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EDWARD VII.

SINCE the appearance of our last issue, the nation has lost its King. And it is fitting that Catholics should take their full share in the national mourning. English Catholics have ever prided themselves on their loyalty to the Crown, even in days when loyalty was hard—during the long persecution which accompanied the Reformation. The bulk of them always deeply resented the efforts of the party, popularly associated with Father Parsons, to lead them into treasonable intrigues. Edmund Campion, the Jesuit, was not the only Martyr who proclaimed his loyalty to Elizabeth herself on the eve of his death. Catholic soldiers and sailors fought for England against a Spanish Armada, which claimed to have the blessing of the Holy See on its enterprise. Indeed, in the famous "Letter to Mendoza," the Queen's ministers declared that the English Catholics were as keenly opposed to the Spaniard as the Protestants themselves. Elizabeth, who passed away at the end of the 16th century, to the end had among Catholics her most loyal subjects, ready to obey her in all that conscience allowed. If Catholics lost in her a declared enemy, they never forgot that she was their Queen.

Our own position in 1910 is very different. It is not too much to say that English Catholics have in Edward VII lost a true friend. As Prince of Wales, his friendship with Cardinal Manning was well known. And when they sat together on a Royal Commission, he dealt with especial friendliness and tact with the delicate question of the Cardinal's precedence. The matter was practically a new one, for in his predecessor's time it had not been customary for the Cardinal Archbishop to take such part in public affairs as could give occasion to challenge his precedence. When the Cardinal died in 1892, at the very time when the Prince's own eldest son was cut off so prematurely, the bereaved father's message to the Chapter of Westminster was specially warm. Edward VII

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was acquainted with three of the Roman Pontiffs, who reigned during his lifetime. He broke through the prejudice which had prevented all English sovereigns since James II from attending Mass in State—the occasion being the requiem at St James's, Spanish Place, for the murdered King of Portugal. During his frequent visits to Marienbad, the Cistercian Abbot Helmer of Tepel was often among his guests. As King, he more than once, while sojourning in the South of France, went to hear the sermons of the Jesuit preacher, Father Vaughan. This very year he paid a visit to the shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes. These are but a few instances taken at random—signs of that friendly attitude towards the beliefs of Catholics and towards Catholics themselves, the existence of which was well known.

But in truth, the reign of Edward VII marked the culminating point of a great change in the national mind towards Catholic beliefs and Catholic ideals of devotion, and a change—though less marked—in the general feeling towards the English Catholic body. Doubtless, the growth of religious indifferentism has been, to some extent, at the root of the change. But it has also had a source which it is pleasanter to dwell on. It was Edward VI who began that tampering with Catholic beliefs and formularies in the Established Church of England, which followed after the break with Rome under his father, and finally made the national Church Protestant as well as schismatic. Edward VII's lifetime saw the marvellous revival of Catholic doctrines within the same Church, and his actual reign found that revival at its height. He was born at a moment when the Tractarian movement, which had promised so much from 1833 to 1840, appeared to be defeated. The beginning of 1841 witnessed the formal protest of the Four Oxford Tutors (of whom Archbishop Tait was one), against Tract 90 and its censure by the Hebdomadal board. It saw the charges of the episcopal bench against the tracts. It saw their total cessation. It saw, too, the cessation of Newman's labours in the *British Critic*, in which he never wrote again. It

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saw his retirement from Oxford strife to his retreat at Littlemore, where he soon came to live permanently down to the time of his actual change of communion. The leader had, in 1841, lost all confidence in Anglicanism, and the next four years were years of disaster for the Tractarian party. The condemnation of Mr. Ward and Newman's secession, in 1845, seemed to be its final overthrow: in Dean Church's words—"Not only a defeat but a rout." The wonderful revival and spread of the movement took place in King Edward's lifetime, and the year 1910 finds Newman's theory of the *Via Media* in its essentials held by the strongest party in the national Church—by the best intellects, by the most devoted workers. The memorable Ritual Commission marked, perhaps, the culminating point of this development.

When the great Eucharistic Congress was held at Westminster in the reign of Edward VII, some among the large numbers of our brethren from the Continent who witnessed that admirably organized demonstration of English Catholic devotion, and attended Mass in our immense Catholic Cathedral, formed, perhaps, an estimate not strictly accurate as to the significance of what they saw. Some of them thought that Catholics had become a great power in the land, that, perhaps, the conversion of England was approaching. There were antecedently improbable facts really accounting for what so greatly impressed them. It was improbable that in a country in which Catholics have so little power or influence, and bear so small a proportion to the population, there should be a Cathedral and adjoining clergy-house of such vast proportions as we see them at Westminster. It was antecedently improbable to the continental mind that such freedom, such an apparent sense of possession, as was visible in the Catholic crowds who haunted the piazza and the adjoining streets, should exist among a small Catholic minority in a Protestant country. In point of fact the energy of Cardinal Vaughan in planning and building the Cathedral, and raising the vast sum which its execution required, was something quite unique—the realization of something in the highest degree im-

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probable. And the English readiness to give freedom to such a great religious manifestation is also something almost unique in the age of M. Combes and M. Briand. Thus two improbable conditions were realized, and many Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans accounted for what they saw by the supposition of an English Catholic revival, an actual growth in power of the Church in England almost parallel to that of German Catholics. This led them to be somewhat disappointed when they learnt how small is our actual proportion to the population of the country, how few our representatives in the House of Commons, apart from Catholic Ireland.

Yet if by the "Catholic Revival" be understood the gradual undoing of the work of the Reformation in the Established Church, which may ultimately lead to great results in the spread of the Catholic religion—the gradual Catholicizing of a vast number in the reign of Edward VII by a similar process to that which gradually Protestantized the national mind in the reign of Edward VI—our foreign friends' spontaneous estimate of the Catholic revival was not much exaggerated. For such a movement to bring to the Church at once a large number of converts is not to be thought of short of a miracle. What was done gradually must be gradually undone. But the movement we have witnessed contains a promise for the future which, perhaps, the best informed estimate most highly.

For the Catholic body itself we can at least look back to an almost entire disappearance both of actual persecution and disabilities, and of the social ban which was so long the surviving consequence of persecution. The King's Declaration remains the curious and almost solitary relic of an attitude towards the Catholic Church which has become obsolete, surviving only among the members of the Protestant Alliance. Possibly by the time these lines are in print we shall know what prospect there is of its abolition or modification.

We have, indeed, every reason to hope under King George for the continuance and development of the equality which has been accorded us under King Edward. When

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George IV, then Prince Regent, entertained Cardinal Consalvi in London, at the moment of brotherly cordiality towards the Roman See, which a common hatred of Napoleon created, the Italian Cardinal besought him to grant his Catholic subjects emancipation. George IV expressed his general good will in their regard, but pleaded the difficulty raised by the strong Protestant public opinion among Englishmen. And he is reported to have added: "When I think of attempting to secure their emancipation I am haunted by the shade of Queen Elizabeth looking at me and rebuking me." George V finds in possession a public opinion which is more genial. And the views of Elizabeth are not now such a power in the land as to encourage her ghost to be officious or interfering. Things have changed since 1814.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

The Life of Cardinal Vaughan. By John George Snead-Cox.
London: Burns and Oates. 1910.

WHAT impression will the biography of Cardinal Vaughan make on the considerable number of Englishmen for whom, during the ten years of his cardinalate, his red Biretta and *ferrajuolo* were the proverbial red rag to a bull? This question often occurred to the present writer while reading Mr. Snead-Cox's absorbingly interesting narrative. To many, especially among members of the Anglican Church, Cardinal Vaughan was simply the type of the masterful Roman prelate, proud, ostentatious, fond of flourishing the unwelcome claims of Rome in the faces of Englishmen, treading ruthlessly on the toes of his compatriots, constantly offending their national feelings. Phrases of the Cardinal's which were, perhaps, wanting in literary tact were repeated from mouth to mouth and exaggerated. His commanding and handsome presence, his family relationship with aristocratic English Catholic houses, the state and circumstance of a Prince of the Church, doubled his offences. For a time there was revived in his person something of what had been the popular idea of Cardinal Wiseman in 1850. He was the embodiment of "papal aggression." He was the man who, with immense publicity and ostentation, dedicated England to St Peter—as though England were his to dedicate; who laughed at Anglican orders as "shivering in their insular isolation;" who denounced to the Archbishop of Toledo, in a letter which appeared in print, the "astute sect" of the Church of England which posed as Catholics; who chose the moment when his co-religionists were longing to show their love for the great dead Queen of England to remind the public that she was a heretic for whom Catholics could not offer religious rites as for a member of the one true Church.

If the Cardinal's biography presented something quite inconsistent with the popular idea of Herbert Vaughan, it would not suggest the question of which I speak? It would

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probably be regarded by the Cardinal's critics as a biography bowdlerised out of all truthfulness. It is just because the book focuses, and puts in due place and proportion the offending features, because it explains the popular impression while correcting it, that it is so interesting in this connexion. And it is likely especially to interest his severer critics—those among them, at least, who are candid and capable of reforming their judgement in the presence of undeniable facts which they had failed to realize.

I will not attempt at present to summarize in a few words the corrections of popular misconception which the book supplies—to set down categorically what is true and what false or vitiated by false elements in a conception of Cardinal Vaughan which has prevailed somewhat widely. It will be more convincing to endeavour first to place before my readers an outline of the picture given us by Mr. Snead-Cox—a picture made up almost entirely of actual facts and of the Cardinal's own words. Where analysis involves very subtle distinctions it may not be successful. But a true picture cannot fail to correct a false one.

The boyhood of Herbert Vaughan was passed at Courtfield—in the beautiful country traversed by the river Wye, near Ross. Here his ancestors had been settled for 350 years. His great-grandfather had a Spanish mother; for, being the son of one of the English Catholics who had fought for Prince Charlie in 1745, he had left the country after Culloden, had joined the Spanish Army and married a wife in the country of his adoption. The Cardinal's mother did not come of a Catholic stock. She was a daughter of Mr. Rolls of the Hendre, aunt to the present Lord Llangattock, and in childhood a strong evangelical. Becoming a Catholic she had all the intense piety of a devout convert. To their Spanish ancestry and their descent from one with antecedents so different from those of the old Roman Catholic families of England, may probably be traced the very marked and special characteristics of the Vaughans of the generation to which Herbert Vaughan belonged—their taste for romance and adventure, their immense energy and love of heroic and daring enterprise. The hereditary

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Catholics of England had for the most part very different qualities and habits—those of a long persecuted race. Some had, after two centuries of fidelity to the Holy See, conformed in the end to the Established Church. Some had grown lax in their allegiance to Rome; Cisalpine in sentiment as much as doctrine. The deep piety of others was of the long-suffering sort. The thought of daring enterprise and of great conquests for the cause of the Catholic Church, was the last which came natural to a race well-nigh worn out with legal disabilities and persecution, and barely allowed to remain in the country. They were content to live in peace and say their prayers undisturbed—to live and let live.

The love of adventure and of romance were from the first strong in Herbert Vaughan—though the romance was so markedly limited in its direction that, as we shall see later, he seemed to many the most unromantic of men. His romance centred in the aims and ideals of religion, and was inspired by an extraordinarily vivid faith. His love of adventure, which later on was displayed in religious enterprise, found its first vent in his keen love of sport. So far as human affections were concerned, romance was visible mainly in his passionate love for his beautiful and saintly mother, who died while he was still a boy. In most other instances his very absorption in religious aims made him slight human affections as worthless and uninteresting. He was little given to descriptive writing. But he has left on record the ineffaceable picture his “sweetest mother” left on him as he used to watch her praying before the altar as a little boy :

An hour in the morning was always spent in meditation in the chapel, which was her real home. She generally knelt, slightly leaning her wrists against the *prie-Dieu*. I do not recollect ever seeing her distracted on these occasions, or looking anywhere than towards the Blessed Sacrament or on her book. She often remained with her eyes fixed on the Tabernacle, and while her body was kneeling at the bottom of the chapel—her face beautiful and tranquil with the effects of Divine Love—her heart and soul were within the Tabernacle with her dearly beloved Saviour. . . . I used to watch her myself when in the chapel, and love her and gaze upon her. I used often

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to watch her from the gravel walk in the flower garden, and marvel to see her so absorbed in prayer.

Another deep and ineffaceable memory was his love of sport from boyhood upwards. His old home was for him to the end full of memories of his boyish adventures with gun and horse. Walking at Courtfield with a friend in his later years he pointed out place after place stamped by these keen early memories.

In that pool in the river he had cast his first fly, but he had never cared for fishing; there he had been taught to ride; over that fence he had learned to jump; under that hedgerow many a time in the summer he had sat with his gun, waiting for the rabbits to come out in the dusk, and saying his rosary while he waited; in that coppice how often he had gone blackberrying; and there—but that was later—he had killed his first pheasant; and in that field, on the brow of Coppet Hill, he had almost shot his father—they were out partridge shooting, and just drawing together under a tree for luncheon when, putting his gun to half-cock, it somehow went off and the whole charge whizzed past his father's head; the Colonel turned quickly, and, taking the situation in at a glance, said, "Well, now let us unpack the basket." So the stream of reminiscence went on until, stopping short, and moving his arm as though to take in all the countryside, and letting his voice fall almost to a whisper, he said, "And over it all is the memory of what I went through before I made up my mind to be a priest."

It was, indeed, the realization that sport was becoming the sole interest of his life which largely made him turn his thoughts to the priesthood. He was an eldest son, and the priesthood meant for him the abandonment of fortune and position; but he often said that it was the sacrifice of his life as a sportsman that cost him most.

At sixteen his resolution to be a priest was taken. And to him it meant from the first that he intended to do, as he expressed it, "something intense" and "something heroic" for God and the Church. Henceforth he applied himself to his books, and retained grateful memories of being taught habits of systematic study at a French School at Brugelette, where he spent a year. His new and absorbing purpose made it no trial to him that he lived in

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this school a solitary figure among uncongenial French boys, who called him "Milord Roast Beef," while his cricket bat—the last relic of his taste for English games—was confiscated as a suspicious looking and probably murderous club. The school helped him to prepare for what had become the one object of his life, and he was grateful to it.

Passing to Rome, he gained there also deep and lifelong impressions—a quite special sentiment for all its relics of the past and for the Holy See, as those well know who have ever been in his company in the eternal City. He lived at the *Accademia dei Ecclesiastici nobili* and attended lectures at the *Collegio Romano*, hearing, among others, the celebrated Father Passaglia, with whom he became intimate, and whom he describes as "kind and magnificent." He was present at the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. His dream—somewhat undefined as yet—was to do a great work as a missionary, in Wales, perhaps, perhaps in foreign parts. He read eagerly at this time the lives of the saints, especially of the great missionaries. Such reading for him was not that of the day-dreamer who is content to dream and do no more. The healthy English boy who used to read Dick Turpin, when it first came out, was often too much inclined to try his fortune as a highwayman. And Vaughan had the same longing to translate into action his day dreams over the lives of the saints. Missionary work gave him extraordinary happiness. An expedition made in rough weather, in his youth at Courtfield, to help an old man who was taking to religion after a life of evil, stood out to the end as a bright spot in his life—as men of the world will remember to the last a moment of ideal love or of triumphant success. "The night was wet and cold and I was riding," he writes of it in his old age, "I had to cross the river and wind along the hill up home. The comfort and joy of that hour is inexpressible—it was sweeter than all the joys of the world—the joy within the heart making it feel confident in God who watches over it."

While in Rome he formed a close friendship with Henry

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Edward Manning. Manning had at that time a scheme for training the English Catholic clergy on the model of the oblates of the great Archbishop of Milan, Charles Borromeo. His strong influence with Cardinal Wiseman made the realization of this idea appear not improbable. For a moment, under Manning's influence, Herbert Vaughan turned aside from his visions of missionary work to join in promoting it. He was appointed by Cardinal Wiseman, when only twenty-two, Vice-President of St Edmund's College, the successor in the South of England of the old Douay College, and the training ground for the secular clergy. He became at the same time a member of the congregation of the Oblates of St Charles, which Manning had brought into existence, and induced some of the divinity students at St Edmunds also to join this congregation and to further its special ends. The discipline of the college was to be reformed on "Oblate" lines.

The *imperium in imperio* thus created in the college, and the suspicion that Vaughan was there as Manning's secret agent, bent on gradually bringing the whole college under the rule of the converted Archdeacon of Chichester, who was far from popular among the old clergy, made Vaughan's position an impossible one. At twenty-three he was undertaking to instruct men of twice his own age, who were the official superiors of the college. Many of the divinity students themselves were as old as he was; some even older. Both "divines" (as they were called) and Professors resented his presence. He was, nevertheless, a hero with the boys. They were proud of his riding and his splendid presence; and the story of a highwayman who stopped him one day and found that he had met his match, was long repeated in the college. His aim in accepting the Vice-Presidentship was, however, defeated. It may fairly be said that he was inconsiderate and, in some degree, arrogant in his bearing at St Edmund's, and quite failed to understand the good elements in the system he meant to reform. But he unquestionably believed himself to be aiming at a great work—at raising the ideals of the clergy, at engrafting something of the strict discipline and enthusiastic piety of the

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continental seminaries, of which St Sulpice was a notable example, on a somewhat apathetic English priesthood. He seems, from an entry in his journal, to have had some suspicion, on thinking matters over, that he was (in his own phrase) "proud and contentious" and inconsiderate of the feelings of others. Indeed, there was an innate masterfulness in him through life which was again and again rebuked in its manifestations by his touching personal humility. Whether in this instance he was personally to blame, or whether he was appointed to carry out an intrinsically impracticable scheme, the position at St Edmund's proved (as I have said) impossible. The idea of bringing the clergy under Oblate domination, to be ruled by Dr Manning, an Oxford convert of only four years standing, was eventually disowned in express terms by Cardinal Wiseman himself.

To act merely as the Vice-President in an English ecclesiastical college which he regarded as unsatisfactory and deficient in high ideals, to carry on its humdrum *routine*, did not at all answer to Vaughan's dreams of a great "heroic" enterprise. Indeed, while he held his position he was a frequent absentee, more interested in visits to Wiseman at York Place and Manning at Bayswater, discussing with them the plan of campaign, than in the actual duties of the Vice-President. When, therefore, the original idea of a drastic reformation of the college under oblate influences was definitely abandoned, he and the other oblates left the college, and Vaughan turned his thoughts once again in the direction of missionary work—this time more definitely of converting the heathen. The dream grew in his mind for months. But with his high views of a vocation he needed both ecclesiastical sanction and some sign that he was following not his own whim and taste but the will of God. He gained the warm approval of Cardinal Wiseman in 1860, and after visiting the great shrines in Spain and Italy and praying for guidance, he went to his mother's grave at Courtfield. Here (he writes) "after several days of prayer an answer seemed to come to me in the chapel, saying

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distinctly, 'begin very humbly and very quietly.' It came to me," he adds, "like a revelation, with all the force of a new idea."

The idea was deepened and quickened in the following year by an incident which recalls the conversion of St Ignatius Loyola, on his sick bed, and his initiation of the great enterprise which led to the foundation of the Jesuit order. Herbert Vaughan had a severe illness in the winter of 1861, and during his convalescence he fed his imagination with the lives of St Francis Xavier, the apostle of Japan, and St Peter Claver, "the slave of slaves." With him, as with St Ignatius, the effect of vivid meditation at a time of bodily weakness was decisive. Manning—his oblate superior—approved of his wishes, but Vaughan soon saw that the oblate community received the idea with coldness and would not really take it up. He had to act for himself. And this he did after a period of depression, and what was to him the greatest of trials—doubt and uncertainty as to his duty. The immediate plan he formed was to make a voyage across the Atlantic, in order to beg in America for the funds which were needed to set on foot a college to train men for missionary work among the heathen. And this had to be done by his own unaided efforts, with no help from human companionship or discipleship. He spent six months in Rome in 1862, praying for further guidance. His enterprise was to have all the accompaniments of a great public work for the Church. He pleaded his cause before Montalembert and all the Catholic leaders at the celebrated congress of Malines in 1863, and the assembly passed a resolution wishing him godspeed. He went again to Rome and gained the special blessing of the Holy Father, and letters of approval for his American campaign. The civil war was at its height, and therefore the United States did not offer a promising field. He set sail in December for California, receiving on the eve of departure an affectionate letter from Wiseman—to whose large-hearted and enterprising nature the adventurous scheme especially appealed. Herbert Vaughan used to say that for thirty years he could never read, without tears, this letter, received by him at the moment of realiz-

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ing his dreams of initiating the work which had for years grown on his imagination as making his life a heroic enterprise in the one great cause—a life really worth living.

