar, the critic gravely invites his reader to "note" the phrase "neath cliffs" (apparently for "neath the cliffs") as "characteristic." Shall the reader indeed "note" such a matter? Truly he has other things to do. This is by the way. Tennyson is always an artist, and the finish of his work is one of the principal notes of his versification. How this finish comports with the excessive ease of his prosody remains his own peculiar secret. Ease, in him, does not mean that he has any unhandsome slovenly ways. On the contrary, he resembles rather the warrior with the pouncet box. It is the man of "neath cliff" who will not be at the trouble of making a place for so much as a definite article. Tennyson certainly *worked*, and the exceeding ease of his blank verse comes perhaps of this little paradox—that he makes somewhat too much show of the hiding of his art.

In the first place the poet with the great welcome style and the little unwelcome manner, Tennyson is in the second place the modern poet who withstood France. (That is, of course, modern France—France since the Renaissance. From medieval Provence there is not an English poet who does not own inheritance.) It was sometime about the date of the Restoration that modern France began to be modish in England. A ruffle at the Court of Charles, a couplet in the ear of Pope, a *tour de phrase* from Mme de Sévigné much to the taste of Walpole, later the good example of French painting—rich interest paid for the loan of our Constable's initiative—later still a scatter-

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ing of French taste, French critical business, over all the shallow places of our literature—these have all been phases of a national vanity of ours, an eager and anxious fluttering or jostling to be foremost and French. Matthew Arnold's essay on criticism fostered this anxiety, and yet I find in this work of his a lack of easy French knowledge, such as his misunderstanding of the word *brutalité*, which means no more, or little more, than roughness. Matthew Arnold, by the way, knew so little of the French character as to be altogether ignorant of French provincialism, French practical sense, French "convenience." "Convenience" is his dearest word of scorn, "practical sense" his next dearest, and he throws them a score of times in the teeth of the English. Strange is the irony of the truth. For he bestows those withering words on the nation that has the fifty religions, and attributes "ideas"—as the antithesis of "convenience" and "practical sense"—to the nation that has the fifty sauces. And not for a moment does he suspect himself of this blunder, so manifest as to be disconcerting to his reader. One seems to hear an incurably English accent in all this, which indeed is reported, by his acquaintance, of Matthew Arnold's actual speech. It is certain that he had not the interest of familiarity with the language, but only the interest of strangeness. Now, while we meet the effect of the French coat in our seventeenth century, of the French light verse in our earlier eighteenth century and of French philosophy in our later, of the French revolution in our Wordsworth, of the French painting in our nineteenth century studios, of French fiction—and the dregs are still running—in our libraries, of French poetry in our Swinburne, of French criticism in our Arnold, Tennyson shows the effect of nothing French whatever. Not the Elizabethans, not Shakespeare, not Jeremy Taylor, not Milton were more insular in their time. France, by the way, has more than appreciated the homage of Tennyson's contemporaries; Victor Hugo avers, in *Les Misérables*, that our people imitate his people in all things, and in particular he rouses in us a delighted laughter

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of surprise by asserting that the London street-boy imitates Gavroche. There is, in fact, something of a street-boy in some of our late more literary mimics.

We are apt to judge a poet too exclusively by his imagery. Tennyson is hardly a great master of imagery. He has more imagination than imagery. He sees the thing, with so luminous a mind's eye, that it is sufficient to him; he needs not to see it more beautifully by a similitude. "A clear-walled city" is enough; "meadows" are enough—indeed Tennyson reigns for ever over all meadows; "the happy birds that change their sky"; "Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night"; "Twilight and evening bell"; "the stillness of the central sea"; "that friend of mine who lives in God"; "the solitary morning"; "Four grey walls and four grey towers"; "Watched by weeping queens"; these are enough, illustrious, and needing not illustration.

We do not see Tennyson to be the lonely, the first, the *one* that he is, because of the throng of his following, though a number that are of that throng hardly know, or else would deny, their flocking. But he added to our literature not only in the way of cumulation, but by the advent of his single genius. The new landscape which was his—the lovely unbeloved—is, it need hardly be said, the matter of his poetry and not its inspiration. It may have seemed to some readers that it is the novelty, in poetry, of this homely unscenic scenery—this Lincolnshire quality—that accounts for Tennyson's freshness of vision. But it is not so. Tennyson is fresh in scenic scenery; he is fresh with the beautiful things that others have outworn; mountains, desert islands, castles, elves, what you will that is conventional. Where are there more divinely poetic lines than those, which will never be wearied with quotation, beginning, "A splendour falls"? What castle walls have stood in such a light of old romance, where in all poetry is there a sound wilder than that of those faint "horns of elfland"? Here is the remoteness, the beyond, the light delirium, not of disease but of more rapturous and delicate health, the closer secret of poetry. This most

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English of modern poets has been taunted with his mere gardens. He loved, indeed, the "lazy lilies," of the exquisite garden of "The Gardener's Daughter," but he betook his ecstatic English spirit also far afield and overseas; to the winter places of his familiar nightingale:

When first the liquid note beloved of men
Comes flying over many a windy wave;

to the lotus-eaters' shore; to the outland landscapes of "The Palace of Art"—the "clear-walled city on the sea," the "pillared town," the "full-fed river"; to the "pencilled valleys" of Monte Rosa; to the "vale in Ida," to that tremendous upland in the "Vision of Sin":

At last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, Is there any hope?
To which an answer pealed from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand.

The Cleopatra of "The Dream of Fair Women" is but a ready-made Cleopatra, but when in the shades of her forest she remembers the sun of the world, she leaves the page of Tennyson's poorest manner and becomes one with Shakespeare's queen:

We drank the Libyan sun to sleep.

Nay, there is never a passage of manner but a great passage of style rebukes our dislike and recalls our heart again. The dramas, less than the lyrics, and even less than the "Idylls," are matter for the true Tennysonian. Their action is, at its liveliest, rather vivacious than vital, and the sentiment, whether in "Becket" or in "Harold," is not only modern, it is fixed within Tennyson's own peculiar score or so of years. But that he might have answered, in drama, to a stronger stimulus, a sharper spur, than his time administered, may be guessed from a few passages of "Queen Mary," and from the dramatic terror of the arrow in "Harold." The line has appeared in prophetic fragments in earlier scenes, and at the moment of doom it is the outcry of unquestionable tragedy:

Sanguelac—Sanguelac—the arrow—the arrow!—Away!

Tennyson

Tennyson is also an eminently all-intelligible poet. Those whom he puzzles or confounds must be a flock with an incalculable liability to go wide of any road—"down all manner of streets," as the desperate drover cries in the anecdote. But what are streets, however various, to the ways of error that a great flock will take in open country—minutely, individually wrong, making mistakes upon hardly perceptible occasions, or none—"minute fortuitous variations in any possible direction," as used to be said in exposition of the Darwinian theory? A vast outlying public, like that of Tennyson, may make you as many blunders as it has heads; but the accurate clear poet proved his meaning to all accurate perceptions. Where he hesitates, his is the sincere pause of process and uncertainty. It has been said that Tennyson, midway between the student of material science and the mystic, wrote and thought according to an age that wavered, with him, between the two minds, and that men have now taken one way or the other. Is this indeed true, and are men so divided and so sure? Or have they not rather already turned, in numbers, back to the parting, or meeting, of eternal roads? The religious question that arises upon experience of death has never been asked with more sincerity and attention than by him. If "In Memoriam" represents the mind of yesterday it represents no less the mind of to-morrow. It is true that pessimism and insurrection in their ignobler forms—nay, in the ignoblest form of a fashion—have, or had but yesterday, the control of the popular pen. Trivial pessimism or trivial optimism, it matters little which prevails. For those who follow the one habit to-day would have followed the other in a past generation. Fleeting as they are, it cannot be within their competence to neglect or reject the philosophy of "In Memoriam." To the dainty stanzas of that poem, it is true, no great struggle of reasoning was to be committed, nor would any such dispute be judiciously entrusted to the rhymes of a song of sorrow. Tennyson here proposes, rather than closes with, the ultimate question of our destiny. The conflict, for which he proves himself strong

Tennyson

enough, is in that magnificent poem of a thinker, "Lucretius." But so far as "In Memoriam" attempts, weighs, falters, and confides, it is true to the experience of human anguish and intellect.

And this poem, with all else that Tennyson wrote, tutors, with here and there a subtle word, this nature-loving nation to perceive land, light, sky, and ocean, as he perceived. To this we return, upon this we dwell. He has been to us, firstly, the poet of two geniuses—a small and an immense; secondly, the modern poet who answered in the negative that most significant modern question, French or not French? But he was, before the outset of all our study of him, of all our love of him, the poet of landscape, and this he is more dearly than pen can describe him. This eternal character of his is keen in the verse that is winged to meet a homeward ship with her "dewy decks," and in the sudden island landscape

The clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God.

It is poignant in the garden-night:

A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
.
And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rocked the full-foliaged elm, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said
"The dawn, the dawn," and died away.

As to this garden-character so much decried, I confess that the "lawn" does not delight me, the word nor the thing. But in Tennyson's page the word is wonderful, as though it had never been dull: "The mountain lawn was dewy-dark." It is not that he brings the mountains too near or ranks them in his own peculiar garden-plot, but that the word withdraws, withdraws to summits, withdraws into dreams; the lawn is aloft, alone, and as wild as ancient snow. It is the same with many another word or

Tennyson

phrase changed, by passing into his vocabulary, into something rich and strange. His own especially is the March month—his “roaring moon.” His is the spirit of the dawning month of flowers and storms; the golden, soft names of daffodil and crocus are caught by the gale as you speak them in his verse, in a fine disproportion with the energy and gloom. His was a new apprehension of nature, an increase in the number, and not only in the sum, of our national apprehensions of poetry in nature. Unaware of a separate angel of modern poetry is he who is insensible to the Tennyson note—the new note that we reaffirm even with the notes of Vaughan, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Blake well in our ears—the Tennyson note of splendour, all-distinct. He showed the perpetually transfigured landscape in transfiguring words. He is the captain of our dreams. Others have lighted a candle in England, he lit a sun. Through him our daily suns, and the backward and historic suns, which he did not sing, are magnified; and he bestows upon us an exalted retrospection. Through him Napoleon’s sun of Austerlitz rises, for us, with a more brilliant menace upon arms and the plain; through him Fielding’s “most melancholy sun” lights the dying man to the setting-forth on that last voyage of his with such an immortal gleam, denying hope, as would not have lighted, for us, the memory of that seaward morning, had our poetry not undergone the illumination of Tennyson’s genius.

Emerson knew that the poet speaks adequately then only when he speaks “a little wildly, or with the flower of the mind.” Tennyson is our wild poet; wild, notwithstanding that little foppery we know of in him—that walking delicately, like Agag; wild, notwithstanding the work, the ease, the neatness, the finish; notwithstanding the assertion of manliness which, in asserting, somewhat misses that mark; a wilder poet than the rough, than the sensual, than the defiant, than the accuser, than the denouncer. Wild flowers are his, great poet, wild winds, wild lights, wild heart, wild eyes!

Alice MEYNELL

ECCLESIASTICAL BALLADS

THE VETERAN OF HEAVEN *

O CAPTAIN of the wars, whence won Ye so great scars?
In what fight did Ye smite, and what manner was the
foe ?

Was it on a day of rout they compassed Thee about,
Or gat Ye these adornings when Ye wrought their over-
throw ?

“ ’Twas on a day of rout they girded Me about,
They wounded all My brow, and they smote Me
through the side :

My hand held no sword when I met their armèd horde,
And the conqueror fell down, and the conquered
bruised his pride.”

What is this, unheard before, that the unarmed make
war,
And the slain hath the gain, and the victor hath the
rout ?

What wars, then, are these, and what the enemies,
Strange Chief, with the scars of Thy conquest trenched
about ?

“ The Prince I drave forth held the Mount of the North,
Girt with the guards of flame that roll round the pole.
I drave him with My wars from all his fortress-stars,
And the sea of death divided that My march might
strike its goal.

* Late in life Francis Thompson planned out a series of *Ecclesiastical Ballads*, of which, however, only two were completed: “The Veteran of Heaven,” Whose wounds were His victories, and “The Lily of the King,” the patient Church, to whom the poet foretells the miseries of the world and her own final peace. In each issue of the REVIEW for 1910 will appear a hitherto unpublished poem by Francis Thompson.—EDITOR.

Ecclesiastical Ballads

“In the keep of Northern Guard, many a great dæmonian sword

Burns as it turns round the Mount occult, apart :
There is given him power and place still for some certain days,
And his Name would turn the Sun’s blood back upon its heart.”

What is *Thy* Name ? O show!—“ My Name ye may not know ;

’Tis a going forth with banners, and a baring of much swords :

But my titles that are high, are they not upon my thigh ?

‘ King of Kings ! ’ are the words, ‘ Lord of Lords ’ ;

It is written ‘ King of Kings, Lord of Lords. ’ ”

LILIUM REGIS

O LILY of the King ! low lies thy silver wing,
And long has been the hour of thine unqueening ;
And thy scent of Paradise on the night-wind spills its sighs,

Nor any take the secrets of its meaning.

O Lily of the King ! I speak a heavy thing,

O patience, most sorrowful of daughters !

Lo, the hour is at hand for the troubling of the land,

And red shall be the breaking of the waters.

Sit fast upon thy stalk, when the blast shall with thee talk,

With the mercies of the king for thine awning ;

And the just understand that thine hour is at hand,

Thine hour at hand with power in the dawning.

When the nations lie in blood, and their kings a broken brood,

Look up, O most sorrowful of daughters !

Lift up thy head and hark what sounds are in the dark,

For His feet are coming to thee on the waters !

Ecclesiastical Ballads

O Lily of the King! I shall not see, that sing,
I shall not see the hour of thy queening!
But my song shall see, and wake like a flower that dawn-
winds shake,
And sigh with joy the odours of its meaning.
O Lily of the king, remember then the thing
That this dead mouth sang; and thy daughters,
As they dance before His way, sing there on the Day,
What I sang when the Night was on the waters!

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

THE ORIEL NOETICS

“THE story of the Oxford Movement has yet to be told, and there is much reason to fear that it will never will be told as it should be.”

These words, written by Thomas Mozley in 1882, are not, perhaps, as true now as when he wrote them, but with the rapid passing of time it becomes necessarily more and more difficult to obtain contemporary testimony as to the acts and words of men who moved the world seventy years ago. For this reason alone the appearance of Mr Tuckwell's volume on *Pre-Tractarian Oxford* (Smith, Elder and Co.) is a notable event, for it not only deals with personalities who preceded the heroes of the Oxford Movement, but it does so in the form of reminiscences. With the single exception of Eveleigh, Mr Tuckwell assures us that he remembers all the characters which he has sketched.

The book, under these conditions, could hardly fail to be of absorbing interest, and we cordially thank the author for this notable contribution to the literature of Oriel. His portraits are not merely fascinating, but, in some respects and in spite of limitations, they are valuable as being, to employ the French phrase, *mémoires pour servir à l'histoire* of the time of which they treat. The illustrations also are life-like and well executed.

But before proceeding to speak of the “Noetics” who figure in this book we may as well state the point on which we differ from Mr Tuckwell. In his very opening chapter he tells us that “the so-called ‘Oxford Movement’ did not begin with Newman's return from Sicily or Keble's Assize Sermon, for Keble had been pupil to Copleston, Newman a disciple of Whately.”*

On the other hand, Newman, in a well-known passage, writes as follows:

“ . . . I reached England, and my mother's house. My brother had arrived from Persia only a few hours before. This was on the Tuesday. The following Sunday,

**Pre-Tractarian Oxford*, pp. 1 and 2.

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July 14th, Mr Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University Pulpit. It was published under the title of *National Apostasy*. I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833.*

Now, a few lines further on, Newman distinctly tells us that when he got home from abroad, he "found that already a movement had commenced, *in opposition to the specific danger which at that time was threatening the religion of the nation and its Church.*"†

What was that "specific danger"? Can anyone doubt that by those words Newman meant "the authoritative introduction of liberal opinions into the country," with all that those liberal opinions involved?

And would it be reasonable or possible to predicate of any one of the eight Noetics commemorated by Mr Tuckwell, the attribute of anti-Liberalism?‡ And if not, can he be right, except in a very minor degree, and as mere matter of chronology, in implying that the "so-called" Oxford Movement (to use his somewhat contemptuous prefix) began with them, and not, as Newman expressly declares, with his own return from Sicily and Keble's sermon? It has happened before now that a chapel erected by a sect of Nonconformists, bitterly anti-Roman, has been purchased by a priest and turned into a Catholic Church. Could the missionary labours carried on in that chapel and the converts to Rome resulting from them, be ascribed to the action of the Nonconformist sect? If so, then may we admit that Whately, Arnold and Hampden were the spiritual sires and religious forerunners of Newman, Froude and Keble. But, surely, this is a continuity only less remarkable than the Anglican variety to which we are growing accustomed.

But while disagreeing with much of the tone and motive of Mr Tuckwell's volume, and dissenting profoundly from his idea as to the genesis of the Religious

* *History of my Religious Opinions*, chap. i.

† *Ibid.* The italics are our own.

‡ Of course the Agnosticism of Mark Pattison and others was another matter.

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Movement of 1833, we can none the less heartily welcome the light which he has thrown upon a notable period of University life. As a matter of accuracy and literary method we could wish that Mr Tuckwell would eschew the reprehensible practice of placing between inverted commas his own version of a sentence, as if it were the *ipsissima verba* of the writer he professes to quote. A glaring instance of this occurs in his chapter on Hawkins. Mr Tuckwell quotes the well-known passage in the *Apologia*: "He led me to that mode of limiting and clearing my sense in discussion and controversy, *and of distinguishing between cognate ideas and of obviating mistakes by anticipation*, which to my surprise has been since considered, even in quarters friendly to me, to savour of the polemics of Rome." The words here italicised, Mr Tuckwell altogether omits, without giving the reader any hint that he is not quoting the passage as Newman wrote it. Again, Newman's "He provoked me very much from time to time, though I am perfectly certain that I have provoked him a great deal more," becomes in Mr Tuckwell's book, between inverted commas, as though it were a verbatim quotation, "'He provoked me very often,' said Newman, and, he added, with a very probable surmise, 'I daresay I as often provoked him.'" The first example is, of course the more important as it was the obviating of mistakes by anticipation that no doubt principally seemed to "savour of the polemics (Mr Tuckwell changes the word to 'polemic') of Rome." But, important or trivial, this slipshod method of quotation is, to speak mildly, extremely irritating.

Of the eight personalities dealt with in this book the most interesting are Whately and Arnold, the most pathetic and painful Blanco White. Whately's memory, of course, has been immortalised by Newman's tribute in the *Apologia*: "He was a man of generous and warm heart," and "what he did for me in point of religious opinion was, first, to teach me the existence of the Church as a substantive body or corporation; next, to fix in me those anti-Erastian views of Church polity which were

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one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian Movement."

Still, allowing for the effect of this teaching, the fact remains that Tractarianism was founded essentially upon principles of dogma and upon hatred of religious liberalism. "From the age of fifteen," writes Newman, "dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion: I know no other religion," and, as he elsewhere observed, his mind and Whately's were too unlike to remain long together on the same line. And yet the occasion of their severance was not, curiously enough, a question of religion. It came about through Newman's attitude towards the candidature of Peel as member for the University, and the "formal break" between the two friends, at some time or other inevitable, occurred. Whately left Oxford in 1831, on his appointment to the Archbishopric of Dublin, and Newman only saw him on two occasions after that, once in the street and once in a room. Even when Newman himself was living in Dublin as Rector of the Irish University, the *quondam* friends never met, and I have heard that this was by Whately's desire.

Newman has told us that the future Archbishop was particularly loyal to his friends, but he was in no sense a generally popular man. The very virtues of his character—his blunt, outspoken honesty—prevented it. We read, too, in Mr Tuckwell's pages, how "his overpowering roll of voice, Johnsonian impact of rapid speech, tumultuous gestures, careless dress, alarmed sensitive persons." But there must have been about him a peculiar charm. With children he was a prime favourite, and his affection for them was something extraordinary. "I see little lambs," this rugged and boisterous man would cry, as some friend's children came in sight, and Mrs Simpson recalls how, when she was a little girl, Whately would hold her at arm's length above his head, how he would amuse her by crawling on all fours, growling like some animal. Then he would pretend that he had, beneath a large handkerchief, a baby pig which ran about squealing. Mrs Simpson also records Whately's carelessness about his personal appearance. On

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one occasion, when he was Archbishop, he noticed a hole in one of his stockings. He concealed it by putting sticking-plaster on his leg beneath it. At Oxford he habitually wore a long white coat and beaver hat, which may have been well enough in country walks, but they scandalized Academic dignity when seen in Christ Church meadow. And his demeanour was no more donnish than his dress. "Whately really forgot himself during our walk this afternoon," complained Copleston, in a tone of sadness, "he actually, while in sight of other passengers, picked up a stone and threw it at a bird."

As Principal of St Alban's Hall, he would deliver his lectures lying at full length on a sofa, smoking a pipe vigorously.

His costume and his rugged manners gained him the name of the "White Bear," while his friend Hinds, who wore, like Hamlet, a long "inky coat," was christened the "Black Bear." This recalls the story that used to be told at Oxford of Dean Gaisford. The Dean was one day seen gazing intently upwards as if he was examining something in the higher branches of a tall tree.

"What are you looking at, sir?" called out one of a group of cheeky undergraduates.

"I am looking at the stars," replied Gaisford, though it was broad daylight.

"I can see the *Great Bear*," returned the boy.

Mr Tuckwell tells us how "at breakfast, Whately would scatter tea-leaves over the table while he talked, and make rings on the tablecloth with the wet bottom of his teacup; no one, except Dr Johnson, De Quincey, and Dean Stanley, ever drank so much tea. Sitting on his chair, he would twist his legs into a knot, balancing himself with muscular struggles on the seat." These struggles once resulted in the breaking of a leg of his chair. Whately tossed the broken leg on to a sofa and went on talking as though nothing had happened. What his hostess thought of the incident is not recorded.

Like most clever men Whately was a great talker. He was also blessed with a good appetite. Mozley tells us that

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“to provide against the danger incident to those who talk and eat at the same time, when he was to dine at Oriel a large dish of curry, or calf’s head hash, or other soft and comminuted meat was provided.” And Mozley, when serving such a dish at the High Table, used to be warned in a whisper by the servant that, “it’s for the Principal, sir,” which meant that a particularly large helping was to be given.

One of his habits was to keep several dogs with which he would walk daily round Christ Church meadow, throwing “sticks and big round missiles for their amusement.” One of these, a dog named “Sailor,” he had taught to climb trees and to drop from their branches into the Cherwell. These, and other unconventional sports naturally scandalized the primness of Academic Oxford, more especially when a crowd of townspeople was attracted to the spot to witness them.

But with all this Whately was respected and feared, as much as, by his personal friends, he was loved. His administrative talents were shown conspicuously in his government and reformation of St Alban Hall. When he was appointed Principal the Hall had sunk to the level of the “Tavern,” as New Inn Hall used to be called, and had become the refuge of the destitute. Men who had failed at other Colleges or had been dismissed from them used to turn for consolation to Merton Street. But Whately changed the place. He introduced a stricter discipline and a higher standard of scholarship, with the result that the number of the men increased, and additions had to be made to the building to accommodate them.

Of course, his University reputation was chiefly made by his works on Logic and Rhetoric. The former study had fallen into discredit at Oxford, and it was owing to Whately that it regained for itself the position which it has since held. In this work he was largely helped by Copleston, a fact, it is only fair to add, openly proclaimed by Whately himself, who credited the Provost with quite half of the work. In 1829, while his reputation as author was still fresh, Whately was appointed to the Chair of

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Political Economy, a post which he held for two years only, for in 1831 he left Oxford for the Archiepiscopal See of Dublin.

In accepting this post he regarded himself as being called "to the helm of a crazy ship in a storm," and in this spirit he gave himself up to his work. Whether the ship was worth saving, or, rather, whether it ought not to have been sunk twenty fathoms deep, was a question that possibly never occurred to him. Forty years had still to pass before the time when Gladstone retrieved the good name of England, by once and for ever destroying the unjust and detestable anomaly of an alien and Protestant Establishment in a Catholic land. Even as early as 1845 Macaulay pronounced that "of all the institutions now existing in the civilized world, the Established Church of Ireland is the most absurd," but politicians had not advanced to this degree of sagacity when Whately took office in Dublin. Still, the very fact that Lord Grey's motive in appointing him was, "to preserve the Church of Ireland from the dangers with which it was surrounded," shows that it was even then in a somewhat parlous state, and from that point of view Whately is entitled to credit for accepting a position of difficulty and what he believed to be personal danger. The danger, indeed, existed only in his imagination, which had been duly heated by Blanco White, but Mozley tells us that Whately actually believed that fanatics among the Irish were ready to assassinate him. He therefore set out for Dublin with an escort in the shape of a robust brother-in-law, with the name, curiously inappropriate for the occasion, of Pope, and "a still more stout and muscular cousin, named Willis," who carried with him an armoury of pistols! The latter gentleman met with a mishap, not in Dublin, but at Holyhead. He had gone on a message to the post-office. The street was dark and he fell into a cellar, fracturing several bones. "He had to be nursed many weeks at Holyhead, and was then found unnecessary at Dublin," remarks Mozley in his dry way.

To a man of Whately's tastes there could be little or

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nothing that was naturally attractive in his new post. He detested social functions and formality. Anybody less given to pomp and circumstance it would be hard to imagine, while for conventionalities and the minor social amenities of life he was totally unfitted. He hated small talk. "It gives me no pleasure," he once said, "to be told who is dead, who married, what wages my neighbour gives his servants. I am frequently forced to evade questions awkwardly from not daring to own, nor indeed being able to convince anyone, of my own incredible ignorance. If I had had no uncle or aunt I should probably have been unacquainted with my mother's maiden name." With a temperament such as this Whately could scarcely have enjoyed the starched, cut-and-dried ceremonial existence of an Archbishopal Palace and a Vice-regal Court, or the give-and-take conversation of drawing-rooms, where he would be expected to take the lead in initiating and keeping up small talk about little nothings, and enlivening the party by harmless badinage.

To make matters worse he found Dublin Protestants in a state of frenzy at his appointment. With neither party in his Church was he in favour. Rigid Sabbatarians were scandalized at finding that in his view the Third Commandment (or the Fourth, as Anglicans call it) had no binding force upon Christians. This theory, after all, was what might have been expected from the man who made his name by logic, for by all the laws of that science the command to observe Sunday was clearly not obligatory upon those who had thrown off the authority which imposed it. Either, maintained Whately, the law was abrogated, or else it ought to be obeyed in its fullness, as it once was by the Jews,—a mode of reasoning which was, of course, lost upon the adherents of a communion which is essentially illogical.

But Whately had to confront an even more serious charge. In his *Logic* he had maintained that the word "Person" signified a "Character," a doctrine which laid him open to the imputation of being a Sabellian. As an Englishman, he was unwelcome to the vast majority of

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Irish Protestants. As a Whig, he was hated by the Tories. As an Oxford man, he was distasteful to the University of Dublin. On the other hand, the nobility and gentry were cordial in their welcome of the new Archbishop. But their friendship naturally took the form of hospitality—which probably caused Whately more suffering than did the tongues of his enemies. Indeed, it was an instance of “Save me from my friends.” Against adversaries and evil-speakers he could have held his ground, for he was a good fighter. But his well-wishers drove him out of the city altogether. A house was taken about four miles from Dublin, beyond the reach of dinner parties and other social gatherings, and hither the Oriel Noetic, when he had transacted business in Dublin in the morning, would retire to read, write, think and garden. This does not imply that he in any way neglected the duties of his post. Indeed, he was a man of extreme energy and a hard worker. He revived the practice of confirmations which before his time had, oddly enough, been long neglected, and he conducted in person the examination of candidates for ordination. Mr Tuckwell tells an amusing story connected with one of these occasions. “To the candidates, seated solemnly in the Palace dining-room, entered the Archbishop; strode through the room and flung himself into a chair. ‘Now, gentlemen, I’m an infidel; how will you deal with me?’ One after another essay at conversion was cut short by his strong ‘No, no’; until, with a shout of satisfaction, he hailed the answer of a quiet-looking man, who said, ‘Faith, I’d ask ye to prove it.’”

Once a week the Archbishop would hold a levée to which all his clergy had a general invitation. It was characteristic of the man to whom the give and take of ordinary conversation was impossible, to turn these meetings into occasions for the exercise of dialectic skill. Dr Hinds used to relate that an argument was once proposed on the controversy between Rome and England. At last the Archbishop said: “Now let me be a Roman Catholic, and argue with me.” He foiled one attack after another until dinner time came. Then, at the desire of his

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guests, he pointed out the flaws in their arguments. We are not told unfortunately the arguments which Whately amended or those which he supplied, but Mr Tuckwell's remark that, "in thus removing theological belief from the domain of authority and faith to the region of well-instructed reasoning, the Archbishop probably impressed the lesson he desired," inevitably suggests St Ambrose's adage: "Non in dialecticâ complacuit Deo salvum facere populum suum."

Meantime, while Whately was being persecuted by enemies and teased by friends, the great Movement was steadily making its way at Oxford. His fierce hostility to it would have completed the breach between himself and Newman had it needed completion, and on a visit to his University in 1838 he has nothing good to say of the Movement, which was rousing the Church of England from the sleep of death into which it had fallen. All that he thought of seems to have been the literary reputation of his College—a reputation, by the way, which had been gravely impaired and attenuated by the act of Hawkins in depriving of his tutorship the very man who was leading and inspiring the Movement. "I feel," said Whately, bitterly, when revisiting Oxford after his seven years' absence, "as if I were beholding, not only the dead face of an old friend, but his mouldering and decaying corpse."

During his sojourn in Dublin he found time to produce various books and to formulate a scheme for a universal currency. In the House of Lords his speeches were listened to with respect, and on one occasion with surprise as well, for, towards the end of his life, he pronounced a strong attack upon *Essays and Reviews*.

His last years were made painful by ill-health. He was shattered by paralysis and tortured by gout, but nothing could quell his indomitable spirit, and he worked on till the end. As Sir Richard Jebb finely remarked, on hearing him preach, in 1861: "It seemed as if his mind had come down by train to preach, without noticing that it had not put on its best body."

As he lay on his death bed, he desired one of his chap-

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lains to read to him. He chose the third chapter of St Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, the last verse of which begins in the Protestant version: "Who shall change our vile body." "Read the right words," said the dying man. The surprised attendant read again from the English Bible. "Read *his own* words," was repeated; and the chaplain, turning to the Greek Testament, read: "shall change our body of humiliation." "Right," said the Archbishop; "nothing that God has made is vile."

It is interesting to observe that the translation which satisfied Whately is nearly identical in wording, and entirely so in meaning, with the Catholic version.

Whately died at the age of seventy-six, in 1863.

In looking back, it is almost impossible for anyone who regards the Oxford Movement as the working of God's Spirit, not to feel that it was through the mercy of Divine Providence that Whately was removed from the University before that Movement began. That he would have vehemently opposed it cannot be doubted, and it is almost equally certain that his commanding influence would have retained in one or other of the nebulous doctrinal and mental strata of which the English Establishment is composed, many who, as it was, happily found truth and peace in the Catholic Church.

Arnold, born in 1795, was educated at Winchester and came up to Corpus, where he had gained a scholarship in 1811. Here he found among the undergraduates Keble and Coleridge, the father of the future Lord Chief Justice, and of the distinguished Jesuit, and afterwards himself a well-known judge. He took his degree in 1814, and in the following year was elected to a fellowship at Oriel. At this time Whately had been for three years a Fellow, and it was to him that Arnold owed his success. His Essay was unfavourably looked upon by the examiners, but Whately found in it the germs of promise, and these he pointed out, with the result that the Essay passed muster, and Arnold gained his fellowship. He was at once introduced to the brilliant society for which Oriel was then and for some years afterwards famous. Whately, as we have seen, was

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there, as well as Keble and Hawkins, while the Provost was Copleston, a man whom Mozley describes as "the most substantial and majestic and, if I may say so, richly, coloured character in my knowledge of Oxford." His powerful and sonorous voice became a tradition in the College. Hurrell Froude, who could imitate it, one day practised his attainment on Endell Tyler. He rapped at Tyler's door and in Copleston's voice said: "Mr Tyler, will you please step out a moment?" By the time Tyler had rushed out with "My dear Mr Provost," Froude was well out of sight.

In 1827, Copleston became Bishop of Llandaff, an appointment occasioning the vacancy in the provostship which was filled by Hawkins, and to which election hangs many an important tale. But though Arnold is rightly classed with other heroes of the Oriel Common Room, he only resided in the College during his probationary year. He was ordained when he was twenty-three, and married, shortly afterwards, Miss Mary Penrose. Then began his eight years at Laleham, which no readers of Stanley's fascinating biography can ever forget. They undoubtedly coloured his whole after career. Here he prepared himself for his great work at Rugby, both by studying and understanding the characters of boys, and by disciplining his own mind. The years he spent in this picturesque Thames-side spot were probably the happiest and most peaceful of his life. The restful yet busy days, the charm of domestic happiness, the love and respect of his pupils, the command he had over the distribution of his time, all combined to make Laleham a place of delight while it endured, and a bright memory when it had passed.

His soul, too, seems to have undergone a great change during these years. He had been depressed and darkened by religious doubts. These lifted, and to them succeeded not merely a vivid belief in the supernatural, but a strong and deep love and adoration of our Lord. As Mr Tuckwell puts it, "the details of Christ's life as given in the Gospels were to him more exciting than any recent event; His presence as real and close as that of a commander to his soldiers in the field."

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After this it is disappointing to be told that "the revelation of 'The Father' he believed to be the promise of another life rather than the support of this. His God was Christ, at once divinely excellent and humanly affectionate." The incompleteness of this doctrine is a vivid illustration of the effect of private judgement as a solvent of true Christianity. The humblest and simplest Catholic has a truer grasp of Christian doctrine on this point than this keenly intellectual man.

At Laleham he was spending his life contentedly, his time divided between teaching, studying, writing, thinking and performing such clerical duties as fell to his lot when the headmastership of Rugby school fell vacant. This occurred in 1827. Arnold became a candidate, but when he saw who his competitors were, he withdrew his name. Whately, however, persuaded him to stand again, and at the same time wrote to one of the Trustees urging him to ignore interest and appoint the best man. Hawkins added the weight of his influence in the candidate's favour by prophesying that, if appointed headmaster, Arnold would change the face of public school education in England.

That it sorely needed change, and radical change, is abundantly evident from all contemporary records. Indeed, the state of English public schools was the constant theme of satirists and of those who were attempting to awaken their fellow-countrymen to the practice of Christianity. The leading men in the religious world were careful to guard their sons from these hot-beds of evil in which the masters probably felt, according to the avowed declaration of a famous Principal, that their business was to teach the boys Greek and not morals. Talleyrand's bitter verdict after being shown over Eton, "C'est le meilleur que j'ai jamais vu, et c'est abominable," was probably well deserved.

Arnold, therefore, needed no small courage to undertake the Christianizing of Rugby, and this was literally and accurately what he set himself to accomplish. "A Christian State is a Christian Church," Mr Tuckwell tells

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us, was Arnold's view, "it rules in the name of Christ; its Courts and Legislature, if Christian, are, therefore, ecclesiastical," and, *mutatis mutandis*, he applied this principle to the school. It was to be governed on Christian principles. He began with the masters. "He raised their salaries, forbade them to take outside clerical duty, placed the boarding-houses under their charge, established a system of private tuition which assigned to each master the personal and pastoral care of certain boys." The task of raising public opinion to a Christian level was so stupendous that it more than once tempted Arnold to despair. "Till a man learns," said he, "that the first, second, third duty of a schoolmaster is to get rid of unpromising subjects, a great public school will never be what it ought to be." That at the end of his fifteen years' rule he had more than justified Hawkins' prediction, that he had set an example which had its effect upon every Protestant school in the country, that he had outlived the bitter prejudice with which many parents had regarded him, are titles to honour apart from any other achievement. With such tools as Protestantism provides, with such material on which to work, he managed to create a school of disciplined, self-respecting, God-fearing boys. He managed to send to Oxford a set of men known, if not for orthodoxy, certainly for stainless morals and dignified learning.

Arnold's death in June, 1842, has been told in language which will never die.

Stanley has recorded it in his biography with a simple pathos that brings tears to the eyes of readers, even now that nearly seventy years have gone by since the tragedy of that Sunday morning. Thomas Hughes, in his life-like fiction, has depicted the deep effect which that premature death produced throughout the country, and Matthew Arnold, in deathless verse has told us of that "strong soul that arose"

. to tread
In the summer morning the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen,
Sudden.

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Like the other Noetics in this book, and like Mr Tuckwell himself, Arnold was decidedly and bitterly anti-Tractarian. "Let us go straight to Christ without leaning on the crutches of the Church," are words that denote as fully as could a whole volume of argument the wide cleavage which divided him from Newman. Mr Tuckwell regrets that Arnold was not at Oxford in the critical years between 1833 and 1845, on the ground that he would have done much to counteract the influence of the Movement. We question whether this would have been the case. Whately would probably have proved a more formidable antagonist to the progress of the truth. Arnold's genius was the government of a school. It is at least questionable whether he was strong enough to have formed a party capable of withstanding the might and majesty of Newman's genius. Perhaps, however, it was well that the experiment was never tried and that two great protagonists of the anti-Tractarian school were safely, and comparatively harmlessly, engaged in Dublin and Rugby respectively.

The sketch of poor Blanco White's life will be to many Catholic readers, sad and dreary. This futile and unhappy career, or rather, its Spanish part, has been so fully treated by Newman in one of his "Lectures on the present position of Catholics," that it calls for no further comment here.

The life of Baden Powell, the only scientific member of the Noetic group, is made extremely interesting by some vivid personal recollections from the pen of his daughter. She shows us the man whom the public knew as a distinguished mathematician and a contributor to *Essays and Reviews*, in his domestic and private life, and a charming companion he must have been.

Besides the chapters which we have specially noted, Mr Tuckwell's book contains sketches of Provosts Eveleigh, Copleston and Hawkins and Dr Hampden, each in its way full of vivid interest and full of suggestion. There are some good stories, and in the life of Baden Powell some excellent witticisms. But, naturally, to the Catholic

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student of the period, to follow the career of these eight distinguished men brings a feeling that there is something wanting. To realize immediately what that something is, let any reader compare their lives and trend of thought with those of Newman depicted in the *Apologia*, or with those of the many Oxford men whose souls have been led to the Catholic faith. The gradual advance, the definite goal is wanting in the lives of these earlier sons of Oxford. The story has no *denouement*, while of the University itself, before its chastening by the Oxford Movement, we are inclined to say with Hood:

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted;
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.

WILFRID WILBERFORCE

NEW LEARNING

IT is at first sight strange that at the very moment when all seems conspiring to drive Greek and Latin out of our school curricula, Professor Butcher, M.P., should not hesitate to affirm:*

The sense of progressiveness now attaching to Greek study is such as for centuries past has hardly been known outside the sphere of the physical and natural sciences. The consciousness that Greek is a living, growing, expanding subject, moving forward with the full tide of human progress, has communicated to many of the friends and teachers of Classics a buoyant hopefulness for the future.

Yet this is no more than Mr Asquith's contention, when, delivering the Presidential Address of the Classical Association at Birmingham in 1908, he insisted that:†

The Classics have come to be treated with a larger outlook, in a more scientific spirit, with quickened consciousness of their relation to other forms of knowledge and other departments of investigation. That is indeed a characteristic of the general intellectual movement of our time The many mansions which go to form the Palace of Knowledge and Truth open out into each other. There is no longer any question of mutual exclusion, still less of absorption or supersession.

What almost killed the Classics was, of course, the double Renaissance of the scholar and the *littérateur*. We are willing to agree with Browning that the grammarian is "still nobler than the world suspects," and, with Prof. Hardie, that the only key to the real thought of a nation is an accurate knowledge of its grammar. Still, Ruskin was also right when he saw that the armour of the old students was too often taken for their strength, and that, with the "painful panoply" of useless erudition, the progress of long generations has been hampered at the outset. As for the *littérateur*, even now we have little patience with him; the reaction against his pseudo-Ciceronian and pseudo-Vergilian "style" was too strong, a century ago, for him to be reinstated to-day.

* Proceedings of the Classical Association for 1907, pp. 33-52. London, 1908.

† Proceedings of the Classical Association for 1908, p. 56. London, 1909.

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What we realize now is that the Greeks (to keep to one nation and one literature) were men like ourselves in so far as they lived the same human life; unlike, because that life was differentiated by a spirit stronger and richer, in some sense more human than our own. "Profecturus es," wrote Pliny to his friend, "ad homines maxime homines." And it is in the spirit of the time to feel acute sympathy with the manifestation of the human spirit wherever we detect it, and most of all when it flows strongest; and hence our love for the Greeks, for the "Classics," revives, and they begin to be taught in a wholly new and far more living way. It is idle to labour this rather obvious point. We imply what Dr Gore meant when he declared classical studies will never be appreciated by the mass of men

till it is felt that they are essentially the *Humanities*; that *there* are to be found the thoughts of men who stirred the depths of human feeling, who asked the great questions with which we shall for ever be occupied. . . . Certainly, when I was reading the fragments of Lord Acton's great work, the *History of Liberty*, I could not help feeling how impossible it is to understand the deepest and most modern wants of men without the mind continually going back to those Greeks who asked the questions which it is for all ages of humanity to seek to solve.

With our new privilege of a more sensitive perception of that old humanity comes an immense responsibility. "Two minds shall flow together, the English and the Greek." We cannot realize the old world without comparing it with ourselves; without preferring, judging, and choosing: and there will be those who decide to barter, if they can, the new world, and its spirit, for the old. The New Learning may thus become a new Gospel, and its exponents apostles.

Among these exponents, if we may say it without impertinence, Dr Gilbert Murray has always seemed to us to hold an exceptionally high place. He has great and uncontested erudition—he might so easily have made one of Stevenson's "abhorred pedantic Sanhedrim!" He is no less certainly a poet, and might so easily—"believing it a pedant's act, to base opinion upon fact"—have created

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from his materials a lovely world out of all relation to historic actuality. He is never a pedant, and but rarely the victim of his poethood. He has, moreover (if once more we may without impudence make our comment), two notable qualities. First, he can come into personal touch with living ancient Greece: he views her across none of the distorting mediums of Classicism, Education and the like, which he deprecates.

We are apt [says he] to see only the large outlines; we are apt to miss the little lights and shades, the quick vibrations of emotion that existed to a Greek in some particular word or phrase, and therefore we think they are not there. We mentally translate the words into a sort of dictionary language, never very apt, indeed, but, we hope, dignified . . . serene and unemotional because we have not the knowledge or the sympathy to catch, across the gulf of years, the peculiar thrill of what was once a "winged word" flying from soul to soul. *It is, perhaps, in this department [Dr Murray concludes] that the most pressing work of pure scholarship remains to be done.**

His second great quality is that of being able to see the wood in spite of the trees, and of making us see it. Everybody who has tried to reconstruct ancient civilizations from their relics, material or literary, must at times have despaired in face of the mass of heterogeneous data. Even so valuable a book, for instance, as Dr Burrows's recent *The Discoveries in Crete* must, to anyone not already in possession of the lie of the land, and even of some minuter knowledge, remain a jungle of information with no exit. Dr Murray sees the immense variety of material, not only in the Greek area which he *ex professo* studies, but in wide districts of comparative erudition; and yet he neither gives up, nor deluges us with a learning where any one fact seems promptly neutralized by the next, nor yet over-simplifies his picture, as he quite well argues Prof. Ridgeway, for instance, to have done. (p. 40.)†

* *The Rise of the Greek Epic*, p. 7. Oxford, 1907.

† Prof. Ridgeway reduces, in practice, the chaotic aggregate of tribes pouring from the North, and the mixed aboriginal population of the Ægean into which they came, to Achæans and Pelasgians respectively. Dr Murray can quite well deal with either part of this complex anti-thesis and yet not bewilder us.

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Dr Murray, then, in his *Rise of the Greek Epic*, handles the mass of data concerning that age of the Ægean which we call prehistoric, and which is rapidly ceasing to be so. At a certain point this study almost coincides with that of Homer, carrying us, however, through phase after phase of an evolving series, until we pass from Ionian-Hellenic to Athenian-Hellenic life, itself growing, declining, surviving only in its effects. Through the tangle of events which this implies, Dr Murray traces a great law of progress for which Greece is directly responsible.

The pre-Achæan civilizations are only briefly touched upon. On them descended the Northern hordes, Aryan all of them, but far from possessing definite nationhood. "There were no Greeks in the world in those days, any more than there were, let us say, Englishmen before the Angles came to Britain, or Frenchmen before the Franks invaded Gaul. The Greek people were a compound of which the necessary constituents had not yet come together."* The tangled question of these southward migrations of the Aryan barbarians is set forth with amazing vividness and humour † which astonishes us less when we remember Dr Murray's avowal of sympathy with the simpler manners of gay pre-history. "We must all of us have wished from time to time," he writes with disarming candour, ‡ "that our friends were more like Polynesians; especially those of us who live in university towns." And yet, is there not in Dr Murray's delightful description of the frightened, ferocious, drunken and devout *émigrés* just that flavour of amused detachment, superior though sympathetic, which seems a peculiar product of the university of to-day?

We watch, then, the Northerners come down, fuse with the aborigines here, there crush them into slavery, rarely efface them. They succeed to their commerce and even their thrones just as the Norman *condottieri* eleven or twelve centuries after Christ—the Achæans came about that time before—established themselves as kings in Calabria and the Mediterranean district. But in the new conditions the commerce drooped and the art declined; the series of Eastern inter-

* p. 39.

† p. 49.

‡ p. 9.

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Aryan wars was fought beside the Bosphorus; the darkness which preceded the coming of the Aryans settles down even darker after the vision of their triumph; a mere oasis of light is left. But the hideous corruption and disintegration caused by these new elements when first they mingle with the old, is the necessary first product of the force which we are to follow in its purifying work, its upward push, the Hellenic power for progress.

Every one who has struggled to assign English equivalents for Greek values, will have found himself baffled by certain words which sum up a whole state of mind with which we can emotionally sympathize, though we analyse it with difficulty, and express it only by description. Dr Murray chooses three of these: αἰδώς, νέμεσις, σωφροσύνη. By a careful comparative study, aided by his own quick sympathy, he succeeds in making us feel the values, for Greek minds, of the first two notions.* It is in these fundamental impulses of approval and disapproval that he finds the first and best expression of the force which led the Greeks to do certain things and to abstain from others; which launched the race on a career of purification of the aboriginal swamp wherein to the end it dwelt, and worked continuously against the "primitive effortless level of human life" as lived in purely pagan ages by *la bête humaine*, "beset with terror and blind cruelty and helplessness."

It is impossible to condense into a paragraph the ten pages which Dr Murray consecrates to the first two of these three notions without sacrificing just that quality which makes his sensitive exposition of relevant passages so convincing. His definitions do not depart widely from the old. "Sense of honour," and "righteous indignation" still translate for us αἰδώς and νέμεσις. But it is the way they worked in the Greek soul that he makes us feel. Their "great characteristic . . . is that they only come into operation when a man is free." Free, externally, to "do whatever enters his head. And then . . . you find that amid his lawlessness there will crop up some possible action which somehow makes him feel uncomfortable." He "rues" the

* c. III, p. 80.

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deed if done; if not done, he refrains from doing it. And that apart from compulsion, physical or even of utility—it is simply “because he feels *aidôs*.” So Achilles sacks Eëtion’s city and slays the hero, “yet he spoiled him not of his armour. He had *aidôs* in his heart for *that*.” “*Aidôs* is what you feel about an act of your own; Nemesis is what you feel for the act of another. Or, most often, it is what you imagine that others will feel about you.” Or about those, no doubt, with whom you, in sympathy, identify yourself. Thus, the Trojan elders, dazzled by Helen’s beauty, exclaim: “If men fight and die for such a woman as that, *οὐ νέμεσις*, no one can blame them.” The one thing Nemesis does *not* mean, earliest, is Retribution. But gradually from the sphere of human blame, it passes into a higher mode. Though no man sees your deed, it remains a thing for indignation were there eyes to see. There are. Heaven and earth are full of living consciousness; myriads of unseen eyes watch your sin; Nature is armed against you. And certain categories of actions evolve the feelings of shame and ruth, of righteous indignation. Cowardice, perjury, irreverence, above all, cruelty or treachery towards the helpless, the stranger, the suppliant, the aged; and with these are classed the blind, and orphan children.* Even more than “reverend” kings and judges, these poor little ones are charged with *αἰδῶς*.

Dr Murray judges that all this faded in later Greece and vanished in the philosophers of the Roman period, because these emotions were never more than emotions—incalculable, arbitrary, devoid of principle. A man might or might not have them. If he had not, you could approach him on no common ground. If he had, he was the subject of a motive-power which grew upon its own acts, moved towards the infinite, led, “as the lives of so many saints have shown us,” towards madness. *Aidôs* could find no satisfactory place in a science of ethics. Moreover, it perished when other sanctions grew strong. In an organized *πόλις* there was no room for the personal honour whose dictates were audible only in a “wild and ill-governed society.”

* cf. Hesiod, *W. and D.*, 327.

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Indeed, it would seem that this mystical emotion stood the Greeks in bad stead with regard to development and permanence. In two eloquent pages, Dr Murray contrasts the disciplined career of steady conquest of the Romans, who had "all the faults and virtues of successful men," with the impulse-swept, chequered history of Greece; and its background of "hell-fire" experienced in the great southward immigrations. "In their highest successes there is always something dreamlike and transient. . . . It is a wondrous fabric held together for an hour by some splendid grasp of human genius." Building on the ruins of their past, they saw early the world that is behind the ordinary world of human strivings, more real and more intangible: throughout their history somehow this ideal haunted the race, a vision perturbing their sight, unfitting them for continued empire, yet shedding strangely over their defeat a splendour denied to their conquerors.*

The Greek "spirit," therefore, would have been an "emotion" which faded before intellectual, and was killed by material development, though dying not without inflicting its reprisal. Now for the study of this spirit, Hesiod and Homer are our first documents. Hesiod is narrow, unimaginative mostly, mixing coarse superstition with the brutally practical. Homer is noble, inspired, co-extensive with human life.

To Homer, accordingly, Dr Murray turns (and the Homeric poems bulk large, as the title warned us to expect, in his book). But not, need we insist, as to sheer grammar-stuff or literature. He does not even propose, at the outset, to evolve a theory of the Homeric poems. But his effort to determine the Greek "spirit," discernible, as in all Greek literature, so pre-eminently in Homer, practically supplies him with a theory, and endangers, as was inevitable, the clearness of his vision and balance of judgement in details.

Dr Murray recognizes in the Homeric poems, as everybody must, a composite whole, heterogeneous matter put together, worked over, welded into one. In this toil the Greek spirit governs. Its selections, omissions, modifications, inventions supply therefore the clue to its character.

* p. 90.

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And its work, Dr Murray declares, is moral rather than æsthetic. Indeed,* he repeats the paradoxical question, "why is it that the *Iliad* is a good poem when it has so many of the characteristics of a bad one?" Some of these he enumerates. The "second-rate theme," as Dr Mackail describes it—Achilles "sulking in his tent." The lack of "finish and conscientiousness in the more hidden parts"—the presence, then absence, of the Greek wall: the "atonement" made, then seemingly never made, by Agamemnon to Achilles: the bewildering description of the prevalent civilization—houses, marriage and funeral customs are conceived of now as Achæan, now as pre-Achæan; the fighting is now Hellenic, now not even of Aryan type.† A pseudo-unification has been arrived at by Reichel on the one hand, Ridgeway on the other, with the help of much excision and some strained interpretation; for, they argue, no poet consciously "archæologizes" nor yet innovates; Homer, therefore, must have described the solitary and homogeneous civilization which he saw. Others think that Homer saw and accordingly described a "mixed civilization," the lately arrived Achæans being content with conquest, with ownership of place and power, and having for the most part adopted (a frequent phenomenon) the customs of the conquered. Dr Murray considers even this too concessive of unity. The compiler found various accounts to hand; the "spirit within him" did not exact complete reconciliation of detail even when different nationality and civilization were responsible for the conflict of data. Thus "in the heart of the poem . . . the fighting . . . is purely Mycænæan: the surface speaks of late Ionian fighting."‡ Sometimes the late compiler was too conscious of discrepancy, and interpolated a few lines.§ But this intrinsic anomaly, or any

* p. 212.

† On pp. 137 seq. the Homeric armour is treated of with a characteristically light touch. The Achæan "bronze man" of history and of the Psammetichus-oracle is described; then the "Mycænæan" warrior who fought "in shirt and shield." In Homer both types are verified.

‡ pp. 140, 141.

§ Such are the often "inorganic lines" where an "Achæan" thorêx is anomalously thrust upon a "Mycænæan" warrior. On pp. 143 seq. and

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lack of coherence, was to be carried off by the general "pace" of the poem as a whole. "The details of a story might sometimes be made unintelligible . . . but it was all very rapid and full of fire, and an audience need not expect to understand every detail."*

All this is unimportant, except in so far as it testifies to the constant and imperfect fusion of disparate elements. What is really valuable to the writer of this Treatise on the Greek Spirit is the *moral*, not merely literary or archæological, remodelling of early matter; the excisions, and the unconscious leaving of clues. At the outset Dr Murray reminded us of the Greek ideal of a poet: a friend and fellow-worker in the "making men better in their cities." † So Euripides in the *Frogs* tells Æschylus. In this sense the Greeks were a nation of poets. They were responsible for the gradual ennobling and enriching of the content of life; "for a movement," says the author, asking us to excuse "theological language," and quoting the Shorter Catechism, "towards the attainment of that chief end of man, which

145 n. 1. Dr Murray deals more convincingly than any of his predecessors with this.

But is not too much zeal shown in getting rid of the thorêx? Sometimes it is clearly an intruder and must go. But in itself it means no more than "chestpiece," and could be made of linen (*Il.* 11. 529) and need not belong to Achæan armour at all, any more than the *κνημῖς*, which may mean only "shin-guard," "gaiter," as in *Od.* xxiv. 329 it does. Dr Murray (p. 140, n. 2) argues almost convincingly that the constant *εὐκνήμιδες* must describe men who wear more than mere "gaiters" to deaden the knocks of their shield-rims on their shins; yet if gaiters were bound at knee and ankle with bronze, the wearers would have "sparkled" quite as much as the Achæan wearers of greaves; and the warrior-vase (where the figures surely are not all *πρόμαχοι*?) suggests that stuff gaiters so adorned were customarily worn. So, too, the mention of *πορπαί*, *περοναί*, need not prove that Homeric characters wore flowing Aryan draperies needing "safety-pins" to secure them! Even did *περονή* (which only means *piercer*) suggest a safety-pin, it would have been useful to the Mycænæan who certainly wore at times a cloak over his shaped *ἐνδύματα* beneath; and a few real "safety-pins" are among the later finds at Mycænæ.

* p. 143.

† "In a modern society," says Dr Murray, mildly remonstrative, "he is a distinguished alien, approached with a mixture of adulation and mistrust." p. 3.

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is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever:" and Prodicus declared that "that which benefits human life is God." Thus from its world the Greek Spirit thrust out Human Sacrifice;* the Greek conscience was at least "troubled" by slavery† and struggled against the degradation of woman. Now the earliest evidence for this is to be found in Homer.

In much of his argument Dr Murray carries conviction; though not always in the instances he adduces to support it. Thus it does seem clear that the Greek taste would have none of the old hideous tales of mutilation of corpses, or of torture, if it be certain that in the earliest form of the legend the *live* Hector was dragged round Troy. But the need of proving the theory dictates here and there interpretation: for instance, the "inorganic" line describing the *briefness* of the death struggle of Adamas in *Il.*, xiiii, 573, and of the gibbeted servant-girls in *Od.* xxii, 473, are inserted, we are told, to tone down the horror of great or sordid suffering. Yet to us (quite wrongly perhaps) these lines have always conveyed a quite peculiar chill of grim horror. The dangling feet kicked in their agony, but were very soon quieted! The poet laughs at the quick discomfiture of sin. Again, we take it as proved that Homer has references to poisoned arrows, a weapon not tolerated in the time of the finished poems, and, Dr Murray argues, largely, but not altogether, obliterated from the text. But the additional significance discovered in arrow-epithets—"bitter," "unshot before," "charged with groans"—if you assume that these were stock epithets taken over, with faded content, from the days of normally poisoned arrows, seems dearly bought. The general exclusion of "human sacrifice" stories, when so many were to hand, is also, no doubt, a fruit of the Greek spirit. But is not Dr Murray's reason for this strange?‡ These stories dealt chiefly with the deaths of maidens. To retain them would have been not only to retain a "barbarity," but to display "too keen an interest in women." Dr Murray finds in the *Iliad* a further reason for this "steady suppression of female in-

* p. 12.

† p. 19.

‡ pp. 123 seq.

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terest." The Iliad Achæioi are on the warpath; they are under a vow; they observe taboos; that is why they are *κάρη κομόωντες*! They have made an *ὑπόσχεσις* to take Troy, and will allow themselves no indulgence till their vow is "off." If they quarrel about women captives, that is because they think the war will soon be over. If Achilles and Patroklos make no attempt to observe the vow, that is because they have thrown over fighting and their vow with it. But Helen? we ask in amazement; and Andromache? Ah, *they*, says Dr Murray, were in Troy, where no one was under a vow! This part of the discussion is vexation of spirit. Surely in those early matriarchates of which Dr Murray makes so much, woman's lot was far freer and happier than in the Ionian world where the Greek spirit had had centuries in which to work out woman's emancipation? If, indeed, female interest is to seek in Homer, will that be due to the austere expurgation of the sensuous Asiatic? If, as we always thought, a wholesome liberty and mainly pure sentiment prevails in him, is that the late creation of Ionia with its barred gynæconitis? And as for perverted erotism, was it indeed Ionia that purified Homer of that?

But whether we are impressed more by the purificatory work of the Greek spirit in the poem than by its failures and flagging, or *vice versa*, the fact remains that from Wolf onwards even the most drastic have been struck by the *unus color*, the constant elevation, swiftness, *poetry* of the whole document. Those who postulate a great poet responsible for the best parts of the work, cannot put him early in the history of Homer, for much of the finest work in the *Iliad*, the Hector and Andromache passage, for instance, and the whole Ransoming of Hector, belong to the later parts. Yet again, "right at the end he cannot have been. For the few really bad parts of both *Iliad* and *Odyssey* belong to the latest strata."* Nor will Dr Murray be wholly satisfied with one supremely great poet working somewhere near the end, for the later work was mainly arrangement and adaptation; the creative poetry belongs

*p. 210.

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to the earlier authors of the episodes* (p. 211). The "uniformity of splendour" remains irreducible.

Dr Murray accounts for it by a theory which needs no laboured exposition. Briefly, he maintains the permanence, through whole centuries, of a high ardour, an intense imagination, and a passionate adherence to thought and style and motive, to the "Epic" impulse, in no mere individuals, but in the Epic "school," the "sons of the prophets" of the Greeks. On pp. 219 seq., Dr Murray has many interesting reflections on the quality of the poetic imagination; it is this that makes a poet's work "real," as we say; "spontaneous, infectious or convincing." It "creates an atmosphere," it transports a reader into a new world full of real beings about whom he *cares*. Sometimes it flashes out in a phrase, kindling for us a whole picture, emotional, unforgettable—the driving of Jehu; the face of Helen, "strangely like to an immortal spirit," as the old Trojans are made to say, "not one of the Homeric bards falling into the yawning trap of describing Helen, and making a catalogue of her features." Throughout the *Iliad* this intensity of imagination maintains itself in the most ordinary things of life. And it is pre-eminently *not* "the imagination of any one man. . . . It means that generation after generation of poets, trained in the same schools, . . . steeped themselves to the lips in the spirit of this great poetry. They lived in the Epic saga and by it and for it." Utterly careless of individual fame or claim, they have worked "to enhance the glory of the spirit whom they served, . . . making glad and nameless offerings, . . . accepting and loving the ritual [of prescribed language and form] as part of the religion; no one dreamed of vying with Homer; only of exalting and preserving him."

For some reason or other—we need not discuss what they were—there was need to make up a long poem of the *Ilias Poësis*, the poetry about Troy. The later poet—how great or how small a poet matters little—took up his part of the work. . . . He could write

* In chapters VII and VIII, Dr Murray has some exceedingly clever speculation as to the sources of the various elements of the poem—the Bellerophon story, e.g., will be from the lost *Corinthiaca* of Eumelus.

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a poem himself, of course, but who wanted him to write one? How should he dare to? . . . There was plenty of the old poetry still in his power. He knew it by heart, and he possessed scrolls of it. . . . Diligently and reverently he wove it together, . . . with a good deal of simple cunning he made room for all. He put the contradictory passages far apart; he altered a word or two to make the inconsistencies less visible. He wrote, when he needs must, some unobtrusive lines of his own to connect or to explain. And . . . when he rehearsed his great recitation . . . there came into him the spirit of the ancient men, and a voice as of Homer himself. The lines that he spoke became his own. He had always belonged to them and now they belonged to him also. And in the midst of them and beyond them, too, he had freedom to create.

And we critics, we mete to him a hard measure. When he creates, we call it interpolation. When he preserves, we call attention to the small joints in his structure, the occasional incongruity of a simile. If we knew his name I suppose we should mock at him. But he has no name. He gave his name, as he gave all else that was in him, to help, unrewarded, in the building up of the greatest poem that ever sounded on the lips of men.*

“*La nostalgie de la boue*,” says Dr Murray† in a significant phrase, “is a strong emotion in the human race.” We verify “the regular falling back of each reformation into the same primitive slough.” And indeed we doubt whether there be any more important lesson, after that of the universal effort after the Good, than that of the periodical reversion of all religious impetus alike towards its starting point. So Plato saw God rolling the world forward and up, till, with a shock, it started on its regression and decline. In Ionia, at any rate, the Homeric spirit flagged, failing, at all events, in its reaction upon the Divine. Not only, of course, is it that here, as in the primitive stammerings of all mythology, there are stories coarse and savage;

* p. 228. Since this is not a study of the Homeric question, we will not do more than point out that Dr Murray’s very attractive theory does not answer the old questions, *Why* a unique and miraculously successful compiler remained unknown even to tradition; what has become, if he were not unique, of the other long poems which the like “need” will have evoked; and, finally, what was the need or occasion which made such gigantic compositions possible or desirable; though pp. 170 seq. he deals suggestively with the Panionian gatherings.

† p. 10.

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but the poets are here not primitive, but smooth and sophisticated. They laugh with an easy scepticism at the indecorousness of the primitive beliefs.* “A mocking, half-licentious, Boccaccio-like spirit,” is this. The gods make the atmosphere of a “Palais Royal farce.” “The Milesian spirit . . . has defiled its own beautiful world.” It has “slain the image of God, as it were, in the eye. . . . When once this infection has crept into its blood, the Epos as a form of living and growing poetry is doomed.” †

“But Ionia was not the whole of Greece, and the Saga found a new utterance in Attic tragedy.” ‡

Æschylus is the first great recipient of the purifying torch. The Athenian spirit, really roused for the first time by the glorious victories of the Persian War, showed itself as genuinely Greek, and flung itself, for stuff to deal with, on the archaic material still surviving so largely on the mainland. Æschylus wrote *Prometheus* with its episode of Io.

A cow-shaped, or even cow-headed maiden! And a cow-headed maiden beloved of Zeus! To a cultivated Ionian such conceptions must have belonged to the very lowest regions of “Pelasgian” folly. They had been expurgated from Homer centuries back. Yet out of that unpromising material Æschylus extracts something which is not only genuine religious thought, but, to my feeling, even somewhat sublime thought. The love of Zeus leads its object through unearthly shame and suffering to a strange and overwhelming reward. We cannot understand. . . . Zeus did to Io what seemed like monstrous wrong; professing to love her, he afflicted her and ceased not, and in the end he brought her to a perfect joy which—so she is perhaps at the end willing to believe—could not be attained otherwise.§

The idea is beautiful, and Dr Murray’s renderings of the version of the same story in the *Supplices* are of a compelling majesty and grace. But here precisely are we bound to feel that only after long centuries of the aspirations and even formulæ with which we have grown familiar, could the spirit of Æschylus be thus interpreted. We are prepared to recognize very fully indeed in the Greek spirit generally, and in the extraordinary writings of this great prophet of

* p. 239. † p. 244. ‡ p. 245. § pp. 247, 250.

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Zeus, the striving of God's Spirit in man; and to acknowledge that the God whose Hebrew seers were inspired to descry even in Babylonian and Persian kings His "anointed" and His "chosen" will not have scorned to use Æschylus, as Zarathustra and Gautama and the rest, as royal voices in the chorus expressive of humanity's groping after God; but to suggest that we, from our Christian experience, can recognize that the Greek tragedian's cry witnessed and responded to man's innate need, is very different from asserting that Æschylus provided, even half-unconsciously, a satisfaction for it. It is true that we may see a myth-hinted solution of the problem of God-sent suffering in the prospect of God-given joy not else attainable—in the fact that Zeus' son and Io's should prove Prometheus' saviour. We have there a mystery suggestive of humility and trust and courage. But Æschylus scarcely hints that Io will find joy in the birth of Epaphos: that the son of Zeus will free Prometheus is only one of the three modes of possible future deliverance which the poet, conservative still of myths, is fain to work into his verses.

For Dr Murray's account of the Greek spirit (since, once more, the long Homeric tractate practically exists only to elucidate that), we are, it will have been seen, most grateful. Rare, indeed, are the writers whose science is beautiful, and who can make music out of formulæ. Hence we hesitate the less to say that when he philosophizes on his data, assigns the origin, the psychic quality, the relative value of that spirit, we follow him not so readily.

In the last resort, as we said, he holds it to have been merely an "emotion" active in but few among human conditions—it perished, for instance, in the *πόλις*—and, indeed, in a part only of the human being's self: it could not be systematized, it appears, with intellect. And thus, what it created must have shared its transience and inadequacy. But, says Dr Murray, it created Greek religion. Not because Zeus hated the man who wronged a suppliant, did the Greeks hate him too; but because "they themselves hated the man who did so, they felt that their god must

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hate him.”* We will not suggest that “mere” emotion is inadequate to create the Greek or any other “national” (as we say) religion; and that not so much because Dr Murray would say we “ought to know better,” as because this is not the place to discuss the nature of human religion or divine, and because remaining on Dr Murray’s own premisses we cannot but feel astonishment when he concludes that “the religion of the Polis† was in the later ages of Greece the best, and is to us the most helpful of ancient religions.” After all, if it was the emotion which gave it birth, the emotion either perished at its offspring’s hands, or, apart from it, survived only to a morbid destiny. Emotion, for the Greek, continued to put forth flowers only in the Dionysiac or Orphic fields; and not all the reactionary poem of Euripides‡ nor all Miss Harrison’s enthusiastic championship of Orphism§ will make us see in the great majority of those brilliant blooms other than the efflorescence which feeds upon decay. The narthex-carriers were many, but those who by a real asceticism found their way to the divine union were very few; and the difference was too often not as between saints and “commandment-Christians,” but as between sanctity and savage superstition. The Greek emotion ran itself out in Neoplatonism and the late allied philosophies; and even there, is any phenomenon more constant and more discouraging than the juxtaposition in one author or one school of the sublime and spiritual with the grotesque and very carnal? Is the emotion carried much higher than in the amazing Isiac appendix to Appuleius’ prurient book? And even in the Hermes, falsely assigned to him, the concluding prayer—in isolation barely surpassed in any age—is yet preceded by a most fantastic theorizing and perverted ethic.

As for the πόλις born of the emotion, Euripides himself,

* p. 82.

† p. 57.

‡ If, indeed, the Bacchæ is not just a beautiful presentment of the old poet’s last impression; or even a final piece of startling Euripidean “blasphemy,” as Mr Gilbert Norwood, *The Riddle of the Bacchæ*, Manchester University Press, 1908, will have it.

§ *Prolegomena to the Study of the Greek Religion*, cc x-xii.

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as Dr Murray pictures in a well-known preface,* saw its incredibly rapid ruin in the instance of the πόλις *par excellence*, the divine Athens fallen to petty tyranny. And if, as writers have lately taken to reminding us,† the emotion returned to halo the new notion of the universal City of God, it still is clear that not in Greek or Roman tutelage did that new force work itself into fact, but in the guardianship of the seers and champions of a New Jerusalem.

And since the Christian City of God was founded well before the disappearance of that older spirit, it, too, may be regarded as an "ancient" religion, one than which we assuredly may shrink from asserting the Greek more "helpful."

But it is the Jewish spirit (of which, however, so much passed into the Early Church!) with which Dr Murray constantly compares the Greek, much to the advantage of the latter. He does this by repeatedly illustrating his theory of the history of Homer, by the history, as he reads it, of the "Pentateuch." We do not quarrel with Dr Murray merely for introducing a great deal of "advanced" Biblical criticism into these lectures—although as a generally sterner critic than we should care to be has written:‡

We have doubts whether Mr Murray has done his case any good by this new witness, even if taken at his word. But is one entitled to assume the positions of Biblical criticism? Certainly no Biblical scholar can be invited to utilize the results of the advanced critics of Homer. . . . A further inference falls under the remark of a master in this subject. "Analogy is very well when we argue from the known to the unknown, or less known; but the resemblance of one hypothesis to another does not prove both."§

* *The Athenian Drama*, vol. III, *Euripides*.

† Dr Dill, for instance, in his valuable *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*, and Dr Murray himself, *op. cit.* p. lxxviii.

‡ *The Times Literary Supplement*, March 26, 1908.

§ It must be confessed, though, that Dr Murray has his flippant lines, pp. 57, 102, 108: his hard adjectives—"the distorted judgement of the Deuteronomist" (p. 58); dogmatic statements of conjectural conclusions, particularly in connexion with the "expurgation" by the Deuteronomists of their pagan sources (pp. 113, 114), their work being parallel to the Ionic "second birth" of the Æolic Homer, which was still in possession of the crude old legends. Dr Murray holds (p. 107) that the "old tradi-

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But our difference lies deeper: even in its later presentment Dr Murray finds the Hebrew "religion" inferior to the Greek, "which did essentially make men strive to be of more worth—to be 'good men.'" The "sweeping judgement for good or evil" passed by the Deuteronomic compiler upon his kings is based, Dr Murray complains, entirely on the full and exclusive observance of the Yahwistic worship and taboos, or their neglect. "Great rulers, like Jeroboam II or Omri, who is treated by the Assyrians as the very founder of Israel, are passed over with scarcely more than the mere statement that they did evil in the sight of Yahweh"* It does seem to us incredible that, even within the illegitimately narrow field of this judgement, anyone should maintain that the insistence of the Jews on the unity of God, safeguarded by that of worship, did not in the long run do more for the race than the whole catalogue of civic virtues preached by Greece. Apart from the collapse of that religion of the Polis (due to its inevitable flagging, noticed by Dr Murray, and verifiable—is it not?—in whatever impulse is of a spirit other than the breath of God), the civic and social virtues until sanctioned and sanctified by the will and worship of the Divine Monarch, fail not only of their permanence, but of their full beauty and their fruit. Only more amazing than that the Greeks, with their splendid natural character and spirit, stayed high for so short a time and went no higher, is the fact that the Jews, with their most unlovely dispositions, maintained a course of such increasing and unequalled sublimity. A far sounder symptom of health in the long run was their savage intolerance which regarded "Chemosh as an enemy and a devil," than the courteous generosity of the "ordinary Greeks," who would have said: "The Moabites call Zeus,

tional books" of the Jews must have been pagan and polytheistic long after the original taking over of Babylonian and other matter. Is not this singularly out of place in a series of lectures addressed in the first instance to young non-experts—deprived of means to test what they hear, and often still callow enough to wince when the religious forms of their boyhood are hustled, even when not all too ready thoughtlessly to burn what they once adored?

* p. 57.

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Chemosh, though some say he is Herakles rather than Zeus."*

Nor can we think very much is gained by speculating how a Greek dramatist would have treated the material which went to make the Book of Judges (pp. 155-158). Here Dr Murray's work seems actually mediocre, an extraordinary phenomenon indeed in anything of his. And in fine, such "Hellenizing" of the Old Testament jars upon us only less than the attempt to narrate in "Gospel style" events or systems not contained in the Evangelists.†

We regret all this the more because this brilliant and fascinating and "living" book is one that should be read by all—and their numbers are increasing with unexpected rapidity—who love Greece and Homer and that old civilization behind, which is daily growing clearer. It should be read by all, for instance, who prepare for the higher university examinations. And these are just the men who are susceptible of what this book may well develop—the tendency, constant, in some measure, and at times acute, towards an attempt to live precisely by the Greek spirit; consciously and deliberately to acquire the Greek "view of life," the Greek motives and ideals and sanctions and behaviour. Perhaps we forget, if we have ever realized, how real a fact for good or evil that is. And we believe it to be, relatively, not for good. That life was inadequate in its natural day; it flagged and failed and putrefied and corrupted the environment which it at first had cleansed: corrupted Rome and even the unchristianed Jew. To return to it, to rehabilitate the old world now that we have had taste of the new, would be doubly disastrous. We cannot afford to neglect 2,000 years of experience. But we are the better and the wiser for knowing and feeling the old together with the new. Sane reaction of intellect and emotion lead us, we cannot but believe, to evaluate the two lives fairly: allowing to the old the *divinum nescio quid* and God only knows

* p. 63.

† We might instance Mr J. M. Robertson's *Christianity and Mythology*, p. 106, etc, where, however, the writer is his own most cruel, albeit unconscious, critic.

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how much of human excellence; but, for the contrast, prizing always more and more the new.

For knowing and feeling the old, it is to books like Dr Murray's we are indebted. "*Un rêve est moins menteur parfois qu'un document,*" said Rostand; this book is itself, in part, a "winter's dream," and it has helped us to dream ourselves, too, back into the old creation which makes us the more recognizant of the *καινὴ κτίσις* into which we have passed.

C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

THE MARTYRS OF CAMBRAI

An Episode of the Reign of Terror

Les Filles de la Charité d'Arras, dernières Victimes de Joseph Lebon à Cambrai. Par L. Misermont.

Histoire de Joseph Lebon et des Tribunaux révolutionnaires d'Arras et de Cambrai. Par A. Paris.

Vieilles Maisons et vieux Papiers. Par G. Lenotre.

THE beatification of the sixteen Carmelites of Compiègne by Pope Pius X, on May 27, 1906, drew the attention of Catholics to other religious women, who were, like the Carmelites, executed during the Reign of Terror. The cause of their death was the same: they perished either because they rejected an oath that their conscience reproved or else because they chose to remain faithful to their religious practices, consequently they too are, in the strict sense of the word, martyrs for the faith.

The question of their beatification has been laid before the Roman tribunals, and, if we believe those who are best qualified to know, they will, at some future time when the lengthy examination is ended, join the daughters of St Teresa on the altars of the Church.

Among these martyred religious, the *beatæ* of the future, are four Sisters of Charity from Arras, who were beheaded at Cambrai on June 26, 1794. Their story is worth telling, both on account of its peculiarly tragic surroundings and also because of a singular circumstance connected with one of these noble women, who seems to have been endowed with a gift of prophecy that made her a messenger of peace and consolation to her terror-stricken companions.

The "Maison de la Charité" at Arras was founded in 1660, during the lifetime of St Vincent of Paul. The war of the Fronde had reduced the inhabitants of Artois to a degree of misery that appealed to the Saint's large and loving heart. He selected two members of his newly-founded Order to send to Arras, where their presence was eagerly desired by the ladies of the town, and, before letting

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them depart, he gave them, in his simple way, some instructions as to how they were to fulfil their mission. "You are going," he said, "among people who serve God and who are very charitable. Yes, indeed, they are very good, and this must be your great comfort." Then, touching on practical matters, he bade the Sisters pay their first visit to the Bishop, "to ask his blessing and take his orders," and the second to the governor of the city, Jean de Schulenberg, at whose disposal they were also to place themselves. With his excellent sense, he realized the importance of the Sisters keeping to their rules with scrupulous care; the Order was only beginning to exist, and upon its members' fidelity during these first years mainly depended its prosperity in the future. "You must keep your rules as well as you can unless prevented from doing so by the service of the sick," and, foreseeing the case when a too zealous or meddling ecclesiastic might endeavour to change the rules, he added that, if this came to pass, the Sisters were to say with gentle courtesy, "Monsieur, what you ask us to do is not in our rules, we pray you to excuse us." To St Vincent's counsels Mme Legras, the co-foundress of the Sisters of Charity, added some words of motherly advice that may be summed up in her closing sentence "The Sisters must remember that they are called upon to honour Jesus Christ and to imitate His humility, simplicity, modesty and charity."

During 130 years her daughters at Arras remained faithful to this programme; absorbed by their work among the poor, they lived through the brilliant years of the careless eighteenth century, ignorant probably of the threatening clouds that darkened the political horizon. While the so-called philosophers were sapping the foundations of the old regime and talking pompously of *sensibilité* and the claims of nature, these true-hearted, simple women silently worked for the well-being of their fellow-creatures, forgetful of self, unconscious even of the heroism of their hourly sacrifice. The humanitarian theories of Rousseau that excited the enthusiasm of the Court ladies were unknown to them, but the daily practice of charity was the very essence of their lives.

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When, in 1789, the first signs of the approaching storm became visible, the "Maison de la Charité," of Arras was in a prosperous condition. The community consisted of seven Sisters, whose time was fully occupied; they cared for the sick, visited the poor in their homes and gratuitously educated a certain number of girls. They were universally popular in the town and their account books, that still exist, show that they were helped in their works of mercy by many generous benefactors. The peace and prosperity enjoyed by the community at this critical point in its history was due, in great measure, to the sympathetic personality of the Superioress, Marie Madeleine Fontaine, a woman well advanced in age, for she was born at Étre-pagny in Normandy in 1723. At the age of twenty-five she joined the Order founded by St Vincent, and in 1768 was sent to Arras as Superioress or *Sœur Servante*.

Sœur Fontaine's excellent judgement, her kindness of heart and the wisdom with which she governed her large household made her a person of some importance, and it was probably owing to this circumstance that, during the first two or three years of the Revolution, she and her Sisters were left comparatively unmolested.

After 1789, when the policy of the Government became distinctly irreligious and the King was virtually a prisoner, as the revolutionary party gained in strength its attitude grew more violent and aggressive. Between 1789 and 1791 the *Assemblée Constituante* framed the laws that destroyed religious Orders throughout the kingdom; from 1791 to 1792 the *Assemblée Législative* did its best to create a schism among the secular clergy; the *Convention* in 1793 established the Reign of Terror, erected the guillotine in all the large towns, and made the practice of religion a crime to be punished by death.

Before proceeding to execute the priests and nuns the revolutionary Government craftily endeavoured to separate them from Rome, and for this purpose it required their adherence to a certain number of oaths, some of which were, like the *Constitution Civile du Clergé*, clearly unlawful and

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schismatical; others more vaguely worded were less obviously unorthodox.

The *Constitution civile du Clergé* applied only to ecclesiastics, and we need not discuss it here; our readers may remember that the bishops and priests who were murdered in the Paris prisons in September, 1792, perished because of their refusal to take this oath, which implied the rejection of the authority of the Holy See.

The oath demanded of the nuns was more insidious; it was called *le serment liberté, égalité, or le petit serment*, and ran thus: "I swear to be faithful to the nation, to maintain, by all means in my power, liberty and equality, and to die, if necessary, in their defence." At first sight the words seem harmless enough, and when applied to women they are simply absurd, but the importance attached by the Government to this apparently insignificant formula is proved by the fact that the nuns who rejected it were thereby disqualified for teaching the young or nursing the sick; after 1793 they were imprisoned and beheaded for the same offence. Although a certain number of priests looked upon the *petit serment* as merely political, the general opinion among the clergy was that it was unlawful; not because of its actual wording, but on account of the implied act of allegiance to a schismatical and God-hating government. The Holy See, as our readers know, distinctly condemned the *Constitution civile du Clergé*, but it kept silence on the subject of the *serment liberté, égalité*, which, nevertheless was, from conscientious motives, rejected by the majority of the French priests and nuns; indeed, the chief offence of the Carmelites of Compiègne, of the martyred Ursulines of Valenciennes, of the thirty-two nuns who were executed at Orange, was their uncompromising refusal to adhere to what they considered an act of apostasy. The same refusal was the immediate cause of the arrest and death of the Sisters of Charity whose story we are telling.