Let one characteristic be here parenthetically noted which was well known to his intimate friends and was apparent in every work of his life, including the American expedition with its many adventures. Herbert Vaughan did not know fear, and had in his attitude towards death the spirit of his sister, the Poor Clare nun, who wrote, when the doctor pronounced her illness incurable, to inform her uncle of the “glorious news” which she was impatient to tell him, that she should soon be with her Lord in Heaven.

One more personal characteristic may be recalled from the present writer's own remembrance. The sense of romance, which his American campaign aroused in Herbert Vaughan's friends, was inevitably associated with his extraordinary personal beauty—far greater in his thirties than at a later period. There still remain photographs which bear out this statement. The portliness of later life and the slight heaviness of feature were not yet in sight. Slim of figure, his fearless blue eye, aquiline nose, and firm-set mouth, the expression of sweetness and courage combined, made him in appearance an ideal Sir Galahad, setting forth in quest of the Holy Grail.

It would be tedious to follow all the details of the American expedition. But the general story of his work there is most instructive and characteristic. It was a veritable realization of a chapter in some of those lives of the Saints which had inspired him. His absolute faith that the work he had undertaken was God's work made his perseverance indomitable. He counted on beginning to preach and to beg in the wealthy town of San Francisco. But a crushing disappointment greeted him at the outset. The Archbishop of San Francisco needed all the Catholic money of the town for the requirements of his diocese. He received Vaughan coldly, and would allow him neither to preach nor to collect in the city. This was the first reminder he received of the hard world of facts which had to be overcome before his dream could be realized. The Presentation

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nuns of San Francisco were from the first his friends. They could give him all their sympathy and their prayers. But they could give him no money. Sympathy Vaughan valued. But prayer was, in his opinion, a far more practically useful asset. It was March—the month consecrated to St Joseph. In simple Catholic fashion he bade them lay siege to St Joseph and give him no peace until the Saint had changed the Archbishop's heart. The nuns prayed. But the last day of March arrived, and there was no result. "The last day, but not the last hour of the day," was the calm assurance prompted by Vaughan's confident faith in prayer. And sure enough, late in the evening, he received a letter from the Archbishop, giving permission for one sermon in each church in the city.

When once he was allowed to work and to speak freely, the effect produced on his hearers by the heroic character of his enterprise, by his own simple faith, by the force of his personality, was irresistible. Money came fast. £200 was collected after the first sermon; £250 after the second, and the proportion never diminished. April brought a harvest: then things slackened. But May was the month of Mary. He prayed to the Virgin Mother for £1,000 to found a "bourse" in her honour. The money came, but this time it came slowly.

The last day [he writes] I was minus 700 dollars and knew not where to turn for it—could not beg from the poor, and the Bishop only tolerated begging from the richer Catholics of the City. A man met me as I knew not which way to go and gave me 200 dollars, saying he wished to become a special benefactor. In the evening, I was minus 400 dollars. I went into Mr. Donohoe's bank to sit down. I told him my case: he had no sympathy for the work, and had given 250 dollars to please his wife. Said he would lend me 400 dollars. "But, I can't lend them to the Blessed Virgin," said I, smiling. I told him I had not come with the intention of begging of him—he had given generously already. Finally, I said, "What interest do you require?" "Never mind that," he answered. "When do you want the principal back?" "Never mind that, either," said he. And so that night Our Lady had her bourse completed.

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After five months in California, Vaughan went to Peru and Chili. Many curious experiences are recorded by him, and though his letters and diary show no great descriptive power, the keen sense of adventure is apparent through them all. The following extract from the Life contains a sample:

From Lima [we read] he journeyed into the interior, and on one occasion rode thirty-three miles before breakfast, starting at 2.30 a.m. Writing to Mrs. Ward, he says: "My last journey has been to Arequipa. It had the best Bishop in Peru, but alas! he was buried just before I reached there. It is south of Lima, and ninety or one hundred miles from the coast. The ride across the Pampa Grande, or great desert of Peru, was a great novelty. The road, or rather pathway, is strewn with the bones of horses and mules. And after the great plain of sand is passed the track between and after the coast range of the Andes is covered with the remains of animals that have fallen by the way, exhausted by fatigue or thirst. As soon as an animal can no longer go on, after he is relieved of his burden (everything that is carried into the interior has to be borne by mules—there are no roads for carts or carriages), he is necessarily left behind by his owner, and then, before the drove of mules is out of sight, great vultures, gathering from all parts, come down upon him. One alights upon his head—the poor animal seems to have lost all sense of self-preservation—and plucks out his eyes. The poor beast is soon despatched, and the next day the carcass is dried up and abandoned by both man and beast. Not always, however, by man, for whether it be to remind him of death, or as an ornament to the wilderness, these dried horses, mules and asses are made to stand up, some headless, some on one or two legs, in every shape and form that a dried, broken-up carcass can be turned into."

In Chili he collected 60,000 dollars, and the days of begging from rich and poor alike are thus described by him:

I went up and down the country, preaching in the churches, begging alms of the faithful from door to door. One day, as I was walking along the street, a man came up to me and said in Spanish, "Are you the person who is begging for the establishment of a Missionary College in London?" "Yes, I am," I replied. "Then," said he, "take these hundred dollars." "Who are you?" said I, "that I may put your name down in my book." "I am nobody," he replied, and away he went and I saw him no more. Another day

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I was begging from house to house, and I entered the house of a washerwoman. She gave me the coppers that were standing by her soapsuds. The next house I went into was that of a rich man. I asked him for alms, and he put his name down for £1,000.

On his way home he heard of the death of his dear friend, Cardinal Wiseman. He felt the loss deeply. He not only loved Wiseman, but he had ever looked up to the Cardinal as in many ways a model in his "large-mindedness and generosity," in his "ecclesiastical government, his forgetfulness of injuries, and his exhibition of Our Lord's doctrine of mercifulness." But more than all the loss to the cause of the Church weighed on him. "Who is to sit in his vacant place?" he writes to a friend. "Who is to put on his armour? Who is to continue the work of which he laid the foundations?" One man, and one alone, seemed to Vaughan capable of the work, Henry Edward Manning. Yet all probabilities were against the appointment. Vaughan prayed and prayed against hope. He went on collecting money, and got so much in Brazil that he felt his enterprise to be at last successfully accomplished. At Rio Janeiro he received from Mr. W. G. Ward the news that Manning was Archbishop, and he wrote at once a letter full of joy at the news.

A summons from the new Archbishop himself now cut short the American campaign. But his work was really done. He returned to England and bought Holcombe House, at Mill Hill, to serve as a college for his first missionaries. Here again came one of those ventures of prayer in which he had learnt to trust from his favourite lives of the saints, and one of the remarkable instances of seeming answers to prayer which accompanied him through life. The owner of Holcombe House at first declined to sell. The destination of the house as a Catholic College leaked out, and this increased his indisposition to meet the wishes of the would-be purchaser. An elaborate battery of prayers to St Joseph was initiated. Vaughan surreptitiously left a statue of St Joseph in the house itself, and told his friends that he was sure the Saint would do what was expected of him. March 19, the feast of St Joseph, arrived, and that evening came the news that the man had signed the agree-

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ment to sell. These are not stories characteristic of England in the Nineteenth century. But the facts are remembered by the Cardinal's friends, and he himself used to narrate them in all simplicity.

The college was thus founded; and the atmosphere of the lives of the saints was still apparent in its conduct, as it had been in the efforts which brought about its foundation. The ideal of the austere life suited to prepare intending missionaries among the heathen for their future work had never been absent during his own work in America, where his own life had been one of hardship and privation of all kinds: and the same ideal was now to be stamped on the future missionaries as it had been on their leader. Experience led him gradually to make concessions to what was practicable, human nature being what it is, in men capable of even heroic ventures. At the outset, however, he was quite uncompromising:

The first students at Mill Hill [his biographer tells us] besides being taught to regard cooked food as a luxury they could hardly expect, were from time to time subjected to such impromptu forms of discipline as the enthusiasm of their Rector might suggest. In the early days of the College, Father Vaughan's attention was drawn to the fact that there were some gold-fish in a pond near the house. It occurred to him that the capture of these little fishes might serve a double purpose—Father Cyril Ryder writes: "There was a pond in the garden full of gold-fish. These he wanted to sell; so he got his young men to wade into the water up to their middle, in their clothes, and to remain in this occupation for some hours. He told me it would harden them, and prepare them for crossing rivers when they became missionaries. I am afraid I was profane enough to think that they would in all probability not survive their training, so that the only river they might be called upon to cross would be the Styx."

It was probably inevitable that a man of Herbert Vaughan's impetuosity of character and abandonment of devotion should be betrayed into some extravagances. They did little harm, for two reasons. With him it was always a case not of "Go on" but of "Come on." The youths who lived on tinned meat, or stood for hours numbed to the bone, using buckets to catch gold-fish in the garden pond, knew that the man who imposed these privations

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and penances had gone further than ever he was likely to ask them to go. And in him there was small fear of seeming inconsistent. If experience showed that a cook was necessary for a college, or that it was not wise to expose young men to damp and cold, he could be trusted at once to end the experiment. He would turn back as readily as if, trying to make a short cut across country, he was satisfied that the way by the road was quickest. We shall see many instances in his later life in which he disconcerted friends by the absolute simplicity with which, without casting about for excuses, he just reversed his policy. Once convince him that he was following the wrong track, and the order to reverse the engines came just as a matter of course. And so experience came as a corrective to many a theory in his work of founding a Missionary College, and his adaptability and readiness to subordinate his own preconceived ideas were never found wanting. The result is the St Joseph's College, Mill Hill, of to-day.

The American war had brought to the front the question of the slave population of America: and Vaughan had himself witnessed scenes which had given him a horror of the attitude of the white man towards the negro in America. The first missionaries from Mill Hill were, with the sanction of the Holy See, to go to Baltimore with the special object of ministering to the needs of the black population, who were largely without any religion at all. Vaughan accompanied them, and took the opportunity of a voyage of discovery in the American States, with a view to the greater extension of the labours of his missionaries. There is much curious information in Herbert Vaughan's diaries in which he narrates his experiences. His first feeling was simply one of horror at the attitude of the white man, even the clergy and Bishops, towards the negroes, whom they seemed to regard as hardly human. He once told the present writer of a visit he paid to a convent in which this feeling was only too evident. After receiving the most plentiful hospitality he gave his parting thanks to the Reverend Mother for her kindness in these words:—"I shall pray that you may have as a reward a very high place in heaven." The Reverend Mother began to express her gratitude, but he cut her short, adding:—"and that you may have a negro on each side of you for all eternity." Years

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afterwards, when again in America, he visited the same convent and the Reverend Mother expressed great relief at seeing him once more, as she had something she had for years been longing to ask of him. "Do take that prayer off me," she explained.

His account in 1871 of the state of feeling towards the negroes is given in the following page of the biography:—

From the local clergy he appears to have got a somewhat mixed reception, many of them, who worked unceasingly among the whites, regarded the blacks as hopeless, or at any rate outside their sphere of labour. From St Louis, under date January 25, 1872, he writes: "The Archbishop thought all my plans would fail; could suggest nothing for the negroes, and refused permission to collect and declined to give a letter of approval." A few lines further down he adds: "Father Callagan, S.J., who has for seven years worked for the negroes, disagrees with the Archbishop on this question. Speaks of the virtue and simplicity of the negro." In Memphis he notes: "Negroes regarded even by priests as so many dogs." What perplexed him more than anything else was the inequality before the Blessed Sacrament. There, before the altar all men should be equal, and the colour-line should fade at the church door. In New Orleans he notes the case of a wealthy coloured man married to a white woman: "Pays for a pew in the cathedral—his wife sits in it, but he obliged to go behind the altar." Perhaps the following entries, taken from the commonplace-book he kept at the time, may serve sufficiently to convey his impressions of the field of labour on which his missionaries were to enter.

"A common complaint that white and black children are not allowed to make their First Communion on the same day. A coloured soldier refused Communion by a priest at the cathedral. Delas-soize's inclination to shoot the priest. In a church just built here, benches let to coloured people which are quite low down. A lady—coloured—built nearly half the church, another gave the altar; both refused places except at the end of the church. A Fancy Fair—coloured people allowed to work for it but not admitted to it. It is still unlawful in Alabama for coloured and whites to marry. Before the War it was unlawful not only to teach slaves, but even for coloured freemen to receive any education. During the slavery days the priest had no chance. A bigotted mistress would flog her slave if she went to any church but her own, and if she persisted in going to the Catholic Church, would sell her right away. I visit-

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ed the hospital where there were a number of negroes. Talked to many in it and in the street. All said they had no religion. Never baptized. All said either they would like to be Catholics, or something to show they were not opposed to it. Neither the priest with me nor the Sisters in the hospital do anything to instruct them. They just smile at them as though they had no souls. A horrible state of feeling! How is it possible so to treat God's image?

"In Georgia the State makes no provision for the education of coloured people, and refuses them admission into the public schools."

A little experience made Vaughan somewhat modify his views as to the desirability of treating black and white men exactly alike. He came across cases where negroes had been treated with an approach to equality, in consequence of the great change wrought by the war, and saw for himself that their education and habits, even their inborn character, made them unfit for equal treatment.

"Visited the Legislature (Louisiana) [we read in his diary.] Half blacks, many unable to read—legs on desks, smoking, eating apples, fourteen trying to speak at once. In Senate, a coloured man, Pinchback, President."

He found that so great an authority as the ex-President, Jefferson Davis, took a very low view of the capabilities of the negro:—

Called on Jefferson Davis [he writes] He said the negro, like a vine, could not stand alone. No gratitude, but love of persons—no patriotism, but love of place instead. He says that men are warring against God in freeing the negro, that he is made to be dependent and servile; that in Africa, wherever a community does well an Arab is to be found at the head of it. I urged that this was a reason in favour of our mission, that no one but the Catholic Church could supply the guidance and support the negro's need. Mr. Davis quite agreed with this. "The field is not promising," he said, "but you have the best chance. The Methodists and Baptists do much mischief among them."

Vaughan came eventually to hold that a certain separation between black and white men was necessary. However true it was that their souls were equal before God, there were both ineradicable prejudices and deepset inequalities of mental and moral cultivation which made the idea of

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an amalgamation of the two races Utopian. He was in favour of their worshipping in separate churches. Thus, invidious distinctions in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament were avoided, while an impossible amalgamation was not attempted.

Extremely interesting is Father Vaughan's account—as summarized by his biographer—of the difference between the attitude of the inhabitants of the Northern and the Southern, respectively, towards the negro.

Father Vaughan was struck with the fact that the feelings with which the North regarded the negro differed from those prevalent in the South, not in degree only, but in kind. He puts the case thus: "In the North the prejudice is against the colour; while in the South it is against the blood." He instances a case in which children, apparently of white parents, have been excluded from school because, in spite of their appearance, they were known to have some taint of black blood in their veins. The distinction thus noted thirty years ago is true in its degree to-day, and is the outcome of different political conditions. Herbert Vaughan was quick to see that in the North, where the political or social supremacy of the negro is unthinkable, there is little hesitation to throw open all careers to him. That liberality, however, is accompanied and qualified by a very general feeling of repulsion for the person of the negro—a feeling almost unknown in the South. How could it be otherwise? The sort of physical shrinking from contact with the person of a negro to which so many, whether in the Northern States of the American Union or here in England, would confess, can find no place among people who have had negroes around them all their lives—who from their earliest infancy have been accustomed to negro nurses and negro servants. The Southern prejudice is not, and never was, against the person of the negro. On the other hand, repugnance to the thought of the supremacy of the servile race, or even its existence on a footing of equality, amounts to a passion. In the North a white negro—there are white negroes as there are white blackbirds—meets with little prejudice. The fact that a man's lineage would show that in his blood he has a "touch of the tarbrush," would affect him as much and as little in Boston or New York as in London or in Birmingham. The visible marks of race disability are absent, and it is they that matter. In the South the mere question of colour counted for little. What mattered was the blood.

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Before leaving America, Father Vaughan visited St Louis, New Orleans, Charleston and other places and then returned to New York, in each place begging for money. In New York alone he raised £800. On his return from America, some of his friends observed not only his enthusiasm for much in the American character—as found in the Northern States especially,—but even a slight occasional approach to the American accent in his speech, which always remained with him. “The American,” he wrote, “is prodigal of money, health, home, lands and all. He will sacrifice this for the sake of an undertaking.” It was this American tenacity of purpose, this determination to succeed, no matter what the sacrifice to self, this combination of intense devotion with practicability, which so strongly appealed to him, and which he felt to be so invaluable when applied to the achievement of the great ideal objects of religion. It used to be said that there was something American in his way of looking at things for the rest of his life—something very practical, and for this very reason in small ways unromantic (for romance is apt to be unpractical), accompanying the intensely romantic love of adventure and devotion to the cause of the Church.

I have dwelt thus long on the foundation of the College of Foreign Missions because I think no episode in his life was more characteristic of his greater qualities. The self abandonment, the determination to persist through all discouragement, the life of adventure through many phases and circumstances, the resolution to accomplish the impossible and its realization, the life of absolute confidence in prayer, combined with an intensely practical energy—and, above all, the doing what he did quite single-handed, with none of the help which the sympathy of disciples affords—all these characteristics found their full play and manifestation in the establishment of Mill Hill College. We shall have later to speak of mistakes and defects. But this story of his first great venture makes us feel that they were the mistakes and defects of a noble character—in some

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sense a hero, who was absolutely chivalrous in intention and aim.

The story is, moreover, one which illustrates the essentially practical character of his enthusiastic ventures. The college, as his biographer records, was an emphatic success, and he loved it and visited it again and again after his direct connexion with it was severed.

He saw the seed-time and he saw the harvest [writes Mr. Snead-Cox], and he knew that when he was gone others would continue to reap where he had sown. The college he built is there, and doing to-day the work he planned. His missionaries, under their sentence for life, are at work to-day in the Philippines, in Uganda, in Madras, in New Zealand, in Borneo, in Labuan, in the basin of the Congo, in Kashmir and in Kafristan. In 1908 they gave baptism to nearly 10,000 pagans. In his busiest days, as Bishop in Salford, or Cardinal in Westminster, Herbert Vaughan was always glad when he could snatch a brief time for silence and retreat at Mill Hill. He went to the college when his time came to die, and he chose it for his place of burial.

And now we must pause, leaving the sequel to the story for another occasion. And until the story is completed we withhold our comments on the question with which we opened our remarks—the comparison between the real man and the picture formed of him by his hostile critics during his last years.

Let it, however, be here added that Mr Snead-Cox has done his work excellently well. His narrative never flags in interest. The events of the life are extremely happily grouped—always a difficult problem for a biographer to solve: and the Cardinal is seen by the reader in a moving picture, unmistakably true to life.

[*To be concluded*]

WILFRID WARD

PASCAL and PORT ROYAL

Pascal. By Viscount St Cyres. London: Smith, Elder & Co.
1909.

THE history of Port Royal must always remain one of the most painful and bewildering of controversies, and to us, looking back upon it from a distance, the heat of the battle and the amount of human suffering involved seem appalling.

To read any study of Port Royal or of its adherents is to feel thankful that the Church cast out the poison of the horrible doctrines of Jansenism. Yet who can resist the fascination of such characters as Antoine le Maître, of M. de Sacy, Mère Angélique and Blaise Pascal, of the recital of their amazing holiness and sanctity, of their rectitude and uprightness in the midst of the growing infidelity and lax morals of the seventeenth century. Their whole existence was a protest against the world, and that world in particular of the reigns of Louis XIII and Louis XIV. This world was the most alluring and insistent that has surely ever been; a world where refinement of Society, learning and art and poetry and science were all at high-water mark, a world in which for the first time in French Society men of wit, of learning or original talent found themselves admitted on an equal footing with nobles and high-born ladies.

There could be no compromise, said Port Royal, between the religious and the secular life. It was not enough for them to say, "I leave the world because I find personally more evil in it than good, therefore for the good of my soul I must renounce its joys and pleasures, its affections and ties, its beauties and its graces, and embrace a life, the rigours of which will brace my soul to higher endeavour"; but they called on all, without exception, to leave it because there was nothing wholesome to be found in it, because God was not to be found in it. The human heart was wholly corrupt, and unless it broke away from every human tie or affection it

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was impossible for it to place itself in the channel of the grace which alone could save it—not that, even then, they could be sure that sufficient grace would be given for salvation, but at least it was the only hope of pleasing God.

The history of Port Royal has so many aspects and they have all been dealt with with so thoroughly by Sainte Beuve in his six copious volumes that the modern student who is entering on a shorter study necessarily selects one or other of the points of view from which to represent it. These different aspects may be roughly grouped under three headings: The Controversial, the Intellectual and the Personal.

In taking Blaise Pascal as his subject, Lord St Cyres adopts the Intellectual aspect, and includes Port Royal only as part of the setting of his study of this great intellect. It may truly be described as the study of an intellect, for the more we know him the more we must feel that Pascal's whole personality is summed up in his intellect.

As Pascal was in the very thick of the battle and it was his writings which have kept alive the memory of the controversy for the modern world, one might, however, expect the controversial aspect to be emphasized. But Lord St Cyres confines himself so very largely to analysis of Pascal's own attitude, and is himself so very dispassionate a spectator of the struggle that we are not conscious in his book of that scent of the battle that characterizes so much of Port Royalist literature. This is by no means a fault. Amidst so much feeling it is well to find an impartial onlooker who can steer a clear course between the ecclesiastical jealousies of the day, the political intrigues, the disfavour and despotism of an absolute monarch, the irreligion of ecclesiastics opposed to the theological enthusiasm of laymen, and, lastly, the haziness of the day on the subject of Papal Infallibility, all of which elements contributed to the controversy.

M. Fortunat Strowski, in his *Pascal et son Temps*, also adopts the intellectual standpoint, for he deals chiefly

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with the different systems of thought with which Pascal came in contact. His study is contained in two volumes of a long series dealing with the *Histoire du Sentiment Religieux au XVII^e Siècle*. This serious study is enlivened by many flashes of insight into Pascal's personality, and in his account of the periods of childhood and conversion we find he explains, often in a few discriminating words, what would otherwise be perplexing and obscure in Pascal's behaviour. We shall return to M. Strowski's study later on.

To the controversial literature of Port Royal the High Church writers of our day have largely contributed, perceiving many similarities to their own in what they describe as the "Catholic but not Ultramontane" attitude of Port Royal under the Papal censure. Mrs Romanes, in her *Angélique of Port Royal*, gives a most complete picture of the spirit and life of the nuns, of their astonishing fervour and austerity, the rigidity of their penance and their complete obedience to the authority of their spiritual directors. Her *History of Port Royal* is more controversial, and she there works out what she only hints at in her first volume, the analogy of the High Anglican rejection of Papal authority to the refusal of Port Royal to submit to the Papal condemnation of dogmas they maintained to be true. She exalts the proud, unbending leaders of Port Royal, the stronghold of Jansenism, into martyrs for truth and righteousness under the persecution of a Church, corrupt and given over to worldly interests. Such a passage as this, from Racine's short history of Port Royal, is altogether congenial to her attitude: "The Jesuits' thesis of the infallibility of the Pope is a new and dangerous heresy, and not only a heresy, but a manifest and glaring impiety; for it makes a created being equal to God, and it would give to the word of a man that devotion which can only be given to the Eternal Word."

There are certain aspects, however, that even the enthusiasm of Mrs Romanes cannot reconcile herself to. She has to admit that the practice—so often denied by

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the Port Royalists themselves, but, nevertheless, undeniable in innumerable instances—of refusing the Sacraments to themselves and to their penitents is at least mistaken and the result of a morbid humility. There was also more gloom and shadow over the lives of these penitents than there should be in those who professed to have found the way of true Christianity. And their doctrines of insufficient grace, and grace arbitrarily withheld, are, if not abhorrent, at least difficult to reconcile with the sacramental aspect of Christianity.

Catholics cannot forget that in upholding a dogma, at however great a cost, the Church is defending the Truth of which she alone is the Guardian. Neither can we ignore the inevitable results for the average human being of such teaching as Jansen's; the despair it must produce in one nature, the rebellion in another or the hardness and pride in another. We, therefore, cannot join in the cry of the High Anglicans against the cruelty of a Church that can sacrifice individuals of such purity and rectitude to a dogma. The persecution must, however, have seemed brutal to those who looked on and those who suffered. That there was persecution no one can deny. But it must be remembered, as Lord St Cyres says, "In the seventeenth century a religious opinion was a political event." The Jesuits were in favour at the Court; Richelieu first, and Mazarin afterwards, were absorbed in affairs of State rather than of religion; they concerned themselves so little with this dispute of religious factions that, whenever it interfered with their policy, the offenders—the unorthodox party—were simply cleared off the scenes.

It certainly would not have been for the good of the Church if they could have so acted that their cause could have prevailed. But, apart from this, there is no question but that the Jansenists drew half the persecution upon themselves. If they would but have been silent the world would have let them go their way. But upon each aggression on the part of the Jesuits, Port Royal returned their broadsides of argument and recrimination, and, though the controversial literature of Port Royal is

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immensely superior, both in matter and style, there is an amount of incrimination and acrimony in the Provincial Letters that makes them very unpleasant reading. Their popular, satirical tone—a complete novelty in serious French literature—drew to them the attention of the salons, where every literary event was debated eagerly. Thus the Jansenist controversy became a fashionable topic of conversation, and the rival doctrines of Predestination and Casuistry were discussed as though they were two opposed political opinions. Besides, so many members of the great world had entered Port Royal that it could not be expected to be indifferent. The period of the Provincial Letters is the crisis in the controversy, for it was they that stung the Jesuits into action and drove the doctors of the Sorbonne to draw up the famous five heretical propositions from the Augustinus of Jansenius. That the Pope was reluctant to condemn is evident, and it was not till seven or eight years after the order from Rome, commanding all religious to sign the formulary which condemned the five propositions, that the subscription was enforced by Louis XIV, who had always regarded the Port Royalists as heretics and was growing tired of the eternal controversy. “L’Etat c’est moi,” he said, and no kind of resistance, religious or political, would he tolerate in his realm. But he needed to grow in despotism for his exasperation against Port Royal to prompt, in 1682, the order for its complete destruction and the dispersal of its members. Thus we may say that the condemnation of Jansenism only was the work of Papal authority; the persecution and destruction of Port Royal was the work of the King of France. The controversial side must, therefore, be necessarily distasteful to a Catholic. The human and intellectual aspects are what we turn to as more congenial and attractive; though in the case of Pascal the geometrical and scientific studies which absorbed his great intellect are, to a lay mind, excessively difficult to seize and appreciate.

In his chapter entitled “The Beginnings of the Storm,” Lord St Cyres gives us a very able analysis of

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the attitude of the Jansenists to Papal authority and the difficulties that beset their root principle that every man must follow the guidance of God as revealed to his own personal soul. "Saint Cyran's" method, he quotes of the director who first brought the doctrines of Jansen to Port Royal (and here, we may suggest in parenthesis, we have also the High Anglican position), was to follow the Gospel and the Fathers and hand on to others what these divine masters had taught him. "It would be idle to inquire," adds Lord St Cyres, "whether his debt to the Fathers was quite as great as he imagined and whether he did not bring to them more than he carried away." At Port Royal the primitive Church was more than a mere historical fact; it was a golden vision in the clouds. "Then men were entirely unlike the subjects of Louis XIV. Then they considered world and Church as two deadly enemies." After describing the excesses to which the weaker brethren at Port Royal were led by "their constant preoccupation with antiquity for antiquity's sake," he describes the principle of M. de Saci, the great director of Port Royal, to whom Pascal submitted the guidance of his spiritual life. This was "that every hermit should keep strictly to the rule of life he had *drawn up for himself* in the sight of God, since nothing but free obedience to a self-imposed law could bear him satisfactory witness that he was following God and not his own imagination."

However, they received a warning in the apostasy from Jansenism of Jean de Labadie, who left the Jesuits for the Jansenists and the Jansenists for the secular clergy, and finally ended by founding a Quietist sect, much akin to the Quakers, in the Netherlands—that refuge in the seventeenth century for the promoters of new religions. "His fall was a perpetual reminder that spiritual sense was not enough of itself; its deliverances must be endorsed by an authority altogether independent of the ebb and flow of feeling. And for that authority they looked to the Church. As Pascal says, it must teach and God inspire both of them infallibly. . . . Such a

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position," continues Lord St Cyres, "was tenable so long as the two systems worked in concert. But what was to happen if the Church said one thing and divinity another?" The Jansenists were soon brought face to face with this dilemma. When the five propositions from the Augustinus were condemned by the Faculty of Divinity of the University of Paris, they fell back on the "traditional refuge of the Catholic reformer. They appealed from the Church as it was to the Church as it should be." "Such an attitude," says Lord St Cyres, somewhat ironically it would seem, "would be impossible within the modern Church of Rome; but in the seventeenth century Catholic discipline had by no means reached its present pitch of perfection."

There follow upon the chapter from which we have quoted two or three dealing with the casuists, which we are bound to say show a certain lack of understanding in Lord St Cyres of the whole system of the confessional, and the merciful doctrine of attrition and absolution. A little later, in 1663, Bossuet said, "The Church of our time lies in the grip of two very dangerous errors. Some divines have given way to a murderous and hard-hearted indulgence. Full of deadly tenderness, they push cushions under the elbows of sinners and make coverlets for their passions. Others kill the spirit of piety by an opposite excess. They spy out new sins on every side and break the weak back of human nature under a load God never meant it to bear. They make virtue appear too hard; they make the Gospel seem extravagant and Christianity beyond our reach."

These two opposed systems were, of course, the rigours of Jansenism and the system, called casuistry, practised by the Jesuits, by which the moral law of the Church was adapted in minutiae to individual cases, by which motives rather than actions were considered in judging the proportions of a sin, the aim being to make the sacraments as accessible as possibly to ordinary frail humanity. A Jesuit writer of the present day accuses Pascal of misstating the abuses into which this system,

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as he maintains, fell in the seventeenth century. "He takes the volumes of Casuistry published by the Society as the fair equivalent of their practical moral teaching. He takes the Jurisprudence to be studied by the confessor as representing the code of conduct to be inculcated on the penitent. But it would be quite as reasonable to represent a lawyer's volumes of case law as representing his ideals of honourable conduct as it is to pick out the practical moral teaching of the Jesuits from their technical Latin folios."

One is led to think, as one reads Lord St Cyres' chapter on "Escobar," that he imagined the extremes to which the casuistic system might be carried, if practised with ruthless logic, were the general practice of the Catholic Church not only of the time but of the present day. That the Provincial Letters show up a very bad system of making the best of corrupt human nature amongst the Jesuits is borne out by the above quotation from Bossuet. But there are one or two instances of which the spirit, we feel, must have been misunderstood by Lord St Cyres and interpreted in their wrong proportions. He describes a pamphlet written by "a strong supporter of the Jesuits," entitled *The Legend of Bourg Fontaine*, in 1554. "He professed to draw his information from a distinguished ecclesiastic who preferred to remain anonymous." This cleric met six notorious enemies of the Jesuits at Bourg Fontaine, a Carthusian monastery near Paris. Under the thin disguise of initials the six are easily recognized. First came the three great Jansenists—Saint Cyran, Antoine Arnauld and Jansen himself. Of the others, one was Bishop Camus of Bellay, an outspoken critic of popular abuses, he was always denouncing the greed of the religious orders. Next came Simon Vigor, a distinguished lawyer of extreme Gallican opinions. Last on the list was Bishop Cospeau, of Lisieux, who had strongly supported the Oratorians in their quarrels with the Jesuits. Saint Cyran opened proceedings by announcing that the time had come to destroy Christianity and instal a kind of fatalistic Deism in its place." (It reads a

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little like the opening chapters of *Il Santo*, when the various characters meet to discuss the reformation of the Catholic Church.) "Thereupon Cospeau, whose sins against the Society were less black than those of his colleagues, left the room, saying the project was ridiculous. The rest agreed that it was quite feasible, if the conspirators went stealthily to work and sapped doctrines one by one. Each accordingly undertook to ruin one popular belief. Saint Cyran was to destroy trust in God by preaching Predestination; Jansen supported him by garbling St Augustine; Arnauld made access to the Sacraments impossible; Camus sowed mistrust of the confessors; Vigor put the finishing touch by discrediting the authority of the Pope." Lord St Cyres describes this as "a controversial device before which all others pale." Surely it was only a clumsy satire, rather on the lines of the Provincial Letters themselves. And, indeed, is it so clumsy, after all, for are not the farcical conclusions of the conspirators very much in effect what the doctrines of the five theologians tend to achieve?

It is one of the painful facts of the controversy of Port Royal that our eyes are focused upon two factions—two parties in the Church—to the exclusion of all others. The philanthropic movement begun by St Vincent of Paul was in full swing at the time. His Sisters of Charity were founded in 1634, eleven years after the birth of Pascal; Saint François de Sales had been director of Port Royal, and had founded his order of the Visitation, and before the death of Pascal Bossuet had begun to preach in Paris. The world, as we have seen, was very alluring and brilliant, and it was also in a great state of political ferment. But the Jesuits were in power at Court, hence their prominence. And we need not, therefore, conclude that the whole of the Catholic population of France was directed spiritually by their methods. So, if we survey the various counter movements of reform within the Church, movements unaccompanied by denunciations and incriminations, it is easy to conceive of the view of Richelieu, Mazarin and Louis XIV, that the Port Royalists were an

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element of disturbance in a State already torn by many factions, and of the Pope's wisdom, apart from the theological heresies, of taking severe measures for their suppression. The perplexity of the situation lies largely in the fact that whilst the morals of the faithful were distinctly lax at the time, it is impossible to convict the Port Royalists of immorality. Their fault was their preoccupation with one aspect of truth to the exclusion of the whole. And, since truth is above all and is in the keeping of the Church, their revolt against authority was the sin of pride, that most elusive of sins which the world can never by its nature recognize and which the purest often mistake for virtue.

Blaise Pascal's life was comprised within thirty-nine years. He was born in 1623 at Clermont Ferrand in Auvergne, and, as Lord St Cyres points out, "like so many of his great contemporaries, he sprang from the well-to-do professional class." He was born between two sisters. Gilberte, afterwards Madame Périer, who wrote his memoirs, and Jacqueline, who became a nun at Port Royal. His mother being dead, these two sisters were his companions, his adorers and his mentors. His education he received at the hands of his father, Etienne Pascal, whose method from the very first was to teach his son to pursue all subjects to their original source and never to take the view of another as the truth of any matter. Mathematics were Blaise's passion, and the story is famous of how he discovered for himself the five first propositions of Euclid at the age of eleven. M. Strowski says, apropos of this: "Quoi que dise Pascal dans ses *Pensées* c'est toujours le cri d'un Christophe Colombe découvrant l'Amérique."

For some years the family lived in Paris, where they had many friends at the Court. Jacqueline's talent for versifying drew the attention of the Queen, and she and her brother were often with her. This talent served her well in another instance, for her father, having incurred the disfavour of Richelieu, was about to fly to Clermont, when Jacqueline's recitation of her own poems at a children's

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performance made such an impression upon Richelieu that the child plucked up her courage and asked for forgiveness for her father, which was granted! Etienne Pascal was given a post of some importance at Rouen in 1640, and for seven years they lived there, Blaise absorbed chiefly in the invention of his calculating machine and other scientific discoveries. It was during these years that the whole Pascal family became Jansenists. Etienne Pascal, the father, fractured his thigh and two gentlemen were called in to set the bones, who used their gifts as bone-setters for the benefit of the peasants round Rouen. These two men were disciples of a Jansenist priest in the neighbourhood and during their professional visits to the Pascals introduced them to the Augustinus of Jansen and converted them all to its doctrines. This is always referred to as the period of Pascal's first conversion.

At the age of seventeen Pascal returned with his sisters to Paris for another two years. This was chiefly for the sake of his health. He was a victim, and increasingly so, all his life, to acute nervous disorders, sometimes taking the form of pain, sometimes of complete prostration. This time he found himself in the very centre of the intellectual world of France. He became a member of the famous Paris Club, where assembled all the scientific men, and where the latest discoveries in science and philosophy were studied and discussed. Here he met Descartes; here he was encouraged to commission Périer to make the great experiment of the Puy de Dôme. During these two years also the family were presented to Port Royal, and Jacqueline determined to join the nuns, but was peremptorily forbidden to do so by her father. For a year the family were banished by Stephen to Clermont, where Gilberte, being now married to a M. Périer, received them. Pascal's health failed very much at this time, and he needed rest and careful nursing. In 1650 Pascal returned to Paris and went, to a certain extent, into Society with his young friend and patron, the Duc de Roannez. Lord St Cyres makes a great deal of this period, and enters at length into all the theories of the Chevalier de Méré, who

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in those days of preciosity had made a sort of vogue for himself by propounding a code of good manners in Society, reducing them to a regular philosophy or science. It is difficult to judge of the manners of a bygone and very formal age, but one cannot help feeling it was a rather priggish side of Pascal that was so much attracted by the doctrines of the Chevalier.

But in 1651, the year before he entered on what is called his "worldly period," his father died, and Jacqueline, who had lived a nun's life in her own chamber for the last two years, was free to enter Port Royal. Then there arose the question of her *dot*. The three children, dividing the fortune of Etienne Pascal, found themselves much straitened, and Pascal, having launched himself in Society, felt himself rather loth to give up Jacqueline's portion (which seems to have become his on her entering religion, for the question arose after she had been already some months at Port Royal), and for some time feeling ran rather high in the family. However, Pascal proved generous in the end, and it is probable the young duke, who found his companion indispensable to his happiness, made it practicable for Pascal to continue his life in Paris.

So from 1652 to 1654 Pascal became fashionable and worldly. M. Strowski points out this period at the most lasted eighteen months, six months of which he spent with his sister, Madame Périer, at Clermont, and, as his chief dissipations seem to have been occasional visits to the theatre, possibly a temptation to fall in love with the young duke's sister, Charlotte de Roannez, the possession of a suite of lackeys and a coach and six and such attention to his personal appearance as made a valet a necessity, we cannot feel his worldliness to have been very lurid. However, in the light of his conversion in 1654 and his future puritanical views of worldly pleasures, it is enough to make one feel that his renunciation of the world is the renunciation of something quite definite. The story of his sudden and vivid conversion we have told elsewhere. From 1656 onwards, till his death in 1668, his

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fortunes are bound up with those of Port Royal, and the chief events of these years are the publication of the Provincial Letters and the Miracle of the Holy Thorn. This was performed upon Pascal's niece, little Margaret Périer, by the application to her eye, which was ulcerated, through some virulent disease of the cheekbone, of a relic of the Holy Crown of Thorns. The relic had never before worked a cure and proved never to do so except at Port Royal, where it subsequently did perform several others. The Port Royalists, and Pascal in particular, took this as a sign, at a moment of persecution, that God was on their side.

During the next two years Pascal worked out some important calculations about the cycloid, partly to distract himself from his increasing ill-health. In 1660 Louis XIV enforced the signing of the formulary, and Jacqueline signed upon advice, but never recovered from her remorse and died in 1661. Pascal during these last years was obliged to live at Clermont with his sister, his health having entirely broken up, and his resignation to a life of pain and discomfort is most touching. At this time he contemplated his great work, *The Apology for Christianity*, but his health was too bad to do more than dictate at odd moments the notes to be worked out, as he hoped, later, and a general scheme for the book. These notes were collected by his sister, Madame Périer, after his death and published in the form in which we have them now and know as the *Pensées*.

Madame Périer gives a most strange account of his conduct during his illness, apart from his resignation to suffering. She says:

He had no worldly attachment to those he loved. . . . But he was equally determined to prevent other persons having an attachment to him. I was quite surprised at the checks he would sometimes give me, and I complained to my sister that he was unkind and that I seemed to put him in pain at the very moment when I was trying hardest to please him. . . . After his death we found that this principle had entered very deeply into his heart; for, in order to keep it ever before his eyes, he had written it down on a

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little piece of paper, whereon were these words, "It is unjust to let anyone become attached to me. I should be deceiving my neighbour, because I am not the ultimate end of any one, nor have I wherewithal to give him satisfaction. Am I not bordering on death? And will not the object of his affection perish with me? Thus I should be as blameworthy if I made myself beloved as if I told a falsehood. Nay, I am bound to warn men against having an attachment for me and to tell them that their one and only care should be the search for and love of God."

Of what exactly took place at Pascal's death-bed we cannot be certain. The end came very suddenly, after a few days of illness, and the good parish priest was called in, who, being no great admirer of the Jesuits, was anxious to make things easy for Pascal. He heard his last confession and administered the Last Sacraments, and Pascal died a few hours later. His last words are characteristic. "May God never forsake me," he cried as the Viaticum was administered.