In some parts of France public opinion was divided as to the lawfulness of the oath, but the Bishop of Arras, Mgr de Conzié, adopted from the first a determined atti-

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tude in the matter, and the Sisters only followed his lead when they firmly declined to take the *serment liberté, égalité*. Such, however, was their popularity that they were, for the time being, left in possession of their house. Unyielding when principles were at stake, Sister Fontaine was willing to make any concessions that did not involve a question of right and wrong; therefore she and her sisters put on secular dresses in hopes of exciting less enmity, and, through the whole of the fatal year 1793 they remained at their post.

Their position was one of great isolation; throughout the length and breadth of France the churches were closed, the religious communities were sent adrift, the faithful priests could only exercise their ministry at the risk of their lives. The King and Queen had perished on the scaffold, and the guillotine was now a permanent institution in Paris. The Sisters could no longer communicate with their religious superiors, but, closely united with one another, and wholly absorbed in their daily duties, they quietly went about as usual among the poor and sick. The majority of the inhabitants were attached to the old order of things, and it is likely enough that the nuns might have weathered the storm had it not been for the arrival of Joseph Lebon, whose name, even now, after the lapse of more than a hundred years, awakens memories of horror at Arras and its neighbourhood. The story of his reign reads like a hideous nightmare; according to a modern French writer, who has made the Revolution his special study, "it is one of the most terrifying chapters of history."

Joseph Lebon, who, on November 1, 1793, was sent by the revolutionary Government on a special mission to the two departments of le Pas de Calais and le Nord, was an apostate priest. He was born at Arras of poor but respectable parents, and was educated by the Oratorians, whose Congregation he joined. He was ordained in 1789 and appointed Professor of Rhetoric at the Oratorian Colleges at Beaune. Here he seems to have been popular with his pupils chiefly on account of his love for out-door sports; he was active and excitable, but did not otherwise attract

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attention until one day, his superior having reprimanded him for a slight infraction of the rule, he suddenly left the Order. He then took the schismatical oath, and in consequence was provided with a small post as "curé" of Neuville-Vitasse, close to Arras. His mother, a good and simple woman, went out of her mind on hearing that her son had become a *constitutionnel* priest, and among his devout and unsophisticated parishioners their new pastor's strange ways excited much surprise and scandal. They shunned rather than sought him, a circumstance that Lebon remembered to their cost, when he became the despot of Arras. His letters written at this period prove with what cynical hypocrisy he continued to say Mass: "I have become a great dealer in Masses," he writes to his cousin; "I even say three on Sundays." This cousin, Elizabeth Regniez, Lebon eventually married. The ceremony took place at St-Pol in November, 1792; it was, we need not add, a purely civil ceremony and created much sensation, being the first sacrilegious marriage in the quiet little town.

In 1793, Lebon, who had now entirely broken with his past life, was sent to Paris as deputy for his native city; but a few months later, he returned to Arras with unlimited powers to establish revolutionary principles and destroy "fanaticism" and "superstition." The instructions he received concerning his mission sufficiently prepare the reader for the horrors that were to follow: he was authorized to make free use of the guillotine, to punish the "enemies of the Republic" as he chose, to show himself "terrible" towards the so-called conspirators.

Lebon began by forming a tribunal after the pattern of the one that existed in Paris; its members were either like himself fiends in human shape, or else weak-minded cowards, whose policy was to bow down before the dictator. The guillotine was erected on one of the wide *places* that are, even now, characteristic features of Arras as of all Flemish towns. Close to the scaffold galleries were built for the spectators, and a counter was established where refreshments were sold.

Joseph Lebon intended each execution to be a public festival: one of the first victims, the Marquis de Bethune,

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was beheaded at night, the *place* being brilliantly illuminated for the occasion, sometimes a band played while the heads fell and "Mimie," as Lebon's wife was familiarly called, was generally present, surrounded by her husband's lieutenants.

In a short time every large building in Arras was turned into a prison; whole streets were deserted, whole families exterminated. In one family alone, named Lallart de Berlette, fifteen members died on the scaffold. The most trivial pretences were enough to entail immediate execution: Madame de Modène, M. de Bethune's sister, perished because she compared the republicans to "small lions," and joked about her horses being forced to emigrate; some peasants were beheaded because they continued wearing their best clothes on Sundays, that day having been erased from the Republican calendar; indeed, the majority of Lebon's victims were farmers, workmen, servants, poor ignorant, timid folk who died without realizing what crime they had committed.

There was no attempt on the part of the despot to conceal his work of wholesale murder under the bare semblance of justice; M. Louis de la Vieville, his daughter and their servant were guillotined because their parrot cried, "Vive le roi, vivent les prêtres!" "The guillotine never stops work," wrote Darthé, one of Lebon's satellites in March, 1794; "dukes, marquises, counts and barons, male and female, are falling like game."

The Sisters of Charity had been left at their post in spite of their rejection of the oath, but they now experienced the effects of the Reign of Terror. About a fortnight after the tyrant's arrival, on November 14, Sister Fontaine was visited by two delegates who were sent by the local authorities to inquire if she and her companions had taken the oath. She replied that they had not done so; and, on being informed that they were allowed a fortnight to change their minds, she added that the delay was unnecessary, as their decision was one that nothing could alter. The delegates then visited the house and ordered the removal of all the religious pictures. Some days afterwards, the time-

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honoured "Maison de la Charité" was unbaptized and became the "Maison de l'Humanité"; but, for the time being, in spite of their uncompromising attitude, the Sisters were not expelled.

During these trying weeks of suspense Sister Fontaine proved herself a wise and valiant woman. She kept her little community closely knit together by an exact observance of the rules, the daily duties were fulfilled as calmly and quietly as if the guillotine was not at work a few steps from her door. The poor were visited as usual, the sick cared for as affectionately and diligently as in happier times; the accounts of the large household (still preserved among the city archives) were kept with minute attention. Nothing was neglected or hurried over; and, though she refrained from giving unnecessary offence, the Superioress did not fear, when duty commanded, to defend the material interests of the poor committed to her guardianship, interests that were singularly compromised by the unscrupulous greed of the men in power.

The history of the martyred Carmelites of Compiègne and of their southern and northern sisters, the victims of Orange and Valenciennes, is in certain respects more satisfactory than the tragic tale we are relating, in as much as, up to the last moment of their mortal life, we have a minute record of the martyrs' thoughts and feelings. Eyewitnesses were present, who carefully noted the words and gestures of the doomed religious; members of the community who outlived the tempest, testified to the cheerful submission with which their Sisters went to meet imprisonment and death; there are letters still existing that tell us with what eagerness, during years and months, the future martyrs aspired to win their crown.

Here we have nothing of the sort. Of the four religious who were arrested and imprisoned at Arras not one survived to tell the tale, but, besides this circumstance; there are others that help to drop a veil over the workings of the Sisters' minds during these weeks of suspense. Their vocation had developed in them habits of active charity, rather than of mental introspection; they prepared themselves for death

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by an uninterrupted practice of the humble duties which formed the very essence of their lives as servants of the poor. Deprived of all spiritual assistance, save what was afforded by the rare and mysterious visits of some hunted priest, they continued their daily routine, fitting themselves by a more faithful devotion to their helpless charges, the poor, the sick and the young, for whatever the Will of God held in store.

That Sister Madeleine Fontaine had no illusions as to the ultimate fate of her community is proved by the fact that early in February, 1794, she decided to send to Belgium two young Sisters, Rose Micheau and Thérèse Fabre. She knew that the position of her companions was daily becoming more precarious and that their arrest was now a matter of days. Among the devoted friends of the community were two worthy citizens, M. Lefebore des Trois Marquets and M. Watelet de la Vinelle, who had been mayor of Arras; in order to advise Sœur Fontaine more safely, they ventured to attend the popular meetings in which Joseph Lebon, to use his own expression, "formed public opinion" by appealing to the prejudices, ignorance and cowardice of the multitude. In these gatherings they discovered that the Sisters, having been denounced as anti-republicans, their life and liberty hung on a thread. Hastening to the Superioress with the information, they proposed to supply her with peasants' clothes and to conduct the younger Sisters to the frontier—no easy matter as it was now almost impossible to escape from the accursed city. With the assistance of another friend, M. Cartier-Mathieu, a prosperous coal merchant, whose descendants are still living at Arras, the plan was carried out; Rose Micheau and Thérèse Fabre made their way to Tournay, then across Germany to Poland, where they were received in a house of their Order. All through the miseries of their wandering life they remained faithful to the spirit of their vocation, and, when peace was restored to the Church in France, they returned to Arras and took up the work that had been interrupted by the martyrdom of their companions.

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There now remained with Sister Fontaine only three other nuns, women of mature age, who were prepared to face the trials from which the Superioress thought it her duty to guard her younger companions. They were: Marie Lasnel, from Eu in Normandy, aged forty-nine; Jeanne Gérard, from the diocese of Verdun, aged forty-two; Thérèse Fauton, from Miniac Marvan, a village near Dol in Brittany, aged forty-seven.

Only a few days after the young Sisters' flight, on February 5, 1794, a rabid republican named André Mury, was appointed director of the *Maison de l'Humanité*, and, as a natural consequence, Sister Fontaine and her three companions were arrested and conveyed to the prison called *l'Abbatiale*. André Mury was one of those men whom the Revolution raised from an obscure station to a post of command, simply on account of their advanced opinions. His animosity against the nuns, whose place he filled, was made up of anti-religious prejudices and of jealousy. The Sisters enjoyed a wide reputation for medical knowledge; they were, it seems, supposed to possess "secrets" enabling them to cure or to relieve their patients; and their popularity among the citizens enraged Mury. We shall see how, at a later date, when the nuns were brought to trial, he interfered with a view to hastening their condemnation and death.

The *Abbatiale*, where our four heroines were taken on leaving their house, was part of the great Abbey of St Vaast, portions of which still exist, and which was, before the Revolution, one of the most important monastic foundations in the north of France.

When the Government laid violent hands on all Church property throughout the land, *l'Abbatiale* became a prison where men, women and even children suspected, but not convicted, of disloyalty towards the Republic were confined according to the tyrant's good pleasure.

The Sisters of Charity remained at the *Abbatiale* from February 14 to March 9. At that date Lebon decreed that all the female prisoners should henceforth be conveyed to *la Providence*, an order that created the utmost consterna-

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tion among the Sisters' fellow-sufferers. Many of those had, until then, been surrounded by their husbands and children; it was now decided that the boys over seven should be conveyed with their fathers to the Hôtel-Dieu, the girls remaining with their mothers.

Joseph Lebon's custom of condemning whole families to imprisonment was accepted with gratitude by his victims; among the Sisters' companions was a Madame Desmazières, the mother of thirteen children, whose only offence was that her eldest son had left the country. Her other children, at first, shared her imprisonment, but after some time they were set free. They stoutly refused to leave their mother, and were, three days after the Sisters' arrival at the *Abbatiale*, expelled by force, to their deep distress.

Before transferring their victims to their new prison, the jailers robbed them of all they possessed: money, papers and valuables, and, having thus despoiled them of the scanty treasures that they had hitherto saved, they hurried them to the Convent of *la Providence*. The building in which our heroines now found themselves had, until the Revolution, been occupied by the "Dames de la Providence" who were devoted to the care and conversion of penitent women; it has since been destroyed. Here the Sisters met many friends and benefactresses, ladies who, in happier days, had taken an active part in their charitable ministrations; *châtelaines*, whose quiet lives had been spent in the dignified retirement of their country homes; wealthy *bourgeoises*, who had been prominent in the social and religious undertakings of their native city; servant girls, who declined to leave their mistresses; wives and mothers whose husbands were confined in the neighbouring Hôtel-Dieu, and whose helpless infants added to their parents' anguish. It is owing to the presence at *la Providence* of one of these women that we are able to trace Sister Fontaine's influence among her fellow-prisoners. Madame Cartier-Mathieu was the wife of the devoted friend who had contributed to the escape of the young Sisters, Rose Micheau and Thérèse Fabre. He had since been arrested, and was now at the Hôtel-Dieu with his little boy, aged seven, while

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his wife and her four daughters, whose ages ranged from six to twelve, was at the *Providence*. Madame Cartier-Mathieu, contrary to all human expectations, survived the Revolution, she lived to an advanced age, and her descendants, several of whom still reside at Arras, carefully treasure the traditions, papers and reminiscences, in which their great-grandmother's friend, Sœur Fontaine, fills a prominent place.

The house at *la Providence* was appointed to contain from two or three hundred persons at the outside, and the five hundred women and children, who were now crowded together within its narrow precincts, were miserably lodged. The rules, drawn up by Joseph Lebon's orders, state that the prisoners' food is to be "simple and frugal"; this meant that they were fed with black bread, which, adds Madame Cartier, was often uneatable. They were forbidden to write or receive letters, and their jailers were threatened with death if they ventured to break through this iron rule. In order to guard against any temptation to leniency on the part of these jailers, the despot chose them after his own heart. The directress of *la Providence* was a widow named Lemaire, who had once kept a small shop; and her colleague was a certain Catherine Allard, who, till she was promoted to this responsible position, lived in a cellar, where she sold rabbit skins. These two furies lost no opportunity of adding to the sufferings of their unfortunate charges; Mme Lemaire seems to have had the unnatural craving for blood, of which the history of the Terror affords us many terrifying examples. On the day when the executions were most numerous, she literally beamed with joy. "To-day I spit blood," she used to say to the prisoners when the guillotine was actively employed in destroying their friends and relatives. Many of these had been under her control at *la Providence*, and when they were led away to execution, she and Catherine Allard promptly appropriated their property. Thus in March, 1794, one evening, these two directresses laid their hands upon some bottles of wine that belonged to seventeen ladies who had been beheaded that afternoon; they drank the contents and danced and

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sang all night. The wretched woman Lemaire seems, moreover, to have deliberately tortured her victims; under the slightest pretence she condemned those who displeased her to solitary confinement in miserable cellars. One day she did worse. There were in the same prison two ladies whose names were similar, Madame Cartier-Mathieu, the Sisters' friend, and a Madame Mathieu Deliège. Calling over the names of those who were summoned to appear before the tribunal, an almost certain preliminary to the guillotine, the directress called out, "Citoyenne Mathieu." Madame Cartier-Mathieu concluded that her hour had come; she burst into tears, embraced her four little girls, whom she commended to the care of her companions, and, tearing herself away from the sobbing children, she prepared to follow the directress, who was watching the scene with a fiendish delight. After having enjoyed her victim's anguish, the woman calmly put her aside: "No," she said, "it is Citoyenne Mathieu Deliège"; and while Madame Cartier-Mathieu, almost too much bewildered to rejoice at her good fortune, was restored to her children, her unfortunate namesake followed her jailer to the tribunal, whose verdict was generally death.

In spite of the material privations that they suffered and of the torturing mental strain that the uncertainty of the future entailed upon them, the prisoners at *la Providence* showed a courage and spirit that are truly wonderful, when we remember that the guillotine was in daily use outside the prison walls and that they were fully aware that any day they might be called upon to ascend its bloody platform. Madame Cartier-Mathieu's descendants tell us that the ladies used to assemble round the miserable couches that served as beds; each one in her turn acted as hostess; conversation was the only pleasure in which they were allowed to indulge, but they agreed that it must be used as a restorative to stimulate their courage. It was therefore decided that depressing subjects should be, by common consent, avoided and that each member of the circle should consider it her duty to contribute an anecdote, a reminiscence or a spiritual thought, likely to cheer her companions. Our infor-

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mant adds that the Sisters of Charity were the life and soul of these gatherings: "*Les différents cercles se les disputèrent.*" They had a wide experience of human misery, and they knew that this brave attempt to banish discouragement and despair did not exclude a devout preparation for death. They therefore readily fell in with their companions' moods, and their brightness, sociability, their ready fund of anecdote and humour, made them general favourites. Beneath this surface cheerfulness lay an absolute submission to God's holy Will, a complete and childlike reliance on His assistance, and it was this supernatural heroism, veiled by natural and simple good nature, that gave the daughters of St Vincent an all-powerful influence over their fellow-prisoners.

On April 4, 1794, after seven weeks of imprisonment, Sister Fontaine and her companions were brought before the revolutionary *Comité de Surveillance*; they were accused by André Mury, their old enemy, of having concealed a parcel of anti-republican newspapers in an out-house belonging to the *Maison de la Charité*. The building had been searched on different occasions by the authorities, and nothing suspicious had been discovered; it seems certain that the newspapers were brought there by Eugénie Mury, and the director's daughter, at the suggestion of her father, the nuns' sworn foe.

The Sisters' answers to the questions put to them have been preserved; they are plain, simple, straightforward; they denied any knowledge of the incriminating papers; Sister Fontaine adding that she had neither enough time nor money to read or to subscribe to any newspapers. She suggested, which was really the case, that the house being open to many people, the papers might easily have been concealed on the premises by some one anxious to get the nuns into trouble. This sensible remark was disregarded, and the Committee concluded that as there was a "presumption" of the Sisters having hidden the newspapers, they should be transferred to the prison *des Baudets*, which was generally considered as the "ante-room" of the guillotine. The prisoners detained at *l'Abbatiale, la Providence* or *l'Hôtel-Dieu* had a chance, faint it is true, of

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being overlooked or forgotten; not so the prisoners of *les Baudets*, who were under the direct supervision and control of the revolutionary tribunal.

The house was before the Revolution a private dwelling known as "l'Hôtel d'Épinoy"; it still exists and is now used as an asylum for beggars. Like the Conciergerie in Paris, its grey walls witnessed scenes of suffering seldom equalled even in the tragic history of the Reign of Terror! The prisoners were closely packed, and the place of those who were daily carried off to execution was promptly filled up by others who came from the different prisons of Arras or from the neighbouring towns.

The Sisters of Charity remained at *les Baudets* from April 5 to June 5; during these twelve weeks, 766 men, women and children, of all ranks and age, passed through the "ante-room" of the guillotine; of these a considerable proportion were executed. Brune, a friend of Robespierre, owns that in the short space of three weeks 150 persons were beheaded and 3,000 were arrested.

Only nine days after our heroines' arrival at *les Baudets*, on April 14, twenty persons perished, one of whom, at least, had been an acquaintance of the Sisters in happier days. Marie Joséphe Désirée Bataille was a widow, well known in Arras for her charity and devotion. She was accused of having collected a sum of money for the support of the faithful priests, who, having declined to take the schismatical oath, had forfeited their posts; several of her friends, who had shared her charitable work, were brought to trial as her accomplices. With unselfish generosity Madame Bataille assumed the entire responsibility of what was then considered a treasonable practice; her anxiety to exonerate her friends and her indifference to her own safety impressed some of the judges. "She is sublime!" whispered one of them. Nevertheless, she and nineteen of her so-called "accomplices" were executed. Her courage never failed her; and from *les Baudets* she wrote thus to her cousins, Mesdames de Grandval, who had remained at *la Providence*: "God gives me more strength than I dared to hope for, and I have the greatest confidence in

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His mercy. If you and my other friends have a similar fate, do not be afraid; it is sweet to die for Him who died for us."

The example of Madame Bataille would alone have been enough to prepare the Sisters for the fate that awaited them; their refusal to take the oath and their religious vocation were unpardonable crimes; but for some mysterious reason they were left for an unusually long period at *les Baudets* before being brought to trial. The competent writers who have sifted their story in all its details, presume that their popularity in the city made even Joseph Lebon hesitate before bringing them to execution. Subsequent events prove this view to be the correct one; a month after the nuns' arrival at *les Baudets* the tyrant removed from Arras to Cambrai, where, in the course of a few weeks, his victims were transferred. They were less known at Cambrai than in the city where they had lived and worked, where for a quarter of a century Sœur Fontaine had been the helper and comforter of countless sufferers; consequently their execution at a distance would create less sensation and their unjust fate excite less sympathy.

The departure of Joseph Lebon for Cambrai was suggested by St-Just and Le Bas, two zealous members of the blood-thirsty *Comité du Salut public*. They visited the city and ascertained that its inhabitants were still deeply attached to their religious practices, and that, in the interests of the Republic, it was imperative that Lebon should rule Cambrai as he had ruled Arras with a rod of iron. Nothing loth, the dictator proceeded on May 5 to take possession of his new post, leaving the prisons of Arras filled to overflowing. He was attended by Caubrière, the public accuser, by the executioner, a giant named Outre-debanque, and by twenty of his most devoted satellites; his wife followed two days later with her baby girl, and the whole party took possession of a handsome house belonging to a Madame Déchy, who had just been executed. The unfortunate woman's household goods, her provisions, furniture, etc., were taken possession of by "Mimie," in whose eyes the house had another advantage, its balcony

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was in front of the guillotine. "We shall see the apricots fall," she playfully remarked.

As he had done at Arras, Lebon turned the executions, that took place daily, into a festival; the great bell of the city rang as the heads fell; a band of boys, trained for the purpose, was appointed to keep guard round the scaffold; close by was an orchestra and a refreshment stall.

Besides this, Lebon's wife, who entered into the spirit of her part, wished to "play the queen," and organized a series of receptions, to which many of the women of the town came through sheer terror. The refreshments were served in valuable china belonging to citizens who were in prison, and the guests often recognized silver plate bearing the crest and arms of *aristocrates* who had just been executed. "Mimie" also loved to be present at the tribunal; and when the jurymen seemed to hesitate, she encouraged them to pronounce a sentence of death by passing her hand across her throat. The memory of this woman, whose inhuman delight in the sight of blood is almost more revolting than her husband's cruelty, is still alive at Cambrai and in the country around. The peasants sing a *complainte*, of which one verse runs thus:

Quinze par jour, je m'en contente!
J'ai de la sorte, ouï parler
Madame la Représentante
Qui voulait voir le sang couler.

To his colleagues in Paris Joseph Lebon wrote triumphantly: "The machine is in good condition, the *aristocrates* are trembling. . . . The relatives and friends of *émigrés* and rebellious priests monopolize the guillotine."

The victims belonged to every class of society; the Marquise de Monaldy was eighty-eight years of age; her father had been governor of Cambrai and her brother was Coadjutor to the Archbishop; she herself was a great benefactress of the poor. She was guilty of having kept a letter in which the Revolution was called "a calamity"; her steward, Antoine Gilles, was beheaded the same day as her accomplice. The Marquis de Lawœstine de Besclær was younger,

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but completely paralysed; he and his wife were executed together in May, their noble birth being their only crime. "I cannot unbaptize myself," quietly observed the old man, when Caubrière reproached him for being an "ex-noble." Another elderly victim was a Canon of the Cathedral, named Tranchant, whose long life had been spent among his books; he had collected a number of manuscripts relating to the ecclesiastical history of the diocese and was put to death because "fanatical writings" were found in his possession; his niece, an infirm and crippled girl, perished the same day. A young woman, Madame de la Forge, was executed because a letter containing the following lines was found in her pocket: "In the Pas de Calais pensions are paid regularly, not so in the Nord, this would prove that the Republic is not one and undivided." Not less trivial was the charge brought against M. et Mme de Saint-Leger and their daughters aged twenty-one and twenty-five. These two girls, Rosalie and Ursule, were in the habit of playing on the piano to amuse their sick father; they were reported to have played on the day and at the hour when Valenciennes was taken by the Austrians, a fact of which they could not possibly be informed till the following day! But this mattered little, M. and Mme de St-Leger, their daughters and their maids were guillotined. Madame de Nédonchel de Baralle was, like Madame de Monaldy, over eighty; she and her daughters, two ex-nuns, were beheaded because a white cockade was found in the possession of their coachman. In the long list of victims there are even more peasants and workmen than "ex-nobles"; many of the former were executed simply because they happened to belong to the line of country of which the Austrian armies took possession in 1794, and, in consequence, they had been obliged to provide their conquerors with food and lodging. Here and there we come upon an English name, thus a certain Jeanne Gray, widow of an Englishman named Griffiths, was executed because she forwarded money to an *émigré*, named Fournier, whose mother was her friend. Mrs Griffiths was only thirty-five, tall and very beautiful. "She did not seem afraid," writes

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Leraulx, one of the tyrant's lieutenants, "on the contrary, she laughed like a she-devil even in the cart and when her head was at the window (under the knife)."

Another Briton, Miss Elizabeth Plunkett, aged thirty-six, made a brave defence; she related how, under the most trivial pretexts, she had been moved from one prison to another, seven in all, and she read a well-prepared and able paper, which, however, did not prevent her from being executed. "I never met with a boldness to equal hers," wrote one of the judges.

Although, as the foregoing account sufficiently proves, Joseph Lebon's time at Cambrai was busily occupied, he did not, unfortunately, lose sight of the inhabitants of Arras, and several times in the week prisoners were dispatched from *les Baudets* to the revolutionary tribunal at Cambrai. Jolting along the bare high road that leads from Arras to the former city, through the villages of Tilloy, Vis and Marquion, might be seen the rough, springless carts, surrounded by *gendarmes*, in which sat the miserable prisoners to whom the summons meant almost certain death.

Local traditions tell how the soldiers of the escort were in no hurry to reach Cambrai, the hot June sun made them thirsty, and they made frequent stations at the public houses on the way. While they were thus engaged, the prisoners breathed more freely; they could exchange a few words from one cart to another, and one, a man bolder than the rest, attempted to save himself by flight. He was called Auguste Gondemard, and he had already reached a cornfield at some distance when the alarm was given. The *gendarmes* knew that their own heads would pay the penalty of his escape, they summoned the peasants of Tilloy to their assistance, a man-hunt was organized, and the wretched fugitive captured.

On Sunday, June 25, a cart filled with prisoners had already started from *les Baudets* for Cambrai, and the confusion and distress that always attended these departures had barely subsided when a peremptory and pressing message was received from the public prosecutor Caubrière, Lebon's right hand. He enjoined the prison authorities to

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dispatch the four ex-Sisters of Charity, Madeleine Fontaine, Marie Lasnel, Jeanne Gérard and Thérèse Fauton, to Cambrai "without losing a minute." "I shall expect them to-morrow morning," he added, "*faites les arriver au grand trot.*"

It was already late, and night came on before the cart was ready; another prisoner was to be added to the little group; this was Jean Payen, a wealthy farmer, in whose possession a priest's dress had been found, but whose real crime was that when Joseph Lebon was appointed "curé" of Neuville-Vitasse, Payen steadily kept aloof from the schismatic, an offence that the latter never forgot or forgave.

Jean Payen was in a different prison from the Sisters, and some delay ensued before the necessary formalities were got through. The nuns being seated in the cart were driven to *la Providence*, their former prison, where they waited till their companion was brought from the adjoining *Hôtel-Dieu*.

Their appearance created a sensation among their friends, from whom they had been parted for nearly three months; and Madame Cartier-Mathieu hurried towards the Superioress. The unfortunate woman seems to have been beside herself with anxiety and sorrow for her children's sake even more than for her own, and the fate of her friend seemed to justify her worst forebodings. In after years she often related to her grandchildren the story of her solemn interview with the calm-faced religious, who endeavoured to help and comfort her. Taking from her pocket a small rosary, Sister Fontaine gave it to the weeping woman with loving words of hope and faith; then she put into her hands the sum of seven francs, all that was left to her, and bade her give it in her name to the young Sisters Rose Micheau and Thérèse Fabre; a prophetic instinct told her that they would one day return and take up her work at Arras. Finally, seeing that Madame Cartier seemed unable to believe that she would live to carry out her friend's bequests: "Be comforted," she added with gentle authority, "you will be saved, we shall be the last victims." The exact words used by the Sister have been handed down by Madame

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Cartier's daughters, who were present. One of them, a child of nine named Céline, afterwards married M. Bereux, a citizen of Arras, where her descendants are still living: "I can certify," said one of these, "that these were the words spoken by the Sister to my great grandmother; over and over again have I heard them quoted in my family."

To His faithful servant, whose long career had been devoted to the consolation of her suffering brethren, God sent, as a crowning grace, a clear insight into the future. From the moment when she left her prison at Arras on her way to death, Madeleine Fontaine, while calmly facing her own sacrifice, had the privilege of comforting the despairing souls around her by promising them with unshaken confidence and absolute certainty, the good gifts of life and liberty.

Thus, on the road to Cambrai occurred a similar incident; again the venerable Sister's prophetic words brought courage to stricken hearts, and again they were curiously realized.

It was past midnight when the nuns and their companion left Arras, and daylight was barely dawning when their horses, which were driven as quickly as possible along the straight, flat high road, overtook the prisoners who had left *les Baudets* early the previous day. The gendarmes who escorted this first convoy had received no special orders to arrive "au grand trot," like the Sisters' escort. They started in the heat of the June day and travelled leisurely, stopping at every village to refresh themselves. It was probably at Marquion or at Tilloy that the two groups met. The sisters promptly recognized in the cart that was drawn up before the village inn several ladies who, in former days, had been the friends and benefactresses of the *Maison de la Charité*; among them was Mme Nicolas, a printer's wife, Mme de Gosson, a man named Roussel Capron, whose descendants still live near Arras, and probably one or two priests. The ladies were in sore distress; they had left their children in prison, and the thought of these helpless little ones in the hands of Joseph Lebon's satellites made them shed bitter tears. An old manuscript,

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still preserved as a precious heirloom in a family at Arras, tells how Sister Fontaine drew near the sorrowing group and spoke to them with gentle gravity. The humble, retiring religious seemed, for the time being, invested with singular power, and her voice had a ring of authority when she said: "Mesdames, God will have pity on you, do not weep, your lives will be saved. We shall arrive at Cambrai before you, and we are the last victims." Her listeners were, it appears, not convinced or comforted; the Sister's prophecy seemed to them so impossible to believe! Before parting from them, the Superioress gave one of the ladies a black wooden rosary, mounted on a copper chain, much resembling the one she had given a few hours before to Madame Cartier; both rosaries have been returned to the Sisters of Charity who are now in Sœur Fontaine's old home at Arras.

Shortly afterwards the journey was resumed, the Sisters' cart rapidly outdistanced the other; it sped, according to Caubrière's instructions, "au grand trot" along the even, open road. On each side extended the monotonous plains of Artois, with fields of waving corn, where scarlet poppies and the familiar "bluets" made bright patches of vivid colouring.

The second conveyance was following more slowly, when suddenly one of the wheels fell off. It was impossible to mend it on the spot, and the prisoners were taken back to Arras; they then remembered the nun's prophecy, and a faint hope fluttered in their anxious hearts. Three days later the cart was repaired and the journey resumed; but by this time, contrary to all human previsions, the revolutionary tribunal at Cambrai was temporarily suspended. In the end, owing to circumstances which at that moment could not be foreseen, it never again assembled, and consequently the prisoners were saved!

It was about half-past eight in the morning when the Sisters of Charity entered Cambrai by the Porte Cantimpré. They were driven past the guillotine on the Grande Place to the prison which was situated close to the Hôtel de Ville; but the building was overcrowded and the jailer re-

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fused to take in the new-comers. They were then conveyed straight to the tribunal, which held its sittings in the former Seminary. These goings to and fro attracted much attention; it was market day and the streets were crowded with peasants from the surrounding country. All knew that the four quiet, recollected, prayerful women were nuns; and, as they passed through the crowd, they received many marks of sympathy, to which Sister Fontaine smilingly answered. Over and over again she repeated to those nearest the cart, "Do not fear, we are the last victims."

The latest historian of the martyred nuns tells us that in more than fifty families belonging to Cambrai or its neighbourhood the story of the Sister's prophecy has been handed down from one generation to another; it first came from the lips of eyewitnesses of the scene.

On arriving at the Seminary, the nuns were detained for some time in the chapel that served as a prison. Here they met a lady, Madame de Merviel, who survived the Revolution, and who was still living when, in 1816, the daughters of St Vincent returned to Cambrai. To them she often spoke of the deep impression made upon her by the calmness, resignation and quiet cheerfulness of the four religious; she remembered Sister Fontaine's prophetic words and the absolute certainty with which the aged nun repeated: "Be comforted, we shall be the last victims."

The revolutionary tribunal held its sittings in an immense room on the first floor of the Seminary, its members, according to an eyewitness, "looked like executioners rather than like judges." Their cynical cruelty, their coarse jests, their absolute indifference to questions of right and justice, their hideous delight in the sight of blood, shocked even moderate Republicans. Their attitude was "scandalous" and "ignoble," writes a contemporary. A crowd of people were generally present at the trials; "Mimie," the tyrant's wife, was a frequent spectator, taking a lively interest in the proceedings, and sometimes stimulating the jurymen to severity by her words and gestures. Jean Payen, the Sisters' companion, was the first to appear, and was, without hesitation, condemned to death. The charges against

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him were most trivial. He was accused of having concealed a priest's cassock and sash, of having "vexed the patriots," but the real offence of "this monster of aristocracy and fanaticism" was his refusal to assist at Lebon's Mass when the apostate was curé of Neuville-Vitasse. In a certain sense Jean Payen was a victim of his religious convictions, and we may believe that the influence of his companions contributed to make his last hours on earth happier and more peaceful. During the long drive from Arras to Cambrai surely Sister Fontaine, with her pitiful spirit and wide experience of human suffering, helped the good Christian at her side to accept the cruel fate inflicted upon him by the injustice of men.

After Jean Payen had been condemned, the Sisters were brought forward. An eyewitness informs us that the president of the tribunal offered to set them free if they would take the oath *liberté, égalité*. They replied that their conscience forbade them to do so. "But," said a jurymen, "it it were necessary to do it to save the Republic?" "Our conscience forbids us to take the oath," was the quiet answer. "That is enough," said the President, and immediately the sentence of death was passed. Sister Madeleine Fontaine was condemned as *pieuse contre-révolutionnaire*, having refused to take the oath and "insulted the officials of the district"; the three other Sisters were condemned as her accomplices. The compromising newspapers said to have been found in the nuns' possession are only casually mentioned, the real cause of their death was their refusal to take the oath *liberté, égalité*. As for Sister Fontaine's supposed "insults," the sentence goes on to explain that she was accused of having said that the demons, instead of being chained down to hell, were now let loose on the earth, a sentiment that seems to have wounded the susceptible feelings of Joseph Lebon's satellites!

Contemporary historians tell us that, contrary to what generally happened, the sentence was received in silence by the mob; there were neither cries, nor clapping of hands; on the contrary, the four silent, gentle women, who so simply accepted death rather than compromise their reli-

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gious principles, excited general respect and sympathy. Many of the spectators wept when they left the tribunal to take their seats in the cart that was waiting outside, and to these unknown friends Sister Fontaine repeated her message: "Do not weep, have confidence; we shall be the last victims."

On arriving at the *Place d'Armes* where the guillotine stood in the midst of pools of blood, the Sisters knelt down and prayed fervently, and we may believe that Jean Payen joined in this last and solemn act of devotion. Then the execution began; the farmer and the three younger Sisters perished first, Madeleine Fontaine was the last to ascend the bloody stairs. Before laying her head under the knife she was prompted to deliver her message of hope to the assembled crowd; advancing to the edge of the platform she cried in a loud voice, "Christians, listen to me, we are the last victims. To-morrow the persecution will be over, the scaffold taken away, and the altars of Jesus gloriously restored!"

And in the midst of a death-like silence, broken only by the sound of the great bell that rang as the heads fell, Sister Fontaine went to join her martyred companions.

The old nun's prophecy created immense sensation at Cambrai and was discussed that evening by Lebon and his friends, who made merry over it. So improbable, indeed, did its fulfilment appear that the terror-stricken people who heard the hopeful and consoling words dared not believe them! Humanly speaking, there seemed no possibility of Lebon, then at the zenith of his power, being stopped in his work of extermination and yet, through a series of unforeseen circumstances, the execution of the Sisters of Charity really marked the end of the Reign of Terror at Cambrai.

The very next day news came that a man named Guffroy, Lebon's personal enemy, had attacked the latter violently before the *Assemblée*, and the despot thought it wiser to start for Paris and present his apology in person. So convinced was he that, on his return, the executions would take place as before, that he gave orders to make the pit under the guillotine deeper and wider, so that it should

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easily receive sixty-four heads at a time! On his return to Cambrai, where the prisons were filled with victims and the guillotine still standing, he was requested by the townspeople to let the hideous machine be temporarily removed in honour of the national feast of July 14, when there was to be a display of forces in the *Place d'Armes*. Lebon hesitated, but he at last consented to allow the guillotine to disappear during the *fête*, stipulating that it should be erected on the same spot immediately afterwards. But before this took place, came the fall of Robespierre on July 27, and, as its natural consequence, the end of the Reign of Terror. When the news was brought to him, the tyrant realized that his day was over, he fled from Cambrai with "Mimie" and her little girl, and, having left them at Arras, hastened on to Paris, where he was almost immediately arrested and imprisoned.

Meantime the municipal council of Cambrai gave orders that the bloody pit on the Place d'Armes should be filled with quicklime and earth; the horrible smell made it a public danger to the citizens who lived in the neighbourhood. Thus, in the face of apparent impossibilities was Sister Fontaine's prophecy literally fulfilled.

The memory of the martyred daughters of St Vincent has been kept alive for the last hundred years both in the city where they worked for God and the poor, and at Cambrai where they gained their crown. The two rosaries bestowed by Sister Fontaine on her fellow-sufferers now belong to the Sisters of Charity at Arras, to whom they were generously given by the descendants of those who received them from the hands of the martyred Superioress. In 1801, the Sisters Rose Micheau and Thérèse Fabre returned to Arras, where they took up the work that the Revolution had interrupted; from Madame Cartier and many other friends they reverently collected all possible information concerning the last weeks spent on earth by their former companions. These details, together with the reminiscences of the many persons who, at Cambrai, witnessed the execution and heard the Sister's last message of hope, were carefully transmitted to the Mother House of

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the Sisters of Charity in Paris, where they are recorded in the archives of the Order.

The hideous death of Joseph Lebon presents a striking contrast to the peaceful and happy end of his victims. Upon the downfall of his patron and fellow-citizen Robespierre, like himself a native of Arras, he was kept in prison for a whole year, and finally executed at Amiens, after a lengthy trial that reads like a nightmare! Not a sign of regret or remorse was noticed in his attitude as hundreds of witnesses, dressed in deep mourning, untolded the story of his reign at Arras and Cambrai; he even wrote to his "tender Mimie" that his life had been, he was happy to think, "a succession of virtuous acts."

On being summoned to execution he swallowed two bottles of brandy, and was pushed, an inert and stupefied mass, under the knife of the guillotine. "Mimie," after spending some months in prison at *la Providence*, was set free, and, with her children, Pauline and Émile, returned to St-Pol, her native town. Here she lived till 1814, when, upon the restoration of the Bourbons, fearing, perhaps, the results of a royalist movement, she disappeared with her daughter, and what became of them was never ascertained! It is probable that, like the tyrant's father and brothers, she dropped a name that had become a symbol of horror in northern France, and died unknown.

Émile Lebon was born in prison and never saw his father; his mother he knew little, for, when a mere child, he was adopted by one of his aunts and educated in Belgium. He eventually became a judge at Chalon-sur-Saône, and was a grown man when for the first time he learnt his father's history. The effect produced upon him was, curiously enough, not the feeling of repulsion we might imagine, but a passionate desire to justify his unknown parent from the crimes attributed to him. He had lived far from Arras and Cambrai, and he judged his father from the letters he possessed, addressed by Lebon to his "tender Mimie"; moreover, he was a silent, brooding, solitary man, who lived alone with his dreams and illusions. He published in 1855 an apology of Joseph Lebon and a selec-

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tion of his letters to his wife; this futile attempt to justify the tyrant, whose atrocities were notorious, was disapproved by his chiefs as "an unwise undertaking," prompted by a mistaken feeling of filial devotion.

Towards the end of his life, probably after a journey to Arras and Cambrai, Émile Lebon's opinion of his father seems to have been modified, although, with his usual reticence, he never spoke to any human being on the subject. He refused to marry, not wishing to perpetuate his *nom douloureux* and used to spend hours in church. There are people still living at Chalon who remember that as children, forty years ago, they were shown a man prostrate in the Church of St-Pierre; "That," they were told, "is the son of a monster, he is doing penance for his father's crimes."

In 1870 Émile Lebon, now an old man, who had long since retired into private life, left Chalon, but where he went and where he died is not known.

The Sisters of Charity whose story we have been telling were buried, with Lebon's other victims, in a large pit, jokingly called by "Mimie" and her husband, "le saloir de Lebon." But, although, like their martyred Sisters of Compiègne, Valenciennes and Orange, they have no separate burial-place, their memory distinctly stands out in the tragic drama of the Reign of Terror in the north of France. After a lapse of a hundred and thirteen years the circumstances of their execution are remembered, and the descendants of their friends and fellow-prisoners cherish the traditions that tell of their helpful kindness and simple courage. True to their vocation, unyielding only when their principles were at stake, gentle, charitable, unconscious of their own heroism, they proved themselves the worthy daughters of the most pitiful of modern saints; and the instructions given by Madame Legras to the foundresses of the Maison de Charité were faithfully carried out by them: "The Sisters must remember that they are called upon to honour Jesus Christ and to imitate His humility, simplicity, modesty and charity."

BARBARA DE COURSON

The LIBER SENTENTIARUM

THERE are books, as there are men, which sum up and express in themselves the tendencies of a period and attain, for that reason, an abiding place in history. Of such a character was the famous *Book of the Sentences*, published in the middle of the twelfth century, which gave to its author, Peter Lombard, the name of *Magister Sententiarum*. There was no theological work previously written that did not contribute in one way or another to its contents; no controversy of the past that did not leave some echo among the Master's pages. He profited by nearly everything that had occupied human thought in the field of theological inquiry. Almost immediately the book achieved unrivalled popularity. Copies of it were spread all over Europe before the close of the century. As late as the first half of the sixteenth century, it was still in use in the schools and universities as a mine of theological lore and method: the great Divines of the Middle Ages adopted its system and were inspired by its doctrines. Its influence may still be traced in the pages of modern theology.

The literary history of the *Liber Sententiarum* may be said to begin with the authors of the later patristic age and of the Carolingian renaissance; if indeed they may be called authors, for men like Cassiodorus in Italy, Isidore of Seville, Julian of Toledo, Tayon of Saragossa in Spain, the Venerable Bede in England, Alcuin, Raban Maurus, Walafriad Strabo and others in France and Germany, were, perhaps, rather compilers who did no more than register ideas after the manner of a catalogue, and who handed them on unaltered in this form to future ages. Again, the various collections of canons, liturgical, disciplinary and sacramental, from the Irish Collection of the eighth century to that of Gratian in the twelfth, provided Peter Lombard with another copious supply of ancient texts.*

* It is to be remembered that for centuries writers contented themselves with repeating or summarising what others had said before them. During all this time, while theology was growing into a science, the chief

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He had, too, at his disposal the science of dialectics,* which, encouraged originally by St Augustine, had attained an important position in the schools during the Carolingian period and had come to be ranked among the seven arts.

It would be interesting to follow, from the seventh to the twelfth century, the thread of this long intellectual development, and to note how the two main elements which characterize the book of Peter Lombard—the cult of the texts of tradition and the reliance on dialectics, become more and more conspicuous. They are clearly seen, to mention but two examples, in the famous Berengarian controversy, and in the Investiture dispute, concerning the validity of the Sacraments. Certainly at the beginning of the twelfth century, the time was ripe for the appearance of a book like Lombard's, and we may confine ourselves here to the events in the theological world of the first fifty years of that century, premising that the obscurity which hangs over much of the literary history of

argument adduced in favour of an assertion was what was called an *auctoritas*, i.e., a text borrowed either from Scripture or from some previous writer. Thus it was that whole books were written which are little else than a collection of such *auctoritates*—sentences, phrases, sometimes single words, taken from the past. The popularity of such books was very great; but the interpretation they give to the patristic fragments with which they provided the theologians of the following ages, is not always above criticism. Near the end of the twelfth century, Alain of Lille pointed out that the argument from authority could be made to prove what one pleased, “as a nose of wax may be bent to right or to left.” St Thomas, in the first page of the *Summa Theologica*, deals with the relative positions of authority and reason.

* The medieval “Dialectics” is, I suppose, equivalent to the science of formal argument. According to Cassiodorus, the seven Arts—that is, the Trivium and Quadrivium—are grammar, dialectics, rhetoric; and arithmetic, geometry, music, astronomy (Ueberweg's *History of Philosophy*, English translation, Hodder and Stoughton, vol. 1, p. 355). Cardinal Newman substitutes “logic” for “dialectics” in his list (*Historical Sketches*, vol. III, p. 170). In the ninth century, dialectics is spoken of as one of the divisions of logic (Ueberweg, vol. 1, p. 368), some dividing logic into grammar, rhetoric and dialectics, some into rhetoric and dialectics only.—EDITOR.

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the period makes it impracticable to attempt anything more than a general sketch.*

Though all the countries of the West, and, indeed, some of the East also, must be regarded as having contributed to the formation of the *Book of the Sentences*, it was the academic world of France alone that was immediately responsible for its elaboration. The balance of Scholastic influence, which in the hey-day of the monasteries of Fulda, Reichenau, St Gall, had leaned decisively in the direction of Germany, had now definitely shifted, and German theologians had perforce to seek a reputation to the West of the Rhine. England, despite the brilliant, but transitory, renown conferred upon her metropolitan see by Lanfranc and Anselm, looked also at this period for intellectual enlightenment to masters beyond the Channel: she had lost the position she occupied in the days of Bede and Alcuin. The great Lotharingian school of Liège, it is true, exercised an immense attraction upon German and even Polish students; but it did nothing more than pass on to the East the light it borrowed from the schools of the West. Italy, while providing in her schools of Bologna, Pavia and Ravenna, intellectual centres in which the study of theology and of Roman and Canon Law was eagerly pursued, nevertheless sent vast numbers of scholars across the Alps to seek renown in the famous cosmopolitan schools of France.

The pre-eminent position enjoyed by these schools, which were destined to supply Peter Lombard with professors of almost every nation, was of long standing. Already at the beginning of the eleventh century Chartres enjoyed a great reputation: its famous bishop, Fulbert of Chartres, an Italian, was one of the greatest teachers of his age; nearly all the writers who took a share in the Berengarian controversy had been his pupils. Later, at Bec in Normandy, Lanfranc and Anselm, also Italians, attracted to their lectures nearly all the scholars of their

* The author of this article wrote in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, July, 1908, a short account of the earlier elements of elaboration of Lombard's work from the later patristic age to Anselm.

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age. In the generation which followed, the reputation of the famous canonist Ivo, Bishop of Chartres, made that city again the centre of learning. A little later Laon became a formidable rival to Chartres. In the valley of the Loire, notably at Le Mans, at Tours and at Angers, both sacred and classical studies were pursued with great activity, so much so that John of Salisbury, that most anecdotic of writers, who had studied at the humanistic school of Chartres, could make their defective latinity a subject of reproach to the professors of Paris. At Orleans the study of law was added to the study of letters. Liège, Verdun, Toul, Tournay, not to mention other less important cities, possessed large and flourishing schools; and passing from one such school to another, a great floating population of wandering scholars and wandering masters brought about a constant interchange of ideas, of methods and of books. But all these were soon to be eclipsed by the schools at Paris, of Notre Dame, of St Geneviève and of St Victor.

In the early years of the twelfth century we find Laon for the moment the centre of the theological world. The reputation of Anselm of Laon—the “Master of Masters,” as he is called by Guibert of Nogent—had given to the two Divinity schools of Laon an immense vogue. No one who had not heard his lectures was regarded as entitled to speak on theological matters. Innocent II conferred upon him the title of “Restorer of sacred studies”; even the great Abelard had become one of his pupils. He was to that generation of students what Fulbert, Anselm of Canterbury and Ivo of Chartres had been to their predecessors; the majority of the bishops and theological celebrities of the day were past pupils of his.

The tremendous intellectual movement, which we usually associate with the name of Abelard, manifested itself in the publication of a vast number of essays and treatises, general or special, and in the constant demand for works which should throw light upon the vexed questions of the day: copies of celebrated volumes of Lanfranc, Anselm, Ivo and others, or of Latin translations

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of Greek treatises, were multiplied on all sides. Individual scholars such as Robert of Retines and Adelard of Bath, both Englishmen, even ventured into Mohammedan Spain and returned with translations of the main works of Arabian philosophy and religion. Such questions as the limitation of the Divine power, original sin, the Trinity, the origin of the soul and its transmission, were passed from one school to another and earnestly debated. They preoccupied the minds of men; the dying Anselm of Canterbury prayed for a little more life that he might solve yet one problem more. We discover, again, echoes of this intellectual activity in the Satirists of the day—the Goliardi and the versatile Walter Mapes—as well as in the correspondence of the period: the letters of Lanfranc, Ivo, Anselm, Hildebert, Odon of Tournay, Anselm of Laon, Hugo of Reading, Rosselin, Hugo Metel, and many others, are full of the great questions of dogmatic theology and sometimes form veritable treatises on such subjects as the Divine Attributes, Confession, or the Holy Eucharist. About the same time, also, a considerable number of works were written which were intended to be complete expositions of Catholic doctrine, and as they paved the way for Lombard's *Liber Sententiarum* some account of them is necessary.

From the birth of theological science, inquiring minds in every age had been in search of a full exposition and systematization of doctrine, which should include all the data. It was to satisfy the desire of Laurentius that Augustine wrote in the year 420 his exposition of Christian doctrine, which we possess under the title of *Enchiridion, sive de Fide, Spe et Caritate*. It was to satisfy a somewhat similar desire that the various systematized collections of canons were written during and after the seventh century. Hence also arose both the *Sententiae* (which circulated under the cover of some illustrious name, such as that of Isidore of Seville, Gregory the Great, Julian of Toledo, or Tayon of Saragossa) and the *Flores, Deflorationes, Libri Floridi*, and *Scintillae*, compiled by unknown hands. Notwithstanding Anselm's example and influence, com-

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pilations of this sort continued to be written well into the twelfth century; but all such productions were felt to be sadly insufficient. They merely grouped together the traditional texts dealing with dogma, morals or ascetism. Many of them, so far as they have been examined by scholars, are only interesting as indications of the first efforts of theological science. We shall therefore only signal out some of the earlier attempts at systematic codification, whose different styles entered later on into the *Liber Sententiarum*.

Of these a few give, in catechetical form, sometimes rudimentary explanations, sometimes longer developments, of the principal doctrines of the faith. We may mention, as examples, the names of two men, not unknown in England, Hugo of Reading, later Archbishop of Rouen, who touches on nearly all the principal questions of dogma, and Honorius of Autun.

Another class of these codifications, called *Sententiae*, belongs more strictly to the theological literature of the schools. They follow the plan of the older collections, but are more solid and systematic: they are not merely a string of extracts, they have the pretension of being a full exposition of revealed truth. As an example we may cite, without entering into questions of chronology, the collection generally attributed to Alger of Liège: it was later incorporated, in part, in Gratian's *Decretum* and was put under contribution by Lombard, either directly or indirectly, for patristic texts; the collection is still unpublished. The *Sententiae* of Anselm of Laon, usually associated with his brother, Raoul, is a much more comprehensive work than Alger's. It extends over 500 folio pages, a fact which confirms the judgement of a contemporary, who asserts that Anselm displayed an extraordinary wealth of patristic texts. Other *Sententiae* are mentioned by Pitra, Denifle, and others. A large number dating from the beginning of the twelfth century may be found among the manuscripts of the National Library of Paris and the manuscript collections of South Germany and Upper Austria. The esteem in which they were held is seen in

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such titles as "Liber totus aureus" which many of the MSS bear. Their contents, however, scarcely warrant this description, consisting of little else than collections of texts more or less consistent, loosely strung together, in which the traditional doctrine is exposed in the traditional formulas; they contain odd digressions, but hardly any original thought.

It is in a third group of *Sententiae* that the use of dialectics is most noticeable. This element had made much progress since the Carolingian period and was destined to play a great part in Lombard's work. Hitherto it had been employed only in special treatises, as those of Berengar and of his adversaries on the Eucharist, and those of Roscelin and of William of Champeaux on the Trinity. Outstripping his contemporaries, Anselm of Canterbury had likewise made use of dialectics and had already written those profound metaphysical meditations on certain dogmas which still command our admiration. The work of Anselm, indeed, was exceptional for his age; it crowned the invaluable services rendered by the Benedictine schools; but it was small in amount, consisting only of a few monographs. Further, by reason of its very superiority, it was too remote from the methods and conceptions of his day; and hence it came to pass that, though his writings were eagerly read, and were, in fact, pillaged for fine passages or imitated in apocrypha, still they had not that direct influence on the theories of the twelfth century which they had on those of a later age and which won for him the title of "Father of Scholasticism." It is rather with the names of Abelard and of Hugo of St Victor that we connect this third group of *Sententiae*, in which tradition and dialectics are blended and with which Peter Lombard's work is so intimately bound up. In other words, the work of the Magister rests on the products both of the Abelardian and of the orthodox schools.

We may begin with the story of Abelard and his school. At the moment when the "Light of France," Anselm of Laon, was, as he says himself, drawing to a close a career

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of unbroken success, Peter Abelard entered the lists as champion of dialectics in the famous school of Picardy, and it was only after thirty years of fighting that he withdrew. He was born at Pallet near Nantes in 1079, and died at Saint-Marcel near Châlons in 1142. The work of Abelard was forgotten or ignored in the history of theology for six centuries, and if his name survived in the history of literature, it was owing to the romance of his life; so much so, that it could be said in the eighteenth century that but for the love story which united his name with that of Héloïse, his memory would have been lost to posterity.

In our own days, the labours of Denifle, completing or correcting those of Deutsch, Vacandard and others, have given to Abelard, in the development of theological science, a position similar to that which Cousin, Abbot Tosti and de Rémusat had already secured for him in philosophy; it may now be affirmed without fear of exaggeration, that it is no longer possible to speak of the theological movement of the twelfth century, nor of the *Liber Sententiarum* of Peter Lombard, without making mention of his works. Scholars of every nationality and of every party are unanimous in testifying to the merits and fame of the Breton theologian: his personal advantages, his brilliance as a lecturer, his subtleness, his readiness—all secured the immediate and lasting success of the “knight of dialectics,” who at the age of twenty traversed France in search of adversaries, and on his deathbed corrected a treatise on logic for his nephews. His correspondence, his adversaries’ attacks, the chroniclers’ accounts, which tell the story of his victories over Anselm of Laon or over William of Champeaux, give proof of the fascination of the man—a fascination to which even illustrious and saintly disciples of St Bernard succumb. There never was before him, even at the great schools of Le Bec or Laon, or Chartres, a “Magister” who enjoyed such prestige or aroused such enthusiasm. Scholars fought for pages written by his pen; almost immediately his ideas and his works won a name outside of France; they formed

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the subject of conversation in the market places and on the high roads; they even found access to the Roman Court. The romantic adventures of his life and his excessive vanity cast only a momentary shadow on his success; the numerous satirists of the time seized on these adventures, exploiting them with the bluntness that characterized the period, yet they let us see at every page what place the famous "Magister Petrus" occupied in the imagination of men. The list of those who followed his lectures has been drawn up; it includes almost all the illustrious scholars of his time; Popes, Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops may be counted in imposing numbers among his disciples, if not among his friends or admirers. So much so that only one man was found capable of stopping, or rather of controlling, the movement which Abelard started—St Bernard, who, as it has been said, from his ill-lighted and narrow cell at Clairvaux, governed for nearly forty years the whole of Christendom.

The preponderating influence of the theologian of Pallet cannot be referred, as has long been done, to the novelty of his doctrines and opinions, but rather to the methods he introduced into theological exposition, which, in their bearing on future compilations, we must now proceed to describe.

Of all the attempts at codification which sprang up during the first half of the twelfth century, none—except, naturally, that of Peter Lombard himself—were utilised by his contemporaries to the same extent as was Abelard's. We refer principally to his *Introductio ad Theologiam* and his *Sic et Non*. Condemned at Soissons in 1121, and twenty years later at Sens, the brilliant but rash "Magister Petrus," as he was commonly called, saw a large part of his work delivered to destruction; certain fragments of it have been preserved only in a single manuscript, and of the three parts which the complete development of his course comprises, one only has come down to us, viz., that which, having been the first to appear, was doubtless widely enough diffused to avoid, in some transcription sent far away, the annihilation which befell the

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rest; the other two parts are known to us only by the table of contents furnished at the beginning of the book, or by the reproductions and modifications of it written by his disciples. Some of these have been found unexpectedly at the end of the nineteenth century. For all that, in spite of the almost complete destruction of his works, the remains to-day in the hands of the historian prove unquestionably that Abelard actually held a position as head of a theological school; we can prove the existence of this school, denied twenty-five years ago; we can name its principal scholars, themselves later on professors and writers; we know that they followed Abelard for the plan of their treatises, for the order of the principal subject-matter and for many of their arguments. One of the most distinguished scholars of Bologna, Roland Bandinelli (later Alexander III), who had several dealings with Henry II of England and Thomas à Becket, guards, indeed, in his writings, against the errors of his master, but obviously adopts for his own, besides a love of order, many of Abelard's ideas and actually uses his very expressions.

In the *Introductio* and in the *Sic et Non* Abelard treats, in the first place, of faith and of the principal mysteries which constitute its object, then of the Sacraments, lastly of charity, the commandments, the virtues and the vices. This order he borrowed in all likelihood from the *Enchiridion, sive de Fide, Spe et Caritate* of St Augustine, which he cites at the very beginning of his work, replacing the short section which Augustine devotes to hope by a treatise on the Sacraments.* In the section on faith, Abelard treats the mysteries of the Trinity and of the Incarnation at the same length as Augustine treats the Soteriology. Again, if we compare Abelard with preceding or contemporary writers, his superiority in the matter of

* The followers of Abelard, however, doubtless from a desire of proportion, departing from the *Introductio* and the *Sic et Non*, put the treatise on the Sacraments in the last place and thus inserted the shortest part, that on charity, between the longer developments which concern faith and the Sacraments.

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orderly development is very notable, and a comparison of his work with that of Peter Lombard enables us to see that his example was not without fruit.

But the introduction into theology of the principle of order is not Abelard's only merit: in his *Sic et Non*, the preface to which is a remarkable piece of writing, he gathered together a collection of patristic materials astonishing in its extent and much utilized by his successors. This collection, which would seem to have been enriched by successive additions from the hand of the author himself, is a vast repertory of Biblical and patristic texts and of citations from Councils, where the *auctoritates* for or against a doctrine are grouped together methodically. It would be a difficult and delicate task to determine to what extent this collection is the outcome of Abelard's own reading; it is true that already in his day certain groups of texts circulated in the schools and had found their place in theological monographs on particular subjects, as may be proved—to cite only one argument—from the correspondence of Hugo Metel and Ivo of Chartres; but to judge by the comparison of Abelard's work and Pulleyn's, for instance, we have serious reasons for believing that a great number of these "authorities" were first put within the reach of the schools by the labours of Abelard. However this may be, it is certain that Abelard's successors, and in particular Peter Lombard, drew largely on the texts amassed in the *Sic et Non*.

The prologue also of the *Sic et Non* had a lasting influence in the schools of theology and canon law. It is a piece of writing which deserves careful study on the part of anyone who wishes to understand the position which Abelard takes up in the body of his work. It has, however, been often overlooked, with the result that Abelard has been taxed quite unfairly with rationalistic and sceptical tendencies. True, he juxtaposes in a most disconcerting fashion contradictory *auctoritates*, but he is not for that a proved sceptic: his work, taken as a whole, shows that he ever wished to unite to a critical spirit a most sincere faith. As a matter of fact, long before Abelard, the pain-

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ful problem of the reconciliation of these contradictory *auctoritates* was a theologian's crux, as we see at the beginning of the eleventh century in Burchard of Worms, at the end of the same century in Bernold of Constance and in Bonizo of Sutri, and shortly after them, in Ivo of Chartres and Alger of Liège.

In his Prologue, which contains pages that deserve to be called epoch-making in the history of criticism, Abelard codified the rules which should direct the work of the reconciliation of the *auctoritates*. Some of these rules he found already in use among his predecessors, who enunciated them with more or less exactitude and who were indebted for them chiefly to St Isidore of Seville. Abelard took up this heritage, and developed their system to a considerable extent in a manner that would give full play, as he says, to dialectic sagacity and to the growth of knowledge: he presented a principle of reconciliation which, though employed occasionally before his day, had not yet been formulated, viz., to have recourse to "dialectics" in order to determine the significations of the same word in different authors. This idea was certainly a good one and rested on a sound principle. But the principle could be easily misapplied and it had more than once in the past been so misused, as, for instance, by Gratian. The hypothesis of a different meaning for the same word in various authors was legitimate, but before applying it, it was necessary to see if the authors in question did really employ the same word in a different sense.

After all that has been written on the subject, it is hardly necessary to add that, besides some sound theories which found their way into the theological system of the thirteenth century and have come down to our own day, the influence of Abelard led up to positions and conclusions which are at least censurable, if not positively heretical or erroneous.

Happily there was in those days a man of truly Catholic instinct who watched over the Church—St Bernard. He it was who succeeded in arresting the misguided efforts of

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Abelard. The story of the struggle between those two men constitutes an important chapter in the history of Catholic thought, and it affords the consoling spectacle of the submission and final reconciliation of the once proud dialectician. It is with a feeling of relief and of sympathy that we read of Abelard's last visit to Cluny, where Peter the Venerable succeeded in restoring peace and calm to the wounded and fevered spirit of (to use the words of P. de Régnon) "the big child."

The work of St Bernard found support in certain Parisian Schools at the hands of French "Magistri" and of learned strangers, and as it was from them that Peter Lombard, who was constantly engaged with Abelard's writings, sought for arguments against the errors of the *Introductio*, mention must be made of the more distinguished among them.

We have already spoken of Robert Pulleyn, archdeacon of Rochester, professor first at Oxford, which he reorganized, and later at Paris. He was the first English cardinal and became finally Chancellor of the Roman Church. His friend, St Bernard, recommended him to the Bishop of Rochester for the purity of his doctrine, which does not, however, seem free from all reproach. Beside Pulleyn we may notice the names of such men as Gauthier of Mortagne, Hugo of Reading and Robert of Melun, all of whom were contemporaries of Peter Lombard and contributed, each in some degree, to his early intellectual formation. But all of these, bishops, abbots and magistri, were eclipsed by Hugo of Saint Victor, the "new Augustine," the "Lyre of the Holy Spirit."

All that is known of the history of Hugo of Saint Victor may be told in a few words. Son of the Count of Blankenberg, he left Saxony at an early age with one of his uncles, and entered the newly founded abbey of St Victor at Paris. Here he devoted his life to prayer and study, and became one of the glories of the school established there by William of Champeaux. Once only, and that for an abbatial election at Morigny, is he known to have quitted his abbey. He died, as he had lived, a saint, at the

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age of about forty or forty-two. Though his literary career was brief, yet it sufficed for him to compass the whole circle of sciences then known. When a child in the monastery of Hamersleben in Saxony, as he tells us himself, he used to amuse himself with observing the movements of the stars and with tracing geometrical figures on the ground. Later, he became an authority on philosophy, theology, exegesis, history, mysticism. His fame was such that he was consulted by Saint Bernard and by other illustrious theologians on the deepest questions of dogma, nor did his influence cease with his death. He became by his works one of the founders of medieval mysticism.*

The dogmatic work of Hugo, which alone concerns us here, is chiefly represented by his long treatise, *de Sacramentis Fidei*.† A very large portion of the work has passed into Lombard's *Book of Sentences*; innumerable extracts from it, copied word for word, are to be found in the writers of the period which dates from the Sermons of Godefroid of Admont in Austria to the theological treatises of Innocent III. In fact, Hugo's reputation was such that, later, St Thomas classed him among the "doctores authentici, quorum verba robur auctoritatis habent"—a most extraordinary compliment when one considers the School-signification of these technical terms. Hugo's *De Sacramentis* was also largely employed by the still unknown, and perhaps for ever unknowable, author of the *Summa Sententiarum*, which was composed before Peter Lombard's *Liber Sententiarum* and which greatly influenced him.

* It would, however, be inexact to speak of Hugo as a mystic and nothing else. Yet this is a view frequently taken, and nearly always accompanied by a series of considerations on the relations between Scholasticism and Mysticism. As a matter of fact, this view, like that other which insists on making John Scotus Erigena the father of the Scholasticism and Mysticism of the Middle Ages, is the source of many incomplete and mistaken appreciations.

† It is preserved in a great many manuscripts, which have come down to us from the Middle Ages; and in the English libraries metrical versions are to be found.

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The *Summa Sententiarum* is a short but substantial work which marks an important stage in the history of the development of dogmatic theology. It excels the monographs of Anselm and the *De Sacramentis* of Hugo in that it furnishes a *systematized* body of doctrine. It places at the side of the "Rationes," which are few and short, arguments from Scripture and from the Fathers. From this point of view the *Summa* differs widely from the *De Sacramentis*. It differs too in its concise and rapid style, which recalls the *Ethica*, or the *Scito teipsum* of Abelard. This departure in method is all the more striking as the substance of the work depends so much on the writings of Hugo. It might be said that the Abelardian and the Victorine schools here meet together, for the plan reminds us of the school of Abelard, and, in many of the expressions, ideas and doctrines, nay, in its very errors and deficiencies, we find traces of Abelard's influence. Thus, the *Summa* contained originally no treatises on the Last Things, on Orders or on Matrimony; of these the two last were added later on to some of the manuscripts: the treatise on Matrimony was borrowed from Gauthier of Mortagne, that on Orders from Ivo of Chartres.

The problem of the authorship of the *Summa Sententiarum* is not yet solved. The work cannot with any probability be attributed to Hugo, though it contains many passages taken "ad literam" from his work. Moreover, Hugo's literary career was very short, and only a brief interval elapsed between the publication of the *De Sacramentis* and his death.* Whatever the final verdict of scholars may be, the *Summa* will always stand, as we have said, for a typical point of conjunction of the Victorine and Abelardian influences. Its repeated utilization by Roland Bandinelli (Alexander III), and by the authors of several unpublished works contained in German libraries, the innumerable manuscripts in which its text has been preserved, the resumsés of it, composed as far back as the twelfth century,

* For a further discussion of this question see articles by Fr. P. Claeys in the *Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique* of Louvain, 1909, and by Dr Anders in the *Katholic* of Maycure.

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the innumerable quotations drawn from it during the Middle Ages, its presence in most of the libraries of the Cistercian monasteries—all these are sufficient evidence of the influence exercised on theological thought by this short treatise, quite apart from the high esteem in which it was held by the disciples of St Bernard (who were at first strangers to the schools), and the respect felt for it by the most celebrated doctors of the great academic centres. As was to be expected, it was one of the books from which Peter Lombard borrowed largely.

The school of Bologna also, whose writers were akin to or dependent upon those of Paris, supplied further matter to the compiling hand of Peter Lombard. In this famous school, some of the representatives of Abelardian ideas were prominent. Towards the middle of the twelfth century, several professors of canon law were at the same time theologians and added to their juridical commentaries a book of *Sententiae*, as, for example, Roland Bandinelli (afterwards Pope Alexander III), perhaps also Omnebene, and certainly Gandulph of Bologna, whose work has only recently been discovered. But the most important canonical author of the period was Gratian of Bologna, whose collection of canons marked an epoch in the history of canon law. This collection, which was freely used by Peter Lombard, bears the title, *Decretum*. Its original title, *Concordantiae Discordantium Canonum*, as shown by the earliest manuscripts, described better the nature of the work, drawing attention at once to the evil to be removed and to its remedy. The *Dicta Gratiani* to be found in the body of the work, as well as the prefaces and glosses of the first commentators, show again the constant effort to harmonize the texts of the Fathers. Composed almost certainly before 1144, this, the first part of the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, presents undeniable traces of the influence of Abelard. And thus we see how theological science, which had been so materially benefitted during the processes of its systematization by canon law, now in its turn repaid the service. The methods of Abelard are utilized by Gratian, for he also reconciled texts by

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studying the different significations of the same word in different authors. Unfortunately he, too, does not always employ this method in conjunction with that strict study of the context by which alone the true meaning of a passage can be discovered.

About the author himself, a monk of Bologna, very little is known, the literary records of the Middle Ages being, as a rule, strangely silent as to the careers of the most important writers. In fact we know less about Gratian than about Hugo of Saint Victor, so completely has the work eclipsed its author; his mere name is practically all that has come down to us. It is in his character as the greatest of the canonists that he takes place in the *Divine Comedy*,* among the inhabitants of Heaven whom the Angelic Doctor presents to the Visitor; by his side stands Peter Lombard. This juxtaposition is fully justified, for Lombard did for theology what Gratian had done before him for canon law.

The legends of the Middle Ages draw the names of Gratian and Peter Lombard still more closely together: they made them brothers, adding as a third Peter Manducator, whose biblical history was adopted in the schools and hence called *Historia Scholastica*; thus the three classical works on Scripture, theology and canon law were supposed to have come from the pen of three brothers. Needless to say, all this is without foundation.

Like most of the theologians of the period, Peter Lombard was an Italian; he was born at Novara, and came to Paris while Abelard was still at the height of his fame, most probably between 1135 and 1140. A letter of St Bernard tells us of his momentary presence at Rheims and afterwards at Paris, where he enjoyed the hospitality of the abbey of St Victor.

Very few facts of biographical interest light up the years which passed before his episcopal consecration to the see of Paris about 1159. Thus we find him at Rheims, in 1148, among the adversaries of Gilbert de la Porée; in 1152 there was question of bestowing upon him a pre-

* *Parad. x.*

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bendary stall at a time when his teaching was beginning to win renown. He was succeeded in 1161 by Maurice of Sully as archbishop of Paris, and he died certainly before the year 1165; it will thus be seen that we possess but the scantiest details of his life. It is truly astonishing that a man whose work has enjoyed so great a vogue should have merited so little attention at the hands of the historians and chroniclers of the period.

The only part of his work which concerns us here—for we propose to say nothing of his sermons, nor of his commentaries on the Psalms or on St Paul, which were very much read in the twelfth century—comprise the “Four Books of the Sentences,” *Quatuor Libri Sententiarum*. The information we possess goes to show that the work was composed about the year 1150: the principal arguments for this date are drawn from some few biographical notices, the utilization by Lombard of the *Decretum* of Gratian and of the *Fountain of Knowledge* of St John Damascene, translated from the Greek shortly before. Peter Lombard himself tells us that this translation, made by Burgundio of Pisa, was undertaken (probably towards 1148–50) at the command of Eugene III.

The work is characterized neither by the depth of genius of St Anselm, nor by the originality of Hugo of Saint Victor, nor even by the fine subtleness of Abelard. The method, however, is derived chiefly from Abelard. Anselm, whose method has wrongly been compared with Berengar's, is ever occupied with the how and the why, with the essence of the things of faith. He presupposes the data of revelation and directs his attention to their illustration and explanation, aiming only at a demonstration of their reasonableness. Abelard's theological work is of quite a different nature; it is less profound, though often more subtle. His desire was to supply to his pupils a complete exposition of the dogmas of faith. In this exposition, both reason and tradition have their rôle. Reason exercises itself upon the matter provided by tradition, reconciling antilogies, interpreting and justifying accepted formulæ, but sometimes also attempting to construct the mysteries

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itself, as in the case of the Holy Trinity, with which mystery every theologian of the time felt it his duty to deal, contributing to its analysis something new of his own.

Of the two methods, that of Abelard and that of Anselm, the former won immediate preference: it was by its nature easily within the reach of all, and owing to the long dialectical education of several centuries and the respectful transmission of texts borrowed from the "Authentici" authors, was more suitable to scholastic centres. The *De Sacramentis* of Hugo of Saint Victor is too original to admit of being classified in either of these two categories. But the *Summa Sententiarum* and the *Quatuor Libri Sententiarum* adopted the Abelardian method, much as Robert Pulleyn had done, at least to some extent, at an earlier period. To the same class belong henceforth the classic compilations of the "Summists," of whom Peter Lombard is the greatest example. He makes little use of philosophy; his notions of metaphysics are fragmentary and ill-digested. His language is often inexact, his manner is often hesitating—sometimes designedly so. For all that, Lombard's book had many qualities, not common in his time, which secured its early success. It is a fairly brief and handy treatise on systematic theology; concise and clear, it contains very few dialectical digressions and is impersonal enough to allow full room for the labours of commentators. With the exception of some passing statements—generally placed at the end or in the margin of the editions, since their condemnation by the University of Paris in the thirteenth century—and one christological position, it is rigorously orthodox. It was its orthodoxy which procured its almost immediate success; while the other qualities referred to secured its lasting triumph.

It would be a great mistake to class Peter Lombard among the extravagant dialecticians of his day, who flooded the theological world with their writings. His work is rather intended as a reaction against the verbosity and argumentative excesses of his contemporaries; he tells us so himself in many places where he protests against

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“garruli ratiocinatores.” We are led to the same conclusion by the approbation of ecclesiastical authorities, and the favour that different Popes manifested to the book and its author.

That Peter Lombard expresses his views with comparative moderation is due in a large measure to St Bernard and his school. The latter, in fact, started a movement distinguished by prudent temperateness, which did much to check the extravagances of the dialectical theologians. But if his letter of introduction for Peter and his interest in poor students prove the sympathy of the Abbot of Clairvaux for sound studies, the reaction of certain others proceeded at times to the opposite extreme. These men wished to oppose all work of speculation and all private research. Satisfied with repeating the old formulas, they refused even to examine the problems of the day, and indulged instead in unworthy recriminations. Guibert of Nogent was of this sort, though his “personalities” were not confined to theology; another, though earlier in date, was the celebrated monk, Rupert of Deutz, who once undertook a journey in France, as he says himself, with an air of naive self-sufficiency, “on an ass’s back and with a single servant,” in order to cross swords with Anselm of Laon and William of Champeaux. But the saner minds, recognizing the lawfulness of applying the human reason to the data of revelation, succeeded in causing a vigorous theological movement. They took for their device a text of St Peter, misused by Abelard and often quoted by St Bernard. This text was much emphasized by certain writers of the time, whose reputation for orthodoxy has never been called in question: such, for example, was the author of the *Summa Sententiarum*, such were Robert of Melun, and the great adversary of the christological teaching of the schools of Paris, the fighting provost of Bavaria, Gerhoch of Reichersberg.

From the controversial spirit of the times, which raged unabated during the first half of the twelfth century, Peter Lombard, himself an assiduous reader of Abelard’s works, drew an excellent lesson of moderation. In some

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parts of his book he gives the impression of not wishing to penetrate further into mysteries than is practicable or useful; in others he seems to avoid taking up a definite position on certain controverted questions: he cites and discusses all the opinions current at the time—so, at least, we are led to judge by the ever-recurring “quaeri solet” —without committing himself to a particular view. But while not neglecting the questions which preoccupied the students of his day, Peter Lombard wished above all to write a text-book which should supply the place of all other treatises and which should present to the reader, in an harmonious whole, the traditional doctrine, drawn from the Scriptures, the Fathers and the Doctors. For this purpose he masses his arguments from authority in the foreground; he makes use of the arm of dialectics in order to reconcile texts or to discuss contemporary opinions or to suggest here and there some speculative solution. In fact, he makes a larger use of the method of dialectics than we should be led to expect by the principles which he professes.

The reconciliation of “auctoritates,” which was always regarded as the great crux of the student of positive theology, is not always happily effected by Peter Lombard, it is sometimes not even attempted. In many places he merely puts side by side the different texts without endeavouring to make them agree. This practice, often employed by theologians and canonists of his century, exposed him some short time afterwards to the charge of scepticism. “Haerent, nesciunt quid doceant, sed volunt scire videri,” such are the taunts of several of his opponents, like Gauthier of St Victor and Robert of Melun. In many passages, the Magister really tries to reconcile his “auctoritates,” often, it must be confessed, moved by mere a priori considerations; but allowance must be made for a writer who was forced, in an age ill-equipped for such work, to reconcile discordant statements. Proofs of the anxious unrest provoked by those discordances may be found in the prefaces of the first commentators of the *Decretum*, who all insist on the service rendered by the

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monk of Bologna in his *Concordantia Discordantium Canonum*, and in the theological writings of Gerhoch of Reichersberg, or of Hugo Metel, or in the prologue still unprinted of Robert of Melun. On the rare occasions in which Hugo of Reading introduces "authorities," he intends to show that Ambrose and Jerome do not differ in opinion. A text-book for schools which found its way even as far as Sidon in Syria, shows us the tired professor ever endeavouring to prove to his pupils the constant harmony of his authorities. The headings of numerous manuscripts, certain hints in the ancient catalogues of monastic or other libraries, incidents such as the questions asked of St Hildegard by the monks of Villers in Brabant, all point in the same direction.

In the middle of the twelfth century use is constantly made of the *cliché*, "Non sunt adversi, sed diversi," the conventional expression to signify a real agreement between authors in spite of their seeming disagreement. In a letter still unpublished of Gerhoch of Reichersberg, we find a passage bearing on this matter, whose meaning was perhaps not fully grasped by the writer: "The authors who express themselves in different fashions are, like the cherubim of the vision of Ezechiel who regard the divine mysteries from different points of view, each one relating the truth according to the part of the truth which he has seen." It was not the least of Peter Lombard's services to have introduced some kind of order into this mass of "auctoritates."

The plan of the *Libri Sententiarum* is quite artificial and derived from a phrase of St Augustine, who distinguished between the *res* and the *signa*, the things and the signs; these latter are placed in the second place, the former, "res quibus fruimur et quae utuntur," in the beginning. The sequence of books and of chapters does not, however, correspond with the original scheme, which cannot, indeed, have been quite satisfactory to the author, for he devotes nine paragraphs to its justification. The first book treats of God and of the Trinity;

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the second of the Creation, the Angels, the Hexameron, the fall of man, and of grace; the third of the Incarnation, the virtues, and of sin; the fourth of the Sacraments and the Last Things. Each book is divided into chapters, the number of which varies in the more ancient manuscripts; the division into *distinctiones* (a medieval term to denote either pauses in the reading and writing, or divisions by groups of chapters) is of much later date. Some scholars believe that the division into four books was suggested by the great work of Damascene, *The Orthodox Faith*, but there is no proof of this.

But if Peter Lombard did not follow John Damascene there is no doubt that the main part of his book consists of literal transcriptions from the works of his predecessors. We have already indicated his sources in the preceding pages: he draws largely from Hugo of Saint Victor, from the *Summa Sententiarum*, from Abelard and Gratian, certainly also from Ivo of Chartres, and very likely from Julian of Toledo. The patristic texts are mainly borrowed from the huge material accumulated by Walafrid Strabo, Alger of Liège, Abelard and Gratian. The theological developments and expositions are for the most part nothing more than phrases taken from the *Dicta Gratiani*, from the *Summa Sententiarum* and from Hugo of Saint Victor.*

* We cannot here give the proofs of these statements. To those who desire fuller information we recommend the valuable notes which are to be found in vols I-IV in the edition of the works of St Bonaventure, published by the Franciscan Fathers of Quaracchi, 1884. Men had not our present-day notions of literary property. There were, indeed, exceptions: thus William of Malmesbury and some others used strong language about Raban Maur; again, Bede forbade his copyists to attribute to him his "borrowed plumes." But in general it may be said that neither authors nor readers saw any impropriety in transcribing long passages from existing works without acknowledgement. We never find Lombard reproached for plagiarism, though there are marginal notes to several manuscripts of his *Sententiae* (especially in England) giving the original sources. Certain authors, e.g. Hugo Metel, make a boast of taking "from the store of others (*ex aliorum armario*) like the magpie." If Brunetière's principle of criticism, that "copyists do not count," be applied to this period, we should have to neglect a good deal written by the authors of the twelfth century.

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Among the great Doctors of the Church utilised or quoted in the *Liber Sententiarum*, Augustine, whose influence has always been so strong, is easily foremost in importance. Peter Lombard borrows from his genuine works nearly 1,000 passages, whence it has been justly concluded that nine-tenths of the *Sententiae* is Augustinian, or completely imbued with Augustinian thought. After St Augustine, no Father of the Church is cited a hundred times: St Hilary and St Ambrose come next, then Gregory, Jerome and Isidore; among the Carolingians: Bede, Alcuin and Paschasius. The Eastern Church is less strongly represented: Athanasius, Didyme and Cyril of Alexandria each appear once, Pseudo-Dionysius twice; Chrysostom provides over twenty texts (derived mainly through the *Glossa*), and John Damascene about the same number. Peter Lombard has very few quotations from the Antenicene writers. In his day, in fact, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to find their works, even in the great monastic libraries: the glory of Fulda, which in the ninth century possessed such works as the Diatesaron of Tatian, had gone by. He cites Origen twelve times, Cyprian four times, Hermas once. This represents the whole of his indebtedness to Antenicene literature, and he probably took it second-hand from the *Glossa* and the canonists.

However, in spite of its metaphysical shortcomings and its scanty employment of Greek sources, the work of Peter Lombard forced itself upon the attention of contemporaries, and soon won for itself a position of eminence in all the schools of Christendom. It supplied, indeed, a want felt for many years, for it provided a comparatively brief and clear summary of doctrine, and introduced order into the immense stock of material which had been handed down from age to age. It gave answers, or at least tentative solutions, to nearly all the principal questions dealt with by the masters in the work of systematizing Catholic doctrine.* It stimulated the enthusiasm for research and

* It omits questions concerning the Church and the Papacy, and does not treat of Scripture or of Tradition; but of these subjects, the first two

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speculative thought which characterized the intellectual revival of the time. And finally, if we bear in mind to what extent its very lack of originality lightened the labour of commentators, we shall easily understand the prestige it won and continued to hold for centuries.

This success, however, was not immediate. In spite of the pontifical favour enjoyed by the author, and the episcopal dignity which rewarded his teaching, the work of Peter Lombard was to pass through a crisis of more than a quarter of a century before it triumphed. Nor was its success complete even then; its adversaries were not driven off the field till half a century had elapsed. We may mention its principal opponents. Apart from the traditionalists *à outrance* who admitted nothing outside the text of the Bible, the Glosses and the Fathers, they consisted of men like Gauthier, who pushed to extremes the mystical tendencies of his school. Gauthier was a passionate writer, and for that reason often unjust. In his famous book, since named *Contra quatuor Labyrinthos Francia*, a great part of which remains unpublished, he attacks Abelard, Gilbert de la Porrée, Peter Lombard and Peter of Poitiers, the first commentator of the "Magister." From the errors of the two first-named, we should expect that his criticisms were occasionally justifiable; but the best judges now recognize that Gauthier is exaggerated and inexact as well as bitter. Sometimes he attacks Peter Lombard for an opinion which is taken literally from St Augustine. At other times, he falsely attributes to Abelard writings in which Abelard himself is attacked. St John Damascene, "the St Thomas of the East,"—"one of the great Greek Doctors whose works Pope Eugenius ordered to be translated into Latin," as Peter Lombard tells us—is presented to us under a light which gives a rather dramatic setting to the entry of this Doctor of the Church into the Western literary world, for Gauthier does not hesitate to damn him and his generally found a place in the teaching of canon law, the two last were not included in the body of theological doctrine till a later period.

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opinions as heretical. The position taken up by Lombard with regard to the christological question was the main but not the only point of attack. His doctrine of Nihilism, as the theory that he defended has been called, which denied substantial reality to the human nature assumed by the Word, was one of the fruits of Abelard's teaching. Many contemporaries had adopted it in spite of the opposition of Gerhoch of Reichersberg. Finally, in 1167, Pope Alexander III intervened and condemned the nihilist proposition, "Christus in quantum est homo est nihil," which he had himself taught while he occupied a chair of theology at Bologna. The correspondence regarding this question, exchanged between the French Bishops, the Pope and Gerhoch of Reichersberg, the meetings of synods which discussed the matter, the various contradictory views held by several Bishops and Cardinals, including, for example, the Bishop of St Asaph, involve too many problems to be dealt with here.

The attacks directed against Peter Lombard by such writers as the Calabrian visionary, Joachim of Flora, and by followers of Gilbert de la Porrée, were designed to bring about a condemnation of his whole work. The Council of Lateran in 1179 considered the matter, without, however, deciding in the unfavourable sense expected by the opposition. In 1215 the same Council made further hostility impossible by borrowing a part of its formulas of faith from the very text of Peter Lombard and by introducing them in a form, exceedingly rare in conciliary canons, "Credimus cum Petro. . . ."

The work had already become known in theological schools. From Paris it passed into Germany, England, Italy and the Low Countries. During the last quarter of the twelfth century it was already to be found in the libraries of certain monasteries and churches; it begins to appear in the old catalogues, such as that of Durham, of Peterborough, of Prüfening near Ratisbon, of Bamberg, of Le Bec and elsewhere. It was chosen as a gift for parochial churches and for poor students. Copies of it, written during the twelfth century, were very widely spread; and

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even metrical versions of it may still be seen at Paris and Cambridge. Numerous resumés and paraphrases of it were made, sometimes with the co-operation of the author, and found a place even in the Cistercian libraries. Commentators soon made it their "liber textus," and for centuries it was to furnish matter for the lectures of the Licentiate of the University of Paris and of other theological centres of the West. The number of these commentaries, for the most part unpublished, reached several hundred. To take England alone, Pitsen mentions at least 163, while Quétif and Echard, the most accurate and most conscientious of old-time bibliographers, give the names of 250 Dominicans who had written commentaries on the *Sententiae*. Thomists, Scotists, Occamists, Augustinians—all the doctors, in fact—each in his own way, deal with Lombard's book.

We have to wait till the end of the fifteenth century before we notice the slow but gradual disappearance of the *Quatuor Libri Sententiarum*. True, Peter Lombard yielded place to the Angelic Doctor, but this does not diminish his merit. The *Summa Theologica* of St Thomas, first employed by the lecturers of the Dominican Order, soon gained ground in some German Universities, and later in Italy and in Paris. The first printed commentaries appeared between the years 1502 and 1512 in Italy and Spain, at Cologne and at Paris. Nevertheless, certain commentaries of the "Magister Sententiarum" still continued to make their appearance, as that of Dominic Sotto in 1557, that of Estius in 1615, and later that of Mastrius in 1655-60; but they were very few in number compared with those written on the *Summa Theologica*. Besides the great Dominican doctors, such as Thomas de Vio (Cardinal Cajetan) or Sylvester of Ferrara, the teachers of the Society of Jesus furnished important commentaries. For all that, the work of Peter Lombard must remain in the theological past as the crowning work of several centuries of elaboration and as the corner stone of all that has since been achieved in Catholic theology. That in systematic completeness it far excelled all its predecessors is clear;

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but that it had defects is also indisputable. Peter Lombard used the material which he found to hand, and he built it into a system which may have had its faults, but which was, nevertheless, of immense value for future times. Some of his followers and commentators, gifted with minds more philosophic or original, and better equipped by the circumstances of their day, outdistanced him in theological science. Others, perhaps, misused his collection of documents and neglected all further search. But we should not on that account forget that those who have made progress have only achieved it aided by the work of the Lombard who prepared the way for them. We are not astonished, then, on entering with Dante the celestial realms, to see St Thomas introducing the Master by whose thoughts he had profited. By the side of Gratian, the prince of canonists, appears Lombard, who, as we read in the *Paradiso*, "offered like the widow his treasure to the Church." These words, applied to the Magister by St Thomas, and taken from the prologue to the *Sententiae*, are a magnificent compliment from the lips of a man who had used this treasure to such advantage.

J. de GHELLINCK, S.J.

“The INTERNATIONAL”

I. THE FERRER CASE.

IN the middle of last June credits were voted in the Spanish Cortes for the purposes of a campaign to be opened against certain tribesmen in the Riff country. These tribesmen had attacked a railway designed to supply and serve certain mines for which a group of wealthy financiers had obtained a concession, and which were situated in the neighbourhood of Melilla, a Spanish town on that coast.

When it was perceived that the affair might become serious the expedition was widely criticised in Spain, and a growing popular hostility to the reinforcement of the African garrison arose in many parts of that country.

It is well, before going further, to estimate the nature and extent of this hostility.

The Spaniards are a people closely united by certain common memories and notably by the barrier, orographical, historic, and climatic, which divides them from the rest of Christendom. Two exceptions to this unity are to be found in the peninsula: the first are the Portuguese, the second are the Catalonians. It has so happened that the first of these followed a separate national development, which was already apparent in the twelfth century and sufficiently characterized in the sixteenth, to make the temporary union of Portugal with the rest of the peninsula incapable of endurance. Catalonia has had a different fate; speaking a tongue widely different from any other Iberian dialect, possessing a character commercial rather than military, and boasting a superior industrial activity, it stands as separate in its way as does Portugal; but it has ever been identified with the Spanish name since the tendency to Spanish unity appeared. Indeed, it would be easier to show that Aragon had persistently maintained particularist tendencies in the past than to show that Catalonia had done so: though Catalonia in modern times has distinguished itself by its attempts to break from the rest of Spain.

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Apart from Catalonia, the rest of Spain—though intensely united (as I have described it to be) by common incidents of warfare against the Infidel, of imperial expansion, and largely of climatic conditions—presents a political problem not to be discovered elsewhere in Europe. The tendency to the formation of nations centrally governed (of which France is the supreme example), the tendency to produce nations aristocratically governed (of which Poland once was, England now is, the example) was arrested in Spain by the coincidence of a vast national increase with the final unison of the mediæval autonomous provinces. It was with Spain as though England and Scotland, just after the accession of James I, had enjoyed the adventure of the nineteenth century and the expansion of the British Empire; or as though France, in the early fourteenth century, when her various provinces were but just annealed, had immediately experienced the adventure of the Revolutionary Wars and enjoyed the Napoleonic victories. In other words, Spain crystallized (as all nations crystallize at the moments of their greatest energy) just at the particular stage where a European nation is still mainly provincial; and the peninsula which (with the exception of Catalonia and Portugal) is so fiercely determined to maintain its life against the aggression—and in spite of the development—of the rest of Western Europe, is none the less, for all its unity, highly divided in provincial spirit. The Basques of the North retain a civilization utterly distinct from their nearest neighbours; the Andalusian, though he marches with, does not mix with, La Mancha. The traveller at once knows (in the midst of those arid wastes) when he has crossed from Aragon to Castille, and Estremadura has a pride and poverty distinguishable within a few miles of its nominal boundary.

It was certain, therefore, that the protest against this African adventure would vary widely with the varying characters of each district, and it was certain that the Government could take advantage of such differentiation.

This truth would not, however, apply to Catalonia,

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and it was certain from the first that Catalonia would put some local and emphatic touch upon *her* resistance to the policy of Colonial adventure.

This brief survey of the differentiation of modern Spain must close the first point of my analysis of the nature and extent of the hostility shown by Spaniards in general to the reinforcement of the garrison of Melilla and the campaign there about to be undertaken when the credits were voted on June 15.

The second point in this connexion is the fact that the Spaniard, being less centralized on the one hand and less under the influence of an aristocracy on the other, than any man in Western Europe, is more free than any man in Western Europe to express his mind upon public affairs. He is indoctrinated by no newspaper trust, he is intimidated by no kind of oligarchy, and in most of the details of his life he escapes from the pressure of central government. His dislike, therefore, of the campaign in Africa could express itself far more freely than would a similar feeling in France, England, Western Germany, or Italy. In other words, it was certain, once the war had proved unpopular, that popular demonstrations would take place against it.

My third point is this: that the military system of Spain particularly lends itself to an outbreak of this kind.

As is well known in this country, the nations of the Continent of Europe in theory demand of every able-bodied man military service in defence of the interests of the community. So heavy a burden, however, could not be borne were it not for two prominent exceptions to its action: the first is the understanding that a conscript army shall not serve abroad (that is, shall not be exploited for any national interest inferior to the national existence); the second is that the wealthy, or, at any rate, the educated, classes—the “articulate” classes as they have been called—shall escape from the burden of military service, and that this bitter experience in the life of common men shall fall only upon that vast majority which cannot organize because it cannot speak.

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One people, and one people alone, have attempted the dangerous experiment of making every man a soldier in practice as well as in theory: that people are the French. In Italy, in Austria, in Prussia and the States dependent on Prussia, the articulate part of the nation is ignorant of a private soldier's life.

Now, the Spanish system ill comprehends the very grave problem of conscription. While it exempts the well-to-do in the one country of Europe where the well-to-do have least power to coerce their poorer fellow citizens, it also compels its conscript soldiers to foreign service, on the theory that the over-sea dominions are one with Spain.

Put together these three factors in the situation and it is at once apparent what friction the Melilla expedition was bound to produce. The sons of the people were to be compulsorily exposed to the risk of death or maiming; they were to be so exposed not in the interests of national existence but for a paltry mining company which was in part foreign, probably Jewish in backing, and certainly quite indifferent to the sentiment of patriotism.

As a fact, the strongest hostility to the campaign was shown throughout Spain; and, as the first effects of the expedition proved it to be more and more perilous, this opposition increased in volume. At last the crisis was reached, and was reached, of course, in Catalonia, where, to the general opposition presented by most subjects of the Spanish throne, was added the opposition of men who pretended to no allegiance. The town of Barcelona, by far the wealthiest port and the most active trading centre in the country (and, at the same time, the capital of Catalonia), was the scene of a popular ferment, at first general, unordered, and vague, but having for its first main object an interference with the despatch of reinforcements to Africa.

It was on Monday, July 26, that this popular commotion was observable, though there had been acts of violence before that date.

The moment it was seen that Barcelona was in rebellion, the feeling of the rest of Spain against Catalonia

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ordered itself against that unpopular and separatist province. Opposition to the war dwindled elsewhere, and the Crown set itself to repress the local sedition.

Up to this point the whole movement is obvious and comprehensible; but from this point onwards we begin to see at work some force (I shall discuss it later) which is evidently extraneous to popular opinion, which is evidently international, which was evidently indifferent to the particular case of Melilla, and which seems prepared to use disorder for its own ends.

For when the ferment in Barcelona (the anxious crowds in the streets, the strain upon the public authorities, and so forth) had reached a certain degree of anarchy there was suddenly delivered a carefully organized attack upon the property of the Catholic Church.

Barcelona is full of Jewish usurers, detested by the poor of that city. It is the typically capitalist town of Spain, crammed with warehouses and with merchant palaces, which those who had for years declaimed against capitalism were now free to attack. Not the hair of the head of any individual, whether Jewish usurer among the poor, or capitalist exploiter in his great house; not a pennyworth of the property of either class (the two classes against whom the populace of Barcelona most continually declaim) was destroyed!

What happened was this. Picked men were seen going from place to place, bearing petroleum, giving orders, and organizing an attack upon convents, monasteries and churches.

No distinction was made. Wealthy monasteries and the poorest parish churches, libraries of European significance and the most insignificant and pathetic of little popular shrines were equally attacked. Whatever was of the Church was looted or its loot attempted. Nothing that was not of the Church was touched.

It need hardly be said that a movement so hopelessly particular, so obviously directed by a small minority, had no opportunity of success. It was crushed, and when it was crushed there was discovered what every impartial

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reader already knows—to wit, that the Catholic Church alone had been the object of whatever forces had directed this peculiar piece of violence. These facts of themselves will be sufficient for history, and should be sufficient for all instructed opinion to-day; but they are not, striking as they are, the most striking feature in the story.

It is, indeed, remarkable that following a popular objection to a particular campaign the destruction of one type of property alone should be apparent; but one would at least expect it to be the property of men interested in that campaign. Spontaneous popular excitement is usually wilder than that: there is usually a general wreckage, but if the wreckage is not general one does at least expect (if the movement be to the end genuine and spontaneous) that it will particularly affect those (in this case the capitalists) who are the supposed authors of the popular grievance.

But in this case the wreckage was not general, it was particular; and the particular wreckage so effected did not touch one member of the capitalist class nor one section of its property! That is nothing short of amazing; but much more amazing, or, rather, so clear a proof of special organization, as to admit of no reasonable denial, were the after effects of the turbulence. Men and women were arrested wholesale (as they always must be by the successful party if society is to survive civil tumult), they were imprisoned in great numbers, summarily tried by court martial, and some executed for the part they had taken in the rising; but among them was the son of a farmer, who, by a process to be later described, had become possessed of a considerable fortune and of high rank in a secret society; he was tried, convicted and duly executed. Upon *his* execution all Europe was roused as at a word of command. Europe was roused suddenly and for a moment only. When enquiry and curiosity followed, the subject was silenced. Then, indeed, the machinery which would destroy the Church showed itself in a light so unmistakable that the future historian, to whom the general condition of modern Europe will seem simpler

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than it does to us, may, perhaps, smile when he sees to what lengths the power I am approaching could go in its unreason. True, follies of such a magnitude are always the beginning of the end, and a power which behaves so wildly may be compared to a top which is beginning to run down; it is wobbling, and has lost its centre. But as we are still in the midst of this social process, and as many of my readers may not have noticed it (for social processes are never clearly seen till they are completed), I will give this last detail minutely.

The individual in question was a certain Francisco Ferrer; he was fifty years of age, the son of a small farmer in the province, and with a career behind him consonant enough to the general career of the international adventurer save in two points: first, that he had acquired, by means I shall presently describe, a considerable fortune; secondly, that he was a prominent official in the secret society, Freemasonry, which attempted, and vainly attempted, to save him, which, on his death, roused the sudden demonstrations apparent at a given moment throughout Europe, and which, when it discovered that the truth about him was getting known, as suddenly suppressed, or attempted to suppress (wherever it had the power), a continued discussion which would have informed popular opinion.

Francisco Ferrer as a young man declared himself Anarchist in opinion. It is the judgement of those of my acquaintance with whom he came in contact, whether they agreed with him or no, that he was sincere in his profession. His hatred of the sentiment of patriotism on the one hand and of the doctrine of the Universal Church on the other, was but part of his general conception that men should live without laws. It is a philosophy to be discovered here and there in the welter of our time, and it may perfectly well be held by a man averse to the dangers of combat or to the cruelty which is inseparable from any attempt of small minorities to coerce their fellow beings by terror. He took part in a rebellion in Catalonia in 1885, when he was a young man of twenty-

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six, and on its failure fled to Paris. In Paris he made many friends, chief among whom was the Jew Nacquet, whose political business it has been to introduce divorce into the French Code of Law. Ferrer, in the process of his philosophical development, abandoned his wife and three children. For a livelihood he taught Spanish, and during the course of his lessons became acquainted with, and greatly influenced, a middle-aged spinster of the name of Meunier. What followed this entanglement or friendship cannot be clearly discovered, because its discovery would depend upon a knowledge of details upon which there is no evidence. We know, on the one hand, that this woman, on her deathbed, at least, was devout, for she left plenty of money to be paid for masses for her soul. On the other hand, we also know that she left (in the same will) property to the value of £32,000 to the penniless Spanish teacher. He obtained and, it is presumed, embezzled the money left for masses, but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the £32,000 were left at his absolute discretion, and it is possible, or even probable, that she was acquainted with his animosity against the Catholic Church.

This change in Ferrer's fortunes took place at the end of the last century. In 1901, being by this time affiliated to the Grand Orient in Paris, and having acquired a high position among the illuminated of that secret society, he went back to Barcelona, and inaugurated a system of schools which he termed “The Modern School.” He gambled with success upon the Stock Exchange, greatly increased his wealth, but consistently applied what could be spared from the private consumption of his mistress and himself to a well-organized, anti-Christian propaganda.

It must not be imagined that the attack upon the Church formed the curriculum of these schools; in a simple mind like his, all liberal science seemed inevitably to tend towards the destruction of the Faith, and he taught, in a sort of hotch-potch, both the ascertained truths and the hypotheses of physical science, side by side with the social doctrines consonant to his character; with

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these he propagated his views upon sexual relations, upon the nature of the Deity (or rather His non-existence), and all the medley of incoherent dogmas which formed the mixed foundations of his philosophy.

It will here be asked why a propaganda of this kind, at issue with the governing philosophy of the State, a propaganda which would not be tolerated for a moment in, say, Prussia, was permitted in Spain? The answer is that in Spain the function of government does not press upon private citizens to the same extent that it does in countries more highly organized. And, further, the system of public elementary education in Spain is so insufficient that it would be difficult for a Government to protest against very well-managed and very well-equipped schools such as those which Ferrer had created.

By 1906 the doctrines to which he was attached and the elementary physical science which he imagined to corroborate them, were being taught to about 2,000 boys and girls; one of the women who taught in his schools had been chosen by him to be his mistress; his fortune was rapidly increasing, and he was on the way to become a man of some prominence; he travelled, and had a numerous acquaintance. On May 31, 1906, a certain Matteo Morral threw a bomb at the King and Queen of Spain. There is no doubt as to the fact that Ferrer was connected with him and other anarchists, but the Government neither expelled nor punished Ferrer; on the contrary, after the delays only too characteristic of Spanish methods, he was acquitted upon June 3, 1907, and was left free to continue his work. In the spring of 1909 he came to London and remained in Bloomsbury, visiting his English friends, in company with the ex-schoolmistress already mentioned. His English friends, it should be mentioned, were not, as a Spanish misconception imagined, poor or unfortunate: they were for the most part enthusiasts of a sober sort, of the middle class of society, many of them Dissenters of one kind or another, and most of them actively interested in the substitution of some other philosophy among the Spaniards

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than that of the Catholic Church. None, however, seem to have had much acquaintance with Spain.

It was towards the end of May that the Riff district showed signs of turbulence. In the first week of June the Spanish Government had decided upon a forward policy in Africa; on June 11 Ferrer's English friends received a hurried note cancelling his engagements and saying that he had to go back to Spain at once on account of the sickness of a niece. While he was hurrying back South the credits for the forward movement in Africa were voted in Madrid, and four days after that decision was taken, but before troops had started, Ferrer was in Barcelona.

The first actions of the African campaign in the month of July were doubtful; Spanish opinion continually rose, increased in its hostility to the war. In the last third of the month public protests were made in various parts of Spain; on the 26th, as I have said, Barcelona was in active ferment, but on the 27th, the 28th and the 29th, the fighting that was excited turned—strangely enough—to purely anti-Catholic excesses, and then were coupled with an attempt to put the city and the surrounding districts under a provisional government nominated by the anti-Catholic rioters and in rebellion against the rest of the kingdom.

Order was at last restored. There had been comparatively little bloodshed upon either side, though great numbers were arrested. Ferrer was generally regarded as the leader of that section of opinion which had produced the destruction of Church property, and, incidentally, had attempted rebellion; but a general reputation of this sort has no force against a man save when, in some extreme crisis, all forms are thrown to the winds and the conditions are merely those of a battle. Ferrer managed to keep in hiding for a whole month, and when he was arrested his trial took place in due form, before a court martial.

The Spanish procedure for such a tribunal is as follows: witnesses are called, their evidence is sworn, set down and signed; the prisoner may himself question those whose

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testimony he thinks he can shake; the whole body of evidence thus gathered is then summed up and presented by the Crown from the point of view of the prosecution; it is criticized from the point of view of the defence by the prisoner's counsel (a soldier, not a lawyer); the court, consisting of a group of officers, after hearing the defence, decides.

I need not here point out that formalities so strict are very rare in time of civil war or even of civil disturbance, but the rebellion was thoroughly suppressed by the time Ferrer's trial came on, and the Spanish Government thought itself at liberty and at leisure to use the full forms of such a trial. The witnesses called numbered more than half a hundred. There was at first very great difficulty in obtaining evidence, as the threats of violence on the part of the secret society to which Ferrer belonged had terrorized the population. The Court permitted a portion of the testimony to be anonymous. With this I shall not deal, but I will lay before my readers that body of evidence which was sworn to by responsible and ascertainable witnesses.

Ferrer's story was, that on the evening of the 26th, when a ferment in the streets of Barcelona was apparent, he had gone to the railway station to take the train home to the suburb where he lived. Finding the train service interrupted, he had walked back home, arriving at his suburban residence late at night. He was further prepared to swear that he had stayed there quietly till the 29th, and had nothing to do with the rioting or the attempt to set up local provisional governments. The evidence for the prosecution was very lengthy, and was presented by a great number of witnesses; I can, of course, only summarize the more important.

1. A detective of the name of Bermejo followed Ferrer about in the gathering groups after he had left the railway station, traced him to the Hotel International (where he dined), could not find whether he was to sleep there or not, and then lost track of him.

2. A soldier of the name of Ardid swore that Ferrer

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took him aside that same evening and attempted to lead him from his duty.

3. Sanchez, another witness, confirmed Bermejo's story, described Ferrer's dress in detail, and swore to recognizing him in court.

4. Calvo, another and independent witness, had also met him in the streets that evening, swore to the same details of dress and recognized him in court.

5. The witness Caldeforns saw a man whom he believed to be Ferrer leading a group of rioters later in the evening. He only knew Ferrer, however, by the public portraits he had seen of him. On seeing the prisoner in court he immediately recognized him and swore to his identity with the man whom he had seen leading the mob.

So far we have only a few individuals who saw Ferrer mixed with the crowds as the ferment began and developed.

We come next to a much more important witness:

6. The barber Domenech accompanied Ferrer throughout those days; there can be little doubt his evidence was in the nature of what would be called in this country “King's evidence,” and to that extent is suspicious. On the other hand, it is detailed and in many points confirmed by others. He swore that Ferrer and he left the Hotel International at 9.30, and went off together to the two centres where the revolt was being organized, the offices of *El Progreso* and the offices of the *Solidad de Obrera*, from which latter place the general strike was organized. The witness further swore that at these places the rising was discussed and arranged. Some suspicion seems to have existed against him, for he was told, “We shall deal with traitors as they do in Russia.”

It would seem certain that in the night of that day—Monday, July 26—Ferrer went home, arriving there in the early hours of the Tuesday morning. It would also seem certain that on the 27th he was resting at home; but on the 28th we get the evidence of his presence in the village of Premia, which commands the maritime road; here there are a number of witnesses, nineteen in all, including:

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7. The Mayor of Premia, who swore that he had been approached by Ferrer, somewhat after midday (when the revolution seemed to be winning at Barcelona hard by), begging him to declare a provisional government and to rise against the existing regime. Many witnesses present confirmed this, and Domenech's further evidence with regard to that day (for he accompanied Ferrer in the morning) exactly confirms what happened. All those present in an official capacity bore out the Mayor's story, and a waiter who was present and (of course) was not directly addressed confirmed the details of the scene which he saw and heard.

Lastly, among those arrested in the act of armed rebellion on the night of the 26th two said that they had had their arms given them by a leader of the crowd who was unknown to them; his dress, which they described, exactly corresponded with that in which Ferrer had been traced.

Four witnesses whom Ferrer attempted to shake in cross-examination maintained their evidence; the soldier, Ardid, Ferrer first met by saying that he had never been in the place of meeting sworn to by that witness; Ferrer then weakened, gradually remembered it, but said the soldier had misunderstood him. The witness Ventura (whom I have not dealt with) he met by a denial—the evidence in this case referred to an attempted rebellion similar to that in Premia—but to support this denial Ferrer could bring no alibi, and the witness remained quite unshaken in his declaration.

The cross-examination of the Mayor of Premia, perhaps the most dramatic point in the trial, equally went against Ferrer, his denials weakening throughout, and the witness finally contemptuously saying, "A man who would deny this would deny the light of the sun!"

The fourth witness whom he challenged, Espinosa (also testifying on the Premia affair), he again weakened against, and finally concluded his attempt to get out of that business by saying it was only "a random talk."

There, in brief, is the story of the trial. It is as certain

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as the sworn evidence of many and diverse men can make it that Ferrer mixed with the crowds in the beginning of the revolt, seditiously approached certain of the soldiery, gave arms in two cases, and proposed a definite act of rebellion to the Mayor of at least one of the villages commanding a main road into Barcelona, on the day when the provisional government of the rebels in that city was apparently successful.

No one who asks himself how such an amount and kind of evidence would have affected the fate of a man known to be in sympathy with the Commune and arrested on its suppression; or that of a man known to be a Fenian and arrested after the burning of half an Irish city during a Fenian rebellion; or that of a man known to be in sympathy with the mutineers and arrested after the suppression of the mutiny in India; or that of a man known to be in sympathy with the ex-Sultan of Turkey and arrested after the re-entry of the Constitutional troops into Constantinople—or, indeed, the fate of any man fallen into the hands of authority after the failure of a rising, with that record and that evidence against him—no one, I say, who asks himself what has and must happen to such men can doubt for one moment that the Spanish Government acted as all Governments have acted and must act, with this only difference, that (characteristically) the Spanish Government took a very long time about its business and was apparently hesitating in its decision.

But the question for Englishmen, and especially for English Catholics, is not whether Ferrer was treated as all men in his situation have always been treated since Governments have had to deal with rebellion: that question, indeed, hardly needs an answer. The real question is why and how was the truth hidden from us? Why are these the first pages in which the truth has been presented, even in its most summary form, to a body of English readers? What power is it which made this man so suddenly important, which raised an international and criminal mob in Paris and in various towns of Italy? What is it which, when the truth about Ferrer began to be known,

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suddenly put an extinguisher upon the discussion of his life?

The answer to that is very much more important to all of us than the details of this one out of many hundred trials for sedition, or the execution of this one somewhat insignificant individual among the thousands who in the near past have paid the penalty of treason or rebellion.

Above all, why and how was this strange, highly organized and abrupt international movement—abrupt and evidently acting at a word of command in its rise as in its sharp cessation—connected with an equally abrupt and equally organized attack upon the Catholic Church?

It is because I have asked myself those questions, not only in connexion with Ferrer, but in connexion with many other similar cases, that I have called these articles "The International." In the second of them I shall attempt an answer to such riddles.

H. BELLOC

THE FRENCH BISHOPS AND THE EDUCATION PROBLEM

RECENT developments have shown that when the Concordat was broken and the law of separation of Church and State was enacted by the French Parliament, the far-reaching consequences were not foreseen by those who advocated disestablishment.

Events have since thrown light on this many-sided question. The treaty between the French Government and the Holy See, which gave a legal status to the Church in France and defined the relations between Church and State, had, taking it all in all, insured a century of religious peace. And now each party to the contract has taken back its rights, and the Church is striving to fulfil her mission.

Of course, as every one knows, the law of separation was rejected by the Papacy. Rome preferred that the Church in France should henceforth stand on her own merits and sacrifice material interests rather than forfeit her independence. This caused astonishment in the ranks of the Radical party, but when the great difficulties which stood in the way of enforcing the law appeared, M. Clemenceau and M. Briand found it wiser to bring before the *Chambre des Députés* a new Bill. The situation had become very serious. Were all the churches suddenly to be closed, simply because no "cultuelles" had been formed? By this second enactment, although the rest of the church property was to be confiscated, free use of the church buildings was to be allowed to the faithful. The truth is that the Government feared trouble, and was forced to make this concession to the Catholics. Their places of worship, according to the new Bill, were to remain open, and this was already, as we see, a first departure from the law of separation.

To-day new difficulties arise. In addition to the question of property rights, which is not yet solved, another

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problem stands before the public. It is a question purely moral, and, indeed, apart from those with which the legislative power is accustomed to deal.

On the 14th of last September, a collective letter of all the Bishops of France interdicted the use by Catholic children of certain specified books placed in their hands in the public schools.* The schoolmaster has a large list of books from which to choose; he is not obliged to use Gauthier and Deschamp's *History of France*, nor Rogie and Despiques' *Petites lectures sur l'histoire de la civilization française*, nor, again, is he forced to base his ethical teaching on the *Cours de morale* of M. Jules Payot, or his patriotic ideal on the *Elements de l'instruction civique* of M. Aulard, nor to make use of any other of the works condemned.† In this letter the Bishops not only warn the parents against the advanced doctrines, distorted history and irreligious tendencies, contained in these books, but also forbid their being left in the children's hands.

Great was the amazement among freethinking

* Already last year the French Episcopate had begun publicly to warn the faithful in general terms against the anti-religious tendencies of certain books in use in the State schools. Associations of parents were formed at the instigation of the clergy with the purpose of protesting against these books or any other violation of neutrality on the part of teachers. To combat this movement a Bill was introduced in June, 1908, by the Minister of Public Instruction. This Bill, which we cannot here discuss at length, was designed to "protect" the schoolmaster and provides penalties for parents or other persons, who, either directly or by written or spoken incitements, should seek to interfere with the instruction given in the schools or to prevent the use by the pupils of any authorized school book. If this Bill should ever pass both Houses and become law, any protest on the part of parents would be vain. It was reported in January, 1909, but it has gone no further. As it has not come up for discussion in the Chamber, its consequences need not be taken into consideration for the present.

† List of principal books condemned: Calvet, *Histoire de France*; Gauthier & Deschamp, *Histoire de France*; Guiot & Mane, *Histoire de France*; Aulard & Debidour, *Histoire de France*; Rogie & Despiques, *Petites lectures sur l'histoire de la civilization française*; Devinat, *Histoire de France*; Brossolette, *Histoire de France*; Rogie & Despiques, *Histoire de France*; Aulard, *Elements d'instruction civique*; Albert Bayet, *Leçons de morale*; Jules Payot, *Cours de morale*; Jules Payot, *La morale à l'école*.

The French Bishops and

Frenchmen when this announcement was made. The Radical party had so far considered that the Church, deprived of her property rights, obliged to appeal to public generosity for support, obliged also to create her new organization under circumstances so far from favourable, would remain quiet and not attempt by any public act to incur new disfavor with the State, or do anything which might create difficulty between herself and the Government.

Speeches and comments in the Press, more or less violent in character, responded to this manifesto of the Bishops. Public opinion was divided, as it generally is; in fact, some Catholics of moderate opinion thought the Bishops' letter inopportune, while the violent Radicals called it a declaration of war.

In a very admirable letter, written November 3, of this year, the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Amette, defines in excellent terms the true character of the collective action of the Bishops. He says:

We do not declare war on the public schools, we merely recognize the fact that in too many schools open or covert war is waged upon religion, and we wish to protect the souls of the children of France from the attacks made upon their faith. We do not preach insurrection against the law. We declare, of course, that no human law is binding, if it is not in conformity to Divine Law—Supreme Rule of all Justice—and that there may exist unjust laws which conscience forbids us to obey. . . . We make no act of hostility against the Republic. To pretend that one cannot denounce impiety in the schools without attacking the Republic would amount to a declaration that the régime identifies itself with anarchy and irreligion. We refuse to admit this, and we ask the Republic to apply in her schools one of the principles which she herself proclaims; that is, respect and liberty of conscience.

Indeed, this statement seems only rational in the mouth of any clergyman, or, in fact, of any believer.

When we go back to the great Parliamentary debates which brought about the education laws of 1882, we find that partizans of the lay public schools upheld the principles of strict neutrality on religious questions. The

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theory was as follows:—Children of various denominations may attend the schools, consequently no dogmatic teaching, in contradiction to any admitted form of belief, must be given in the schools. The teaching must be neutral, it must not interfere with the right of parents to bring up their children in their own religious beliefs.

Jules Ferry, in a series of important speeches on this question, together with other orators of the Republican party, took up a stand for neutrality in the schools. Neutrality, according to them, was the only principle for lay instruction in a great Republic. They claimed that it protected the rights of the religious parents as well as of the freethinking; that it permitted Science to be unfolded without restraint, and that it also was a safeguard against any assertion in matters of conscience and belief, to which exception might be taken. The teacher was to be, in the school, the delegate of the parents. The well-known instructions of Jules Ferry to the public schoolmaster were as follows:

At the moment of proposing to the pupil any maxim or precept whatsoever, ask yourself if any father, even only one, were he present in your class, and listening to what you say, might in good faith refuse his assent to what you are about to assert. If so, you must leave it unsaid.

These men were opposed to the State monopoly of instruction. They were advocates of “liberté d’enseignement.” In their opinion, State schools upon a neutral basis, with good teachers, were able to compete with all others. But the men of that time, although anti-clerical, were not, for the most part, materialists. Their philosophy had a spiritual character. For a time neutrality remained the principle in vogue, but little by little a more Radical view of the subject began to prevail. The young school teachers in the “Écoles normales” were the first subjects for early anti-religious propaganda. As these young men were destined to teach in neutral primary schools, it was thought by many directors of teachers’ colleges in the departments, that they should abstain from going to church altogether. Nominal liberty was given them to do as

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they pleased, but too often the good posts were reserved for those who openly professed irreligion. This tendency grew stronger and stronger, until now, in many cases, an openly anti-religious teaching is given by certain schoolmasters.

Of course, according to law, this could be prevented. But is it prevented?

In a recent speech, M. Briand, the Prime Minister, referring to the collective letter of the Bishops, expressed surprise that their condemnation of the books in use in the public schools had not been proclaimed earlier. The answer is simple. So long as the Concordat existed, by private advice, by preaching in the churches, the clergy sought to warn the faithful against irreligious teaching in the schools. From the pulpit and through the Press, Catholic parents were exhorted to send their children to parochial schools. But the tie which bound the clergy to the State stood in the way of public and collective protestation against the books and educational programme of State schools. Now that this tie no longer exists, shall the right of criticism be denied the Church?

Twenty-seven years have passed since the declaration of Jules Ferry reassured, to a certain extent, as we have seen, Catholic parents, when their religion was banished from the public schools.

To-day [says Monseigneur Laurent, Bishop of Cahors] the successor of Ferry speaks a very different language. He permits the master to teach the child, not only one maxim or precept, but a whole series of doctrines directly opposed to the religion of the parents. M. Doumergue, the Minister of Public Instruction, reassures any teacher who may hesitate to do this, and tells him that he need not pay the slightest attention to the protests addressed to him by members of the clergy, or by associations of fathers who demand that those books, which have been disapproved of in the Bishops' manifesto, be withheld from his pupils. The teachers are told to receive no instructions in such matters except from their superiors, or from the Minister himself, and that they must firmly resist any *interference whatever which emanates from an authority outside the school.*

An association of parents is, therefore, "an authority outside the school," simply because they appear to be

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acting on the advice of the Bishops. Yet who can deny that it is the duty of the pastors of the Church to call the attention of the faithful to the dangerous character of the books which may be placed in their children's hands?

A great many people wonder, indeed, why the Protestant Societies have not spoken in condemnation of the books on which the Catholic Bishops have placed their interdict. The question should be as vital to the Protestant world as it is to the Catholic. In reality, why are these books dangerous in the eyes of the Catholic clergy? Because they tend to weaken the belief of the child in spiritual teachings. Some reject dogma, others try to instil into the mind of the reader purely positivist doctrines, others distort facts of history, others, again, prepare the mind of the child to disbelieve in the Deity, to impeach revelation, to discard all spiritual belief. This would seem to be of interest to the Protestant mind as well as to the Catholic, and many wonder whether, in their acceptance of the law of separation, the different Protestant denominations have not lost something of their liberty, since they did not join in public protest against what may harm the spiritual bringing-up of children. What Christian, of any denomination, can tolerate, for instance, that lessons should be given to his children from Jules Payot's *Cours de Morale*? This work is intended as a guide to the teacher and a supplement to *La Morale à l'École* to be expounded verbally to the pupils.

I do not admit [says its author] the right to impose upon my defenceless child metaphysical hypotheses which can endanger his ulterior liberty;

and again:

to make this life subordinate to a supernatural existence after death is to treat this life simply as a means to an end. . . . As for belief in the supernatural, it interferes with the education of the sense of causality—so slow to awake!—and this sense of causality is the mark of a healthy, vigorous mind.

The preface abounds in such reflections, and the rest of

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the work is penetrated with the same spirit, continually expressed in statements like the following:

As during the Roman Empire and the Middle Ages, the Christians always lived under arbitrary government, and as they themselves, when they could oppress dissenters, did so with cruelty, one cannot be surprised that the majority of the faithful of this religion should have accepted belief in an arbitrary government of the universe. That such a conception was destructive of Divine Majesty and of Reason was what the ignorant Christian masses could not discern. And therefore we see, alongside of a minority of scientific minds, unenlightened intelligences admitting the supernatural, miracles, and the efficacy of prayer to move God or to bribe Him* (p. 201).

And this:

Belief in direct revelation presents grave dangers (p. 202). The Gospels themselves contain moral conceptions which shock the modern conscience (p. 203).

The *Cours de Morale* is probably one of the most insidious of the books described. Other works on the same subject make open attacks against the Church, which they present as entirely given over to oppression and bloody persecution when in power. Yet many children of Catholic parents frequent these schools. Parochial schools are not numerous since the suppression of teaching orders, and even where they exist some Catholic parents, especially in large cities, send their children to the State schools. Other quotations from the books condemned might be made with profit, but it would take too long to go into further details on this matter.

Many see in the fact that the Protestants have not also condemned the books, an indication that the battle lies wholly between the Catholic Church on the one side and Free-thought on the other. The Church claims her right to teach a spiritual doctrine and condemns materialism as it creeps into the schools with books written with a purpose. She becomes the only standard-bearer of Christian doctrine and revelation!

Whatever stand the French Protestants may take in the

*In the text: "pour fléchir Dieu ou le corrompre."

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matter later on, it is to be hoped that it will be the same as that taken by the Catholic Bishops, because, if the principle of neutrality is allowed to disappear from the French schools, the outcome will be an official hotbed of atheism and materialism. Can such a result be regarded with indifference when the future of a great nation is at stake? Surely not. Yet, is there no cause for fear when one considers the current of thought which now prevails in the Radical party at present in power?

When the collective action of the Bishops was discussed by the advanced Parliamentary groups and in Socialist or Radical Congresses held in different cities, there was a great outcry, many insisting that the Government should lay before the *Chambre des Députés* a Bill creating State monopoly of instruction.

The argument is curious! "Some of the books which we give the children in the schools have been thought prejudicial to religious belief; they have been condemned by the Bishops. This is a declaration of war; we must answer it not only by protecting the State school, but also by putting an end to free schools where religion is taught in order to save the State from the attacks of the clergy." This response opens up a new question—the monopoly of the State and suppression of religious free schools—which furnishes the Bishops with an excellent argument for their defence.

Let us briefly review the general march of events in the last twenty-five years of French public instruction. First, the principle of neutrality is proclaimed, but, little by little, distinct anti-religious tendencies crop up among the school teachers. Then arise difficulties, not only between the public school teacher and the parent of the child, but also between the school teacher and his superior, who, in many cases, has no longer any regard for neutrality, and who sometimes proclaims himself an advocate of the destruction of religion. "The lay school," a well-known *Inspecteur d'Académie* is reported to have said, "has one end in view, the formation of free-thinkers. . . . The lay school teaches the rejection of dogma." Many

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school inspectors have made similar statements, borne out by the books which they have recommended for use in schools—the same which the Bishops have condemned.

The third step may be said to have been the bringing together of primary school teachers into Societies called "Amicales" or syndicates. These Societies, under the guise of affording schoolmasters protection and giving them the advantages of corporate bodies, encourage in their ranks a very independent spirit. This is easy to understand: these men and women have devoted their lives to teaching children, they have ideas of their own, and the continual rule of the State is sometimes difficult to bear. They are liable to be sent at great expense to themselves, from school to school and one end of a department to another, simply because the Inspecteur d'Académie or the Prefect finds some fault with their political attitude or because the former disapproves of their manner of teaching. They have, in some cases, appealed against this despotism, and it is natural that they should have sought some guarantee in association. Their unions hold congresses at which large numbers of these schoolmasters discuss the questions which interest their corporation. The speeches delivered in these congresses are often divergent from the views of the Government. If these corporations become stronger, as is likely, will the Government's hold on public instruction remain powerful enough to enforce the principles of neutrality? This question is a very serious one. In a few cases schoolmasters have even professed most advanced doctrines, anti-patriotic, and so exaggerated that they seem akin to anarchy. The Courts, called upon to repress such abuses, have in some cases imposed fines and even imprisonment on schoolmasters guilty of flagrantly lawless teaching. But who is to protect the child from a master who insidiously exercises upon his mind, either through charm of manner or superior intelligence, an influence destructive of religious belief?

Some of the Bishops in recent interviews have said:

Far from declaring war on the State, we claim to be its best

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friends by condemning the bad books in use in the schools, because where Christian morals are rejected you will find that all moral doctrine is weakened, and that these pernicious advanced doctrines gradually culminate in the negation of patriotic duty, in insults to the flag and preparations for anarchy.

Of course this argument is received with some scepticism by many. It seems a sweeping assertion; yet the danger alluded to is real. One wonders how the Government, should it wish to do so, can insure neutrality in the State schools when the corporate bodies of schoolmasters become independent and powerful, and perhaps given wholly over to free-thought?

A short time ago, the leaders of these "Amicales" of public school teachers, having taken offence at the collective letter of the Bishops throwing an interdict on some of the books in use in the schools, decided to bring the matter before the courts. They propose to sue the Bishops, each Bishop separately, and claim from each one 5,000 francs damages for the prejudice caused them by the letter.

It seems rather strange that an interdict of this special nature, on a purely moral ground, could be considered as causing material injury, especially as no schoolmaster is bound to use the books rejected by the Bishops. Moreover, no individual schoolmaster has been signalled out by name in the Bishops' letter, which applies only in general to those who have not respected neutrality in religious matters. It must be remembered also that the Bishops' letter is binding upon Catholics alone, and that even if Catholic parents did withdraw their children from the State schools no material prejudice could result therefrom to the teachers, who are paid by the State. It is rumoured that the authors of the condemned works are also contemplating legal action against the Bishops.

It seems impossible to foresee what will be the issue of all these suits, if they are finally brought before the local tribunals of every department. Notice has been served on several bishops already.* The "Amicales" are led by

* It is reported that the "Amicale" of the department of the Cantal has, however, refused to associate itself with those which have brought suits against the bishops. Perhaps others may follow this example.

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influential politicians. What stand will the Courts take in the matter? And what will be, in the end, the attitude of the Government? At the time at which these lines are written the issue has yet to be seen.

Party spirit has, as usual, seized upon this pretext to drag religious questions again into the political arena. The "clerical peril" is once more trumpeted abroad. We are warned that the Republic is attacked, and that the only safety is in prompt legislative action against parochial schools—a singular remedy for the dissatisfaction already expressed by free citizens of a democracy.

Be the result what it may, it cannot be denied that the cause of the present crisis is to be found in the breaking of the Concordat, an act which, while it impoverished the Church, gave to the clergy a strength greater than riches—the rights and liberties of ordinary citizens. For who can now consistently take away from the pastors of the church the freedom of speech which they have gained at such a sacrifice?

Whatever the immediate consequences of the Bishops' action—and it is quite possible that for a time the counsels of the violent may prevail—we are surely justified in hoping that the victory at last will be with the principles of true liberty and tolerance which are the *raison d'être* of a Republic.

CHAMBRUN

December 16, 1909.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

IT is difficult to praise too highly *Marie Antoinette* by Mr Belloc. (Methuen. 15s. pp. 433). He has set himself an extraordinarily hard task, and has achieved it triumphantly. His object, plainly, was not merely to write a biography of the Queen, still less a panegyric—for he is almost brutally candid as to her faults and her general air of irresponsibility—but to display her as a kind of symbol—and a human symbol of flesh and blood into the bargain—standing for a certain political ideal; to show the giant forces round her, also incarnate in flesh and blood, and in all the mysteries of mob-life; and to marshal these movements before the reader in such a manner that the decline and fall of the monarchy becomes to us like a destined tragedy, whose end is certain and inevitable. The note of doom sounds immediately: Marie Antoinette appears like a kind of graceful victim, even on her wedding journey, and the ministers of sacrifice lower in the distance—for the present respectful and deferential. The awful liturgy proceeds; the event is written down in the books of fate; and so the movement passes along, through horror after horror—the atmosphere darkening at each instant—until the hour strikes, the knife falls, and all is over. Yet with all this, we never are allowed to forget for one instant that the drama is not acted by helpless and controlled marionettes; they are real people who tread the stage; their most personal characteristics and temperaments help on the action of the piece; they behave as they like; and yet each impulse or shrinking movement is worked into the play. The sense grows on one that even if they had acted differently, it could not have changed that destiny, though it would have modified the particular manner in which that destiny was fulfilled. The sense deepens and deepens into a kind of aw-

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ful certitude that there was some will—whether kindly or harsh is a matter of opinion—that controlled those actors—monarchial and popular alike—with so supreme an ease and subtlety, that, struggle as they will, it is but as struggling in a quicksand, where every movement, however violent, but plunges them deeper. The sea must, in the long run, receive her dead.

The character-drawing, then, is excellent. In a line or two Mr Belloc takes the trouble to sketch a figure brilliantly, continually in his pages. What can be more excellent than this snap-shot of Prince Joseph, the Queen's brother ?

Of an active, narrow and formal intelligence, grossly self-sufficient, arithmetical in temper, and with a sort of native atheism in him, such as stagnates in minds whose development is early arrested, a philosopher, therefore, and a prig, earnest, lean, and an early riser.

The passage has a kind of acute reality about it that makes the reader, whether he is or is not acquainted with the original, cry out that it must be an excellent portrait. Nor are the descriptive passages any less vivid. The attempted escape to Varennes is as poignantly pathetic as a sad love-story—the complacent geniality of the King, the lumbering *berline*, the miserable return and the attempted cheerfulness. And meantime the Great Powers move and mutter and the armies gather, and the slow web of politics is woven. It was really an inspiration that made Mr Belloc sweep us to and fro and to and fro on the last day of the Queen's trial, from the dark court-house, to where a battle raged which might, apart from destiny, have saved her life, and back again. Although one knows how the story must end, one hopes against hope; one desires to leap up and fire a gun in the field, or make a protest in the court. And it is all of no use; and the Queen goes to her death, unloved and unloveable, and yet pathetic, dignified and supremely tragic.

It is known that she went up the steps of the scaffold at liberty and stood for a bare moment, seen by the great gathering in the

W. Watson's New Poems

square, a figure against the trees of what had been her gardens and the place where her child had played. It was but a moment, she was bound and thrown, and the steel fell.

It is unnecessary to say that the book is excellently produced, and that the copious selection of illustrations is as admirable as are the appendices and the index. Mr Belloc is as human as any of his own characters, even in the appendices. He is refreshingly contemptuous of certain kinds of academic arrogance and political feebleness that exist even at the present day! B.

IT is the claim of the classical school that in adhering to the deep, well-trodden ways of law-abiding literature they are nearest to the human heart and can best keep time to its eternal beatings. William Watson has his own place in the school he describes:

Where the kings of mind, with august submission,
Have bowed to the laws that outlast you all.

But the prejudice against the formalist most unjustly clings in some measure to one who has made form the servant of song and not its mistress. In his own words—

Her handmaids are order and just proportion,
And measure and grace, that survive you all.

Perhaps it is just the sense of order and proportion that dulls the mind of the ordinary reader accustomed to more varied tones in those who claim its attention. William Watson's verses *New Poems* (John Lane. 5s.) need close attention, not merely tranquil enjoyment.

The mind may slide over them far too easily and not recognize their deeper thoughts just because there is in them no "flouting of convention" nor "scouting of tradition." There is, we think, some actual poverty of theme in his imagination, but it is still more that he glories in his choice of the old themes that are always living, and old passions that are never decayed. He likes to write even of our time-honoured friend the blacksmith:

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'Tis the tamer of Iron,
Who smites from the prime,
And the song of whose smiting
Hath thundered through time.

He defies our cheap culture which is tired of the blacksmith, and it is our own fault if we cannot recognize his glory.

For the dread things of Nature
Crouch low in his gaze:
The fire doth his bidding;
The Iron obeys.

But to isolate any verses from the great swell of this poem is to wrong it, and these are only chosen here to show the courage of William Watson's classicism.

And does not the poet know that "The Heart of the Rose" as a title sounds to us strangely faded and ordinary, and particularly fitted to an early Victorian Book of Beauty? What does he care? It is our own fault if we lose our sense of the simple glories of the world in our very anxiety not to be conventional. To him that shrinking is part of our posturing, and in the poem already quoted, "The Orgy on Parnassus (Lines written in my copy of Tennyson)," he turns on the poets that posture to please our taste.

But brief is the life of your mannered pages;
Your jargon, your attitudes, soon they pall:
You posture before the scornful ages,
And here was a voice shall outlive you all.

And, therefore, he gives us once more, as in the worn theme of the blacksmith, an eternal parable in "The Heart of the Rose." And in his ordered courage is he not in these two verses simply triumphant?

The poet talked with the happy Rose
And oft did the Rose repeat
How all her care was but to be fair,
And all her task to be sweet.

Ah, rash was the Rose—the tragic Rose!
She hath bared to the Poet her heart!
And now he can take it, and crush and break it,
And rich in its attar depart.

Ceres' Runaway

It is sad not to have space to quote three other poems, "The Listeners," a parable with its atmosphere both physical and moral charged with fate; "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," with its unusual realism; and "The Mountain Rapture"; but "Maureen Asthore" is so exquisite that it must be given in full.

My lovely wife, who yestermorn didst bring
Thy youth and sweetness all to me alone—
Thine eyes of innocence and heart of spring—
And madest them mine own;

My Bride from Erin—thou in whom I wed
Not only thee but surely her as well—
Her of the ancient tears, the glories dead,
The undying charm and spell,—

Maureen, my Love! we wore her triple leaf,—
At the altar steps her triple leaf we wore:
We must not in our joy forget her grief,
Maureen Asthore.

S.

THERE are writers, and some of the greatest, who are dependent on their audience, because they hold it as a duty to convince them of truth, and must enter into the minds which they have to convince. There are also writers who follow their own thoughts as a homage to truth, offering incense with delight without waiting to see whether other worshippers are with them. Mrs Meynell alludes "to the author who has no world," but turns "the appeal of his art . . . inwards to his own heart." No words could better describe the writer of *Ceres' Runaway* herself (By Alice Meynell. Burns and Oates and Constable. 3s. 6d.). The reader is allowed rather than encouraged to listen to musings, which recall the author's description of Italian grass, that "it is full of things, and they are chiefly aromatic." It seems almost an intrusion to come too close to the mind of one who would like us to keep even our sense of humour "as something worth a measure of seclusion." It is the note

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of retirement, of dignity, of unconscious exclusiveness, which makes the reading of these essays a little effort for which there is ample reward.

Three essays on children, "The Unready," "The Child of Tumult," and "The Child of Subsiding Tumult," are not only beautiful but also extremely instructive. The pity is that exactly the mothers who need such teaching the most are the least likely to seek it. After these very subtle and very true studies of the child's mind, two essays might be cited as among the happiest in the book. "A Northern Fancy" is above measure exquisite, and "A Vanquished Man" is an admirable study, more objective than many of the essays. The gist of it can be gathered from the following quotation:

That he [Haydon] made a mere intellectual mistake, gave thanks with a lowly and lofty heart for a genius denied him, that he prepared himself to answer to heaven and earth for the gift he had not, to suffer its reproach, to bear its burden, and that he looked for its reward, is all his history. There was no fault of the intellect in his apprehension of the thing he thought to stand possessed of. He conceived it aright, and he was just in his rebuke of a world so dull and trivial before the art for which he died. He esteemed it aright, except when he deemed it his.

It is more difficult to convey the charm and freshness of "A Northern Fancy."

"I heard a mad maid in Bedlam," runs the old song. High and low the poets tried for that note, and the singer was nearly always to be a maid and crazed for love. . . . I have not met elsewhere than in England this solitary and detached poetry of the treble note astray.

The "poetry of the treble note astray" is surely one of those rare phrases in criticism that could only come from a poet writing in prose. It is not that the treble note is false, only astray. The singer is innocent, vagrant when she is free, perhaps even in "the strange health of an emancipated brain."

But if quotation cannot convey the effect of this perfect prose poem, neither can description, and it is better to trust to the former and cut off the last page remorse-

John Keble

lessly, although it must suffer by such an operation. The sad fact is that in all literature the better the construction, the harder it is to quote worthily. Here is the conclusion of "A Northern Fancy."

All the tragic world paused to hear that lightest of songs, as the tragedy of *Hamlet* pauses for the fitful voice of Ophelia. Strange was the charm of this perpetual alien, and unknown to us now. The world has become once again as it was in the mad maid's hey-day, less serious and more sad than Wordsworth; but it has not recovered, and perhaps will never recover, that sweetness. Blake's was a more starry madness. Crabbe, writing of village sorrows, thought himself bound to recur to the legend of the mad maid, but his "crazed maiden" is sane enough, sorrowful but dull, and sings of her own "burning brow" as Herrick's wild one never sang; nor is there any smile in her story, though she talks of flowers, or, rather, "the herbs I loved to rear"; and perhaps she is the surest of all signs that the strange inspirations of the past centuries was lost, vanished like Tom-a-Bedlam himself. It had been wholly English, whereas the English eighteenth century was not wholly English.

It is not to be imagined that any hard southern mind could ever have played in poetry with such a fancy; or that Petrarch, for example, could so have foregone the manifestation of intelligence and intelligible sentiment. And as to Dante, who put the two eternities into the momentary balance of the human will, cold would be his disregard of this northern dream of innocence. If the mad maid was an alien upon earth, what were she in the *Inferno*? What word can express her strangeness there, her vagrancy there? And with what eyes would they see this dewy face glancing in at the windows of that City?

S.

THERE is a kind of charm which seems to arise out of delicacy of thought and feeling rather than out of width of heart and of character. But if analysed it will be found that this charm, if it is not dependent on bodily presence, if it withstands absence and can live in the written word, cannot co-exist with moral littleness. In John Keble there was this perfect charm. He was not only without vanity or worldliness or self-seeking, but he had a positive quality in his nature which kept all

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little things at a distance. Tennyson has said that every genius has in him something of a woman, and Keble had all the delicacy, the exquisite sympathy and the selflessness of a wide-hearted woman saint.

Mr Wood did well in his life of John Keble (*Leaders of the Church*. Mowbray. 3s. 6d.) to give so large a proportion of a small volume to Keble's letters to Newman during the last critical years of his life in the Anglican Church. In only a hundred pages it was not possible to tell the story of the Oxford Movement and to give at the same time enough details of Keble's life to make us realize his personality. Therefore it was a happy thought to let us have one long look into the depths of his powers when they were stirred with such unwonted emotions. The perfect humility, the delicacy with which he suggested where others would have been didactic, the utter confidence and the simplicity of his admiration towards the leader who was going about the destruction of the work he had nearest at heart, these qualities make this group of letters a unique testimonial, to the man who wrote and the man who received them. From the moment which Keble described in writing to Newman himself as "my grand swallow of pain," in the summer of 1843 until October 1845, when "the thunderbolt had actually fallen," he suffered much. Twenty years later he wrote the words of self blame that read to us like the scruple of a delicate conscience. "I ought to have felt more than I did what a sore burden you were bearing for conscience' sake, and that it was the duty of us all to diminish rather than aggravate it so far as other claims allowed."

Many of those he left in the Church of England wished to be generous towards Newman and sometimes believed that they expressed nothing but the regret of warm friendship, but how few in reality could show the rare quality of Keble's nobler nature, the total absence of bitterness, of criticism, of personal resentment. And yet Keble was a bold fighter, a man anxious to be committed up to the hilt in the fight against the powers that hold in their

John Keble

hands the fate of a clergyman of the Church of England. "Make that paper," he wrote on one occasion to Pusey, "such as to commit no one but us two any more than is possible consistently with it committing *us entirely*."

That Keble was a strong or convincing controversialist is not the conclusion that can be drawn from Mr Wood's book. It would seem as if the poet's nature made him able to live in an ideal of the English Church which no facts, no catastrophies in the world of action could really affect.

Mr Wood quotes Cardinal Manning as to Keble's attitude during the controversy on the Gorham judgement, which was a remarkable illustration of this power of retreating into the ideal and the abstract.

"Hope said 'I suppose we are all agreed that if the Church of England does not undo this we must join the Church of Rome.' This made an outcry; and I think it was then that Keble said, 'If the Church of England were to fail it should be found in my parish.'" The words were spoken in all sincerity and simplicity but they were not words that would have been used by Dr Pusey or by Dean Church. Less concrete than the erudite scholar who gave his name to the movement, and less philosophical than Dean Church, he was more likely to be troubled by a sense of the unreality of all things than by the unreality, as it must seem to us, of his ideal of the English Church. Pusey seems to have met the difficulties one by one without a large view of their bearing on one another, Dean Church with wider outlook saw so many difficulties in accepting any branch of the visible Church that he was fain to be contented with his own. Keble lived in the ideal, where earthly things troubled him deeply, only if they touched with evil contact the things of the spirit. The scholar, the thinker and the poet each had his own work to do in Catholicizing the mind of this country.

Mr Wood tells us that Keble himself "was impatient at being placed among the poets." "I wish," he said, "that instead of paying me compliments about what they call my poetry, they would see if there is any sense in my prose." But the interest attaching to Keble will

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ever be the interest attaching to a singularly spiritual and winning personality gifted with the poetic faculty, and it is for the true picture of this personality that we must thank Mr Wood. He was strong rather in character than in the logical faculty, wide in the affections and in the entire absence of the moral littleness common to mankind rather than in his intellectual grasp. S.

MR SIMPSON would have done better in his *Roman Catholic Opposition to Papal Infallibility* (London. John Murray. 1909. Price 5s.) if his feelings had allowed him to keep to what the title of his book promises. One finds in his work a good deal of information about the Vatican Council, the Minority bishops, the Old Catholics; but it is all interspersed with the author's own views on the subject. He feels so strongly against infallibility that he cannot resist filling his pages with his own controversy, with strong, even violent, epithets. Every one who opposed the dogma is "moderate," "admirable," "unprejudiced"; its defenders are "unscrupulous," "Italianised," their arguments are "sophistries," its pedigree is "unwholesome" and so on. In short the author has not written a history, but defended a thesis. Never was a book with so little of even the appearance of impartiality. There is, of course, no reason why the author should not write an attack on the Papal claims; only it is less interesting. We have had the advantage of reading Protestant controversy before. One would expect a work with this title to trace the development of the dogma and describe its adversaries in different ages. Mr Simpson shows by his very arrangement that he is simply writing an attack on the Vatican definition. He begins by demolishing what he calls the "evidence of Scripture"—Luke xxii, 32. He next explains away the texts most commonly quoted from the Fathers, the third chapter is all about Honorius, and so on. The people he quotes are Roman Catholics; that is to say, he has found a number (he might have quoted many more) of writers such as the Gallicans, Lord Acton, Gratry, Friedrich, Döllinger and the

Papal Infallibility

future Old Catholics, who give their various explanations of the texts. But there is much that is not quotation, that is in no sense Roman Catholic, but simply Mr Simpson's opposition to Papal Infallibility. As a picture of Roman Catholic views on the subject even before 1870 the book is absurd. His handful of writers occur over and over again. On one page (13) Gratry gives his interpretation of the Irenæus passage (adv. *Haer.*, III, 3) at length, on another (20) he explains away St Augustine's *Causa finita est* (*Serm.*, 131, 10. M.P.L. xxxviii, 729). Both quotations are from the same Letter on the Council. Naturally both favour Mr Simpson's views. Opposed to this handful of writers (which, by the way, could easily have been made much larger) one could present an overwhelming cloud of contemporary witnesses in each century—forty or fifty, perhaps, for each of Mr Simpson's authors—who said what the Council eventually defined.

For the rest, some of these quotations are interesting; all are more interesting than the author's own controversy. No Catholic wants to conceal the fact that before the Vatican Council there were people who doubted infallibility. There were the Gallicans and Jansenists, the Fathers of Constance, Basel and Pistoia, naturally jealous of any Papal prerogative. There were theologians such as Hefele, Dupanloup, etc., whom one remembers with all respect, who at first were mistaken as to this point, who then submitted their private judgement to the authority of the Church. And there were those whose fall is the tragedy of the story, who preferred to embark on the most disastrous of all careers by setting up a new sect in opposition to the great Church. It is the situation before, during and after any General Council. But at the Vatican time, as at Ephesus, Chalcedon, Nicæa II, if one is to keep any sense of proportion one must also remember the overwhelming majority whose faith expressed by their bishops became the *fides definita* of the Church. Compared with these the mistaken people are as a pond to the ocean.

Mr Simpson (p. 111) naturally glories in the change in Keenan's Catechism (in 1860 and 1896). Since Glad-

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stone's *Vaticanism* made this case known to Protestants it has become one of their great weapons. In the first place, in the old form Keenan does not deny Infallibility. The "Protestant invention" was that Catholics *must* believe it. In 1860 that was a Protestant invention. The rescripts had not yet come from Rome, the cause was not yet finished; as St Augustine might have said in 415.

It is hopeless to understand this matter if one ignores the difference made in the situation by a General Council. Anglican writers are indignant at a comparison with faith in the Trinity and the Council of Nicæa in 325. No doubt one must admit that the Trinity, at least in general terms, was always *de fide explicita*. But it would be easy to quote a number of dogmas, that presumably Anglicans would admit to be now part of the Faith, that were not so till a Council defined them—say the definitions of Chalcedon, Constantinople III, Nicæa II.

That a Council cannot make true what was false before is of course evident. It is disingenuous to imply that any Ultramontane ever thought so. But a Council can make what was always true in itself known to us as part of the Catholic Faith. The Church does not pretend to teach everything on every subject, not even everything in theology. There are always a number of questions about which she has not spoken. In such questions obviously one side is really the right one and its contradictory is false, only we have not the certainty of faith as to which is which. Meanwhile theologians must try to hammer it out and argue from such premises as they have by their unaided reason. There are plenty of theological controversies among Catholics that have gone on for ages. Then some day the authority of the Church thinks it time to speak (whether the moment is really opportune or not is always another question); a General Council is called, examines the question and decides for one side. The Fathers naturally use all means at their command to judge rightly. But it is more than the opinion of a committee of experts. We trust to Christ's promises to his Church (Mat. xxviii, 20; John xiv, 26, xvi, 13, etc.)

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and believe that the providence of God will certainly (not miraculously) guide their counsels, so that they will decide for the side that really is the right one. Nothing is changed, except that the truth is now proclaimed with the authority of the Church; every one now knows it for certain. What was before a harmless mistake about a possibly obscure question now becomes rebellion against the teaching authority of the Church, and heresy. *Inde rescripta venerunt. Causa finita est, utinam hæresis finiretur.* That is the Catholic view about General Councils; it applies to the Vatican as well as to Nicæa, it justifies Hefele and condemns Döllinger. One can conceive a pious and vehemently anti-Nestorian Catholic bishop in 450 believing that Christ had one nature. He had a perfect right to come to Chalcedon and defend his view with all the apparatus of philosophy he could muster. But when he heard the decree proclaimed, he learned that he was mistaken; and he knew that the Church knew better than he did. So if he had written books before touching this question, he would now re-edit them. That is what was done to Keenan's Catechism.

It would be long to trace all Mr Simpson's misrepresentations. His prejudice will not let him ever see things reasonably or even calmly. We have alluded to the epithets he throws about. It is rather poor argument to call people names. All through he is consistent in one thing—he is for every one who is against the Pope. Edmund Richer was a hero grossly persecuted by the Jesuits and "satellites of the Roman authorities" (pp. 80-82), the English Cisalpines were "Catholic versus Ultramontane," all of them Christian gentlemen oppressed by an unscrupulous faction (chap. x) and so on in every case. It is a great thing to have a consistent principle, though on the whole it is best to have a positive, not merely a negative one.

There is one point, lastly, that makes this work singularly futile as an attack. The author considers Infallibility throughout apart from the Primacy. But these are two things that cannot be separated. He might as well discuss

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Monothelism apart from Monophysism. Infallibility is simply a consequence of the Primacy; it is only as a necessary conclusion from the Primacy that the Church teaches it. This was understood in all the ages behind us by the countless people from all parts of Christendom, who looked to Rome as the last court of appeal in all matters, including those of faith. They appealed to their Metropolitans, Exarchs, Patriarchs, and then, as a last resource, to the chief Patriarch at Rome. There was no appeal beyond him, till the Gallicans invented their ghost of a future General Council. Decisions of a final court are final. If Rome said that a bishop must be deposed, deposed he was in all Catholic eyes. And if Rome said that some theory is heresy, it was heresy. *Causa finita est.* That spells Infallibility. We commend to Mr Simpson this consideration: Infallibility means that the providence of God who guides his Church will not allow the chief Patriarch to define heresy, to make heresy the condition of communion with him—that is all, neither more nor less. Incidentally this answers our author's last chapter: "Where are the Infallible decisions?" Well, that principle follows from the Primacy. God cannot allow the Primate with whom Catholics must be in communion to make heresy a condition of communion. Otherwise the Church would have either to accept heresy or to be in schism with her visible head, either of which would mean the bankruptcy of the whole Catholic system.

If Mr Simpson writes another book on the Papal claims he must first demolish the Primacy. When that has fallen Papal Infallibility will no longer be worth attacking; but while the Primacy stands, Infallibility must stand too.

A.F.

AS all the world knows, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford is a learned and active man who has made much scholarly and decorous verse. His sympathies are almost as wide as his reading, and as a critic he has a great deal of taste, even more modesty, and the faculty of being always readable. With such qualities, need it be said that

Essays of Poets and Poetry

his *Essays of Poets and Poetry* (John Murray. 1909. 10s. 6d.) form an agreeable and informing book? They are nine articles—one was originally a lecture—contributed between 1895 and 1906 to the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Monthly Review*. They have been scarcely re-handled, and a certain leisureliness of composition, a few obvious repetitions and a liberal distribution of allusive praise among contemporaries recall their first occasion. The poets are Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Gray, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold. Mr Warren's appreciations, in several cases, take the attractive and sometimes profitable form of parallels—not of minute parallels supported by a display of fortuitous or deliberate echoes, but of general comparisons between two temperaments, two ideals and two careers. Sophocles was, like Goethe,

born in a middle station, yet a natural aristocrat, strikingly handsome alike in youth and in age, mingling passion and reason, familiar with affairs as well as with books, prosecuting art and culture and science, and all amid the storm and thunder of a national struggle and mighty battles, minded ever "Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen, resolut zu leben." . . .

The parallel is certainly suggestive, and the more plausible for the versatility of either figure. Mr Warren carries much further the commoner comparison between Tennyson and Virgil.

Both, while becoming pre-eminently national poets, Virgil the Roman, Tennyson the English singer, had a divided provincial and racial strain. Tennyson was probably a Dane by descent; Virgil, it would seem, with his melancholy and magic, his romance and glamour, may be claimed by the Celts.

We own, we think Mr Warren a little fanciful when he discovers that the Cæsarian age resembles the Victorian in its broader political aspects. It was not to men of Roman race but to their subjects that the democratic side of the Cæsarian revolution appealed. He is, perhaps, on surer ground when he refers to the idealization of the patrons of either poet in the figures of Æneas and King Arthur. Both this essay and another on *In Memoriam*

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show in Mr Warren a spirited and well-equipped champion of Tennyson's claims as a philosopher. "A pensioner on the thought of his age," said James Thompson. Here are plenty of reasons for a more generous judgement.

An Essay on "Dante and the Art of Poetry," full of apt paraphrases from the *Convivio* and the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, serves the modest but most salutary design of recalling, what is so often forgotten, that Dante was a lover of language and of the technical business of verse for their own sakes. How many of the numerous Englishmen who write or lecture on Dante ever think of him as an artist? Of the other essays, that on "Ancient and Modern Classics as Instruments of Education" contains an ever opportune plea for the modern humanities as distinguished from the utilitarian teaching of living idioms. That on "The Art of Translation" summarizes the best things that have been said upon this inexhaustible subject. Mr Warren writes admirably about the choice of poetic moulds and the necessity of choosing such form as by the degree in which it is familiar, by its scope and its colour, conveys really analogous impressions to those received from the original. We wish he had gone deeper into the vexed question of classical metres in English, the example of Clough, and the theories and example of Mr Bridges. And is it really true that "the Iambic beat" is common to Greek, Latin and English?

F.Y.E.

IF it is true that *Great Possessions* (Longmans. 6s.) is not altogether up to the very high level of Mrs Wilfrid Ward's other novels, it may also be said that it is a proof of her powers and charm of writing that she has made a book of great worth out of a plot the elements of which are not in themselves very new or original. The great possessions come into the hands of a young girl by unlawful means, and she clings to them though she knows they are not rightly hers, intoxicated by the position they gain for her immediately in the world. The story tells how she renounces them finally and restores them to their true owner,

Great Possessions

Lady Rose Bright, who, in the meanwhile, has been undoubtedly improved by being deprived of them for a few years!

The plot is well sustained throughout, and there are scenes and passages in the book which are quite in Mrs Ward's best vein. Especially good is the passage in which Mark, the young priest, analyses his feelings of chagrin and mortification at being sent out of London to get away from the scandal that Molly Dexter has circulated about him. The process by which he finds that in his heart of hearts it is resentment against Molly that he feels is admirably analysed, and shows that subtle understanding of the workings and motives of human hearts for which we always look in Mrs Ward's books. The relations between Lady Rose Bright and Sir Edmund Grosse are also admirably worked out. They are neither of them very striking individualities, but they are very human, and the best thing in each of them is the desire that the other should play up to the ideal they have conceived each of the other. Molly Dexter is not a loveable character. She is what her upbringing made her, and much may be forgiven her for her extreme loneliness in a world that had a great glamour for her. Only a lonely soul would be tempted to use the fortune of another to her own ends as she did, and only a lonely soul would have gone through such agony of mind and body before she could renounce the coveted fortune. The sequel to Molly's renunciation of the ill-gotten fortune is left vague. It is better so—she was too great a mixture of good and bad impulses to make any dramatic reformation or conversion. But an upright and generous act done by a nature with strong leanings in the other direction has twofold the value of the same act when prompted in a naturally generous heart, and though the action brought a definite peace to Molly's troubled conscience, we know that in such a nature there must have been reaction, and that for Molly the sweetness of life was past with the glamour of riches. The only clue we have to her possible vocation is in her impulse to relieve physical suffering. In this we feel she would

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have found satisfaction and scope for her very strong personality.

H.G.

FATHER BENSON in *The Necromancers* (Hutchinson. 6s.) uses the novel for a thoroughly practical and much needed purpose, and we welcome it as a very simple and direct exposition, not only of the dangers of Spiritualism, but of the attitude of the Church towards such practices. The quack, charlatan medium and his easily duped circle of disciples is a frequent figure in fiction. But in *The Necromancers* we have that much more dangerous form of psychic demonstrator, the genuine medium who believes profoundly in his mission to transmit messages from the world of spirits. By his own integrity he attracts to himself individuals of the type, who, not being able to discriminate as to the goodness or badness of the spirits with whom they hold converse, persuade themselves that Spiritualism and the spiritual life are the same thing. Their motives are often excellent, and at worst it is the human longing for intercourse with some one much loved who has died (as with Father Benson's hero) or a rather morbid curiosity that draws them into it. But Father Benson makes it very clear that of the two the quack is a less dangerous person than the serious medium, for the latter is dealing with Powers, the nature of which he can only rightly understand when he is already the worse for their evil communications. Necromancy, Magic, Spiritualism, Psychic Phenomena, are all names for the same thing, and they have each been practised in turn by every generation since the world began.

The Church has set her face steadfastly against it, saying always, "It is the work of the Devil, and the human soul is endangered by dealings with the Powers of Darkness."

This is the doctrine embodied in Father Benson's novel, and it is worked out in a simple, direct manner which lends persuasion to the far from normal state of things he describes.

The Necromancers

Laurie Baxter, an emotional and rather showy young man, loses his sweetheart at the height of his infatuation for her, and craving for her, he comes into contact with a small and very select and earnest circle of psychic inquirers. He is found to have mediumistic powers, and after various quasi-communications from his lost love, is drawn deeper and deeper into the net, and finally, losing all interest in everything else, becomes positively possessed by the spirit for whose manifestation he has been the medium. Up to this the book is quite excellent. But there is undoubtedly a falling off when it reaches this point. The situation of the young man returning to his home and the cousin who loves him, broken, nerve-racked, and actually possessed by some strange power which looks like madness, is dramatic enough itself. But since Father Benson has any amount of evidence and scientific data on his side to prove that mediumistic practices do produce such states of mind and body, why need he bring in an element of improbability and melodrama into the situation? Maggie Deronnais wrestles in prayer with the spirit that possesses Laurie, and it exchanges its habitation from his mind or body to hers! Her spirit is the stronger and it is routed. All this is rather unconvincing and strained, and the sequel, in which Maggie Deronnais expounds her theory of it all to a confidante over the tea-cups, is tiresomely framed. A simple exposition of the Catholic teaching on the subject, in the words of the Catholic girl, is a good expedient, but there is something jarring in the very unadorned, almost slang speech she uses when she is speaking of such serious subjects.

In these days of sentimental fancy religions, it must do good to the novel-reading public to be reminded that the Church believes in the Devil, and there can be no doubt that this is the moral of Father Benson's latest novel.

C.B.

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THE Septuagint was the Bible used by some of the inspired writers of the new Testament, as well as by all the Greek Fathers, yet it has been till lately neglected by modern scholars. Mr H. St John Thackeray presents us with the first instalment of a *Grammar of the Old Testament in Greek according to the LXX* (Vol. 1. Introduction, orthography and accidence. Cambridge University Press. 1909. 8s. net). France and Germany have been slightly in front of Cambridge in this matter, for Dr R. Helbing's *Grammatik der Septuaginta* was published at Göttingen in 1907, and M. Psichari's *Essai sur le grec de la Septante* appeared at Paris in 1908. English scholars have, however, always been in the van, for the first great helps to Septuagint study have been Hatch and Redpath's large Concordance, and Dr Swete's admirable introduction to his provisional edition of the text; and now Mr Thackeray's little book follows close on the publication of Brooke and McLean's first volume of text with a goodly array of various readings.

It was not until the sands of Egypt had yielded up their stores of Greek papyri that we really knew the "common Greek" of the post-classical age; and it is only recently that it has been possible to study scientifically the Greek of the Old and New Testaments. Much has been done in Germany, especially by Deissmann and Thumb, and in England by Moulton and Milligan; and when Dr Moulton and Mr Thackeray have completed their grammars of the New and Old Testaments, questions of interpretation and of text will alike have gained greatly. Already Mr Thackeray tells us much that is of first-rate importance as to the order in which the books of the Hebrew Bible were translated into Greek, as witnessed by the character of the language; for our knowledge gained from dated papyri now enables scholars to trace the development of late Greek from the third century B.C. until the Byzantine age, and to define the periods of certain fashions of orthography, of grammar, and of style. The sequence in which the books were rendered into Greek is of importance for the history of the canon of the Old Testa-

St Chrysostom

ment. Naturally the Pentateuch came first, and it is given in excellent "common" Greek; whereas at the other end of the scale Tobias is in a rugged vernacular, and parts of Jeremias were translated by a man who did not understand the original, and rendered Hebrew words by the Greek word which sounded most similar! Hebraisms are, in reality, few, as in the New Testament, the Semitic character of the style depending rather on the frequent use of somewhat unusual Greek idioms which happen to correspond with a Hebrew idiom. The most noticeable Hebraisms are just those which St Luke picked out for imitation: the familiar reduplication (such as "With desire I have desired"), and the common "And it came to pass." The old Latin translation before St Jerome was made from the Septuagint, but it remains only in fragments. Nevertheless it cannot but have influenced St Jerome's new translation from the Hebrew, so that the systematic study of the LXX, now in progress, will have its value even for the new edition of the Vulgate which the Benedictine commission is beginning to prepare.

C.

ASOLID and valuable memorial of the fifteenth centenary of the death of St John Chrysostom has been published by the committee for its celebration at Rome: *Χρυσσοστομικά, Studi e ricerche intorno a S. Giovanni Chrysostomo* (Pustet, Roma. 1908-9). The first fasciculus of 242 pages 4to deals with the Saint's writings; it includes studies by specialists in St Chrysostom, Haidacher and Chrys. Baur, a long study by Nägele on the holy Doctor's debt to his pagan instructor Libanius, and a demonstration by Abbot Butler that there is no reason for hesitation in identifying the Palladius who composed the dialogue about the Saint's life with the author of the Lausiac history of the Monks. There are also disquisitions on Russian, Georgian, Armenian and Arabic versions. The second instalment is of 727 pages, and concerns the Liturgy of St Chrysostom. Dom Placide de Meester describes its origins and developments with a care which

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will make his contribution valuable to students. An unpublished Arabic version follows, and essays on the Armenian, Melkite, Roumanian, Syriac, Nestorian, Slavonic and Ruthenian forms, by various scholars; we signalize in particular Mr H. W. Codrington's publication of a Syriac Mass of the Presanctified from a MS. in the British Museum. The third part carries up to p. 1151, (so that the complete work is of some magnitude) and it is concerned with the cultus of the Saint, his relics and his iconography. The articles are in many languages, Italian, French, English, German, Latin, and attain a high level of scholarship, but it must be admitted that to many of us they will seem hopelessly dull! The present reviewer confesses that he found the Greek Grammar he has also reviewed much pleasanter reading. C.