Could it only have been left thus! But, as during his life the Jansenists' pride would not suffer them to let themselves be forgotten by the world, so after his death his sister goes out of her way to assure the world that it must not think for a moment that Pascal did not die a Jansenist. The good Abbé Beuerier had publicly declared that Pascal's death-bed was free from all taint of Jansenism. "But," says Lord St Cyres, "his assertions were refuted at length by Madame Périer and other friends, but perhaps their most striking disproof is furnished by her daughter. Margaret Périer relates that her uncle was asked if he regretted having written the Provincial Letters. He answered that if he had the work to do over again he would have written more strongly." Thus, in the eyes of posterity, were those who best loved him cruel to his memory.

Lord St Cyres' study cannot be called a portrait of Pascal. In spite of the long and able analyses of Pascal's thought and method, we do not feel, as we do, for instance, in M. Jules Lemaitre's study of Racine, that we have been in Pascal's company, have entered into his

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mind, except from the critical standpoint, or that we have come face to face with the man. But the truth is, any biographer finds it hard to kindle a very human spark out of Pascal unless it be just at the moment of his conversion, when his emotion is such as we may measure by that of any human being in the grip of a religious experience. M. Strowski only comes near doing it by comparing the process of Durtal's conversion in M. Huysman's *En Route* with Pascal's, and though those who regard Huysman's hero as a hysterical neuropath may resent the comparison, it, nevertheless, is more human and nearer the mark than Lord St Cyres' abstract analogies with Jonathan Edwards, the American revivalist, and quotations from William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*. It is at least from these writers that Lord St Cyres quotes, and the list of books which he gives under this heading in his bibliography consists very largely of American treatises on religion. Besides, if ever there was a victim of neurasthenia, it was Pascal, and as M. Strowski follows the process of his actual practical conversion step by step with Durtal's, there is a remarkable similarity. Durtal, broken in health and tired of the life of pleasing the senses, longs for faith, and suddenly realizes one day that God has spoken to his soul. Thus, Pascal, since his first half-conversion has absorbed himself in worldly pursuits—not, indeed, as we have seen, to any dangerous extent. His was too fine a nature, too intensely intellectual to be attracted by the kind of pleasures that could absorb a Durtal. He is gripped by a spiritual crisis which pierces his whole being and holds him, as he tells us, "between half-past ten in the evening till half after midnight."

The burning words in which this religious experience is told are well known to all readers of the *Pensées*. But they are the most living of all Pascal's words and cannot be read too often. The illumination of the soul which he experienced is reproduced in them and their concentration expresses the concentration of his whole being in that short two hours. The inscription was found sewn up in

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the lining of his coat after his death, and Sainte Beuve describes how he must have sewn it himself into every new coat.



This year of Grace 1654.

Monday, November 23rd, day of St Clement, Pope
and martyr, and others in the martyrology,

Eve of Saint Chrysogonus, martyr and others;

From about half-past ten at night to

about half after midnight,

Fire.

God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob,

Not of the philosophers and the wise.

Security, security. Feeling, joy, peace.

God of Jesus Christ.

Deum meum et Deum Vestrum.

Thy God shall be my God.

Forgetfulness of the world, of all, save God.

He can be found only in the ways taught

in the Gospel.

Greatness of the human soul.

O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee,

But I have known Thee.

Joy, joy, joy, tears of joy.

I have separated myself from Him.

Dereliquerunt me fontes aquæ vivæ.

My God, why hast Thou forsaken me ?

That I be not separated from thee eternally.

This is life eternal: That they might know Thee,
the only true God and Him whom Thou hast sent, Jesus Christ,

Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ.

I have separated myself from Him; I have fled, renounced,
crucified Him.

May I never be separated from Him.

He maintains Himself in me only in the ways taught in the Gospel.

Renunciation total and sweet.

Lord St Cyres says, "Such a text requires no commentary, and a biographer had best imitate the reticence of Pascal, who never breathed a word of his experience, not even to his sister."

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But it was to his sister that he went a few weeks later for advice and counsel as to how he could best live in the light of his sudden illumination. He needs human help and support insistently, because after the first fervour the reaction comes and he feels that God has deserted him and that it is impossible either to turn back to the old life or to go on in the new without a guide. A shyness seizes him. For so many years Port Royal has beckoned to him, and he feels the same false shame and awkwardness as the convert to Catholicism of to-day, in whose path the Church has been thrown and who knows that his friends gossip amongst themselves of the probability of his "going over to Rome." Pascal's shyness is so great that he takes the greatest pains to conceal his visits to Port Royal, and it is more than two months before his sister Jaqueline, or Sœur Euphémie as she is called in religion, can persuade him to submit himself to a director.

So, to continue the symbolic comparison with Huysman's convert, Durtal, too, becomes, after his first illumination, the prey of indecision, of self analysis and *sécheresse d'âme*. What shall he do? Go to a priest and tell him his state of mind and be prescribed a regime of religiosity and piety? Impossible and humiliating idea. But he must talk to some one, so he will go to l'Abbé Gérresin, a quaint old priest he has made acquaintance with over the bookstalls, and, just as Pascal came at first to Jacqueline on the pretext of an ordinary brotherly visit, so he would go to talk liturgy and mysticism with the priest. But, in spite of himself, his heart overflows, and he pours out his religious experiences. So Jacqueline says of Pascal, "Il s'ouvrit à moi d'une manière qui me fit pitié." Both the confidants give the same verdict: the convert must wait and see where God leads. The analogy may end here. Durtal confirms his conversion by a retreat in a Trappist monastery; Pascal adopts M. de Saci for his director, and before many months are over becomes practically one of the Solitaires of Port Royal.

Though Pascal's conversion was sudden at the end, it was really a slow growth in his heart. Lord St

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Cyres shows perfect comprehension of this when he says: "The whole of our mental life is not summed up in conscious thought. Beneath lie dim subliminal forces, whose activities it is as hard to deny as it is to explain their nature; though anyone who has known a problem work itself out in his mind by a process seemingly spontaneous has had experience of their operations"—and M. Strowski expresses the same idea thus: "Cette inaction apparente, qui dura longtemps, cache une action réelle. La fermentation continue dans le train-train ordinaire de la vie. Le travail divin n'a pas besoin d'être aperçu pour être! Brusquement il se révélera par quelque explosion; patience seulement."

And so, again, Baron von Hügel, in his *Mystical Element of Religion*, speaks of the sudden conversion of his subject, St Catherine of Genoa, "Though conversions of suddenness and profound depth and perseverance are rightly taken to be very special and rare graces of God, yet it would be misinterpreting their true significance to make their suddenness the direct proof and measure of their own supernaturalness. God is as truly the source of gradual purification as of sudden conversion, and as truly the strength which guards and moves us straight on as that which regains and calls us back."

Even Sainte Beuve finds a difficulty in painting his usual clear and living portrait of Pascal. He has to seek for little indications of personality which he can weave into his narrative. He quotes Pascal when he introduces him into the Society of the Solitaires and says: "Pascal says, 'One cannot picture Plato and Aristotle otherwise than wrapped in great robes and ever grave and serious. Nevertheless they were good company and laughed and talked with their friends, and when they had finished making their laws and writing their political treatises, they would lend themselves to distractions and diversions,'" and he continues: "Though Pascal probably never laughed much, at the time of his joining Port Royal he also was 'good company,' and one of those men the world appreciates so much, who are full of entertaining talk and

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curious information, a man who had read all sorts of books and liked to talk of them. He did not at first appear to be the austere and contrite solitary that we know later; when he first makes his appearance in the desert he is brilliant, almost a dandy and the very best of company."

It must always be remembered that Pascal was a victim of the most acute neurasthenia and was seldom free from physical suffering. In Mrs Romanes' *History of Port Royal* there is a portrait of Pascal, taken, one would imagine, at about the time when he was testing the merits of life in the world, for his hair—though his own and not a wig—is curled and he is wrapped in a large satin cloak with a velvet collar. The face shows signs of physical suffering, in the high cheek bones, the hollow cheek and the thinned hair on the high temples, but the large straight nose, and the mouth, also large and very mobile, give the face the look of character and intellect that is borne out by the full, firm chin. In the eyes alone there is a certain coldness that was certainly not lacking in Pascal.

Whether he ever was tempted to care for poor Charlotte de Roannez is very doubtful. As a boy he poured contempt upon Jacqueline's verses on love, and his passages in the *Pensées* are almost too well known to need quotation. "Who ever will know fully the vanity of man has but to consider the causes and the effects of love," and of love as represented at the theatre. "All great amusements are dangerous to the Christian life, but among all those that the world has invented none is so much to be feared as the theatre. It is so natural and so delicate a representation of the passions that it moves them and makes them spring up in our heart, above all that of love, especially when it is represented as very chaste and very honourable. For the more innocent it seems to innocent souls, the more are they capable of being touched by it; its violence pleases our self love . . . and the honour of the feelings we see there . . . extinguishes the fear of pure souls which imagine there is no harm to purity in loving with a love which seems to them so moderate. Thus we leave the

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theatre with our heart so full of the beauty and tenderness of love, the soul and the mind so persuaded of its innocence that we are fully prepared to receive its first impressions." As this last passage must have been written long after the days when he could have been in a theatre, he may be speaking autobiographically of the emotions raised in himself by some play—perhaps of Molière not yet of Corneille or Racine. The reminiscence must belong to his short period of fashionable life, and he may have faintly desired to "receive the first impressions of love" in Charlotte de Roannez, the sister of the young Duke de Roannez, whose companion he was for something over a year. However, he certainly did not make love to her, but set himself instead, after his own conversion, to lead her to religion. The duke, her brother, followed Pascal into the hermitage of Port Royal, and Charlotte, having been cured of an affection of the eyes by a miracle of the "Holy Thorn," was for three years torn by her desire to follow Pascal's urgent counsels to take the veil at Port Royal. The difficulties of the religious life and the devices of her family for her marriage were at enmity with this scheme. The latter it was which prevailed, but her remorse, which in so many other cases was bred of the uncompromising spirit of Port Royal, made her married life a misery to her. After bearing four children, three of whom were cripples and the last a scamp, she died, and Lord St Cyres comments, rather grimly: "Jansenist writers drew the moral that a tender piety like hers is a sickly plant, unless invigorated by continual contact with those more advanced in piety. History only adds her name to the tragic list of commonplace girls who have had the misfortune to arouse pressing interest in a man of genius."

There is another passage—in Madame Périer's *Life of Pascal*—which strikes a chill into one as one reads it.

He had so great regard for the virtue of purity that he was always on his guard to prevent either himself or others from breaking in upon it. It is incredible how exact he was upon this point. I really stood in awe of him myself. If accidentally I said

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that I had seen a handsome woman, it made him angry, and he would tell me that such discourses should never be held before servants or young people, because I could not know what strange ideas I might be putting in their heads. *He could not bear to see my children caress me*, and said that one might show one's tenderness in a thousand other ways. . . . His affection never went so far as a complete attachment. Of this he gave a lively proof at my sister's death, which happened about ten months before his own. When he first heard the news he only said, "May God grant we make so good an end." . . . When he saw how much I grieved over her loss he chid me severely, and told me that I did ill to be troubled over the death of the righteous.

But, on the other hand, we cannot accuse him of inhumanity when we read that at the time of his death he was obliged to leave his own house and move into his sister's because he had taken in a whole family stricken with the small pox. Sainte Beuve sums up thus: "Pascal humainement n'a pas aimé; mais tout cet amour s'est versé sur Jesus-Christ le Sauveur; c'a été sa seule passion, passion véritable, qui s'échappe par ses livres et qui saigne dans ses membres." This is, of course, the keynote to his puritanical feeling, and there is, we feel, just a faint note of Catholicism perceptible which redeems it from the complete grimness of the English Puritanism of the period.

Pascal's connexion with Port Royal was, as we have seen, very intimate. A few words may be added to describe this Community, which he joined a few months after his conversion in 1662. That is to say, he associated himself with them for the rest of his life, and, having put himself under the spiritual direction of M. de Sacy, he was constantly there. Though he never actually took up his abode with them altogether, as did Lancelot and Antoine le Maître, his health prohibiting this, he was with them so constantly that one's astonishment is great when one finds him in the *Provinciales* asserting that he is not a member of the Port Royal community and therefore speaks only as an independent layman. He meant, it is probable, that it was for the principles of Jansenism that he pleaded quite independently of the fact that Port Royal stood or fell by their approval or condemnation.

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But since the first movings of grace had brought Pascal straight to the fold of Port Royal, and his spiritual life was thenceforward directed and fostered from there, it is hardly an accurate statement.

In 1602 the ancient Cistercian Abbey of Port Royal elected as its abbess Angèlique Arnauld at the age of eleven years. She was the daughter of an ancient Provençal family who had rights over the abbey. Being extremely numerous, it disposed of its daughters by placing them in religion in the fashionable and distinctly lax abbey of Port Royal. A period of frivolity followed her election; then of revolt against the religious life, during which Angèlique corresponded with some Huguenot aunts (this fact is significant in the light of the future spirit of Port Royal), and meditated a flight to La Rochelle, the Huguenot stronghold. Then, after much rebellion, she set herself, at the age of eighteen, to make a vocation for herself and soon showed herself in her true colours as a reforming genius. Discipline and austerity were restored in her convent. The nuns learnt to say their office with decorum, who before had gabbled it in a manner which sounded, as she said, "as though they were all quarrelling." The vows of obedience and poverty were enforced, and soon Port Royal became a model of the religious life. These early days are pleasant to look back upon. In 1619 Saint François de Sales became the director of the Mère Angèlique, and his benign and gentle guidance drew out of her a sweetness and humility which she preserved to the end of her long life and which makes her the most lovable of all the figures of Port Royal. After the saint's death the community went through many vicissitudes till it came, in 1636, under the spiritual direction of one Jean du Verger de Hauranne, abbot of Saint Cyran. He is known always as M. de Saint Cyran. Saint Cyran was a friend and disciple of Jansen, and together they had made the study of St Augustine and the Fathers and evolved the teachings on grace and predestination which were the ruin of Port Royal. Mère Angèlique's reformer's soul was fired by Saint Cyran's almost inhuman austerity, and her

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strong heroic nature responded eagerly to the super-human standard of self-abnegation and asceticism he imposed upon his penitents. She had so trained her nuns that they, too, were, most of them, ready to adopt his methods, but there was some rebellion, and there are instances of cruel suffering caused by his practice of refusing absolution and communion for what he judged to be insufficient repentance. As soon as St Cyran appears on the scene we detect that note of self-analysis, of introspection and morbid self-abasement which led to that practice in his disciples of denying themselves the Sacraments, with which Port Royal is so often reproached and which was in truth one of the most dangerous and insidious of its errors.

M. de Saint Cyran had already many penitents in Paris, and when he went to Port Royal they followed him. The greatest amongst these was Antoine Arnauld, or M. le Maître. He was the great nephew of the Mère Angélique and a member of that remarkable family, so many of which entered Port Royal either as nuns or as "solitaires." The Arnaulds, indeed, form a sort of backbone to Port Royal, and that rigid spirit of penitence and the desire to fly from the vanities of the world is present in every one of them. Antoine le Maître was the most brilliant of this brilliant family, and at the age of thirty left a distinguished career as a lawyer and gave himself to the penitential life. He was the first of the solitaires, and lived alone and apart all his life, eating and studying in solitude, but joining with the other "Messieurs" in their recreations and discussions. He was followed by Claude Lancelot and M. de Séricourt and others, and before long a boys' school was opened at Port Royal under the direction of these gentlemen.

In the article on Education in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is a passage on the subject of the teaching at Port Royal. It says:

Here we find for the first time the highest gifts of the greatest men of a country applied to the business of education. A lasting memorial are the books which they sent out and which bear the

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name of their cloister. The Port Royal Logic, General Grammar, Greek, Latin and Italian Grammars, "the Garden of Greek Roots" which taught Greek to Gibbon, etc.

There is a genial air in the name of the last book, *The Garden of Greek Roots*, an attempt to soften the difficulties of learning in name, at least, that one would not expect from these stern disciplinarians. But in their dealings with their pupils the best of the Port Royal spirit comes out. It was probably quite contrary to the usage of the day that they never used the rod for their scholars. It seems a small point to quibble over, but every one knows that the healthy schoolboy thrives on an occasional flogging, and it could only be the cultivation of the religious conscience to a most intense degree that could take the place of the usual medium of discipline. The development of an inflamed conscience in early youth was, no doubt, a good education for the hermitage of Port Royal, but it has been known to lead to morbid excesses.

The solitaries went through many vicissitudes, were several times obliged to leave Port Royal under persecution, and to disperse their scholars. But at the time that Pascal joined them they were lodged in a part of the immense abbey, in a house to themselves on the left of the great gate, with their own garden on one side and the immense courtyard and the chapel with the abbey behind it on the other side. The most famous of all the pupils of Port Royal was Racine, who must have been a scholar about the time that Pascal joined the hermits. M. Jules Lemaitre speaks of the education he received at the hands of Lancelot and du Fossé and others as "princière." The classics were taught there as they were taught nowhere else, and Racine put his education to good use. He was, however, regarded as a renegade by his masters, to whom the theatre was the source of all evil, but, as we know, he returned to Port Royal, breaking off his career at the height of his success, and ending his days in prayer and penitence. This, however, was long after the days of Pascal and not long before the end of Port Royal itself.

Pascal and Port Royal

When Pascal came to Port Royal in 1653, Saint Cyran had been dead eleven years. He had been imprisoned by Richelieu in the Bastille from 1638 till 1642, the year of his death, and in his absence the direction of the nuns was undertaken by M. Singlin. But he found his task so overwhelming that when, two years later, M. de Saci, the younger brother of Antoine le Maître, was ordained priest he joined M. Singlin in the direction of the community.

It was to M. de Saci's direction that Pascal submitted on his conversion. This holy man had much of the gentleness and sweetness which we miss in the sterner directors of Port Royal. But though there are no particular instances of his enforcing the practice on his penitents, he carried abstention from the Sacraments to great lengths in his own life. He was ordained priest in the autumn of 1648, but refrained from saying Mass till the conversion of St Paul in the following year, and Sainte Beuve tells how, though he was liberated from the Bastille, where he was imprisoned by the king's command, on the vigil of All Saints in 1668, he did not say Mass again till the feast of St Andrew, November 30. His great work, accomplished chiefly during his two years and a half imprisonment, was the translation of the New and Old Testaments, with the addition of his own notes.

One of the most attractive personalities amongst the solitaries is that of M. d'Andilly, the eldest brother of the Mère Angélique and a regular Arnauld. He was brought up among State affairs, and it was said of him that "He was pure in the midst of the Court, uncorruptible among many opportunities of enriching himself, immovable amid the attractions and cares of the world." He was, however, gay and fond of good company, and was a member of that bright, witty and refined circle which we know as the "Hôtel Rambouillet."

But no space remains to give any complete picture of the life of these stern solitaries in their desert, of their sufferings and final dispersal. The community lingered on till 1708, more than forty years after the death of Pascal,

Pascal and Port Royal

till Clement XI, under pressure from Louis XIV, ordered their dispersion. Louis followed it up by razing the whole convent to the ground and desecrating its burial ground. The punishment was brutal and quite out of all proportion to the offence.

“Purity of angels, pride of Lucifer,” quotes Sainte Beuve of the Jansenists, and it ever remains the best and most complete comment.

CHARLOTTE BALFOUR .

AD CASTITATEM

THROUGH thee, Virginity, endure
The stars, most integral and pure,
And ever contemplate
Themselves inviolate

In waters, and do love unknown
Beauty they dream not is their own!
Through thee the waters bare
Their bosoms to the air,

And with confession never done
Admit the sacerdotal sun,
Absolved eternally
By his asperging eye.

To tread the floor of lofty souls,
With thee Love mingles aureoles;
Who walk his mountain-peak
Thy sister-hand must seek.

A hymen all unguessed of men
In dreams thou givest to my ken;
For lacking of like mate,
Eternally frustrate:

Where, that the soul of either spouse
Securelier clasp in either's house,
They never breach at all
Their walls corporeal.

This was the secret of the great
And primal Paradisal state,
Which Adam and which Eve
Might not again retrieve.

Yet hast thou toward my vision taught
A way to draw in vernal thought,
Not all too far from that
Great Paradisal state,

Ad Castitatem

Which for that earthy men might wrong,
Were 't uttered in this earthless song,
Thou layest cold finger-tips
Upon my histed lips.

But thou, who knowest the hidden thing
Thou hast instructed me to sing,
Teach love the way to be
A new virginity!