CARLYLE has remarked something to the effect, if I mistake not, that Dante is not one to be read sitting in slippered ease before a cosy fire, and the same may be said of Mr Reade's book on Dante's Philosophy (*The Moral System of Dante's Inferno*. By W. H. V. Reade, M.A. Clarendon Press. 1909. 12s. 6d. net). It contains an exhaustive study of the philosophy of the *Divina Commedia*, revealing a knowledge of St Thomas, on the part of its author, that would have gladdened the heart of Leo XIII. For Dante's poem is not only poetry, but philosophy as well, and if its singer meant "to represent the working of Divine Justice in the spiritual world, our actual delight in his poem as literature must partly depend upon an understanding of his moral philosophy." To unfold this system and by so doing to clear up some of the difficulties in the poem is the task Mr Reade undertakes, and he has fulfilled it with that clearness of thought and neatness of phrase that would seem to come as a natural gift to the student of the *Summa*.

Witte had laid down the amazing proposition that "the penal codes of earth and hell are analogous in taking note of deeds only; and not of guilty thoughts which have resulted in no overt act." (*Dante-For-*

Moral System of Dante's Inferno

schungen, ii, 134. Engl. translation p. 129.) "A more preposterous theory," rightly adds Mr Reade, "was never yet put forward by a scholar of such great and deserved reputation," contradicting, as it does, all theories of morals, heathen, Jewish and Christian. According to Witte "this poet, desiring to find a just principle for the damnation of incurable sinners, fixed upon the shallow method of earthly law courts as his pattern, a method which would allow the most infamous scoundrels to look forward to Eternal Bliss, and, on the other hand, might oblige him to deliver over even his friends to eternal torment, for offences that would scarcely justify a magistrate in fining a tramp half-a-crown." The difference between an earthly and an heavenly court of course precisely lies in the fact that man only judges the outward act, because it is all he can see, whereas God, reading the heart, will judge motives and thoughts as well. Witte, it seems, had recourse to his theory to account for the apparent absence in hell of pride, sloth and envy, and as a probable solution of the discrepancy between the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio*, took these three vices to be "propensities," which, as such, would be relegated to the remedial fires of purgatory and only punished in hell when they issued in outward acts. But St Thomas, from whom Dante learned his philosophy and from whom he never fundamentally differs, distinctly teaches that the capital vices are not "propensities," and, therefore, Witte's theory will not account for their absence in hell. As a fact, pride, in the person of Farinata, is punished in the sixth circle, but on account of its complication with heresy is not mentioned. Tommaso, Fortunato Lanci and Isid. del Lungo declare that the slothful and envious are to be found in the third belt of the seventh circle, an opinion, however, to which Mr Reade does not subscribe. He accounts for their absence on the ground of their not being Aristotelian vices. As to the difference between the damned and the souls of purgatory we must bear in mind "that there is one unity which can neither be divided nor multiplied, and that is the Unity of God's Justice. If two sinners die

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simultaneously, the one penitent and the other unpenitent, the standard by which the Divine Justice will try and distinguish them is unquestionably one and the same." Witte's error arose really from not recognizing Dante's study of Aristotle "under the guidance and in the spirit of St Thomas," and a careful attention to the philosophical doctrines current in the time of the Saint will be sure to throw light on all these traditional difficulties.

Another important difficulty is raised by Dr Moore, arguing that Dante ought to have put "Bestialitas" in a lower place in hell than "Malitia" (*Dante Studies*, Second Series, p. 161).

But I have no hesitation [rejoins our author] in asserting that from the standpoint of Dante or St Thomas, it was quite impossible to account Bestialitas more heinous than sins compassed by human malice. This contention I do not rest primarily upon Aristotle's teaching (which, perhaps, is ambiguous), nor do I even feel certain that St Thomas believed Aristotle to be sound on the point, but I do contend, that neither St Thomas nor Dante could have thought bestial sins the worst of all; for this would have meant that they had renounced Christianity in favour of a quasi-Manichean philosophy of evil. In common parlance, we attribute moral evil to the lower element in human nature, and when we stigmatize an act as "bestial" we suppose ourselves to have set it on the lowest moral plane. But St Thomas, like all who understand Christian doctrine, takes precisely the opposite view, and the more you insist on the "bestial" character of a sin, the more clearly you prove to him that the sin is less grave than those proceeding from the pure activity of reason and will; whatever, in Dante's phrase, is the *proprio malo* of man must be worse than acts displaying chiefly those powers which he shares with other animals; and when, through excess of passion or morbid habit, man is reduced to the very semblance of a beast, the question is, not whether he surpasses in iniquity the cold and rational sinner, but whether his acts remain sufficiently human to incur even the mildest form of censure.

The book treats elaborately in different chapters, in accordance with the Angelic Doctor's teaching, of the moral, cardinal and theological virtues and the capital

The Hymn Book

vices, and in spite of the solidity of his subject the author often touches the matter with a singularly light hand. Altogether, the volume is a striking contribution to Dantesque literature. P.H.

IT has for some time been understood that a committee of the Bishops were engaged in the preparation of a new hymn book, and this has now made its appearance. The inferiority of most of the collections of hymns already in use among Catholics has long been a matter of regret, especially to converts from Anglicanism, who through the books in use in the Church of England have become familiarized with the liturgical and other hymns of the Catholic Church; and the Bishops' collection was looked forward to with pleasing anticipation. It will thus be a disappointment to many to find that *The Hymn Book* (Burns and Oates. 6d. and 1s. net), which on its title page is stated to be "compiled and prescribed by the Catholic Hierarchy"—i.e., we presume, the Bishops of England—is little if at all superior to the collections with which Catholics are already familiar, even if it be not actually inferior to one or two of them.

A hymn book may be regarded from two standpoints—that of its literary merit and that of its suitability for popular use: the two are not incompatible, as our Anglican friends have abundantly demonstrated. It is naturally with the former aspect that the present notice is concerned. At the outset, however, we are met with the difficulty that no information is given in the book as to the lines on which it has been compiled, nor are we told who are its compilers. The prefatory note, indeed, tells us that it is "the only one containing all the English hymns chosen and authorized by the Catholic Bishops," but this appears to be a statement of the publishers. This absence of information, however, permits a certain freedom of criticism which might otherwise be difficult; and we may at once say frankly that the book, to those who had hoped for a collection which should at least attain the level of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, if it did not

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reach that of *The English Hymnal*, is disappointing. This arises from various causes. In the first instance it is obvious, though this is nowhere stated, that translations by non-Catholics are altogether excluded. This at once eliminates the masterly renderings of Neale and other writers, upon which generations of Anglicans have been brought up, and to which, in no small measure, they owe their attraction to the Catholic liturgy. It is difficult to understand on what grounds this decision was arrived at; it certainly cannot have been on literary or doctrinal grounds, for in the former respect Neale's versions are beyond reproach and they would, of course, have been examined as to the latter before admission.

Most of the translations in *The Hymn Book* are by Caswall. These, though far inferior to those of Neale, are infinitely superior to others in the book, e.g., the version of the *Dies Irae*, placed, for some reason which we fail to understand, among "general" hymns. Who that knows the original can hesitate between Irons's version:

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

King of Majesty tremendous
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then defend us."

and

Unhappy me, what shall I say,
And to what patron shall I pray,
When e'en the just might quake with dread?
O King of fearful Majesty,
Thou savest freely, O save me,
Thou art sweet pity's Fountain Head.

Incidentally it may be noted that the eccentric use of capitals in the above quotation occurs throughout the book, and that the incorrect spelling "Sybils" appears in the first verse. Did space allow we might cite numerous examples as bad as this. Nor is the selection of hymns written in English more satisfactory. No fewer than forty are from Faber; we note the absence of "O Mother, I could weep

The Hymn Book

for mirth" without regret, but we confess we cannot understand why, if this (which is at least popular) be excluded, such things as "Oh balmy and bright," and "O Flower of Grace," are admitted. Still less can we imagine how the hymn beginning "Sweet Heart of Jesus"—we regret to find this epithet "sweet" so frequently employed—which contains references to the face and the footsteps of the Sacred Heart, and ends:

"Sweet Heart of Jesus! bless all hearts that love Thee,
And may *Thine own Heart* ever blessed be,"

should have been passed (another hymn refers to its "blood-stained Head"); and is it theologically accurate to say of our Lord "For the heaven He left He found heaven in thee" (Hymn 106)? it seems to contradict the "nec Patris linquens dexteram" of St Thomas.

No care seems to have been taken to collate the versions with the original; the version of "To Jesus' Heart all burning" (Hymn 84) contains at least one verse which is not as Father Christie, S.J., the translator (by the way, why are translators sometimes named and sometimes not?) wrote it; and it would appear from Julian—who has been insufficiently consulted—that the version of the *Adeste fideles* (Hymn 5), here said to be translated by "Canon Oakeley" (was it not in his Anglican days?) is not in accordance with his original. The prefatory note says, "In all cases the name of the author is given, if known:" a very little research would add to the information given—e.g., the fine hymn "Martyrs of England" (Hymn 196), here marred by the division of the eight-line verses into verses of four lines, is by Sister Mary Xavier.

We have by no means exhausted the points which we have marked as open to criticism, but enough has been shown to justify the contention with which we started—that the book will disappoint those who had hoped for a collection which might on every ground be worthy of its compilers and of the worship for which it is compiled.

J. B

Some Recent Books

SURELY in no phase of history the personal note is stronger than in that of Port Royal. From the first it is Mère Angélique's strength of personality which makes the convent she is set to reign over from the age of eleven years the centre of a sincere but ultimately misdirected reformation. Then when Mère Angélique has impressed her own stamp upon her nuns, we see her already too austere spirit relaxing and expanding under the gentle influence of St Francis of Sales. No doubt Port Royal would have remained in a happier obscurity had the gentle saint remained to direct its Abbess. But with the coming of St Cyran a very different spirit was to influence the convent. The strong indomitable will of Mère Angélique responded immediately to the severe, even harsh and uncompromising rule of the disciple of Jansen, and as we study the sequel to St Cyran's reign as director of Port Royal, we feel at every turn the perfect aptness of Sainte Beuve's epigram in which he describes the Port Royalists as being "pure as angels and proud as Lucifer."

The author of *The Nuns of Port Royal* (By M. E. Lowndes. Henry Froude. 12s.) ends a very interesting study with these words: "Only in these latter days, perhaps, when even religious controversy has entered upon new phases and buried ancient strife, can we look with just eyes upon these victims to a cause—who win our wider sympathies because their cause was not merely that of a doctrine but of honour also and of personal loyalty." Surely this statement should be stated the other way round. Is it not just because the Port Royalists clung so tenaciously to their personal honour and personal loyalty that they came to grief? They may win our human sympathies and our pity by their personal loyalty but not the "wider sympathies" arising from our maturer judgement.—Who can read of the spirit of Jansen's disciple, St Cyran, without thankfulness for the condemnation of his horrible doctrines, of which these are two: "Christ did not die for all men," and "A good man is unable at times, whatever effort he make, to perform certain of God's commands, because the requisite grace is not given"?

The Nuns of Port Royal

Of the fact that Port Royal was persecuted there is no doubt. Their treatment was cruel as logical treatment generally is. They were goaded again and again into the conflict by the taunts of the Jesuits, their determined accusers. What would have been their fate had they kept silence and bowed their heads to let the storm pass by? Who can tell? The Provincial Letters turned the tide of popular feeling in their favour chiefly by the appeal of their wit and brilliance to the wittiest and most brilliant society the world has ever seen. But their success was short-lived, and supreme as the letters are from an intellectual and controversial point of view, their spirit is hardly that of humility.

In the rise and fall of Port Royal, as far as the condemnation of Jansenism is concerned, we have one of those puzzling instances when the Church sees fit to sacrifice individuals to the Truth. The cause is ill-judged: must the victims inevitably be judged according to the rightness or wrongness of the cause?

Dr Lowndes' method is to let the records tell their own tale as much as possible. He quotes at great length from the narrative of Mère Angélique herself, and gives at length the narrative of Jacqueline Paschal. In his introduction he states definitely that he wishes to avoid controversy in telling the history of the nuns and, so far as is possible with a history, the very essence of which is religious controversy, he achieves this end. He does, however, very definitely hold a brief for the Port Royalists against the Jesuits.

The book is illustrated by some interesting portraits, and is a welcome addition to the books which have appeared during the last few years about Port Royal. Mr. Lowndes does not attempt to speak of the "hermits" of Port Royal, except in so far as they affect the lives of the nuns. Perhaps later he may give us a study of "Ces Messieurs" as a companion to the present volume.

C.B.

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MEDIEVALISM shows us no more beautiful character, no loftier life, than that of Louis IX of France, whose story Miss Winifred F. Knox tells so sympathetically in *The Court of a Saint* (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net). Many writers who have striven to depict St Louis have regarded him too exclusively from a single standpoint; have failed, in their reverence for his sanctity, to appreciate the right manly and kingly qualities which went to make him a great ruler, or else, recognising his gifts of statesmanship, have lamented that mysticism which drew him from the earthly task to the heavenly vision. His latest biographer shows a wider comprehension, and gives, in consequence, a juster portrait of a man who, amid his complex duties and activities, was essentially simple and single-hearted, holding his relation to God as the supreme thing in his life, which must rule and inspire all his relations to men. St Louis was one of the few who combined extreme personal devoutness with efficiency as a ruler. Edward the Confessor, Henry III, and Henry VI of England, were all weak and unpatriotic kings; but Louis, except in his crusading adventures, steadily refused to allow himself to be led by individual piety into neglect of his royal prerogative and responsibility. He steadily followed the policy of his grandfather, Philip Augustus, and of his wise mother, Queen Blanche, who governed so strongly during his minority, and curbed the excesses and rebellions of his great nobles with a firm hand. He, like his mighty contemporary, the Emperor Frederick II, worked for the power of the monarchy against the claims of feudalism, though it is probable that the saint, fighting immediate abuses, wrought less consciously than the splendid heretic who aimed definitely and deliberately at an enlightened despotism. One of the finest things in Louis' career was the justice and loyalty which he displayed towards the Emperor, whose sceptic brain and immoral life must alike have revolted him, yet whom he upheld against the Pope's self, when he felt that Innocent IV was pressing beyond his rights in antagonism to the great Hohenstaufe.

The Court of a Saint

It may be noted that Miss Knox, though she does not seem to realize the immense effect that Frederick's "Constitutions"—that noble juristic achievement—must have had on the legislation of the king, is yet at her best in dealing with the Emperor's enigmatic personality.

"A divine heretic, a Mohammedan crusader, a pagan reformer, this man, in history as in life, smiles at the world always with as penetrating, careless and mocking a mystery as that which lurks in the eyes of La Gioconda."

That brief characterization is good, and Frederick is appreciatively regarded throughout, though we cannot see any real justification for the author's belief in his final madness. St Louis does not tempt to any such paradoxical summing up, for the law of his life was harmony, while Frederick was a creature of complexity and contrast. Miss Knox has drawn her hero's portrait with a tender, nay, a reverent hand, yet has not shrunk from pointing out the one or two occasions when he possibly fell short of his own ideals. We feel that she has not fully shown how great an opportunity was lost when Louis was chosen arbiter between Henry III and his barons, and sided unreservedly with the perjured king against his righteously indignant subjects; but she frankly regrets his allowing his brother, Charles of Anjou, to seize on the heritage of the Hohenstaufen.

"In the fatal effect of Charles' influence on Louis' last crusade, you can read, if you wish," so she writes sadly, "a judgement on the one instance in the Saint's life when he ignored the troubled and fallen and passed by on the other side."

The melancholy, yet heroic, story of the two disastrous crusades is given with admirable historic closeness and dramatic vividness, and the beauty of Louis' pure and self-less nature sheds a redeeming light over the chronicle of blunders and failures.

It is a pity that a book so carefully studied, and written with such evident enthusiasm cannot be unreservedly praised. There are errors and superficialities in the narrative; while the political situation is well grasped, the

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glimpses of the literature and learning of the time are all too slight. The mention of Hildebrand as Gregory V may indeed be a printer's error, but what shall we think of the pitiless Clement IV figuring as a "saintly Pope"? The most irritating blemish on the book is its intolerable sprightliness of style. In her determination to avoid dullness and pedantry, Miss Knox indulges in flippancy, and fairly revels in simile and literary allusion. She refers with equal ease to St Augustine and Dumas, Dante and Lewis Carroll, and when on the same page we meet d'Artagnan and Hamlet (these two are supposed to combine in the character of Theobald of Champagne!) Mr Boffin, Haroun al Raschid, Rossetti and Maeterlinck, we conclude there is much to be said for the severer historical method. In spite of such flaws, however, *The Court of a Saint* gives a sincere and winning picture of one of the "Knights of the Holy Ghost."

D. McC.

L *A Religion des Primitifs*. Par Mgr Le Roy, Evêque d'Alinda, Superieur General des Pères du Saint-Esprit (Paris. G. Beauchesne et Cie, Rue des Rennes 117. 4 fr. 25 c.) inaugurates two very notable works in connexion with the study of Anthropology and the History of Religions from the Catholic standpoint. It is the first instalment of the *Etudes sur l'Histoire des Religions*, and it contains the inaugural lectures delivered from the chair of History of Religions newly founded in the Institut Catholique at Paris. We can wish these new enterprises no better fortune than that they should maintain the high standard of excellence set them in this work.

Mgr Le Roy has made a particular study of the Bantus, a race which extends over nearly one-third of Africa. His missionary career among them, of some twenty years duration, dates from 1877, and in the course of it he has laboured both on the East and the West coast of the continent, making long and frequent journeys among the Bantu tribes. He enjoyed, as he says, "un champ d'observation incomparable"; and the reader of this volume will admit that he has turned his advantages to good account.

La Religion des Primitifs

In the great variety of interesting material which the book presents—interesting to the general reader as much as to the professed anthropologist—we can only hope to touch upon a very few points. One of the most interesting problems with which the book deals is the relation of magic to primitive religion. While fully admitting the obscurity of the subject, Mgr Le Roy has a suggestive and interesting theory of his own to offer. Briefly, his view is as follows. The student of religions has to distinguish between three quite distinct groups of phenomena. (1) Religion Proper (2) Mythology (3) Magic.

Religion is defined as “l'ensemble des croyances et des pratiques par lesquels l'homme reconnaît le monde surnaturel, s'acquitte envers lui de ses devoirs et lui demande son assistance” (p. 49).

In asserting a belief in a supernatural order as part of the essential definition of religion, the author is deliberately controverting the a priori procedure of certain modern schools, which would fain prescind from or exclude such a belief. He is emphatic on this point. “En effet, s'il est un fait acquis . . . aujourd'hui universellement reconnu . . . c'est que, au regard de ces populations primitives, distinct de ce monde sensible, tangible et experimentale . . . il est un autre monde, un monde surnaturel.”

If religion appeals to man's aspirations after a higher reality, mythology aims at satisfying his curiosity in regard to it. Mythology belongs to the speculative order. It incorporates ancient traditions, legends, rude science, natural history, and poetry (p. 52). Its religious significance has been greatly overrated; it is not, strictly, a specifically religious fact at all.

Magic, the last of the three elements included, by scientific investigators, under the term “Religion,” is of the nature of an art. Its end is not, like that of religion, mystical, nor, like that of mythology, intellectual, but practical and utilitarian. It aims at controlling either the forces of Nature (natural magic) or the spirits, good or evil, presented to its faith by mythology (supernatural

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magic). It holds, therefore, both of science and religion, and is a perversion of both. We find it everywhere, among savage races, standing over against genuine religion as its counterfeit, externally analogous, but in motive, aim and tendency, wholly opposed. All the forces of society combine to persecute it. Mgr Le Roy produces startling evidence of the hatred and dread felt for its secret organization. The magician is at once wizard and anarchist, and ruthless justice is wreaked upon him if he is detected in his illegal practices.

In the concluding chapter we find a most valuable and interesting presentation in tabular form of the author's general conclusions on this topic—which may be almost called the central problem of the work. It is a kind of creed—an expression in twelve somewhat abstract articles of the underlying principles and beliefs of religion and magic respectively. It is designed to illustrate the author's thesis of their diametrical opposition. Some of the articles on the side of magic, appear to us a little too sweeping in their negations. Thus, while the second principle of religion is said to be “un sentiment de dépendance de l'homme vis-à-vis du monde supérieur, particulièrement dans l'usage de la nature”—the corresponding principle for magic is “dépendance non acceptée.” Surely, this cannot be meant quite strictly. It probably means no more than that (as Mgr Le Roy insists so often) magic approaches the supernatural, not like religion, in a spirit of reverence, but with a profane and utilitarian and often malignant object: such an attitude is anti-religious, but it does not imply any denial of dependence on the Divine.

But, although we think this statement needs modification, we cannot praise too highly Mgr Le Roy's method of grouping and tabulating general conclusions, which is here for the first time applied to the illustration of this subject. We could wish that other students in the same field might follow the example. Such a method puts a wholesome restraint upon the anthropological imagination, and by setting down a theory in its lowest terms en-

A Damsel who Dared

ables the reader to sift out from the mixed mass of conjectures, assumptions and hypotheses, the often slight residuum of ascertained fact.

Admirable as Mgr Le Roy's general treatment of the subject undoubtedly is, it still leaves many perplexing questions unanswered. For example: if magic is essentially the antagonist of religion in these primitive people, how is it that the two at times so closely resemble each other as to be almost indistinguishable? We cannot help regretting that Mgr Le Roy has not discussed some of those limiting cases where the two hostile principles seem to shade into each other—cases which must obviously be the "instantiae crucis" for any attempted definition of the respective facts. As it is, we think he has somewhat over-emphasized a distinction which he yet is forced to admit is not absolute or complete.

Again, though it may be true that mythology is not an essential of primitive religion (cf p. 330), yet some form of sacred history or cosmogony is so invariably an outgrowth or accompaniment of religious systems that we think it is entitled to be considered an integral part of them, and, consequently, that it deserves fuller treatment than Mgr Le Roy here allots to it.

But these are but slight—and probably debatable—criticisms on a work for the clearness, method and scientific temper of which we have nothing but praise. J. B.

IT is a disputable matter, capable of highly prolonged and vigorous discussion, as to whether a cause is best served in the long run by complete frankness or an artistic presentment that is ideally truthful; for both are undoubtedly defensible. Now there is not a shadow of doubt that Miss Irons, in *A Damsel who Dared* (Sands and Co. 6s.) has nothing at heart except the cause of the Catholic Church; her faith and loyalty are apparent throughout. But, as a Catholic writer, she follows the unusual plan of being very outspoken in her criticisms of certain Catholic types and methods. Her heroine is unwarrantably snubbed by at least one "Old Catholic," is

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culpably neglected by a priest, and, in fact, makes her way into the Church in spite of, rather than because of her encounters with the faithful. Yet though this is an unusual method of apologetic it is not necessarily for that reason wrong. For there is a good deal to be said on the advantages of representing the Church as human as well as divine, if for nothing else than to "prevent disappointment," as urgent advertisers express it; and there are many well-meaning persons for whom this book would be of immense benefit. For the rest, her story is as charmingly and simply told as are all this authoress' works, with a freshness and coolness of style and characterization that are very pleasant. One must hasten to add that her non-Catholics are just as tiresome as her Catholics, and a great deal more bigoted. Yet no doubt the book will be sharply criticized by Defenders of the Faith, just because there are certainly two sides to the question as to the most effective form of controversy in fiction.

B.

FROM Liège, the frontier fortress of the clear French speech towards the East and the North, comes a little book of French poetry made, for the most part, among the Welsh mountains and on the Welsh coast, by a Belgian Jesuit, Father Louis Humblet. The love of home pervades these *Strophes Galloises*, but not the bitterness of exile. Welsh and Walloon are kinsmen. Father Humblet, whose gift of moral insight and sympathy is not to be mistaken, made many friends among the tenacious people whose country he has seen with the eyes of an artist. Here is a sonnet which shows that he is not only an accomplished master of a delicate instrument but, like Théophile Gautier, "un homme pour qui le monde extérieur existe."

Le couchant s'évapore en poudroiement ambré.
Pareil aux fonds éteints d'icone byzantine
Où le temps caresseur mit sa chaude patine,
Un grand ciel s'aplanit immobile et doré.

Introduction to New Testament

La mer, cristal mobile et pur, sur tain cuivré,
Que moire d'orangé la brise ou que satine,
En glissant, la rousseur d'une voile latine,
N'est que du jaune infiniment réverbéré.

Ajourant sou ourlet de fine orfèvrerie.
La montagne, d'ajoncs fauves toute fleurie,
Fait, courbant son profil, cadre et base au tableau.

Et l'on voit s'envoler, sur le rebord extrême
Des flots, une mouette emportant un halo
Qui pose à sa blancheur fuyante un glacis crème.

There is in this charming volume a considerable variety both of form and of mood. A series of sonnets on the Fathers, of whom he says nobly:

Les formules d'or ont coulé de leur plume,

is remarkable above all for just epithets. In "Intimes" his fancy is by turns pensive and playful; here and there a not unkindly note of irony (as in "Pastorale") may be caught; and a large section of the book is dedicated to his own country. Father Humblet is an ardent and hopeful patriot, and no separatist. Not all Belgian poets make us think of Belgium as one country. This is a poet who associates in the same loyal aspiration, the busy banks of the Meuse and the deep Ardennes, and the fertile Hesbaye, with the beehives of Hainaut and the harbours and storied cities of old Flanders. Let us commend especially for their justly indignant eloquence certain strophes addressed to the noisy crew of envious foreign publicists.

F.Y.E.

DR THEODORE ZAHN is not only the veteran leader of conservative Biblical critics in Germany, but he is also probably the most learned of Germans. It was therefore well worth while to translate into English the great work of his old age, his monumental *Introduction to the New Testament* (3 vols, 36s. net. T. and T. Clark). No doubt the *History of the Canon*, accompanied by its six volumes of *Forschungen*, remains Dr Zahn's

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masterpiece, but his *Introduction* is worthy of ranking close beside it, for it is the most elaborate and in many ways the most valuable of the innumerable introductions which have appeared in the last half century. The wonderful collection of materials is useful even where the author's conclusions are less convincing than they are dogmatic. His Protestantism is sometimes apparent, for instance, in his anxiety to deny that St Peter was bishop of Rome, and his assertion (in accordance with the thesis he has defended at length in his *Forschungen*) that the "brethren of the Lord" were sons of our Blessed Lady, in spite of the fact that St Mark makes it clear that they were the sons of another Mary. But Dr Zahn is the most conservative of Protestants, and follows, as far as he can, every early tradition as to the origin and authorship of the Books of the New Testament. He will not doubt, for example, that the Greek St Matthew is translated as a whole from the Hebrew; he makes St Mark later than St Matthew; he defends 2 Peter—and this with great ingenuity—and holds that all the Johannine writings are in fact by the Apostle, the son of Zebedee. He treats the liberal critics with all—or sometimes more than—the disdain they deserve; but he is so much more learned that he has some right to be contemptuous. Still he is by no means infallible. His interpretations of tradition are not always satisfying; his common sense is not unailing; he sticks to his old hobbies—such as his view that Tertullian had no Latin Bible—which few have been willing to accept. Nevertheless, Catholic scholars will find much with which they must sympathize in this great apology, as well as an incomparable mine of information. The translation is fairly good, and is as readable as could be expected. The third German edition has been used, and Dr Zahn has added a new preface, in which he modestly confesses that his style is unpleasant and difficult to render into good English!

C.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 1909

THE most important feature of the Catholic Truth Society's output during the past year has undoubtedly been the extension of the series of pamphlets on *The History of Religions*, to the initiation of which, in 1908, we called attention in our notice of the Society's publications for that year. It had been hoped that with the end of 1909 the series would have attained its completion, and that the four volumes, in which the lectures will appear in connected form, would have been on the market. But the delays incident to work undertaken by a number of men already fully occupied have prevented the completion, and, allowance being made for these, the C.T.S. is, perhaps, rather to be congratulated on what it has achieved, than blamed for what it has not done. Of the thirty-two lectures which the completed series will comprise, twenty-six have been issued, so that we may look, at no distant date, for their issue in volume form.

In a series undertaken by various writers, and dealing with widely different aspects of religious thought, some inequality of treatment is to be expected. On the whole, however, the level attained is very high, and it may safely be said that no previous attempt has been made at so low a cost—each lecture costs only a penny, and the volumes will cost a shilling—to bring before the public the results of mature Catholic scholarship. This, indeed, is guaranteed by the fact that the editor is the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., whose distinguished career at Oxford is well known, and who has himself contributed two of the most remarkable of the lectures—those on Early and Imperial Rome—as well as a masterly study of St Augustine, and an essay on the Greek Testament. The Bishop of Salford, whose essay on Zoroastrianism will complete the second volume, has given an earnest of his interest in the work and a proof of his scholarship in the lecture on The Great Persian Kings; Dr Fortescue's knowledge of oriental religions is evidenced in his paper on Eastern Churches, and he has further written on Gregory the Seventh; Prior McNabb suitably undertakes St Thomas Aquinas. Other contributions are Buddhism, by Prof. L. de la Vallée Poussin; China, by the Rev. L. Wieger; Babylonia and Assyria, by the Rev. A. Condamin; Unitarianism, by the Rev. G. Hitchcock, a subject of which he has special antecedent knowledge; Egypt, by the Rev. A. Mallon; Greece, by the Rev. J. Huby; the Athenian Philosophers, by the Rev. H. Browne; Ancient King-Worship, by the Rev. C. Lattey; the Korân, by the Rev. E. Power; and, coming to more modern times, The Modern Papacy, by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby; Lutheranism, by the Rev. J. Bourg; and Presbyterianism, by the Rev. M. Power—the last, perhaps, a little marred by the introduction of a polemical tone, from which the series, as a whole, is commendably free. The Rev. L. de Grandmaison's essay on The Study of Religions forms a suitable introduction to the series, in connexion with

C.T.S. Publications

which the Society has also printed as a penny pamphlet the paper read by the Rev. C. Martindale at the Manchester Conference.

The series of pamphlets dealing with Socialism and Rationalism has received additions from Dr Windle, President of University College, Cork, the Rev. John Gerard, the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, Mr Belloc, Mr Leslie Toke and Mr W. Matthews. A useful guide for Catholic social workers has been provided in the *Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Works*, to which the Archbishop of Westminster has contributed a preface. This forms a shilling volume; another volume at the same price brings together, under the title *A Brace of Bigots*, the various pamphlets in which Father Sydney Smith, Father Keating and Mr Britten have dealt with the fictions and misstatements of Dr Horton and Mr Joseph Hocking: this may, perhaps, be regarded as among the Society's lighter literature, as, although it has a serious purpose, the subject is treated in an amusing manner. Two volumes of fiction—*Under the Ban*, by C. M. Home (a tale of the Interdict), and *'Mid Pines and Heather* by Joseph Carmichael—show that the Society does not neglect the younger members of the community.

The most important volume, however, is that on *The Roman Breviary and its History*, translated by the Rev. J. R. McKee from the French of Dom Jules Baudot, O.S.B., who has himself added notes to this edition, which, we note, is rendered more useful than the original by the addition of an index. Another half-crown book is the series of studies on the Psalms by the Rev. R. Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory, entitled *Sing ye to the Lord*. Father Eaton, whose previous works, intended more especially for the sick, have already had a wide circulation, has added to their number a shilling volume, called *Auxilium Infirmorum*. In the Society's six-penny series have this year been included four essays on *Liberty*, by E. H. Francis, and the paper on *The Line of Cleavage under Elizabeth* by Dom Norbert Birt, a paper read by him at a meeting of the Anglican Society of St Thomas of Canterbury and offering a remarkable catena of quotations, showing how those mainly concerned in the so-called Reformation really regarded its aims and effects. Other historical papers are issued as penny pamphlets—e.g., Father Gerard's essay on *The King's Protestant Declaration* and Father Thurston's treatment of the same subject from another standpoint as *Titus Oates's Test*. The Anglican Church Congress rendered it desirable to issue, under the title *The Myth of Continuity*, an abridged version of an essay contributed by Dr Lingard to the DUBLIN REVIEW in 1840. Under the same heading—that of history—may be classed Dom Bede Camm's biography of *Ven. Ambrose Barlow, O.S.B.*, Mrs Edmund Foulkes's account of the *Nuns of Collène*, and a sketch of the life of *Mary Ward*, by a member of the Institute.

Other publications have been issued, but it is not necessary to specify these in detail.

REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

I

IN attempting the reform of the House of Lords, those who desire to see a strong Upper Chamber (and there can be no sort of doubt that the maintenance of a strong Upper Chamber is the desire of all sensible and moderate people) must especially keep in view two things—first, that principles are not endorsed dangerous in themselves, and incompatible with the whole history of the House of Lords in the past; and secondly, that in seeking to reform and strengthen, sources of strength at present possessed by the body to be reformed are not destroyed—which, once lost, can never be replaced.

I should lay it down, then, in the first place, that a reform which is to strengthen and not to weaken the House of Lords must not impair the sense of continuity which at present binds the House of Lords to the past. Whatever changes are made, they must not be changes which result in the creation of a brand new body; it must be the old body strengthened and made more efficient in popular estimation, not a new body formed *ad hoc*, with no traditions of the past and no sense of a continuity at its back: such must be the nature of a reform which is to strengthen, not to destroy.

The House of Lords, in its origin, represents those who, from their influence and power, the King thought it well to summon to his Councils, to enable him to carry on the affairs of the country. A reform, then, that enabled the King to summon to the House of Lords for any Parliament such persons as he thought likely to promote the welfare of the Empire, would be quite in accordance with the original principle to which the House of Lords owes its existence. It is true that a summons once granted has been held to be hereditary, but I should suppose that

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such hereditary right was a consequence of the feudal system, and, as such, accidental to the history of the House of Lords, rather than an inherent part of its original constitution. The one thing that is contrary to that constitution would be that its members should be determined by any form of popular election. In this connexion it can hardly be denied that there are now many persons outside the House of Lords who, for various reasons, would be the sort of persons the King would have originally summoned to his Councils, and that there are many existing peers who, so far as the original purpose of the House of Lords is concerned, have little to justify their present position.

Two other considerations should also be noted: the House of Lords represents two estates of the realm, the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal. A body which ceased to represent those two estates could in no sense be a continuation of the present House of Lords. And next, the hereditary principle has for so long been associated in popular estimation with the House of Lords that, even though it be not, strictly speaking, inherent in its original constitution, to destroy it would certainly be, in popular estimation, to create a body which would have little connexion with that which it replaced.

On this point I should like to say that imagination and sentiment are forces which it is difficult to over-estimate, and that a body which did not seem, in popular estimation, to be in any sense an inheritor of past tradition, would lack a power and source of influence which are, and always would be, factors of great importance in the consideration of what would give strength to the Upper Chamber. This is a source of power, also, which, once destroyed, can never be replaced.

Before suggesting how the House of Lords might be effectually strengthened in due subordination to these principles, I should like to make two other remarks. If the continuity of history is to be respected, it is difficult to imagine a House of Lords which did not include the representatives of old historical peerages. It would be

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invidious to mention names, but it would not be easy to believe in the identity of a new House of Lords with the present body which did not include, by right, the possessors of certain peerages and bishoprics, the names of which will occur to every one conversant with English history.

In accordance with these principles, why should not the date of the Union of England and Scotland be taken as a starting-point? The Scotch peerage elects its own representatives for each Parliament. Why should not the principle which obtains in Scotland be extended to the English peerage, leaving all peerages prior to 1700 untouched? There are not a great many of them. Let the different orders of the peerage, subsequent to that date, elect representatives of their respective orders: so many Marquises, Earls, Viscounts and Barons, to represent the rest in the then Parliament.* Such an arrangement would greatly diminish the number of the hereditary peers summoned to Parliament. In the same way, exclude all Bishops subsequent to the accession of Henry VIII. By this means the old historical Sees and Titles would be preserved in the House of Lords, the number of Bishops summoned to Parliament would be reduced, and room would be provided which would enable the King, on the advice of the Prime Minister for the time being, to summon to any Parliament all such persons as he might desire to see included in that Parliament, the number, of course, being limited and determined by what is thought, together with the hereditary and elected peers, the proper number to constitute the whole Upper House.

Other provisions might be adopted by which peers who had disqualified themselves, either by personal conduct (as is now the case in regard to bankrupts), or by never

*Peers who were Lord Lieutenants of Counties, who had held Cabinet Offices, who had been Governors of Colonies, Ambassadors, etc., and those who had sat for any time in the House of Commons would retain their seats in the House of Lords irrespective of such election. Peers deprived of their seats in the House of Lords would be eligible for the House of Commons.

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attending the House of Lords, might cease to be summoned to any particular Parliament.

These, however, are all matters of detail. What signifies is the principle on which a reformed House of Lords should be constituted, and if that is once safeguarded, everything else signifies but little.

There could hardly be a greater misfortune for the country than to eliminate from the councils of the nation that great body of men who do their duty because that duty is imposed upon them by their position, and who are not dependent for that position upon a principle of popular election which is rapidly becoming, and in an increasing degree, an obstacle in the way of all independence of opinion. The House of Lords at present represents what in this respect is most valuable and important for the welfare of the country. It is notorious that the business done in its Select Committees is far better done than in the Select Committees of the House of Commons, and, while the importance of an Upper Chamber, which should be really strong and efficient, and which might well contain representatives of the great Colonies and Dependencies of the Empire, is a matter of the gravest importance, it is a matter of hardly less importance, in view of the continuity and stability of the future history of this country, and its general welfare, that in any scheme for the reform of the Upper House, it should still remain, in fact and in sentiment, the House of Lords strengthened and revived, and not a brand new body which would be felt to lack all continuity with the past, which could appeal to no sentiment, and which, if it owe its existence to popular election, must either be a feeble echo of, or a formidable opponent to, the House of Commons.

Monsieur Guizot, whose knowledge of history cannot be questioned, whatever may be thought of his politics, used to say that England was fortunate in possessing an Upper Chamber that had grown, for no Upper Chamber that had been created had ever succeeded or answered its purpose.

HALIFAX

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II

ACCORDING to the late Lord Salisbury the function of the House of Lords in the Constitution is to represent the permanent, as distinguished from the transient, opinion of the nation. It is not difficult to quote instances in which this function has been adequately and, indeed, triumphantly performed. For example, the General Election of 1892 sent up to the House of Commons a majority favourable to Home Rule, and Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1893 was accordingly passed. This Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords, and the next General Election proved that that House and not the House of Commons was in the right. It follows, however, from the nature of the case, that the House of Lords can only be justified by the event in their interpretation of what the will of the nation really is, and their tendency must always be to delay legislation until popular opinion is quite clear as to any particular measure. This tendency, of course, has its own dangers. It is quite possible that members of the Upper House may get into a frame of mind of rejecting everything for which no obvious popular demand is forthcoming, and this danger will naturally be aggravated if they do not sufficiently represent the diversified opinions to be found among the people at large. Before further pursuing this theme a great distinction must be drawn between the peers who actually do the work of the House and the general body of their order who have the right to attend and vote. The former do not, perhaps, number more than 100 or 120, and among them the utmost variety of opinions, of antecedents and of circumstances may be found. If, however, the composition of the whole body be analysed, a very great preponderance of particular classes and descriptions will be at once detected. In practice, it may be doubted whether any great practical evil has resulted from this state of things, for the great bulk of the Peerage have usually been willing to follow the guidance of the most experienced and distinguished members of their order. At the same time, the

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fact remains that instances can be quoted in which a great number of peers, who have given very little time to the duties of their position, have asserted their powers on special occasions from time to time, and have not justified their position by the ordinary discharge of the duties which that position entails.

If, therefore, a change is to be made in the composition of the Second Chamber, it is plain that the right of men to legislate who do not justify their prerogative by the discharge of the ordinary duties that pertain to it cannot be defended; and in any reform of the House it must be made plain in the first instance that work must be an essential qualification for every peer. Probably of the 100 or 120 peers who compose the working House of Lords there are very few who cannot appeal to a record of useful service in the State which amply justifies their position. Any scheme of reform should provide for their inclusion, as it also should provide for the exclusion of those who neither have done nor do anything to justify their position in the State.

The inclusion of the best and the exclusion of the worst, it need hardly be said, is a matter less easy in practice than in theory. The Select Committee of the House that sat two years ago on this question advocated a twofold reform—first a certain number of peers were to have a right to sit in virtue of distinguished service, and then a further number were to be elected by their fellows. The result of the plan then sketched would have been to reduce the number of the House by about one half; and could such a plan be carried into effect, the outcome, in the opinion of the writer, at least, would be an eminently efficient body, representative of the most experienced manhood of the nation. It may, however, be doubted whether it would be possible to effect a reform upon these lines at the present time, and the writer deeply regrets that something of the kind was not attempted ten or fifteen years back. The scheme rests under the grave disadvantage that, when all is said and done, the basis of the assembly will still be the same body of

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hereditary peers who compose the present assembly, and it is to be feared that popular opinion would be indisposed to accept this as a permanent settlement.

On the other hand, the difficulties of basing an Upper House on the elective principle are very real. For example, if the House were to be elected on the same franchise as the House of Commons, they would obviously be possessed of co-ordinate authority. If they were to be elected on a restricted franchise, the result would certainly be that those who did not possess this franchise would be jealous of their authority and indisposed to accept their decisions, and the principle of a double franchise is quite alien to English traditions. Moreover, it should be of the essence of an Upper Chamber that its members ought not to be affected by considerations of what may or may not please their constituents. They should act on their own judgement, even when that judgement is prejudiced, and the check against their acting wrongly must always be the realization that, in the ultimate event, they have to submit to the popular will. The problem, therefore, is no easy one. It is to get together the best brains and experience of the nation, unaffected by electoral considerations and unswayed by the prejudices of any particular class. Moreover, old traditions and associations cannot be altogether discarded, and no logical doctrinaire system is ever likely to work well in England. In a matter so difficult and delicate, no politicians who even profess to be serious would like to dogmatize for a moment, but probably the safest plan would be to combine the best features of the present chamber with an infusion of new blood, recruited on a system of life appointment, without power of hereditary succession. For example, if the Crown were empowered to choose 150 members of the present House, and add to them a number of life peers, who in no event should exceed another 100, all the best elements in the present system would be retained, with a great infusion of fresh life. At the same time it is clear that no unlimited power of appointment ought to be exercised, otherwise a powerful Minister would make the whole House subser-

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vient to his individual will. Certainly not more than twenty life peers ought to be created in any year; but however the scheme be worked out in detail, it is on the double principle of selection from within and addition from without, in both cases by the act of the Sovereign, that the creation of a strong and efficient Second Chamber seems most likely to be based.

JAMES F. HOPE

III

MODERATE men on both sides of politics who kept their heads in the flurry of last November and followed the lead of Lord James of Hereford, Lord Courtney and other level-headed statesmen perceived the inevitable results of the revival of the long dormant legal right by the hereditary house. They have the melancholy satisfaction of seeing their prophecies come true. The continuance of the unrestricted veto of an unreformed House of Lords is impossible. The wild confusion into which the finances of the country have been plunged is the least of the evils engendered by that departure from precedent. The whole structure of an historic constitution that has been the wonder and admiration of the Western world is threatened with ruin. The necessity for a change is no longer contested, and every one is setting to work discussing theoretical constitutions and ideal second chambers, as though they were fashionable French *dilettanti* on the eve of the Revolution. With singular and impressive unanimity the whole Unionist press has abandoned their defence of the existing House of Lords, and is cheerfully engaged in mooted wild proposals for second chambers, with fancy franchises and no historic meaning. This is naturally gratifying to Liberals who have long insisted upon the necessity for some reform, but it is also not a little dangerous. Exactly the same belief in the value of precedent and the continuity of historic development in the Constitution, which

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enabled moderate men, whether Liberal or Conservative, to perceive the danger of the Lords' action, should now impel them to dread any violent and excessive reconstruction. The least possible change is best. It is necessary to define exactly the grievance that has fired the democracy in the North of England to indignation, and given a new lease of life to a government which a year ago was hopelessly beaten, discredited and despised. That grievance is not merely that a particular Finance Act has been rejected, but that the second chamber has deliberately and persistently used its power to prevent the Liberal party from carrying out the policy for which it has been chosen by the electors. So long as the second chamber, which does not appoint and cannot dismiss the executive, exercises the power of nullifying its intentions, the party system is unworkable, because the electors, in order to secure a particular reform, are obliged to return the same party twice in succession. But as the parties are constituted and, for reasons deep in character, will continue to be constituted, each contains certain elements and types of ability necessary to the nation. The policies of the two parties are complementary. The division of statesmen into two groups, one of which attends mainly to foreign and imperial affairs, the other mainly to domestic reform, may not be a perfect arrangement, but it exists. Sane Liberals are perfectly ready to admit the superior ability of the Conservative party to deal with questions of defence and of Imperial policy, but we demand that in our turn we shall have the same liberty to deal with social questions, in which our interest and our ability is equally the superior.

That is absolutely incompatible with the power of a hostile second chamber to postpone all reforms to a second Parliament. It is hardly necessary to argue as to the facts. In the last Parliament not only were proposals perfectly consonant with the general principles of Liberalism, such as the Plural Voters Bill, summarily rejected, but a specific measure, the Education Bill, to which the

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party was definitely pledged, and on which a general election was deliberately fought and triumphantly won, could not be placed on the Statute Book. No reform of the second chamber which allows such a clear violation of the equities of political life is worth considering. Any reform that does more than rectify the grievance is unnecessary, and, therefore, dangerous.

There are two possible methods: the first is the abolition of the veto, the second a reform of the chamber, so complete that the Liberal party (or in the future, perhaps, the alliance of progressive groups primarily interested in social reform), when it is in power in the House of Commons shall also command a majority, not necessarily of docile voters, but certainly of reasonable sympathizers in the second chamber.

If this is admitted, and it is difficult to see how it can be denied, the necessary reform would be equal to a complete destruction of the existing chamber. The hereditary element, if not excluded, would be necessarily in a large minority, for the progressives would have to rely for their majority on the elected or nominated element.

But this non-hereditary part of the House would be very difficult to select. If learned professions and Chambers of Commerce and other established institutions, as is usually suggested, choose representatives, they would be almost as conservative as the hereditary peers. If men were nominated for eminent services, they would necessarily be well advanced in years, and therefore in a large majority of cases out of sympathy with the progressive ideals of the moment and ignorant of the changes that had made reforms necessary. To elect by direct democratic suffrage an Upper as well as a Lower House would be both dangerous and absurd.

If the object of reform is to prevent a permanent opposition between the second chamber and a progressive government, the advantage of substituting the direct representatives of all the vested interests for the present House of Lords, who, in spite of prejudices, do inherit a

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high tradition of disinterested service, is difficult to discover. The fatal objection to this solution is that the real constitutional difficulty will not be solved, it will only be raised in a new and, not impossibly, an accentuated form.

The alternative is the old and settled policy of Liberalism advocated by Bright in the 'eighties, and still the best solution. The substitution of a suspensive for an absolute veto goes straight to the root of the difficulty. But while guaranteeing to the progressive government a final success in carrying reforms to which it is pledged, it leaves a substantial and important power in the hands of the Lords. The second chamber would still be able to revise, to amend and to delay legislation. No Bill could be carried which has not a great driving power of popular enthusiasm behind it. The essence of the veto resolutions, and of the demand of Liberalism, is that if once government has been returned to do certain things, it shall not be forced to fight the same battle all over again. If that is secured the details can be so arranged to procure the maximum of delay and discussion. The scheme as outlined in the House of Commons was that if the Lords reject a measure a conference shall be held between the two Houses. If no agreement is reached after an interval of six months, the same measure may be reintroduced by the Commons. A second rejection entails a second conference. If that fails again, the measure can be reintroduced and no rejection is then allowed. But before this stage is reached the whole Bill will have been debated twice in the second chamber and thrice in the House of Commons. Two conferences of the Houses will have taken place, and for three years the attention of the country will have been concentrated upon this measure. The danger of an unpopular proposal passing into law is non-existent. Unless the full approval of the majority of the electorate was behind the measure, it would be fatal to any government to force it through the House of Commons thrice.

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Take for example the two most famous instances of the use of the veto by the House of Lords, the Home Rule Bill and the Licensing Bill. As a matter of practical politics, could the Liberal-Nationalist alliance have held together for three years? Or could the present Government have spent the best part of three years over the Licensing Bill, facing the whole time the tremendous agitation against it in the country? Such an attempt would have ensured complete and utter failure at the polls, besides the sacrifice of every other reform on which a great majority of the Liberals were set. The political genius of the English has always found expression in arrangements which are based on the actual facts of parliamentary life. Tested by such a criterion, the suspensive as opposed to the absolute veto would give a perfect security against precipitate and unconsidered change. If, as is proposed, the statutory life of a Parliament were reduced to five years, no measure introduced after the second session could come into operation before the appeal to the electors had been made. By a very slight increase in the necessary intervals between the discussions in the House of Commons, it would be easy to arrange so that only measures introduced in the first session should pass into law against the will of the second chamber. In actual practice, rather than waste their whole tenure of office, and stake their chance of a return to power on a single measure, however popular and earnestly desired, any government would be prepared to compromise. The conference between the Houses would result in a reform which, if not fully acceptable to the most advanced sections, was satisfactory to the main body of Liberal opinion. Under this system, for instance, the Education Bill of 1906 would certainly have been so modified as to be tolerable to a large section of Churchmen, and that open sore, the religious education controversy, would be closed.

The real power of the House of Lords to revise and to modify would be actually increased. At present, if a

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measure is believed to be popular, the danger of raising an agitation is so serious that the Lords against their better judgement allow it to pass. The Trades Disputes Act is a case in point. Lord Halsbury declared that "this was a Bill for legalizing tyranny." Lord Balfour of Burleigh declared "it would give licence where there ought to be restraint; and law-breaking would be encouraged where there ought to be obedience." Without endorsing these rather extravagant criticisms, many Liberals believe that in some respects that Act is unwise. Had it been possible to exercise the suspensive veto, a conference between the two Houses and, if necessary, a second discussion in the House of Commons, would have resulted in a measure more satisfactory to all parties. A suspensive veto would be a weapon powerful enough to enforce concession, and yet not so dangerous as to make its use rare and fitful. An absolute veto, whatever the constitution of the second chamber, might at any moment raise an agitation such as that which is now in progress—an agitation as sincerely deplored by moderate Liberals as by Conservatives, but one which will always be possible and often inevitable so long as the two chambers can come into active collision. This time the agitation is against the peers. Under a reformed chamber it would be against wealth and privilege in any form. The catch-words change but the spirit remains. A constitution which makes any such conflict impossible, is, in the long run, a better protection against real revolutionary legislation than any safeguards to prevent single legislative indiscretions.

Liberals are quite as well aware of the real dangers to ordered and stable society which exist and, possibly, are gathering force. The temptation to spoil the wealthy is great. The use of the government machinery in the interest of class is openly preached as a dazzling possibility. All that is true, and yet the remedy is not reaction but progress. Any device which reduces a sane and legitimately progressive government to practical impotence is a direct instigation to revolutionary doctrine. The Prussian franchise as it

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exists, giving a great preponderance of power to wealth, is driving the whole working class into the ranks of Social Democracy. The dominance of a chamber based on property would have exactly the same result in England. Speaking on this very subject of the Reform of the House of Lords, John Bright declared with perfect truth that great measures of reform are the only safeguards of society. "The fact is," he declared, "if the Bill of 1832 had not been passed—the Reform Bill, if the Bill of 1846, abolishing the Corn Laws, had not been passed, if the Bill of 1867 had not been passed, giving household suffrage,—I should like to know what there would have been of Conservatism for the Conservatives to conserve at this hour." The struggles of the future will be no less severe and no less necessary than those of the past, but in the new competition between nations for trade and for dominion we cannot afford to fight all battles of reform twice over. The terror of a single chamber which once in three or, if necessary, five years, has power to carry into effect the policy approved of the people is exaggerated and unreal, the more so when it is realized that, strengthened and reinforced the second chamber as you will, the power of finance rests solely with the chamber which chooses the executive government. The House of Commons can, in the last resort, force through any Budget, however socialistic, by the simple process of refusing supply. The events of this session have brought into prominence the true facts about the power of the purse. It has been necessary to suspend those hostilities which both parties eagerly desire, for three consecutive weeks, lest the whole machinery of organized government come suddenly to a stop on the 31st of March. The Budget fills, or is intended to fill, the Treasury. But money in the Treasury is mere dross unless authority exists to pay it out. That authority is conferred temporarily by measures known as Consolidated Fund Acts, finally by the Appropriation Act. They cease to have validity on the 31st of March each year. Until an Appropriation Act for the current year is

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passed, no House of Commons can be dissolved, because when the money granted under the Consolidated Fund Act is exhausted, all expenditure must cease. Without any difficulty, by a proper timing of the temporary grants of supply, a government could make dissolution impossible, and could threaten to resign without leaving any money to pay the Army or the Navy, the Post Office or the Customs officials, civil service salaries or old age pensions. Their successors would be unable to obtain supplies from the hostile majority in the House of Commons, and unable to dissolve until those supplies were granted. However strong in prestige and in actual power the second chamber might be, they would be forced to make terms. Lord Salisbury's summary of the objections to the rejection of a Finance Act is unanswerable:

The reason why this House cannot do so is that it has not the power of changing the Executive Government; and to reject a Finance Bill and leave the same Executive Government in its place means to create a deadlock from which there is no escape.

So long as the Appropriation Act has been passed, powers exist for borrowing, and this year the rejection of the Finance Act has entailed the issue of £18,000,000 worth of Treasury Bills. But if the Act had not been passed this loan could not have been raised, and the Exchequer would have been closed. It is true that this refusal of supply is considered by many Liberals and, apparently, by Mr Asquith as an obsolete weapon which no responsible Minister could use. But those scruples would not stop the Socialistic ministry whose power is to be curtailed in advance by a "strong second chamber." Whatever the powers and constitution of that second chamber, in face of a determined Socialistic government, returned by the electors, it would have the alternative of accepting the measures put forward or of suspending civilization. The final supremacy of one chamber in finance is, therefore, assured and inevitable.

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The case for the alteration of the veto of the House of Lords into a suspension of legislation may be summarized: By this device alone can the danger of a deadlock and an election in which wealth and privilege are pictured as hostile to democracy be finally avoided; it would strengthen the revisionary powers and enlarge the field of compromise; it would preserve the historic continuity of the Constitution. On the other hand, against a reform in any way adequate to secure to Liberalism its just claim for an impartial and unbiased second chamber, the arguments are formidable. The practical abolition of the hereditary element would leave the Crown the only non-elective part of the Constitution. The destruction of the political power would react on the social influence of the peerage, and would make a final breach with the past incalculable in its results. It is surely incontestable, in an old and settled country, that any change should be limited as narrowly as possible to the actual necessities of an admitted evil. Change for the sake of change or for any wanton desire to experiment with institutions borrowed from other constitutions is certainly and absolutely wrong. The effects of change circle out over the whole surface of life; the final results are strange and unforeseen; they cannot be confined to the social or political or economic sphere; the many activities of man are too closely woven for any single thread to be withdrawn and yet the fabric left unspoiled. The substitution of a new second chamber for the old and time-honoured House of Lords will stir English society to its depths. Those who fondly think that paper constitutions form effective barriers against revolution are strangely ignorant of history. Social stability rests on instinct and tradition, not theory. To conserve what is best in English society, while steadily righting the wrongs that changing conditions incessantly produce, is the Liberal ideal. No tradition and no institution which can be modified should be destroyed. A steady sequence of change leaves the foundations of society unshaken. For that reason the

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moderate Liberals would readily preserve the hereditary principle as the basis of the House of Lords. They deeply regretted the reactionary step of last November. They now desire to repair the damage at the least cost in innovation. The tacit understanding that the House of Lords does not oppose the expressed intention of the people must now be placed in explicit record on the Statute Book. The revisionary powers will still remain a practical safeguard against the dangers of a single chamber. If, by the free choice of the Upper House, its composition is modified to include, as life peers, a larger number of men of distinction and a wider circle of interests, religious and secular, the change will be a welcome addition to the efficiency with which it can perform its true function—that of an impartial revising tribunal. But no such change in composition, short of complete reconstitution, can serve as a substitute for the alteration in the nature of the veto.

A LIBERAL

[NOTE.—While gladly publishing the above article in accordance with the tradition of the DUBLIN REVIEW that both sides should be heard in party politics, the Editor desires to place on record his own conviction that the suspensive veto is no veto, and that to abolish the veto of the Upper Chamber means the revolution involved in government by a single chamber. Reform in the constitution of the Upper House is quite another matter.—ED.]

THE CENTENARY OF ALFRED DE MUSSET

THE poet permanently retaining the capricious affection of the world has, in a subtle sense, no age and no date. He chases his ideal after the divine fashion of the Keats pursuer on the Grecian urn, so that "for ever will he love, and she be fair." Shakespeare's large claim to be chief of this elect company stands unchallenged, but not Shakespeare alone is for "all time" instead of merely for "an age." There are many men, and here and there a woman, who have not only drawn near to the "House of Fame," but have "reached the land of matters unforgot," with its innermost secret garden of multi-coloured immortelles.

Alfred de Musset is essentially of these, despite an impossibility of adequate translation happily limiting his admirers to those who can read him in his own luxuriant language. He would have been the first to rejoice that he has never shared Heine's untoward fate of tempting every blunderer who can spell out his literal meaning to endeavour straightway to entangle it more or less inextricably in the maze of English words surest to conceal its "fine shades." There may be occasionally a rare quasi-success, such as Monica Turnbull's, to atone for fiasco even in such hands as Mrs Browning's. But the wholesale destruction of the real Heine, with whom de Musset has at times startlingly close lyric analogy, chiefly in what may be roughly defined as his more Puck-like qualities, makes us thankful he is left alone as he should be, except when clutched by clumsy incompetents with whom it is unnecessary to reckon seriously.

Upon a date in December, 1810, probably the eleventh, but concerning which there is the uncertainty strangely common with poetic birthdays, Alfred de Musset was born in the heart of old Paris, close to the charming Musée Cluny, "fit nurse for a poetic child." His aristocratic father, tracing

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his descent as far back as 1140, occupied a sequence of important Ministerial posts, whilst Alfred and his elder brother lavished their golden age gloriously in poring over old romances, and in the even more enchanting occupation of impersonating their heroes. Like Victor Hugo in the garden of "Les Feuillantines" he has kept green for us evermore; like Tennyson, Arthur and Galahad in peaceful Somersby of the broad corn-stretches and burning sunsets, the handsome boy flung himself into the past. His was the dateless past, warm with "the light that never was on sea or land," recreated for our everlasting joy when a great imagination flashes into a sombre world to accomplish the miracle.

A little later came constant association with men of a certain talent in his mother's drawing-room, and early poems "neither better nor worse than those of other clever boys." It may sound churlish to insist that the influences of that drawing-room, with its incessant charades and *bout rimés*, its inevitable atmosphere of mutual admiration, possibly marred the full effect of a childhood rich in possibilities. For childhood, if it left its indirect trace plainly upon his work, is not dwelt upon with the intimate appreciation of its eternal value given it by Hugo or Tennyson. Yet the free air, the broad horizons of what, for him, proved no "pays désert du rêve inâchévé," are surely answerable for the best flowers of his mind; the scented elegancies, the sensibilities and sentimentalities of the salon of an elegant mother, for the forced exotics of a hothouse of perfervid fancy, over-heavy with luscious perfumes.

A centenary, if it offers itself inevitably as a moment of assessment, is not the moment for the pettier side of fault-finding, stupidly confused with true criticism by limited intellects, charmed to find it so easy to learn its well-worn shibboleths. It is altogether too late for blame, yet possibly still too soon for an absolutely just judgement. Perhaps the mere fact of recollection is of itself sufficiently significant. There is still "rosemary for remembrance" for one who, if he was never, as Francis Thomp-

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son exquisitely said of Shelley, "gold-dusty with tumbling among the stars," certainly made a prodigious amount of "bright mischief with the moon." For the famous "Ballade" set classical Paris by the ears with its audacities of tripping measure, arousing Academic wrath more genuinely than did its hotly abused audacities of meaning, especially in the certainly objectionable verses withdrawn and replaced in various editions with a frequency not a little ludicrous.

Opinions as to the exact place of Alfred de Musset in his triple capacity of poet, playwright and prose writer may well differ, with Sainte-Beuve, "roi de la critique," himself so distractingly uncertain. It is alleged that "Rolla" is still perhaps the most popular poem in France, though the allegation is usually coupled with the contradictory statement that in France "poetry is not read at all." The grim passage bidding Voltaire come forth from his charnel-house and enjoy a witches' Sabbath, a *danse macabre* with a country given over to unbelief taught by his scepticism, has doubtless sometimes had a blasting effect upon tottering faith:

Dors-tu content, Voltaire, et ton hideux sourire. . . .

Et que nous reste-t-il, à nous, les déicides ?
Pour qui travailliez-vous, démolisseurs stupides,
Lorsque vous disséquiez le Christ sur son autel ?
Que vouliez-vous semer sur sa céleste tombe,
Quand vous jetiez au vent la sanglante colombe
Qui tombe en tournoyant dans l'abîme éternel ?
Vous vouliez pétrir l'homme à votre fantaisie ;
Vous vouliez faire un monde.—Eh bien, vous l'avez fait ;
Votre monde est superbe, et votre homme est parfait !

L'hypocrisie est morte ; on ne croit plus aux prêtres ;
Mais la vertu se meurt, on ne croit plus à Dieu."

This is as impotent against truth as a black east wind playing about the grey embroideries of the strong towers of Notre Dame. The wholesome-minded outdoor Englishman of to-day seldom fails to detest it handsomely in those

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rare instances where he has acquaintance with its great beauties. Yet we need not be too scathing in our contempt for "Rolla," with his coward's remedy of suicide for his incurable "maladie du siècle." "Rolla" would have found abundant favour here, could he conceivably have written his confession in English, at a time when Kotzebue's sickly immoralities held the British stage.

"Don Juan" captured the hearts of a vast public, excusing its shameless enjoyment on the quicksands of unbridled licence because they were traversed in the company of a dazzling wit. We have thrust aside the fripperies of the worst phase of Byronism so effectually as to forget how its spells wrought long and potently. "Lara" and "The Corsair" are hopelessly out of fashion. We should as soon clamour for Mrs Norton's "Arab Steed," or express a wish to settle upon the banks of Bendemeer's stream, with Tommy Moore's Oriental sweetmeats as sole sustenance, as echo the sentiments of those decayed gentlemen. We have no use for the baser Byronism which summed up life in a morose theory of its universal misery, a misery only to be mitigated (!) by universal moral degradation. Fed upon the sustaining bread of Wordsworth and of Browning, these stones cannot but be contemptuously rejected.

That we have got past all this is a salient reason why the personality of Alfred de Musset is almost repellent to our cool insular judgment. Conveniently forgetting our own last century absurdities, we persist in seeing little but an incomplete genius stunted by lack of moral balance; in a word, we concentrate our attention upon damaging details, and fail to grasp any real perception of the wider issues. Yet it might well seem as if an iridescent cluster of fairies had hovered lovingly about the cradle of the young poet. Well-born, well-favoured, he was never embittered by the hardships which have kept grim company with nearly every great Frenchman, yet, to their honour, generally left them with undaunted spirit singing "dans un grenier comme on est bien à vingt ans."

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More than all Musset was gifted with the power of waving a Prospero's wand over the realm of strict convention. There use and wont—those sullen tyrants—had chained the poetry of France to a rock where, like a second and a very fair Andromeda, she languished for a second Perseus to free her at one stroke of his glittering sword, and give her the only added charm she needed. In our own entire lyric liberty, we do not realize what all this meant, nor are we ever inclined to estimate how immense was the benefit conferred on literature by the French revolution against trammels our own singers never knew.

Much of this life was wasted, if weighed by any ordinary standards; when we turn the searchlight of reason upon its blotted pages, and finally submit all records to Röntgen rays, the result is unfortunate. It has been the doom of Alfred de Musset to be denied any privacy; he resembles those unhappiest captives who are watched day and night. Like Charlotte Brontë, he might, with added force, have quoted those pregnant words of the Duchess of Newcastle: "I can be on my guard against my enemies, but the Lord deliver me from my friends." His very centenary year dawned with a snowstorm of newly discovered letters written to the lady who afterwards married the worthy but most ill-advised brother who took up the cudgels for the dignity of his family. He replied, as all know, to the banalities of "Elle et Lui"—perfectly intolerable even if read in a gondola from a dumpy, damp-smelling first edition, opposite "Danieli's" hotel, where, we are assured, literary Americans pay raised prices "to sleep, perchance to dream," in Number Thirteen.

To say the unspeakably feeble "Lui et Elle" is the inferior of its model, is to say enough; too much, if we be honest, and admit it is frankly impossible to read it at all. Nothing can defend George Sand's incorrigible inability to dissociate her love affairs from her "copy"; but the futility of the retort fraternal made matters worse. We know by heart the threadbare facts which made the outward existence of Alfred de Musset; and those who

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have the power of appreciating him fully, felt an angry impatience at the account of the mock-solemn reading of these long-buried letters, and the sham secrecy with which Parisian love of the theatrical invested so timely a *trouvaille*. Why might they not have slept on unregarded in some casket of faded brocade, with dead roses to keep them sweet dumb company, or only been tenderly turned over in the dim twilight of the hour of illusion?

Pausing in fancy beside the grave in Père la Chaise where a chance comer lately saw a single purple velvet *pensée* laid in homage, let us brush aside all these scandals and rumours of scandals spun like an intricate spider's web over the name written in bright letters in the "livre d'or," with Ronsard and Chénier, with Hugo and Hérédia. Is not a great part of the work yet triumphantly vital, because it is in truth a survival of the fittest?

The ideal biographer is yet to seek, and we may hopefully prophesy he will never be found. It is always most difficult for a near relation to see far enough, and Paul de Musset, though he may easily be forgiven the partiality to which we owe much, becomes unpardonable when we consider the want of humour first lamentably attested in the dreary "Lui et Elle." He is blind to his own absurdity in giving little twaddling assurances that the poet stayed at home, as Thackeray would have said, "of evenings," and was altogether of a rather colourless respectability.

A conscientious though admiring German, Herr Lindau, wears out the patience of his readers by over-minute analysis, though here and there he alights unexpectedly upon the right word, as when he says: "His wonderful talent was at once ripe and corrupted." After lingering decidedly too long upon the road, the solid Teuton toilsomely reaches his somewhat obvious conclusion: "If one excepts his love affairs, he really had no experiences."

"If" we excepted Helen, there need have been no burning of "the topless towers of Ilium." Would Romeo's story have been worth the telling had Juliet been "excepted," and with her the moon "nightly gilding"

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all the "fruit-tree tops," shining for ever upon youthful passion with a tender radiance? Better George Sand ("ange ou démon, qu'importe?") than those "important journeys" of which Lindau deplures the absence. Hearts insurgent are the chief stuff for half the world's enduring poetry, and the "waters of Marah" are seas whose difficult chart must be understood if the navigator would fain reach the "happy isles." At the very moment when "L'Andalouse" danced on the lips of every young lover in Paris, Alfred was resolute against going to Spain; the Spain of his own castles was his true *pays de connaissance*. He needed, perhaps, no other.

Fantasio sums up Musset's truly Parisian conviction that Paris is the world when Spark asks:

Pourquoi ne voyages-tu pas? Va en Italie.

Fantasio. J'y ai été.

Spark. Eh bien! est-ce que tu ne trouves pas ce pays-là beau?

Fantasio. Il-y-a une quantité de mouches grosses comme des hannetons qui vous piquent toute la nuit.

Spark. Va en France.

Fantasio. Il-n'y-a pas de bon vin du Rhin à Paris.

Spark. Va en Angleterre.

Fantasio. J'y suis. Est-ce que les Anglais ont une patrie? J'aime autant les voir ici que chez-eux.

"Sharper than a serpent's tooth" were indeed those mosquitoes of the single Italian journey so fatal to his peace, so gloriously fruitful for his art. Was it wonderful natural indolence conquered, and left him to find his "vision splendid" in the wonder-Paris we have almost lost?

A link in the strong chain of circumstance all unexpectedly binding Musset to England is that a writer in English—and what beautiful English!—should in a few succinct pages, full of colour and comprehension, have succeeded more nearly, perhaps, than any other in placing him before us in his habit as he lived. Mr Henry James shows himself here a past master in finding those terse and happy phrases which stick in the memory with a

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bewitching infallibility. "Half the beauty of Musset's writing is in its simple suggestion of youthfulness, of something fresh and fair, slim and tremulous, with a tender epidermis." He is in full sympathy, for all his natural Anglo-Saxon divergences, and sympathy is sole tutor for the real biographer. We want no more "chatter about Harriet" here; with this we are altogether satiated. We want the refreshment of silence to enjoy the result of the unequal harvest where wheat and tares grow together inextricably. "Musset s'absente trop"; we only see his shadow, and hear the tiresome iteration of the malicious stress upon the pitiful weakness he shared with Lamb, with Coleridge, and too many another: "Au contraire ils'absinthe trop." This is the truth, but how little it matters now, when we "recapture the first fine careless rapture" of the songs of spring he voiced for us with so clear a harp in such diverse tones.

Yet curiosity may persist after the penetrating excellence of the essay of Mr Henry James, and a pleasing note of appreciation by Mr W. H. Pollock, worth attention for its insight. If so, two hours is long enough to skim the thinly veiled disapprovals of the exemplary Protestant lady whose volume on this poet is one of the most unsatisfactory of a good series: "Les Grands Écrivains Français." "Arvède Barine" has something arid in her staccato style; we never doubt her accuracy, or cease to be mildly irritated by her air of dry detachment from her subject. Musset needed just the *apologia pro vita sua* "Arvède Barine" was incapable of offering, because she was in no sense the requisite ardent woman, quick to do homage to the lustre of sheer genius. She weighs genius, indeed, in the same scale as mediocrity, with the inevitable complete failure.

In the *Portraits Contemporains* of Sainte-Beuve we look for something final which we scarcely find. Close study of the work, notes of sincere admiration, mingled with certain unwonted hesitancies and fluctuations of opinion, are what he gives us instead. Possibly the fact that he wrote of a contemporary made a difficulty he

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usually bridged with singular adroitness, but at least he defends the poet doughtily from the attacks of the classicists feeling their strongholds desperately menaced by this new opposing force, and struggling for the supremacy ending for them with the historic *première* of "Hernani." "Monsieur de Musset a cavalièrement raison contre eux tous." "Imbroglia malicieux et tendre," "Gracieux persiflage"—such are among the pretty matters he pleases to find, following on his earlier clear-sighted pronouncement that "a child of genius has come among us." But in the *Causerie du Lundi*, dedicated to the *Poésies Nouvelles*, sincere appreciation dominates over criticism: "Monsieur de Musset fit donc ses enfances, mais il les fit avec un éclat, une insolence de verve, avec une audace plus que virile, avec une grâce et une effronterie de page. C'était Chérubin au bal masqué jouant au Don Juan." Here Sainte-Beuve justly finds fault with Lamartine's somewhat tepid response to the immortal letter, though he still evades the expected definite conclusion by gracefully leaving his poet to sum himself up in the single line: "Que dis-je? tel qu'il est le monde l'aime encore."

We are grateful for his reminder how Théophile Gautier, that *beau talent secondaire*, loved Musset's "fantaisie charmante où la mélancolie cause avec la gaité." We applaud him also for his courageous protest against an occasional profanity, outraging taste and decency, and superfluously ruining much otherwise perfect. In these "familiar portraits" we find how Sainte-Beuve and "Arvède Barine," divergent in nearly all else, agree that Alfred de Musset was a sort of fairy changeling who incongruously found his way to Paris from Shakespeareland. The lady speaks of him with the gentle touch of patronage of one who was something of a *précieuse*, though never a *précieuse ridicule*, as; "un apprenti romantique qu'on avait nourri de Shakespeare et saturé de Byron"; Sainte-Beuve more largely as: "enflammé du grand Shakespeare," declaring Musset's exquisite comedies, with their poignant undercurrents of humanity, to be "saplings from the great oak of 'As You Like It.'"

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This opinion is endorsed with discreet reservation by Mr Henry James, and more enthusiasm by Mr W. H. Pollock, who says: "In all Musset's dramatic work there is a Shakespearean directness and fullness of life."

That he was an early lover of Shakespeare's language is obvious from the fact of his having practically "commenced author" with a long-forgotten translation of De Quincey's *Opium-Eater*. But we know he protested angrily when accused of the wrong aspect of his Byron-worship, because the stupid allied plagiarism with the worship for which Swinburne clumsily and unjustly labelled him "Byron's attendant dwarf." Musset well knew how far apart from servile imitation lies a generous, passionate homage, and might have claimed certain similarities to be quite naturally due to similarity of environment. Children of the same century, the mere channel between them was not a broad gulf, though we of to-day like to forget that what we denounce as "un-English" was a markedly English phase at that strange period.

On m'a dit l'an passé que j'imitais Byron.

Vous qui me connaissez vous savez bien que non.

Je hais comme la mort l'état de plagiaire;

Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre.

This was not the pride aping humility, for his opalescent glass was full to the brim of the wine of life. Comparisons are never more odious than when regarding two poets who are still living, inasmuch as if they themselves "have neither speech nor language," "their voices are heard." At least Musset was "victor in drama," for who could place the dreary monologues of "Manfred," the fustian tragedy of the "Foscari," beside the deep meaning of "On ne badine pas avec l'Amour," hidden under its fields of flowers, or the strength and vitality of "Les Caprices de Marianne," where, in his own words, the heroine was "not a woman, but woman"? Of this work, classic now in the best sense, Mr W. H. Pollock says: "It has, perhaps, more of the Shakespearean quality—the quality of artfully mingling the terrible, the grotesque, and the high

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comedy tones, which exists more or less in all Musset's longer and more serious plays."

The literary *entente cordiale* was anomalously strong between France and England just when the "great shadow" was ceasing to darken Europe, and the star of Alfred de Musset was rising, luminous and lovely. Sainte-Beuve swore by "les Lakistes," devoutly believing he imitated them at the time of his egregious "Joseph Delorme." He admired Crabbe as much as Monsieur Huchon himself, whilst the devotion of Alfred de Vigny for Shakespeare has made its own chapter in literary history.

What wonder Musset should have fallen so deeply in love with Byron that in the "Lettre à Lamartine" his supreme tribute finds its apogee in the burning line: "Le souffle de Byron vous soulevait de terre"? It is worth while to linger over this inspiration of Musset from English sources. It should at least teach us to look at the work as we might glance at d'Angers' noble medallion, suggesting a young Apollo fresh from Castalian springs, rather than at the caricature we think it superior to view so persistently—Musset "très dandy," according to George Sand's own first disdainful word of him, indulging in mad vagaries of collars and cravats, shedding tears "steadily four hours a day" after the historic return from Venice, and only pausing (!) to play a mechanical game of chess in the evenings. Brother Paul is, of course, answerable for this luckless success in painting a portrait distressingly suggestive of the "youngest gentleman" in the select boarding house of Mrs Todgers. Never were the sublime and the ridiculous so compelled to walk hand in hand and to serve as sport for a generation of literary Philistines.

Born in 1810, he died quietly in his sleep at Saint Cloud in 1857, after a vain effort to regain the health he had hopelessly undermined at Havre and at Browning's own favourite "little Croisic." It is singular to picture these two men, setting their footprints on the sands of time, pacing the same Breton beach, with but a few

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short years between. Croisic is said to be described in "Dis Aliter Visum." "Was there nought better than to enjoy?" asks Browning, when he has painted for us "the grey sad church," "crosses and graves and swallow's call." Musset's singing days were over when for a moment he was left alone with the nature he could only understand as the *mise-en-scène* of *dramas passionnels*. "La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est le rêve," is his unsatisfying conclusion. "All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist," asserts Browning, staunchly. Their different fashion of treating the subject which attracted both—Andrea del Sarto—is not more diverse than their extremes of pessimism and a splendid optimism based securely on reason, and not on mere sentiment.

Mr Pollock's evident belief that Lord Beaconsfield's *Contarini Fleming* was a glorified version of Alfred de Musset's character is another link with English letters, if not with English literature; though it is possible he will find few to support his curious theory.

If we turn over the pages of any encyclopædia for important dates in this double life where "honour rooted in dishonour stood," they are few and far between. In 1828 the war between the romanticists and classicists attracted the dazzling volunteer, who had for an instant inappropriately thought of "making himself a hussar or a lancer" when stormy political changes brought financial reverses to his father. In 1829 he published his first original volume with an instant success—those *Contes d'Espagne* with which no actual Spain has very much to make.

Thackeray gives us a perfect impression of those famous battles of the bays in *The Newcomes*, where he shows us the ancient Duc d'Ivry "bewildered by his wife's preposterous romantic vagaries"—"For the great sentiments, for the beautiful style, give him Monsieur de Lormian (though Bonapartist) or the Abbé de Lille. And for the new school! bah! these little Dumas and Hugos and Mussets, what is all that? Monsieur de Lormian shall be immortal when all these *freluquets* shall be forgotten."

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Upon Musset's political views it is essential to linger for a moment. The Napoleon legend was as the breath of life itself to the imaginative boy. "L'Homme de Waterloo" was his idol, and when the news came of the return from Elba there was a cry of rapture from one whose certainty his Emperor was "Emperor evermore," was as strong as that of Heine's grand "Grenadiere." But disillusion came speedily, and in 1835 he brilliantly justified the recantation of his political faith in the famous "Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle." He did not say with Victor Hugo, "Il verse à mon esprit le souffle créateur," attributing as he did the "moral sickness" of his age to Napoleon's supreme power. "One man absorbed the whole life of Europe"; the rest "struggled to fill their lungs with the air he breathed." This is a very sane conclusion in modern eyes, and seldom indeed does the scintillation of an epigram reveal so genuine a truth.

In 1841 the *Revue de Paris* thrilled its readers by publishing the fine "Reply to Becker's 'Song of the Rhine,'" every line of which 1870 has now impregnated with melancholy irony.

The jealous Lamartine might label it "chanson du cabaret," but it shows Alfred de Musset in the more virile mood the careless altogether deny him, for there is the very music of the drums of the Great Army, the pride of its least subaltern in the disdainful assertion:

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand.
Il a tenu dans notre verre.
Un couplet qu'on s'en va chantant,
Efface-t-il la trace altière
Du pied de nos chevaux marqué dans votre sang ?

The poem ran like wildfire through an angry Germany, and brought its author "bushels of challenges from German officers."

But politics could not really enchain the spirit of "Fantasio." At the last page of the *Poésies Nouvelles* he gives them the go-by in his contemptuous "Sonnet au Lecteur":

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La politique, hélas! voilà notre misère,
Mes meilleurs ennemis me conseillent d'en faire.
Être rouge ce soir, blanc demain; ma foi, non.

If politics scarcely made a paragraph in his chapters, love certainly "took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might," although the beautiful Tennysonian sequel of the banishment of the "chord of self" never resulted. Friendship, enthusiastic, faithful and long-suffering, also played a great part in Musset's career. Very early did Paul Foucher take him to the house of Hugo, where he met such men as Alfred de Vigny, of the lofty ideals magnificently given to the world in his masterpiece, the "Bouteille à la Mer." There too was Sainte-Beuve the ubiquitous, evil genius of the home where the exquisite young wife had for a time known innocent happiness; and Prosper Mérimée, who deserves to go down to posterity with a halo of affection. For who can forget the well-known story how, when Musset read "A quoi Rêvent les Jeunes Filles?" to an audience so dull of comprehension as to receive it in stony silence, he alone clapped his hands in the whole-hearted approbation we share for its delicate yet strong conception, its wit, its reticent pathos, and the "wood-notes wild" of its playful fancy.

France was then at her zenith of literary glory. "Moral sickness" there was, but an intellectual renaissance of which Alfred de Musset was as surely a prince as his own "Lorenzaccio" in renaissant Italy. To name his friends and his few enemies would be to enumerate every writer of a prolific moment; yet Charles Nodier cannot be passed over, because his airy counsels of perfection were so very sound for all their thistledown phrasing. His *stances* are necessarily included in the works of their inspirer, and both rejoice in the new freedom from the old shackles of their muse. Nodier, who at sixty is deferentially saluted as "Vénérable Maître," does not wish Musset to waste his time over short stories, which, however highly Sir Francis Palgrave may praise them in the "Oxford Essays," seem cold and artificial by comparison with all

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the poems and half the plays. "We know few modern tales, if we except the immortal *Vicar*, Goethe's *Werther*, Lamb's *Rosamond*, and perhaps Miss Austen's *Persuasion*, equally clear, brilliant, and penetrating. The language everywhere (to borrow a term from sculpture) is clean cut and decisive, not a word thrown away." True; yet we do not need a Musset to make a "Pierre et Camille," with its rather laboured prettiness, a "Croisilles" which might easily have been signed by Nodier or even Sainte-Beuve. "Finis Prosa," indeed, he himself wrote below "Croisilles," according to Boswell-Paul.

Fuis, fuis le pays morose
De la prose,
Ses journaux et ses romans
Assommants.

Fuis les grammes et les mètres
De nos maîtres,
Jurés experts en argot
Visigoth.

Fuis la loi des pédagogues
Froids et rogues,
Qui soumettraient tes appas
Au compas.

Thus Nodier, whose charm of personality is best impressed by Sainte-Beuve, "Après les Funérailles" showed his wisdom in the dainty persiflage honoured by Musset with an imitative reply equally delightful. Sleepless and ill, he speaks of his weary vigils as:

Non pas cette belle insomnie
Du génie,
Où Trilby vient, prêt à chanter,
T'écouter.

To some of us it will cause a pang to realize there was a Trilby, described as a "frais lutin," whose story, told by Nodier, in name at least anticipated the Trilby of the street we know so well, "prêt à chanter" to ears not deaf

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to the magic of a Du Maurier. If Musset's " Muse cadencée " had any least connexion with the Laird and " Litre Billee," then we owe him a further debt of gratitude.

In stigmatizing him as the inveterate *flâneur* he certainly was, we are too prone to forget how, after all, the actual bulk of work certain to survive is very large. The crashing failure of his first serious dramatic effort, the " Nuit Vénitienne," one of the signal complete disasters hard to endure to a man of his temperament, was yet followed by a steady sequence of plays, each of striking merit. Some of these, to borrow his own apt title, are not merely " Spectacles dans un Fauteuil," but vivid acting dramas which have held the stage triumphantly with practically no alterations.

Mr Saintsbury considers " his style as much his own as Molière's," and, in his essay on " The Progress of French Comedy," places Alfred de Musset high upon his list of those destined to survive. There is pathos in the fact the applause came years too late to be heard by the creator of *Camille* when " *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour* " was acclaimed at the Théâtre Français in 1861. Friends still mourning his loss have left eloquent record of their strong emotion when Delaunay took the stage as " *Fantasio*," and they seemed to see their poet before them, to hear him speaking as he had been wont to speak. To say there is a faint, far-away touch of *Fantasio* in " *The Yeomen of the Guard* " is only to testify insight into the neglected serious aspect of the work of Sir William Gilbert nor would Musset have felt himself quite a stranger if he too had found his way to the fairyland of " *Broken Hearts*."

Pausing before the ivory gates and golden guarding the treasure-house of such of his poems as have passed beyond criticism, it is inevitable to speak briefly of her who stamped them " broad with her mark." " *Es ist eine alte Geschichte, doch bleibt sie immer neu*," for if Napoleon was the man of destiny, then surely George Sand was the woman of destinies.

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In this year, ironically holding the centenaries of her two most famous lovers, she once again challenges our curiosity with her almost insolent air of inscrutability. There she stands, in her careless masculine dress, with Musset and Chopin for her slaves, placing in her greedy hands the "Nuit de Mai," and who can guess how much "music sighing like a god in pain," in everlasting testimony of their passion and their anguish. Madame Juste Ollivier may write to Sainte-Beuve: "On croit que Chopin est son mauvais génie, son vampire moral"; the words seem rather to apply to George Sand herself, stormy petrel among *grandes amoureuses*. Mrs Browning was surely over-lenient in her two fine sonnets, for we cannot forget the novelist's unpardonable sin of frankly regarding the inmost secrets of the hearts of her victims as so much raw material for conversion into fiction.

The country idylls of her calmer years may still smell sweetly of Berrichon hayfields and ripening orchards, but the fires of "Lélia" and "Valentine" have utterly burnt out, and who, for their cold ashes, would barter so much as one verse from the "Chanson de Fortunio"? With Lélia and the rest, we need, however, have no more concern than with those degrading intrigues upon which Alfred de Musset squandered too many of his best days. Still less with those "fades amourettes" with muslin-gowned mock *ingénues* in salons full of wax flowers and painted smiles, upon which "Arvède Barine" lays sufficient acid stress to rob his closing years of any scant shred of the dignity we vainly desire for them.

The fate of Alfred de Musset was sealed with his first sight of George Sand at the house of Buloz, the "person of importance" to whom he was destined to explain his whole literary gospel in the striking poem, "Sur la Paresse":

Afin que vous sâchiez comment la poésie
A vécu de tout temps, et que les paresseux
Ont été quelquefois des gens aimés des dieux.
Après cela, mon cher, je désire et j'espère
(Pour finir à peu près par un vers de Molière)

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Que vous vous guérez du soin que vous prenez
De me venir toujours jeter ma lyre au nez.

At this period reviewers made or marred reputations at their pleasure. Their internecine warfare was of such general interest that de Banville's verses concerning a skirmish between two critics at enmity were shouted in mocking chorus at an opera ball, where their luckless subject was recognized despite his mask.

Buloz en ferait des guirlandes
Si Limayrac devenait fleur.

This sort of topical flimsiness wears but poorly, yet it serves to show what a live thing was literature when George Sand awoke to find herself famous. Monsieur Léon Séché goes afresh into the historic meeting in his plain-spoken study of "Sainte-Beuve: Ses Mœurs," and strengthens our prejudice with copious extracts from George Sand's candid letters to the indiscreetest of confidants.

Six years divided the mature woman and the impassioned dreamer prostrating himself before the genius to whom we of to-day deny the crowning title. There was the inevitable burlesque of the great romance, as when "at twilight" its heroine appeared before the astounded Madame de Musset, tranquilly asking leave to take her son to Venice on the slender pretext of an "amitié quasi maternelle." To the English mind this extraordinary story, with brother Paul to see off the lovers as its ultimate word, is as preposterous as it is repellent. What the end was we know. A brief instant of madness miscalled rapture, then sorrow, pain, scorn, reconciliation, disillusion, blank weariness. There were faults on both sides, and a pitiable weakness bruising itself vainly against a nature of inherent hardness. Alfred de Musset returned to Paris sore smitten in body and in soul, and there was only bathos in a contemptible effort to make the extinct volcano send forth fire. It is insisted the "Nuit d'Octobre" bore reference to another of those Delilahs his

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clear-sighted friend feared for him, but, rightly or wrongly, it seems to belong absolutely to her who pitilessly taught him the cruel lesson of experience. What more "important journey" would even Herr Lindau desire? Well may Musset's chief literary disaster have borne the ill-omened name, "Une Nuit Vénitienne."

A simple gauge of our growing appreciation of his best may be found in the large space he occupies in *The Oxford Book of French Verse*, felicitously supplying a felt want in 1908. Gustave Masson rather timidly included only two of the lyrics in *La Lyre Française*, the excellent anthology issued in 1867 in the "Golden Treasury" series, and many times reprinted. Mr Saintsbury, however, when with rare taste he edited his charming volume of *French Lyrics* in the "Parchment Library" in 1885, gives us "Venise," "L'Andalouse," "Stances," with its scenic picturesqueness, "A Sainte Blaise," with its haunting melody, and those "Chansons" of "Barbarine" and "Fortunio" we can never spare. Surely enough to prove what a master singer was Alfred de Musset; yet with one notable absentee—the exquisite serenade with which the dainty deception was practised on the innocent child on the threshold of the great awakening. Who could resist the soft, persuasive question?

Ninon, Ninon, que fais-tu de la vie ?
L'heure s'enfuit, le jour succède au jour.
Rose ce soir, demain flétrie.
Comment vis-tu, toi qui n'as pas d'amour ?

Regarde-toi, la jeune fille.
Ton cœur bat et ton œil pétille.
Aujourd'hui le printemps, Ninon, demain l'hiver.
Quoi ! tu n'as pas d'étoile, et tu vas sur la mer !
Au combat sans musique, en voyage sans livre !
Quoi ! tu n'as pas d'amour, et tu parles de vivre !
Moi, pour un peu d'amour je donnerais mes jours ;
Et je le donnerais pour rien sans les amours.

Qu'importe que le jour finisse et recommence
Quand d'une autre existence
Le cœur est animé ?

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Ouvrez-vous, jeunes fleurs. Si la mort vous enlève,
La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est le rêve,
Et vous aurez vécu, si vous avez aimé.

Every familiar word speaks for itself like the note of a nightingale through the dewy freshness of a night in June, with only the roses awake to answer with their fragrance. Ninon may well turn restlessly on her white pillow to listen, and to hear the beating of her own heart.

Yet there is a "Nuit de Mai" when a voice is heard sweeter, more insistent than all the soft avowals of Ninon and Ninette. Those of us who two years ago heard a great French actress speak the immortal lines will not easily forget the vision of the Muse in robes of dawn-colour, or the rich voice commanding: "Poète, prends ton luth." She wafted the spirit of poetry across those footlights too often guarding its flight like a row of malignant goblins; she forced home the utmost meaning of Alfred de Musset's utter loyalty to his true queen of beauty. For Poetry was his mistress from radiant childhood to premature age, and even George Sand was but her handmaid, after all. How else could he have captured the magic of the kiss of his Muse? "Quand l'homme est en pleurs, il lui faut un baiser," said Lecomte de Lisle; but how divinely does the "Nuit de Mai" explain that only the spiritual embrace with a half-divine ecstasy of inspiration is the supreme balm in Gilead for the artist-soul in torment.

Poète, prends ton luth; la nuit, sur la pelouse,
Balance le zéphyr dans son voile odorant.
La rose, vierge encor, se referme jalouse
Sur le frelon nacré qu'elle enivre en mourant.

Ce soir, tout va fleurir: l'immortelle nature
Se remplit de parfums, d'amour et de murmure.

The poet does not find himself in the enchanted May midnight; it is in the sterner "Nuit d'Octobre" he realizes fully for what noble task he was created, and

The Centenary of

apostrophizes those "Jours de travail! seuls jours où j'ai vécu!" "A défaut du pardon, laisse venir l'oubli," pleads the Muse, when he has poured out all his scorn and bitterness against her only rival, and there are here and there most lovely evidences her prayer is answered.

Among these the elegy to Malibran may perhaps claim supremacy. Rarely does Alfred de Musset quite forget himself, but here he flings down his garland upon the new-made grave with no other thought than the loss it symbolizes. England can boast in "Lycidas," in "Adonais," in "In Memoriam," in "The Scholar Gypsy," examples of elegies alike only in their perfection. They are all addressed to very young men, and to no dead woman has an English poet ever rendered such homage as this of Musset to Malibran. The "night of memories and sighs" consecrated to Rose Aylmer by the grief of Landor is but as a single flower to compare with a luxuriant wreath. It is for the vanished art of the dead singer her mourner weeps:

O Maria-Félicia! le peintre et le poëte
Laissent, en expirant, d'immortels héritiers;
Jamais l'affreuse nuit ne les prend tout entiers.
A défaut d'action, leur grande âme inquiète
De la mort et du temps entreprend la conquête,
Et, frappés dans la lutte, ils tombent en guerriers.

Celui-là sur l'airain a gravé sa pensée;
Dans un rythme doré l'autre l'a cadencée;
Du moment qu'on l'écoute, on lui devient ami.
Sur la toile, en mourant, Raphaël l'a laissée;
Et, pour que le néant ne touche point à lui,
C'est assez d'un enfant sur sa mère endormi.

Comme dans une lampe une flamme fidèle,
Au fond du Parthénon le marbre inhabité
Garde de Phidias la mémoire éternelle,
Et la jeune Vénus, fille de Praxitèle,
Sourit encor, debout dans sa divinité,
Aux siècles impuissants qu'a vaincus sa beauté.

This is indeed "Ce que l'homme ici-bas appelle le génie." Literary fashions come and go, as the strident-

Alfred de Musset

voiced critics strut their brief hours, each a Chanticleer in his own paltry estimation, secure of being able to bid the sun rise, or, more often, set, at command. But a few poets look on calmly from their laurel-strewn shrines, and of them is this thinker, with the dazzling wit, the melancholy irony, the passion and the music—above all, the secret of eternal youth.

Five years before his death he was elected to the French Academy, long after he had made himself an *immortel*. He did not need even the verdict of those who, to their honour, voted in his favour. Sainte-Beuve might stand aloof, but Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Empis, Cousin, and a Lamartine nobly forgetful of rivalry acclaimed him. Victor de Laprade, indeed, welcomed him prophetically: “Alfred de Musset est le moins imitable des contemporains. Sa poésie est jeune; . . . elle est jeune par cet éclat de la nature et de la vie qui semble mettre certains esprits à l’abri du temps.”

Finally, if we want his own exquisite creed, we have but to turn his pages to find it luminously in the airy impromptu reply to the difficult question, “Qu’est-ce que la poésie?”

Chasser tout souvenir et fixer la pensée,
Sur un bel axe d’or la tenir balancée,
Incertaine, inquiète, immobile pourtant;
Eterniser peut-être un rêve d’un instant;
Aimer le vrai, le beau, chercher leur harmonie;
Ecouter dans son cœur l’écho de son génie;
Chanter, rire, pleurer, seul, sans but, au hasard;
D’un sourire, d’un mot, d’un soupir, d’un regard
Faire un travail exquis, plein de crainte et de charme;
Faire une perle d’une larme:
Du poète ici-bas voilà la passion,
Voilà son bien, sa vie et son ambition.

The rest may well be silence.

ROWLAND GREY

MODERNISM IN ISLAM

Russkoe Bogatstvo. Ozhivaet li Turtziya? S. Kondurushkin. St Petersburg. May, 1909.

Novaya e Staraya Turtziya. Vyestnik Evropy. St Petersburg. July, 1909.

Musulmanski Vopros v Rossie. Russkaya Mysl. St Petersburg. July, 1909.

Evolyutzia Politicheskikh ide v Sovremennoi Turtzi. Vyestnik Evropy. St Petersburg. October, 1909.

K Otzyenkye Nedavnikh Sobyti v Turtzi. Vyest. Ev. St Petersburg. June, 1909.

Turetzki Sbornik. St Petersburg. 1909.

“**M**ODERNIST” movements seem to be now the order of the day in the religious world. There is one modernist movement which is, however, far more important, humanly speaking, than any of the others, inasmuch as its failure will mean the disappearance of a European nation, while its success, besides having, perhaps, important consequences in Egypt, India, Africa, Persia and Central Asia, may mean the growth and consolidation of a Power whose influence on the history of the world will probably be as great as the influence of Japan has been.

I allude to the very clearly marked modernist movement which has just made its appearance in the heart of Islam, that is, in Stamboul. This movement is a necessary accompaniment of the Young Turk Revolution of July, 1908, and its motive force is Western influence and political expediency, not religious enthusiasm. Its principal agent was, strange to say, Abd-ul-Hamid. That monarch established many schools and several railways in his country, and both establishments introduced, to some extent, the spirit of the West. He also exiled tens of thousands of his subjects, whose residence in foreign capitals modified very much their conception of Islam. These exiles founded newspapers which were smuggled into Turkey, where they had a sensible effect in modifying the religious feelings of the educated classes, already

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disgusted by the absolute failure of their own religion and by their own moral and political inferiority to Europe. This disgust was all the greater inasmuch as the Osmanli are not a deeply religious people, in fact the Arabs have always regarded them, as readers of Gibbon will remember, as materialists, whose devotion to Mohammedanism is not entirely due to religious motives. This disgust was greatest among the military officers, because they were the best educated and least fanatical portion of the nation, and in the event it was these military officers who effected the revolution almost single-handed. Finally, Abd-ul-Hamid carried his oppression beyond the breaking-point, and thus gave the new men the chance they wanted.

When the Constitution was re-established, the Young Turks flocked back to Constantinople from Paris, Geneva, London and New York. In Constantinople they have founded newspapers, become professors, entered Parliament, even entered the Cabinet, and, though they have seldom attacked the national religion openly, the general tone of their newspaper articles, professorial lectures and legislative activity favours a broader and more modern view of Mohammedanism.*

Since the fall of Abd-ul-Hamid this propaganda has become far more active and systematic than formerly, and it is supported by Sahib Bey, the new Sheikh-ul-Islam—a liberal-minded man who was under a cloud during most of Abd-ul-Hamid's reign on account of his broad, modern views—and by all the educated clergy. As the Government and all the leading Turks are very strongly in favour of it, it may, perhaps, succeed.

I know, of course, that nearly all authorities on Islamic

*The same phenomenon was witnessed in Midhat Pasha's time. As M. Gabriel Charmes says: "Pendant quelques mois, on a vu ce spectacle extraordinaire des autorités spirituelles de Constantinople réduisant d'Islam à ses termes les plus simples, élaguant de la doctrine toutes les superstitions, tous les préjugés, toutes les légendes qui l'ont corrompue, la ramenant à quelques dogmes essentiels, nullement contraires à la raison humaine, enfin et surtout limitant son action en l'excluant formellement du domaine de la politique."

It is of evil augury, however, that Midhat's attempt failed.

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theology are agreed on this one point, that Mohammedanism cannot be modernized,* that it is a rigid structure which cannot be bent or altered in the very slightest degree. Unfortunately for this theory Mohammedanism, in Turkey at least, has been altered a good deal during the last few centuries. The Prophet has emphatically stated that "there is no 'monkery' in Islam," but Constantinople is, as a matter of fact, full of Moslem religious orders, to one of which, quite a rationalistic body, the present Sultan belongs. Mohammed declared that there were only three ways of treating the Infidel. He was to pay tribute, to embrace Islam, or to die. The last two alternatives have long been abolished in all Moslem countries, and now, with the abolition of "the military exemption tax" and the calling up of the Ottoman Christians for military service, the remaining alternative has also been abolished. But, even so far back as the time of the Crimean war, the Sheriat was violated when, in direct defiance of the Prophet's command, Christian judges were allowed to administer justice to true believers. Still further back, three hundred years ago, we find the streets of Constantinople running with blood,

*"The low position of Islam in the scale of civilization," is, says Sir William Muir, due to the fact that Islam's founder meant his religion only "for Arabia, not for the world; for the Arabs of the seventh century, not for the Arabs of all time; and being such and nothing more its claim of divine origin renders change or development impossible."

The same authority on Mohammedanism observes that all the injunctions "social and ceremonial, as well as doctrinal and didactic," are embodied in the Koran "as part of the divine Law," so that, "defying as sacrilege all human touch," the Koran stands "unalterable for ever. From the stiff and rigid shrouds in which it is thus swathed, the religion of Mohammed cannot emerge. It has no plastic power beyond that exercised in its earliest days. Hardened now and inelastic, it can neither adapt itself, nor yet shape its votaries, nor even suffer them to shape themselves to the varying circumstances, the wants and developments of mankind."—*The Rise and Decline of Islam.*

In the same way Dr Fairbairn declares that "the Koran has frozen Mohammedan thought"; while the Russian Orientalist, Professor A Krimsky, says (*Islam and its Future*) that in Mohammedan countries philosophy and science always come sooner or later into conflict with Islam and are therefore denounced as impious.

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because of riots originating in the prohibition by the *mufti*, as a violation of Islamic law, of the use of coffee and tobacco.

“But this,” the reader will exclaim, “is a trifling thing, like the question of teetotalism with us. These externals may change, but the central doctrines of Islam can never be altered.”

But what are “the central doctrines of Islam”? The Modernists say that they are most democratic doctrines. Like the Protestant “Reformers” of the sixteenth century, they appeal to antiquity. All the Young Turks whom I have met in Constantinople or whose works I have read—the Sheikh-ul-Islam, Dr Riza Tewfik Bey, Hussein Djahid Bey, Tewfik Fikret Bey, Djelal Nouri Bey, Hussein Kiazim Bey, Baban Zadé Ismail Hakki Bey, etc.—unite in saying that pure, primitive Mohammedanism favoured constitutional government, liberty, fraternity, equality, literature, science and art—in a word, civilization of the most advanced and most modern type—but that unhappily a venal and ambitious clergy corrupted the pure word of Allah. And, as always happens in such cases, they make out a good, one-sided case for themselves. This would not do in Europe proper, where the old theology would be sure to find many learned defenders, but in Turkey-in-Europe it may succeed, owing to the fact that all the learning is on the side of the reformers, that the old-fashioned ones are seldom able to read anything, and never able to read the Koran, which is only to be had, of course, in Arabic.

The most important step which the Modernists have so far taken was the issue, some months ago, by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, to “all the naibs, ulemas, muftis, and sheikhs of the empire,” of a declaration or encyclical letter wherein he urged on them as a religious duty to carry on a propaganda in favour of the fraternization of the Moslems with the other religious elements in Turkey, and in favour of constitutional government. As Baban Zadé Ismail Hakki Bey, the deputy for Baghdad, remarked, “this document will make as great a sensation in the Mussulman

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world as the declaration of the Rights of Man made in the Western world in 1789."

In the course of his encyclical, Sahib Bey eulogized those "who have reconquered for us our liberty," and showed that the election of Mahmud the Fifth by the Parliament was legitimate and in strict accordance with early Moslem practices, the first four Khalifs having been elected by the people. In all the Turkish papers, the Sheikh-ul-Islam's arguments on this point are upheld, but there is nowhere observable the slightest tendency to make the sovereign elective, as was the case in Poland. On the contrary, very great respect is paid to the House of Othman and to the present occupant of the throne.

Sahib Bey has not confined himself to issuing encyclicals. He has also showed very strongly his preference for "liberal" clergymen. At Ramazan, for example, the provinces are flooded every year with young ecclesiastics who preach "retreats," and collect enough money to permit of their continuing their studies for another twelvemonth. This year only ecclesiastics of "advanced" views were selected by the Sheikh-ul-Islam for this *tournee religieuse*, or *Djerr* as it is called in Arabic. As for the resident hodjas and priests, they seem to give great satisfaction even to the most radical newspapers. "We must render the ulemas this justice," says the *Sabah*, "that they acquit themselves conscientiously of their duties. They seek to spread everywhere the ideas of liberty, equality and fraternity."

The schools will be a great instrument for the spread of the new ideas. I have visited most of the Turkish secondary schools in Stamboul, and in all cases I found the professorial staff to be strongly Young Turk and Modernist. Under one Professor, who had himself studied abroad and who seemed to have no religion at all, I found scores of young hodjas, the future ecclesiastics of Turkey. The Turkish poet, Tewfik Fikret Bey, who is now at the head of the imperial lyceum of Galata-Seraï, in Pera, proposes to found on the banks of the Bosphorus a large school for all religions, and in which no religion will be taught. The

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famous Major Niazi Bey has founded a large Young Turk school in his native village of Resna. Ahmed Riza Bey, the President of the Chamber and an avowed Comtist, has founded a Young Turk school for girls at Kandilli. The Committee of Union and Progress, which has now ceased to be a secret society, declares that in future it will devote a great deal of attention to the founding of educational establishments. In all these the New Mohammedanism will, of course, be taught; and I foresee, by the by, in the very near future a terrible school battle between the Government on the one hand, and on the other hand the Greek, Armenian and other Christian communities, who will object to their ancient educational privileges being taken away from them and their children being forced, in the name of union and fraternity, to enter irreligious Turkish schools. At present, of course, Talaat Bey, the Young Turk minister for the Interior, declares emphatically that the Government has no intention of interfering with the educational privileges of Christians, now or in the future; but the Committeemen are inspired by the French revolutionary spirit, and, logically, this educational conflict must sooner or later come if the present liberal movement lasts—and if Turkey lasts.

So much for the schools. Another great instrument of modernization is the Press, which is entirely in the hands of very advanced men. One of these men is Hussein Kiazim Bey, a member of the Society of Islamic Instruction, a member of the Committee of Union and Progress and one of the founders of the leading Young Turk paper, the *Tanin*. Hussein Kiazim Bey is one of those modernists who not only let their religious views be inferred from their articles on secular subjects but also write articles and pamphlets on religious subjects. He has kindly let me have for publication in the DUBLIN REVIEW the MS. of a pamphlet which he is about to publish on the New Mohammedanism, and from this pamphlet I shall now proceed to make some extracts.

I have already referred to the contention of the New

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School, that it was the ulemas who corrupted the pure word of Allah and brought Islam to its present state of degradation. Here is what Hussein Kiazim says on that point:

It is to be regretted [he says] that, with the exception of several learned jurisconsults who distinguished themselves in the early days of Islam, all those who bore the title of Ulema devoted their entire efforts to religious controversies with regard to the literal or metaphorical meaning of several verses of the Koran, and that they were unwilling to speak out either about the veritable superiority of the Moslem religion or about its laws and its institutions, though these latter were eminently calculated to assure the happiness and the prosperity of man.

Islam lays down as a fundamental principle the necessity of being in harmony with the social habits and customs of each century, and has given the learned and the theologians the right to elaborate and promulgate new laws, in conformity with the necessities of times and places. It even declares that the exaggerated zeal which makes men adore and imitate their ancestors will not be approved of by God.

“When it was said to them: Follow (the precepts) that God has sent, they answered: We follow the customs of our fathers.

“But if their fathers understood nought and walked not in the way of salvation, would they have followed in their fathers’ footsteps?”—Koran, chap. i, 170.*

And again:

Every one knows that Europeans speak with admiration and respect of the first Mussulmans, who are in fact the pioneers of civilization, and if, in the beginning, the Moslems had followed the line of conduct indicated by their religion and had only sought to communicate to others their religious beliefs, which are, as a matter of fact, reasonable and just, then, perhaps, the dogmatic aversion which separates the East from the West would never have attained the degree of bitterness which it unfortunately has attained, and the Mussulmans would not be the object of so many insults and so much oppression.

Unfortunately, owing to a detestable state of things that has

*The numbering of the chapters and their division into verses are not the same, evidently, in the Koran our Turkish author uses and in the English translations of that book, but all the texts he quotes will be found in the original Arabic Koran.

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grown up in nearly all Mussulman countries, custom as well as the will of the Chiefs exercise a despotic pressure on the legislative and legal institutions and the ulemas, animated only by a cowardly anxiety to safeguard their own interests, forget completely that to them has been confided the noble duty of safeguarding the dignity of their religion, and almost always fail to raise their voices against oppression. Hence it follows that nations which profess the Islamic religion have not profited by the social and civic rights which that religion confers on them.

It is evident that political circumstances have contributed, to a considerable extent, to the establishment of this state of things. Education is still in a rudimentary state in Moslem countries, and owing to the difficulties in the way of development of the reasoning powers and the *morale*, it is certain that the Mussulmans find themselves in a position of evident inferiority, in comparison with the free and civilized nations.

It will be necessary, then, to arouse once more the ulemas who, forgetful of the reproaches in the Sacred Writings against "those who separate and neglect that which God hath ordered them to execute and to preserve intact" (Koran, chap. i, 27), have, in the past, shown too much negligence in preaching our religion, and have consequently allowed the Mussulman nations to sink into a state of profound ignorance, apathy and wretchedness.

The author then goes on to lay stress on what he considers to be the good points of the Mohammedan religion, but as this subject has been treated over and over again in English, by Mir Ali and other prominent Indian Mussulmans, I shall not refer to it.

Judging from the texts he quotes, however, one is more and more surprised that it was Christianity and not Mohammedanism which indirectly won for its followers Magna Charta, Constitutionalism, India, America, Africa—in a word, modern civilization, and the conquest of practically all the non-Christian world. For while the Bible speaks of turning the other cheek to the miter, the Koran boldly declares (the quotation might almost be taken from Kipling) that:

If he who has suffered outrage and injustice responds by committing the same outrage and injustice on his oppressor and revolts against him, certainly God will aid him. (Chap. xxi, 60.)

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Judging Christianity by its discouragement (to say the least of it) of riches, power and the glory of the world, one would, humanly speaking, be inclined to express surprise that it did not at the very outset take the direction of that passivism, quietism and non-resistance, of which Tolstoi is the great apostle. Looking superficially at primitive Christianity, one can half sympathize with those Roman imperialists who entertained towards it much the same feelings as we entertain towards anarchists, and who felt convinced that its principles would prove to be subversive of all society.

Judging Mohammedanism, on the other hand, by its fierce denunciation of tyrants, one would have been inclined to say that, instead of having, almost from the very beginning, led to abject slavery and unutterable degradation,* Mohammedanism would have been just the creed to produce innumerable Tells, Hofers, Hampdens, Cromwells and Washingtons.

This religion declares [says our Turkish author] that the authority which has the sacred duty of safeguarding the laws can never be a tyrannical authority. "God said to him, I will establish thee as the Iman of the peoples. Choose one also among my posterity, said Abraham. God said to him, The command and the authority which *are my attributes are never transmitted to oppressors.*" (Chap. i.)

[This argument was, I may remark, made use of to prove that Abd-ul-Hamid was not the real Caliph and that it was the duty of the Faithful to rebel against him, in a Turkish paper called the *Hilal* (Crescent), which appeared in Constantinople about April 20, i.e., just before Abd-ul-Hamid's fall.]

Mohammedanism declares [continues Hussein Kiazim] that it is sinful to close ones ears to the prayer of the oppressed who ask for the aid and protection of their fellows in order to struggle against their oppressors and that, on the contrary, men are obliged to succour them. "A man who, having suffered an injustice and wishing to avenge himself on his enemy, demands aid and protection of his fellows is never to be blamed, on the contrary, the

* One of the greatest Arab conquerors of Spain—the Napoleon Bonaparte of his day—was, it will be remembered, publicly stripped and scourged by order of the Caliph. In Constantinople a Queen was once dragged naked from the Seraglio and bowstrung in the street.

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blame attaches to those who act on the earth with violence and against all justice in seeking to usurp what they do not merit. A painful punishment is reserved for them." (Chap. xv. 39, 40.)

And, in order to safeguard the rights of the minority and assure liberty of discussion in an effective manner, Mohammedanism declares that—"God loves not that strong words are used freely unless the person using them is the victim of an injustice." (Chap. iii, 147.)

Hussein Kiazim Bey points out how extraordinarily democratic were the early Mohammedans. So far at least as negroes are concerned the Mohammedans were, and are, much more democratic than the modern North Americans.

Abu-Bekr, the first Caliph, immediately after his elevation to the Caliphate by universal consent, spoke thus in the discourse which he addressed to his people: "I know very well," he said, "the particular importance of the mission which you have confided to me; I appreciate at its first value the responsibility which flows from it. If I allow myself to stray from the path of justice and truth, if I commit any evil whatsoever, I beg each one of you, Mussulmans, little or great, to warn me of it. It is on this condition that I accept the charge and the duties of the Caliphate." Scarcely had the Caliph pronounced these words when Bilal, the Ethiopian, a freed slave of Abu-Bekr, rose and thus answered the Commander of the Faithful: "Depart not, O Caliph! from the way of the Lord, otherwise this scimitar of the Mussulmans," and he pointed to the weapon suspended at his side, "will execute justice on thee."

Why, despite all these texts and examples, did Mohammedanism turn out, as it has done, to be a failure everywhere? With all respect to my Young Turk friends, I am afraid that it was by reason of some organic defect on which Mohammedan apologists naturally omit to lay stress.*

* See *Staatsstreich und Gegenrevolution in der Türkei*. Von Dr Paul Farkas. Berlin, 1909.—Suren des Korans, welche bisher ziemlich unbekannt waren, wurden jetzt beständig zitiert. Der Vers der 3. Sure des Korans, "Ihr Gläubigen, schlieszt keine Freundschaft mit solchen, die nicht zu eurer Religion gehören," wurde nicht erwähnt, man führte aber mit groszem Nachdruck die Worte des Propheten an. "Eure Rechte sind dieselben, wie die unsrigen. Eure Pflichten sind so, wie die unsrigen."

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Hussein Kiazim lays all the blame for the deterioration of Islam at the door of the ulemas who corrupted it, and of the Christians who have fought against it with inconceivable ferocity for over a thousand years. There certainly seems to be something in what he says about Mohammedanism being less intolerant than some of us imagine.

The eagerness with which the different peoples of the Orient accepted the language, the faith and the customs of the conquerors at the time that the first Moslems appeared in the countries bordering on Arabia, proves sufficiently well that the Arabs had respected the liberty and the rights of each. When the Caliph Omar entered Damascus, one day, and saw there that the Christians, not having churches, celebrated their religious services in the streets, he was touched with pity, and allowed the Christians to perform their devotions along with the Moslems in the great mosque of Damas. Could one find in the history of any other religion an instance of such large-minded tolerance ?

Considering the extraordinarily erroneous ideas some Christians persist, even to this day, in entertaining about each other, it is not impossible that, in the past, we have all judged Islam somewhat too harshly, especially on the score of its intolerance. As a matter of fact, it almost seems as if the great mistake committed by Islam (or, rather, by the Osmanli) in the past, has been its excessive and Quixotic tolerance. If, on capturing Constantinople, Mohammed II had put all the Greeks in that city to death, or expelled them from the country, as the seventeenth-century English bundled the Ulster Catholics "to h—l or Connaught," none of his Christian contemporaries would have been shocked in the least (for, under similar circumstances, they themselves would undoubtedly have employed the same drastic measures), and the new Ottoman empire would have been built on a far solidier foundation than that whereon it actually rests. Instead of doing so, the Conqueror voluntarily granted to the Greeks and to the other Christians all sorts of privileges, so that to-day the Patriarchs exercise over their respective flocks, not only in religious but also

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in educational and in certain civil matters, an amount of control (control which goes so far that, at the mere request of a Patriarch, a Christian may be exiled instantly and without trial, by the Turkish authorities) which is greater probably than that exercised, say, by the Irish or English Roman Catholic bishops in the time of Cromwell or during the Penal days.*

At a time when an English public man would run a great risk of being lynched if he suggested that Catholics should be allowed to serve in the army, Greeks were not only employed on the Turkish fleet, but were even allowed to have chapels and chaplains on board, while, up to a very recent date, a number of Polish Catholics served in the Turkish army under the banner of the Cross.

This wise tolerance of the Turk had such an effect in Eastern Europe that, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we find Christian cities voluntarily opening their gates to the Osmanli, and Christian peasantry crossing the frontier in thousands to place themselves under the benign protection of the Grand Seigneur. Moreover, at the moment of writing, the Sublime Porte is considering a petition which has been addressed to it by several thousand Armenian families in the Caucasus, asking that arable land be put at their disposal in Turkey, and declaring that each emigrant is in possession of 2,500 francs wherewith to cover the preliminary expenses of his installation.

Massacres like those of Adana do not seem to bear out my theory that the Turk is not so intolerant as he is generally supposed to be, but I think that these massacres are, like the Russian *pogroms* (and the Russian peasant is certainly not a fanatic), due largely to pure savagery and also to envy of a thriftier, more capable, more educated, more well-to-do and very unsympathetic people.

Throughout the long duel between Christianity and Mohammedanism, Christianity, says Hussein Kiazim, was generally the aggressor, and the Christian's intense

*See Wilfrid Ward, *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*. Chap. vi.

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hatred of Islam—a hatred fostered by “the attacks of priests and of fanatical literati”—led naturally to the Moslem hating Christianity. For Mohammed rather liked the Christians, as is shown by the fact that he laid down the law:

Do not engage in controversies with those who possess sacred books [The Bible and the Talmud], save in the most respectful manner (Chap. xxviii, 46).

But religious fanaticism is dying everywhere, says our Turkish author, and the struggle between the nations of the earth is now being carried on, not with sacred texts and ecclesiastical fulminations, but in commerce, the arts, education and economics. “To close the eyes to these truths is to devote one’s country to destruction and decadence.”

Hussein Kiazim is also right when he says (as I have already remarked above) that, as a matter of fact, Islam has been continuously changing, like everything else under heaven.

Everything undergoes the influence of time and *milieu*, and between the actual form of Islamism and its primitive form—that which it had more than thirteen centuries ago—we see a notable difference. This difference is evident at each epoch in the history of Islam. The primitive beliefs of this religion had already undergone certain modifications when Islam commenced to propagate itself in the countries bordering on Arabia, and new sects arose wherever the political circumstances and the social conditions were favourable. Persia is a notable instance in point. The Ali-Allahis, the Hurrem-dinis, the Hakim-ilahis, the Sheikhis, the Babis and so many other sects dispute fiercely with the ancient Shiites and heretics.

We may conclude from this that Islam will continue to change, partly, no doubt, on account of the variety of races which have embraced this religion. Besides, Islamism, is prepared for such a change by the text: “Necessity renders lawful that which was prohibited.”

Our Turkish theologian then goes on to make the most of what is undoubtedly a very strong point with all Moslem apologists, the remarkable height of civilization

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attained by the Arabs in Northern Africa and in Spain, their achievements in jurisprudence, popular education, philosophy, astronomy, medicine, architecture and science generally. Although, for obvious reasons, Gibbon has probably painted a brighter picture of this Arab civilization than the facts of the case warrant, there can be no doubt that the Moors in Spain attained a high degree of progress, and if this phenomenon has occurred once it may well occur again.

Mohammed certainly left the Arabs better men than he found them, for before his time they indulged in human sacrifice and in all sorts of abominations; but one feels, at the same time, in studying the history of Mohammedan peoples, that though Islam soon converts a savage into a half-savage, it rarely raises the half-savage to full civilization. In a strange way that one cannot easily explain, it always seems to stop half-way, and even to go back.

Finally, Hussein Kiazim tells his co-religionists that they are mistaken if they attribute their downfall entirely to Christian persecution and injustice. "The fault lies mostly with themselves and with their religious teachers."

The fault, so far as the Turks are concerned, lies also with their form of government. Speaking of Turkey, M. Gabriel Charmes says that

La véritable cause de sa décadence, le motif unique qui y a fait échouer toutes les réformes modernes est la concentration, l'identification dans la personne du Sultan de la puissance temporelle et du califat religieux. Il est résulté de ce fait capital que la Turquie n'a jamais été qu'une vaste théocratie, qu'une sorte d'ordre de chevalerie gigantesque ayant à sa tête un grand maître et des milliers de chevaliers combattant sous ses ordres, . . . pour l'extension de la foi . . . Ce qu'une pareille organisation lui a donné dans le passé de force conquérante, tout le monde le sait; mais le jour où les victoires ont cessé . . . où le christianisme l'a arrêté comme une digue insurmontable, où il a fallu s'organiser sur la territoire dont on s'était emparé, gouverner les races qui s'y trouvaient et vivre de la vie ordinaire des peuples pacifiques, ce qui avait fait jadis la grandeur de la Turquie a fait son irrémédiable faiblesse et l'a conduite immédiatement au bord de l'abîme où, depuis deux siècles, elle est constamment sur le point de tomber.

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The separation of the Caliphate and the Sultanate has not yet, it is true, been accomplished, but the constitutional changes of the last two years have reduced the Sultan to such a position of comparative inferiority that his spiritual supremacy is no longer of any great account. The Young Turks have, in fact, started on a policy of secularization which may lead them far.

So far Hussein Kiazim. I take, of course, no responsibility for his views and only give them as those of a leading member of the Young Turk party. They are not new views, for Midhat Pasha enunciated them a generation ago, and in Midhat's time M. Gabriel Charmes expounded them very clearly in his *Avenir de Turquie*.

C'est le fanatisme [says M. Charmes] qui perd l'empire Ottoman, le fanatisme politique aussi bien que religieux, le fanatisme du pouvoir absolu et de la corruption aussi bien que celui de la foi. Or, Midhat-Pasha avait porté un coup direct à ce fanatisme en proclamant qu'il ne devait plus y avoir en Turquie ni Musulmans, ni chrétiens, ni Turcs, ni Grecs, ni Arméniens, ni Syriens, mais seulement des Ottomans.

It will be noticed, by the way, that Hussein Kiazim does not quote any of the Koranic texts which could be cited in favour of absolutism, bigotry and obscurantism, but is not this same process of selection followed by some Protestant sects which lay stress on passages in the Bible that apparently favour their views, while ignoring texts which favour the headship of St Peter, the existence of Purgatory, etc. (*Sancta ergo, et salubris est cogitatio pro defunctis exorare, ut a peccatis solvantur*.—Mach. ii, 12, etc.)? It will not be very surprising, therefore, or incredible, if the Young Turks manage in like manner to forget, or to explain away the texts which they don't want to remember.

As for the Old Turks, they are voiceless, like the Old Believers in Russia at the time of Peter the Great's reforms, for in Turkey, as in Russia, the civil power has the religious power under control, and all the enlightened clergy and laity are with the new movement, so that, just as in Russia, and for the same reason, namely the

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ignorance of the common people and their dependence on their spiritual directors, i.e., on the State, for the interpretation of the Scriptures—(which is written in a foreign language from which it is impious to translate it and which is, in any case, so full of contradictions and of dark and incomprehensible sayings, that the clergy can put on it almost any interpretation they like)—the great bulk of the people will probably drift along in the direction of civilization whether they like it or not. Blind, dumb and foolish protests like that of April 13 will doubtless be made from time to time, especially in Arabia and Anatolia, but, if the Young Turks play their cards well, Turkey will have no more to fear from those movements than Russia had to fear from the Old Believers, or than Republican France had to fear from La Vendée.

Most important of all, the great Arabian who is now practically the dictator of Turkey, is strongly on the side of the religious reformers.* To the contention of the Stamboul mutineers of April 13, that the Sheriat is above the Constitution, Shefket Pasha gave short shrift. "The aim and the duty of the besieging army," said his lieutenant, General Hussein Husni Pasha, the leader of the Macedonian vanguard, in an official proclamation addressed to the citizens of Constantinople a few days before the city fell, ". . . is to prove that there exists not and cannot exist any law or any power above our Constitution." A great deal depends, of course, on the clergy and on the reformers going slowly, but, so far as the Koran is concerned, it seems to me that texts like the following will be useful weapons in the hands of the reformers.

For each nation there is a special legislation which that nation follows.—Koran, c. xxi, 67.

* General Mahmud Shefket Pasha is, by the way, a descendant on the mother's side of the Caliph Omar, eulogized above for his liberality towards the Christians by Hussein Kiazim, and still more strongly eulogized by Gibbon for his kindness and simplicity on the occasion of his entry into Jerusalem, when the Arabs first wrested that city from the Christians.

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To each epoch, its sacred book. God takes away (from its precepts) that which He wishes and keeps that which He desires.—Chap. xiii, 40, 41.

Whosoever doth good is a Believer; his efforts will not be vain.—Chap. xx, 93.

We have assigned for each time and for each people a legislation and an evident way (Other times, other measures).

The worst of men is he who sells slaves.—The *Hadis*.

Mohammed's command to his followers to believe what the Prophets before him have said, and what he had come to confirm, would also be a useful weapon, for it would evidently justify the Moslems in almost becoming Christians. Besides, the theocracy of the Sunnis recognize the Sultan as Caliph, so that in the last resort it would be possible for the present Sultan to carry through the reform single-handed.

Will this Modernist movement end in a great rupture like the Protestant Reformation, splitting the Islamic world in twain? It is possible that it may not, for the spirit of the age is against any such display of theological violence, and, while there were Protestants and Catholics of the sixteenth century who believed so firmly in their own particular views of Christianity that they cheerfully went to the stake in support of their respective doctrines, many of the Young Turk leaders have no violent theological bias at all and, so far as religious matters are concerned, are simply subject to that influence which is felt to-day by every Church throughout the world—the influence of indifferentism, materialism and doubt.*

The tendency of the advanced Protestantism of the present day seems to be towards far broader views than those which old-fashioned Protestantism held, though, in accordance with the spirit of the times, the breach with medieval Protestantism will evidently be imperceptible, however, and unaccompanied on either side by

* "Die Jungtürken haben Allah in jene Rumpelkammer geworfen, wo Rah, Zeus, Jupiter und Wotan schlummern, und sie werden sehen das die Göttin der reinen Vernunft wohl Götter stürzen, sie aber nie ersetzen kann!"—*Die Türkische Revolution*. Adalbert Graf Sternberg. Berlin, 1909.

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the excommunications and anathemas which marked similar partings in the past. In the same way it is possible, I repeat, that there will be no religious dispute between the Young Turks and the Old, for even those Young Turks who are absolute Free-thinkers still retain a very affectionate regard for the religion they have left, and, so far, the change has been as imperceptible as that which, in the Anglican Church, has practically led to the abrogation of the Athanasian creed.

The movement which is at present taking place in Turkey might best be compared to the movement which has taken place in Japan* where, as a result of the infiltration of foreign ideas, men like Count Okuma, the Marquis Katsura, Baron Shibusawa and all the educated Japanese preserve a decorous and respectful attitude towards Shinto and Buddhism, though, in religious matters, they have as little in common with Hideyoshi and Iyeyasu as Herbert Spencer had with St Augustine of Hippo, having, in fact, become, all of them, Agnostics. There are Christians who half regret that Japan has not remained Buddhist, as in that case there would be some chance of its ultimate conversion to Christianity, but, considering the matter from a purely mundane point of view, I think that the change which has taken place is a change for the better. To-day the Japanese are the most tolerant people in the world, though at one time they were fiercer persecutors of Christianity than even the Turks, for while the latter never went so far as to attempt the literal extirpation of Christianity in the territories which they ruled, the Japanese did literally destroy Japanese Christianity with fire and sword in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Though personally I should like to see the Turks embrace Christianity, I think it would be better for the world in general if they became

*The Russian Orientalist, Professor V. V. Bartold says that the success of a Mussulman civilization is only possible on the basis of the Moslems abandoning their present "civilization," based on the work of Mussulman legislators of previous centuries and starting afresh on a foundation borrowed from Europe, as in the case of Japan.

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very liberal in religious matters, Free-thinkers even, like Ahmid Riza Bey, the head of the Young Turk Committee, rather than remain as they are, for in the former case they are more likely to hold the balance even between the hundred and one different religions into which the Ottoman peoples are divided.

Can the Moslems, however, modify their religion as easily as the Japanese have modified theirs? * At first sight it is difficult to see why they cannot, for why should it be more difficult for the Mohammedan Turks to tone down the doctrine which encourages them to shed the blood of the *ghiaour* than it is for the Japanese Buddhists to modify the doctrine which forbids them to shed blood of any kind, and which actually changed them from a meat-eating to a vegetarian people? But a modification of Mohammedanism will probably be more difficult to carry out than a modification of Buddhism, owing on the one hand to the philosophic vagueness and nebulosity which Buddhism has in common with all the other religions of Indian origin, and, on the other hand, to the clearcutness which Islam shares with the two other great Semitic creeds. Besides this (and apart from the fact that Shinto is also very strong in Japan), the historical figure of Gautama, never apparently very

*The same idea seems to have occurred to M. Louis Bertrand, who, writing on "La Mêlée des Religions en Orient" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for October 15, 1909, asks:

"Les Turcs et les Égyptiens vont-ils se jeter dans la culture scientifique intensive, à la japonaise? Vont-ils s'appliquer délibérément à n'être que des hommes pratiques et positifs, absorbés par la seule et unique tâche de créer une nation moderne, la mieux entraînée, la plus scientifiquement armée pour la défense et pour la lutte?"

Like ninety-nine per cent of the Christian writers and publicists who have asked themselves this question, M. Bertrand is doubtful.

"Évidemment ils le peuvent," he says, "s'ils en ont la volonté persévérante. Mais ils n'en sont pas encore là!"

The same writer also doubts the possibility of Islam becoming modernized. Islam is, he says, a religion of externals, and when these externals are abandoned, Islam ceases in some sort to exist.

He even adds that "l'Islam, malgré toutes les avances que nous lui faisons, ne désarme point."

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clear at any time, and never particularly dear to the Japanese, gets dimmer every day, so far at least as Dai-Nippon is concerned, while, on the contrary, the giant outline of the great Arabian prophet stands out as distinct in all its defects and beauties as it did a thousand years ago, and almost as capable of exciting personal affection even among the most advanced of the Young Turks.

But though Mohammedanism in Turkey will not melt away as easily as Buddhism is at present melting away in Japan, it has certainly changed, as I have already pointed out, and will probably change still more.

The only danger in Turkey is to be apprehended from the Young Turks going too fast and becoming intolerant, as even Agnostics sometimes become (in France, for example), in which case there would certainly be trouble in Arabia and, probably, all over Asia Minor. A tendency to go ahead too quickly and to trample needlessly on the prejudices of the old-fashioned Moslems is already noticeable in a few of the Committee men, especially in Riza Tewfik Bey, the deputy who, while *en route* to England recently, delivered at Paris a speech in which he openly declared himself a Freethinker, and who, in March last, scoffed at the Sheriat in Parliament. Almost all the Young Turks disapprove very strongly, however, of this untactfulness, although some of them have confessed to me that they themselves do not believe in the divine mission of the Prophet.

Speaking of his position as a rationalist in the Turkish Parliament, Dr Riza Tewfik said: "I found myself between two clericalisms, both equally dangerous—Greek clericalism and Mussulman clericalism."

Inspired by the same sentiments, a Turkish paper criticizes the Baïram ceremony of kissing the alleged scarf of the Prophet, and approves of the action of Ahmed Riza Bey, who refused to bestow the usual kiss on that relic.

On the other hand, the *Tanin*, which is practically a Committee organ, lays great (and, from a Turkish point of view, just) stress on the importance of religion in the future of Turkey.

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We must combat fanaticism and ignorance [says that paper], but we must also strengthen and support religion if we want to consolidate the Constitution and to assure the future of the country.

All those who have studied our history, our habits and our natural tendencies [it says], can declare without hesitation that our empire rests on two bases—religion and the military spirit. In the work of regeneration that we have undertaken, this truth must never be forgotten, for without it fraternity, constitutionalism and liberty, deprived of a foundation, will disappear.

The Government which wishes to most efficaciously assure the salvation of the Ottoman nation will make a judicious use of the religious sentiments of the people and of their military dispositions. The sovereign of our country is not only a Padishah. He is also, what is more important, a Caliph exercising spiritual jurisdiction over all the Mussulmans of the world. Besides, the influence of the Caliphate is the only connecting link between the capital and certain parts of the Empire.

The Yemen is one of these districts. It is in the name of the Caliph of the Prophet that the troops sent into the Yemen go thither, and it is in the name of the same Caliph that they invite the population to obedience.

All Arabia, Irak, and the interior of Tripoli of Africa are attached to the Ottoman empire, principally by the influence of the Caliphate. The religious idea is the most powerful factor in the greatness and prosperity of the country, and recent events have proved what influence it can exercise in the name of the Sheriat on the internal administration of the Empire . . .

We must, then, make the Mussulmans understand that constitutionalism, liberty and justice are inseparable from religion. It is towards this point that all the efforts of the reformers should tend. They will employ in the interests of constitutionalism this great force which is called the religious sentiment.

Their task will not be very difficult, for the laws of the Sheriat and the constitutional laws are in harmony. When that task is completed, we shall hear resounding everywhere, even in the most remote villages, the cry of “Long live the Constitution! Long live Liberty!”

Efforts and time will certainly be needed to arrive at this result. Our ulemas and our theological students, who go each year, during the three months that precede the Baïram, to preach in the villages, can also help. While teaching the people the princi-

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ples of our religion, they can also teach them those of the Constitution and of liberty. It is thus that the foundations of the throne and of the Ottoman Caliphate will be strengthened.

As for the Modernist movement in Mohammedan countries outside Turkey, it is strong in Persia, India, and among the 20 millions of Russian Mohammedans. On Modernism among the Russian Moslems alone a book could be written, but here I have no space to deal with this question at all.* I would recommend those anxious to investigate this subject to read a series of articles which appeared last year in the *Slovo* of St Petersburg, from the pen of the Russian journalist who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Tan," and in which is described the enormous progress made by the Tartars and the Caucasian Mohammedans in education, journalism,†

*See *The Koran and Progress. With reference to the intellectual awakening which is taking place among the Russian Mussulmans at the present day.*—Tashkent, Printing Office of the Staff, Turkestan Military District. 1901.

†The Tartar newspaper *Iurgoman*, published in the Crimea, has printed an interesting interview which Sadr Eldine Effendi Maksudoff, a Mussulman member of the Russian Duma, had some time ago with Lord Cromer on the future of Islam. Lord Cromer's views as given on this occasion may be summarized as follows: His Lordship has confidence in the future of the Islamic peoples and expects important consequences from the liberal movements now taking place all over the East, and also from the approaching Islamic Congress. But, in his opinion, the Moslems should accept European civilization as soon as possible, and adapt their customs to it, otherwise they will remain in a difficult and unfortunate position. Those who think that Islam cannot be modified so as to harmonize with European civilization are wrong, for the backwardness of the Mussulmans is entirely due to their ignorance. In the Middle Ages Europe was in the same backward state, but when the Christian nations of Europe began to progress, their religion did not prevent them from prospering. Lord Cromer concluded as follows: "If you do not wish to fall into a state of disorganization and even to disappear altogether, make haste to educate and civilize yourselves. I say this in your interest, for if you don't follow my advice, your future will be frightfully compromised."

The Mussulman papers in Russia number 14 in all. Among them is a St Petersburg weekly; an Orenburg paper which represents the Moslem Party in the Duma; a comic illustrated paper after the style of *Punch* (in Tiflis); in Simbirsk a trade journal; and two pedagogical journals. Among the books produced in great numbers by the Mohammedan

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politics,* the theatre, music, lectures, clubs, the cultivation of the national language, literature and dress, the organization of Pan-Russian Moslem Conventions, and abolition of the veil worn by women.† So great, indeed, has that progress become that the Russian authorities are already becoming alarmed, especially since the revolution in Turkey makes it possible for the Russian Tartars to read all sorts of revolutionary theories, published in a language which closely resembles their own, in Turkish books, pamphlets and newspapers over which it will be difficult for the St Petersburg Government to establish an adequate censorship.‡

The Young Moslems in all these countries hold exactly the same language about the Koran, the Mohammedan priesthood, and the necessity of reform. The editor of the *Habl-ul-Matin* ("Strong Rope") in Persia has had his paper suppressed for his onslaughts on official Mohammedanism. M. Gasprinsky, editor of the Russo-Tartar newspaper *Perevodchik* claims that Islam laid the foundation of the Renaissance and of the European schools and colleges of the Middle Ages. Akhmet-bek Agaëff, another Russo-Tartar publicist§ declares that neither the Koran nor Islam is opposed to progress, and foresees a great

publishing houses of Baku, Kazan, Bakhchisara, etc., are novels (original and translated), political brochures, poetry, books about agriculture, trade, pedagogy, the history and condition of Western countries. One illustrated book for children has appeared in the Tartar language.

*In the first and second Russian Dumas I found the Mohammedan deputies liberal and sagacious. The support they gave to the "Kadets" probably alarmed the Government and led to their number being cut down under the new election law of 1908.

†In the *Turetskie Sbornik*, St Petersburg, 1909, Mahmud Shakh-takhinsky, a Tartar member of the second Duma, points out, by the way, in an article entitled "Krizis Musulmanskoi Zhiznesposobnosti," that the Mohammedan in Russia will probably take the lead in all matters of religious inquiry and the Higher Criticism of the Koran.

‡I would also recommend very strongly *Musulmanski Vopros v Rossi. Russkaya Mysl*. St Petersburg. July, 1909.

§I must admit that the well-informed G. Alisoff, writing on this subject in the *Russkaya Mysl*, July, 1909, sees no danger to Russia in this movement, which is, he says, purely "cultural."

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future for the Moslems if they raise the position of their women and reform their alphabet. Mir Ali takes the same view. So do the Young Moslems in India, men like Amir Ali Syed, whose object is "to revive among Moslems a knowledge of true Islamic ethics," and who confidently declares that, "as long as it maintained its original character," Mohammedanism, "proved itself a warm protector and promoter of knowledge and civilization."

This is, of course, only Mir Ali's view, and it would be better, on the whole, I think, if Moslems tried to forget the past and to fix their eyes only on the future. If the Aligarh experiment succeeds in India and leads to Islamic colleges being founded in other provinces of the Peninsula, more good will have been done to Mohammedanism than if Mir Ali proved conclusively that the Prophet was more liberal in his views than Mr Lloyd George himself.

On the other hand, the great bulk of evidence goes to show that Mohammedanism has always been a curse and always will be a curse, that Turkey cannot possibly succeed. Even friendly Russian liberals like Milyukov, Byelorussoff and Kondurushkin take this view. Alisoff says nothing about Turkey, but he proves that a great awakening is going on in Islam, and maintains that it is unfair to accuse it, in advance, of sterility. Catholic writers in particular are extremely doubtful of Turkey's regeneration, of Islam's modernization. Cardinal Newman was more than doubtful about the political salvation of "the great Antichrist among the races of men"; and there is a good deal of probability in what M. Gabriel Charmes said thirty years ago:

L'Islamisme ne deviendra réellement la religion civilisatrice; l'espèce de philosophie spiritualiste presque complètement dégagée de dogmes et de superstitions, la doctrine pacifique et modérée rêvée par Midhat-Pasha, que lorsqu'il régnera sur le monde entier. Jusque-là, il écrasera d'un poids trop lourd pour des épaules humaines les peuples qui se feront ses champions . . . car il les condamnera à une lutte impossible contre tous les dissidents restés sur la terre.

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Finally, there is one consideration which must not be omitted from a paper like this. It is the following: Will the Great and Little Powers which are neighbours of Turkey, allow her to become strong? The answer to that question must, I think, be in the negative. Turkey knows this herself, for she is at present preparing for war. Mahmud Shefket Pasha is re-organizing her army in feverish haste and with remarkable success, is repairing the forts near the Bulgarian frontier, is importing incredible supplies of arms and ammunition, has created a new Army Corps with its headquarters at Monastir, and has evidently sent Enver Bey to England to excite Englishmen to sympathize with their old allies, the Turks. On March 7, this hero of the July Revolution was banqueted by the Balkan committee in London.

What, on the other hand, is the meaning of all these negotiations and royal visits which are now going on in Eastern Europe? What means the Austro-Russian, Austro-Servian, Servo-Bulgarian, Servo-Russian, Russo-Bulgar rapprochements that are taking place under our eyes? Why do the Russian official accounts of Tzar Ferdinand's movements always speak with significant emphasis of "the Tzar of all the Bulgars"?—for many of the Bulgars live in Macedonia, on which account the Sublime Porte protested last year against Ferdinand's assumption of this very title. Why these "incidents" on the Turko-Bulgarian frontier? Why this menacing language from General Paprikoff, those enthusiastic toasts at Tzarskoe Selo, those warmly pro-Bulgar, fiercely Turkophobe "leaders," those scores of columns in the *Novoe Vremya* and *Russkoe Slovo*?

If Englishmen were not too much occupied at the present moment by their domestic politics they would see that the Near East is getting ready for another *coup* like that of 1908. Ferdinand succeeded then by making some arrangement with Vienna. He will succeed now by making some arrangement with St Petersburg. The upshot of it all will be some species of "reform" in Macedonia, which will render it impossible for the Porte to

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eventually make that region Ottoman. In other words, Macedonia is ear-marked for Bulgaria.

Finally, Serbia may get the Sandjak of *Novi Bazar*. Russia may get the Dardanelles opened to her, and Austria may obtain some compensation, while Austria's great ally will be enabled to exploit Asia Minor.

As for the Sultan, he will be allowed to remain at Constantinople so long as he is weak, but let him once show signs of returning strength, and he will forthwith be bled white, if not absolutely expelled from Europe. The Powers did not trouble about the Turk so long as he was a "sick man." His recovery has caused intense alarm among several of them, and no wonder, for both Russia and Austria have too many Mohammedan subjects for them to view with equanimity the re-establishment of the Ottoman power.

The bearing of all these political matters on my above theories of religious reformation does not need to be pointed out, for if Turkey is doomed, so is Modernism in Islam, considered as a great political world-force.

FRANCIS McCULLAGH

ORISON-TRYST

[This hitherto unpublished poem was written by Francis Thompson after hearing from a friend, whose prayers he asked at a time of stress, that it was her habit to pray for him every morning. The line, "Image of Her conceived Immaculate," refers to a medal the poet, during all the years of his London life, wore round his neck. In his last illness, when he was being medically examined, he raised his frail hand to prevent its being even temporarily removed; and it went with him to his grave.]

SHE told me, in the morning her white thought
Did beat to Godward, like a carrier-dove,
My name beneath its wing. And I—how long!—
That, like a bubble from a water-flower
Released as it withdraws itself up-curved
Into the nightly lake, her sighèd name
So loosened from my sleepward-sinking heart;
And in the morning did like Phosphor set it
To lead the vanward of my orient soul
When it storms Heaven; and did all alone,
Methought, upon the live coals of my love
Those distillations of rich memory cast
To feed the fumes of prayer:—oh! I was then
Like one who, dreaming solitude, awakes
In sobbing from his dream; and, straining arms
That ache for their own void, with sudden shock
Takes a dear form beside him.

Now, when light
Pricks at my lids, I never rouse but think—
"Is't orison-time with her?"—And then my hand
Presses thy letters in my pulses shook;
Where, neighboured on my heart with those pure lines
In amity of kindred pureness, lies
Image of Her conceived Immaculate;
And on the purple inward, thine,—ah! thine
O' the purple-lined side.

And I do set
Tryst with thy soul in its own Paradise;
As lovers of an earthly rate that use,

Orison-Tryst

In severance, for their sweet messages
Some concave of a tree, and do their hearts
Enharpour in its continent heart—I drop
My message in the hollow breast of God.
Thy name is known in Heaven; yea, Heaven is weary
With the reverberation of thy name;
I fill with it the gap between two sleeps,
The inter-pause of dream: hell's gates have learned
To shake in it; and their fierce forayers
Before the iterate echoing recoil,
In armèd watches when my preparate soul
(A war-cry in the alarums of the Night)
Conjoins thy name with Hers Auxiliatrix.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

THE GATE OF SIN

(“How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in?”

—*The Ballad of Reading Gaol.*)

“CHILD,” whispered the star: “Look up
to me

From a world of grief and sin—
The star of faith shall guide thee straight
By the way of the Cross through Heaven’s gate.
Lord Christ will let thee in!”

The old earth said: “Be thou my child—
Come frolic and dance with the rest,
In the sun’s bright gold and the diamond dew,
Where the gay nymphs fly and the fawns pursue,
Till they drop to sleep on my breast.”

The sands ran fast through the reckoning glass
In the lapse of the whirling years.
Old earth proved false and joy was brief:
The fairy gold was a withered leaf,
And the diamond dew, salt tears.

The sick leaves shrank, the dead leaves dropped;
The wind blew dank and cool.
An old man lay on the shores of time,
Like a dying moth in the silken slime
At the edge of a stagnant pool.

The red sun sank in a shroud of fog
As he lay in dumb despair.
On the purple pall one star shone bright,
And a voice, like a ray of liquid light,
Fell soft through the quivering air:

“Poor child of earth, thou art halt and blind:
Thy heart is a clay-cold clod—
But the shrivelled soul within thee pines
For the mystic bread in the altar-shrines,
For the light and the love of God!”

The Gate of Sin

“Too late, too late,” the old man said;
“I have turned from the guiding star;
The rose light fades in the purple gloom,
Sharp thorns have banished the summer bloom,
My feet have strayed too far.”

“Look up, dull soul,” the voice replied,
“God’s grace to thee is given;
Through the gate of sin,
Thou hast wandered in
To the outer court of Heaven !

“Far off thou hast followed the Way of the Cross,
By the Master set apart—
In tears and pain thou hast paid thy toll,
The Lord Christ comes to thy ransomed soul
Through the rift of a broken heart.”

MARIA LONGWORTH STORER

THE TRUTH CONCERNING CROMWELL'S MASSACRE AT DROGHEDA

FEW Irishmen need to be told the story of the events which took place at Drogheda in September, 1649. To them, tradition, quite apart from formal history, has handed down the tale. And, as far as the British peoples were concerned, all historians up to 1845 were agreed as to two things: Firstly, that after Cromwell had induced the garrison of Drogheda to surrender, by offering them quarter for their lives, he butchered all but a few common soldiers, whom he afterwards sent to Barbadoes as slaves; and secondly, that he also put to the sword the bulk of the civilians, sparing neither women nor children.

In 1845, Thomas Carlyle published his *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations*, and the effect of his "elucidations" on these points, modified and accepted by S. R. Gardiner and others, may be stated as follows: That, though there may have been treachery of some sort, it was not due to Cromwell: and that though some civilians may have perished, as Cromwell himself admits the death of "many inhabitants" (a fact ignored by Carlyle), yet their fate was more or less accidental—nothing more, in fact, than has frequently taken place at the end of other sieges, when a garrison has been put to the sword in virtue of the laws of war. According to these writers, the worst thing that he did was to exterminate the garrison, an act which, though exceptional, was technically lawful. As a result, the unsupported testimony of Cromwell himself, contained in his two despatches of September 16 and 17, 1649, has been accepted as narrating all the facts. No fresh evidence has been taken into consideration; indeed, all that was said by the Royalists and Catholics, from the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, down to Bruodin, the eminent Franciscan, has been entirely left out of account.

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What is worse—and this is the point to which I wish particularly to draw attention—is that the evidence of Hugh Peters, Cromwell's own chaplain, has also been completely ignored. It so happens that on this last evidence there hangs a chain of most material facts, which have not before been noticed. But, previous to stating these in their proper order, it is necessary briefly to describe the condition of the periodical press of the times.

Each "newsbook" appeared once a week, and, according to its position, was a pamphlet of either eight or sixteen pages. In addition to the newsbooks, if an "author" received a letter from his correspondents which he considered to be of great importance, he not infrequently published it at once, as a separate pamphlet, without waiting for his day to come round. So that it was from these two classes of pamphlets—periodical "newsbooks" and isolated "relations"—that the Londoners and country folk alike received the whole of their news in 1649. As is well known, all these pamphlets had to be perused by a licenser before they were printed. The year 1649 was the first year of the "Commonwealth," and the "Council of State"—rulers of the kingdom "by the power of the sword"—had a very hostile London to deal with. As a result, not only were three or four unlicensed Royalist newsbooks published every week, despite all that could be done, but also, in some cases, the licensed press itself was tinged with the doctrines of a semi-republican, semi-communistic faction in the Army, called the Levellers. Mabbott, the newsbook licenser, himself had become a Leveller and had been removed in May for that reason. His removal had left two colleagues to carry on his work, one of whom, Henry Whalley, Judge-Advocate of the Army, did not act, evidently because he was too busy; and the other, Theodore Jennings, was merely a messenger to the Council of State, and somewhat incompetent.

Chiefly in order to suppress the Levellers' literature, a new Licensing Act was passed on September 20, 1649, which, while doubling the penalties for unlicensed publi-

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cations, provided for the carrying on of the licensing of the newsbooks by three new licensers. These were: (1) The Clerk of the Parliament (Henry Scobell), (2) such person as the Council of State might appoint, and (3) the Secretary of the Army. The Secretary of the Army throughout this year was one Richard Hatter, whose name is continually (and henceforward, up to at least 1652) to be found affixed to official documents as Secretary. These men were not appointed for any other purpose than to license news.

It appears certain that the Council of State also intended to publish an official newsbook at this time, for, on the day after the Act was passed (September 21), it authorized its Secretary, Walter Frost, to publish intelligence every Thursday. The reason for the selection of Thursday as the day of publication is to be found in the fact that it had been customary to publish the foreign news on that day; and, indeed, when the well-known *Mercurius Politicus* came into being a year later on, it always appeared on Thursdays. Foreign news was very important to a Government held in horror all over Europe. Walter Frost, who had been first an astrologer and almanac writer, then manciple to Emanuel College, and afterwards swordbearer to the Lord Mayor, before he entered the Council of State's service as Secretary, was the person who wrote and kept their journals, doing it in a very neat and methodical way. About the time when he became Secretary he assumed the title of Esquire (a rank not readily conceded in those days), and adopted the habit of translating his Christian name into Latin, dubbing himself "Gualter" instead of Walter.

There were also some writers of newsbooks whom it is necessary to describe, the most important of these being Henry Walker, the red-haired ironmonger, whom Fox, the Quaker, describes as Oliver's "priest" and "newsmonger," and calls a "liar," a "maker and forger of lies." He was the writer of *Perfect Occurrences of every dayes Journall*, and one of his correspondents was his "loving and affectionate friend," as he frequently signs

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himself, Hugh Peters. Walker's publisher was Robert Ibbitson, a printer who appears but rarely to have published the writings of any other author. With but few exceptions, every pamphlet or book to which Ibbitson's imprint was attached, from 1648 to 1660, was written by Henry Walker. This is a fact which is loudly and frequently proclaimed by the Royalists, and one of which they took special note in September, 1649.

Of the Royalist writers, one only had any correspondence or reliable news, and this one was Captain, afterwards Sir George Wharton, Bart, with his *Mercurius Elencticus*. John Crouch, the printer, a man of Walker's own class, and writer of the *Man-in-the-Moon*, only requires mention because of his scurrilous abuse of Walker. He had no news at all, and devoted himself to vituperation of the regicides.

Drogheda, or Tredagh, as it was then frequently called, fell on September 12. It is a singular circumstance that, even at this lapse of time, its garrison can be told to a man. It consisted of 2,552 foot and 319 horse. The population of the town is, of course, unknown. On his side Cromwell had about 10,000 men, but only four "whole cannon" and five "demi-cannon." The defenders in Drogheda itself had many cannon, in a strong citadel called the Mill Mount, ample ammunition, and nine months' supply of provisions; and, to quote their enemies, were the "strongest, desperatest men in all Ireland."

Anyone who consults the licensed newsbooks will realize that the news of the fall of the town was known as a report in London by the 18th. There was no formal confirmation of the fact, nor was any official despatch made public, but the most salient and striking circumstance in the report is that it stated that a church in the town had been taken. If that is so, wrote the author of the *Kingdoms Weekly Intelligencer*, a staunch old Presbyterian soldier, "then the town has fallen."

On September 19 people arrived in London who had left Dublin on the 13th, and we thus get a standard by which to gauge the time required for the transmission

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of news, which in the case of the Council of State would naturally be less than for the ordinary posts. Six days was the maximum time required. Yet for eight clear days after this, until Friday, September 28, neither Parliament nor the public had any definite news of the fall of the town. Moreover, there is proof that all letters were stopped, a Committee of Intelligence being erected in Dublin for the purpose, and all persons being forbidden to go more than a certain distance out of the city. So that Wharton's correspondent, writing to him from Dublin, in a letter dated September 24 (*Mercurius Elencticus* for October 8-15, 1649), is careful to point this out as the reason for incorrect intelligence, which he had previously sent, to the effect that Drogheda still held out.

Naturally, the report of Cromwell's success was flatly contradicted by three or four Royalist journalists, who all represented this subsequent absence of news as being caused by a defeat rather than a victory. Walker and his *Perfect Occurrences* in particular were attacked by the *Man-in-the-Moon*, to the suppressed fury of the former, who, if it had only been permitted him to have replied in the same strain, was capable of being quite as coarse and scurrilous as John Crouch. The author of *Taylor's physicke has purged the Divil* was now, as he afterwards told Fox, a "godly minister." Had he not preached to the soldiers on July 15 at Whitehall, in the King's Chapel, and bidden them to go and "destroy" the Irish as "idolaters"? It was certainly very annoying for Walker that he was permitted neither to answer Crouch, after the manner of their class, nor even to publish such news as he had. For Walker had news. On September 21 he told his readers in his *Perfect Occurrences* that "A letter from Leverpoole reports that the Lord Lieut." (Cromwell) "hath made a breach and entered into part of Drogheda, near the Church, by the mount"; but he did not set out the letter. Jennings, the licenser, refused permission.

Now the new Licensing Act was passed on the 20th, and the date for it to come into force was fixed for Monday, October 1, just eleven days later; with this result,

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that during the intervening ten days all the principal licensed newsbooks appeared with a note at the end, stating, either that they appeared on the old authority, or (as in Walker's case, on September 28) that they had appeared for once without authority, as the three new licensers "had not had time to meet" and decide which of them should undertake the licensing.

On September 19 the *Man-in-the-Moon* appeared with what was the last straw to Walker's patience, in the shape of an account of Cromwell's retreat to Dublin after a defeat. So preposterous was the story that it can have deceived no one, yet Walker actually decided to publish his "Letter from Leverpoole" in full, in order to refute it: in fact, to take advantage of the interval between the passing of the new "Act" and its coming into operation, to dispense with the licenser, and to risk the consequences. "I know not to whom to go for license," says he on the title page, "but this being such extraordinary good newes I thought it my duty to publish it to stop the mouthes of Malignants." The letter from Liverpool is dated September 14, and says, on the authority of the master of a Dublin ship, that "On Wednesday, September 12, 1649," Cromwell stormed Drogheda, made entry into the town near the mount by the church, "*offered quarter, but it would not be accepted of*, putting all to the sword that were in the streets and in the posture of soldiers. But many whom they found in houses and in a quiet and orderly posture, they gave quarter to." This letter enclosed a second letter, dated at Dublin, on September 12, telling of the arrival of Peters on the 11th, and giving a narrative of operations up to that date. The two letters were published, according to Thomason's note, on September 22, as *Two Letters*, etc., "Printed by Robert Ibbitson." The passage quoted conflicts with Cromwell's despatches.* Their statements represent the maximum of what was known by both Parliament and the general public up to the morning of Friday, September

* The catalogue of the Thomason Tracts places this under the date of September 11. This is a serious mistake.

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28, sixteen days after Cromwell entered into Drogheda. And, whatever the cause, the public knew nothing of Cromwell's two despatches, dated September 16 and 17, until September 29 at the earliest.

On Friday, the 28th, Walker received a letter from Hugh Peters. The Council of State happened not to be sitting on that day, so he took it to the House of Commons, where it was at once read, and it was subsequently printed separately, as a pamphlet, by Ibbitson, under the license of Scobell, Clerk to the Parliament. All the Royalist newsbooks comment on this letter, and all state that it was addressed to Walker. Henry Walker, therefore, had committed a second indiscretion. Twice had he blurted out the truth as to what was happening in Ireland, and, as I shall show, this offence—telling the truth—met with condign punishment. But for the letter itself. Here it is in full:

Sir, The truth is Tredagh is taken. Three thousand five hundred fifty and two of the enemies slaine, and sixty-foure of ours. Collonell Castles and Captaine Simmons of note. Ashton the Governour killed, none spared. Wee have also Trimme and Dundalk and are marching to Kilkenny. I came now from giving thanks in the great church, we have all our army well landed. I am yours, Hugh Peters. Dublin, September 15, 1649.

Remembering the fact that the garrison consisted of 2,552 foot soldiers, Peters's assertion that 3,552 were killed is of importance, for his letter was never retracted or denied, was repeated the following week in nearly all the newsbooks, and can only refer to 1,000 civilians in addition to the garrison.

A second point to note is that his letter states (the assertion is confirmed by Cromwell) that only sixty-four of the besiegers were killed. *Only sixty-four!* in an assault, and when they had been repulsed! Was *that* all the account the "strongest, desperatest men" in all Ireland were capable of rendering of themselves, when heavily armed and behind fortifications?

Thirdly, one colonel among Cromwell's leaders was

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killed—Colonel Castles. Who took his place? Who led his men on to commit the butchery which we are told they perpetrated, being very much incensed by the loss of their commander. The answer is (it is legitimate to infer) Hugh Peters. He was in command of a foot regiment,* and that is why he was able to tell so exactly how many had been killed. He himself had helped to slaughter the unarmed prisoners and townsfolk.

The first effect of Walker's publication of Peters's letter was that the Council of State at once took action against him. On Saturday, the 29th, it met again, and Frost (who really was a very painstaking Secretary, omitting nothing in his journals) places among his entries for that day, "The lord president, Sir Wm Masham, Col Jones, Mr Scott and Mr Robinson to be a committee to consider"—Here the entry stops, and we can infer the rest from what was done. Henry Walker and his printers and publishers were prosecuted, not for publishing Peters's letter, because that was licensed, and not for publishing false news, because that was also true, but because of his unlicensed publications. He, and he alone, was singled out in this way. Mr Frost was very busy when this decision was announced to him, so that he made his note of the proceedings to be taken on the fly leaf of quite another journal book of the Council of State, a book which terminated in February, 1650, the entry of the proceedings to be taken against Walker following after fourteen blank pages and having no connexion with the events of that year. Nor is it dated "February," as the *Calendar of State Papers* asserts.

Moreover, Frost had originally been told to write a newsbook every Thursday, but was now ordered to set to work to write one at once and to publish the first

*"Mr Peters, who is now to fight with the sword as well as the word, is made a Collonel of foot and commands a regiment of new levied men." *Kingdoms Weekly Intelligencer*, October 2-9, 1649.

"Master Peters is Colonel of a foot regiment in Ireland."—*Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, Fourth Series, Vol. VI, p. 153—a letter from John Winthrop, junr, dated April 28, 1650.

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number on Tuesday, October 2. In fact, he was so upset by the sudden call upon his energy that, for once, part of his Saturday's entries had to be added on to the Monday's page of his journal (with the heading "Die Saturni" before item 17, not reproduced in the *Calendar*). His newsbook, *A Brief Relation*, marked on its title page with the misleading word "*Licensed* by Gualter Frost, Esquire," and thus deliberately brought into existence in order to conceal the truth, is a sinister periodical, and all that one can say of it is, that the circumstances of its origin stamp it at once as suspect throughout its career.* For it supplanted the whole press of the country. Every single newsbook other than this *Brief Relation* and one other periodical—the first number of which appeared on October 9, and which was written by Henry Scobell—was swept out of existence. All had to go—Walker's *Occurrences*, Pecke's *Perfect Diurnal*, Dillingham's *Moderate Intelligencer*, etc., etc.; not one of the ten weekly newsbooks in existence at the beginning of the month of September remained.

Not for nothing is the whole newspaper press of a country abolished. An event of this kind is no accident. Cromwell's despatches suppressed the truth, and the final link in the chain of evidence against Cromwell is to be found in the fact that as soon as he returned from Ireland, in June, 1650, the unofficial newsbooks were all allowed to reappear.

But so sudden and unlooked-for a suppression was not carried out without a struggle. The Secretary to the Army was the proper person to license the newsbooks; as the old Secretary to the Army, John Rushworth, or his clerk and deputy, Mabbott, had always done so in previous years. So that Mr Richard Hatter, who, as has

* S. R. Gardiner (*History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i, p. 195) describes this as "eminently respectable," and "amongst our most valuable sources of information" (!). He did not know who its writer was, and failed to note the suppression of the Press recorded with such glee by the Royalists. The latter were so hunted about that they could not appear for a week.

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already been pointed out, was well known to have been acting in that capacity throughout the year, had licensed all the newsbooks for the following week, commencing on Monday, October 1. The Council of State took a very simple course with regard to him. They told a lie. They wrote to Alderman Sir John Wollaston that they "did not know him to be the Secretary to the Army," and gave instructions for the newsbook publishers and writers to be fined. This was on October 2, and this action so irritated Mr Hatter that he continued to license the newsbooks for yet another week, the last signed by him appearing on October 12, after which the official journals of Frost and Scobell alone held the field.

So much for the circumstances under which Cromwell's official despatches of September 16 and 17 were made public on September 29—and made public *after* Walker had published Peters's letter to himself. Are these circumstances such as justify the deliberate rejection of all evidence which conflicts with Cromwell's despatches? Or, rather, should not the despatches be jealously examined, and only accepted if confirmed?

Let us see what these newsbooks, licensed by Mr Hatter in defiance of the Council of State, have to say to contradict them. Cromwell admits "many inhabitants" were killed. That means people in the streets, and so forth, a good many, perhaps, but not hundreds. Peters's letter reveals a thousand and adds, "none spared." Did he mean the civilians by this last expression? Says the writer of the *Kingdoms Weekly Intelligencer*, on Tuesday, October 2: "I shall forbear to give you the letter of Master Peters concerning the taking of Tredagh. In regard he saith that at the storming of the town there were *none spared*." And then he sets out, in lieu of it, Cromwell's despatch of the 16th, which states that he put to the sword *all* the *defendants* but about thirty. So that he *did* mean the civilians by "none spared." Where were these 1,000 civilians killed? Pecke writes in his *Perfect Diurnal*, on October 8, that at St Peter's Church, "near one thousand of them were put to the sword, flying thither for safety,

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all their Friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two, the one of which was Father Peter Taaf," etc. And, remarks another of the little band of journalists—Dillingham the tailor, in his *Moderate Intelligencer*, who, so his Presbyterian enemies said, was always having a "snip" at doctrine:—"But two days before Tredagh was taken, Mass was said in the great churches of the town. When such sottish idolatry is erected and on high the fall, we hope, will still be the greater." And, also, "2,000 within the town were put to the sword, the rest that had that kind of execution leapt over the wall, who were about 500, etc."

How was it that only sixty-four of the besiegers were killed? Let Pecke in his *Perfect Diurnal* of October 8, answer. "Lieutenant Col. Axtell, of Colonel Huson's regiment, with some twelve of his men went up to the top of the Mount and demanded of the governor the surrender of it, who was very stubborn, speaking big words, but at length *was persuaded* to go into the windmill on the top of the Mount and as many more of the chiefest of them as it could contain, where they were disarmed, *and afterwards all slain.*"

Thus far I have not cited a single Royalist or Catholic. Nor have I even attempted to tell the whole horrible story of what Cromwell did. The reader must refer to the pages of Gilbert, Lingard, and others for the original accounts, but, without referring to these better known authorities, Wharton's *Mercurius Elencticus* of October 15 may very fitly close this tale, for the slight exaggerations noticeable in it at least show that the story it tells is genuine, and it has never before been quoted.