Do thou with thy protecting hand
Shelter the flame thy breath has fanned;
Let my heart's reddest glow
Be but as sun-flushed snow.

And if they say that snow is cold,
O Chastity, must they be told
The hand that's chafed with snow
Takes a redoubled glow?

That extreme cold like heat doth sear?
O to this heart of love draw near,
And feel how scorching rise
Its white-cold purities!

Life, ancient and o'er-childed nurse,
To turn my thirsting mouth averse,
Her breast embittereth
With wry foretaste of death.

But thou, sweet Lady Chastity,
Thou, and thy brother Love with thee,
Upon her lap mayest still
Sustain me, if thou will.

Out of the terrors of the tomb,
And unclean shapes that haunt sleep's gloom,
Yet, yet I call on thee,—
“Abandon thou not me!”

Ad Castitatem

Now sung is all the singing of this chant.
Lord, Lord, be nigh unto me in my want!
For to the idols of the Gentiles I
Will never make me an hierophant:—
Their false-fair gods of gold and ivory,
Which have a mouth, nor any speech thereby,
Save such as soundeth from the throat of hell
The aboriginal lie;
And eyes, nor any seeing in the light,—
Gods of the obscene night,
To whom the darkness is for diadem.
Let them that serve them be made like to them,—
Yea, like to him who fell
Shattered in Gaza, as the Hebrews tell,
Before the simple presence of the ark.

My singing is gone out upon the dark.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL MCMX

I

GENIUS thy fair proportions spaced, encaged
GUnearthly shadow, lights inscrutable,
Within the wide-set wonder of thy walls—
The walls thrice-silent where no babbling past
Betrays thy reticence, whose history bides
In dimmer, holier realms than yesterwhile—
To God's high glory mystic made thy heights,
Vesting in sacred robes of holy awe
Their souls who minister, who serve with prayer
And almsdeeds in thy new-born precincts—those
Who make thy story for the years to come.

II

Here Faith thy brave foundations laid. Before
Thy visioned portal Hope with sword of flame
Guarded her trust 'gainst Heart-break and Despair
Through sterile years of waiting, till uprose
Thy courts courageous, towering high above
The human hazard, with expectant mien
Looking upon the spacious days to come.

III

Unheeding midst the troublous tramp of feet—
Th' unquiet tread of fitful, froward Haste—
Kneels Patience in thy grave ungarnished aisle,
And like the *aves* in a chaplet counts
The passing hours, like beads unhurrying drops
Through calm, deliberate fingers, day by day,
The years which tell thy full perfection's sum.

IV

Ample, umbrageous, wide thy pinions spread,
Wide as the mother's wing, embracing all.
Who enters from the glittering world without,
Shrinks, casting alien eyes in fear upon

Westminster Cathedral

The splendour of thy naked heights, which claim
Dominion o'er our little gabled dreams—
Our fretted blandishments and traceried art—
As evermore o'er Sophistry reigns Truth!

V

E'en as the mother's fiat paramount,
Implacable, some find thee cold, aloof,
Turn from thy visage, knowing not thy heart,
Thy quivering heart, the glowing corner where
The prideless Saviour pleads for human love,
Where burns the faithful sanctuary lamp,
Preaching the gospel of Emmanuel;
Where hearts unresting find their rest in Him.

VI

Wisdom, all-superhuman, dreamed thy metes,
Dared thy dimensions for Jehovah's praise;
Wisdom divine, transcendent, dreamed and decked
Thy little praying-place where poor men kneel,
And children, where the votive blossom fades,
And candles die adoring at the spot—
The august spot where sinners leave their load—
At Jesu's pierced feet, at Mary's shrine!

VII

So stand'st thou to the glory of our God,
And for the soul's salvation of the least
Of these His little ones. So shalt thou stand,
God's house, our home, austere, magnificent,
And tender with a wondrous tenderness,
Waiting the morrow which shall garb thy walls
In white and dazzling splendour—for the day
Whose sun illumined Persecution's night,
Whose dawn we hasten, prayerful in thy courts—
The day which, tarrying, waits on Love and Zeal,
Waits on the saint, the scorner of the world—
Which for the greater glory of our God
Shall crown thy mighty purpose and adorn
Thy wistful precincts with the souls of men!

FRANCIS THOMPSON'S LIFE OF ST IGNATIUS

St Ignatius Loyola. By Francis Thompson. Edited by John Hungerford Pollen, S.J. With one hundred Illustrations by H. W. Brewer and others. London: Burns & Oates.

OUR latest Catholic poet, who died in 1907, is now secure among the shining choirs to which, by grace of predestination, he belonged. Francis Thompson was, however, not less a martyr than a poet; and he adds another tragic name to the *Newgate Calendar* of authors, unknown and yet known while they lived, upon whose grave the laurels that were flung made small atonement for the neglect and misery inflicted on them by a blind world. The law that men of genius are doomed to suffer, and the more exquisitely the rarer their gifts, has been exemplified in this new instance with a perfection that mocks our age of light. But the martyr is gone to his high place; the poet remains. And his legacy, rich in spiritual treasures, holds one pearl of price, dropped from his dying hand, the *Life of Saint Ignatius Loyola*, which will stand alone as the biography of a Catholic hero, written in choicest English, by a master of prose, by a seer and son of the Renaissance, born out of due time.

It is an Elizabethan work, this new *Life*, in its unflagging energy of presentment, its wealth and colour of speech, its solid concrete handling, its freedom from conventions reckoned sacrosanct in the literature to which its subject invites us. No writing ought to be more profound in the knowledge of the spirit, more delicate and heartfelt, than the *Book of the Saints*; but surely none has proved less equal to demand, so far as it is not the composition of saints themselves. It requires, let us boldly say, an inspired pen; and the mystics who are at home in this secret realm would probably declare that something of inspiration is needed likewise in the reader.

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Sympathy, at all events, a mind intent on the story, power to transport the imagination into distant unfamiliar scenes; these cannot be lacking if the true effect is to be obtained. Passive delight, which in our Ovidian time appears the one thing sought by skimmers of novels and lookers on at spectacular drama, betokens, I think, that literature is ending from sheer intellectual fatigue. How precious, then, a work which on every page witnesses to the alert fancy, the straight glance, the grip and judgement of a whole-hearted man, who dares to lift his eyes even to a saint, and who sketches what he sees! If we term this volume the portrait of Ignatius of Loyola drawn by Francis Thompson, we shall have described it in a phrase. It is a portrait from life, not a copy; the intuition gained as poets and historians seize the past through means not accessible to the average, but in the result justified. For we feel sure, while we read these lines, that the founder of the Great Company stands before us in his habit as he lived.

Two ways of putting together that "Second Nocturn," which in our Breviaries attempts to portray the Saints, are conceivable. We may deal with our materials for edification—and such is the common aim—or we may test every incident on its merits, suffer the correspondence left (when there happens to be any) to tell its own tale, insist on rigorous proof, and where it cannot be had qualify the statement accordingly. In idea, these two methods should yield the same outcome; but in fact they often diverge, somewhat as science differs from tradition. They are also characteristic of unlike ages and tempers. When uncritical writers lose sight altogether of tests, they fall into "Legend," which has been severely condemned as "la fable convenue." When the mere critic takes up his dissecting tool we know that he may reduce the heroic to the commonplace, and sometimes glory in leaving no life at all, despite the effects of it which he has under his instrument. For great saints are among the stubborn facts of history; the superhuman (explain it how you will) throws its splendour across

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their actions; and the "tale agreed upon" will constantly, in substance, yield a true account of them, while the sceptic by his negative conclusions refutes his own process, enquiring dubiously, "Was John at all, and did he say he saw?" Yet we have the Apocalypse and the Fourth Gospel, which need prophet and evangelist to be their sufficient cause.

Thompson accepts the "Second Nocturn" almost, if not quite, as we receive it; but he sets it in a thoroughly human framework, taking the divine element, like life itself, as "whole in the whole, and whole in every part." He comes thus into violent conflict with two writers who have bestowed on Saint Ignatius the only well known and widely circulated drawings of him extant in our tongue; I mean Macaulay and Carlyle. No one who has read it will easily forget Macaulay's vivid delineation of the Jesuits and their creator which partly adorns, if it also partly disfigures, his unique essay on the Popes. Some portions of it, in their condensed truth and vigour, might have been dashed down by Gibbon; they summarize the facts of Ignatius' descent, temper, ambition and enterprize boldly, yet not without insight, and we must assent to their general drift. But the Whig rhetorician was always timid, though always interested, in presence of the supernatural. He pitied the visionary saint as, I take it, a more profound psychology would now pity the critic. Ignatius might well answer him with a question:

And how shall I assure them? Can they share—
They who have flesh, a veil of youth and strength
About each spirit, that needs must bide its time—
With me who hardly am withheld at all,
But shudderingly, scarce a shred between,
Lie bare to the universal prick of Light?

Men are now ceasing to winnow out the phenomena which transgress everyday law from the lives of spiritual heroes; we know enough, at least, to decline making a *caput mortuum*, such as Voltaire gloated over, by wanton rejection of the incomprehensible whenever we meet it

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in experience. There is our strong point; so, and not otherwise, did the things happen. If we will go by evidence, let us be faithful to the whole of it. The "visions and revelations" which claim their place in the biographies, whether of St Paul or St Ignatius, are authentic, attested at first hand by the subject of them in writing or conversation. They are facts no less real than the cloak left at Troas, the Book of the *Exercises*, the letters despatched to India and the New World. It is a shallow system which puts all this on one side as the product of a "lively imagination." But we will give Macaulay his due. He admires the Spanish hidalgo, the "poet and knight errant of the spouse of Christ." He has words of high recognition for his enthusiasm; and he agrees with the Roman pontiffs who saw in him the victorious antagonist of Luther. "The history of the Order of Jesus," he maintains, "is the history of the great Catholic reaction;" its triumph he does not deny; he is even candid enough to ascribe it "not to the force of arms," but to "a great reflux in public opinion," to a reformation of head and members which cannot be dissociated from the Council of Trent, itself in no small measure the fruit of Jesuit zeal and devotion.

With Carlyle, in his *Latter Day Pamphlets*, under the heading "Jesuitism," we are carried off into the deepest abyss of the "Inferno." All he can see in "Unholy Ignatius"—we quote him textually with reluctance—is one whose nature abounded in "audacities and sensualities," and who "probably has done more mischief in the earth than any man born since." The father of a "black militia," he has given existence to a "universe of cant;" nay, "there was in this of Jesuit Ignatius an apotheosis of falsity, a kind of subtle quintessence and deadly virus of lying, the like of which had never been seen before." I refrain from further extracts, merely remarking that if Luther had been permitted to deal with his Spanish adversary in a last diatribe, he could not much have intensified the venom and vituperation which our Thomas of Chelsea pours forth in a torrent of uncivil speech. Who

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is under a delusion here? Is it the author of the *Spiritual Exercises*, or the author of the *Latter Day Pamphlets*? The decision may be left to any careful reader who will compare them together. From Macaulay we are able, after some pains, to discover in outline what Ignatius truly was; Carlyle evokes a phantom, and chases him hence with the language of exorcism; in his amazing caricature not a line of the original is left. It is a masterpiece of invective, and nothing more.

Omitting, then, as Sir Thomas Browne would advise all Christians, "those impropriations and terms of scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our affections and not our cause," I hold that our dead poet has written a Life exact in statement, beautiful in point of style, fit to be welcomed by Protestant no less than Catholic readers on the ground that it presents a determining phase of religion not unworthily. Such praise could seldom be given to the biographies of great churchmen, which are commonly undertaken by writers without strength of mind or distinction of speech. It is a notable addition, if we ought not rather to call it the beginning of a true English literature, in its own department. We have too often endured colourless renderings from the French and Italian, strangely foreign to our taste, diffuse and didactic, resembling neither St Augustine's *Confessions*, which is the supreme type of self-portraiture, nor the *Flowers of St Francis*, which takes us captive by its simplicity and essential truth. These are the models a biographer of the saints should keep ever in view; he cannot equal them, but if he exchanges for their intimate manner a tone too abstract, and serves up his living subject in a category even of supernatural virtues, he will defeat his aim. The saints are more than their virtues, and in this lies the influence which they never cease to exert. They are God's men in a world of fallen humanity; and if we know them aright we shall never mistake one for the other. St Ignatius could not have existed before the century in which he played so decisive a part. He was original in his cast of thought, daringly novel from first to last in the

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conception of his Order. We can hardly imagine a second like him; and none has appeared. Let us now for a little, in Carlyle's phrase, "look fixedly at him, till he become a substance and person for us."

Iñigo, afterwards called Ignatius, and "Loyola" *tout court* by a hostile world, was of the Basque race and province, a Spaniard of oldest lineage, without admixture of Jew or Moor in his ascertainable pedigree. He was born in 1491, a year previous to the fall of Granada, and not much more to the discovery of Spain's new continent across the ocean. One era in Christendom was ending, another stood at the doors. In full course the Renaissance was bringing back Hellenic thought, Pagan morals, and the "reign of the despots." Medieval liberty had been struck down; the schools of Catholic philosophy were plunged into a quagmire called Nominalism; and modern nations were emerging from the older system, now hopelessly disjointed, of Pope and Emperor dividing the spiritual and temporal powers between them. Luther was a peasant child of eight, not yet a hermit of St Augustine's Order, nor learning his classics at Erfurt. Next year, a certain Alexander Borgia would, by simony and other questionable means, be raised to St Peter's chair, the third Spaniard who had borne a Papal title in that same century. The last sigh of Boabdil the Moor would soon leave Spain one, Catholic, indivisible, with an Inquisition to oversee its Nuevos Cristianos and a Rey neto, absolute king, who took on himself to be a sort of lay pope, and whose armies would not shrink from besieging Rome itself at his command. There was little or no heresy anywhere; but in the German, English, and Northern nations generally, a fierce smouldering discontent with the Apostolic Curia, not on grounds chiefly religious, but financial, of the earth earthy. Pass another twenty-seven years, the Teutons would be in revolt; another thirty-seven, and Henry of England would be soliciting his divorce. The age-long duel between North and South was preparing to take the name of the Reformation. "In a mighty dust of war and revolt,"

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says Thompson finely, "Christendom itself was vanishing."

Of the thirty years spent by Ignatius in the world prior to his conversion we know very little. He was a soldier, and may have fought under the great captain, Gonsalvo, in Italy, where the Aragonese had conquered and would henceforth rule, not to that ill-fated country's benefit. Or perhaps in Navarre, under his uncle the Viceroy. Our poet describes him from pictures, not contemporary with his younger days, though doubtless a guide to his appearance when he sought renown: "Short, but well-knit and active, an expert in knightly exercise, with dark and glossy clustering hair and lofty forehead, he has in these portraits something of a Napoleonic countenance, but with an Augustan delicacy of chin that fits ill with the general massiveness of the face. This trait appears in the later and more trustworthy portraits, which show also more unmistakably the considerable aquilinity of the nose. The compelling power of his eyes was memorable; and like Napoleon as a youth he was a swayer of men." The "audacities" with which Carlyle charges him were surely there; but of any "sensualities" and "prurient elements" we have no clear sign.

Ignatius, in the spirit of a troubadour, had chosen some great lady—rumour said Juana, daughter of the Queen Dowager of Naples—to smile on his exploits. To her he dedicated sonnets and even religious poems; it was the fashion of the time; but what does that prove? Not so much as that the fiery Biscayan had a turn for literature, since he never acquired it, writing with strong soldierly precision in the *Exercises*, with abundance of detail in his correspondence, but leaving no page that would show among the world's classics. He had the genius of action, not of composition. Even as priest and religious he took the soldier's way, the soldier's estimate, driving sheer at the end, too intent upon it to be an artist of words for their own sake. Of metaphysics or theology at this stage he had none. A true Don Quixote he lost himself in the romances of chivalry, and doated on *Amadis of Gaul*.

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Tenacious as Easterns, the Spaniards do not change. They were little affected, after all, by the Renaissance. They despised the Italians for their frivolity and cowardice; they were a thousand leagues from suspecting the revolution which was at hand in Germany, the language and character of whose people have ever been to them unknown. Their simple view of life is contained in the famous verse:

Un monarca, un imperio, y una espada.

When Charles V, that "cold-hearted Fleming," reigned, their ambition was satisfied. In the crowded sixteenth century three Spaniards prove in divers ways how much could be done with the one sword, of the flesh or the spirit, to maintain the one empire in Church as in State—Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, Philip II, universal monarch, and Ignatius of Loyola, whose passion for unity gives the key to all his projects. He is medieval in his crusading zeal; but modern, and nowise medieval, in his distrust of local differences. He is neither democratic nor feudal but absolute and centralizing in the methods of government which he adopts. The programme of Cardinal Ximenes, aiming at the political union of the old Spanish kingdoms under a sovereign whose word was law, and at the expulsion of Jews and Moors from Catholic soil, throws light on the movement to which the Ignatian principles furnish, so to speak, a religious counterpart. Among Germans a revulsion from the Roman Law in favour of old Teutonic liberties had been felt. In Spain, freedom was expiring under the heavy blows of royal ministers; the Court rule was establishing itself which lasted down to the French Revolution. Individually, the Spaniard was a hero and the King's equal; but now, in the mighty empire that bestrode the Atlantic like a colossus, what had he become? A courtier who lived or died at his master's bidding. Loyalty, obedience, was the password to all noble charges; the knight-errant followed his king.

Such were the ideas which Ignatius must have imbibed from earliest infancy, for they were in the air. When his

Francis Thompson's

hour came, and he lay shattered after the siege of Pampeluna, having fought but not surrendered, conversion disclosed to him a higher kingship and a heavenly ambition, but his mental horizon had not changed. It never did till his dying day. He put from him the chivalrous romances and was given the *Life of Christ*, by the Saxon Carthusian, Ludolph, instead. The Saints appeared to him as so many paladins of the Table Round. He was stirred to emulation. The cry that broke from his lips, "Isti et isti, cur non ego?" is a soldier's challenge to himself; it takes the good cause for granted. He would have scorned to consider arguments on the other side. Delicate or dissolute Humanists were smiling in Italian palaces at the Christian superstition which fed and clothed them. French sceptics would ere long find a golden mouthpiece in Rabelais, as the Florentines had found one in Machiavelli. But this whole view of things, lying outside the imagination of Ignatius, never could have detained him. For a moment he had looked into Erasmus, neither sceptic nor heretic, but a delightful mocker of current abuses. He condemned that too liberal tone afterwards, and thought it had done him no good. The soldier is of a nature too sensitive to relish ironies which may seem a reflection on the general staff. Yet for him was reserved the task of correcting those very abuses which the *Praise of Folly* satirized. He was to be the great reformer of Monasticism—so great indeed that, whatever accusations have been hurled against his own Society, no man has ventured to fix upon it the stigma of idleness, immorality, or ignorance.

His life falls naturally into the secular part, occupying about thirty years, and the religious, which covered thirty-five more. Of these twenty were passed in the novitiate (where he was truly his own master) and in founding the Company of Jesus; the last fifteen were dedicated to ruling over the provinces that received these apostles of the Catholic Restoration. I do not term it simply a "reaction," as Macaulay and Symonds have done; for reaction carries with it an idea of fatigue, or the second best, whereas the Church never displayed more energy, and orthodox minds

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were never more active, than during the hundred years which succeeded the Council of Trent. In this revival of dogma, discipline and learning the Jesuits led the van. They took possession at once, says Macaulay with admiring emphasis, "of all the strongholds which command the public mind, of the pulpit, of the press, of the confessional, of the academies." Thus it was that "literature and science, lately associated with infidelity or heresy, now became the allies of orthodoxy."

To disparage this mighty movement by setting it down as reaction, is to overlook the original forces which gave it birth and the newer channels into which it turned the thoughts of Catholics. It was not so much a reaction as a development. It bore no likeness to the Dominican theology, the mysticism of St Francis, the homestaying meditation of the Benedictine. This large innovation upon the past lends to the wandering years and slowly growing designs of Ignatius a charm as of some drama gradually unfolded; rarely to any saint was the phrase more applicable, "l'homme s'agite et Dieu le mène." He went forth on his knightly quest, ignorant of what should befall him; not dreaming that he was to combat the giants of the North by a world-wide system of education, to take its sting from the Renaissance by subduing Latin poets and Greek philosophers to the yoke of the sanctuary. Himself unacquainted with classic learning, and at no time a metaphysician, he was destined to save not only the faith, but the Humanism which had threatened it with disaster, from the fanatics who made war on both.