His correspondent at Dublin, already mentioned, states that Cromwell's men had "possessed themselves of the town, and used all cruelty imaginable upon the besieged, as well inhabitants as others, sparing neither women nor children"; and, continues our author, "by another letter of the same hand, of October 2, it is further certified that Sir Arthur Aston, Sir Edmund Verney, and the rest of the prime officers, who, after the

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enemy had gained the town, retreated into and maintained the moat, had all of them quarter promised them for their lives, and upon that condition went all into the windmill on the top of the mount whilst the enemy took possession thereof. Which, no sooner had they done, but they afterwards disarmed and most perfidiously murdered them one by one, in the most cruel manner they could invent" (Here follow details of mutilation). "Their barbarousness was no less exercised upon the rest of the soldiers and inhabitants, especially religious men, amongst the rest the Lord Taaf's brother, an Augustine friar, and one Parsons of the same order, whom they kept two days alive, torturing them by all the cruel ways and means they could devise to make them confess what they knew of the Royalists' designs, and then ended them. That above 1,200 were murdered in St Peter's Church. That about two hundred officers and soldiers maintained the tower at the west gate till the next day, in which time they killed above two hundred of the enemy, refusing to submit to mercy, but the enemy at length, considering the strength of that place, and how their several attempts at firing them out had failed, and what loss they had already received, offered them conditions of quarter for their lives. Upon which they surrendered, yet, nevertheless, Cromwell afterwards commanded the officers to be all murdered and every tenth man of the soldiers, which they were accordingly, and the survivors sold and shipped away for Barbadoes, there to be made slaves of all the days of their lives."

Which is more likely to be true: the accumulated and increasing mass of evidence proceeding from Cromwell's victims, or the solitary despatches of this man, contradicted not only by his professed partisans, but also by his professional followers—those who made their living by him?

J. B. WILLIAMS

ROGER II AND FREDERICK II

A Study of Kinship

Roger II und die Gründung der Normannisch-Sicilischen Monarchie. Erich Caspar, Dr. Phil. Innsbruck: Verlag der Wagnerischen Universitäts-Buchhandlung. 1904.

Life of Frederick II., Emperor of the Romans. By T. L. Kington-Oliphant. Macmillan. 1882.

Historia Diplomatica Friderici Secundi. J. L. A. Huillard Bréholles. Parisiis: excudebat Henricus Plon. MDCCCLIX.

L'Italie Mystique. Emile Gebhart. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1908.

Historical Essays, Vol. 1. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.S. Macmillan. 1871.

Geschichte der Normannen in Unteritalien und Sicilien. Dr. Lothar von Heinemann. Leipzig. 1894.

Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia. Michele Amari. Firenze. 1868.

And many others.

THE tragic and mysterious withdrawal in which Dante left the greatest Ghibelline Emperor is strangely significant of the position held by Frederick II, alike in the eyes of his own world and to the imagination of after times.

Qua entro è lo Secondo Federigo

says the poet by the burning tombs of hell which imprison the Epicurean scoffers, deniers of immortality; but not even Dante dares summon forth that disdainful shade to hold parley with the living. The more we study the character and career of the most gifted of the Hohenstaufen, the deeper grows the sense of his isolation and evasiveness. Most of the potent figures of history typify a race, a period, or some overmastering impulse, be it intellectual or spiritual, which has been dimly stirring the consciousness of their time and which finds in them its full

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expression. The hero, the ruler, may be before his time or above it; he is rarely apart from it. It is usually possible to trace connexions, to discern the elements of race and creed and party which have been welded into the dominant personality.

In Frederick II, Emperor of the Romans, we have the curious, almost the unique, phenomenon of a man who, for fifty years of one of the centuries of transition, was at the heart of the supreme strife of his day; who was standard-bearer and champion of one of the mighty opposing principles, yet who retained always a quality of baffling remoteness, and who was linked to the life about him more by antagonisms than affinities. There was something alien about Frederick. He was *stupor mundi*, and where the world marvels over-much it does not love. Alike to zealous Guelph and devoted Ghibelline he was almost superhuman: the Great Dragon, the Anti-Christ, on the one hand; the prophet of a new age, the Imperial Messiah, on the other. His contemporaries, friends and foes alike, found him as bewildering as brilliant; he fitted into no categories, he accepted no traditions. "Das ewig Gestrige," which rules mankind, was as much menaced and affronted by his virtues as by his vices. That a Christian king should have mistresses was natural enough, but that he should be suspected of having Saracens among them was damnable. That he should burn heretics, however doubtful his own orthodoxy, was comprehensible and perfectly laudable, but his protection of Jews and his friendly relations with Infidels were not among the familiar and pardonable sins of monarchs. Perhaps he sinned most deeply as a Crusader. That the sepulchre of the Prince of Peace should be reclaimed by peaceful methods rather than by indiscriminate bloodshed was enough to outrage the moral sense of medieval Christendom.

It is true, many a man has stood seemingly alone in his own age and been recognized by later generations as the founder of a new order, as the discoverer of fresh pathways for his race, and thereby closely allied to the world which doubted or disowned him. But the historian, while doing

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homage to Frederick's many-sided powers and daring conceptions, yet seeks in vain for any enduring monument of his greatness. A few delicately interlinked Italian rhymes have come down to us, in memory of the Imperial poet who first made the Italian language courtly and literary, won for it recognition and left it ready for the eternal impress of Dante.* Apart from this ironic, scarce-sought achievement, where are Frederick's trophies to be found? Gifted beyond the common measure of men, his influence on the life of his day was not structural but solvent. Before his questioning and analytic spirit old institutions and superstitions crumbled, and sudden, perilous doubt assailed the most ancient and established faith. Yet, in the end, Frederick's work and his empire crumbled more irremediably before the retaliatory hostility of the Papacy: his race perished disastrously, his laws were cast aside, his schemes for political unity and intellectual freedom were rejected by an age not yet ready for them. He who had planned to be first of a race of world-rulers, the reconciler of Western faith and Eastern learning, was the last of the great medieval Emperors, the last man to hold Germany and Italy in his single hand, the last successful Crusader, the last representative—he, the clear-sighted iconoclast—of many a magnificent tradition.

The strange solitude which environs the great Emperor is equally noticeable when we try to classify him by race or country. If his was a modern mind, detached, ironic, astray among the tremendous acceptances of medievalism, so, too, he was a cosmopolitan in an age of intense national characteristics. Freeman has pointed out that, whereas Frederick's grandfather, Barbarossa, strongly and simply fulfilled the popular conception of a ruler held by his country and his time, Frederick either transcended or outraged all such instinctive demands. Of German blood,

* It is true that von Schack (*Geschichte der Normannen in Sicilien*. Bd. I, S. 228) assumes that the court of Roger II was "the cradle of Italian poetry." He does not, however, support his theory by any proofs, and appears merely to be himself wielding that "poet pen" to which Caspar pays a delicately sarcastic tribute.

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of Italian birth, his outlook was neither German nor Italian; Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire and King of Jerusalem, ward of the Church and crowned Crusader, he should have been bound by invincible ties to the feudal order, to the chivalric and religious ideals of his day; while, in truth, he acted and thought as one regarding no limit and desiring no sanction of the world about him.

It is with a certain sense of relief that the student of Frederick's enigmatic character and career finds one link of recognizable kinship to knit him to his kind. Hohenstaufen though he was, he shows his relationship with Frederick Barbarossa and Henry VI in little more than the imperious and imperial will which was common to all those widely differing rulers, and, perhaps, in the poet strain which seems to have been an inheritance from his German forbears. It is in his mother's father, Roger II of Sicily, that we must look for the dominant intellectual ancestor who, more than any other, made the son of the conquering German what he was. The very genius of irony presided over Frederick's life and in nothing more than this: that on the very day that Henry VI crushed with unspeakable cruelties the last male of the house of Hauteville,* Constance, the daughter of that house, gave birth to a child in whom the Norman blood vanquished the Suabian.

Close beside each other in the Cathedral of Palermo stand the huge sombre arks of porphyry in which rest the strenuous combatants, calm at last and reconciled, while about them sounds the long murmur of intercession and praise, the service of the Church which crowned and cursed them. Henry VI, the implacable, seems for ever a hostile stranger in the country which he ravaged, but Roger II and Frederick II are at home in Sicily. The shafts supporting the canopy over Roger's tomb are bright

* Tancred of Lecce, the valiant young champion of Sicilian nationality against Henry VI, was the illegitimate son of Roger, Duke of Apulia, and grandson of Roger II. He died in 1194, and his son William, a mere child, was blinded and mutilated by the Emperor, in consequence of an alleged conspiracy in his favour. Constance, Henry's wife, Roger's daughter, was the legitimate heiress to the throne.

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with the elaborate mosaics so characteristic of his reign; those about Frederick are of porphyry. Otherwise the two massive sepulchres are much alike, only the Emperor's bears carvings in relief: cross and crown and medallions of the Evangelists—symbols of the faith which he half dreaded and half denied.

Historians have almost ignored the marked likeness in temperament and intellect, even, to a certain extent, in outward fortunes, between the two great Sicilian rulers. Yet it is one which grows more evident as their lives are studied in connexion with each other. Above all, in Dr Erich Caspar's masterly monograph on Roger and his monarchy, the reader familiar with Frederick's history is constantly impressed by the fundamental resemblance between grandfather and grandson, though the author does not suggest it in so many words. He has been content to present an incisive and comprehensive portrait of the Norman ruler, leaving others to pass from Hauteville to Hohenstaufen, tracing out inherited qualities and aptitudes.

The tasks imposed on the two men, their ambitions, resources and difficulties were, of course, widely different. Roger had to gain firm footing for a newly founded monarchy among the old-established powers. He was a splendid upstart among his fellow princes: did not even assume the royal crown till after much striving, and did not win full recognition till towards the close of his troubled though magnificent reign. Frederick, a king at three years old, an emperor at eighteen, inheritor of matchless and manifold dignities, had a more complex and less definite work before him. His was the perpetual problem of adjustment between conflicting duties and demands not yet confessed irreconcilable. Yet even in their outward lives we may discern certain similarities. Each was left fatherless in extreme youth: Roger at six years old, Frederick even earlier, and after a troubled minority assumed absolute authority almost before boyhood had been left behind. The long struggle with the Papacy, the conflicts with their own rebellious subjects, the need to harmonize alien faiths

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and civilizations—these difficulties confronted both alike. The parallel might be pressed even further, if such minute comparison did not seem fantastic. The crown of the kingdom of Jerusalem which came to Frederick through his wife, Yolande, daughter of John de Brienne, had been dreamed of for Roger, whose claim, never seriously enforced, was also through a woman, his mother, Adelasia, wife of Baldwin II of Jerusalem.*

Such mere correspondences of circumstance are, however, less interesting than the resemblances of character which are even more evident. Fully to appreciate these latter, it is necessary to cast a brief glance at Roger's position among the princes of his day. He was but one generation removed from the conquering Normans who came to Italy, owning little beyond horse and harness, and hewed out realms by the sword. His father, Roger the Great Count, was the youngest brother of Robert Guiscard, whose exploits fired the ambition of his countryman, William the Conqueror. To this Roger de Hauteville fell the largest share of the strife and triumph in Sicily, and when the island was fairly won—thanks to Norman prowess and to the divisions and treachery among the Saracen rulers—his rule there was practically independent, in spite of his formal feudal ties to his suzerain, the Duke of Apulia. He was still but Count of Sicily at his death in 1101, which left a woman and a child six years old to cope with the dangers of a scarcely consolidated lordship. Adelasia proved equal to the heavy burdens imposed on her. She repressed ambitious clergy and unruly barons

* Adelasia, or Adelaide, wife of Roger the Great Count, was a proud and gifted woman. After her twelve years' regency for her son—a work in which she showed no little statesmanlike ability—she could ill endure to sink back into insignificance. She married Baldwin II of Jerusalem, bringing him immense wealth, and her new husband took oath that should she bear him no male child, Roger, her son by her first marriage, should succeed him. Baldwin possessed himself of her treasure and finally repudiated her on the plea of scruples of conscience concerning an earlier wife whom he had disowned. Adelasia returned to Sicily and there died, her haughty spirit utterly broken. Roger's indifference towards the Crusades was perhaps in part the result of the old feud with Jerusalem.

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with a firm hand, and showed a fine political instinct in transferring the seat of government from Messina to Palermo. The former city kept in closer touch with Calabria, which in its then state of unrest was a menace to the regent and a constant encouragement to the malcontents; the latter, which had been the capital of Saracen Sicily, was far better adapted to the headquarters of a strong centralized power and was so recognized in Hohenstaufen times.

In the year 1112 Roger grasped the reins of power for himself and showed that he was no unworthy representative of the conquering line of Hauteville. His early and not very successful attacks on the Moorish power in Africa concern us little here, except inasmuch as they show that in his early youth he was quite ready to take the orthodox position towards the unbeliever. It was only gradually that he developed that tolerance, or indifference, which came to be the keynote of his policy.

More vitally important were the count's relations with Apulia,* which was weakly ruled by his nephew William, grandson of the redoubtable Guiscard. Roger's constant and sufficiently unscrupulous inroads into the territory of his kinsman and suzerain ended in 1125, by bringing about a treaty in which the childless duke acknowledged his dangerous uncle as his heir. It was the count's evident ambition to unite all Southern Italy under his sway which first brought him into sharp antagonism with the Papacy. In the earlier conflicts between Sicily and Apulia the Pope had remained neutral or had seemed inclined to favour the Sicilian ruler. William was, however, a docile son and liegeman of the Holy See, far safer to deal with than his very formidable vassal and heir, Count Roger. Nor did Calixtus II fail in that political instinct so consistently manifested by most of the medieval Popes. He felt from the first the danger to the independence and authority of Rome which would arise from the existence

* It must be remembered that the name of Apulia, which was the first province subjugated by the Normans, was, in the days of Guiscard and his successors, applied to the whole of Southern Italy.

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of a powerful and unified state on her very borders. Disunion between Sicily and Apulia was the best pledge of safety to Rome. It was the same dread of a crushing concentration of power which led a succession of Popes to oppose with such unflinching resolution the uniting, in the person of Frederick II, of the dignities of King of Sicily and Emperor of the Holy Empire.*

All Calixtus' efforts on behalf of the duke proved vain, and his attempt at personal intervention ended in flight. But Roger was yet to find through many a year of peril how terrible was the might of the spiritual sword.

In 1127, the feeble life of William of Apulia flickered out and Roger entered into his inheritance. His was to be no undisputed rule, for the Apulian barons had grown lawless under the slack control of his predecessor, but he came to his task equipped, not only with personal gifts of skill and force, but with the immense wealth of Sicily, a very treasure-house among the nations of medieval Europe. Thenceforward, though his position was insecure, though years were to elapse before he was anointed and crowned as king, and yet more years before he was accepted as an equal by Sovereigns of longer established power, he was to be reckoned with as one of the foremost men and rulers of his time.

He was no type of that time, but in many respects as alien from it as was Frederick II from his century. It was an age of religious enthusiasms, in which the kings of the earth went forth to fight for the Holy Sepulchre with their spiritual ardour not yet wholly merged, as in the later Crusades, into worldly ambition. But while Conrad of Germany and Louis of France led forth their hosts of consecrated warriors to die in no victorious onset, but by the miseries of the desert and the treachery of the Byzantine Emperor, Roger remained coolly aloof, assisting the Crusading armies, indeed, but finding definite profit in so

* Innocent III, indeed, departed from this policy when he put forward Frederick II, King of Sicily, as claimant to the Imperial crown. It cost the Papacy more than a generation of embittered and desperate strife to retrieve the consequence of that error.

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doing, and sending out his forces to ravage the coasts of Greece instead of spending themselves in vain, desperate endeavour for a mystic shrine. Out of the ruinous disaster of the second Crusade he alone contrived to draw definite advantage, for by his timely aid to the fugitive Louis VII he cemented an alliance with France, which won him final equality with his fellow monarchs.* It was no common will and intellect which could hold back from the enthusiasm which was sweeping across the Western world, which—moved neither by piety, superstition nor emulation—could see in the Holy War merely an opportunity for astute diplomacy. Here is surely a foreshadowing of the attitude of Frederick, who, setting forth as a sworn Crusader and as titular King of Jerusalem, was content to win his way to shrine and throne by friendly negotiations with Kamel rather than by force of arms. It is noteworthy, too, that Roger, coming as he did of a race famous for martial exploits, and living in a time when the glory of such deeds was supremely prized, yet never distinguished himself personally in war. The achievements of the twelve sons of Tancred of Hauteville are as full of chivalric splendour as those of the Four Sons of Aymon, and a sober chronicle of their deeds rivals the most extravagant of the knightly romances. The battle fury of Robert Guiscard was as far-famed among his contemporaries as the skill in craft which is said to have won him his name. "It is said," wrote Anna Commenius, daughter of the Emperor Alexius, "that his voice was like the voice of a whole multitude, and could put to flight an army of sixty thousand men." Gaufrid Malaterra, in his chronicle, writes with zest of the heroism of Roger I, telling how he rode without shield or lance against a leader of the Saracens and with one blow of his sword "clave the infidel to the girdle," in the true style of a Paladin. But not even the eulogists of Roger II exalt him specially as a soldier. His generalship was of the

* It even appears probable that he contemplated winning Louis of France to unite with him and turn his Crusading army against the Christian city of Constantinople, an audacious and unscrupulous scheme which was certainly put before Louis and by him rejected with decision.

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modern order, an affair of calculation and patience, singularly little appreciated in the twelfth century. Wherever it was possible he avoided pitched battles, in which he was seldom fortunate, and let his enemies waste their strength in marching and waiting, in enduring scarcity of provisions and the cruelty of the southern heat. One of his few great decisive engagements, that fought against Robert of Capua and Reginald of Avellino, July 24, 1132, was a crushing overthrow which might be compared for completeness to the ruinous defeat of Frederick II before Parma.

Roger left his tent, treasure and archives in the hands of the enemy and rode hard for his life. "Then were his spurs dearer to him than his kingdom" ("Tunc temporis ei Sicilia cariora fuere calcaria"), wrote the Bishop of St Agatha, an eye-witness of the fray. On that day we hear of the prodigies of valour performed by Roger's opponent, Count Reginald, but no such exploits are recorded of himself. His final attempt to retrieve the day by personally leading a desperate charge was but a counsel of despair and came too late to be of any avail. In the victory of San Germano, July 22, 1139, which left Innocent II a prisoner in the hands of the Sicilian King, the skilful manœuvring which trapped his enemy was all Roger's own. The actual attack, however, was led by his eldest son, Roger also by name, who had already proved himself the more fortunate, perhaps the more daring, soldier. In fact, throughout his later campaign the king left much of the actual martial work to his two gallant and loyal sons, Roger and Alphonse, both of whom died before him. Yet, again, the mind recurs to Frederick, who was served with a like zeal and devotion by Enzo of Sardinia and Frederick of Antioch.

It is good to turn from the negative to the positive qualities of Roger. If he was little of a knight, as the Middle Ages understood knighthood, he was politician, law-giver and ruler, enlightened beyond the understanding of his day. Caspar scarcely claims too much for him when he calls him the first statesman, in a modern sense, known to the medieval world. He shows himself, through-

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out his career, amazingly free from prejudice and passion, a placable enemy where any advantage was to be gained by forgetting—or seeming to forget—old grudges. His cool and keen brain remained unaffected alike by success or failure. After the shattering defeat at Scafati he appeared, a fugitive, at Salerno, with a serene bearing, re-establishing the confidence of his followers by skilful encouragement, and straightway set about regaining by diplomacy what he had lost in the shock of arms. When his hour of triumph came and he at length held the Pope, his most dreaded opponent, in his hand, he was equally ready to bridle his exultation. He obeyed the dictates of policy—it is not easy to suppose that in his case they were those of piety—and humbled himself before his captive. Not only did he show him all outward honour: for three days the victor waited the pleasure of his prisoner before being admitted to kneel before him; but he made real and important concessions, thereby winning Innocent's confirmation of Roger's royal dignity, bestowed seven years before by Anacletus, the Anti-Pope.

The greatest test of Roger's will and patience, and the clearest proof that he was much of a statesman and little of a soldier, took place between the overthrow of 1132 and the victory of 1139. When Lothair, the Emperor, and Innocent, the Pope, leagued against him with Robert of Capua, Reginald of Avellino and a host of the revolted barons, it might have seemed that only the most desperate resistance could avail the Sicilian ruler. The Imperial forces marched into Southern Italy against the schismatic King, supporter of the Anti-Pope, as to a holy war, the clarion eloquence of Bernard of Clairvaux urging them on. Castles and towns fell, everywhere the discontented Apulians revolted from Roger's rule and joined his enemies; his power appeared all but swept away from the mainland. He, himself, meantime remained calmly aloof in his island stronghold of Sicily,* watching the tempest rage

* According to Tout, *The Empire and the Papacy*, he withdrew into the mountains of Calabria, but Caspar's view seems the more probable, as Sicily was Roger's natural fastness and the centre of his power.

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past. Once only did he lose heart and offer terms, and that was but a momentary weakness.

The measures he took were purely defensive and entrusted to his loyal supporters, some of whom apparently understood his policy. For the rest, he waited for the re-action, for the discord which arose among his foes, discord which he was prompt and subtle to promote, for the inevitable withdrawal of the Imperial troops, which left Apulia open for his coming. Then, descending with fresh forces on a country spent with war, he snatched back Lothair's conquests, almost before the echoes of the German's march had died away. Thereafter followed his vengeance on the land which had defied and forsaken him, a devastation by sword and fire which was remembered with horror even in those ruthless days. Even Roger's cruelties, however, seem to have been the outcome of deliberate calculation, not of passion.* The punishment he inflicted on Apulia might have been the mere expression of ungovernable savagery; but probably Otto of Freising touched the truth when he suggested that the cause of Roger's harshness was that: "more than other princes, he loved peace." In fact, when he had at length mastered his enemies and gained full scope for his creative power, he showed how noble a structure he could rear on the ground which he had levelled so mercilessly.

For that upbuilding few men could have been more fitly equipped than he. Norman in patient and crafty strength, he was wholly devoid of the Norman intolerance for all races and creeds save his own. In religious matters, indeed, Roger's tolerance amounted to indifference, a quality which was no characteristic of his race. Robert Guiscard, it is true, warred against the Pope when occa-

* On one occasion only does Roger appear to have been carried away by sheer, unthinking rage, and that outbreak has left an inefaceable blot on his memory. When Reginald of Avellino, his most resolved and valiant enemy died, still personally undefeated, and in the glory of a martial renown never equalled by himself, Roger clearly felt that victory was scarcely victory unless it brought about the humiliation of his foe. He dragged the Count's body from its grave in Troja, and subjected it to unspeakable insult.

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sion arose, and Roger's capture of Innocent was but a repetition of that yet more momentous event when, after the victory of Civitella, Robert bowed the knee before Leo IX, his prisoner,* and, with all forms of reverence, proceeded to wring from him the first of those concessions which culminated six years later in the formal grant by Nicholas II of those Apulian and Sicilian dominions which the Pope, politically speaking, had as little right to grant as the Norman to claim. Yet, in spite of such difficult episodes, Robert Guiscard, in the main, regarded himself, and was regarded, as a zealous champion of the Church, a title which he certainly earned by his alliance with the great Hildebrand (Gregory VII). His wars with the Greeks and Saracens were undertaken under solemn Papal sanction, and the Norman marched to conquest in the sign of the cross. As one of their latest historians has emphatically pointed out, the sons of Tancred and their followers were prototypes of the knightly adventurers who went forth, a genuine faith and ardour tempering their more worldly motives, for the glory of God and their private gain to fight for Palestine.† The insight of a great roman-cist seized far earlier on that racial characteristic, recognizing the Normans as "Crusader and Templar before Crusades were yet preached or the Templars yet dreamed of."‡

In Roger's attitude towards religious questions is no trace of awe or enthusiasm. His wars against the Moslem, in his own land and in Africa, were undertaken or abandoned as earthly policy might dictate. His attitude towards the Crusade was, as has been shown, one of coolest neutrality. Roger was, in fact, much more bent on win-

* T. F. Tout (*The Empire and the Papacy*, p. 108) says that Leo "barely escaped with his liberty," and "retired to Benevento"; but the expression is misleading, for, though the Pope avoided capture on the field, he was forced to seek protection at the hands of the victors against the revolted townfolk of Civitate. While at Benevento he was entirely in the hands of the Normans, though treated with all outward respect. See Dr von Heinemann's *Geschichte des Normannen*, vol. 1, pp. 142-8.

† *Geschichte der Normannen*, von Heinemann, vol. 1, p. 338.

‡ Bulwer Lytton's *Harold*.

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ning and holding the diadem of Sicily than on earning a heavenly crown. He had no personal quarrel with the Papacy, such as urged to bitter extremes the Emperor Henry V, son of the sovereign humbled at Canossa. His long championship of the Anti-Pope meant simply that from Anacletus he could obtain concessions which the stronger spirit of Innocent withheld. He did not, as did his grandson, dally with the dream of reducing the ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome to apostolic poverty and humility, neither did he ever indulge in such cynical expressions of utter doubt as escaped at times from the lips of the emperor. When he felt the potency of the Holy See likely to press too heavily upon him, his thought was of no audacious denial or novel independence but of a closer approximation with the Greek Church,* which had already so firm a hold on Sicily, which Roger had always treated with considerate reverence, and which opposed no disconcerting claims of spiritual pre-eminence to the absolute domination of the sovereign.

Roger's outward piety lacked nothing of magnificent affirmation. To this day Sicily bears witness to the devotion of her first Norman King. The *Cappella Palatina* in his palace in Palermo, with its wonder of duskily gleaming mosaics, its carven candelabra and swinging silver lamp—a royal gift—is as rare and rich a monument of Roger's munificence and of the art of his time as when the king sat on his inlaid throne, in half Eastern pomp of robe and dalmatic, on that day of Peter and Paul, 1140, when Theophanes Cerameus preached at its consecration, glorifying the beauty of the building and the greatness of the king. So, too, the Cathedral of Cefalu—a stern mailed structure, the Norman strength little softened by Arab grace—ranked warrior saints on the mosaics within, is a memorial of Roger, a thank-offering, says tradition, for his escape

* *The History of the Five Patriarchates*, by Nilus Doxopatrus, which was written at Roger's instigation and under his patronage, was a strong plea for the superior authority and sanctity of the Greek Church. Though professedly dealing with the abstract theory alone, it is difficult not to see in the book a tentative political suggestion.

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from shipwreck. Truly he had steered his ship of State warily and safely through many storms.

As the art and architecture of his reign (a lover of building was Roger the King, a sufficiently significant taste), as these drew elements from many races, Norman, Byzantine and Saracen, so his kingdom, its laws and customs, drew strength and brilliancy from many sources. Mohammedans lived securely under Roger's rule when once they had relinquished open rebellion; there was no attempt to force them into acceptance of Christianity. Saracen soldiers fought his battles (a practice which Frederick later elaborated into a policy), Arab sages were welcome at his court, Arab poets sang his praises. This attitude of toleration towards alien creeds and customs continued to be marked in his descendants and successors. Roger's son, William "the Bad," adopted Arab usages till he appeared half a Mohammedan. Ibn-Gwbair, the Spanish Arab, tells in his record of travel how William "the Good," Roger's grandson, wandering through his palace in the terrors of an earthquake, heard his servants crying on Allah. At his approach they fell silent. "Nay," said the king, "let each pray to the God in whom he believes, so shall he find peace." The words might mean a sympathy which saw good in all forms of faith, yet they suggest irresistibly the words attributed to Frederick II, which, in a more cynical spirit, put all religions on a level: the saying that three grand impostors—Moses, Mohammed, Christ—had misled the world. Roger, at all events, indulged in no speculative questions, and his tolerance was purely practical.* It bore rich fruit for his realm, for Arab husbandry and manufacture increased the wealth of his land, and the extraordinarily developed Arab methods of finance filled his treasuries and supplied limit-

* At the very close of his life (in 1153) Roger was on one occasion overborne by the orthodox party. His admiral, Philip of Mahedia, who was found guilty of using his position for private gain, was also proved guilty of secret apostasy. He was condemned to death by fire. Here, too, Roger was the forerunner of Frederick in lending unwilling countenance to persecution without the justification of fanatical faith.

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less resources against his enemies. Edrisi's glorification of Sicily as "the gem of the age in wealth and beauty, the first land of earth in fruitfulness and ancient culture," was no hyperbole. Round Roger's palaces, graceful with Saracen arches and traceries, rich with Byzantine mosaic, stretched his groves of palm, orange and almond trees, brought from far African pleasure-gardens, musical with the fountains which his Arab poets praised. Amid such half exotic loveliness, the Norman King, returned from the hunting which he loved, would hold converse, not with troubadours and metaphysicians as did his Imperial grandson, but with geographers and travellers. Roger's firm grasp on the actual, visible world, his indifference to all realms of faith or fancy, is shown in the nature of the one supreme literary work produced under his patronage. This was the great Geography of the Arab Edrisi, a marvellous piece of work in scope and daring and in the careful description of those parts of the world which the writer knew by personal acquaintance or by the direct report of others. Begun in 1139, immediately after the pacification of South Italy, and finished in 1154, just before the king's death, the tremendous undertaking was carried on with Roger's constant supervision and encouragement and help. "The Book of King Roger," so the Arabs not unfitly styled Edrisi's masterpiece, and the writer's praise of his patron rings with a sincerity not usual in such literary tributes. It dwells not only on the sovereign's greatness and generosity, but on his "keen brain, deep spirit and imperturbable calm." "His plans," cries the eulogist, "are arrows which never fail of their mark. . . . His sleep is as the waking of other men." Edrisi's is a characterization more trenchant than that of the Western chroniclers, though Romoald's "Providus, discretus, subtilis ingenio, magnus consilio," and the laudations of Falcanus and Telesinus sound somewhat the same note.

It still remains to consider one all-important point of likeness between King and Emperor. Each was a great law-giver, bent on bringing order and unity into the complexity of national customs and rights prevailing in his

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realm, bent even more emphatically on substituting, as far as might be, a firm centralized government for the feudal system which left a king too often at the mercy of his great nobles. It is evident that the famous "Constitutions" of Frederick, though so much more far-reaching and perfected, owed very much to the "Assizes" of his predecessor, which were promulgated in 1140, only a year, that is to say, after the final quelling of the Apulian disorder. It is possible to forgive Roger much of the awful severity with which he crushed rebellion when we see how large and statesmanlike was his conception of sovereignty. His code of laws—which was forgotten in his successor's monumental achievements, long absolutely lost to scholars and only recently discovered—would afford a fascinating subject for minute investigation. The same blending of diverse and seemingly hostile elements which shows itself in the life, art, and architecture of Roger's brilliant reign, is markedly present in his legal work. Old German and Lombard traditions,* severe Roman justice and the more elaborated cruelties of Byzantine penalties;† the inherited rights of the Norman and the despotic claims learned by Sicilian monarchs, from Greek Emperor and Moslem Caliph, all are interwrought as in one of the intricate mosaics which gleamed from Roger's churches and palaces. Though the *Codex Justinianus* is so largely drawn on in the Assizes, there was no attempt made by Roger to reduce his motley population to a severe uniformity. Rather, he followed the old Germanic system that each race should follow its own rules. The King proclaimed that, because of the variety of peoples under his sway, old laws and customs should be retained,‡ always with the understanding that, where they

* The allusions to Lombard laws are, however, usually hostile. The Lombard dominion in South Italy had been too recently overthrown for the conquerors to regard its traces with tolerance.

† The frequent introduction of the penalty of mutilation is a proof of Byzantine influence.

‡ *Moribus, consuetudinibus, legibus non cassatis pro varietate populorum nostro regno subjectorum.*

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clashed with the newly issued decrees, the recent authoritative code must prevail. In all matters of small daily use and wont, therefore, the ancient divisions persisted; the Arabs obeyed judges of their own race and the laws of Islam; the Sicilian Christians the established Roman-Byzantine law; the clergy preserved its own peculiar immunities, and the nobles their feudal privileges. Yet, in spite of such diversity, there was a distinct movement towards order and centralization recorded in the Assizes of Ariano. One of its most marked features was the recognition of an official class, distinct from the nobility. In Frederick's time the importance of this class was extended and emphasized; but it was Roger's justiciaries, notaries and bailiffs who took a position of authority and dignity unprecedented in any Western State. Special protection was accorded to these representatives of the king; wrong done to them was wrong done to royalty itself and as such was punished. But as their privileges, so their responsibilities, penalty of death was pronounced on a judge or other official found guilty of corrupt practices.

If Roger drew on the traditions of Rome and Constantinople in his laws, he adopted the highly organized financial system of the Arabs, which he found already existing in Sicily, with its regular taxation, its "divans," or boards of inspection and administration. Thus out of Norman feudalism, Byzantine officialism and Arab finance was wrought the three-fold texture of his power. And over all was the king's unfaltering authority, and the king and his "curia," or council, made the final court of appeal, "doing justice if need were," cried the wondering Arabic chronicler, "even against the king's own son."

In his grasp on the complex conditions of his realm, Roger showed that adaptiveness and power of assimilation proper to the Norman. He had, moreover, the final gift of kings: the instinct of choosing and of using men of mark. As he instinctively utilized those elements in other races and states which could best minister to his own, so he found his delegates not only, or chiefly, among the

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Norman nobles who stood nearest to his throne. George of Antioch, his famous admiral (the title of admiral is itself, it may be observed, of Arabic origin) who served him valiantly and loyally for forty years, was by birth a Syrian. Guarin, Roger's faithful, gifted and sufficiently unscrupulous chancellor, was a clerk of humble birth; Robert of Selby, who succeeded him, was a wandering Englishman. Roger's detached and independent mind sought simply and absolutely the tool fitted to his hand and to the work required. And that work was not merely the solidifying of a kingdom and dynasty. Not, perhaps, with Frederick's daring and deliberate purpose, but none the less surely, Roger was striving for modern ideals of centralization, of enlightenment, of fusion. *Il genio di civilita*, is that for which Amari praises the Norman King. Renan glorifies the Suabian Emperor for having accepted civilization in the most modern sense of the word as the dominant idea of his life.* So once again we return to a realization of the essential kinship of those two great men who lie so near together in the porphyry tombs of Palermo.

Yet, in spite of all similarity, the student who passes from the history of Roger to that of Frederick becomes aware of a profound sense of difference. The unlikeness between them is not chiefly a matter of circumstance, though the one was a newcomer to sovereignty and the other heir to the august traditions of the Holy Roman Empire, the awful, well-nigh mystic, sanction and responsibility of which even his sceptic spirit could not wholly deny. In intellect and character there were, as we have seen, many points of resemblance; the supreme distinction appears to have been one of temperament, almost, it might be said, of atmosphere. Roger's aims and his achievements were extremely concrete and definite. His tolerance, his patronage of Eastern learning, were practically of service to his state or to his immediate under-

* L'idée dominante de ce grand homme fut la *civilisation* dans le sens le plus moderne de ce mot, je veux dire le développement noble et libéral de la nature humaine, en opposition à ce goût de l'abjection et de la laidure qui avait séduit le Moyen Age.—*Averroes et l'Averroïsme*.

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standing of men and things. His conflicts with the Papacy defended and impugned no principle. The Pope was unmanageable; he zealously maintained the cause of the Anti-Pope; the Anti-Pope failed; he glanced sidelong at the Greek Church, then accepted necessity and made his peace with Rome. Alert, astute, free from prejudice or sentiment, Roger planned and built for the world he knew, and concerned himself with no borderlands of philosophy or speculation. For all the definite facts of life he was insatiable; but he who secretly measured the walls of Naples in a night to confound the citizens with his knowledge, sent no envoys, as did his grandson, to confer with Eastern sages on such questions as the nature of the soul and the eternity of the world.*

In fact, where Roger was endowed merely with keen and supple intelligence, strictly applied to definite objects, Frederick was gifted with imagination, alike poetic and philosophic, an imagination strangely allied with a sceptic temper of mind. His conflict with the Papacy, though it began, as with Roger, in political necessity, soon took on the aspect of a wider and more momentous conflict, shaking the very bases of faith. It cannot for a moment be claimed for Frederick that he was a disinterested reformer. His accusations against the pride, ambition and luxury of the clergy were largely defensive strokes in a combat which he had not himself provoked. Freeman, indeed, in his illuminating essay on Frederick, goes so far as to say that "he does not seem to have withstood the Papacy from any personal choice, or as the voluntary champion of any opposing principle." Here, however, though it is with the utmost diffidence that we venture to question an opinion of the great historian, he has made a statement which some students of the Emperor's life will be strongly disinclined to affirm. Renan, temperamentally more in sympathy with his subject, judges more justly when he divines the immense anger which must have filled Freder-

*The famous *Sicilian Questions*, metaphysical problems submitted by the Emperor to the sages of Egypt and Syria and to the learned Jews and Arabs of Spain.

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ick's heart as, enthroned among wonders of art and science in his palace at Capua, he saw his work checked close at hand by "a bishop and mendicant friars." Frederick *was* the champion of a principle, at least of a theory of life, in his struggles against the intangible, unassailable power of the Holy See. Not outward causes of strife alone, but more subtle and essential differences prevented any real peace, even any lasting truce, between the Church and him who had been her ward. Consciously or not, and probably his analytic mind took a clearer account of his work than was common in those instinctive days; whether with full realization or no, Frederick stood for the developed, enfranchised intellect of man, for his full possession and enjoyment of the whole range of pleasure, knowledge and speculation, as against the solemn affirmations and prohibitions of medieval religion. It is doubtful whether, even to himself, he absolutely denied Christianity;* officially he supported it even to persecuting heretics with cynical calm. Assuredly he was no Mohammedan, as his enemies asserted: his affinities were with the Musulman doubters, who challenged the sacred authority of the Koran, as he himself challenged that of Rome. The widespread conviction of his contemporaries, or at least of his opponents, made of him an Epicurean, believing that the soul must perish with the body.† Indeed, for a man who bore so long the dread burthen of the Papal curse—which he might defy but could never utterly disbelieve—the thought of final extinction may have had in it as much of comfort as of menace. But whatever Frederick's questionings concerning a future life, his policy for this was explicit. On the one hand he treated heretics with the utmost severity, as a danger to the strength and unity of his government—were not Milan and the other Lombard communes, his irreconcilable foes, also hotbeds of heresy, though paradoxically protected by the Pope? on the other he warred against the temporal and political power of the

* See Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*, vol. VI, p. 268, for a fine and sympathetic passage on Frederick's religion.

† See Salimbene's *Chronicle* and the writings of Albert von Beham.

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Holy See. If he did not, as M. Huillard Bréholles would have us believe,* actually arrogate to himself a spiritual supremacy over his subjects, he was certainly prepared to limit, if possible, the claims of the Pope to rule as the dispenser of justice, even over sovereigns. Here, as so often, he looked towards the Orient for his ideals, and exclaimed over the happy fate of Asia and the Eastern powers, which had nothing to fear from the arms of their subjects or the intrigues of their pontiffs, “O felix Asia, O felices Orientalium potestates quae subditorum arma non metuunt et adinventiones pontificum non verentur.”

Without indulging in partisanship, whether as Guelph or Ghibelline, it may be admitted that Frederick had not been so placed so as to see the more spiritual side of the Papal rule. When his mother, Constance, died, she left him, a child of three years old, to the guardianship of Innocent III, so that the future arch-antagonist of Rome grew up under its protection—a fact which gave some colour to the charges of ingratitude hurled against him by the adherents of the Pope. As a matter of fact, however, Innocent exacted heavy payment from his ward, established his suzerainty over Sicily and encouraged Otho of Brunswick in his attempt on the empire, to which Frederick had been solemnly proclaimed heir during the lifetime of his father, Henry VI. Later, when Otho proved an unmanageable *protégé*, Innocent turned from him and espoused the cause of his ward, the “Boy of Apulia,” as men jeeringly called the slight, fair-haired lad of eighteen who crossed the Alps to win an empire almost single-handed. Win it he did, by dint of skilful handling of the ambitious and grasping nobles and prelates† of Germany,

* M. Huillard Bréholles, in the introduction to his monumental work, argues ably in favour of the theory that Frederick was actually prepared to claim worship as a semi-divine being and establish an absolute despotism over the souls of his subjects. The contention is more suggestive than convincing, and is well answered by Freeman.

† The German prelates of those days were severely arraigned for ambition and time-serving. “I can believe anything,” said a clerk of Paris, quoted by Caesarius of Heisterbach, “but I cannot believe that any German bishop can ever be saved.”

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though at the cost of grants of charters and privileges which seriously crippled his imperial power. The struggle was embittering, if triumphant; Frederick had been from earliest childhood a symbol or a sacrifice to the self-seeking parties which raged about him. Sicily, during his minority, was rent asunder among Italians, Germans and Saracens, and its child king knew danger and privation within the walls of his own capital. The Papal protection was dear-bought by concessions and pledges not easily yielded by the haughty spirit of a Hohenstaufe, and the intrigues in Germany were a final school of cynicism. There cannot have been many illusions left to the youth of twenty-six, who passed at length through the silver gates of the old basilica of St Peter's in Rome to receive the jewelled diadem, the orb and the sword of Empire, from the hand of Honorius III. It was one of the mocking conjunctions so common in Frederick's life that, after his coronation, he should have taken the cross from Ugolino, Bishop of Ostia, who, as Gregory IX, was yet to send the emperor forth on his Crusade, an excommunicated man, to lose, to all seeming, his last vestige of Christian faith by the Sepulchre of Christ.

To consider closely the Emperor's long conflict with the Papacy would be a hopeless matter in the space which this study can afford. "No Pope would ever let him alone," says Freeman pithily, and assuredly Frederick's warfare was largely defensive. It was, however, waged without over many scruples. In his dealings with the gentle-natured Honorius III he had comparatively little difficulty. He succeeded, by astute and audacious diplomacy, worthy of his grandfather, in evading the promise which he had made to Innocent, that on his election as emperor he would transfer the kingdom of Sicily to his son Henry, to avoid that concentration of power in a single hand which was always dreaded by the Holy See. He obtained repeated respites from his Crusading vows, Honorius apparently recognizing the justice of Frederick's plea that it was his kingly duty to subdue the rebellious Saracens in Sicily before setting out to make

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war on their fellow believers in Syria. He did subdue them, it may be said in passing, and, transplanting them to colonies on the mainland, found in them his staunchest supporters and the only ones on whom the edge of the Papal anathema fell blunted. Honorius harassed the emperor at times with admonition and remonstrance, but made no leagues with the insurgent Lombards or Frederick's other enemies. His zeal for the freeing of the Holy Sepulchre and the weal of Christendom was stronger than his ambition for Rome or his hostility to the Hohenstaufen. But this exceptional Pope was succeeded by Gregory IX, whose implacable attitude showed from the first that he was resolved to clip the wings of the Hohenstaufen eagle. His conduct in regard to the fifth Crusade was a marked exemplification of his policy. Frederick was excommunicated for delay in setting forth, even when that delay was caused by indisputable illness, excommunicated again for going without being reconciled to the Church, his warfare in Palestine made difficult by the shadowing curse which almost terrified his own soldiers from their allegiance and justified the Templars in constant conspiracy against him. When, in spite of all the odds against him, Frederick succeeded in winning by treaty with the Sultan Kamel that freedom of the Holy City which his predecessors had so often vainly sought by force of arms, the hour of his triumph showed him in the eyes of all men as outcast and accursed. The hush of the interdict lay over redeemed Jerusalem, and its King, the successful Crusader, lifted the crown of his new kingdom with his own hand from the priestless altar of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It might seem, from his words and conduct to the Mohammedans in the city, that in that moment he finally abandoned faith in the Church, which, to him, wore ever the two-fold and irreconcilable aspects of spiritual judge and political enemy. From that time (1229) the hostility of Rome went on unwaveringly to its climax in the Council of Lyons (1245), where, by an unprecedented stretch of authority, Innocent IV deposed the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, wielder of one

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of the two Swords of God and holder of an office only less sacred than his own.*

Gregory and Innocent were blamed for over severity by such devout and noble men and true sons of the Church as Hermann von Salza, Master of the Teutonic Order, model of knightly honour, the passionate peacemaker, and St Louis of France, who could never be moved to take part against Frederick, deeply though he must have recoiled from his brother monarch's sceptic and libertine course. Yet those indomitable pontiffs may have seen more deeply than their censors, and realized that the very existence of the bound-breaking race of Hohenstaufen was a menace to their sway over the minds of men, a danger to be crushed, even by means which in merely earthly monarchs might have been adjudged unscrupulous.

Noteworthy is the fashion in which Frederick carried on the warfare. He did not, like his two grandfathers, Frederick Barbarossa and Roger of Sicily, attempt to set up an Anti-Pope. He opposed, not an individual, but a system, and arraigned the Papacy in the name of primitive Christianity. He praised in more than one solemn manifesto the poverty and simplicity of the Early Church, the Church which brought forth the saints, and announced his intention of reducing the proud ecclesiastics of his own day to a condition of Apostolic humility,† a condition which, though this he did not point out, would have served his own purposes to perfection. Such remonstrances against worldly pomp and ambition among churchmen had often been uttered before, never more strongly than by the great Bernard of Clairvaux: "Dominion was for-

* See Dr Otto Gierke's *Political Theories of the Middle Age*, translated by F. W. Maitland, LL.D., D.C.L., for a comprehensive study of medieval ideals of State and Church.

† In paupertate quidem et simplicitate fundata erat Ecclesia primitiva, cum sanctos quos catalogus sanctorum commemorat fecunda paraturiret.

Reducantur ad statum Ecclesiae primitivae, et in contemplatione viventes, nobis sicut decet activam vitam ducentibus, ostendant miracula quae dudum a saeculo recesserunt.—*Manifesto to the French Barons*, 1246. Matt. Paris, *Hist. maj. Anglor.*, p. 483.

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bidden to the Apostles. Dare not, therefore, to claim apostleship if ye rule, or if ye be followers of the Apostles to seek dominion. *Si utrumque simul habere voles, perdes utrumque.*” Very skilfully Frederick availed himself of the religious unrest of his time, of that vague stir of mystic expectation which had found utterance in the prophecies of the Abbot Joachim concerning the coming reign of the Holy Ghost. Doubter and scoffer he might be, a very incarnation of “*Der Geist der stets verneint,*” but he was learned enough in men to know how little is accomplished by blank negation. He warred with the Papacy, therefore, by an appeal to the Apostolic Church; he opposed to the awful authority of the Pope his own scarce less exalted claims as Emperor, inheritor of the divine traditions of the Roman Cæsars; he accepted, if he did not actively uphold, the claims made for him by his adherents, who hailed him as more than an earthly king, as a liberating saint—the word must surely have appealed to his sardonic humour—as the prophet of a new and brighter era.* His own words at times tended to confirm the accusations so freely made against him: that he dared to dream of founding a new religion. It is not impossible that he, who questioned all creeds, saw himself at times establishing a dominion in which his will and intellect might express themselves unopposed by priestly authority, and where he himself should be the final court of appeal on matters spiritual and temporal. Rebels against his power, said Frederick, were rebels against “the Empire of Heaven.” It was, of course, a recognized theory among medieval legists and publicists that the emperor was “lord of the world and God on earth,” taking his office directly from God and accountable only to Him. The strange and sardonic element of the situation is to find the arch-sceptic of his time appealing to a Divine sanction of his power.

* “*Vivat igitur, vivat Sancti Friderici nomen in populo,*” cried Frederick’s great minister, Peter de Vinca, Niccolo di Rocca, an Imperial notary indulged in the most audacious parallel between de Vinca and St Peter. Finally Frederick himself made use of startling Scriptural comparisons.—See Huillard Bréholles, *Introduction*, p. dvii, et seq.

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It is idle, though tempting, to speculate on what Frederick's achievements might have been had he, like Roger, succeeded in making ultimate peace with Rome and so deprived his enemies and rebellious subjects of their most irresistible ally. There never came to him such a period of comparative calm as that which Roger enjoyed after the pacification of Apulia. Revolt in Germany, headed by his own son, the implacable enmity of the Lombard cities, enduring for a generation,* and unprovoked in the first instance by any aggressions on their suzerain's part; Saracen uprisings in Sicily; Tartar inroads on the far frontiers of empire—these he met and often mastered—would without question have mastered them wholly had not the long, sullen struggle with Rome exhausted his resources and given constant opportunity to his foes. Baffled as he was, he accomplished enough to make him, as Matthew Paris calls him, the "Wonder of the World." Soldier perforce, it might have been said of him, as of his grandfather, Roger, that more than other princes he loved peace; his real genius was for diplomacy and organization; his passion for unity and enlightenment. If he failed to reduce his immense and inchoate empire to the order he loved, he made of his hereditary kingdom a model despotism, with its carefully administered laws, regulated taxes and economic developments. He made of it, too, a centre of philosophy, art and poetry. His court found place, among its nobles, crusaders and prelates, for sages and singers of all nations, each of whom the Emperor could greet in his own tongue and meet on his own ground. Frederick, at ease among the vines of La Ziza, his Palermo pleasure palace, riding to the chase with his hunting leopards or the falcons of which he wrote so learnedly, was the centre of a vivid and many-sided intellectual life, not to be matched in Italy till the outblossoming of that Renaissance of which he helped to scatter the seed. Yet all this was snatched in the intervals of political pre-occupations and sovereign responsibilities which must have absorbed the entire energies of any lesser man.

* Strictly speaking, from 1226 to the end of Frederick's life in 1250.

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Frederick's great code of laws for his Sicilian kingdom—promulgated in 1230—was a striking revelation of his ideals of government. More daring than the Assizes of Roger, they show Frederick's determination to have all men equal before the law. Criminal jurisdiction was withdrawn from the nobles and ecclesiastics and vested in the Emperor's justiciaries. The official class first created by Roger was developed and regulated by his grandson, whose courts of justice and boards of administration attained to an efficiency strongly contrasting with cumbersome, and often chaotic, feudal customs. Another modern element in the "Constitutions" was the representation of the cities. Deputies from the most important towns were sent to the Assembly or Sicilian Parliament. Although their functions appear to have been very limited, the innovation was none the less a very noteworthy one, and may have suggested to the great Simon de Montfort, Frederick's brother-in-law, his famous summoning of the Commons to Westminster. The whole trend of the Constitutions was evidently in favour of autocracy, but, while bridling the great lords and prelates, limiting the privileges of the chartered towns and always emphasizing imperial authority, Frederick did not forget the gentler attributes of sovereignty. "We water the domain of Justice," he said, "with the streams of Mercy," and his laws provided that the cases of poor and friendless suppliants should take precedence of others, and that the expenses should be borne by the State. The Norman laws incorporated in Frederick's code were in some cases modified, and he drew more on Lombard custom than had his predecessor, prejudiced against the Lombard by recent strife. To consider, even in passing, the diverse elements of the Constitutions, with their large outlook yet minute consideration of detail, would be a task for the legal expert. The kingdom for which the code was drawn up crumbled into ruin soon after the death of the lawgiver. Yet later kings, as Philippe le Bel of France, and Alonzo "the Wise" of Castile, drew inspiration from the emperor's work. Not in vain had

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he claimed as his proudest honour to be "Law Animate upon Earth."

While Frederick was fighting and negotiating on the Lombard plains, victorious at Cortenuova, defeated at Parma, advancing his imperial standard against the stubborn walls of Brescia, sending out his brilliant son, Enzo, to flash lightning-like through the lines of the Guelphs, his heart was always in Southern Italy. Palermo, where he had been crowned and where memorials of his Norman ancestors blended with traces of the Eastern life he loved; Naples, which he praised for its "amenity" and "benignity," and where he founded his noble university that those who thirsted for learning should go no more to foreign lands; Capua and Foggia, in whose palaces he gathered his treasures—he was a passionate collector of rare and beautiful things—these cities of Sicily and Apulia were his home. Germany and Syria were alike remote to him, though he wore the crowns of Aachen and Jerusalem. In the luxurious surroundings, which suited so well his self-indulgent nature, Frederick could forget at times the cares and problems of State, to watch the lithe brown Saracen dancing girls, or those strange Eastern beasts which he delighted to gather into his menageries; to talk philosophy and astrology with Michael Scott, the translator of Averrhoes, or listen to the songs of his troubadours. He himself was a poet, as were his sons, Enzo and Manfred, and his gifted and ill-fated minister, Peter de Vinca, who either foully betrayed his master or perished through that master's unjust suspicion. Some of their songs remain to us—the beginnings of Italian literature—delicate, musical lines, speaking of a gracious insincere love for the fair lady of the hour's caprice, significant by their deliberate exclusion of all the great and harsh realities from which their singers sought a moment's respite. None of Frederick's poetic or philosophic musings ever interfered with his political work. To the end he held his own, despite many and terrible reverses, against his two most dangerous opponents, the Papacy and the Lombard League, and at the close of his life, in 1250, it seemed

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that the tide was turning in his favour and that Innocent, self-exiled at Lyons, and the cities of Lombardy, wasted with sullen strife, must come to terms with him. But the long struggle, which had left him a lonely and embittered man, bereft, by death, captivity or betrayal, of his favourite son and his closest friends, had at last exhausted his strength. He died at Florentino, fulfilling a prophecy which had bidden him beware of a place named after the goddess Flora. As his birth had been held to be miraculous—his mother having passed the usual time of child-bearing—so his death was touched with mystery. Strangely conflicting rumours went abroad concerning it, and for many years there were those who held that he could not die like other men but must return to carry out his work. Yet the porphyry tomb at Palermo received his body, wrapped in linen and embroidered silk, wearing the crown and jewels of empire and the cross of his ironic Crusade.

Salimbene, a Guelph and a Franciscan, doubly vowed to enmity against him, wrote of Frederick with a curious unwilling admiration, "Of faith in God he had none; he was crafty, wily, avaricious, lustful, malicious, wrathful; and yet a gallant man at times, when he would show kindness or courtesy; full of solace, jocund, delightful, fertile in devices. . . . He knew to speak many tongues, and, to be brief, if he had been rightly Catholic, and had loved God and His Church, he would have had few Emperors his equals in this world."

The portrait is drawn by an enemy, yet it has many lines of truth. What Frederick's faith or unfaith may have been is a problem not to be solved by the old Franciscan chronicler or by any modern student. It is certain, however, that he acted as a man avid of life—the life of the senses and the intellect—and doubtful of compensation or penalty to come. Cruel he could be with an ingenious cruelty which outdid Roger's severities, but he was also capable of sudden and splendid magnanimity. Unscrupulous he was at times, but he had to deal often with unscrupulous opponents, and the man who kept Hermann von Salza as his lifelong friend and supporter was not the

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perfidious monster of Guelph representations. Of his personal licence there is no doubt. He lived like an Eastern sultan and—unfortunate though the fact may be ethically—his brilliant bastards were the support of a throne shaken by his legitimate son. Jamsilla, the Ghibelline, has only praise for the Emperor as a great and noble prince, patron of science and letters, lover of justice yet dispenser of mercy, unconquered during his glorious life. He, too, has seen and shown truth, though but partial truth.

Forerunner alike of the Renaissance and the Reformation, herald of intellectual light and spiritual revolt, insatiable in labour, in speculative thought, in sensual pleasure, filling with light song or grave study the pauses in his strenuous life of war and policy, it may surely be said of Frederick the Emperor, as of Roger the King, that “his sleep was as the waking of other men.”

DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY

ANGLICANISM SIXTY YEARS AGO

The Story of W. J. E. Bennett, Founder of St Barnabas', Pimlico, and Vicar of Froome-Selwood, and of his part in the Oxford Church Movement of the Nineteenth Century. By F. Bennett, M.A. Longmans. 1909.

Letters of John Mason Neale, D.D. Selected and Edited by his Daughter. Longmans. 1910.

THE biographies of the leaders and prominent followers of the Anglo-Catholic revival are so numerous, that it might have been thought that, at any rate so far as the pioneers were concerned, there was little more to be done; but the few whose memories take them back to the middle of the last century were conscious that a gap yet remained which must be filled before the records were complete. It was not indeed until four years back that the biography of John Mason Neale—who, by his stories of Church history and his exquisite translations of Latin hymns, greatly advanced the literary and devotional aspect of the movement—was published; the volume of his Letters, which adds much to our knowledge of a critical period, has only lately been issued. But until now we have had no adequate account of the life and work of William James Early Bennett, the founder of St Barnabas', Pimlico—the church whose severe spire meets the gaze of the railway passenger on the right of the lines leaving Victoria Station; although to him and his church, more than to any other combination, is due the standard of worship which now prevails in Anglican churches. “His story,” as his son and biographer rightly says, “is an essential part of the story of the Oxford Movement”; he was “one of the most prominent of those whose work it was to carry the teachings of the Oxford leaders into the practical daily life of men; his life is a factor not to be neglected in the history of the Church of England in the nineteenth century.” As with Bennett,

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so with his church. Skinner, who succeeded him at St Barnabas', wrote, thirty years afterwards, that

with the consecration of St Barnabas' commenced the second stage of the wonderful movement which is still in its full vigour of reviving the spiritual life of the Church of England;*

and no one who has kept pace with the history and development of the movement will consider these claims excessive. Yet they have been largely overlooked both by friend and foe;† and the volume before us, with information from other sources, suggests that the present is a fitting opportunity for presenting some account of the period so intimately associated with Bennett and St Barnabas, and, incidentally, of the position of Anglicanism at the time.

Born at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where his father was on military service, Bennett was educated at Westminster School, whence he went to Oxford in 1823. Here he pursued the ordinary course, apparently without distinction, taking his B.A. degree in 1827 and his M.A. in 1829. Contemporary with him at Oxford were Newman, Pusey, Hurrell Froude and Robert Wilberforce—Keble was then away; but his biographer says there is no reason to suppose that Bennett was acquainted with any of these future leaders. Nor does he seem to have followed their teaching, for in his sermons on the Eucharist, published in 1837, when he was minister of Portman Chapel—his first sole charge—

he thinks that the doctrine of the Presence in the Sacrament, as taught by the Church of England, approaches more nearly to that of Calvin than any other of the Continental Reformers, "the Bread and Wine signifying, not being in reality, but signifying in a spiritual manner, the Body and Blood of the Saviour of the

* *Memoir of James Skinner*, 93.

† We find no mention of either in M. Thureau-Dangin's important volumes on *La Renaissance Catholique in Angleterre au XIX^e siècle*; nor, to take an example from a very different quarter, does Mr Walter Walsh refer to either in his so-called "*Secret*" *History of the Oxford Movement*.

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World." So once more, "There is, therefore, the Presence of Christ, but it would seem that the presence depends, and the reception *verily and indeed*, depends not on the Consecrating words of the priest who gives, but on the faith of him who receives" (p. 34).

It was not until 1842 that Bennett publicly professed his adherence to the views then known as Puseyite; but in the remarkable *Farewell Letter to the Parishioners of St Paul's, Knightsbridge*, published after his resignation of St Barnabas', he tells us that he had long been in sympathy with them. His *Guide to the Holy Eucharist*, published in that year, shows a marked advance upon his earlier sermons; in it

he advocates confession and the mixed chalice, and wishes the Prayer of offering the Sacrifice were joined to the Prayer of Consecration as of old. Already he was abused as a follower of Newman, Keble and Pusey (p. 35).

Bennett also tells us in his *Letter* that his becoming "an open and professed advocate of what was then generally denominated the Oxford School of Divinity" was due to the Charge of the Bishop of London (Blomfield) in the year named, in which

the learned and pious men . . . [who had] mainly contributed to the progress which has been made during the last few years towards a full and exact observance of the Church's rubrical injunctions, as well as to a better understanding of the foundations and proportions of her polity and the natural value of her discipline

received qualified commendation. To this Charge, destined to produce results which its author could not have anticipated, it will constantly be necessary to recur.*

* For some of the facts quoted I am indebted to the admirable account of the Anglican movement—the most compendious and comprehensive which has yet been published—which was presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, usually known as the Ritual Commission, in 1904. It is to be regretted that so useful a summary should be buried in a Blue-book.

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In order to understand what follows, it is necessary to know something of the standard of worship in the Church of England in 1843, for it was in that year that Bennett became "perpetual curate" of St Paul's, Knightsbridge—then a new church, of which he was the first minister. As long ago as 1800, the Bishop of Rochester (Horsley) had, in a well-known Charge, suggested that Holy Communion should be celebrated four times annually in all churches, the inference being that at that period celebrations were even less frequent. Quarterly Communion appear to have been the rule in 1842, for Blomfield, in his Charge of that date, spoke of them as if they were the general practice, and urged upon his clergy a more frequent celebration. Early Communion were almost unknown in the first quarter of the century. A writer in the *Christian Remembrancer* for 1841, summed up a long account of the condition of the churches by saying:

Many of the churches in small parishes of the rural districts are more like monuments of some effete and almost forgotten superstition, lingering only in the prejudices of a rude and ignorant peasantry, than edifices meet for the service of the most high God.

It was in 1842 that Faber concluded his *Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches* with a striking passage, in which "the Stranger," who had been taken "all over the land throughout the parishes," taking "strict note of all he saw and heard," said: "You have led me through a land of closed churches and hushed bells, of unlighted altars and unstoled priests: is England beneath an Interdict?"

Newman's even more remarkable summary of the state of things ecclesiastical before the advent of *The Christian Year*, and of the changes produced by the influence of that work is well known. In 1843 John Wilson Croker, in the *Quarterly Review*, referred to daily service, preaching in the surplice, the use of credences, baptism during the service, as novel usages which were being introduced,

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besides what he terms "fooleries"—altar candles, even when unlighted; bowing to the altar; and the eastward position, his account of which shows, as Dr Davidson points out, "that a man who was studying the subject had never seen at that date a service where the eastward position was taken." When Bennett went to St Paul's, in the year in which Croker's article was published,

he stood at the north end of the altar until the Prayer of Consecration, then he went to the front of the altar and stood so that the "manual acts" might be seen. During the last five years at St Paul's he used the eastward position throughout (p. 195).*

It may be worth while to add one or two episcopal utterances of the period. Perhaps the most striking are from Blomfield's Charge of 1842—noteworthy because this Charge was denounced by the then dominant Low Church party and by the *Record*, then a paper of influence, for its supposed Tractarian tendencies.† It must be remembered that this was delivered before the secession of Newman and his followers, and that the panic exhibited after that event had not set in. Oakeley, at Margaret Street Chapel, had introduced not only a cross and candles on the altar but also flowers; he had also published a little book called *Flores Ecclesiæ*, in which was advocated the cultivation of flowers for Church decoration, and a number of purely fanciful dedications of certain plants to certain saints was given. It was doubtless to this that Blomfield referred when he said:

I strongly disapprove of the practice which, as I am informed, has been adopted by a few of the clergy, of decorating the Com-

* Even in 1851 this position, now so general, was but seldom adopted. Writing in that year to a friend who had been in trouble in consequence of the practice, Pusey said: "I was not ritualist enough to know until the other day that the act of turning had any special meaning in the Consecration. And it certainly seemed against the rubric that the Consecration should take place so that they cannot see it. Dear Newman consecrated to the last of his Consecrations at the north end of the altar."—*Life of Pusey*, iv, 210.

† See *Memoir*, pp. 247 seq.

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munion table with flowers; and especially when that decoration is varied from day to day, so as to have some fanciful analogy to the history of the saint who is commemorated. This appears to me to be something worse than frivolous, and to approach very nearly the honours paid by the Church of Rome to deified sinners(!)*

Even more striking, and presenting far more forcibly the difference from the present-day Anglicanism, is the following, from the same Charge :

It is a subject of still deeper concern that any of our body, though but few, should evince a desire and longing to revert, not merely to some of the outward ceremonies, but to the devotional formularies of the Church of Rome; that they should speak disparagingly and disrespectfully of our Liturgy, and prepare men of ardent feelings and warm imaginations for a return to the Romish Mass book, by publishing for daily use devotions and homilies taken from authors of that Church, and embodying not a few of its superstitions and unscriptural doctrines and practices; that they should recommend, or justify, under any qualification, prayers or addresses to saints, which began in poetry and ended in idolatry; intercessions for the dead, which our Church, by her formal discontinuance of them, has implicitly forbidden, and which tend directly to the notion of purgatory and auricular confession, a practice utterly unknown in the primitive Church, one of the most fearful abuses of that of Rome, and the source of unspeakable abominations.†

Nor was the use of the Primitive Church—still less that of the first six centuries, now largely claimed as authoritative—regarded by Blomfield as justifying those who appealed to it for sanction :

Prayers for the dead, twice immersion in Baptism, the kiss of peace in the Eucharist, the mixing of water with wine in the chalice—all these were undoubtedly ancient customs, if not all of primitive antiquity; but they are not recognized by our own Church, and they are, therefore, not to be practised by its ministers You are not to take as your rule and model in this respect the early Church, nor the primitive Church; but the Church of

* *Ib.* p. 240.

† *Ib.* p. 242.

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England, as she speaks in plain and obvious cases by her Rubric and Canons, in doubtful and undecided ones by her Bishops.

It is not quite clear from the memoir or from Bennett's often-quoted *Letter* whether, as seems probable, he introduced daily matins and evensong and a weekly celebration of Holy Communion as soon as he entered on his duties at St Paul's. By 1846, however, he had instituted the daily offices, at which the prayers were recited in monotone, and a surpliced choir. In 1848 he added an early celebration of Holy Communion, which up to then had followed the eleven o'clock matins; from this it is evident that "fasting communion," now so general among Anglicans, can then hardly have existed; "non-communicating attendance" was in those days, and indeed until a much later period, practically unheard of.

This seems to have been the extent of Bennett's ritual observances up to 1848, but it had already been sufficient to arouse the indignation of an "aggrieved parishioner," and, incredible as it may seem in these days, the intervention of the Bishop. The monotoning of the prayers was denounced as "unedifying and often unintelligible," and the complainant withdrew himself from the Church, fearful that the "errors" which he had "with grief witnessed" "would embue in [his] youthful family Romish doctrine." The Bishop summoned Bennett to an interview, expressing his "fear that [he was] carrying things too far," and the latter, with his four curates, addressed a letter to Blomfield, assuring him that if the monotoning had been unintelligible "it has arisen from some accidental or momentary imperfection, and not from any purpose or principle." It is amusing to contrast the episcopal attitude of sixty years ago with that nowadays adopted towards complainants by Anglican Bishops.

By 1849 ritual had advanced further, as we learn from a second letter of complaint, dated January 30, wherein the wearing of the surplice in the pulpit,

the display of ornaments on the Communion table, its several *dresses** for different occasions, the high candlesticks, *bouquets* of

*Italics of original.

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flowers on the feast days, the credence-table becoming every Sunday a cause for the procession, often of five priests, of the Elements, much resembling the procession of the Host in Popish churches . . . most especially is the choral service objected to; it would seem quite clear that it was *never* meant for Parochial Churches. (*Letter*, p. 37.)

In support of his last objection the complainant was able to cite no less a person than the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, in answer to a similar complaint, had said—

Especially I regret the introduction into our parish churches of a mode of worship which, however proper and suitable to our cathedrals, appears too artificial and elaborate for simple devotion;

and Blomfield in his reply “greatly questions the expediency of introducing that mode of celebrating Divine Service into our parochial churches.”

It was in the latter part of this year that the relations between Bennett and his bishop became further strained by a correspondence on the subject of prayer for the dead. It was the year of the last visitation of cholera; and Bennett, who himself “had long been in the habit of praying for the souls of the departed,” suggested such prayers “as one source of consolation in the raging of the pestilence,” and issued a form for private use in which occurred the words, “For the souls of those departed in the faith of Thy holy Name, that they may have their perfect consummation and bliss, we beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.”

This was at once denounced by a paper, “noted,” says Bennett, “for its unscrupulous opposition of everything Catholic and good”^{*}—presumably the *Record*—and Blomfield wrote a letter which led to a correspondence occupying sixteen pages of small print. Bennett made an admirable defence of his position, in which, however, he says that, “it is not a doctrine to be put forth

^{*}This, and following quotations, where not otherwise indicated, are from Bennett's *Farewell Letter*, already cited.

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ad populum”—an expression he subsequently explained to mean “not to be put forth in sermons, or treated controversially as a subject of discussion . . . and, moreover, because of the vulgar idea of its connexion with Purgatory, as taught in the Roman Communion and forbidden in ours.” In support of his view he quoted a catena of Anglican authorities; but Blomfield was inexorable:

The authorities which you have adduced [he says] have no weight with me in opposition to the plain and acknowledged judgment of the Church of England. . . . That the mind of the Church is against the use of such prayers is clearly shown by the fact of her having carefully excluded them from the place which they once occupied in her Liturgy, and by the condemnation of them in the Homilies.

and later:

You state that Prayer for the Departed forms a part of every Liturgy throughout the world! I answer, it does *not* form a part of the Liturgy of the Church of England; having been studiously, and of set purpose, excluded from it by the framers and revisers of that Liturgy. The contrast seems to me to be conclusive, as to the duty incumbent upon the Ministers of the Church of England, *not* to recommend prayer for the dead.

Here the matter rested, and the Form of Prayer was not withdrawn.*

* It is interesting to compare this utterance of the then Bishop of London with that of the present occupant of the same See in a sermon delivered at All Saints', Margaret Street, on May 27, 1909, as reported in the *Church Times*:

“It is quite true that in our own liturgy the prayers for those who have passed away are rather implicit than explicit; and perhaps some day, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, the Church will be, as a Church, guided to bring back some of the beautiful ancient prayers breathed of old over the departed, into our services. But meanwhile, can we ask for more than is allowed now and even encouraged in this diocese? We breathed over your late priest as he lay dead in church here—‘Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest, and let light everlasting shine upon him.’ Every church is allowed to give out in the liturgy this distinct notice: ‘Let us remember before God the faithful departed, and specially N. or M.’ I say that no Catholic Churchman has any right to complain that the memory or the presence of the faithful

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We now arrive at the events which led to the close of Bennett's London career. The exigencies of space and the scope of this article have, perhaps, combined to make it appear that he was a somewhat self-willed ecclesiastic, firm in the conviction of the absolute rightness of his own opinions and impatient of authority. But such a conclusion would be erroneous; indeed, it is certain that, had this been his character, the results of his work would have been very different from what they were. The strength of the Anglican movement, as soon as it emerged from the study, in which its foundations were laid, has always been in its practical work, and especially in devotion to the poor. It is not without significance that the term "Father," adopted from ourselves—for it was not the pre-Reformation use—as a term for the clergy in general, should have been accepted by the world at large as the prefix to such names as Lowder, Dolling and Stanton. It is sometimes asserted that the Anglican clergy are not in touch with the poor, but the very position of so many of the leading advanced churches in the slums of our towns is sufficient evidence to the contrary; and, if we remember aright, some time back Canon Barnett admitted that in the East End the advanced Anglican Churches were the only ones which secured a congregation. It was in accordance with this admirable characteristic that Bennett was no sooner established at St Paul's than he became convinced of the necessity of providing spiritual facilities for the southern portion of his district. St Paul's had provided only for "Belgrave Square";

it arose with all the odious system of pews and pew-rents; the rich exclusiveness of the fashionable and great, as though a man could not pray unless he were locked in and fenced round with a wooden box, and as though he could not adore his God unless he were safe from the intrusion of his brother*

departed are now left out of our services in the Church of England to-day—at any rate in this diocese." The limitation of teaching on this subject to the diocese of London is worthy of note.

* *Octave Sermons at St Barnabas*, preface, p. ix, in which Bennett gives a full account of the growth and completion of his work.

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and this necessity he urged upon his congregation with such success that the buildings connected with St Barnabas' were begun in 1846, and the church was consecrated by Bishop Blomfield on the feast of the patron Saint (June 11), 1850.

The year 1850 was a turning-point, not only in the life of Bennett, but also in the history of both Catholic and Anglican churches. There is no need to traverse familiar ground, for the records of the period are ample and the main facts well known. It was the year of the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy, and of the Gorham Judgement, which was followed by the secession of Manning and his followers. It is clear that Bennett was seriously affected by the Judgement, for on March 12 he interviewed Blomfield and told him his "misgivings of mind concerning the Church generally, concerning Dr Hampden, concerning Mr Gorham." "Orders were given to the architect to stay the whole proceedings; for one whole week the works of St Barnabas' stood still."

How could the Bishop tolerate me [he says in his *Letter*] so far as to combine with me in its various works, and dedicate it to the service of God with solemn public prayers, he at the very time having found fault with me so many years for so many different things, and now, lastly, for unsound doctrine in Prayers for the Dead? And how could I, with my own strong opinions on the subject of the Church's stain of heresy,* conscientiously remain to minister therein?

But the interview relieved Bennett's mind, and the position which seemed to present insuperable difficulties was acquiesced in both by him and his Bishop. It was in the vestry of St Paul's, it should be remembered, that the memorable meeting had just been held, under Manning's presidency, at which Bennett was present, when it was decided that the Church of England, by the Gorham Judgement, had forfeited its authority as a divine teacher; this declaration, however, was so far modified at a subse-

* Bennett in a previous passage had spoken of "the heresy of the whole Church" i.e. of England.

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quent meeting as to leave a loophole for those who decided to remain in it.*

It was in the midst of the excitement caused by the Gorham decision, and a week after Neale had written to one friend, "You have no idea of the fearful state of the High Church party" and to another, "It seems to me that every one is going to Rome,"† that Bishop Blomfield consecrated St Barnabas'.

It is not easy, at this distance of time, to realize the position which this church and its founder occupied at the period of its consecration. Bennett was then, to quote a contemporary newspaper, "the most distinguished Tractarian in London," and through his influence there was brought together at St Barnabas' a wealth of ornament unknown to any church that had been built since the Reformation. A highly decorated chancel, with piscina, aumbry, sedilia and credence; a rood screen with brass gates, an altar of stone, "painted glass in every window," a jewelled cross, "the holy vessels for the altar," an "illuminated and jewelled office-book," altar candlesticks, "altar cloths and other holy ornaments for altar use, and carpets manifold"—such were some of the features which characterized this new departure in church building, which, moreover, was the first in which all the seats were free and open to the first comer. All this was known to Blomfield, for, with commendable prudence, Bennett invited him to visit the church, when "every particular was set before him without any attempt at concealment or disguise," and he "minutely examined all in the church." He did not like the screen, but said, "So long as there was no rood, he did not mind;" and Bennett subsequently persuaded him that "a plain wooden cross" was not a rood,‡ and obtained the

* Purcell, *Life of Manning*, i, 528.

† *Letters of J. M. Neale*, pp. 142, 143.

‡ Bennett's interpretation of the term rood was ingenious rather than accurate: "A rood is the image of our Blessed Lord on the Cross, and there is generally placed on one side of it the image of St John, and that of the Blessed Virgin on the other. This, of course, I knew would never be

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Bishop's permission to have it. The only point to which objection was permanently made was to the presence of flowers on the altar, although it appears he had allowed these at St Paul's. It is thus not too much to say that the mode of worship inaugurated at St Barnabas' differed as much from that then in vogue in the Church of England as that of the most advanced ritualistic church of the present day does from that of St Barnabas' in 1850.

In view of his antecedent and subsequent action, it will always be a matter of astonishment that Blomfield should have consecrated the church. But he was a weak man, with certain personal prepossessions—notwithstanding the passages which have been quoted from his Charge—in favour of the decencies of worship. Moreover, it can hardly be doubted that he was partly influenced by the fear which has dominated, and still dominates, many of his episcopal brethren—the fear that repression and opposition would drive to “Rome” those whose allegiance to the Establishment was based on its claim to rank as part of the Catholic Church. Compromise has always been of the essence of the Church of England, which, in Newman's day, was constantly designated the *via media*—i.e. between Protestantism and Rome; and the word occurs with amusing frequency in the evidence of the present Bishop of London, in whose diocese it seems to have a recognized and accepted meaning, before the Ritual Commission of 1905.*

The opening of St Barnabas' was marked by an octave of services, which until then had had no parallel in post-Reformation times, although, judged by present-day standards, they were simple enough. Yet the procession of the surpliced chanting choir, with the clergy in their

tolerated in an English Church”—a remark which shows how little this pioneer of ritual observance anticipated the extent of its development.

*e.g. “If I cannot get a church in on one compromise, I try it on another, that is to say, finding two compromises existing, if a church will not come in on any terms on the one compromise, then I have allowed them to come in on the other compromise.”—Answer 20820. See also Answer 20749.

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university hoods, surplices and black scarves,* and the bishop in his "magpie," was the prototype of the wonderful function at All Saints', Margaret Street, last year on the occasion of its jubilee, with processional lights and crucifix, copes and banners and incense, and bishop with cope and mitre and pastoral staff; just as the simple partly-choral Eucharist,† with surpliced, hooded and black-stoled clerics, was the forerunner of the gorgeous "high mass" now celebrated weekly in churches up and down the land. If such developments took place in sixty years, what may not another sixty bring forth?

There was a daily Eucharist throughout the Octave—that at the consecration was celebrated by Blomfield himself—and sermons were preached twice daily by leading High Churchmen: Manning—the shadow of the great coming change already over him—was, it is said, to have preached each evening, but delivered only one discourse; Henry Wilberforce, Pusey, Keble, Neale, Paget, Eden and Upton Richards were among them.‡ The Gregorian chant, in the version of Helmore's pioneer work, *The Psalter Noted*, then just published, was used at every service, and the *Coelestis urbs* in Irons's wonderful translation—made in haste, we are told, for the occasion and "set to the ancient melody was," says a newspaper account, "very happily introduced, and joined in by the congregation with a heartiness which showed how well

* The "chaplain's scarf," then in general use, which became gradually narrowed into the ecclesiastical stole. This was at first quite plain; then crosses appeared at the back of the neck and at the ends; then by degrees the colour of stole appropriate to the season made its appearance. These first came into prominence at the consecration of St Michael's, Shoreditch, when the Bishop of London (Tait) turning to those of the clergy who were wearing them, said, "I must ask you to take off those ribbons, gentlemen." The history of the development of the stole is that of the whole movement in miniature.

† It would seem that only the *Sanctus* and *Gloria in excelsis* were sung.

‡ These sermons were republished at once in a volume, the preface to which gives a full account of the history and consecration of the Church. The Bishops of London and Oxford, who preached also on the occasion, refused to allow their discourses to appear in the book.

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adapted such hymns are, with their legitimate melodies, to the use of the English Church." "It is probable," says the same account, evidently from a friendly hand, "that the great majority of those who were privileged to attend these services had no idea that the ritual of the English Church could be invested with such solemn grandeur." Who could have foreseen that in five months' time the same church would be filled by a seething mob, bent on destruction?

The storm set in with astonishing rapidity. Three weeks after Blomfield had, at the dinner which followed the consecration, "proposed in a glowing eulogy the health of Mr Bennett," had complimented him on his successful efforts to furnish so complete a provision for the spiritual wants of the neighbourhood, and had said "with the greatest sincerity" that he had "experienced the highest gratification in coming among them," he wrote to Bennett a letter which, "with very great pain," he felt himself "compelled to address in the language of complaint and remonstrance:" in this the first complaint is with regard to the adoption of the eastward position. Bennett's answer remained unacknowledged for three months, during which period the so-called "Papal Aggression" had taken place, and the nation was worked up to a high pitch of anti-papal excitement.* There can be little doubt that Blomfield's letter of October 18 was influenced by the popular attitude, and by the attacks that had been made upon him for his supposed sympathy with the Tractarians. In this he tells Bennett plainly that he intends to do all in his power "to stop the tide of innovations which is flowing more and more strongly into the Church," and dismisses his pleas of justification—the question of the eastward position he considers, "set at rest by the customs of our Church"; the sign of the Cross

offends the weaker brethren by reminding them of the abominations of Popery, and wearing the semblance of a return to them.

* Of this a full account will be found in Mr Ward's *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*.

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Immediately following on this letter came the Charge delivered in St Paul's Cathedral on November 2, in which Blomfield left no doubt as to what he then thought of matters of which his consecration of St Barnabas' had seemed to indicate tolerance if not approval. He referred to the "innovations" which were being introduced; these, he said, had

in some instances been carried to such a length as to render the Church-service almost *histrionic*. I really cannot characterize by any gentler term the continual change of postures, the frequent genuflexions, the crossings, the peculiarities of dress, and some of the decorations of churches to which I allude. They are, after all, a poor imitation of the Roman ceremonial and furnish, I have no doubt, to the observant members of that church, a subject, on the one hand of ridicule, as being a faint and meagre copy of their own gaudy ritual, and, on the other hand, of exultation as preparing those who take delight in them to seek a further gratification of their tastes in the Roman Communion.

Not content with this, he charged the innovators

with the manifest purpose of assimilating the services of our Reformed Church as nearly as possible to those of the Roman;

and with leading their congregations "step by step to the very verge of the precipice."*

Two days afterwards, this last phrase was embodied by the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, † in his famous "Durham Letter," in which he gave his own version of the matters complained of by the Bishop; he spoke of "the danger to be apprehended from a foreign prince of no great power" as small "compared to the danger within the gates from the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself":

* See *Memoirs of Blomfield*, pp. 315-319.

† It is amusing to learn that Russell had been specially commended to Bennett's care by Blomfield, when appointing him to Portman Chapel. "Mind you make a good Churchman of Lord John Russell," said the Bishop. "I'll try," was Bennett's reply.—*Memoirs of James Skinner*, p. 67.

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But I rely with confidence on the people of England, and I will not bate a jot of heart or hope so long as the glorious principles and the immortal martyrs of the Reformation shall be held in reverence by a nation which looks with contempt on the mummeries of superstition, and with scorn at the endeavours which are now being made to confine the intellect and enslave the soul.

The attack was renewed a week later at the Lord Mayor's banquet, when, although the Papal Aggression was the main text for the speeches, references which could not be misinterpreted were made to "the simplicity of Christian worship" and the like. Russell's letter was published for distribution at half-a-crown a hundred: "it filled," says Greville, "with stupid and fanatical enthusiasm all the Protestant bigots and stimulated their rage"; the press "urged on the mob by invectives against all who symbolized with Mr Bennett." On the following Sunday, November 10, there began at St Barnabas' a series of disturbances which were only surpassed by the disgraceful proceedings twenty years later at St George's-in-the-East.

Bennett's own account of the riots is given in the *Farewell Letter*, as well as in his published "Letter to Lord John Russell on the Present Persecution of a portion of the English Church"* which must have furnished the Prime Minister with abundant food for reflection. Bennett was a most effective letter-writer, and the passages in which he brings home to Russell the responsibility for what had occurred by no means lack directness. Beginning with a description of the proceedings of the mob† collected from all parts of London—"non parishioners";‡

* The fullest account will be found in the *Life*, pp. 97—121.

† The mob included "nominal gentlemen from (it was supposed) the National Club."

‡ The writer, may, perhaps, be excused for recording his indebtedness to this attendance of "non-parishioners." His father, who was present on the Sunday when Bennett preached his memorable sermon, was so impressed that he became a devoted attendant at St Barnabas': to the

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of the regular congregation who "dared not" attend for fear of violence; of the hundred constables required to keep the mob from violence; of the church and vicarage, guarded day and night—he asks the question, "Who has done it?" and at once supplies the answer. Having summarized Russell's action, he says:

You might as well have laid a train of gunpowder from Chesham Place stretching along the streets to St Barnabas' Church, and then put into the hands of your friends, "the people," a torch and have said, "Now you know where the mischief is"; and then have expected that the torch would not have been applied to the train.

The riots culminated on December 8, when Bennett preached a sermon principally addressed to the strangers and intruders. For a full report of this striking discourse and the circumstances attendant on its delivery, reference must be made to the *Life*. In the opinion of Sir Frederick Ouseley—one of the first curates of St Barnabas—who was present, "that sermon alone saved the church from destruction and preserved the lives of some at least among the clergy and choir." By a happy inspiration, Bennett abandoned the sermon he had prepared, and preached extempore—in those days written sermons were the rule, and those of us who can recall some of the earlier efforts at extempore preaching will remember our regret when they were abandoned—taking for his subject the natural one for the second Sunday of Advent—the Day of Judgement. The sermon was worthy of the occasion, and the mob was quelled, and although even after Bennett's resignation special constables were in attendance, the serious aspect of the riots had ceased.

The conduct of Blomfield during the whole of this distressing period was as contemptible as Bennett's was plucky. He not only addressed no word of sympathy to the victims of the position for which he was doubly responsible—first by his approval and secondly by his teaching there received the writer attributes (under God) his conversion to the Catholic Church.

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denunciation of the work at St Barnabas'—but, when the persecution was at its height, called upon Bennett to abandon the practices complained of or to carry out the offer of resignation which in a rash moment he had made. Bennett replied to the former request that he was not prepared to make any alteration while “under external pressure from a mob and under threats of bodily violence,” and as a result of further correspondence again offered to resign his charge. The offer was accepted, and Bennett for a time withdrew from the scene. The bishop at once desired twelve changes in the ritual at St Barnabas', most of which were made. The eastward position was abandoned; the black gown superseded the surplice in the pulpit; the prayers were said from a desk outside the screen, not in the choir-stalls; the choir and clergy were allowed to enter in procession, but “the clergy were not to go up to the altar carrying the vessels in their hands: one of the numerous complainants had described this as the Romish procession of the Host!”; the altar flowers were discontinued, so was the invocation before the sermon. The bishop's insistence on a red altar cloth for all seasons alike, this being the general custom throughout the country at the time, was accepted at St Paul's, but withstood at St Barnabas', as to which there is an amusing letter from Skinner, who was placed in charge there by Liddell, who had succeeded Bennett at St Paul's.*

So far Blomfield would seem to have scored, and for the time he did so. The No-Popery scare had taken possession of the country. Neale wrote to Webb, “Certainly Tractarianism, if anything ever was, is unpopular.” Yet the very action taken by the bishop drew attention to the more recent developments of the Oxford teaching;

* *Life of James Skinner*, p. 80. In the same volume are other indications that the bishop's demands, conceded at St Paul's, were withstood at St Barnabas'—among them the abandonment of chanting the *Sanctus* and *Gloria in excelsis* in the communion service, of the turning east at the *Gloria Patri* (this was subsequently abandoned), and of flowers on the altar at any season.

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the younger men who had come under the influence of Pusey and his immediate followers were entering into public life; the laity in increasing numbers were attracted by the earnestness of the more advanced clergy, by the reasonableness of their views, the devotion of their lives and the warmth of their services, and themselves took part not only in these but in an active propaganda of the opinions they indicated. In spite of defections, the High Church party held on its way, with the result which we all know. Who can conceive the possibility of an Anglican bishop of the present day even putting forward such requirements as those which sixty years ago represented the norm of Anglican worship?

It has been hinted that shortly before the consecration of St Barnabas' Bennett was unsettled as to the position of the Church of England, and it is evident that after the events above summarized, his position again presented to him serious difficulties. In one of the farewell sermons which he preached at St Barnabas' in the week preceding the Annunciation, 1851—the day on which he formally resigned his charge—he asks questions which many have asked themselves and have received widely differing answers:

Is Baptismal Regeneration, as taught by the Catholic Church, the doctrine of the English Church, or is it not?

Is the doctrine of the Eucharistic Real Presence of the Lord's Body and Blood, and the sacrifice therein, as taught by the Catholic Church, the doctrine of the English Church, or is it not?

Are the rites, ordinances, and ceremonies of the Church of England to be modelled after the universal primitive custom, so that we may hold identity with the rest of Christendom as worshippers of the same God, in the same mode; or are we to be cut off in this, as in doctrine, and made insular, solitary, and single, in the great Christian family?

He speaks of those who

come daily to say: We know not what the Church of England is, what she means, what she desires:

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and sums up the position in words which, notwithstanding the progress which has been made in the Catholic direction, are as true now as they were then :

Every priest is obliged to form a sort of a Church of his own in his own parish, and we are fast dwindling away into mere congregationists. Worshipers at one church will not worship in another church. They cannot; the modes of worship are so utterly opposed Instead of the faithful obedience of the whole people to the Apostolic and Catholic doctrine of the Church—as a Church—it is the following of Paul, of Cephias, and of Apollos, within the very precincts of a fold, nominally professing that they hold in the three Creeds and the Œcumenical Councils, the united Catholic Church, as vital to their salvation. . . . Truth cannot be double. Direct contradictions cannot be held in the same Church. All reasonable men must see this. . . . The double-minded Church is (as the Apostle says of a man) “unstable in all her ways.” The thoughtful and the faithful will not trust her. The effect must very shortly be such utter confusion of the faith as to endanger the positive salvation of multitudes of souls.

It is but fair to add that Bennett remained conscientiously convinced that the Anglican position was tenable, and that the claims of Rome could not be conceded. In the *Old Church Porch*, which he established after he had left London, he himself wrote the chapters on Rome in the series of papers on the “Church’s Broken Unity,” and the present writer can testify that in one case at least Romeward leanings were for a time checked by these papers and by F. W. Faber’s sermons on the same question.

The subsequent career of Bennett does not come within the scope of this paper: save at its commencement it was comparatively uneventful. At the end of 1851 he was presented by the Marchioness of Bath to the living of Frome Selwood in Somersetshire. That appointment was furiously assailed; the bishop was appealed to, five of the clergy of the parish being among the appellants; and the matter was brought before the House of Commons by the typical Protestant member of Parliament, whose

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name at the period was Horsman, who said that he had not found

even in the Oxford Tracts, abounding as they do in awful errors, anything in the way of false doctrine more pernicious than in Mr Bennett's published sermons.

A Select Committee was appointed to consider the position, but the matter fizzled out, and after the issue of a "pastoral letter," full of sound sense, to his new parishioners, Bennett settled down to his thirty-four years' work at Frome. He soon acquired commanding influence, restored his church on the most advanced lines and adopted a high type of liturgical worship, entirely ignoring the various rulings which dealt with ritual matters. Here he died on August 17, 1886, and here he was buried—the churchyard cross, which he had brought from St Barnabas', being, by his express desire, considered as his only monument.

Of St Barnabas' it must suffice to say that the church, under successive administrations, steadily developed in the direction of ritual observance, although, owing to the great advance in this direction of other and newer churches, it never resumed its position in the forefront of the movement. It had, however, done its work; but for the battle fought by its founder the Anglican movement would never have attained the position it now occupies.

To discuss the significance of that movement or to anticipate its future does not lie within the province of this paper. But a few general considerations may be advanced which may help those among ourselves whose knowledge of the subject is gleaned from occasional paragraphs in the daily press or from futile questionings in Parliamentary reports, to understand something of the present position of those who have been successively known as High Churchmen, Tractarians, Puseyites and Ritualists.

The latest name is at once the most accurate and the

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most unjust. In as far as it indicates that the later disciples of the Oxford school teach by outward observance at the altar doctrines which their predecessors taught only through the press or from the pulpit, it is accurate enough; but if it is implied that ritual in itself is the aim and end of those who adopt it, nothing can be more unfair or untrue. There may, of course, be those who attach undue importance to externals, but this and similar defects are common to all classes and creeds. The object of ritual among Anglicans, as among ourselves, is to add dignity to divine worship, and thereby to increase the devotion of the worshippers, and who will say that this object has not been attained? At the present moment the view obtaining in some quarters that the mass vestments may be tolerated on the ground that they mean nothing in particular, is indignantly repudiated by those who wear them. Lowder—who manifested at St Barnabas', where he became curate immediately after the crisis, the devotion to the poor which made him loved at London Docks, and whose funeral procession through the streets to London Bridge Station, with lights and chants and vested clergy, will long be a memory in the East End—cared nothing for ritual *in se*, but everything for it as a means of instructing the ignorant among whom he worked. Nothing can be more foolish than to assume that Anglican clergymen wear vestments because they like "dressing up"; and that this is manifest even to those who still maintain what was at one time a popular charge, is evident from the fact that in the same breath they accuse the wearers of wishing to introduce "Romish" doctrine.

Anything like an appreciation of the present position of the advance in the Catholic direction would also be out of place; but one or two criteria may be given. Few can be expected to wade through the bulky Blue-books of nearly two thousand pages which contain the evidence taken before the Ritual Commission in 1904; but the Report in which this is summed up should be in the possession of all who would know something of present-day

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Anglicanism. The Report, which is signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and three Bishops, as well as by representative lawyers and others, is remarkable no less for what it tolerates than for what it condemns. Those who remember the days when St Barnabas' was the Mecca of the High Churchman will gasp when they find among the subjects discussed the use of the Eucharistic vestments; of Mass accessories, including wafer bread, the Confiteor and the Sanctus bell; of incense, portable lights, holy water, images, and of such services as the Blessing of Palms, Tenebræ, Stations of the Cross, Mass of the Pre-sanctified, Benediction, and the Rosary; and will be even more astonished that only the last three are denounced by the Commissioners as "clearly inconsistent with and subversive of the teaching of the Church of England" and "illegal," with an expression of opinion "that these practices should receive no toleration." How far this condemnation has been effectual, those who are intimately acquainted with current controversial literature and with the practices in Anglican convents can judge.

Apart from the use of Churches which may be regarded as "extreme," the general advance has been at least equally striking. *The Tourist's Church Guide* was issued by the English Church Union from 1882 to 1901 as a guide to churches where a more or less High Church service might be found. Unfortunately it was used not only by sympathizers but by those who found it a handy indicator of places where trouble might be created, and its issue was therefore discontinued.* Here are the figures for 1882 and 1888-9; those for the former year should be taken in connection with the information already given for the year 1850:

	1882	1898-99
Number of Churches given in the Guide . . .	2581	8183
Churches having a daily Celebration of the Holy Eucharist	123	613

* It has now been resumed, but without "ritual" indications.

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Churches in which the Eucharistic Vestments are worn	335	2026
Churches in which Incense is used	9	381
Churches in which Altar Lights at the Euchar- ist are used.	581	4334
Churches in which the priest takes the "East- ward Position."	1662	7044

"There is no reason to suppose," says the correspondent to whom we are indebted for these figures, "that the progress since then has been in any way checked."

There is, however, another side to the question. The table of figures quoted above is so impressive that there is some danger of exaggerating their importance. It must be remembered that they represent only the school of Anglicanism likely to be sympathetic to members of the English Church Union, and that in an eighth of the number even so elementary an observance as the eastward position does not obtain. That even in some large towns High Churchism is still practically unrepresented is made manifest by an article in the *Church Times* of February 11, in which the writer describes his difficulties in finding in a "cotton town" any service on the Epiphany. "There is none; we are Protestants here," said the first "parish priest" interviewed, who, in reply to a further question, "Will there be a service in either of the other parishes in the town?" replied, "Very unlikely; there is no need." "Eventually I discovered that a mass would be said in one church at ten"—it is manifest that the vicar would not thus have named his service—at which four were present.

The decadence of Protestantism in the Established Church is, however, too obvious to need more than a reference. With the possible exception of the Bishop of Newcastle, no member of the episcopal bench would dream of adopting the position taken by Blomfield, or, indeed, by others at a later period. We look in vain in the Protestant ranks for preachers of eminence and influence, such as were in their day Hugh Stowell and McNeile; there are few who occupy positions of importance or who

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can be regarded as in any sense leaders of thought, and even these are for the most part conspicuously absent from Protestant "demonstrations." English Churchmen of Protestant views are driven into the fellowship of militant Nonconformists, and combine with them in societies whose *raison d'être* seems to be political or financial rather than religious, and whose attacks are directed less against Catholics than against members of the same Church.

It is this existence of contradictories in one body, which itself has no power to say that one is right and the other wrong, that, it would seem, must extinguish the hopes of those who still hope for some corporate reunion of the Church of England with the Church Catholic; and it is this knowledge that two cannot walk together unless they be agreed which has impelled many to secure reunion for themselves in the only practical way. Thus, while it cannot be doubted that the rise of Anglicanism has been accompanied by a corresponding fall in Protestantism, the right of each to cœxistence cannot be denied; and this in itself, apart from the questions of orders and jurisdiction, is sufficient, it would seem, to show that the Church of England can hardly claim to be the mouth-piece of One who "spake with authority."

What may be the ultimate result of a movement which seems to possess so many manifest marks of the Divine favour it is impossible to foresee. But in the steady advance of Catholic teaching; in the gradual breaking down of barriers, the removal of misunderstandings, the growth and development of the idea of reunion; in the willingness to consider and the anxiety to understand such matters as the position of the Holy See; and in what is, perhaps, the most hopeful of all—the recognition of the position of the Blessed Virgin in the Christian scheme and in the power of her intercession—in these indications, some of them limited at present but steadily increasing, we may surely see ground for faith, material for hope, and, above all, the need of charity.

JAMES BRITTEN

THE PEOPLE AND THE POPULACE

Liberty and Equality. By Lord Hugh Cecil. Edward Arnold. 1910.

THERE are few things more perplexing to the imagination than the actual realization of speculative principles. It often takes so long that the philosopher is laughed at as a false prophet, a visionary who lives outside the real world of facts altogether. The Duke of Wellington, dismayed at the powers given to the democracy by the proposed Bill of 1832, asked, "How is the King's Government to be carried on?" The philosopher's instinct showed itself here in a man of action. Yet the Government of the country was carried on. Able observers, when, twenty years later, the Crimean war brought into evidence the handicap of the popular system on prompt and effective governmental action, thought that then at last the truth of the Duke's words was made unmistakably manifest. We have jogged along, however, for more than half a century since the Crimea. The King's, and Queen's, government has been carried on for seventy years since the Reform Bill, although the democratic wave has not gone back but forward. The suffrage has been more and more widely extended, and yet there has been no absolute deadlock. It is partly, no doubt, that the rule of the democracy in the form which alarmed the Duke of Wellington remains in great measure a mere theory. An Oxford wit characterized the system prevailing in the sixties, before the secret voting of the ballot was introduced, as "democracy tempered by bribery and intimidation—one bad thing largely neutralized by another." And although the political influence of the educated classes in excess of their actual voting power is now less, it is still great. Such "tempering" forces ever, in fact, qualify a Constitution as it stands on paper.

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When philosophers, then, descant on the necessary effect of measures which embody certain principles, they are rash if they do so as prophets. If they prophesy they are like mathematicians who apply the first law of motion to the actual world without allowing for friction. For the forces actually at work may not be accurately gauged by them in their calculations. Yet their insistence on cause and effect may be of great utility as a warning. It may increase the "tempering" forces—for among those forces are to be reckoned the principles on which men act. It may stave off evil consequences which are, on the contrary, precipitated by the undisputed prevalence of false principles, pressing the actual Constitution towards identity with its paper symbol. If the over-ample volume of the democratic wave has been the result of ill-considered and false theorizing, temporarily checked by common-sense and the traditional habits of practical men, its evils may be more permanently tempered by insistence on true principles. A step back in legislation may be difficult or impossible. But a step back in the ill-considered speculative views which have inspired the legislature in its enactments, and still hurry it onwards to their more complete realization, may be practicable.

Lord Hugh Cecil in his Edinburgh address on Liberty and Authority takes in but two of the shibboleths of modern democrats. He says some very useful things about both. The loose thinking of the demagogues on "liberty" and "equality" receives at his hands some very important corrections. The "liberty-equality-fraternity" cry of 1789 issued in Robespierre and the guillotine—an extraordinarily rapid evidence that the equation, as worked out by the theorists, did not correspond to fact. But even now, after 120 years, we have not exactly put our fingers on all the fallacies which were responsible for the mistake. The development of the tyranny of Socialism from the democratic plea for liberty continues still in our own day the *practical* evidence that the events of '93 were no mere accident. "Liberty," as enacted by the democrats, is proved by experience to

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be, in Tennyson's words, "Freedom free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name."

But the thinkers have a good deal more to do before our diagnosis is exact of the process whereby the theory of liberty issues in the reality of tyranny, and before it is quite safe to prescribe remedies.

Lord Hugh's opposition to the exaggerated plea for liberty, best formulated by J. S. Mill, is all the more effective from his own strong individualist bias. He is an avowed opponent of the extremes of party discipline, as well as the foe of Socialism. On the other hand, his almost exclusive attention in his address to the ethical problem—to the functions of human liberty in the development of moral character, and in the choice between right and wrong—imposes limitations on his treatment.

Mill's theory was that liberty is an inherent right of all human beings. He excepted children and savages, however. But the query is obvious—at what point do you draw the line between civilized and savage? immature and mature? Surely it is all a matter of degree—different degrees of liberty are suitable for different degrees of civilization and maturity.

The truth is [writes Lord Hugh] that liberty is not a right. In this respect it differs from justice. Every human being, the savage man as well as the civilized, the child as well as the adult, is entitled to justice. Some invasions of liberty are indeed also breaches of justice; and against such the savage must be guarded. But while he must be secured justice as full and as exact as is granted to the most cultivated of men, he cannot be given as much liberty. For liberty is not a right. It is rather the essential condition of human progress as it is also in its perfection the consummation of that progress. Humanity, it may be said, is on a journey from the animal to the divine. Man, the first of animals, is also made in the image of God. As time passes he is meant more and more to be transformed into the likeness of his Creator. And the atmosphere which he must breathe thus to grow, is the air of freedom, so that in the end he may become, like his Type, perfectly free. It is absolute liberty towards which humanity is moving; and naturally those who have gone least far upon the journey are less fit for the environment of perfection than those who have gone farther.

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As man marches forward to his appointed end, he becomes more and more fit to enjoy the liberty which is one of the attributes of divinity. And the more liberty he can be given without disaster, the swifter does he move. Every restriction, every control is a hindrance. Because of his imperfection some control is necessary, but none is without ill effect. Restrictions may be compared to the bandages needed to support a strained limb. They must be used, and yet they weaken and cramp. Happy the day when one is laid aside.

The principle which I venture to suggest to you ought to be substituted for that which Mill lays down, the sound ground for maintaining liberty is that liberty is the condition of human progress, and that without it there cannot be in any true sense virtue or righteousness. Virtue is attained in proportion as liberty is attained; for virtue does not consist in doing right, but in choosing to do right. This is the great distinction, surely, between the animal and the man. The animal always does right; it cannot do wrong. But it has no virtue, for it lacks the indispensable power to choose between right and wrong.

In point of fact, for us imperfect human beings, liberty and restraint are both necessary. Restraint is educative. Mill did not realize adequately the function of liberty in turning restraints to good account. And, in turn, restraint educates us to use liberty well. This education is needed by most of us in consequence of our fallen nature. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." But human nature neither sees nor loves the best or highest in all cases, and has to be trained to do both. If our vision of right were perfect, then perfect liberty would issue in perfect virtue. But a weak will and a faulty vision, which does not rightly appreciate relative values, which does not always "see the highest" as it is, both need external aids. You guide a boy by developing his perception of right and his appreciation of virtue, and keeping him out of temptations which are beyond his strength. If his will is good but weak, you thereby gradually strengthen it. But restraint must be carefully graduated to help him towards a free choice of virtue. Else it may do the opposite. To impose restraints which do not educate him to use his liberty well may have a directly evil effect. To insist on the rule

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of life of a Trappist for one who has no vocation to it may drive him by reaction into vice. Restraint, if proportioned to his good will, would make the will better and stronger. Restraints which ignore the supreme value of a right use of liberty may damage the moral character instead of strengthening it.

Why is it [writes Lord Hugh] that a boy of the well-to-do classes has least liberty when he is at a private school, has more liberty when he goes to a public school, and has almost the complete liberty of manhood when he is at a university? Clearly it is so because the purpose is to allow him to choose between right and wrong as freely as he can without evidently worse mischief. Unless it is evidently mischievous, we wish to accustom the boy and the young man to choose between right and wrong, between what is wise and foolish; and accordingly we are constantly increasing the measure of liberty that is allowed to him, as he grows older and is more fit to use that liberty well.

Liberty then, regarded as an inherent right, indiscriminately for all, to a freedom from restraints, may lead weak wills far astray, and even destroy their capacity for choosing freely according to reason. Liberty, on the other hand, regarded as the *maximum* power of choosing the better, is the very aim of moral training, and is secured, not by freedom being granted from the first unconditionally, but by the aid of the carefully graduated action of authority.

Lord Hugh's treatment of the "equality" shibboleth is, perhaps, even more important.

Next to the teaching of the authoritarians, the most formidable error which, as it seems to me, menaces liberty is the error which is expressed in the phrase "the equality of man." It is not a little strange, I think, that equality and liberty should have become associated together in the French Revolution, and that to this day, in consequence, thoughtless people should suppose that they are both naturally parts of a common creed. For, in fact, whereas liberty is, as I have tried to argue, the very essential of human progress and growth towards an ultimate perfection, equality is an unreal delusion which never has existed and never can exist. So far from

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all men being equal, it might quite safely be said that no two men are ever equal to one another. We have but to consider any two persons whom we number among our acquaintance, to see at a glance that whatever else they are, they are not equal. In physical strength they are unequal; in mental accomplishments they are unequal; in spiritual quality they are unequal. There are no two men who are equal to one another, and to emphasize the doctrine of the equality of man is nothing else than to impose upon mankind an unreal standard; to try to force humanity into a mould into which it will not fit; and to produce in consequence evils, some of which menace the precious principle of personal liberty. Burke it was who pointed out that the insistence on equality by the French revolutionary leaders was in fact a preparation for despotism; and what was true in 1790 is always true. If authority levels what may be called the natural inequalities, if it rolls people out into a dead flat of civil and political equality, it does but make way for some inequality much more oppressive, much less easily borne, than the inequalities which are imposed by the hand of Nature or have arisen out of the inequalities so imposed. Each generation of men, themselves equal, will, under free conditions, accumulate the results of their inequalities and transmit them to the next, thus complicating and intensifying the variety and degree of inequality which is inherent in mankind. This natural tendency, like other such, needs to be restrained and controlled lest it threaten liberty. But at their worst, natural inequalities can hardly be more dangerous to liberty than the attempt forcibly to impose an artificial inequality; while duly restrained such inequalities are a precious safeguard of liberty. For their varied character limits the evils that spring from the egotism and ambition of individuals or classes, and secures by, as it were, a balance of influences, the essentials of liberty and justice.

We can see this by considering cases which are well known, and which rise to the mind almost at once. For example, if we look at France, which has insisted so strongly on the principle of equality, we find more bureaucratic interference with personal liberty than would be tolerated in this country. And we find—what is very remarkable—that the fabric of constitutional liberty is subject to most serious dangers and has been actually overthrown, because there is so little power of resistance to the central government in the provincial localities, or in the various classes of the community. When, in 1851, Napoleon III carried out the *coup d'état*,

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it was enough for him to secure Paris and the central government. There was no substantial resistance in the provinces possible; and that was because there had been no natural inequalities, or comparatively few, allowed to accumulate in France since the great revolution of 1789. Equality had been artificially imposed by the hand of authority. Accordingly, when an ingenious statesman and a knot of friends secured the control of the machinery of the State, nothing was left to the friends of liberty. They had no natural fortresses to retire into, and liberty fell without a struggle. France was politically what it was physically, a land bare of hedgerows, over which the cruel trampling of cavalry can sweep at will.

This is a very impressive exposition of the practical evils resulting from the "equality" theory. I should like to say a word more as to its fallacious theoretical basis. We hear much now of the "mandate of the people." That the will of "the people" whose benefit is the aim of all civil government should be in a sense supreme is the great and sound principle of democracy. But this supremacy is often treated by modern democrats as being obviously expressed by a vote of the people counted by heads. Here is the root of the false democracy which has confused the world in thought and in action since 1793. The fallacies contained in the supposition are obvious. Yet in many quarters it is regarded as a truism and it undoubtedly operates very powerfully in the politics of to-day. Let me insist on two instances of the confusion of thought which it involves. They will be most clearly brought out by considering the simple germ of civil society—the family or tribe. If a family or tribe has to determine what is only a matter of individual taste—whether it should live in a town or in the country, whether to adopt one fashion of dress or another, it is intelligible and reasonable to put the question to the vote and abide by the decision of the majority. But if the decision to be taken involves the well-being of the community and is not merely a matter of preference or taste—if it requires the forecasting of consequences which only experts can accurately estimate—then to decide by the majority of votes is obviously absurd.

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To put it to the vote what system of drainage or what manner of building should be adopted in the family house is an absurdity. The expert surveyor, plumber, builder, must be called into counsel. And *only those are fit to have a voice at all in the decision who see this absurdity and defer to the experts so far as reason demands it.* Here we have, I think, the ideal principle which must underlie a sound and safe democracy—that only those should have political power who are sufficiently educated to meet the test of Socrates; who know on occasion that they do not know and trust those who do. Expert knowledge cannot be expected of all. But such knowledge of their own limitations can be generally aimed at and largely achieved. Again, expert knowledge is divided among different persons. A man may immensely help in the counsels of the community in one subject, and yet be useless in another. The results of not recognizing these facts are fatal; and democracy becomes anarchical when power is exercised by a multitude of persons who have not the commonsense to realize their obvious limitations, or (be it added) the public spirit to have some regard to the general good. The real aim of democracy—popular welfare—is defeated by its fallacious counterpart—the popular whim, miscalled the will of the people.

The second principle of which I would speak may again be illustrated from the family. Let it be granted that on some points the majority must decide, that on others it can only decide safely after taking just account of expert knowledge. But it does not follow that in either case the first impulsive vote of each individual boy and girl in the family circle represents the wish of the family. The elders—those to whom long experience has brought wisdom, as well as the experts—have first to put the case clearly; to urge the lessons taught by the past; to make *pros* and *cons* fairly evident to those whose experience is small. Here we have the rationale of political education and of a second chamber as safeguarding the sound root-principle of democracy, namely that the *real* will of the people, when they know the relevant facts, should prevail.

These principles which the French democracy of 1793

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ignored, starting as it did from false abstract theorising, English democracy largely admits in practice by virtue of its genesis, for "Constitutional progress in our country might be described," says Lord Hugh Cecil, "not in the common phrase as the transference of power from an aristocracy to a democracy, but as the constant extension of an aristocracy until it has included almost the whole people."

This is a growth according to Nature, not the artificial creation of a theory with all the risks of fallacy and the neglect of experimental tests to which theorising is liable. It is empirical and not *a priori*. It is based, not on an abstract principle of equal rights for all, but on a right for all, in so far as they show themselves to be fitted by education, to be admitted to some useful part in legislation—not to an equal part, but a part proportioned to their capacity. Thus we get to know the will of the *people* as an organized whole—not merely the passing impressions of the more ignorant section of it which is nearly always numerically greater. The will of "the people" is not identical with the emotions and desires of "the populace"—of the proverbially "fickle crowd."

To enable men to act with the weight and character of a people [writes Burke in a well-known passage], and to answer the ends for which they are incorporated into that capacity, we must suppose them (by means immediate or consequential) to be in that state of habitual social discipline, in which the wiser, the more expert, and the more opulent conduct, and by conducting enlighten and protect, the weaker, the less knowing, and the less provided with the goods of fortune. When the multitude are not under this discipline, they can scarcely be said to be in civil society. . . .

When the great multitudes act together, under that discipline of Nature, I recognize the PEOPLE. I acknowledge something that perhaps equals, and ought always to guide, the sovereignty of convention. In all things the voice of this grand chorus of national harmony ought to have a mighty and decisive influence. But when you disturb this harmony, when you break up this beautiful order, this array of truth and Nature, as well as of habit and prejudice, when you separate the common sort of men from their proper

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chieftains so as to form them into an adverse army, I no longer know that venerable object called "the people" in such a disbanded race of deserters and vagabonds.

There is little doubt that we have, in point of fact, been urged on too fast in our own democracy. While its genesis has, no doubt, protected it from certain extremes, it has been somewhat tainted by the principles which wrought havoc in France. Power has been occasionally given before the political education had been achieved which was necessary for its safe or effectual use. The order of Nature of which Burke speaks, and the normal social discipline have thus been disturbed. The *tiers état* has acquired power out of proportion to its place in the scale contemplated by Burke. The principles inspiring the development of our democracy have been in some degree just those which Lord Hugh Cecil has pointed out to be fallacious. Political influence has not been assigned only in proportion to growth in education. It has, on the contrary, been given indiscriminately, owing to the representations of men who believed in "liberty and equality" as sacred rights for all, and would have given manhood suffrage if they could.

But the democracy which pleads for the equal rights of all, has, no doubt, in spite of its "equalitarian" fallacies, one important root in the claim for equal justice for all which inspires it, and which it protects. It may be all very well (the modern democrat will urge) for Burke to speak of the opulent and the upper classes as the natural leaders of the people, the natural fountains of wisdom in government. But we have staring us in the face repeated instances of the injustice of the privileged classes, their failure to redress the wrongs of the poor. It is all very well to speak of the incapacity of the uneducated, but you must set over against it the frequent moral obliquity of the educated and rich. Power for the masses is the only sure means of obtaining justice for the masses.

This is, I think, a sound argument. But its limited scope must be carefully observed. It is not a plea for

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government by the masses,—for the “popular mandate” as determining actual measures. What it justifies is a bloodless revolution, whereby the masses may upset an unworthy government which gives no heed to popular wrongs. Mill says in his essay on Representative Government that the best possible judiciary system will not avail if judges are corrupt. There are vices in those in power which are as fatal to just government as to sound administration of the law. And the popular voice may have an important function in turning out a government which has no sense of its responsibilities. A government which pays no heed to flagrant wrongs will be condemned by the masses. Again, the good sense of the English democracy is likely to condemn an administration which is itself anarchical and cannot carry on the King’s Government—which places party manœuvres before the necessary business of government; which concentrates on fancy reforms and neglects the finance or the defence of the country. Thus it will judge and condemn the excesses alike of Conservatism and Radicalism. But the true functions of the “people” counted by heads, as distinguished from Burke’s *People*, seems to end in this great general act of criticism and superintendence. The “populace” is not competent to judge on intricate matters of constructive policy. The great heart of a people, the wave of indignation at flagrant tyranny, is likely to be represented by the counting of heads, among whom the least powerful and most oppressed have a voice of equal weight to the prosperous who have no grievances to be remedied. Their vote is a peaceful version of a popular rising against a medieval tyrant. The real truth inspiring extreme Democrats is that the welfare of the people must be all in all. Their fallacy is that the popular mandate can safely determine governmental action on intricate problems, in which the people counted by heads are the worst possible judges of what is good for them. The populace often does not know the things that are for its peace. Government by the aristocracy of experts, with a strong democratic control in reserve as a check on possible tyranny or injustice, or

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palpable incompetence, would appear to be the order of Nature. And the attempt to confuse these two rôles will—among other evil consequences—tend to realize the Duke of Wellington's fears of eighty years ago.

It may be said that the above remarks, even if they indicate some important principles, are unpractical; that we have the democracy in its present form: that the government must bow to the mandate of the people. This criticism would be sound if it were not for the fact that the Constitution, as it stands on paper, is still in its actual operation—as I said at starting—"tempered" by the actual habits of Englishmen. The exercise of their powers by the people is largely determined by their personal views. The more it is realized that the democracy, in the sense of the people counted by actual numbers, while it should normally appoint the rulers, is likely to be quite incompetent to rule, the less disposed will people be to press the idea of the "popular mandate" into regions where expert opinion alone is a safe guide. The more it is realized that the first necessity for popular welfare is to "carry on the King's Government," the less will men be disposed to place in power those who give their whole attention to visionary and revolutionary schemes of reform. The more it is realized that political power is only safe in the hands of those who know their own limitations, the less will the paper excesses of our democratic "reforms" tend to become a reality. If such considerations as I have urged directly influence comparatively few, they may help to counteract the undisputed prevalence of the "equalitarian" theory. Sound principles on this subject count, as it were, double on a division—for the principles of '89, to which they are opposed, would, if undisputed, accelerate the tendencies against which it is the object of the foregoing remarks to enter a protest.

WILFRID WARD

A CATHOLIC COLONY

(A SUGGESTION)

OBJECT lessons and public exhibitions are very much in the air at the present time. We are increasingly learning as a community that principle which the Catholic Church has always practised in her worship, viz., that men are capable of learning and appreciating through the eye things that remain almost meaningless to them after the most eloquent verbal disquisitions. From the Kindergarten to the Aero Club the fact holds good.

If this is true of more or less material objects, such as a child's attainment of a vocabulary, or of the best method of flying, it is far more true of abstract principles, if those principles can but be translated into visible terms. A child, for example, finds considerable difficulty in understanding the idea of sin or virtue in the abstract, but none in appreciating the significance of a naughty boy or a kind uncle. And if a variety of these types can be made to pass before his vision, resembling one another only in their respective sins or virtues, he learns at last something, at any rate, of these almost undefinable things. This lesson is of very wide application. Let us consider it in one example.

The Catholic Church, we believe, is the mother of true civilization and progress. Mr Charles Devas, in his admirable book* on the subject, shows how, under her auspices, and under these only, has the world gone forward on the lines that all except Anarchists are agreed lead towards perfection. The foundations have been laid in the family—the one social institution that is obviously divine; it is the family, and the family only, that can be the unit of healthy growth. Kingdoms, states, towns and villages on the secular side; parishes, dioceses, religious orders and the Catholic Church herself on the sacred side—all these are stable or insecure proportionately as in one way or another they do or do not reproduce the family

**The Key to the World's Progress*. Longmans.

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constitution in themselves, and maintain the actual domestic family in its true purity within their borders.

Now of these facts, and others like them—such as that the virtues which make a good Catholic and good citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven are identical with those virtues required for good earthly citizenship—Catholics are so confident that they are not afraid to challenge history on their behalf. Mr Devas's book abounds with examples of this thesis. *Ceteris paribus* Catholics maintain that the "nursing Mother of Kings" is also the nursing Mother of kingdoms, and that the most happy, healthy and progressive earthly life is that which is lived in the light of Catholicism. But the difficulty is to persuade other people that this is so. Englishmen, as a class, owing to the persistent misrepresentations of school histories, are persuaded of the precise contrary. Catholicism stands to them for the principles of darkness, slavery and retrogression: Protestantism for light, liberty and learning. Certainly an astonishing number of unbiased authorities are hard at work at the present moment in the endeavour to teach them facts—Dr Gairdner along the lines of history, Mr Chesterton along his own lines, Mr Belloc in politics and even Mr H. G. Wells in a kind of indirect and unwilling manner: but all this is not enough. People will not read history; they smile kindly at what they think Mr Chesterton's grimaces; and they dismiss Mr Wells as an impractical Socialist, and Mr Belloc as a Frenchman. What is required is some kind of a kindergarten, where our fellow countrymen may be taught through the eye. "That is a Catholic man; but he has no gunpowder in his pocket. . . . That is a Catholic woman, but she is not a female Jesuit in disguise. . . . There is a priest, but he does not habitually tell lies."

Imagine, then, what good effects might follow, little by little, if it were possible to establish in England some moderate-sized exclusively Catholic colony, where real Catholics might be seen digging the fields, writing books, looking after sheep, and doing their duty beneath the eye

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of the sun. The religious houses in our midst are useless for this purpose; and so, too, to a large extent, are isolated private families; for both these sorts of institutions resent, and quite properly, the intrusions of the enquiring stranger. As individuals, families and religious orders, we are too much on the defensive, too insistent upon our necessary privacy, and, above all, too much isolated, to afford the necessary object-lessons. What is really needed, if it were but possible, is some exclusively Catholic town or village—preferably the latter—planted right down in the middle of England, accessible to all, where it could be seen that Catholics can be devout and yet sensible, can be primarily occupied with the care of their souls, and yet make excellent citizens and proper Englishmen.

May I sketch out an imaginative picture to this effect, as it was recently sketched to me (for the idea is not my own).

I see some great estate, situated within forty miles of London, in Kent, let us say, or Sussex—an estate of, perhaps, one thousand acres all told. It is rolling country, wooded in parts, but arable and pasture through most of its extent. In the centre of it, within a mile of a railway station, stands a newly built village grouped about a green.

The houses are all excellently built, for the estate is owned by a Company, whose architect's sanction is necessary for the passing of all plans. They are of various sizes and scales, each having a garden at the back proportionate to its dignity—built at costs rising from £300 for the smaller cottages abutting on the green, up to £1,000 or £1,500 for the more stately buildings that stand apart, each in a private domain of two or three acres. These houses are held by their owners on various terms. Some are the property of their inhabitants; here are a couple built by business men who go up to town daily throughout the week. Some are held on leases of seven or fourteen years at a rental of from £20 to £40 per annum; and here live business men and artists who have more leisure and less means. Some are held by labourers, on a weekly or

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monthly tenancy. But the freehold in all cases is the property of the Company owning the estate.

Let us examine one such house, built at a cost of rather under £1,000.

It is a delightful-looking place, with red-tiled roof and rough-cast walls, very strongly built, of two stories in height. It is entered by a spacious porch, with a seat on one side and a large cupboard for coats and hats. The porch gives upon a really fine living hall, beamed with stained deal, nearly thirty feet in length and fourteen in breadth. Opening out of this is a convenient study for the master of the house, and beyond, opening out of the inner hall, whence the staircase rises to the first floor, is a dining-room large enough to seat eight comfortably, communicating by a hatch with the kitchen beyond. Behind the kitchen, entered by a passage from the inner hall, is an excellent scullery, with a coal cellar further on. Overhead are five good bedrooms, two of them large enough for a married couple, a bathroom and a loft. There is nothing jerry-built about any of it; the water supply is excellent, laid on from the village; the details are well finished, including stone and tiled fire-places with copper hoods and long wide windows with small square panes; the whole place is lit by electric light and warmed by radiators. The rent, all told, including rates, taxes and water, amounts to £50 a year.

In the centre of the green, on either side of it, are the clubs and houses of refreshment. These, too, are owned by the Company, but their management is in the hands of Committees selected by the inhabitants of the village. The inns need no description, beyond saying that they are well ordered, since the bar-keepers are the servants of the Company. The Clubs are on varying scales, furnished and provided with reading, recreation and dining-rooms proportionately to the subscriptions demanded of their members. A kind of small town hall adjoins them, in which the meetings of the directors of the Company are occasionally held, and public business transacted.

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Behind the town hall and sheltered by it from the view of the village is the electric light station and pumping house, from which the whole village is supplied with light and water; a slaughter house, conducted on the most modern German principles, and carefully protected by high walls from the eyes of prying children; a small gasworks to supply the power for the engines; and a motor-garage for the benefit of those who live in the £1,500 houses. From here, too, runs a daily motor omnibus to convey passengers to the 9.15 a.m. train to London and to bring them from the 6.40 in the evening. The charge is 2d. per head for the two journeys.

At the upper end of the green I see an unusual sight. A great gateway rises here, with a porter's lodge on either side, surmounted by a stone figure in a niche. He who stands there looks out with a clean-shaven, keen, humorous face over the village beneath; he is dressed in a furred gown and wears a square cap upon his head: his left hand rests upon the handle of an executioner's axe. . . . He was once Chancellor of England, as well as the author of a work named *Utopia*. . . .

As I pass in through the gateway, greeted by a young man in the black dress of a lay brother, a great range of stone buildings, surrounded by a wall, comes into view. On the left are the schools—tall, handsome erections, built and arranged in accordance with the very last and final requirements of the Board of Education. Here children of various grades can receive an excellent education, according to the means of their parents, from the ordinary elementary teaching insisted upon by the State, and imparted by trained lay teachers and certificated nuns, up to the standard given in those institutions known as "private" and "high" schools. The teaching of the boys is carried on entirely by Benedictine monks; and that of the girls by nuns. There is no accommodation for boarders; all the children are drawn from this exclusively Catholic village, and sleep in their parents' houses.

On the right-hand side of this gravelled space, a door in the wall, surmounted by the stone figure of our Lady,

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gives entrance to the convent, and a covered way leads from this, past the monastery gate, opposite the entrance through which we came, to the door of the girls' schools. The nuns here are of a well-known teaching order; and have their own chapel under their own roof. They have built their house on money advanced by the Company, and little by little are paying off the mortgage. They pay their way partly by their own endowments, partly by the fees for teaching—fees secured to them by the very existence of the village and the fact that all that live in it are Catholics. They have their own garden and grounds, held on a long lease from the Company and on special terms.

Immediately opposite the first entrance-gate there is a second—the gate proper of the monastery. As I pass through this I find myself in a square quadrangle, surrounded by cloisters. On one side is the refectory and kitchens, on another the libraries and common rooms, with the rows of cells above; on the third the Prior's lodging and the Guest House. The Guest House needs special treatment.

It has been found recently that many of even the most occupied Catholic laity welcome with marked enthusiasm any attempt to provide for them special opportunities for entering into short Retreats. If these opportunities are but given to them, they avail themselves of them eagerly, at least so far as to spend a week-end occasionally apart from the world. Houses of Retreat, therefore, have been opened in various parts of the world, more especially, I think, in Belgium, as well as by the Jesuits in England, in which these Retreats for men of all classes may be held. In this monastery we are considering a speciality is made of this kind of spiritual work, and, of the eighteen to twenty Fathers in residence, three or four devote themselves to it almost entirely. The Retreats held here are of various kinds. Some are for the working class only, beginning on the evening of Saturday and ending in time for the retreatants to catch the last train back to London on Sunday night; others, lasting for the same length of

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time, are designed for clerks and young men in business; others, again, lasting from four days to eight, are intended for the leisured classes. The Guest House is as large and as carefully arranged as it is, with this special object in view; for it not only has to serve for retreatants, but provides also a series of rooms for those who simply wish to spend a little time alone occasionally. The accommodation, too, is of various grades—there are dormitories for those of small means, divided into cubicles; and there are a complete set of delightful bed-sitting-rooms for the more wealthy. There is a large common dining-hall, reading-rooms and a library. All this accommodation is necessary, for the Guest House is never empty; and on certain days of the year the village, too, is overcrowded with visitors and every room occupied, since the church, owing to its unique collection of relics of the English martyrs—its possession, let us say, of St Thomas' bones, Blessed Thomas More's head, rescued at last from the tomb in which it has lain so long, and a great jewel from the west—has become a shrine of popular pilgrimage, as was Glastonbury or Canterbury four hundred years ago. The convent also, on a smaller scale, supplies the same opportunities for women.

Finally, there is the church itself. This is a really magnificent building, built in honour of the English martyrs, and designed by an eminent architect in the English manner, as are all the monastic buildings. For one of the secondary objects of the whole establishment is to reassure Englishmen, and a type of architecture that reminds him of St Peter's or the Chiesa Nuova is not so likely to impress him with the compatibility of Great Britain and the Catholic religion as one more in accordance with the cathedrals and parish churches which he has come to consider peculiarly his own property. The dedication of the church, therefore, and its style of architecture, are what they are for this specific reason.

It is, then, a great monastic church, after the fashion of Durham, Gloucester or Downside. The monks' choir is completely enclosed; the screen is surmounted by the

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Rood, and at its foot is the nave and high altar of the Holy Cross. The north transept is occupied chiefly by the chapel of the relics, with its own custodian; and on this side and that are the altars, respectively of St Alban and St Thomas. The south transept is occupied entirely by a series of altars erected in honour of the recently canonized seminary priests and lay folk, martyred under Henry and Elizabeth. Eastward of the monks' choir stretches the long Lady Chapel, over the altar of which presides "Our Lady of Aberdeen," regained at last from the continental town that has given her hospitality for so long; and at the entrance the wooden image venerated until the Reformation in the Dominican Church at Cambridge, on the site where Emmanuel College now stands.

The church itself is entered by the monks directly from the corridor uniting their cells above, and from the cloister below. The public doors open, one on to the fore-court of the schools, the other beyond the schools on to the public road. Mass, Vespers and Compline are sung solemnly each day; but it is hoped that when the foundation is raised to the dignity of an abbey, and the religious family increases, the whole of the Divine Office may be rendered in the same manner.

One noticeable feature of this house, however, is the great predominance of lay brothers. There are at least fourteen of them, besides a few secular servants. The reason is as follows:

It is one of the objects of this village to set an example to the country round, not only in piety but in ordinary life. It is, then, absolutely essential, placed as it is in a rural district, that farming, agriculture, bee-keeping and the like should be in a thoroughly prosperous condition. Certainly there are two or three tolerably sized farms on the estate, on which the majority of the labourers work; and work can also be had to some extent in the convent and monastery grounds; but in addition to all this, the system of small holdings is carefully nurtured, and two-thirds of the estate is given up to it.

But "small holdings" need more than their name to

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make them a success; and it is above all things necessary that Catholics should not be the first to fail. Accordingly the directors of the Company have been artful enough to invite the co-operation of a Benedictine foundation, whose members make a speciality of agriculture, and in which the proportion of lay brothers—whether drawn from Germany or certain parts of England—already trained in rural accomplishments was sufficiently large to make their agriculture practical. The advantages of this are seen at once in this village. Not only is there continually before the eyes of the inhabitants an admirably worked monastic farm, supplying all the vegetable and fruitarian needs of the monastery, as well as sending eggs to London; but there is, further, a body of expert advice always at their disposal, on the spot, and free of charge. It is a pleasant sight on spring evenings to observe the lay brother, as an oracle, holding forth on the site of a prospective asparagus bed, surrounded by a little group of men. He gives them a hundred hints; he rebukes slovenliness when he finds it; he makes suggestions about manure, and predictions on the price of pigs eight months hence. Further, he is as capable of handling a spade as any of them; they have seen him, times again, spitting on his hands for a fresh grip on the plough handles; and they remember on more than one occasion when his advice was not taken how miniature disaster fell upon his complacent and obstinate inquirer.

Let us pass on to consider other details.

Home life here is a very pleasant thing. For there is entirely lacking that fruitful source of recrimination—religious differences. In practically every Catholic family in England there is one consideration always before the eyes of parents. Shall or shall not Jack be permitted to associate freely with Tommie? Tommie is a perfectly delightful boy, and his parents are charming people; but is it altogether good for Jack to pass so much of his time in a non-Catholic atmosphere in the present unformed state of his mind? What if he should fall in love a year or two hence with Tommie's sister, Jane? On the other

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hand, what is the child to do without companions? And what are companions without free intercourse? It must be remembered that here such questions do not even suggest themselves. Jack can spend the whole of a summer's day with Tommie or, even with Jane; and if he does fall in love with her, so much the better. And this is but a symbol of the whole religious situation; for as far as the eye can see there is not one Protestant chimney smoking. The Angelus that rings out three times daily falls upon none but reverent ears; the Corpus Christi procession finds every house decorated and every knee bent.

Consider, too, how even politics—that twin-enemy of peace—is tempered in this atmosphere. Home Rule may occasionally be debated in the village tap-room, and even the Budget, within limitations; but on the Education question, the King's Oath and Socialism there is no room for debate. Even the village politics themselves can hardly rise to bitterness, since there can be no squabble as to where the Dissenting Chapel is to stand, or whether a cross or a pump is a more representative symbol of the village's true life. Both cross and pump can stand at once, and no objection will be raised. There will be jealousies, of course, and accusations of favouritism, and even a little gossip; but at least half the ordinary occasions of those sins will be absent, since here brethren dwell of one mind in one House.

Consider, lastly, the financial possibilities of such a scheme.

An estate such as that which we have been considering could probably be purchased at some sum approximating to twenty thousand pounds. Advertising, building, road-making, draining and the rest may be estimated, all told, at about one hundred thousand more. Half of all this would be amply sufficient, at any rate, to make a considerable beginning. Now there are at least two ways in which this sum could be raised; the first, which we need not consider (since it would depend solely upon a special grace being given from Heaven) is that a Catholic capitalist should advance the entire sum required; the second is that a

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Company should be formed on sternly business lines, and the public invited to invest.

“On sternly business lines”—for the last thing that such a scheme must be is a philanthropical experiment. The affair must be a proper speculation; it must not even be a gamble. Such things have been done before, notably in the case of Letchworth, and, I believe, with sufficient success. After all, villages are founded on far more temporary hopes than these, round, for example, some central industry which cannot, in the nature of things, remain a gold mine for ever, and without the smallest unworldly motive to inspire the undertaking. And such undertakings have succeeded and paid their way.

The chief difficulty, to my mind, is the consideration as to who should take the first step. A Benedictine congregation would naturally hesitate to build a large priory and church, unless there were some guarantee that there should be neighbours who would sympathize with them; and, on the other side, Catholics would hesitate to risk their money and their comforts in such an enterprise unless there were a guarantee that some such religious institution should be founded in their midst. For, if the object is to reproduce Catholic life as it was five centuries ago in England, we must have both priory and village; if both secular and sacred are to walk hand in hand, sacred and secular must be there to do the walking. A way out of the dilemma might be found if a religious order would pledge itself to build such a priory in the event of the formation of a company with the required capital; and if the company were formed on the understanding that the religious order co-operated with them so soon as the capital was deposited in the bank.

But to descend to even more sordid details:

The manner in which such a scheme would be inaugurated would, it is suggested, be on the following lines.

Inquiry should first be made of the contemplative Orders in England (preferably of the Benedictines, since rural life and agriculture formed, at any rate originally, part of their activities), as to whether in the event of such

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a company being formed, they would consent to co-operate, and on what terms. If an encouraging answer were received, a number of private communications should then be made to Catholics of three or four distinct classes, the wealthy pious, the less wealthy enthusiastic, the rural experts and the ecclesiastical authorities—inviting their opinions and criticisms, and laying before them the provisional consent of the Order to which application had been made. If, again, the answers were favourable, a definite scheme should be drawn up, a board of directors appointed, and finally a prospectus issued. If the public response were what, in all reason, it well might be, the company would be incorporated, the estate decided upon and purchased, and the scheme launched. It is a solemn thought (if I may speak for an instant in the manner of popular appeals), that, if the calculations suggested are correct, only one hundred persons would be required each to invest five hundred pounds, to transform the financial part of this dream into reality.

Finally, then, is it not worth while to consider the possibility of all this? The activities of the Church in this country are certainly surprisingly widespread and efficient, considering the limited means at her disposal; but they do not yet include such an object-lesson as would be this Catholic village planted in a country in which once all villages were Catholic. If our religion is what we know it to be—the foster-mother of all healthy life, the friend of all labour and the presiding genius of all endeavour, however secular—it might surely with advantage be given an opportunity of showing what it could accomplish under such conditions as these. It is true that there are comparatively few Catholics in England who are utterly cut off from all religious sympathy, but what would it be for some of these to find themselves in that sympathy with all the inhabitants of the place where they lived? Such a foundation as this might surely do more for the souls that co-operated in it than all the education and even, I may say, all the literature and ser-

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mons in the world; for they would find here that there was no department of their life into which their religion might not enter naturally and freely; their whole lives would be lived under the shadow of the Faith, without the narrowing effects of always walking in armour, or the embittering effects of endless controversy; there would no longer be the necessity for confining walls on every side, for carefully guarded language and delicate walking, as of cats on glass walls; but God's light and air would be round them, and, above all, God's grace sweetening without effort every action that they did. It is true that they would not escape, even in an exclusively Catholic village, the ancient assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil, for not even the Carmelite or the Carthusian can escape these things; there would be disasters, no doubt, scandals, quarrels and even treacheries; there might even be evictions on a very painful scale; yet, at least, the Church would have an opportunity, under exceptionally favourable circumstances, of showing what she could do towards helping perfectly ordinary people, who are neither priests nor nuns, and who have no special aptitude for continual controversy or even philanthropy, to live perfectly ordinary lives as well as possible. There is already in England more than one practically Nonconformist colony of this kind—notably at Port Sunlight—it might be that one such enterprise as this, carried out by Catholics for Catholics, would be but the first of many. The movement might spread almost indefinitely, and a hundred years hence our children might see, scattered throughout almost every county in England, villages where nothing except the old Faith of England had ever been preached or practised—places that reproduced, under modern and, if necessary, even Radical conditions, that ancient life of five hundred years ago that has given England, in spite of herself, such sound civilization as she possesses to-day, and the lack of which is sending France back into the barbarism from which she rose.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON

“THE INTERNATIONAL”

II. THE MOTIVE FORCE

AT the end of the first article bearing this title (which appeared in the DUBLIN REVIEW in its last issue) it was proposed to examine by what machinery, if any, so strange an effect as the sudden cosmopolitan movement in connexion with the Ferrer case was produced; and the answer to that inquiry (it was then suggested) was the most important part of anyone's consideration of the business.

I shall attempt in what follows to arrive at an answer, but that answer cannot, in the nature of the case, be simple, direct and conclusive. I propose only to put before the reader, in what seems to me their order, certain characteristics of the Ferrer agitation and other similar excitements, and to see whether such an arrangement can help us to understand how such things are engineered and upon what forces they depend.

First let us set down the characteristics which can be tested by the experience of all, which may be ignored by those who have paid no attention to such things, but which, once attention is directed towards them, cannot be denied.

These characteristics may be enumerated as follows:

I. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IS MADE THE OBJECT OF ATTACK.—This is rather in the nature of tautology, for it is as attacks upon the Catholic Church that we are examining the series of which the Ferrer case was but one example. But it is necessary to put it down as our first characteristic, because many of the secondary movers in such affairs and an innumerable host of those who are deceived or indoctrinated by them could state the fact but dimly. They would notice, indeed, were they to look up the files of their newspapers, that the Catholic Church *was* as a matter of fact always included in the attack; but in each particular case (although it is the factor common

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to all) it is but one of the objects of hatred presented for the angry enthusiasm which is being aroused. Others are added to it in each case; sometimes it is “reaction”; sometimes it is “racial prejudice”; sometimes it is “tyranny.” To those specially alive to the nature of the Church—the devotion She arouses and the hatred She provokes—the fact that the Church is always *one* of these various subjects for attack, the common factor as I have called it, is clear enough. But to the mass it is not so. On this account, therefore, is it especially necessary to put that first characteristic at the head of the whole list.

2. THE OUTBREAK TAKES PLACE IN LARGE CITIES ONLY, PRINCIPALLY IN CAPITALS AND WITH A PRIORITY ACCORDED TO THE CAPITALS OF INDEPENDENT COUNTRIES IN WHICH CATHOLICISM GOVERNS THE POPULAR MIND.—It is in Rome or in Vienna, to a less extent in Barcelona or Madrid, but especially in Paris (which is, of course, the arena wherein the defence of and the attack upon the Church now rages) that the flame is lit, or, rather, the train of powder started. Here again we have a verity which none can dispute: it is sufficient to compare the dates and hours of published telegrams to arrive at a just conclusion. The outer waves of the disturbance rise very high in the United States, the British Colonies, and in the Protestant countries which are nearer the centre of disturbance, but they *are* outer waves, and the centre whence the vibration proceeds (to use a metaphor taken from seismology) is as I have described it. It is with some difficulty and with more hesitation that such a thesis is propounded as certain and set down as true, for it cannot but be unfamiliar to the mass of English readers. Nevertheless, I repeat, the thing is provable and susceptible of examination; these movements are confined to the great towns—the country-sides know nothing about them; they arise especially in capital cities, in the capital cities of Catholic nations and peculiarly in Paris.

3. THE EXCITEMENT IS SYNCHRONIZED.—This is a point of very considerable importance to our inquiry and one which is too often overlooked or misstated. It will be

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said, for instance, that all modern movements tend to be so rapid as to be apparently simultaneous, on account of the modern celerity of communication; but this is not the case. The electric telegraph makes market prices rise and fall together throughout the world, but it does not, as a rule, make opinion and public interest move in so mechanical a fashion. If the reader will recall the outbreak of the South African War, he will remember how the situation was but gradually impressed upon the minds even of educated men in England most deeply concerned in the issue, and he will—if he be a travelled man—remember how varied was the impression of the opening of that campaign conveyed to various nations and at what different rates judgement and opinion travelled. The characteristic of these attacks upon the Faith, especially when they are connected with definite events, is that *opinion* is suddenly moved. It is not the mere conveyance of information—that, of course, is a matter to-day of only a few seconds: it is the direct and successful arresting of innumerable minds, and the arresting of those minds simultaneously over a wide area, which is so striking a characteristic of the thing we are examining, and which is beginning to lead men to an inquiry upon it.

4. THE ACTION IS BY SUGGESTION.—Here a certain digression is necessary in order to give precision to the terms used. It may be said that all influence upon the opinions of men is effected by suggestion, and if one uses the word loosely that is true; but the word has also a precise meaning. It means (so used) an excitement of the mind, not produced either by reason or by indication.

If I desire men to believe that a certain man, A, found dead, has been murdered by another man, B, I can *indicate* the fact, that is I can point out to my fellow beings possessed of the same senses as myself things which they can appreciate by those senses. I can say, “Look,” and be content that once they have looked they will be certain; thus I may call up men to watch the murder actually proceeding, which is the strongest indication of all. Or I can in some less direct way point out to them a

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number of facts, all determinable by human sense and all pointing to the conclusion that B murdered A.

If this is not possible I can convey my own conviction by *reasoning* which does not only mean the establishment of proof by witnesses but also the appeal to analogy, to the known constitution of normal minds, and the known effects proceeding from known motives and known passions. If, indication being forbidden me by the circumstances of the case, I must fall back on reasoning, I labour to bring forward as many converging proofs as possible, to show their connexion, and *at the end of the process only* do I propose to find my audience convinced that B murdered A.

But there is a third method which has been called suggestion, and which, at the cost of a certain digression, it is necessary to explain clearly for the purposes of these pages.

It is in the essence of suggestion that an attempt is made to convey conviction *before* (or without) either indication or proof. It may even be affirmed that in the great majority of cases the motive for the use of suggestion is the absence or the fear of reason or indication. It is when a man fears or knows that he cannot prove or that he cannot point out something determinable by the senses of his audience that he takes refuge in suggestion, and suggestion is, therefore, the method most commonly employed by those who desire to propagate a falsehood.

Thus, if I wish men to believe that B murdered A, if I can get B's guilt alluded to as a matter of course in many places and by many people, apparently unconnected with each other, if I can count upon reiteration to produce its effect, and if I can be fairly certain of cutting off counter-suggestion of any sort, the effect of my action, unreasonable though it is, will be the same as and stronger than a process of proof. It is a procedure with which the history of human opinion has made us all familiar. It is a method against which impartial and judicial men are perpetually acting whenever they insist upon historical accuracy for things past or contemporary evidence for things present.

Now our interest in the use of suggestion as the instru-

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ment of these modern attacks upon the Faith is the universality and the accuracy of its practice.

In no single case which the present writer can call to mind has any one of these modern attacks, whether it referred to some event in the past or to some contemporary affair, acted save by suggestion. In every case an assertion is made, repeated and re-repeated, taken for granted, spoken of as a commonplace. In every case to deny that assertion or to question it is treated as a matter for laughter, or as a manifest example of gross ignorance; but in no case is reasoning or indication *first* appealed to, while in many every effort is made to prevent the immixture of such factors into the discussion. He who makes the suggestion has for his object first to indoctrinate the mind; that once done it is imagined, and justly imagined, that evidence, whatever its nature, will work in favour of the position assumed. Make men, and especially men in great numbers, closely herded together, enthusiastic for the innocence of X or the guilt of Y, and evidence presented against their conviction will arouse their anger or their contempt: it will do little to convince.

The reader has but to turn, in this particular case of Ferrer for instance, to the order in which things were said or rather printed, and he will discover that the printed word first told him without proof and as a matter of assertion and repetition certain things: later only did an attempt at corroboration appear, and when the presentation of fuller evidence began to tell against the movement, all knowledge of it was excluded.

5. THE AGENCY IS THE PRESS.—On this there is no doubt whatsoever; and those who may be inclined to smile at the solemn mention of so obvious a point, should remember that in too many of our modern movements the Press is most emphatically *not* the agency. Many and many a thing is first worked by private conversation, is spread from mouth to mouth among those who govern, and only later and in a cruder form appears in the public sheets. Many a matter (and rightly) never appears in the public sheets at all, though that matter may be of capital

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importance. Many a matter (and wrongly) is forbidden an entrance into the Press, although the Press is the most rapid and immediate channel for communicating the public truth to the public. There is no journalist in London but knows this. Now, the characteristic of these attacks upon the Catholic Church is that the Press is seized upon to distribute, emphasize and sustain them.

The Press is the agency, but only the agency. The Press, as such, is not *necessarily* the agent; it is not so because leaden, movable type, printers' ink and certain machines exist. Catholics could long ago have used the same engine for defence as is used against them for attack; in Paris they are beginning so to use it; but the Press in the main is still used against the Church, and it is the anti-Catholic Press of this country, it is papers like the *Matin* in Paris, or the *Journal*, or the *Tribuna* in Rome, or the *Neue Freie Presse* in Vienna, which distribute the orders—if they be orders—we are about to examine. It must, however, be clearly understood before we go further, that the Press does not chiefly act; it is acted upon; and the best proof of this is to be found in the contrast between the judgement of owners and editors in this country and the matter they print.

Nothing was more remarkable in the Ferrer case than the temperance and judgement of the English Press. Elsewhere the strength of the Catholic Church and the strength of its opponents led to a sharp division. The *Matin*, for instance, in Paris made Ferrer a great martyr; the *Eclair* as vigorously made him out a mean and contemptible gambler who had lost. The English Press was notable among the universal journalism of Europe for a singular restraint, with a few exceptions which will be noted. Nay, it was remarkable that certain journals quite alien to Catholicism printed in the matter of Ferrer a commonsense so hearty as to be almost Catholic in its vigour. Nevertheless, that English Press was acted upon like all the rest.

Here let me make my point as clear as possible. I am using an argument *a fortiori*. If writers, obviously honest and even biased in the mass *against* the anti-Catholic

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view in the Ferrer business, did not get their facts, it is a most excellent proof that some one, somewhere, was regarding the Press as the natural instrument of the agitation.

To prove this I will now put before the English reader exactly what was printed in various English organs when the news of Ferrer's execution was known.

I will presume the reader to have read the article in the last number of the DUBLIN, in which the evidence against Ferrer and the nature of his trial were set forth. It was there shown that a great number of witnesses were examined—about sixty altogether—that Ferrer had ample opportunity of cross-examining and that it was precisely *in cross-examination* that he broke down and injured his case. It was shown that the fullest possible publicity was given to every part of the trial; it was shown, I think without doubt, that, unless this host of witnesses were all in a conspiracy of perjury (and that was impossible, for they were men coming independently from many places), Ferrer was proved guilty up to the hilt of plotting—as were so many others—the subversion of the Government in Spain. It was further shown in that article that the procedure was scrupulously regular, following in every detail the procedure laid down by statute. It was shown—so far as the question of character comes in—that Ferrer was a man who had acquired great wealth by his influence over a woman not his wife, that he abandoned his wife, that he had refused to support his children, that he had entertained irregular relations with more than one woman, that he was of that opinion called Anarchist, which especially attacks the rights and duties of citizens and which denies the right of one's country to command one's service; his views upon human morals in general, though sincerely held, were such as would not be tolerated—in open propaganda, at least—in any strictly governed country, and least of all in England.

Now, in the light of these facts (for they are facts, and no one now attempts to deny them), let us see what information the English Press received and conveyed to its readers immediately after the execution.

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Ferrer was shot on the morning of Wednesday, October 13. The *Westminster Gazette* (which it is no flattery to call the best-informed of the evening London newspapers) alluded to him that evening as “*a public-spirited citizen,*” that is, a person who loved his country and desired to defend its interests! The *Westminster Gazette* further remarked that the execution came as “*a shock to all who have considered the nature of the proceedings.*” The reader may be reminded that no writer connected with the English Press had been permitted to understand the proceedings: not a copy of the evidence, not a proof of printed matter, nor so much as a summary of the original sworn testimony had yet reached England. On the next day the same paper tells us that the public opinion of Europe had been particularly shocked by “the procedure” of the trial. The reader does not need to be told that English journalists are profoundly ignorant of Spanish criminal procedure, just as Spanish journalists are most undoubtedly ignorant of English criminal procedure.

The *Globe* of the same date in a short article, extremely fair, indeed, if anything, biased somewhat against the criminal, yet says that “*according to English notions the execution was somewhat hurried.*” Let a comparison be drawn, then, between the execution of Ferrer and the executions at Denshawi, and let it be remembered that Ferrer was executed after the examination of so many witnesses, a cross-examination of several, a complete proof of rebellion against the State, two months and a half after his offence was committed, and a full week after his trial had publicly begun, six weeks after his arrest, more than a month after the first witnesses had begun to give their evidence.

The *Daily Telegraph* of that day (October 14) receives from its Paris correspondent the remarkable statement that public opinion in Paris has been moved by the “*disclosure*”—the word disclosure should be noted—“*that no witnesses were called either for the defence or for the prosecution.*” In a leading article of the next day, the 15th,

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the *Daily Telegraph* assures its readers that “*we have no evidence whether there has not been a crime against justice,*” and it alludes to the complicated and lengthy procedure of the Spanish courts as “*summary.*”

The *Daily Chronicle* of the same date says that the “*proceedings were hardly judicial.*” It continues by remarking that “*no State can afford to ignore the moral judgement of its neighbours,*” which is as much as to say that the trial of Ferrer was immoral. It further alludes (there is evidently an agreement on this matter) to the “*high character and public services of Senor Ferrer.*”

As for the *Daily News*, the present writer, who has in the past had some connexion with that journal, wrote offering to print in it the shortest possible summary of the evidence against Ferrer, and it was refused. In the case of this paper, one is dealing with a real enthusiasm against the Faith which will not reason and which will not argue, but, quite apart from that, it is of little worth entering into its comments upon the case because those comments contain but two sentences alluding to matters of fact. These sentences are as follows:

“*No witness might be called [in the Ferrer trial] and no cross-examination allowed. Charges rested on documents obviously forged.*”

Now it is true that no copies of the evidence were present in the *Daily News* office on October 14 when those words were written for the issue of the 15th. Nor is it the fault of the *Daily News* that its editor was ignorant of the trial; but in the light of what was printed last January in the DUBLIN REVIEW, how extraordinary does not the pronouncement that the prosecution relied on *documents* alone, appear!

When we come to the weekly Press, though there was by that time a longer opportunity for information, the same series is continued. The *Spectator* of October 16 (on page 589) tells us that “*the trial was no trial,*” that “*no witnesses were called,*” and that “*nothing was done to put the facts before the world.*”

The facts *were* kept back—but not by the Court at

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Barcelona nor by the Government at Madrid; they were kept back by those who were working what we now see to be a cryptically organized protest against Ferrer's execution.

The *Nation*, in the midst of a great deal of rhetoric, asserts that the procedure was "secret" and "unusual"—it was, as a fact, wholly public, strictly statutory and in every way customary; the only secret thing about the Ferrer business was the occult society of which he was a high official, and its subterranean machinery. In a note of that same issue (October 16) this journal says that "*the only evidence of Ferrer's complicity in the rising was a document placed in his house by the police.*" The evidence, as the reader knows, was the evidence of between fifty and sixty living men, twenty or thirty of whom absolutely damned the prisoner's case. And after this amazing remark the review goes on to say that "*the Spanish Government had done its best to prevent the facts from getting out.*" Not the Spanish Government but the Rue Cadet has prevented and still tries to prevent the truth from coming out. Next week, in its issue of October 23, the *Nation* repeats the statement that the Court did not allow witnesses to be called or cross-examined, and tells its readers that Ferrer denied having left his place of retirement after July 26! As Ferrer very boldly admitted that he had been in Premia on the 29th, the information conveyed to the *Nation* was, to say the least of it, incomplete. The same journal goes on to tell us that the counsel for the defence was *not* chosen by the defendant. The answer to that is equally simple: he was.

The *Guardian* of October 20 says that Ferrer was not tried and executed "*in the ordinary course of law,*" nor "*after a full and open trial.*" It further adds that the procedure was "*medieval.*" As a fact, the procedure was the very opposite of medieval procedure; it was typically modern; it exactly followed statutory rules, laid down within the lifetime of most of us by a Liberal Government in Spain; it was a procedure based upon those modern or classical conceptions of forensic action which date (on the Continent) from the French Revolution, and it was meticulously observed in every detail.

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The *Sunday Times* of October 17 will have it that “*the trial did not give clear proof . . . no witnesses were called.*”

The *Observer* of the same date, in an article of conspicuous moderation and commonsense, repeats (and, after all, it was the only information supplied to the English Press) that “*no witnesses were called.*”

The list might be extended indefinitely through the whole range of the London and of the provincial Press. My object in setting down this litany of malinformation and corresponding misjudgement is, I repeat, an argument *a fortiori*. The English Press, as a whole, was just and sensible, but somehow or other the truth was not conveyed to it. Things which anyone in Barcelona or Madrid who could read at all knew on Monday, October 11, were not known, and *must somehow have been prevented from being known*, in London as late as Thursday, October 14. That is an outstanding and a certain fact which proves up to the hilt how the Press is used as a channel through which this sort of attack is delivered: can we believe that new discoveries of ore in the Rio Tinto mines would be ignored in London three days after they were known in Madrid? Yet the Rio Tinto mines also are in Spain.

Now let us put all this together. The attack is directed against the Catholic Church; on that there is no doubt. The explosions (for they are nothing else) take place in great towns, and especially in those capital cities where Catholicism is at issue with anti-Catholicism. They take place simultaneously, that is, there is a synchrony in their action; they do not spread from place to place at random, they happen at the lifting of a wand. The work is done by suggestion, the thing is said and resaid before it is attempted to be proved, and very often the proof is withheld. Finally, not conversation or rumour but the Press is the method of action, and almost in proportion as men by their travel or other form of experience are enfranchized from the influence of the Press, almost in that proportion does a movement like that in favour of Ferrer fail to grip their minds.

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When one puts those five points together, the first and most obvious conclusion is that these outbursts are artificial, by which I mean that they are deliberate and organized, participated in by multitudes, but arranged by a few. How far the character of artificiality extends, how directly conscious and set is the desire and the action of the few who promote them, is debateable. But it is now self-evident that in a principal measure these outbreaks are an effect of deliberate will; they betray that character in a measure so capital as to determine their whole nature.

These outbreaks against the Church may not be wholly conscious nor wholly artificial; but they are at least as conscious and as artificial as the advance of a firing line in an action, and more conscious and more artificial than the progress of a field in a hunt. There is evidently sympathy felt by many who are below for those who are above, but there is equally evidently discretion and design from above, marshalling those who are below.

Things spontaneous in, and natural to, our old European civilization are used to crop up here and there, to coalesce, to form a popular movement, and at last to become a transforming force. This of which I speak (and which I have called the International) is the exact opposite of such spontaneous growths. It chooses its field, selects those places in which men can be got at in large masses, and yet are at the same time divorced from fellowship and from the balance of reason that comes with fellowship; it acts through an instrument, mechanical and universal, it acts synchronously, and its method (which I have called that of *suggestion*) is the method peculiar, and even necessary, to any plot against human reason.

Now, then, if there is direction, who directs? Rather than attempt an answer to that question, let me put before the reader two extreme points of view, with neither of which will I agree.

One man, Smith in London, a Protestant more or less, a clerk let us say, and an honest fellow, if you were to take him aside and endow him by a miracle with lucidity,

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would tell you upon Ferrer something as follows: “These Catholics have been at it again. I don’t see much harm in them, but they’re worse abroad. Anyhow, I see that Signor Nathan the Italian, who is Mayor of Rome, and M. Nacquet the French Senator have exposed the business. Thank God such things don’t happen in this country! The poor chap didn’t get a trial at all: so I see in the papers. Anyhow, it’s none of my business, and, by the way, I’ve got to go to the Lodge to-night with Cohen and Stiggins.” Smith then dismisses the matter from his thoughts—and that is *his* view of Europe.

Now at this same moment in Paris, which is the arena, you will find another man called, let us say, Durand. He will be writing an article furiously in metallic purple ink and against time. He will be writing it upon paper very thin, large in size and faintly impressed with small blue squares. There will be no trouble in getting Durand to be lucid. He will be as sharp as a pebble in one’s boot, and his opinion will be something as follows: “The whole thing was a Judeo-Masonic plot. Ferrer was a very high official in Freemasonry; he was got into it by the Jew Nacquet, after he had wormed money out of one of those women and increased it by gambling on the Stock Exchange. Whenever a big Freemason gets into trouble, these sort of rows break out. They’re all as wild as madmen now that their Venerable has been shot. The Jew Nathan, who has got himself made Mayor of Rome by a tiny handful of politicians, was at the other end of the string, and the Lodges have moved all over Europe.”

Of these two men, each is in error. Smith is wrong because he knows nothing at all of the facts. Durand is wrong because he knows so many of the facts that he tends, like a too learned historian, to select his own set and to emphasize it.

Smith talks as though Nathan in Rome were an Italian and Nacquet a Frenchman. Suggestion has done its full work upon him. He fully believes Ferrer to have been innocent, and the word “Catholic” to him suggests no more than something very odd, repugnant to human

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reason, and therefore (probably) to justice. Smith talks of his daily paper as though it were a person with a will and a responsibility, and a person of infinite knowledge and of unalterable integrity. He would think you mad if you suggested that the secret society which he has painfully joined, at the cost of five or ten pounds and a number of grotesque ceremonies, had any connexion whatsoever with Ferrer or, for that matter, with anything but occasional feasts, the relief of widows and good fellowship.

As for the position of the Jews in the quarrel, Smith simply thinks of Jews as he does of Catholics, an odd sect; but he has more respect for them because he thinks they are very rich, and he likes them more because their way of looking at life resembles his own. Besides which, there is the Lodge.

But Durand is also wrong. He is a million times better informed than Smith; it is perfectly true that Nathan is not an Italian nor Nacquet a Frenchman: each of those worthies is the citizen of a nation which cares nothing for Italy or France, or, for that matter, for Europe. It is perfectly true that Ferrer was a high official in Freemasonry, as, of course, Nacquet and Nathan are. Durand further is acquainted with the truth that a daily journal is no more than a lot of black ink stuck upon paper, and that its authority and morals are worth neither more nor less than the authority and the morals of the man who gets the stuff printed. Durand is again right when he points out that these disturbances against the Church are never aroused save where a wealthy man, and a Jew or a Mason at that, is concerned. He is right when he remarks that Masonry and Judaism are allied—indeed, the ritual of Masonry is merely Judaic—and he is right when he remarks that the Jew and the Freemason are the only known cosmopolitan agencies antagonistic to the cosmopolitan activity of the Catholic Church. Nevertheless, Durand, though he is right in all his facts, is wrong in his psychology, and here it is that we touch the kernel of the matter.

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The dispersion of the Jews is centuries old. There never has nor will be a permanent conspiracy among a nation so intensely individualist. In a sense, they live by the life of Europe; its æsthetic manifestation is the only æsthetic they know, they are always admirers of it and sometimes passionate adherents of its greatest schools. If the religion of Europe is repellent to them, yet they neither need to conspire against it nor do they conspire against it; they sneer at it or they neglect it. When Europeans abandon it, they naturally sympathize with those Europeans, but they are not the organized opponents of it.

Durand is equally wrong about the Freemasons. Freemasonry did not begin (when it arose in the seventeenth century) as an organization directed against Catholicism. It has no fixed philosophy; its tendency alone is anti-Catholic, and it is the machinery of Freemasonry much more than its creed which has made it the chief engine against the Church in modern times. In other words, Durand has too much dramatized the impersonal forces behind our society; he has lent will to that which is largely subconscious, and personality to that which is essentially impersonal.

Of the two men, however, Durand is much nearer the truth than Smith. The standing arrangement against the Catholic Church throughout the world is nowadays mainly Masonic. Jewish finance and Jewish influence of every kind is certainly allied with Freemasonry, and is equally opposed to the tradition and the religion of Europe: but these two forces do not account for the whole. The Jews were, in proportion, far more wealthy in the twelfth century; the Templars had more power than ever a modern secret society can boast—and were more evil. There is a third factor which determines the whole.

The mass of the people of Europe are utterly discontented. Their lives, in great cities, at least, are ceasing to be human lives; they will not tolerate a long continuance of conditions against which all European instinct and all European tradition revolts. It is upon

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that fulcrum of popular exasperation that the anti-Catholic lever plays.

There was a moment (somewhat more than a century ago) when, in the beginnings of the industrial transformation of society, the Church let slip its hold upon the population of the cities. The whole story of the nineteenth century, when it comes to be written for Europe in general, will be the story of the attempt of the Catholic Church, largely unconscious as a whole, but profoundly conscious in individuals, to recover the mass of men.

This Catholic reaction works silently, its enemies work explosively; but the two forces are fronted and at issue. It is upon that old enmity between the officers of the Church, full of tradition and remembering an old time, and the populace of the great cities who plainly know themselves to be disinherited, that the anti-European, anti-Catholic and (to use a barbarism) "anti-civilization" force is at work. That force is not with nor of the poor, but it uses the poor.

It will not succeed in destroying the Church (and therefore Europe) merely by wealth or merely by secrecy. It will only succeed if the populace remain suitable material. The populace is to-day material less suitable for Anti-Christ than it was. The generation in which we are living, while it has seen the corruption of some peasant areas, has seen much more strikingly the re-conquest of the towns; but against that re-conquest the efforts of the enemy are more strict and disciplined than ever.