These years of a spiritual Odyssey, in which the hero became a pilgrim to the Holy Places, a belated pupil at Spanish universities, a fisher of men in Paris—years full of adventure and suffering—give to Francis Thompson rich matter of fact, to be told as the kind of epic which it truly was. Seldom, if ever, has it been told so well—in English never. The passionate *narveté* of a Ribadeneira, whom we may look on as the Saint's Boswell; the "reminiscences which Ignatius from 1553 onwards communicated to Luis Gonzalez"; Bartoli's much-quoted chronicle of the earlier

Francis Thompson's

period of the Society; and the particulars gleaned from Polanco, Rodriguez, Lainez, and others, which confirm Ribadeneira, leave us in no doubt concerning the main incidents of a career that was enacted in the public light. For though Ignatius loved and practised solitude like a Father of the Desert, he moved about among companions who were eager to note his characteristics and to preserve his sayings. That he was reticent by temper, and yet more by determination, appears in all these narratives; he had the reserve of a Spanish gentleman, deepened by his habit of saintly self-control. A little before his death he burnt all except a few fragments of his spiritual diaries. This, perhaps, teaches us more of his governing principles than if we read the daily account of favours, trials, and practices which he kept so long. What he felt we may learn from what he did. He was the disciple of no school; and, once more, he is best depicted as a crusader who fulfilled inwardly as well as outwardly the idea of a "very perfect gentle knight," in the service of his Captain, Christ.

He began by cutting off at a stroke the old life with its trappings, its fopperies, its not ungraceful uses of the world. What need to dwell on the picturesque opening of that pilgrimage, the discarded courtly apparel, the journey to wild Monserrato, high up in the Pyrenees, the vigil as of a new knighthood and order of chivalry, on Lady Day, 1522, at the Blessed Virgin's altar, followed by the retreat to Manresa? None, save that we may recommend a fresh study of it all in the chapters before us. Every Catholic has been shown the picture of this new St Michael preparing to smite the dragon. From the lonely mountain-cave, where Ignatius prayed and wrestled during ten most searching months, he came out a man new made, in his hand the first rude sketch of the *Exercises*, in his heart a dim design which was by and by to ripen into the Company which our poet names "the Free Lances of the Church." It was now the year 1523, and he set out for Jerusalem, by way of Barcelona, Gaeta, Rome, and Venice. He saw in Rome Adrian VI, once Viceroy of Spain, now a transient, embarrassed Pontiff, and took his blessing. In

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Venice he slept on the flags of St Mark's Place, until a certain Trevisani, afterwards Doge, was warned by a dream to rise up and give him shelter. He landed in Jaffa, went on to the Holy City, found that his life-work did not lie there, and came back to Barcelona, resolved on learning the elements of education which he had never been taught. In this heroic drudgery two years were spent; and in August, 1526, he removed to Alcalá.

Cisneros, whom we call Ximenes, the great Cardinal, had founded this university, and left means for the training of poor scholars. Ignatius went thither, taking three disciples, who forsook him later on; he had now (though in a mendicant garb which led children to call after him, "Father Sack") begun to catechize in the streets, and to give the *Spiritual Exercises*. A layman, he drew priests to listen and the Inquisition to take notice. Spain, says Thompson, "appreciated and desired Ignatius on its own terms; but of his Order it would have nothing on any terms. And that was the issue." The unbending champion "of forlorn proscriptions and perishing causes," he continues happily, "this Oxford among the nations," expiated its formalism by "a Chinese rigour, and arrest of development." The Inquisition baffled the Saint. He was haled to prison, passing on his road the cortège of the Marquis de Lombay, destined one day to be his own successor, and St Francis Borgia in the Church's calendar. To Figueroa, who charged him with preaching novelties, he replied, "I did not think it novel to speak of Christ to Christians." Thompson adds, "his distressing originality was the real offence." He was bidden to put on a student's uniform, and to close his lips about religion till his four years' course of theology should be over. His teaching had been declared blameless. But he would not stay.

Moving on to Salamanca, he met with still harder treatment. He was flung by the same authority, without anything that could be deemed a trial, into the common gaol. There, for three weeks, he and his companion were chained to one another like dogs, according to the peculiar ideas of arrest and detention which prevailed all over

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Europe in that Iron Age. The procedure makes our blood boil; Ignatius submitted to it with joy. On being examined, he turned the hearts of the Inquisitors by his rapt discourse on the love of God. At last he was absolved from every charge and let go. He might even preach, but under conditions. This time the Saint "entered something like a protest"; he quitted Salamanca and Spain for ever. The new Order was to come to the birth elsewhere, in the heart of a distracted Christendom, at Paris, the City of Light and Darkness, the world's university.

Paris rejoiced in fifty colleges and schools; it boasted of its sixteen thousand students, divided into four "nations" of the French, Picards, Normans, and Germans. Ignatius, tramping from Barcelona to the great city on foot, entered himself at the Collège Montaigu, where Erasmus, a generation back, had starved and studied. Hitherto, a bad system of endeavouring to follow all branches of learning at once had prevented the distraught mystic from mastering any of them. He would start here afresh with grammar. Thompson aptly remarks on his "amazing and unflinching thoroughness." A saint, he was anticipating the methods of science, which does not advance by sudden leaps and bounds, but by infinitely patient observation and experiment. On the whole, such was to be the method of the Society of Jesus; it reduced individual powers to a common denominator, as Bacon would have made the rules of discovery so level to ordinary sense that any man could employ them. Ignatius never acted in haste. He was now just upon forty; and what had he done? He had made himself. In the next six years he would have made, thanks to the *Exercises*, as many disciples. And then the "Septem contra Lutherum" would march to the Holy War.

At no time, perhaps, do we admire the genial handling of our poet-biographer more than now, when he draws in bold strokes the figures of those half-dozen obscure men who were to be captains of hundreds and thousands, leading on the Catholic "light horse" in a seemingly forlorn hope. All are renowned with posterity; two stand among

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the Blessed whom the Church acclaims—Peter Favre, the shepherd boy of Swiss Villaret, “room companion” and tutor to Ignatius at Ste Barbe; and Francis Xavier, Spanish but Navarrese, a Basque, who had been lecturing on Aristotle with applause in the College of Beauvais. From Alcalá came Lainez, the prodigy of learning, and afterwards chief light of the Council of Trent, with Salmeron almost his equal. From near Palencia came Bobadilla (surely of New Christian descent, for his Moorish name bewrayeth him), followed by Simon Rodriguez, “more Carmelite than Jesuit,” who was to do great things in the Peninsula hereafter. These were all studying in Paris. They had fallen under the spell of a personality which left none indifferent; they had gone through the *Exercises* severally, and in July, 1534, they met together for the first time.

Ignatius in their presence took the vows of poverty, chastity, and the mission to Palestine which still haunted him. The others accepted him for their master; and it was determined to embark at Venice a year hence, or, that proving impossible, to wait yet a second twelve months, then go to Rome and give themselves to the Holy Father. So slowly did the genuine idea of the Society dawn upon its creator’s mind! They were doomed not to sail from Venice, never to see Palestine; but, instead, to evangelize that Germany of which they knew so little, and to begin the new era of Catholicism. They celebrated the birthday of their Order on our Lady’s Assumption, 1534, in the chapel of St Denis on Montmartre. Three years elapsed. By toilsome ways, amid the clash of armies, they reached Venice in January, 1537; went on to Rome, and were presented by Ortiz, the Spanish Minister, once an enemy of Ignatius, to Paul III. He had concluded a league against the Turk which would make the seas impassable for pilgrims. “I do not think,” he said, “you will go to the Holy Land.” He was a true prophet.

They spent the vowed interval preaching in the cities of Northern Italy; Ignatius was ordained priest; and they now took the name of the Company of Jesus. At this

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period they recall, by their poverty and street preaching, as well as by a certain joyous independence, St Francis of Assisi and his comrades. Their founder, taking with him Favre and Lainez, set out towards Rome. At the desolate village of La Storta, near the ruins of Veii, once more the heavens opened; a vision and a voice came to this lowly pilgrim; he heard the Redeemer say, "At Rome I will be gracious to thee." His interpretation was significant of the man and the time; he understood these words as foreboding martyrdom. Why not? There were perils manifold in front of him. Paul III, now verging on seventy, had survived after a scandalous youth and a strenuous middle age to become a reforming Pontiff; but he was always of the Renaissance by his character, his ambition, and his nepotism, to give it no harsher a name. Discerning, nevertheless, what changes were imperatively required, he called about him such able and unlike advisers as Contarini, Caraffa, and Pole. He could never have imagined a combination of enthusiasm and spiritual strategy resembling the Order of Jesus; but when its rules were submitted to him at Tivoli for approval he cried out, "The finger of God is here." After a series of most difficult negotiations the Saint triumphed. In 1540 the Bull "*Regimini militantis Ecclesiæ*" came forth, sealing with Apostolic authority the name, the vows, the unique constitution of these "Clerks Regular," termed by their founder "the little company," and, possibly first of all by Calvin, the Jesuits. On April 7, 1541, Xavier sailed from Portugal for the East Indies. On the same day in Rome Ignatius was chosen General of the Society, a life-long office. All the rest had voted for him; he had refused to vote for anyone—a remarkable circumstance. By his twenty years of extraordinary heroism and consummate wisdom, he was pointed out as the only man who had a claim to that captaincy. At first he declined it, but he must have known that in him the fortunes of the Order were summed up.

"Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing." History shows us a marvellous man and his work, snatched

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from infinite possibilities; and we take the sight as something inevitable, as though always there. But once the Society of Jesus was not; it might never have been; its idea and its existence are wholly due to this soldier-saint, the wild cave-dweller, the sackcloth witness roaming through Spanish highways, in prisons often, in perils of the deep, begging his bread in London streets and from Flemish merchants, uninstructed till late manhood in prayer as in letters, alone against corrupt living in the Church and heresy outside. Alone, "Ignatius contra mundum," if ever a man was. He had to persuade the Roman Curia that a new and unexampled experiment in religious organization must be made. Only when that was accomplished, in despite of good and bad equally opposed to it, could he begin his warfare on the united hosts of Luther and Calvin. And they were overrunning the world.

Skirmishing had already taken place in Paris. Calvin, who preceded Ignatius at Montaigu and Ste Barbe, returned when the saint was gaining his first recruits, and himself won to the "new learning" Kopp, the Rector of the University. Both were compelled to flee, and the Jesuit band was active in the movement against the Huguenots which followed. Rabelais, too, was on the scene; but I am not aware of any measures taken, or ascribable to the Society, in criticism of his dissolving and dissolute fantasies. There, too, was Servetus, whom Calvin could not retain as a disciple, but could and did burn as a heretic. No living intellect was broad enough to reflect all the tendencies, or to fix those which were destined to prevail, in that immense confusion of peoples and opinions. It is not to be supposed that Ignatius, unread in the story of the past, no student in the modern sense, had a philosophical idea of what Luther was aiming at, or Calvin was digesting into his *Institutes*; much less would he comprehend the apparently sportive genius who preferred the monks of Thelema to the monks of St Benedict. And the Socinian, the Unitarian, the Rationalist, lay hid in a doubtful future. Critically, the Spanish mind of Ignatius did not spend itself on these large systems of thought. It

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moved by another law; it was bent on a mystic training in which the Christian faith and dogma should be, as we now say, realized. This he undertook, and this he achieved.

He would probably have entered more into the peculiar temperament of Luther than into the firm yet academic reasonings of which Calvin was an accomplished type. Between the noble of Loyola and the miner's son of Eisenach the contrast on every point but one is no less patent than complete. In pedigree, language, humour, what men could be so unlike? A page of Luther's, violent, unclean, comic, full of old German idioms, or in such Latin as a furious Bearsark would pour forth, is indeed "half a battle"; it appeals to the emotions and is buoyed up on them; its whole effect is to make friends clap their hands while enemies feel for their swords. Compare any meditation in the *Exercises* taken at random. There all is deliberate, restrained, solitary; fancy itself is subdued to a definite end; religion becomes almost a science. Once more, Luther, although he put his trust in princes who did not fail him, writes as a religious demagogue. He knows how to move the multitude by speech and song; his very translating of the Bible into German is for their sake. His years of glory were passed as in sight of the whole nation. Thus he was held to be the man of the people, and such among Protestants he remains to this day. Ignatius preached in the public thoroughfares, but he never spoke of himself; his sermons and catechizings were impersonal. He was raising up a Catholic "aristocracy of intellect"; his disciples read Holy Scripture daily, but they shrank from the profane uses of it which were only too common among the ignorant fanatics who swarmed on all sides. Private judgement, with its eccentricities, quarrellings, sects, and rude caricatures of a sublime creed, was an offence in the eyes of this courtly, sensitive gentleman, to whom the suppression of self was the principle of good manners as well as of religion. In all these ways Luther and Ignatius were opposed.

Yet one thing they had in common; they were of the temperament which is called melancholy; and by experi-

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ence arising out of it they had reached their hostile conclusions. Luther's tormenting scruples made him despair of his own righteousness, from which he took refuge in justification by Faith without works. The terrible darkness of spirit into which Ignatius was plunged at Manresa for so long a space, drove him upon the virtue of obedience to a director as the only way of salvation. Obedience brought light and comfort; gloom was the penalty of self-seeking, a sure token that some evil spirit such as afflicted Saul had drawn nigh. Hence those rules for the discernment of states and motives which bear on them a rare stamp of the Saint's intimate trials, while none are more valuable in the *Exercises*. But during the unparalleled crisis of the Church, when it had lost the nations beyond the Alps and could scarcely maintain itself on the shores of the Mediterranean, what more needful than to make obedience the first article of the creed?

Moreover, be the cause what it may, who will deny that a deadly gloom has fallen on the Protestant lands, the deeper in proportion as their teachers have receded from Rome? If melancholy broods over the Saxon, Scottish, and English Puritans; if it has ever been marked in the Huguenots, the Swiss, the Dutch and American Calvinists, shall we say that climate accounts for it all? that a stern theology did nothing to modify the dispositions of those who applied it in every walk of life? Historians do not take this view. But supposing a relation between habits of thought and habits of conduct, we may perceive how the instinct or the grace which impelled Ignatius to look for joy in obedience would react on his "little company"; how in no long time it would create a school of ethics answering to it; and how such cheerfulness in meeting evil and conquering vice should be their note to the world, and a rebuke on the lips of their enemies. The sad Puritan virtue took umbrage at most things human, except commerce and conquest. But the Jesuits were emphatically reconcilers, and the education which they freely gave was liberal, intended to produce not only good Catholics but high-minded men of the world.

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Luther addressed himself to the populace; Calvin wrote for scholars and reigned over a strong middle-class; St Ignatius kept in view the social order from which he had sprung. His ambition was to form these new crusaders from the governing hierarchy; to deal by means of them with principalities and powers; to add science to religion, culture to sacerdotal dignity, charm of manner to an edifying life. Themselves bound by a vow of Franciscan poverty, his disciples were to be poor in nothing save worldly goods. The Jesuits may be said to have substituted for the decaying régime of the Middle Ages an alliance between the throne and the altar, with passive obedience so long as kings were loyal to the Holy See—in short, Bossuet's theory of Church and State. Their founder was no more of a democrat than was Shakespeare. True it is that Mariana declaimed until Europe rang with his eloquence on the old Castilian notion of a free people; and Suarez has been termed (not by Dr Johnson) the first Whig. But popular rights were not advocated by Ignatius, and did not enter into his scheme.

Neither would he allow national differences to tell in the Society. He had set up a Catholic militia of which the soldier's oath to go anywhere at the Pope's bidding was the very essence. To cut off alien desires and prevent losses he turned the proverbial "Nolo episcopari" into a solemn engagement, greatly to the wonder of Roman clerics who beheld rich sees and cardinal's hats rejected by Jesuits in patched garments,—Lainez himself eloping from the Vatican lest he should be forcibly taken into the Sacred College. A discipline, the like of which was unknown to the severest orders, tried all those who would join the Company. It broke and new-made them. Henceforth, detached from country, kindred, and their former selves, they were to do on behalf of religion what the corps of Turkish janissaries had done for the empire of Islam. At the moment when, judging by probabilities, the Roman Church was tottering to her fall, a mighty international power, wielded by a single hand, came to her assistance, and, humanly speaking, saved her.

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It is matter of history that the Holy See was deliberating, not to reform the old orders, but to let them die out—a counsel of despair. St Ignatius came to the rescue, not by travelling on lines already worn, but as creative spirits know how, by interpreting tradition more faithfully while casting it into an original shape. He left the cloister and choral chanting to others; seized on the school, the hospital, the confessional, which secular as well as regular clergy had neglected; laid hands on East and West, fulfilling in the sixteenth century a mission like that which St Paul had struck out for himself in the first. A mission and a revolution we must call both these movements, nor were the leaders dissimilar. St Ignatius in the last three hundred years occupies a place apart, yet exercises a universal influence upon Catholicism, in a manner strictly analogous to the position of St Paul in the Church of the Apostles. We might illustrate the parallel at length did space permit, but enough has been said for those who will follow it up in detail.

Settled now at S. Maria della Strada, near the Papal residence, acknowledged as defender of the faith by his bitterest opponents, the Saint did not leave Rome more than three times during his last fifteen years. His correspondence was amazing in extent and minuteness of direction. He envied not the miracles but the labours of Francis Xavier, who wrote to the General on his knees, while in the hitherto sealed kingdoms of India, and in the heart of Japan, he approved himself the one Western preacher that has pierced into Oriental reserve or subdued great crowds of the yellow race to Christianity. For an instant it seemed as if the Farther East would be converted. Then Xavier died, overcome by many trials. But the ever memorable chapter of the Jesuit Missions had begun with a splendid page.

In Germany, the Swiss shepherd-boy Favre was restoring with dauntless courage a battle apparently lost. Twenty-one years had gone by since Luther burnt the Pope's Bull at Wittenberg, and still it was not so much disbelief of the Catholic creed as offence taken at the

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vicious lives of the Catholic clergy that made converts to Lutheranism. So did Favre judge, with indignation but not without hope (see his letter, dated New Year, 1541, from Worms). He would win serious Christians back, thanks to the *Exercises*, now celebrated for their transforming power. On these and on private conference, far more than the secular arm, he and his companions relied. As yet, however, they preached only in Latin; but Latin was the common medium of knowledge, everywhere current among the learned. Charles V, politic and temporizing, had his own idea of a Council, which the Pope checkmated by announcing the convocation of what afterwards became the Council of Trent. Bobadilla was carried off to Vienna; Le Jay expounded the Epistle to the Galatians at Ratisbon and gained a footing at Ingolstadt. During a short interval Favre visited Spain, captured St Francis Borgia, then Viceroy of Catalonia, for the Society; returned to his German expedition, converted Spire, stayed the advance of heresy in Mainz, and there made acquisition of Peter Canisius, the chief of Jesuit apostles in the Fatherland hereafter.

One exploit of this zealous young adherent was to procure from Charles V the deposition of Hermann, Archbishop of Cologne, who had driven out the Jesuits and favoured the new doctrine. It was a significant victory. The tide, long running furiously in the direction of Protestantism, had begun to turn. What was now lost to the Reformers they never got back again. Political intrigues might float men hither and thither, but once they had been moulded by Catholic principles, as brought home to them in retreats and spiritual exposition, they were conquered for all time. Unity of teaching, and, as Thompson admirably observes, the "most eloquent example" of those who gave it, were telling on all such as dreaded anarchy in thought and confusion of powers in the State. It was certain, before the mid-century had been passed, that the Holy Roman Empire would remain loyal to St Peter. Provinces might be torn away, but the Rhine, the Main, the Danube, would still be

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Catholic streams. Even the Thirty Years War, ending one hundred years after, could not change their destiny.

In France a very ancient quarrel, between the lawyers and the Holy See, was transmuted into the attack of the Sorbonne, aided by the Archbishop of Paris, on this ultramontane and Spanish order claiming exemption from local authority. The legend of a rule behind the rule, known as "Monita Secreta," began to make the tour of the world. A party was rising up, anti-papal, anti-jesuit, which never henceforward lost sight of its object, to divorce from Rome the Church and Crown of France. But it failed in these first attempts. In 1549 the Cardinal of Lorraine arrived at the Curia, solicitous for an alliance against Charles V. Ignatius won him over; Henry II allowed the Society a home in Paris; and the Bishop of Clermont gave them his town-house, expanded by and by into the college termed Louis le Grand. The opposition, however, continued; there was to be a duel of Jesuits and Jansenists over the dead body of a Flemish heresiarch, ending in the ruin which the Parlement of Paris wrought in 1763. France would be the grave of the Order, when it died to rise again from its ashes.

Out of Spain the Saint had been forced to retire. He now came back in his lieutenants, Favre, Villanueva, Simon Rodriguez, who carried all before them. Colleges, which grew into Jesuit strongholds, were set up in Alcalá, Coimbra, Salamanca; royal bequests and public favours made atonement for the slights once inflicted on a great Saint by a purblind Inquisition. But the time would fail us to speak of these and other enterprises, mostly successful, ever displaying the indomitable spirit which had now breathed fresh life into Catholics in Ireland, Belgium, Italy, Sicily. "Go, set all on fire," was the parting admonition of Ignatius to his envoys. Among them none showed more zeal than the heroic scapegrace, Ribadeneira, who held the keys of his General's heart, and whose doings throw a welcome ray of comedy, of human feeling, over these all-daring expeditions. In ten years the company had revolutionized the tactics of the Church. From

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a timid and embarrassed defence, they had become boldly aggressive. But Favre, the one successor whom his chief would perhaps have chosen, died in 1546. Francis Xavier was taken away in 1552. What men would continue the work?

That question was decided by the entrance of Francis Borgia into the Company, though for a while he kept his great place in the world, and by the extraordinary triumphs of Lainez and Salmeron at the Council of Trent. Between the Reformers and the Jesuits a gulf was now fixed which all the attempts at reconciliation have not succeeded in filling up. On one side, justification by faith alone was opposed to the objective and sanctifying virtue of the Sacraments, on the other. Private judgement read the Scriptures by its own light; Catholic consent would not allow men to depart from the tradition of the Fathers. The Mass involved the priesthood; its denial reduced the ministry to the office of preaching. These differences were vital, and the Pope's authority protecting the old creed made the dogmas of Trent a foregone conclusion. It signified little whether Protestants came or stayed away. The embittered controversies of thirty years which led up to the Council had already shaped it. No reconciling influences survived. Moderate leaders, Contarini or Pole, who saw the beginnings of the Reformation, did not, perhaps, understand how stern was the logic, how imperious the alternative, of "priest or no priest," which lay beneath the entangled quarrels of their time. But Luther did, and so did Lainez. Each of these mighty minds grasped its own position, dwelt on principles, and drew out consequences unflinchingly. The types were not to be assimilated.

And each remained a victor in the field he had chosen. The priest gave way to the layman in all countries where Reform got the upper hand. In Catholic nations the power of the Pope, weakened by two centuries of strife and degradation, recovered much of its vitality. Not only the articles of belief which Trent had published, but its decrees on discipline, found apt instruments in

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the Jesuit teachers and confessors, who enforced them wherever the Society spread. St Ignatius had petitioned for the Council; his sons had appeared in it as theologians sent by the Pope or delegated by princes. The amazing memory, eloquence, piety, of Lainez had given him a place among the Fathers like that of the deacon Athanasius at Nicæa. When he fell ill, the Council waited for his days of convalescence. Hardly a shadow now haunts the reformed churches of Luther's doctrine; but the interpretation which was declared at Trent, largely under Jesuit guidance, to be orthodox Christianity, has filtered into Anglican and even Dissenting pulpits. Calvinism has provoked a violent reaction, lapsing into unbelief generally, but sometimes impelling the children of Huguenots to embrace the ancient faith. Of Protestant creeds how small a portion is left! But Trent, which was the prelude to the Council of the Vatican, abides every Christian challenge, and though Luther be the name best known, Lainez accomplished the more enduring feat.

In this way, undreamt of when he set out, has Ignatius the Basque, to be called Loyola by myriads that hate and admire him, fulfilled his vocation. Wearing neither tiara nor mitre, he has become the general of the Catholic army, his light horse scouring all regions, pushing back the hosts of Apollyon the destroyer, encamped lately under the walls of Rome. Discipline is tightened, the faith crystallized into adamantine propositions, the Papacy itself (shall we dare to utter the word?) reformed. A layman has conceived the plan, a layman written the book of meditations, second only to the *Following of Christ*, by which the miraculous change is effected. An enthusiast, if you will, a saint according to Catholic uses and principles, has been given in the very crisis of her fate to the Roman Church, and after doubts, amid conflicting voices, she has recognized her heaven-sent champion. From now onwards, starting with Melchior Cano the Dominican, that suspicion and dislike which Thompson hits off in a sentence, "the convinced hostility of honour-

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able men," will never be wanting to the new Templars. "If these Religious Orders go on as they have begun," said Cano, "God forbid that a time should come when kings shall desire to withstand them and find it impossible." The time did come; it is not yet ended.

But Ignatius enjoyed, in his deep silent way, the felicity seldom granted to mortals, of beholding, ere he had reached his sixtieth year, the enterprize successful and acknowledged, that little by little had been revealed to him. Continually retouching the *Exercises*, proving and revising the *Constitutions*, he laid sure bases for the future. With exquisite suavity, there was no judgement of any of those around him which he did not consult; but the master-mind, or, as he humbly said, the vision shown him at Manresa, prevailed over all. Attempts, neither exact in details nor betraying much critical acumen, have been made to rob him of those *Exercises*, on the ground that he borrowed them from Cisneros. We might as well take his plays from Shakespeare because they are founded on history. The system and spirit of that wonderful text-book, which has taught generations how to pray, did not exist before Ignatius; they are utterly original, yet beyond suspicion orthodox.

Equally without precedent are the rules and ordering of the Company itself; so much so that strong exception has been taken to them, and to this day is not unknown, by contemplatives who love the cloister, choristers who delight in the Liturgy, men of spontaneous instinct who prefer freedom to so stern a discipline, and praisers of old time who miss in their stricter practical directions the poetry that cast a gleam over the age of the Fathers and medieval Christendom. Every several Order appears to have found its own text, a motto and an inspiration, in Holy Writ. The Benedictine murmurs "Pax," the Franciscan "Beati pauperes," the Friars Preachers would cry, "Dominus illuminatio mea." What of the paladins of St Ignatius? For them this word is enough, "Obedite præpositis vestris." Obedience amid surrounding anarchy is the virtue they prize. Much as they have cultivated

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science and taught classic literature, it is to military Rome or disciplined Sparta that we look for their model, rather than to the Athens of Pericles.

A year before he died, the General handed over his government of the Society to three men, one of them Polanco, long his secretary, a Jew by descent, but to Ignatius, as it were, "hands and feet." St Francis Borgia was greatly increasing the Jesuit influence among Spaniards. In Rome the College of the German nation was opened. The illustrious Roman College, afterwards made the Gregorian University, belongs to the same period. The new and fruitful idea of training clerics from every part under the shadow of St Peter was acted on. From Goa to Mexico the movement was spreading which united scholarship with piety, and sanctified the secular life by devotion to the inward spirit. Ignatius himself had carried on an administration equal to that of a kingdom; yet no day passed on which he did not give hours to prayer. His "singular dignity and recollection" were due to this waiting on the Divine presence for light. In all things deliberate, he, like Lord Burghley, set down the reasons for and against every measure with a fullness that seemed to belie his gift of intuition; but his counsel was eagerly sought, and the Spanish envoy remarked that to follow it was to succeed, to oppose it disaster.

Always courteous, moderate in speech and tone, a "fountain of oil" to his brethren so long as they acted in the spirit of the Society, avoiding preferences, or betraying them only by the heavier burdens he laid on those whom he could not help liking, the Saint lived and died "alone with the Alone." His natural disposition did not run counter to the view which he adopted of a life hidden in God. We cannot pretend to know him as we know his friend and admirer, St Philip Neri, whose gaiety and charming eccentricities may have brought a smile to those resolutely silent lips. There was even in the Basque temperament a somewhat saturnine humour, a flash of lightning that made short work of opposition. Ignatius could be patient with strong im-

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petuous characters, such as had been his in the days of youth. He would not brook self-will in another, unqualified by heroism; he was never cruel, but on occasion severe. In dealing with great persons, with worldly-minded churchmen, still bearing on their purple some taint of the Renaissance, he considered the good which might be gained through them in an evil hour. He rebuked Bobadilla, who had censured Charles V for his device of the "Interim" too loudly. Towards cardinals like Alessandro Farnese his conduct was determined by their ostensible claims on respect. In a court where nepotism flourished, what else could be done? His mild wisdom overcame the long prepossession against him of the Neapolitan Caraffa, who could not but detest all Spaniards, and who, as Paul IV, provoked King Philip into a war which brought Alva to the gates of Rome. One may say that it was impossible to make an enemy of Ignatius, chiefly because he had learnt his own lesson touching "the use of creatures," and he was a friend on the same rule of detachment or philosophy, whichever we define it to be. Altogether, we may see in him the hermit turned statesman, who, from within a magic circle that none dared to cross, controlled not his Order alone but the policy of Popes and the legislation of Councils, towards an end of which he never lost sight.

That end was the triumph of a Catholicism strong at the centre, ruling from Rome as in the days of St Gregory VII, with his own Company for its picked militia, and all the kingdoms of the world obedient to St Peter's Chair. In one word, his governing idea was Theocracy. And a Papal Theocracy, for what other could there be? In the sixteenth century absolute government held sway, not only in fact but in theory; between the fall of feudalism and the rise of democracy no politician could have suggested any more liberal system with a chance of establishing it. Again we must remark that each Religious Order bears the stamp of the times and circumstances under which it arose. The Company of Jesus sprang up in a period of revolt and reaction. It is a product of the

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Renaissance, and it took over the absolute politics as well as the art and literature which it found in esteem but did not create. Its Latin style, correct but seldom characteristic, was derived from the Humanists. It has never felt in sympathy with the strong, rude, but heart-stirring romance of the Middle Ages, whether in prose or in verse. Its poet is Vida, not Dante; its theologian Suarez or Molina, elegant and acute, but exponents of a system which St Thomas Aquinas would not have signed all through. Its tendencies were not at all towards Platonism; and in physics as well as metaphysics it has pursued a line of its own. Those who indulge in analogies, fantastical but sometimes not wholly false, may be tempted to consider that St Ignatius in the *Exercises* did for religion what Descartes in his *Discourse on Method* did for philosophy. In both, at all events, the individual starting from clear principles, as if alone in the universe, arrives by introspection at a sure belief in spiritual realities and a law of duty. But enough of these speculations.

On July 31, 1556, Ignatius died in Rome of malarial fever. His last moments were solitary. There is nothing to record of them except the perfect patience with which he passed out of a troubled scene. If the Catholic religion were all that its enemies charge upon it, then had Loyola been "the most offending soul alive," for he shaped its policy in a fashion that not only secured it from the fate of pagan Rome, but in less than half a century defeated the most formidable enemies it had ever encountered. That he should be raised upon its altars was a recognition of his unmatched and unexhausted merits. St Augustine had bestowed on its teachers a philosophy; the poor man of Assisi had, by renewing the Gospel in a tumultuous age, brought back to it the common people; St Dominic had won the Universities. But St Ignatius, when culture and religion, as it seemed, were banding themselves against the decadent Papacy, had in his single heart discovered how culture might be made Christian and religion proved still to be Catholic. Education, missionary enterprize,

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works of charity, spiritual direction—he seized on all these ways of creating an orthodox and civilized world in which the successor of the Apostle should rule supreme. His own life was a page of some chivalrous tale; let him be called Don Quixote, so long as we render to the story its nobler meaning and see the knight-errant victorious in his quest. The world changes; absolute rule is dead; shoreless democracy is sweeping in; the word, let us hope the reality, of the days to come will be freedom. But the Church needed saving four hundred years ago by other means, and the man chosen on high was Ignatius. A poet, marked with the sign of the cross, imaginative, true to fact, splendid in delineation, has taken the tongue of Shakespeare, Raleigh, Milton, and in words of flame has depicted the heroic figure. It is a tribute and a trophy. I congratulate English Catholics on this superb achievement; but the irony and the pity of it are worthy of tears.

WILLIAM BARRY

JOHN STUART MILL and THE MANDATE OF THE PEOPLE

The Letters of John Stuart Mill. Longmans. 1910.

Autobiography. By John Stuart Mill. New edition. Longmans.
1908.

THE publication of *The Letters of John Stuart Mill* is an event of high interest. It calls attention once more to the remarkable man whose fame has been in our own generation somewhat eclipsed, but who for some ten years before his death had an almost unique ascendancy over English thought. The letters are in part the *pièces justificatives* for Mill's well-known Autobiography. And they bear out the absolute fidelity to fact of that singular document. Reminiscences written in later life too often represent the past as it is seen through spectacles coloured by more recent events. These letters show that there has been no such colouring in the autobiography.

The precocious boy, indeed, who began Greek at three and Latin at eight is not here; for the selection begins at the age of twenty-five. But we see the youthful Benthamite propagandist already cured of his father's extreme sectarianism, and trace the many stages of his development as he comes in contact with thinkers of very different schools. We are able by the aid of contemporary documents to understand and realize the influence of Sterling, of Carlyle, of Wordsworth, of Coleridge, of Maurice, in broadening and mellowing a mind which had been moulded in the first instance in the very definite and narrow groove of Benthamism, so ably advocated by that brilliant talker and acute reasoner, James Mill. We are able to follow the successive modifications wrought by many influences on a mind really extremely impressionable, though professedly guided only by the dry light of reason. We see, too, the immense influence over him of one concerning

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whom his language bears undying testimony that, however keen and constant is the exercise of the critical faculty, enthusiasm will occasionally take the bit between its teeth and issue in judgements which tell of devotional ardour rather than of dry analysis. I refer, of course, to his language concerning the lady who became Mrs Mill. It is while his wife is still at his side that he writes, "Even the merely intellectual needs of my nature suffice to make me hope that I may never outlive the companion who is the profoundest and most farsighted and clear-sighted thinker I have ever known, as well as the most consummate in practical wisdom. I do not wish to be so much her equal as not to be her pupil, but I would gladly be more capable than I am of reproducing worthily her admirable thoughts." After her death the idealizing faculty in human nature, and the need in a mind naturally so religious, of something to reverence and worship, expressed itself in words yet stronger. The language of the devout Catholic to the "Queen of Heaven" is not more obviously in the eyes of the profane onlooker the outcome of religious sentiment than are Mill's words on this subject, concerning the friend who "possessed in combination the qualities which in all other persons whom I had known I had been only too happy to find singly." Speaking of her youthful days, he writes: "I have often compared her at this time to Shelley, but in thought and intellect Shelley, so far as his powers were developed in his short life, was but a child compared to what she ultimately became." "What I owe even intellectually to her," he writes, "is in its detail almost infinite." And a little later: "Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up, as it does, all worthiness, I endeavour to regulate my life."

I hope to have an opportunity of returning to the study of the career of this remarkable man, and to speak of the psychological study afforded by his recently published letters. For the moment I shall confine myself to the views expressed in them on a subject which is at

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present exercising the minds of Englishmen for very practical and pressing reasons, namely, the true genius and aims of a democracy—its ideals, its advantages and its dangers. And it is noteworthy that this devotee of the people, this hater of aristocratic privilege, although he immensely idealized the public spirit to which the average voter could easily by education attain, showed himself extremely sensitive to the danger that intriguing demagogues might urge the uneducated voter on to dangerous courses and corrupt him by flattery. He writes to a friend in 1865 :

My experience agrees with yours as to the greater mental honesty, and amenability to reason, of the better part of the working classes, compared with the average of either the higher or middle. But may not this reasonably be ascribed to the fact that they have not yet, like others, been corrupted by power ? The English working classes have had no encouragement to think themselves better than, or as good as, those who are more educated than themselves. But once let them become the ascendant power, and a class of base adventurers in the character of professional politicians will be constantly addressing them with all possible instigations to think their crude notions better than the theories and refinements of thinking people, and I do not deem so highly of any numerous portion of the human race as to believe that it is not corruptible by the flattery which is always addressed to power.

In point, of fact the modern talk concerning the "popular mandate," which is so profoundly irrational, the notion that the people counted by heads can safely determine what political measures are really calculated to promote the popular welfare, is wholly alien to John Mill's conception of democracy. There are many questions in which the closest acquaintance with economical science is needed to forecast results at all accurately. Probably nine-tenths of the measures brought before Parliament need for an accurate estimate of their worth the knowledge of an expert.

John Stuart Mill was not alone among the advocates of a democracy in the 'twenties in seeing this. Even that fanatical radical, James Mill, his father, never went so far

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as to advocate the supremacy under a democratic government of the modern so-called "mandate of the people." It is interesting now to read James Mill's views. They show how far and fast democracy has travelled since it left the hands of thinkers and fell into those of active political partizans, who have flattered the populace, precisely as the younger Mill prophesied, by assuring them that they are the best possible political guides. James Mill's own justification of democratic government was based precisely on the supposition that it would never lead to anything so absurd as the conception of the "popular mandate." He believed that when once class interest had ceased to predominate and the people were better educated and informed, the democracy would choose for their representatives men of thoroughly educated intelligence and honest purpose, and would give them freedom to exercise their own judgement in enacting such measures as, after full discussion, they held to be wise. Thus, the ultimate ideal was not the "mandate of the people," but government by the ablest intellects and the experts, who should be chosen by the whole community.

These views are especially interesting when we remember James Mill's almost fanatical hatred of the aristocratic elements in the British constitution. This was expressed strongly in his attack in the *Edinburgh Review*, published in 1823, and at the cost of an extract of some length it is worth while to remind ourselves of the argument urged in that production, which created a great impression in its time, and which is summarized as follows by his son:

To characterize the position of the *Edinburgh Review* as a political organ, [he] entered into a complete analysis, from the Radical point of view, of the British Constitution. He held up to notice its thoroughly aristocratic character; the nomination of a majority of the House of Commons by a few hundred families; the entire identification of the more independent portion, the county members, with the great landholders; the different classes whom this narrow oligarchy was induced, for convenience, to admit to a share of power; and, finally, what he called its two props, the

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Church and the legal profession. He pointed out the natural tendency of an aristocratic body of this composition to group itself into two parties, one of them in possession of the executive, the other endeavouring to supplant the former and become the predominant section by the aid of public opinion, without any essential sacrifice of the aristocratical predominance. He described the course likely to be pursued, and the political ground occupied, by an aristocratic party in opposition, coquetting with popular principles for the sake of popular support. He showed how this idea was realized in the conduct of the Whig party, and of the *Edinburgh Review* as its chief literary organ. He described, as their main characteristic, what he termed "seesaw"; writing alternately on both sides of the question which touched the power or interest of the governing classes; sometimes in different articles, sometimes in different parts of the same article; and illustrated his position by copious specimens. So formidable an attack on the Whig party and policy had never before been made.

When this inveterate hater of Whigs and Tories alike formulated his own democratic creed he was far too clear-sighted to raise the abstract cries of "liberty" and the "rights of man" which Burke had for ever silenced among serious thinkers. He did, indeed, believe entirely in liberty of discussion and in really representative government. But the picture he formed to himself of the effects of these two forces was (as I have already said) not that of a supremacy of the populace in determining the enactments of the legislature, but a government by experts with a view to the popular welfare. And this is, we need hardly remark, what moderate men have advocated in our own time (in the pages of this REVIEW as elsewhere) against the irrational exaggerations of the champions of the "mandate of the people." Where the present writer would differ from James Mill is in the estimate he would form of the probability that the great extension of the suffrage and of free discussion, which has in fact taken place since James Mill wrote, was calculated to issue in that rule of the community by the wisest which he desired and anticipated. While James Mill anticipated that the removal of the immense predominance of an hereditary aristocracy, which angered him in the 'twenties, would result in the

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substitution in its place of a true aristocracy of great intellects and men of high public spirit, facts seem to show, on the contrary, that the flatterers of the people, whom he so strongly condemns in the person of the Whigs of the early nineteenth century, are likely to reappear in a far more dangerous form among the political intriguers of contemporary democracy. The people are likely to be urged onwards into dangerous excesses of which only the bitter experiences of a revolution will effectively show the folly and wickedness.

But let us read the son's summary of Mill the elder's dream of a democracy, conceived with all the hopefulness attaching to an untried scheme, and inspired by resentment against those undeniable excesses of aristocratic privilege which oppressed the imagination of lovers of the people before the Reform Bill of 1832.