That factor, the factor of the populace, will be decisive. Such is the moral of the whole business; and, this factor understood, the *Motive Force* of the modern attack on the faith is clear and its ways are clear. Let us recognize the anti-Christian machinery and fight it, but let us remember that it would be powerless were it not working upon the hunger and thirst after social justice.

H. BELLOC.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

THE Alps took heavy toll from Ireland when Cæsar Litton Falkiner met his death, as the result of an accident, near Argentière, in 1908. For Mr Falkiner was one of the few who wrote with knowledge, and with at least as much detachment as can be expected of mortal man, on Irish history, and, moreover, wrote history as if it was meant to be read by the ordinary individual as well as the specialist, that is, set it down with literary grace and with some attention to style and finish. It was a happy thought to gather together his later contributions to history and topography and preface them by a short memoir from the pen of his friend and former teacher, Professor Dowden. *Essays Relating to Ireland* (Longmans and Co. 1909. 9s. net) is divided into three parts—biographical, topographical and historical—in addition to the memoir of which we have already written. To commence with the last section, which deals with Irish Parliamentary Antiquities, we have here a most interesting attempt to gather together the extant notices of the methods of procedure of the earliest Irish Parliaments, a subject hardly attempted up to this time by any other writer. The topographical section includes short notices of six Irish cities and towns, a continuation of the larger work on the same subject previously published by the same writer. The longest and most interesting portion of the work is that which deals with Biography, and contains articles on Spenser in Ireland, Sir John Davis, the great Duke of Ormond, Archbishop Stone and Robert Emmet. On all these essays, and particularly on the first, there is much that could be said were there space here to say it, but we must content ourselves with a few words on the last essay, which deals with that perennial source of interest, the life of Robert Emmet. Mr Stephen Gwynn

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has recently published a very interesting account of that life, under the guise of a historical novel, and his work is very largely founded, as he freely admits, on that very important contribution to history, *The Viceroy's Postbag*, by Mr Michael M'Donagh. Mr Gwynn represents Emmet as the strong, silent type of conspirator, a character very different from the conception which one would form from the published account of Emmet's trial. Mr Gwynn replies that it was the set intent of the Irish Government of the day to make Emmet appear to be a rash, impulsive, foolish boy, and this, of course, may be quite true. Mr Falkiner wrote, we think, before the appearance of the *Postbag*, but his article is of profound interest. History has not preserved that silence about Emmet which he begged for in his speech from the dock, and those who wish to hear what history has to say on this subject may well be advised to consult the three works to which we have referred.

We have already alluded to the judicial character of Mr Falkiner's writing. He was a Protestant and a strong anti-Home Ruler, as all are aware, and as his biographer proclaims in the prefatory memoir, yet his writings are remarkably free from *parti pris*, though most persons reading them would have but little difficulty in guessing their author's attitude towards religion and politics.

One cannot, however, picture so impartial a writer and so careful a historian penning the lines which we are now about to quote without, at the same time, picturing a certain subtle smile of humour on his face: "It is typical of the immutability of the intercourse between the church of St Patrick and that of St Augustine that Edward White Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, should, as a modest inscription records, have preached his last sermon in the cathedral of Armagh" (p. 185).

B.C.A.W.

SHAKESPEARE, the Bible and Boswell's *Life of Johnson* have built up the better part of modern English character more than any other three books that can be named. It is surprising that men like Burke and Macaulay

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should have so egregiously underrated Boswell, and still more surprising, if they were right in their judgement, that so belittled a man should have written the prince of biographies. But if we may gauge a tree by its fruit, Carlyle's estimate is nearer the truth: "James Boswell belonged, in his corruptible part, to the lowest classes of mankind; a foolish, inflated creature, swimming in an element of self-conceit: but in his corruptible there dwelt an incorruptible, all the more impressive and indubitable for the strange lodging it had taken," the result being "that loose-flowing, careless-looking work of his is as a picture by one of Nature's own Artists."

Readers of the *Life* will remember the gap of three months, July, August and September, 1774, when Johnson, Mr, Mrs and Miss Thrale drove through the Midlands on a Welsh tour. Boswell tells us nothing of the journey, receiving no letters, and under the impression there was no diary. Johnson, however, had kept one, preserved by his servant, Barber, published by Duppa in 1816, and afterwards inserted by Croker in the edition rancorously mauled by Macaulay. It is not a very interesting journal, mere jottings, oftentimes, of names of persons and places. Details of the blank period can now be supplemented by the fuller diary of Mrs Thrale, discovered the year before last, forming the basis of Mr Bradley's *Doctor Johnson and Mrs Thrale, with an Introductory Essay by Thomas Seccombe* (John Lane. 16s net). Written in Mrs Thrale's sprightly style, the reader will find it the more entertaining of the two diaries. Unfortunately, we do not hear enough of Johnson's doings and sayings, ever at his best when travelling, but there lacked the observant eye, retentive memory and faithful pen of his hero-worshipper.

This diary tends to rehabilitate its author's character in two respects. She used to be reckoned a cold-hearted, neglectful mother. This accusation, widely thrown against her, can barely be sustained in face of her constant attention to Miss Thrale—Johnson's "Queeney" and her own "Niggey"—and her cease-

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less anxiety about the child's health, revealed by this diary. "The clock struck twelve," she writes, "at Lichfield soon after we got in, and I had many feelings for Queeney, which I was forced to suppress." On one occasion: "Queenie had a miserable night this night and so, of course, had I. I sat up with her till three, her fever was quite high till then, and after that she sweat a good deal and was better again in the morning." On the way to Ashbourne, "My spirits were not high. Queeney breaks my heart and my head with her cough. I am scarce able to endure it." In the woods of Gwainynog she "was wet through shoes and stockings and habit, but Niggie saved herself from almost all the rain by running. I had made Sam carry her shoes and stockings for change in his pocket, so she came dry enough home, and I hope she caught no cold. . . . I have the horrors whenever she has the headache. God restore her looks and my peace again." Neither does she seem to have been merely the "Thralia, a bright, papilionaceous creature, whom the elephant loved to play with, and wave to and fro on his trunk." She deeply interested herself in "The Ladies' Charity School for Training Girls as Servants," helping with purse, and giving unstinted active service, before days when it became the commendable fashion for rich and leisured ladies to take up social work at the East End. Through her subscription to the Lying-in Hospital she had a vote in the election of its physician, as we learn from a letter in Mr Bradley's book, and we are ready to believe that this generous and kind-hearted woman did many similar good deeds with her right hand, unbeknown to her left.

But it is as "the bride-elect of the great doctor's intellect," so called by Mr Seccombe in his delightful essay, that Mrs Thrale is known to fame. For twenty years she played hostess to the brilliant coterie—a reflection of the Paris *salon*—which moved around its central sun—herself "a bright, particular star." Here at Streatham or in London was heard on every conceivable subject that might be started, Johnson's talk, "whose conversation," according to Hograth, "was to the talk of other men like

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Titian's paintings compared to Hudson's." On the death of Henry Thrale the notable assemblage, having lost its local habitation, broke up in most-admired confusion. In the subsequent fourth year Thrale's widow changed her name to Piozzi, whereupon there arose such a clamour, echoes of which are heard in our own time, as if she had been guilty of a public crime. To Croker, the marriage was a "mésalliance": to Macaulay, Piozzi was nothing more than "an Italian fiddler," "in whom nobody but herself could discover anything to admire," and for whom she had a "degrading passion." Yet what are the facts? Gabriel Piozzi, a man of unimpeachable character, of birth "not meaner" than Thrale's, was the son of a Brescian gentleman and intended originally for the priesthood, but a fine voice and an exceptional musical talent drew him to the opera, where he might have gained, had it not been for a throat affection, European distinction. As pianist, composer and teacher, he was highly favoured by French and English royalty, and with care and industry he had laid up enough for a life's competency. He was a good Catholic into the bargain, an aggravation, no doubt, of the crime, and in her farewell letter to Johnson Mrs Thrale wrote, "The religion to which he has always been a zealous adherent will, I hope, teach him to forgive insults he has not deserved." She was deeply in love and not to have accepted him "would have killed" her. Their union proved happy, and might be numbered amongst the best actions of her life.

Mr Bradley's work, with its many illustrations, will be welcomed and read with keen interest by all Johnsonians. P.H.

FOR painstaking scholarship, for a multitude of references, for an unimpeachable index, for obvious sincerity and fair treatment, it is impossible to praise too highly *The Nine Days' Queen*, by Richard Davey (Methuen. 10s. 6d. pp. 372). The tragedy and pathos of Lady Jane Grey, her unhappy upbringing, her delightful pedantry

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and Puritanism—above all, her position and significance in politics—all are drawn out here with the help of nearly every quality necessary for a triumph of historical biography. The book represents an enormous amount of study—the references themselves, and the frequent comparisons of authorities are sufficient proof of that; and it is perfectly plain that the writer has no object in view, whether of a historical or theological nature, other than that of strict impartiality and the relation of facts. Yet there is something wanting, so slight and yet so subtle that it is difficult to put it into words, except by saying that the author has read, but has not thought, himself into the psychology of the days of which he writes. There is an unnatural clearness of atmosphere in his book; the great and little things stand out equally sharply; the history is not absolutely true to humanity.

For example, there was surely no such clear demarcation between the medieval and the modern spirit as the author implies. Certainly, Lady Jane is a symbol of the New Learning, as Mary of the old; yet Lady Jane had strains of medievalism in her, and Mary of modernity. Certainly Catholicism and Protestantism are simply antagonistic principles; but Catholicism is a great deal more than a series of beliefs and practices, and Protestantism at that date was even more emphatically so, since it was scarcely a coherent system at all—it was far more, first, a way of looking at things; secondly, a collection of negations; thirdly, a positive creed. Now this book is a little too sharply cut in its contrasts; it is as a landscape in which every point is reproduced with fidelity and care, but in which, owing to a certain almost indefinable absence of atmosphere, lines and curves do not fade into one another as they should. Certainly, Henry VIII was very much of a man; Mary very much of a Catholic; Elizabeth very much of a shrewd and womanly, if slightly vixenish, diplomat; Lady Jane a pathetic, pious—if rather priggish—Puritan, and her parents indescribably disagreeable self-seekers. And the author draws them all admirably, trait by trait, with

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scrupulous and learned care, yet he draws them with slightly too hard a pencil; his washes are not equal in skill to his surface colours. By telling us so much, he destroys in us the sense of mystery and vagueness, so necessary to a complete sympathy with the whole picture. The tendency shows itself even in his style; he speaks of the beauty of the head laid upon the block and the colour of the blood poured out.

This however—with the exception of a few tiny slips not worth mentioning—is the sole criticism that it is possible to make upon a most excellent and invaluable book. Especially skilful is the tracing of the intricate political parties of the day, and their consequent conspiracies. It is a period of which amateur historians might well despair—a period in which foreign policy, clashing creeds, the ambitions of great families, the confusions of constitutional law, combine in a medley that seems little else than a whirl of irresponsible forces. Yet the author brings us safely through the cataracts, and shows us plainly enough how his heroine, with all her simplicity and love of quiet and study, was as inevitably doomed as was Marie Antoinette herself, with her elaborateness and straightforward pride. People did not suffer in those days for what they were, so much as for what positions they occupied on the chess-board. Character was of far less account then than now; and the poor childish pawn who is the central figure of this book has absolutely no blame attaching to her, from beginning to end, other than the fact that her bishops and knights piloted her, sorely against her will, to the last square, crowned her, and set her full in the path of the “Red” Queen herself, for whom there was no more escape than for herself. A new spirit is rising in historical research—of which this book is an excellent example—encouraging us to believe that some day justice may be done to those who in their lifetime had but little of it.

The book is beautifully produced and admirably illustrated. B.

Sir Philip Sidney

IN reading Mr Percy Addleshaw's *Sir Philip Sidney* (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.) we are irresistibly reminded of Lowell's caustic comments on Masson's *Life of Milton*: "To me it seems rather as if his somewhat rambling history of the seventeenth century were interrupted now and then by an unexpected apparition of Milton, who, like Paul Pry, just pops in and hopes he does not intrude. . . . The reader is a little puzzled at first, but reconciles himself on being reminded that this fair-haired young man is the protagonist of the drama." It would have been well indeed for Mr Addleshaw had he taken to heart a maxim set forth in the same essay: "An author should consider how largely the art of writing consists in knowing what to leave in the inkstand."

The latest biographer of Sidney appears to have left nothing in the inkstand. He casts his opinions and prejudices pell-mell upon the page, with juvenile assurance and a juvenile conviction that they will prove of interest to the reader. Thus we have, at great length, his views on Doctor Johnson and Horace Walpole, of Oliver Cromwell, whom "no sane men could regard with other feelings than those of aversion," and of the Stuarts, concerning whom we are informed that "There is no episode, save that of Flodden Field and the reign of Charles II, that sheds the slightest lustre on the house of Stuart." Mr Addleshaw does not condescend to explain how the reign of Charles II casts a lustre on anything, nor why he sees fit to ignore the noble life of James I of Scotland, the noble death of Charles I, or the heroic career of Prince Rupert.

We must not, however, be tempted by the author's example to become unduly discursive. The book before us is by way of being a biography of Sir Philip Sidney, and must be so regarded, though it is difficult to understand why "the divine Astrophel" should have been chosen as a subject by a writer who is evidently out of sympathy with him and his period. There is not much fault to be found with Mr Addleshaw's actual statement of fact where his hero's brief life is concerned, but his

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characterization is haphazard in the extreme. He takes the old-fashioned view of Catherine de Medicis—a view more in accord with Dumas than with history—he belittles Drake and Walsingham with an impartial hand, and he points out Queen Elizabeth's faults and foibles with a most ludicrous air of originality, as though he were the first person to discover that "good Queen Bess" was not quite the paragon of poets' verses and courtiers' flatteries. He appears, moreover, to be utterly incapable of entering into the age of which he writes. The outsailing dreams of the great Elizabethan venturers are treated by him as of no nobler quality than the speculators desire for sudden wealth; the appreciation of

The glories of our birth and state

which made so real a feature of that splendid and ceremonious time, is to him quite incomprehensible; he recurs three or four times, with bewildered irritation, to Sidney's frank pride in his Dudley blood. Finally, though avowedly no Catholic, he cannot cease from emphasizing his dislike of the Protestant enthusiasm which was the central inspiration of his hero's life. No one, in these days, justifies the bigotry of Elizabethan zealots, but Mr Addleshaw's plea for tolerance is too intolerant. While insisting that the massacre of St Bartholomew was without religious significance, he refuses to see that the severities practised on seminary priests were the outcome of political panic quite as much as of religious persecution. So one-sided a method of judgment will not commend itself to fair-minded students, whether Catholic or Protestant, but Mr Addleshaw loses no opportunity of sneering down the cause so near to Philip Sidney's heart.

Why, it may be asked, should he have treated of Philip Sidney at all? To that question we have found no answer. He is constantly deploring his hero's narrowness, injustice, lack of humour, though the last defect should have roused in him a fellow feeling; he has little to say of the famous sonnets and quite misses the dreamy

Orpheus

and fantastic charm of the "Arcadia." We lay down the dogmatic, discursive and carelessly written book, and turn to the dim yet luminous Sir Philip Sidney of tradition as a relief after the puppet round whom Mr Addleshaw has chosen to hang his prejudices. D. McC.

THE large and expensive book, *Orpheus: A General History of Religions*, from the French of Salomon Reinach, by Florence Simmonds (Heinemann. 1909. 8s. 6d. net) is very different from the dainty little volume, charmingly gilded and bound in lambskin, and printed, piquantly enough, on "Bible paper," which appeared last year in Paris. But the French work was intended for the boudoir. "I hope, nay, claim, to find as many ladies to read me as gentlemen," wrote its author in the preface, and explains that this is why he has omitted all obscenities. "I assure mammas (*les mamans*) that they can give this book to their daughters, provided they be not scared by the light of history." If this volume is successful, he adds, flicking curiosity, "I shall some day produce a fuller edition . . . for mammas." The book quickly ran through five editions, and is given as a prize in girls' *lycées* by that Government which keeps so stern a watch lest any Catholic manuals should seek to evade the Law of Neutrality. But the whole paragraph from which we quoted is omitted in the English translation, and it may be that the book will circulate mainly among those who are better equipped to judge and test its arguments than are mammas and schoolgirls.

Orpheus finally answers, unless we are mistaken, a difficulty which M. Reinach's own words had made for us. Of the theory of Totemism which pervades his three large volumes, *Cultes, Mythes et Religions*, which is responsible for his strangest hypotheses (*Prometheus is the eagle which devours him; Phaethon is the horses which drag him to death, and so on: that in every case a totemistic sacrifice may underlie the myth*)—of this theory, then, he writes with gay irresponsibility, "I frankly con-

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ness that mine is an edifice built not with materials substantial, solid, tested, verifiable, but out of possible or probable hypotheses, which reciprocally support and buttress one another. And this style of architecture is well known, for in it card-castles are built" (*C.M.R.*, III, p. 88). And at the third International Congress for the History of Religions held at Oxford in September, 1908, he confessed that Totemism was "a hobby, and an over-ridden hobby, too." Why, then, his passionate eagerness to preach his speculations? Why does he address himself "to Jews as to Christians, to ignorant atheists as to learned believers" (*C.M.R.*, II, p. xviii) if he is no more sure of his message than that? Because he has already told us (*ibid.* p. vi) that *if* Totemism be but true, "grave consequences follow for Christianity." That faith, irrevocably knit up with a totemistic ancestry, would be proved but one of many universal religions, "and cease to be an enigma for the reason." Hence he can "announce the Good News of *religions unveiled*. . . . That is why I publish these volumes, that is why I preach them in lectures before popular audiences, that is why I flatter myself that many years of my life will not have been devoted in vain to this work."

In *Orpheus* the application has been made. Judaism and Christianity are shown to have their roots in Totemism, though partly, too, in Animism. It is interesting to find M. Reinach forced to assume the completest, nay, most material, view of the Real Presence, among the very earliest Christians; for the sacrificial meal was the "centre" of Christianity, and principally in it, where worshippers thought they ate their God, totemistic contact may be established. Since, indeed, this book claims to be the first General History of Religions in which Christianity is not excluded from the survey, M. Reinach devotes half of it to the history of that faith. "It is not my fault," he says, almost petulantly (p. vii), "if, during the last 2,000 years the history of Christianity has intermingled to some extent with universal history, and if, in sketching the one, I have been obliged to make a brief

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abstract of the other." Alas! that M. Reinach, whose extraordinary erudition in the areas of Greek and Roman religion and art is so well known, should treat with his equally remarkable vivacity and epigram a tract of history of which he has no sort of expert or even reliable knowledge. This part of the book, which would be about halved were the quotations from Voltaire extracted, is wholly Voltairian in spirit. Violent partisanship is manifested. Thus, devotion to Mary flourished, because in it the romantic gallantry of the knight and the unsated amorousness of the monk found nourishment. Francis of Assisi was "a secret rebel against the Church—he refused to be ordained a priest" (pp. 287, 282). Yet some of the audacities of the French are toned down. "Élizabeth . . . ne persécuta pas les catholiques en Angleterre" (p. 486) becomes, "Élizabeth . . . was no more of a fanatic than her father" (p. 321). We need not describe in detail a treatise which henceforward deals with nothing wherein we are wont to look for help from M. Reinach. Indeed, it ends as an anti-Jesuit and anti-Papal pamphlet, and with a panegyric of Modernism. It is curious that just when M. Reinach decides that Modernism "reckons at least 15,000 adherents among the French clergy; it will keep these and add to their number" (p. 400), M. Loisy, having refuted M. Reinach's totemistic theory with contempt, and insisted that but for personal motives it would have seemed to him "neither necessary nor even useful" to discuss its argument step by step (*Revue Historique*, cii, 1909, p. 313), should also assure us that Modernism, as a movement, is dead within the Church. The Jesuits (Eugène Sue is cited as a credible witness of their modern character) having already substituted for the old, too lofty, immaterial Trinity, the new one, "J.M.J.," together with "white idols, with plenty of gold, pink and blue" (pp. 387, 261), it is the State's business to finish the ruin of the old religion by enforcing regular school teaching on the lines of *Orpheus* (pp. 407, 408).

C.C.M.

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BY what name shall we call that romantic figure of Georgian times, Richard Brinsley Sheridan? Pierrot, Puck, Don Quixote, Charles Surface? Each of these is applied to him in Mr Walter Sichel's book (*Sheridan*. Constable. 31s. 6d.), but perhaps the first is the most suitable. He is not merely the light-hearted babbler on the stage, but, as Mr Sichel says: "This is the wan figure of Pierrot stealing out from the warm shelter of his home into the pale moonlight of sentiment, ever straying, ever repenting, ever returning unsatisfied from his chase after Will-o'-the-Wisp." We read of the romance of his courtship of the beautiful Miss Linley—his Saint Cecilia; of the elopement; of his duels for her sake; of his chivalry to her during her last illness, and frantic grief at her death.

"Yet Sheridan was a sentimentalist, and his emotions were moods. Only a few months elapsed before he fêted Pamela; only three years more and with romantic fervour he had taken a young girl for his second wife."

In spite of what he says in his overture, Mr Sichel is distinctly a friendly critic; he makes the most of his subject's virtues, while he barely hints at some of his most serious faults. He has two missions in his work, and certainly he has carried them out with a good measure of success. The first is to free Sheridan of the charge of promiscuous and unworthy plagiarizing in his plays and speeches; the second to defend his motives in the various equivocal positions of his political career. In his treatment of him as a versifier and dramatist, Mr Sichel has taken an immense amount of trouble to look up the original manuscripts, and he has brought to light a number of his hitherto unpublished works. Some of these are very beautiful, as, for instance, his "Ode on his Wife ceasing to sing," which begins:

Does my Eliza cease to sing,
Or tires my love to touch the string?
Behold, she knows with equal skill,
To grace the Muse's nobler will.

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Hear but her voice! amaz'd you swear
The soul of Music centres there!
Read but her verse, and you'll confess
Her song did raise your wonder less!

With Sheridan, however, the stage was only a step by which to rise to Parliament. In politics lay his ambition and real career, and the second part of Mr Sichel's book, which deals mainly with this, is the more interesting. Here, again, we are met by a tissue of contrasts. An able financier, quixotic in his refusal of gifts and emoluments, whose extravagance and mismanagement in his private affairs were deplorable. A statesman, intriguing, and at times unscrupulous, yet whose faithfulness to his friends, and devotion to his Prince, were unique in that age of time-servers. One question in particular is of great interest: "What was Sheridan's honest opinion of Warren Hastings?" Did he really believe his crimes to be as black as he painted them, in that impeachment of which he was such a brilliant advocate?

Throughout the book, we have a most graphic picture of the life of those days. Besides Burke, Fox, Pitt, and both the Georges, we meet Georgiana of Devonshire, and the fascinating Mrs Crewe. These characters not only move nations and make history by day, but they plot, gamble and carouse during most of the night. In the end, however, we are left with a most pleasant impression of the brilliant Sheridan devoting his whole energy to the liberty of the Press, relief for Ireland and Catholic Emancipation.

The two volumes contain many beautiful reproductions of the portraits of Gainsborough, Reynolds and Cosway, and their chief flaw is a rather lengthy list of "errata," to which, moreover, several additions should be made.

S. H.

IN *Memoirs of Scottish Catholics during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (Longmans. 2 vols. pp. xv, 381; x, 406. 24s. net) Father Forbes Leith, S.J., has done for Scotland what the late Father John Morris, S.J., did

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for England in his *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*. That is, he has let the Catholics who bore the brunt of the persecution tell their own tale. The men who lived through the troubles tell us in their own words what they suffered, and the editor has been content by a wise selection of hitherto unpublished documents and by his own helpful comments to ensure the connexion necessary to the full understanding of the story. Father Forbes Leith has not attempted a history, but he has amassed materials for that purpose, and it is much to be desired that he would supply what still remains a marked want in our literature. The only books on the Catholic Church in Scotland available to the ordinary reader are Dr Bellesheim's work, and the cumbrous, though interesting, mass of information collected by Stothert, which was edited by Dr Gordon forty years ago, and has long been out of print.

Our desire for a more complete history is whetted by the handsome volumes before us, in which we have a series of papers affording vivid insights into a persecution which raged intermittently from 1627 to 1793. First we read of the savage attack of 1629 and 1630, in which occurred an atrocity quite unlike anything which English Catholics were ever called on to suffer—the simultaneous expulsion of all known Catholics from their homes. The bitter consequences of this almost incredible deed are vividly depicted in the Annual Letters sent by the Jesuit Missionaries to the General of the Society at Rome. Next comes the even worse outbreak under the Covenanters (1638–1644). “Neither I nor any other Catholic have, since the first overthrow of the Catholic faith in this country, ever before experienced a trial so universal and terrible as this,” wrote Father James Macbreck, the heroic Jesuit missionary, who, in 1641, was the only one of the Society able to keep even a hiding-place in Scotland. He survived the storm and lived to see quieter, though still troubled, times. To him we owe the Annual Letter for 1642–1646, which gives a most interesting account of the campaigns of Montrose from a totally

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new point of view. Montrose was well served by Catholics and trusted them in return, allowing one of the Jesuits to march with his army.

The second volume (1647-1793) covers a longer period and is more general in character than the first, the documents in which are drawn from Jesuit archives. With regard to this volume, it is difficult to follow the editor in his explanation of the cessation of the Annual Letters. For having pointed out that "the Jesuit letters and reports cease in the middle of the volume," he adds: "For this no certain explanation can be given, but the probability is that it is due to the subsequent suppression of the Order." But the last Annual Letter here given is dated 1675, nearly a century before the Suppression. He adds that "in 1773 the archives of the Society passed into the keeping of its unfriends." Whatever may have been the case in Scotland, the archives of the Society in England remained in the hands of the ex-Jesuits and were handed down by them till the Society was again restored. It would be interesting, therefore, to know how these documents passed from the "unfriends" to Stonyhurst and the other Jesuit archives where they now are. Fortunately, however, in spite of the interruption of Jesuit papers, the story is continued by a Blairs MS., of which Father John Thompson was the writer from 1688 to 1731, when he was succeeded by Abbé Macpherson, who carried the story down to the Repeal of the Penal Laws in 1793. All historical students will be grateful to Father Forbes Leith for so rich and so novel an addition to our original sources.

E. B.

WE are glad to welcome the appearance of Professor Firth's important work on *The Last Years of the Protectorate*, 1656-1658 (Longmans. 24s. net). While it must be a matter of deep regret to all historical students that Dr Gardiner was not able himself to finish his life's work on the Great Rebellion by bringing it down to the death of Cromwell, we may at least rejoice that the

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task of completing his labours has passed on to the one man capable of fulfilling adequately the requirements of the case. As we read Professor Firth's volumes we feel that, so far as the interests of history itself are concerned, the work could not have been done better by Gardiner himself, and, indeed, the minds and even the actual style of the two are singularly alike. Turning from Professor Firth to Dr Gardiner, or *vice versa*, one is scarcely conscious that both books are not the work of a single writer. We miss, indeed, any adequate summing up of the whole of Cromwell's life, character and work. It would have come naturally in Dr Gardiner's book after the death of Cromwell, but since that point was never reached, no such wide survey of the whole was given to the world. So, again, when Professor Firth does reach the moment in question, he is precluded from giving us a really adequate discussion of the man and his work, because he is only concerned with the closing years. So we are still left without any such condensed and judicial summing up of the whole matter as we should have desired, and the loss is a real one.

The years with which Professor Firth deals are of high importance from many points of view, and a great deal of fresh light is thrown on many episodes. Never before, for instance, have we had so full and clear an account of the momentous decision made by the Lord Protector, concerning the question whether or not he should accept the crown and attempt to found a dynasty. He himself, apparently, would probably have decided in favour of so doing, but there can be little doubt that if he had, he would have given mortal offence to a large section of his most devoted adherents.

Two points which are of special interest to Catholics are the Protector's personal attitude towards toleration, and his government of the conquered Catholic nation of Ireland. With regard to the first point, Professor Firth puts him before us as sincerely desirous of being merciful where it was possible, but as occupying an exceedingly difficult position, since almost all his party were clamour-

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ing for greater severity. The new Act in 1657 does not seem to have been very seriously enforced. Eight priests were arrested under it in Covent Garden, and Cromwell made merry over the vestments and crosses which were taken with them, making his gentlemen try them on and so causing "abundance of mirth." But the eight priests themselves were neither indicted nor punished.

When we turn to Ireland, it is a melancholy story that we have to read. Ireland must always, as Mr Frederic Harrison has said, be the black bar sinister which disfigures Cromwell's escutcheon. We have not in these years to deal with the greater cruelties of his rule in that unhappy land. There are no massacres like that of Drogheda, or wholesale driving of Catholic Irishmen "to hell or Connaught." The government was in the hands of Henry Cromwell, and was well carried on, but always and exclusively for the advantage of the Protestant colonists, with little or no regard to the interests of the native Irish themselves. Penal laws were in full force, and the object was to extirpate Catholicism, as had been done in England under Elizabeth, by the expulsion of all Catholic priests from the country. Priests were hunted down and sent to the West Indies, practically as slaves. In July, 1656, there were twenty-six priests and schoolmasters in goal at Carrickfergus, waiting for a ship to carry them to Barbadoes. Henry Cromwell himself thought the laws too severe, and did what he could to alleviate them, but he could not effect much. Between the Scots in Ulster, the English in and around Dublin, and the Irish in the South and West, his position was almost impossible. It is a sad and gloomy chapter, and accounts for much that followed in Irish history.

We are glad to note from the Preface that Professor Firth intends to carry on his work, at least up to the Restoration. We hope he may carry it further still, and eventually give us a satisfactory history of the reign of Charles II. No part of English history needs re-writing more urgently.

A. B.

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IN Miss Una Birch's volume, *Anna van Schurman* (Longmans, Green and Co. 6s. 6d.) we have the portrait of a lady of the Netherlands of the seventeenth century. From the first she seems to have been a most highly educated person. She shared her brothers' classical studies, and she being very much quicker than they, her father devoted himself to teaching her and imbued her with the desire for scholarship. She combined this bent with a spiritual soul and a capability which she devoted to artistic pursuits. She drew, she etched, she carved and modelled, and she sang and played with great skill upon the viol di gamba. She studied the Greek, Hebrew, Syriac and Chaldaic languages in order to study the Scriptures with greater independence and judgement, and she spoke also French, Italian, German and her own native Flemish.

One of the first rules of life instilled into Anna by her father was that she should never marry. On his deathbed he warned her solemnly not to "entangle herself in matrimony, but to keep free from worldly interests and consecrate her great talents to science and religion." If Anna was just a little inhuman as the result of this sort of upbringing we must not wonder, and there is a certain selfconsciousness about her that prevents her being anything but a remarkable personality. Her individuality shines out because of its background. She seems to embody all the characteristics of her nation. Her very art seems the result of those qualities of industry and orderliness and love of literal self portrayal of the Dutch which is expressed in their national art. But she added to this an independence of conventional standards which detaches her from the formalism of her time.

Anna van Schurman's fame became widely spread and her list of distinguished visitors is astonishing. The Netherlands and Utrecht itself were, of course, on the way to many other places, but Queen Christina of Sweden made a special pilgrimage to that town, soon after her abdication, to make acquaintance with this "Dutch lady of great eminence" with whom she had exchanged letters and from whom she had received "works of art." Marie

Anna Van Schurman

de Gonzaga, the Queen-Elect of Poland, called at Utrecht on her way to her marriage, and Miss Birch gives us a charming picture of the reception the people of Utrecht gave to the Princess on her arrival on Christmas Day—a carnival on the ice, which recalls the pictures of some Dutch painter. Marie de Medicis was another of her distinguished admirers, and she describes her delight in Anna's singing, and says how pleasant it was to "find Italy in Holland"—a little touch which seems to bring out a sympathetic quality in Anna van Schurman that we do not gather so much from the accounts of others.

We also have an account of Madame de Longueville's visit to Utrecht, the sister of the great Condé, and of the difficulties under which they heard Mass in the Calvinistic city.

Anna's religious life was set in an age and a people given over to controversy of the narrowest description. Calvinism was the established religion of the Netherlands, and combined with this and side by side with this dry and arid faith every sort of religion, and exponent thereof, found harbour in Utrecht from the countries whose religious toleration was less indifferent and lax. Here, then, came de Labadie, a strange being who, having found the Jesuit rule too much for him, took to preaching on his own account on the quays and streets of Bordeaux. His theology being unsatisfactory, he was constrained to leave France, and after Jansenism he embraced the Calvinism that was the State religion of the Netherlands. Miss Birch describes him as of too mystical a mind to remain with the Calvinists. Too independent, no doubt, he was, and he found enough converts to his quietistic doctrines—his eloquence and his personal magnetism seem to have been great—to found a colony at Leeuwerden, over which he and Anna van Schurman ruled.

This colony was visited by William Penn and Fox, the English Quakers, in 1676, who thus describe the Pietists:

"They formed altogether a serious and plain people, and approached near to the Quakers in many points, such

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as silent meetings, women's exhortations there, preaching by the Spirit, and plainness, both in their dress and in the furniture of their houses."

Miss Birch's account is rather dry, and we are haunted by the sense that book making was the impulse that made her write it. But now and then we catch a glimpse of the Holland of the Dutch artists, and if Anna van Schurman is not quite such an attractive lady as her great gifts might have made her, she makes a very good foreground for her country and her times. C. B.

THE centenary of Darwin's birth has brought forth from the press a large number of works concerned with the scientific doctrines associated with the name of the author of *The Origin of Species*. Amongst them Professor Poulton's work, *Darwin and the "Origin"* (Longmans. London. 1909. 7s. 6d. net), stands out as the utterance of an unrelenting Darwinian, a "whole-hogger" in the common parlance of the day. Others may say that Darwinism is "on its death-bed," or, like Driesch, may tell us that it no longer "manages to lead a whole generation by the nose," or, like Bateson, assure us that the theory of Natural Selection "descended like a numbing spell" on the study of species and varieties by means of hybridism. Professor Poulton will have none of this and still holds by the ancient Darwinian faith in all its purity. He believes, for we may assume that he is to be identified with "the Darwinian" to whom the views are imputed, "that the finished product or species is gradually built up by the environmental selection of minute increments, holding that, among inborn variations of all degrees of magnitude, the small and not the large become the steps by which evolution proceeds. He attempts to avoid, as Darwin did, on the one hand, the error of ascribing the species-forming forces wholly to a creative environment, and, on the other, the perhaps more dangerous error of ascribing them wholly to creative internal tendencies" (p. xiii). Thus he is absolutely opposed to the Mutationist School, which refuses to see any importance

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in minute variations from a developmental point of view, and assigns all changes of species to sudden considerable changes or mutations, which, in a word, believes in discontinuous, as opposed to continuous, evolution. It is unnecessary to say that Professor Poulton's conclusions are urged in graceful language and supported by constant appeal to examples, and our only regret is that his pages are not wholly free from the *odium scientificum* which one meets with from time to time, especially where what should be the peaceful name of Mendel comes into question. This is a book to be read with interest, since it represents a side, though not perhaps one increasing in numbers and weight, in the Darwinian controversy of the day.

B.C.A.W.

THERE are two main ways of approaching the subject of religion. The first is that roughly known as the scholastic; by which a religion is examined in itself, propounded, analysed and proved or disproved by logical argument. But there is a second way (and that the more usual in these days), by which human nature is taken as a beginning, its qualities, its needs and its deficiencies scrutinized, and from the result a conclusion is formulated by which this or that scheme of religion is indicated as the answer to the human demand. The first is like the examination of a key; the second, of the lock which some key must surely open. Mr Raupert's most recent book (*The Supreme Problem*. Peter Paul and Son. New York. pp. 339) follows the second of these two methods, and, beginning with the phenomena of human nature, seeks to establish from the simple and common-sense point of view the truth of Catholicism, especially in its fundamental doctrines of the Fall and the Redemption. It is an unusual kind of book in many ways. Mr Raupert is well known as a writer against Spiritualism, and he uses in this work evidence of this nature, gained from his researches, to show the existence of a malevolent spiritual power which has succeeded in partly ruining humanity and seeks to ruin it yet more. From this and other evidence for the fact of the

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Fall, he deduces man's need and God's evident intention of restoration, and in the Person and work and claims of Jesus Christ he indicates the method of this restoration. It is impossible to say that this method either "proves" or fails to "prove" what is wanted: it depends entirely on what is meant by the word. But Mr Raupert has read widely and carefully, as well as thought for himself; and he has written an exceedingly suggestive and original kind of book that might very well appeal to minds on whom the scholastic method has little or no effect. The arrangement of the arguments might be improved, and a summary of them at the head of each chapter, or a more detailed schedule of them at the beginning, would help in the work of reference.

B.

WE are the more pleased to draw attention to the little books, *Mythic Christs and the True: A Criticism of some Modern Theories* (5th thousand. 6d net. 1s. cloth) and *Christianity and its Opponents* No. 8; *Pagan Christs*, by the Rev. W. St Clair Tisdall, M.A., D.D., James Long Lecturer on Oriental Religions (3d., published by the North London Christian Evidence League), of which the first is a fuller and more technical form of the second, because they are a part of the "Christian Evidence" campaign, which, under the chairmanship of the Rev. C. L. Drawbridge, M.A., is attaining a singular measure of success. Disagreeable as controversy always is, and suspicious as any book written from a frankly apologetic standpoint inevitably makes us, it is yet consoling to know, in view of the Rationalist Press Association propaganda, that the N.L.C.E.L. "held twenty-eight meetings for men on the Sunday nights November to May, 1908-1909, in Stanley Hall, N. The audience, which consisted mainly of sceptics, averaged over 500, and the interest displayed was so keen that we could not resist printing twelve of the lectures, together with the questions, answers and debates which followed them." *Pagan Christs* is on the same topic as Mr J. M. Robertson, M.P.'s *Pagan Christs* (Watts. 1903) and discusses his assertions concerning Mithra, Krishna

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and Buddha, in a popular and easy, yet quite trustworthy fashion. The discussion is extremely characteristic. Mr Tisdall showed much decision, adaptability and simplicity in his replies to the short but often fatally comprehensive questions asked by the various critics. *Mythic Christs*, besides treating the same topic more fully, and with much erudition, discusses Dr Frazer's "Adonis, Attis and Osiris" myth, and the modern mythologizing treatment of the Virgin birth. Other publications of the N.L.C.E.L. are: *What is the Bible? The Character of Jesus Christ, The N.T. Miracles, Christianity and Social Reform*, etc.

It will be remembered that the C.T.S., though severely handicapped by difficulties of which poverty is, perhaps, the least, is also endeavouring to publish simple literature upon the History of Religions, though not quite along the same lines, and other popular anti-Rationalist and anti-Socialist papers. It is pleasant to think of the efficient and generous work done by the N.L.C.E.L. in this field, especially as the study of the History of Religions has already done much to make impossible those amazing charges against Catholic doctrine and ritual, which that study had itself, in some cases, been the first to formulate. C.C.M.

THE amount of literature published every year dealing directly or indirectly with the "condition of the people problem" would be more encouraging if it were possible to see with one's own eyes the effect upon those who read it. The interval between thought and action seems intolerably long. We lack imagination, and, having read, we forget. The Catholic Social Guild, however, deserves the greatest credit for bringing out, within the first six months of its existence, *The Catholic Social Year Book for 1910* (Catholic Truth Society. 6d.). True, many will skim through its pages—and forget, but a year book indicates activity, and the Committee of the Guild are not likely to slacken in their efforts.

Their first publication is well conceived. Part I contains a series of short, lucid and practical articles on such sub-

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jects as *The Guild itself*, *The Need of Catholic Social Study*, *How and Where to Train*, *Catholic Boys' Clubs*, *Social Work for Women*, and others of a similar kind. This is followed in Part II by an account of ten existing organizations. Part III gives a useful summary of *Social Progress in 1909*, with a salutary reference to tuberculosis. Part IV is "How to Obtain Social Aid": "aid" including old-age pensions, a small holding, workmen's compensation, and work (this last is hardly adequate to the complexity of the subject). The book will be of immense service to those engaged in social work, as it will enable them to give practical advice to persons on the fringe of charitable works, who lack imagination to take the decisive step. It supplements the *Handbook of Catholic Charities*, but we hope that in a subsequent issue it will be possible to include a complete list of organizations or undertakings requiring personal service. Thus, a list of the companies of the Catholic Boys' Brigade is more likely to rouse curiosity than a reference to a single priest in South London. In this connexion the preparation of diocesan editions is worthy of consideration. The practical problems in different parts of England are often quite dissimilar, and though the main body of the book would be of common interest to all, appendices might be reserved for local information.

In the present issue we note with particular interest Chapter VIII, "The Labour Movement: Shall it be Dechristianized?" The Socialist societies, we are told, who contribute yearly to the Labour Parliamentary Fund number 27,465 members, the Trade Unions who contribute yearly to the same fund number 1,121,256 members; nevertheless, this small minority are practically directing the whole Labour movement. In Lancashire, and probably in other parts of the North of England, Catholic Trade Unionists outnumber the extreme Socialists and yet they fail to exercise any perceptible influence on the policy of their party. The formation of the Catholic Social Guild was largely prompted by the need of rousing Catholics from the singular apathy of which this is but one among many other illustrations.

B. D.

The Street of Adventure

THE *Street of Adventure*, by Philip Gibbs (Heinemann, 3s. net) is a tale of a journalist and is a journalist's tale. It describes with all the vigour and dash of the "descriptive reporter" the daily life of a great newspaper. Exaggeration, the presentation of half the unusual incidents of a reporter's life as average daily experience, and plentiful use of lime-light and paint brush, add rather than detract from the book. For, on the principle that good "copy" is no copy without apt headlines, a story of life in Fleet Street must be vivid—even a little glaring—if it is to be true to type.

The Street of Adventure will delight prim matrons and fair damsels, and all who live staid lives in quiet suburbs and country places. It shows them a world of "wicked people," godless, worldly, cynical, yet strangely human. It treats of the restless torture of modern city life, and the queer, artificial, easy-going, yet generous and loyal code, which rules among the slaves of the machine of make-believe. The "atmosphere" is the best part of the book. Half its details are strained. Perhaps that is in keeping. It is the psychological revelation of the effect of Fleet Street on the author which is its chief fascination. The work is hurried. It is picturesque if overcoloured. It is essentially "copy"—hastily written, vivid, "full of human interest," as the phrase runs—a typical product of the crushing, demoralizing influence of the Street of which the author is so fond. Mr Gibbs has a fluent pen. He has had some experience of Fleet Street. He may have had so much that like his hero he has become incapable of the painful drive and remorseless self-criticism which is the prelude to lasting success. Mr Gibbs has better stuff in him. The success of this book may find him the time and courage to do it justice. Anyone who wants a bright story, bringing a strange hustled world under his nose, and possessed of quite a spice of sentiment, will do well to read *The Street of Adventure*. He will learn something of the life behind the scenes of what some childlike mind has called "the mouth organ of the people." P. H. K.

CHRONICLE OF RECENT NEW TESTAMENT WORKS

THE number of books on subjects connected with the New Testament which appear in English is overwhelming; some are erudite and critical, some are theological (or meant to be), some homiletic or devotional; many combine these elements in various degrees. Though a large quantity of them may be left alone, yet it is necessary for Catholic students to know something about the better specimens. Where real scholarship is candidly employed for the attainment of truth, students of all religions and of all views may well work together; where the Christian religion is being undermined, it is necessary to know how this is being done and by whom; where it is being buttressed and fought for, we shall rightly desire to assist in the good work and be assisted. Further, where speculations and theories are put forward which seem to us crude or nebulous, or unfruitful or illogical, we ought not to be wholly ignorant of them, if they represent phases of thought among our neighbours. It is of no use despising or ridiculing views which serious contemporaries of our own are discussing seriously, and if we sometimes learn nothing directly from their new theologies, we may indirectly learn a good deal that is useful in the way of practical psychology and of understanding the curious spirals and involutions in which the logical faculty of our countrymen not unfrequently appears to work. So much by way of apology for the following notes on recent non-Catholic books about the New Testament. Those which are mainly theological or homiletic have been avoided, and all in the following list deal to some extent at least with critical problems.

The most general of the works before us is the translation from the German of a little Introduction, *The Origin of the New Testament*, by Dr William Wrede, Prof. of N.T. Exegesis in the University of Breslau (translated by J. S. Hill, B.D., Rector of Stowey, Somerset. Harper. 1909. 16mo. 140 pp. 2s. 6d.). The lectures which it contains were published after Wrede's death, and contain a very plainly and neatly expressed outline, for the ordinary reader, of the advanced positions held by the author. It is odd to find it presented to Englishmen by an Anglican Rector, and still more odd to find the latter commending in his preface the "fine candour" of Wrede, who "nowhere dogmatically decides where something like certainty is not obtainable." Yet Wrede declares (p. 87) with regard to the fourth Gospel that "The decision that it cannot originate with the Apostle is placed beyond doubt by internal evidence, the nature of the Gospel itself; on this the whole of the scientifically impartial theological world is as good as united in opinion." In other words, Dr Wrede denies anyone to be "impartial" who thinks it conceivable that our Lord should have claimed to be God. Again, as to the Epistles of Peter, James and Jude: "They are pseudonymous productions; in this, in fact, all unprejudiced experts are to-day agreed." Now Dr Wrede, after the

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manner of his kind, had probably paid little attention to the works of the very learned Conservative Lutherans of his own country; Catholic writers and English critics he ignored. But Mr Hill ought to know better. A cheap, concise, cock-sure and readable booklet of this kind may do considerable harm to the unlearned, although the arguments for advanced views will seem to the more critical reader particularly unattractive in so short a summary.

Dr Stanton has the reputation of a "moderate" or even of a conservative, but the second volume of his comprehensive work on the Gospels is decidedly liberal in tendency. (*The Gospels as Historical Documents*. By V. H. Stanton, Ely Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. Vol. II. Cambridge University Press. 1909. 396 pp. 8vo). The first volume, dealing with the external evidence, suggested that the writer was somewhat hesitating and hard to convince. The third volume is to discuss the Johanne problem; the volume before us is entirely concerned with the Synoptic problem. The Gospels are dated somewhat later than Harnack is now inclined to date them, but not later than many Catholic and conservative critics place them. Yet within so few years it is assumed that the writers of our present Gospels have used their sources carelessly, have misunderstood and misrepresented them; not indeed to any very great extent as a rule, in Dr Stanton's opinion, but yet enough to make them sufficiently doubtful authorities. In one case the earliest Gospel is thought to be wholly mistaken, since Dr Stanton rejects the eschatological discourse in St Mark (the only long discourse in that Gospel) as the composition of some Christian, based, perhaps, on some genuine saying of our Lord. The parallel chapters in the other Synoptics must go *a fortiori*. It is difficult to see how a Christian of the Apostolic age could be so irreverent as to invent such a prophecy, or so clever as to deceive St Mark, who is admitted by Dr Stanton to have been the disciple of St Paul and St Peter. The learned writer is deeply versed in the writings of the German Liberals, and he has too much respect for their erudition; he hardly seems to realize to how great an extent they live by taking in each other's washing, how narrow is their outlook and how confined, in some cases, are their studies. It is a pity that a Canon of Ely should publish to the Anglican world a volume which, in its method, destroys all the historical value of the Gospels. It is true that his result is to proclaim that they are historical in the main; but once we apply subjective criticism to details, every individual point becomes uncertain, and even a general judgement on the whole will be only faltering and unconvincing. But it must be added that there is much that is valuable in Dr Stanton's book, and it must not be disregarded by the student of the Synoptic question. There are, in particular, many good tables, which to some extent supplement those of Sir John Hawkins.

It is after all the same subjective method which is employed with far more radical and sweeping effect in *The Teaching of Jesus about the Future*,

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By Dr H. B. Sharman, Instructor in N.T. History and Literature in the University of Chicago (Chicago University Press; and London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 382 pp. 4to). This writer actually accepts as genuine the greater part of the eschatological discourse above mentioned, after removing all that is too definite to please him in the way of prophecy—as to portents, false Messiahs, the siege of Jerusalem, the persecution of the disciples, etc.—but he does not spare much else. He supposes the Synoptic problem to have been already solved by his colleague, Professor De Witt Burton, who holds that all is accounted for by four principal sources, Mark (nearly identical with our St Mark), the Matthaean *Logia* (used in St Matthew only), a Galilaean document, and a Peraean document, both used by St Matthew and St Mark. The Matthaean *Logia* are less to be relied on than the Galilaean document; the Peraean is the worst of all. Most of the definite eschatology is found in the Matthaean *Logia*, and is rejected by the most elaborate and unconvincing reasoning as interpolation and improvement by the Evangelist; for all the Evangelists are held to have even made “extensive and dramatic additions” to the sources they employed. The discussion of all these additions is certainly very lengthy and very bewildering—some may judge it to be very scientific and closely reasoned, to others it will appear delirious. Some examples of Dr Sharman’s results will enable the reader to form some idea of the book.

There have been brought under review all references to the Day of Judgement, of whatever form or content, that are recorded in the Synoptic Gospels. Stated summarily, the results that seem to have been reached show that none of these statements of judgement are from Jesus, except the sayings about Chorazin and Bethsaida and about the men of Nineveh and the Queen of Sheba “in the judgement.” (p. 248.)

Again, Christ never spoke of the soul as something which survives after death, though it is admitted that he taught a future life of quite an indefinite nature, and believed in “the resurrection of the just” to a spirit life—if that is resurrection. He never spoke of eternal life nor of hell, nor of hell fire; the references to being cast into Gehenna only refer to the disgrace of having one’s body burnt after death with the offal of Jerusalem in the valley of Hinnom. So that our Lord is made to say that we should not fear those who kill the body, but rather fear him who can order indignities to our corpse, “Yea, I say unto you, fear him.” Heaven is the abode of birds and of God, the counterpart of earth in the scheme of Nature; there are beings there who do God’s will (for the Lord’s prayer is partly accepted), but there is no promise of heaven as a place of future existence for men. The story of the repentance of the good thief and the promise of Paradise to him are apocryphal. The parable of Dives and Lazarus is a Jewish apologue which must have got into the Gospel by some mistake. The parable of the sheep and the goats is not authentic, nor is the promise to St Peter (with its mention of the “gates of hell”), nor is the injunction to “confirm his brethren”; and so forth.

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It seems not to have struck Dr Sharman to summarize what is left as the genuine "teaching of Jesus about the future." Perhaps he perceived that there was little remaining to summarize. What strikes one about Dr Sharman's method is that it might be used to produce any result desired, and that no two people would be likely to obtain the same results by employing it. If he is right in assuming the Evangelists to be unconscientious compilers working upon untrustworthy sources, it is difficult to conceive of any method whatever which could discover for us the facts which underlie their misstatements. It is a pity that so much patient industry should have been wasted on such unpromising presuppositions and with such unattractive results. We fear that no school of criticism is likely to take Dr Sharman very seriously.

The same University has produced a small brochure of some value, *The Irenaeus Testimony to the Fourth Gospel—its extent, meaning and value* By Frank Grant Lewis, Ph.D. (University of Chicago Press. 1908. 4to. 63 pp. 54 cents, post paid.) The writer has a theory (also originated by Professor De Witt Burton) that the Fourth Gospel originated in a set of "booklets" published in Asia by the Apostle St John, and that these were united into a single book about the middle of the second century, probably under the influence of St Polycarp. This is a fairly conservative theory, and not destructive like the composition-theories in Wellhausen's last book, or in the recent articles of Schwartz (ever paradoxical) in the *Gelehrte Nachrichten* of Göttingen. Needless to say that Dr Lewis fails to find any support for his view in St Irenaeus. But he has done excellent service in minutely illustrating the relations between St Irenaeus, St Polycarp and St John, even if some of his conclusions are less certain than he represents them to be. He has well drawn out the proof (which ought not to have been so much needed as it is) that St Irenaeus makes the son of Zebedee the author of the Fourth Gospel.

Sir John Hawkins has published a new edition of his invaluable *Horae Synopticae* (Clarendon Press. 1909. 8vo. 223 pp. 10s. 6d. net). It has received thorough revision and numerous small changes. Together with Rushbrooke's *Synopticon* it retains its place as an indispensable aid to the study of the Synoptic question. Its tables were much used by Harnack in his *Sayings of Jesus*, and now Sir J. Hawkins has in his turn used Harnack's work, and gives references to several other books which have appeared since his first edition. The solid method of this small volume provides the student both with excellent materials and with an admirable example of patient labour, in contrast to the many ambitious systems which have their day and cease to be.

Dean Bernard of Dublin has contributed a preface to a Trinity College Prize Essay on St John's doctrine of the *Logos*, *The Philosophy of the Fourth Gospel, a study of the Logos-doctrine: its sources and its significance*. By Rev. J. S. Johnston, chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury (S.P.C.K.)

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1909. 184 pp. 16mo. 2s. 6d.). This little book shows careful study of the subject and plenty of sound sense. Mr Johnston is prudent in admitting that St John can hardly have been ignorant of those Hellenic speculations as to the *Logos* which were current in his time, or of the Jewish adaptations of them in Philo; though he rightly insists that it is the Jewish and not the Greek *Logos*-doctrine which is the main factor in the philosophy of the prologue to the Gospel. He shows that this philosophy was not so new or so startling as many liberal critics wish it to be thought, for it is not far removed from the teaching of Colossians and Hebrews. In an Appendix the suggestion is made that since, according to Irenaeus, Cerinthus spoke of the *Monogenes* and the *Logos*, it is possible that St John may have been impelled to the explanation of the true *Logos*-doctrine and of the meaning of the *Memra* of the O.T., by the need of counteracting the views of that heresiarch. Mr Johnston's theological wording is less accurate than Catholic theology demands, and we must beware of supposing him to be less orthodox than he really is. For instance, when he says "Creation is no arbitrary act on the part of God, but an inevitable consequence of His Nature" (p. 27), he does not mean that God creates by necessity and not freely, for we see from p. 147 that he has only meant to put strongly the truth that "bonitas est diffusiva sui," and he strongly reprobates "the vague Pantheism which is afloat in so much of our current religious thought." Again, the reader who finds much in the last chapter about immanence and transcendence, would be wrong in jumping to the conclusion that Mr Johnston is a "Modernist." He is not, however, at his best when he is mystic and poetical, as he gets very near being misty and rhetorical. We strongly recommend this essay to those who are studying St John.

The *Apocalypse*, by the Rev. J. J. Scott, Canon of Manchester, is readable, and in excellent print. It is a series of popular lectures in Manchester Cathedral. The writer prefers the Neronian date which has recently come back into fashion.

A good book is *The Holy Spirit in the New Testament, a study of primitive teaching*, by H. B. Swete, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge (Macmillan. 1909. 417 pp. 8s. 6d. net). The author premises:

This book is not an attempt to demonstrate the truth of the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Spirit by an appeal to the New Testament, nor does it profess to make a formal contribution to the study of New Testament theology. Its purpose is rather to assist the reader in the effort to realize the position of the first Christian teachers and writers, when they speak of the Holy Spirit in connexion with the history of their times, or out of their own experiences of the spiritual life.

Consequently the form of the book is little more than a running commentary on all the passages in the New Testament in which the Holy

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Spirit is probably referred to. It is pious and edifying besides being the work of a first-rate scholar, who is a good guide as to textual questions and the meaning of the Greek. The Catholic reader will, of course, be on his guard, as Dr Swete is not always up to our standard of belief; for example, he admits the Virginal Conception of our Lord, but denies His miraculous birth (since it is not in Scripture); he has not a high ideal of 2 Peter, which he rejects; his views on Holy Communion are receptionist, and so forth. He is characteristically ready to admit that his readers may very likely believe much less than he himself does. But on the whole it is refreshing to find a real scholar who is not afraid of being thought old-fashioned because he will not follow the violent swing of the pendulum towards liberalism—or rather, unbelief—which has been too characteristic of English writings during the last four or five years.

A defence of the Virgin birth (by which is meant as usual the Virgin-Conception of Christ) is added to the number recently published, by the Rev. T. J. Thorburn, M.A., LL.D. (*A Critical Examination of the Evidences for the Doctrine of the Virgin Birth*. S.P.C.K. 1908. 179 pp. 16mo. 2s. 6d.) The writer has studied the subject with considerable care, and the arguments of adversaries and the replies to them are methodically arranged; but he is not sufficiently up to date, and revision by some competent scholar should have preceded publication. The most curious slip is in his remarks about the letters of St Ignatius, the authenticity of which, whether in the longer or shorter form, he imagines to be still very problematical. His vague summaries of the question (p. 71 and p. 127) suggest that he is using some authority over thirty years old, possibly an early edition of Westcott on the Canon, or Lightfoot's reply to *Supernatural Religion*. The book is meritorious, and may be made really useful in a second edition.

Dr Swete's recent attempt at harmonizing the accounts of the Resurrection was intended for devotional reading, and there was room for a critical defence against the latest attacks. This is admirably supplied by *The Resurrection of Jesus*, by James Orr, M.A., D.D., Professor of Apologetics and Systematic Theology in the United Free Church College, Glasgow (Hodder and Stoughton. 1909. 292 pp. 6s.). Dr Orr seems to have studied thoroughly all the attempts to explain away the evidence, and his reply is systematic and well reasoned. He holds a rather extra-conservative and timid position as to the Synoptic problem, but his remarks on modern methods of criticism are not too severe, the criticism that Canon Stanton represents in its mildest form and Dr Sharman in an acute phase: These

methods furnish ready aids for the disintegration of the text and the evaporation of its historical contents. If a passage for any reason is distasteful, the resources in the critical arsenal are boundless for getting it out of the way. There is a slight textual variation, some

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MS. or version omits or alters, the Evangelists conflict, it is unsuitable to the speaker or to the context, if otherwise unchallengeable, it is a late and unreliable tradition. Wellhausen's *Introduction to the First Three Gospels* is an illustration of how nearly everything which has hitherto been of interest and value in the Gospels—Sermon on the Mount and parables included—disappears under this kind of treatment. Schmiedel's article on the Gospels in the *Encyclopædia Biblica* is a yet more extreme example. The application of the method to our immediate subject is admirably seen in Professor Lake's recent book on *The Historical Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ*. A painfully minute and unsparing verbal criticism of the Gospel narratives and of the references in St Paul results naturally in the conclusion that there is *no* evidence of any value—except perhaps for the general fact of "appearances" to the disciples. No fibre of the history is left standing as it was (pp. 19, 20).

This quotation will show how much needed was a solid refutation of Lake and also of Mr Burkitt's milder views. A special danger lies in the indulgent attitude to these attacks on the part of more orthodox scholars, especially among Anglican clergy. An instance is before us: *Studies in the Resurrection of Christ, an argument*, by Charles H. Robinson, M.A., Hon. Canon of Ripon and editorial secretary of the S.P.G. (Longmans. 1909. 169 pp. small 8vo. 3s. 6d. net); this book is intended as a defence of the doctrine of Christ's Resurrection and of our own; but Canon Robinson thinks it impossible to hold that our Lord's Body which was crucified rose again—it was a new and spiritual body which He took. What happened to the former body Canon Robinson finds it impossible to explain. The empty tomb is not to him an irrefragable proof of the Resurrection, but a difficulty which he confesses he cannot satisfactorily account for! He has borrowed a number of quotations from Dr Orr's book without acknowledgement, and he ought to have found in it more than sufficient refutation of a theory which is too contradictory to the whole of the New Testament evidence to be worthy of a refutation all to itself.

Another danger is from the new defence of the Resurrection by Spiritualists like Sir Oliver Lodge; the Resurrection of our Lord is to be paralleled by the paid ghosts who rap on drawing-room tables. Again another, with which Dr Orr deals rather fully, is the recent flood of Babylonian parallels not only to the Old Testament but also to Christianity. We may quote part of Dr Orr's summary (pp. 138 foll.):

It is no longer parallels merely which are sought between the Gospel narratives and pagan myths, but an actual derivation is proclaimed. Ancient Babylonia had developed a comprehensive world-theory of which its mythology is the imaginative expression. . . . Winckler, and in a more extreme form, Jensen, find in Babylonian mythology the key not only to the so-called legends of the patriarchs,

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of Moses and Aaron, and of the Judges, but to the histories of Samue., of Saul and David, of Elijah and Elisha. Now by Gunkel, Cheyne, Jensen and others, the theory is extended to the New Testament. Filtering down through Egypt, Canaan, Arabia, Phœnicia, Persia, there came, it is alleged, myths of virgin-births, of descents into Hades, of resurrections and ascensions; these, penetrating into Judaism, became attached to the figure of the expected Messiah— itself of old-world derivation—and gave rise to the idea that such and such traits would be realized in Him. Dr. Cheyne supposes that there was a written “pre-Christian sketch” of the Messiah, which embodied these features.

It may be well to recollect that only a few years ago Dr Cheyne welcomed a new German theory which made the Old Testament full of solar myths, and he seemed satisfied that David must represent the sun, for was he not “ruddy and of a fair countenance”?

Everything hitherto attempted, however, in the application of this theory to the Biblical history is hopelessly left behind in the latest book on the subject—Professor Jensen’s *Das Gilgamesh-Epos in der Welt-literatur* of which, as yet, only the first volume has appeared. But this extends to 1030 pages. . . . We have Abraham-Gilgamesh, Jacob-Gilgamesh, Moses-Gilgamesh, Joshua-Gilgamesh, Samson-Gilgamesh, Samuel-Gilgamesh, Saul-Gilgamesh, David-Gilgamesh, Solomon-Gilgamesh, Elijah-Gilgamesh, Elisha-Gilgamesh, etc. With endless iteration the changes are rung on a few mythical conceptions. . . . the stories of John the Baptist and Jesus are then affiliated to the Gilgamesh myths through their supposed Old Testament parallels.

Thus Jensen convinces himself that there never was such a person as Jesus Christ. Of the witness of St Paul he says: “The man either tells a falsehood, or he has been mystified in a wonderful way in Jerusalem.” While indulging in these extremes, Meyer (to whom Ladeuze wrote a good answer) and Lake use the Babylonian theories “to show how the stories of the Resurrection appearances came to take on their present form” (p. 245). Dr Orr’s replies are excellent, and his final chapter on the doctrinal bearings of the Resurrection is surprisingly adequate. The Catholic will probably not stumble upon anything unorthodox throughout the work of this Presbyterian scholar. We recommend it strongly as a book that may be safely read, and read with great profit and edification.

A collection of *Cambridge Biblical Essays*, edited by Dr Swete, contains a mixture of various views enunciated by scholars of various degrees of belief or unbelief and unequal talent. The present reviewer can pronounce no judgement on the part which deals with the Old Testament. In the first article Mr A. A. Ashley has an interesting parallel between the

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historical methods of the Arabs and those of the Old Testament writers. Dr Johns pleads for consideration of Babylonian influences, but in some moderate form, such as Jeremias upholds, not after the exaggerated manner of Gunkel, Cheyne or Jensen. More on the subject will be found in Mr S. A. Cook's essay on *The Present Stage of Old Testament Research*, a summary which makes interesting reading for an outsider. Canon Kennett deals with Jewish history from Nabuchodonozor to Alexander; Mr Abrahams with his special subject of Rabbinic exegesis; Dr W. E. Barnes has a sensible article on the interpretation of the Psalms, in which he deprecates the habit of supplying an arbitrary and unsuccessful historical background to poems which are obviously ideal, such as *Eructavit cor meum*.

The New Testament discussions open with a most unconventional essay on Eschatology by Mr Burkitt, who is a Christian and an Anglican, though somewhat advanced in his critical views. He may be said to agree with Schweitzer in refusing to explain away or reject as spurious all our Lord's eschatological sayings; but the essay is, in fact, a lay sermon, and a clever one, for Mr Burkitt is always clever, even when he is paradoxical. Mr McNeile deals with *Our Lord's Use of the Old Testament* and His claim to be the Messiah; we are not, he thinks, to suppose that our Lord witnessed to the truth of the Old Testament, or contradicts modern critical theories. "He could not because He would not know such facts with regard to the literary and historical problems of the Old Testament as have been discovered by modern scientific methods of research." This is more reverent than the usual "He did not because He could not" of the critics. Professor Inge deals with *The Theology of the Fourth Gospel* in a less conservative manner than Mr Johnston. His point of view is sketched by his opening statement that the Johannine question "seems at last to be approaching a solution."

It is now felt that the question of authorship is altogether secondary in importance to the question as to the character of the book, and on this subject there can no longer be much doubt. We have before us a composition which does not pretend to conform to the modern standard of history or biography, but which does claim to be a true interpretation of the Person and work of Christ, etc.

This is surely somewhat sanguine! Do any two critics agree as to the amount of historical nucleus to be found? Are there many who deny the historicity and the Johannine authorship, who do not also look upon the Johannine philosophy as a travesty of the original teaching of Christ and even of the Apostles? Are there not plenty of serious critics who regard the Gospel as plainly claiming to be particularly accurate on minute points of facts? Apart from this, the essay is interesting and thoughtful. It is, oddly enough, followed incontinently by a plea for the historical character of the Fourth Gospel, by Mr A. E. Brooke, containing some good contributions and suggestions

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Mr C. A. A. Scott shows that the "Pauline Theology" is not alien to our Lord's teaching, but "Paul shows just that harmony with Jesus, with His aim and method, which in another we should put down to intimacy." Dr Percy Gardner surprises us by the conservative manner in which he discusses the amount of accuracy with which St Luke in Acts has reported the speeches of St Paul. The essay is valuable, but, perhaps, it attempts to attain a degree of certainty impossible in criticism. Dr H. L. Jackson gives as *The Present State of the Synoptic Problem* the not very consoling result that we know next to nothing for certain about our Lord's life or His teaching. Dr J. H. Moulton on *New Testament Greek in the Light of Modern Discovery* adds detail to what we can read in his *Prolegomena*. Mr Valentine-Richards on Textual criticism gives a useful summary of von Soden's theory, which few have yet taken the trouble to master. Finally, Dr Swete's article on the *Religious Value of the Bible* seems to have been motivated by the fear that the liberal tendencies of some of the preceding essays might lessen the reverence of readers for Holy Scripture. No wonder he should fear this. But there is fortunately much in the volume which is sound and sensible, and not much that can be considered advanced in our insane twentieth century

The late head-master of Westminster, Dr Rutherford, was almost unique in his wide knowledge of Greek. His *New Phrynichus* placed him, when yet a young man, in the front rank of authorities on classical Greek; his edition of Babrius made him an authority on later Greek. The history of the transition became his special subject when he wrote three volumes on the Scholia to Aristophanes. In his last years he took up with enthusiasm the study of the common Greek of the Papyri. It would be hard to be better equipped linguistically for the translation of St Paul. In 1900 he published a version of Romans, and now Professor Spencer Wilkinson (best known as military critic on the *Morning Post*) has published paraphrases, found among his papers after his death, of both Epistles to the Thessalonians, the first to the Corinthians, and part of the second (Macmillan. 1908. 8vo. 92 pp. 3s. 6d. net). The versions are striking, and in detail they are of great interest to scholars; they will also give to the general reader a grasp of St Paul's meaning which could not easily be got from St Paul's own difficult style, still less from the Latin, least of all from the English. Here is an instance of modernization, which at least makes the meaning clear:

But there is no rule without exceptions. A father with an unmarried daughter in whom the instinct of motherhood is strong, may think he acts unfairly by her, and it may be there is ground for letting her marry. He must act as he thinks fit. He is not wrong. Let the girl marry her lover. But when a father has settled convictions, and nothing obliges him to act against them; when he is free to carry out his own wishes, and he has made up his mind; he will act rightly, if he keep

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his daughter at home. Indeed, both act rightly, he who lets his daughter marry and he who does not; but that he who does not makes the better choice time will show (1 Cor. vii, 36-38).

It is obvious that the wording is not Saxon enough, that the punctuation is clumsy, and that there is too much of the schoolmaster's style: it is too much like good construing. But it is powerful, accurate and interesting. In famous passages of special difficulty Dr Rutherford's opinion is very important; for example:

In what I have said I have for your sakes put Paul and Apollos instead of other names. I wished you to see that what is true in one case ought to be true in all (1 Cor. iv, 6).

Otherwise, what will they gain, *these arguers*, who receive baptism—to be numbered with the dead! If it is certain that dead men do not rise, why be baptized—to be numbered with them! (1 Cor. xv, 29).

A note is appended: “ὕπὲρ τῶν νεκρῶν:—βραχυλογικῶς ἀντὶ τοῦ ὑπὲρ τοῦ εἰς νεκροὺς τελεῖν;” a very attractive rendering. This thin volume must certainly not be overlooked by those who wish thoroughly to understand the Apostle

We will conclude with one Catholic work—a very small one: *The Greek Testament*, by C. C. Martindale, S.J. (No. 18 of *C.T.S. Lectures on the History of Religions*. 1909.) It is astonishing how much has been packed into thirty-two small pages. The problem was to present the characteristics of the Greek Testament as a contrast to other religions, not (of course) simply as the true to the false, but rather as the transcendent to the tentative and half-true. The compression is here so great that study rather than hasty reading is needed for certain parts. The few references to other books are extremely well chosen, and the writer rises almost to eloquence, in spite of his brevity, and in spite of the necessary interpolation, about twice in every line, of references to the text. We hope that this brochure will not be despised because it costs a penny. It will be found excellent as a first guide to be put into the hands of the many intelligent people who have been brought up without any knowledge of what the New Testament contains, or with a distorted and maimed impression of its teaching

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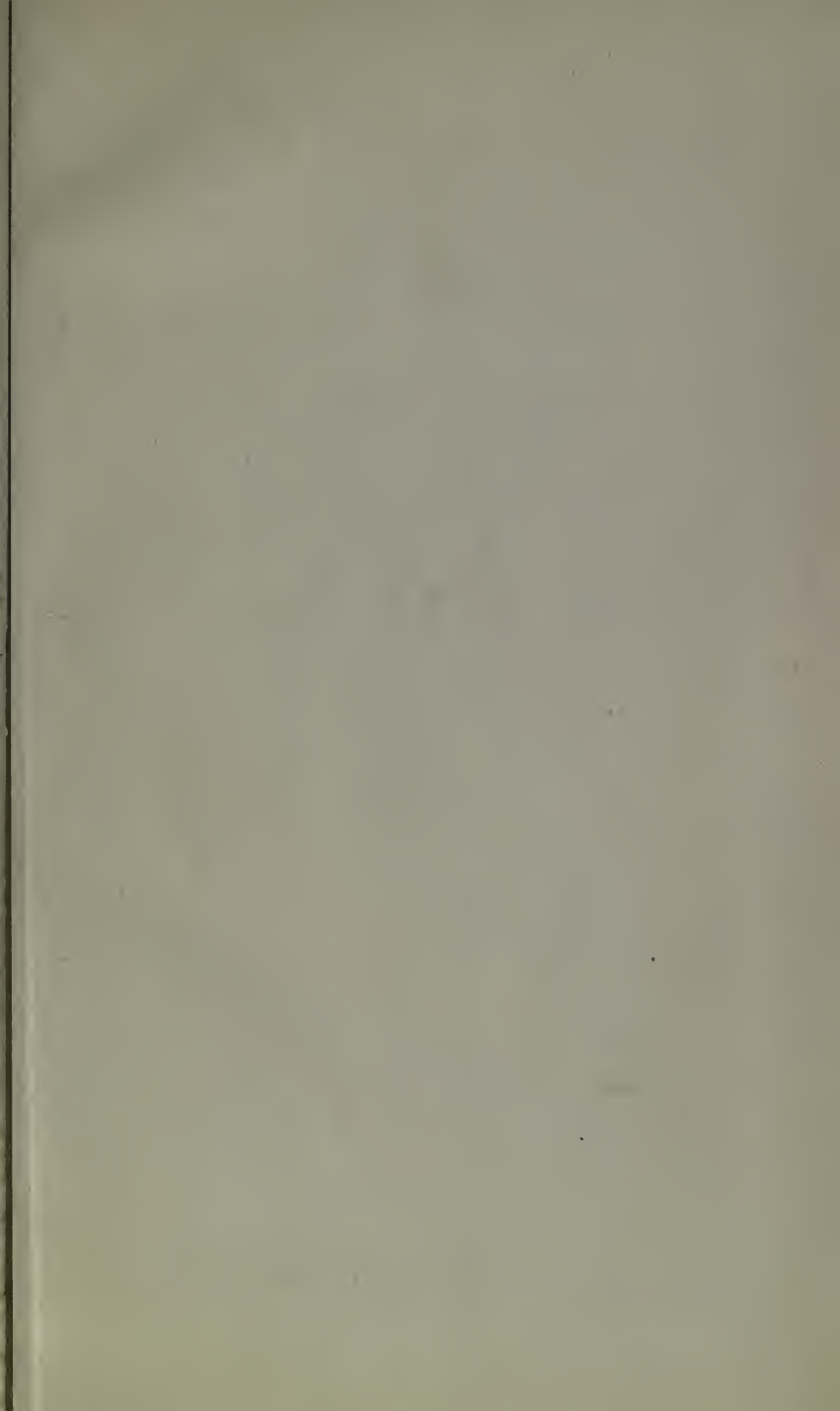
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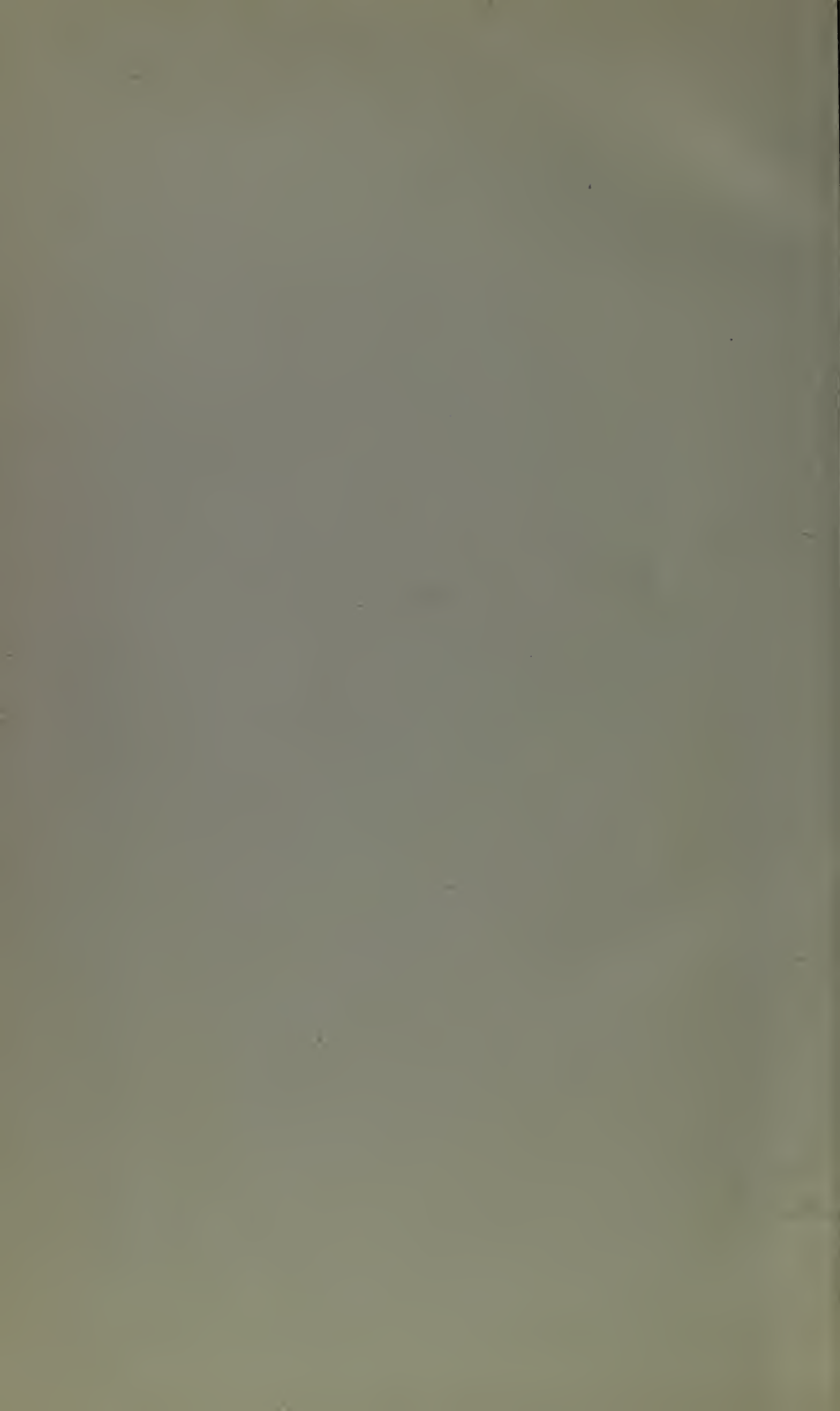
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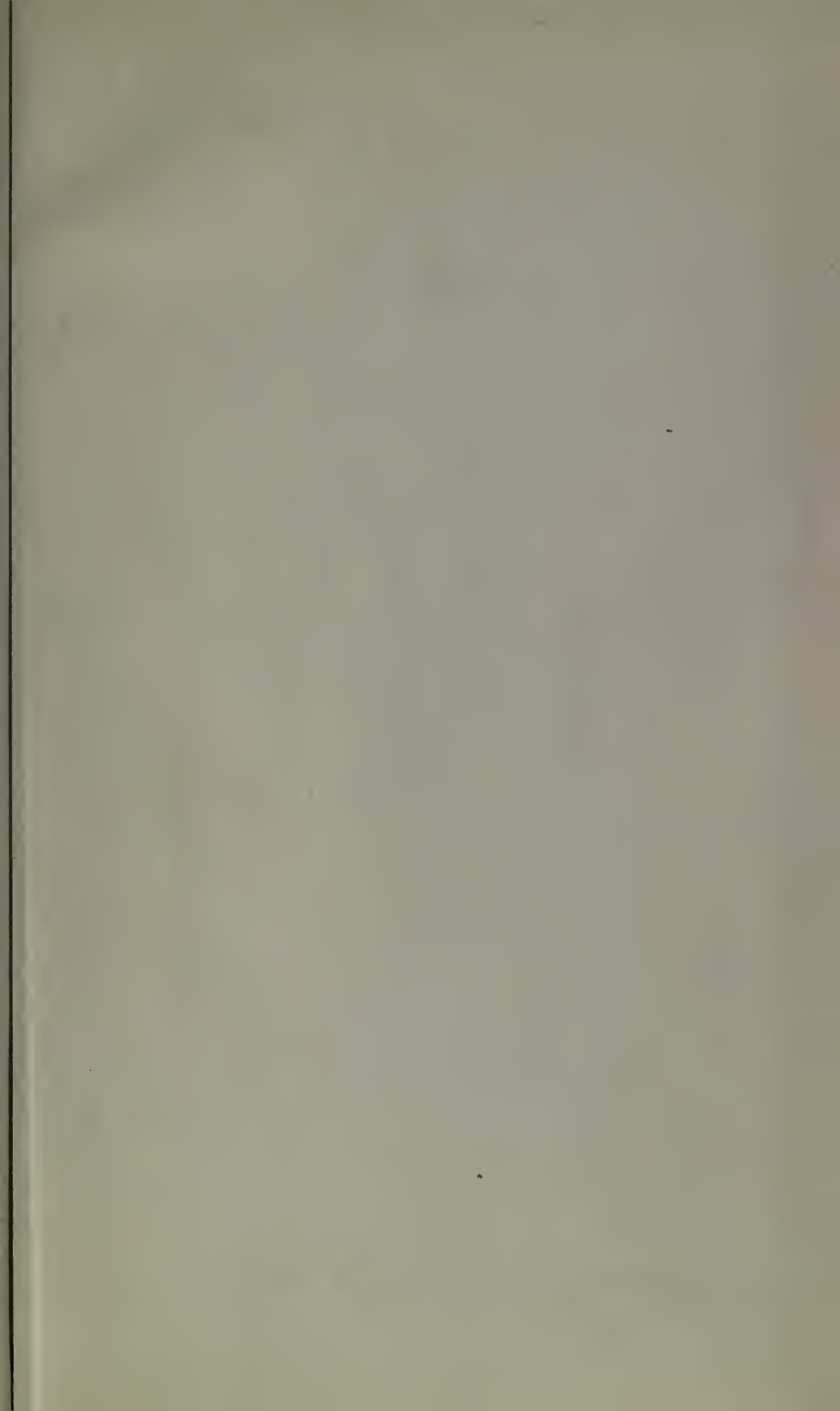
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