In politics, he had an almost unbounded confidence in the efficacy of two things: representative government, and complete freedom of discussion. So complete was my father's reliance on the influence of reason over the minds of mankind, whenever it is allowed to reach them, that he felt as if all would be gained if the whole population were taught to read, if all sorts of opinions were allowed to be addressed to them by word and in writing, and if by means of the suffrage they could nominate a legislature to give effect to the opinions they adopted. He thought that when the legislature no longer represented a class interest, it would aim at the general interest, honestly and with adequate wisdom; since the people would be sufficiently under the guidance of educated intelligence, to make in general a good choice of persons to represent them, and, having done so, to leave to those whom they had chosen a liberal discretion. Accordingly, aristocratic rule, the government of the few in any of its shapes, being in his eyes the only thing which stood between mankind and an administration of their affairs by the best wisdom to be found among them, was the object of his sternest disapprobation, and a democratic suffrage the principal article of his political creed, not on the ground of liberty, Rights of Man, or any of the phrases, more or less significant, by which, up to that time, democracy had usually been defended, but as the most essential of " securities for good government."*

* *Autobiography*, 60-1.

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Throughout his letters we see John Mill's own sense that if democracy came to mean equal power for all, educated and uneducated alike, it would be self-condemned. In one letter to a New York correspondent,* he appeals to actual experience in America as giving a practical proof that such is not its real tendency. "Democracy," he writes, "has been no leveller there as to intellect and education, or respect for true personal superiority." He wished, no doubt, to give the labouring classes a share of political power, but not a predominant share. And his anxiety as to their fitness for it increased as life went on. "We are now much less democrats," he writes of himself and his wife in the fifties, "than I had been, because so long as education continues to be so wretchedly imperfect we dreaded the ignorance, and especially the selfishness and brutality of the mass."† An additional fear which appears in the letters is of intellectual stagnation as a result of the supremacy of the uneducated.

One of the most interesting results of his increased experience was the alteration of Mill's view in respect of the ballot. In early days the stock arguments in its favour had convinced him. He revolted against the pressure brought to bear by landlords on their tenants, by employers on their *employés*. The right to vote was in such circumstances an unreal mockery. But experience brought to light a new danger, while political reform gradually diminished the old one. The actual growth of the democratic elements in the constitution made the people's power to combine against undue pressure obviously sufficient to destroy the serious danger of tyranny, while, on the other hand, instead of the ideal public spirit of which his father had dreamed among the average voters, which was to lead them to elect as their parliamentary representatives the wisest and most public-spirited men, he was confronted with the reality of the petty personal motives so largely influencing the average elector's vote, especially the votes of the lower classes. Open voting brought to bear the potent criticism of public opinion

* ii, 35.

† *Autobiography*, p. 132.

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on such unworthy courses, and Mill, therefore, became its advocate and opposed its abolition in favour of the ballot.

There are two remarkable letters on this subject which deserve to be quoted:

It will, perhaps, surprise you [he writes to Judge Chapman] that I am not now a supporter of the ballot, though I am far from thinking that I was wrong in supporting it formerly. You remember, I daresay, a passage which always seemed to me highly philosophical in my father's *History of India*, when he discriminates between the cases in which the ballot is in his estimation desirable and those in which it is undesirable: now I think that the election of members of Parliament has passed, in the course of the last twenty-five years, out of the former class into the latter. In the early part of the century there was more probability of bad votes from the coercion of others than from the voter's own choice; but I hold that the case is now reversed, and that an elector gives a rascally vote incalculably oftener from his own personal or class interest, or some mean feeling of his own, the influence of which would be greater under secret suffrage, than from the prompting of some other person who has power over him. Coercive influences have vastly abated, and are abating every day. A landlord cannot now afford to part with a good tenant because he is not politically subservient; and even if there were universal suffrage, the idea of a manufacturer forcing his workpeople to vote against the general policy of their class, is almost out of the question, in this as in so many other things, *defendit numerus*. If these things are true in England, they must be still more true in Australia, where I cannot imagine that any artificial security can be required to ensure freedom of voting. But if there be even a doubt on the subject the doubt ought merely to turn the scale in favour of publicity. Nothing less than the most positive and powerful reasons of expediency would justify putting in abeyance a principle so important in forming the moral character either of an individual or a people, as the obligation on everyone to avow and justify whatever he does affecting the interests of others. I have long thought that in this lies the main advantage of the public opinion sanction; not in compelling or inducing people to act as public opinion dictates, but in making it necessary for them, if they do not, to have firm ground in their own conviction to stand on, and to be capable of maintaining it against attack.*

* *Letters*, vol. 1. 209-10.

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A later reference to the subject (in 1865), though briefer, is even more definite and pointed in its conclusion as to the preponderance of dangers from the ballot over those arising from public voting.

Voting for a member of Parliament is a public or political act which concerns not solely the elector's individual preferences, but the most important interests of the other electors, and even of posterity; and my conviction is that in a free country all such acts should be done in the face of, and subject to, the comments and criticisms of the entire public. I wish that the elector should feel an honourable shame in voting contrary to his known opinions, and in not being able to give for his vote a reason which he can avow. The publicity which lets in these salutary influences admits also, unfortunately, some noxious ones; and if I believed that these were now the strongest, if I thought that the electors of this country were in such a state of hopeless and slavish dependence on particular landlords, employers or customers, that the bad influences are more than a match for the good ones, and that there is no other means of removing them, I should be, as I once was, a supporter of the ballot. But the voters are not now in this degraded condition; they need nothing to protect them against electoral intimidation but the spirit and courage to defy it. In an age when the most independent class of all, the labouring class, is proving itself capable of maintaining by combination an equal struggle with the combined powers of the masters, I cannot admit that farmers or shopkeepers, if they stand by one another, need despair of protecting themselves against any abuse now possible of the power of landed or other wealth.

But perhaps the most interesting and significant episode referred to in the letters in relation to the "popular mandate" is that of Mill's own election—so familiar to the present writer in his youth, but now (as he finds) unknown in its details to, at all events, enough people to justify him in quoting from the letters in which Mill refers to it. When Mill was approached by the electors of Westminster in 1865 with a view to representing them in Parliament, so far from falling in with the idea of the rule of the people, which has in our own day become current coin in practical politics, so far from attempting any of

**Ibid.*, II. pp. 24-25.

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that flattering of the mob which the flood of modern democracy has in our own time made necessary for immediate political success, he distinctly informed the electors that they would do him no favour by electing him, that he could not attend to their local concerns, that, far from undertaking to promote their views in the House of Commons he meant only to advocate his own long cherished schemes for the welfare of the country, which he was happy to disclose to them quite frankly. His extraordinary frankness and courage issued in his election. He had written publicly his opinion that working men were "generally liars," and when challenged at a public meeting he owned to having said so. Even this plainness of speech did not alienate his supporters among the class he had criticized. The outline of the whole story has been told in the Autobiography. The contemporary letters on the subject appear in the volumes now published.

In reply to the letter in which he was asked to consent to his nomination as a candidate he wrote as follows :

In answer to your question, I assent to having my name submitted to the electors in the proposed manner, if, after the explanations which it is now my duty to give, the Committee should still adhere to their intention.

I have no personal object to be promoted by a seat in Parliament. All private considerations are against my accepting it. The only motive that could make me desire it would be the hope of being useful; and being untried in any similar position, it is as yet quite uncertain whether I am as capable of rendering public service in the House of Commons as I may be in the more tranquil occupation of a writer. It is, however, certain that if I can be of any use in Parliament, it could only be by devoting myself there to the same subjects which have employed my habitual thoughts out of Parliament. I therefore could not undertake the charge of any of your local business; and as this, in so important a constituency, must necessarily be heavy, it is not impossible that my inability to undertake it may in itself amount to a disqualification for being your representative.

Again, my only object in Parliament would be to promote my opinions; and what these are, on nearly all the political questions in which the public feel any interest, is before the world; and until

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I am convinced that they are wrong, these, and no others, are the opinions that I must act on. I am ready to give any further explanation of them that might be wished for, and should I be elected I would freely state to my constituents, whenever desired, the votes I intend to give, and my reasons for them. But I could give no other pledge. If the electors are sufficiently satisfied with my opinions as they are, to be willing to give me a trial, I would do my best to serve those opinions, and would in no case disguise my intentions or my motives from those to whom I should be indebted for the opportunity.

Lastly, it is neither suitable to my circumstances nor consistent with my principles to spend money for my election. Without necessarily condemning those who do, when it is not expended in corruption, I am deeply convinced that there can be no parliamentary reform worthy of the name so long as a seat in Parliament is only attainable by rich men, or by those who have rich men at their back. It is the interest of the constituencies to be served by men who are not aiming at personal objects, either pecuniary, official or social, but consenting to undertake gratuitously an onerous duty to the public. That such persons should be made to pay for permission to do hard and difficult work for the general advantage, is neither worthy of a free people, nor is it the way to induce the best men to come forward. In my own case, I must even decline to offer myself to the electors in any manner; because, proud as I should be of their suffrages, and though I would endeavour to fulfil to the best of my ability the duty to which they might think fit to elect me, yet I have no wish to quit my present occupations for the House of Commons, unless called upon to do so by my fellow-citizens. That the electors of Westminster have even thought of my name in this conjuncture is a source of deep gratification to me, and if I were to be elected I should wish to owe every step in my election, as I should already owe my nomination, to their spontaneous and flattering judgement of the labour of my life.*

When informed that he had been adopted as candidate, Mill again wrote, not in any way consulting the electors as to the measures they might wish him to advocate, but stating the opinions he held and meant to defend and the measures he meant to support in Parliament. Not Burke himself, in his election for Bristol, assumed an attitude of

**Ibid*, II. pp. 19, 20.

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more absolute independence of the will of his electors than this son of the extremist Radical of his age, this passionate devotee of the interests of the people. To his exposition of his views on the subjects of the day he added the following expression of his view of the increased dignity which would accrue to the popular party if they elected candidates of entirely independent views like himself :

If the electors of Westminster return to Parliament as their representative anyone, either myself or another, who has no claim whatever on them except their opinion of his fitness for the trust, and if on that sole ground they elect him without personal solicitation and without expense, they will do what is as eminently honourable to themselves as to the object of their choice, will set an example worthy to be, and likely to be, imitated by other great constituencies, and will signally raise the character of the popular party and advance the cause of reform.

We have seen a rapid growth of the democracy since 1865. But we have not seen a realization of Mill's hope for independence and increased individualism among members of Parliament. The action of the Westminster electors has not found imitators. There has been no abdication among electors of that claim to determine actual legislation which is known as "the mandate of the people." Has the less sanguine forecast as to the possible evil consequences of increased popular power, given in the letter quoted earlier in this article, been realized? Have we in our own day been wholly without fear that "a class of base adventurers in the character of professional politicians" are approaching the less educated electors, instigating them "to think their own crude notions better than the theories and refinements of thinking people" and "corrupting them by flattery"? Let us hope that such fears were exaggerated, but they certainly have been renewed in our own time.

WILFRID WARD

THE ORIGIN OF THE DOUAY BIBLE

IN the DUBLIN REVIEW for April, 1837, Cardinal Wiseman made an urgent appeal for a complete revision of the Douay version of the Bible. That appeal has been disregarded, perhaps fortunately, for our knowledge of the texts and versions has grown greatly since his day; but the recent commission entrusted to the Benedictine Order of bringing out a revision of the existing Vulgate text has had the effect of turning men's minds in England to the defects of our own version.

Complaints about the Catholic version have always been rife; they are due to two causes, the undoubted baldness of the version and the fact that many who now use it were once accustomed to the Authorised Version. And no doubt those who have been long accustomed to "the music of the English Bible" find the Catholic version irksome, for them the old familiar verses have no longer the old familiar ring, and as they read they constantly find themselves pulled up short by some unfamiliar expression or some new turn of phrase which jars on their ears. The sense of irritation thus produced finds vent, only too often, in the pronouncement that the Catholic version is full of faults and is not to be compared with the Protestant version, whether the Authorised or the Revised. But while conceding that our version does clamour for revision, we think that those who insist that the translation is a bad one, and who draw unfavourable comparisons between the authors of King James's version and the framers of the Douay and Rheims versions of the Old and New Testaments respectively, are guilty of a good deal of exaggeration; the history of the version shows that we have no need to blush for the scholarship of its framers. Widely different estimates, too, have been formed even of the style of the translation. Thus Dr Gillow quotes from the *Catholic World*, November, 1870: "Martin's translation is

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terse, close, vigorous, grand old English of the very best era of English literature, coeval with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Spenser.”* But compare the remarks of a Catholic, William Blundell: “The Rheims Testament is bad English. I heard that Sir Toby Matthew, reading the title-page, ‘The New Testament, &c., faithfully translated into English,’ said that it was a lie, for it was not English.”† It is, perhaps, due to the influence of Penal times, but it is none the less somewhat remarkable that it is by no means easy to get information respecting the origin of the Catholic version of the Bible. Most people rest content with the meagre and biassed account furnished in the various Protestant “aids” to the Bible; for example: “The Douay Version was a reactionary work, necessarily based on the Vulgate, and disfigured in the execution by an abundance of Latinism—circumstances which have limited its use to members of the Roman Catholic Church.”‡ A study, however, of the Douay Diaries and of Dr Gillow’s Biographical Dictionary, combined with a search among the archives of some of our old colleges, supplies us with much information respecting the translators of the Bible at Rheims and Douay, and incidentally throws a great deal of light on the translation itself.

The best known of all those who were concerned in the publication of the version is undoubtedly Cardinal Allen. The chief facts in his life which concern us here are briefly these. Born in the year 1532, Allen entered at Oriel College, where he took his B.A. degree in 1550 and that of M.A. three years later. He was then elected Fellow of his College and later on became Canon of York and Principal of St Mary’s Hall;§ but his adherence to the Catholic faith compelled him to resign this post about the year 1560, when he retired across the seas to Louvain. After a year there, however, his health broke down, and he was compelled to return to his native land. He lived in obscurity owing to the violence of the persecution, but

* *Biographical Dict.* iv. p. 489.

† *Crosby Records*, p. 198.

‡ *The Queen’s Printers’ Aids*.

§ Lingard, *History of England*, vi, 331.

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yet contrived to bring back many to the true fold. After a few years he was once more compelled to flee the country and went to Malines, where he was ordained priest in 1565, and afterwards taught theology in the Benedictine abbey of that town until about the year 1568. In the following year he went to Douay, where he began the work which has given him so great a claim upon English Catholics, viz. the foundation of the English Seminary at Douay. The French authorities, however, feared lest its presence in the town should cause a riot, so Allen was compelled to transfer it to Rheims. It was here that the translation of the New Testament was published. But Allen's health was always delicate, and a year after the transference of the Seminary to Rheims he was obliged to go to Rome in search of rest. When in Rome he was raised to the purple by Sixtus V, whose successor, Gregory XIV, made him Apostolic librarian and also constituted him one of the revisors of the Sixtine Vulgate. At the same time the task, an immense one, of bringing out a complete edition of the works of St Augustine was also entrusted to him, but death overtook him in 1594.

Enough has been said to show that Allen was acknowledged to be a Biblical scholar, and though, as we shall see later on, his share in the work of bringing out the English translation of the Bible was confined to revision of Martin's work and to the arduous task of collecting funds for its publication, it is evident from his position as one of the revisors of the Sixtine Vulgate that his Biblical attainments were very highly rated by the authorities of the time.*

In the monumental inscription at Zagorola which commemorates the Gregorian revision of the Sixtine Vulgate, Cardinal Allen's name is coupled with that of Cardinal Colonna, and in the Brief of Pope Gregory to Allen special mention is made of the English version of the Scriptures for which he was responsible.†

* For Allen's Biblical work cf. *Dict. of Nat. Biog. s.v.*; also *Letters and Memorials of Cardinal Allen*, pp. 16, 332-3, and Gillow's *Biog. Dict.*

† *Letters and Memorials*, p. 336.

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The actual translator, however, of the whole English Bible, both Old and New Testaments, was Gregory Martin. He was nominated one of the original scholars of St John's College, Oxford, by its founder, Sir Thomas White, in 1557. Martin, according to Wood, "was a most excellent linguist, exactly read and versed in the Sacred Scriptures, and went beyond all in his time in humane literature, whether in poetry or prose." The same writer bears testimony to "his incredible industry," and further describes him as a man "of great learning and knowledge, especially in the Greek and Hebrew tongues, and of extraordinary modesty and moderation in his behaviour."* Martin acted as tutor to Philip Earl of Arundel, and when the Duke of Norfolk visited Oxford one of the Fellows of St John's received him with an oration in which he eulogised Martin as the Hebraist, the Grecian, the poet, the honour and glory of the College. Father Persons speaks of him in the same terms, calling him "a very learned man."† Martin left the Duke's household owing to his religious convictions, but before doing so he wrote to Campion at Oxford begging him also to act up to his convictions, and warning him not to be led away by ambition. "If we two can live together," he wrote, "we can live on nothing; and if this is too little, I have money; but if this also fails, one thing remains: they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."‡

Martin then went to Douay, where he finished his academical course in 1573. He was ordained priest in the same year, and in 1576 he was summoned to Rome by Pope Gregory XIII, to assist in the formation of the English College there. Two years later he went to Rheims, whither the Douay College had been transferred, and there he began the translation of the Bible into English. At this time, too, he was much engaged in controversial work, and, amongst other things, published a learned treatise entitled, "A discoverie of the Manifold Corruptions of the Holie Scriptures by the Heretics of our Daies,

* *Athenæ*, v. 168-170. † *Catholic Records*, ii. 84.

‡ Gillow, *Biog. Dict.* iv. 485.

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specially the English Sectaries, and of their foul dealing therein, by partial and false Translations, to the advantage of their Heresies, in their English Bibles used and authorised since the time of the Schisme." * This work, as well as his translation of the Bible, caused a great stir in England, and Walsingham engaged the Puritan, Thomas Cartwright, to answer the translation of the New Testament, even providing him with £100 to buy the necessary books. Most of Martin's other controversial works remain in manuscript, amongst others an unfinished Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English Dictionary. Fuller, while allowing him due praise for his education of the Earl of Arundel, spitefully adds: "As he was papal both in his Christian and surname, so was he deeply dyed with that religion, writing many books in the defence thereof, and one most remarkable, intituled 'A Detection of the Corruptions in the English Bible,' conscious of the many and foul corruptions in his own Rheimish translation, (he) politically complained of the faults in our English Bible." † Martin's constant study and the laborious life he led as a professor impaired his health, and in spite of Allen's care he died at Rheims, October 28, 1582, shortly after the publication of his translation of the New Testament. ‡

* Gillow, *ibid*, 487. † *Worthies of England*, iii. 261, ed. Nuttall, 1840.

‡ Martin is, as we have said, generally regarded as the sole translator of the Bible, but in the English College Library there is a very remarkable little book, entitled, *A Refutation of Sundry Reprehensions, Cavils, and false sleights, by which M. Whitaker laboureth to deface the late English translation, and Catholike annotations of the New Testament and the booke of Discovery of heretical corruptions*. This book was written by one William Rainolds, *Student of Divinitie in the English Colledge at Rhemes*, and was published at Paris in 1583—only a year after the death of Martin and the publication of the Rheims New Testament. The author uses certain expressions which would seem to imply that the New Testament was not solely Martin's work. Thus in "The Preface to the Reader," p. 2, he says that he was ordered by his superiors "to examine" Whitaker's work, "principally so far forth as touched this Seminarie, that is, the Translation of the new Testament lately published, with the Annotations thereof, and M. Martin's Discoverie of their heretical corruptions." The words read as though, while Martin was the author of the *Discoverie*, he was not in the same sense the author of the New Testament. Rainolds may, of

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The third great name inseparably connected with the Rheims New Testament is that of Richard Bristow, 1538-1581. He was entered at Oxford in 1555, and took his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts in 1559 and 1562. He and the future martyr, Edmund Campion, were accounted the brightest lights of the University in their day, and they were selected to hold a public disputation before Queen Elizabeth when she visited Oxford on September 3, 1566. Bristow was elected Fellow of Exeter College, but shortly afterwards was compelled to withdraw across the seas when, like Allen, he took up his residence at Louvain. In 1569 he joined Allen at Douay and became his main support. To him we owe the very learned but very polemical notes which appeared in the early editions of the Rheims New Testament, while it was he who, with Allen, revised Martin's translation, chapter by chapter as it was made. But, like Allen, Bristow's health was always delicate, and after the completion of the Rheims version, he broke down altogether; he managed, though at great peril, to return to England, but died almost immediately at Harrow, October 15, 1581, at the early age of forty-three.

Thomas Worthington, 1549-1626, was at Oxford in 1570; he thence passed to Douay, where he remained from 1572 to 1573, after which time he came on the English mission. He laboured in this country for some time, but was apprehended 1584, and compelled to undergo the terrible punishment of remaining in the "pit" for over two months. He was at last released, and, course, be merely referring to the fact that the notes came from the pen of Bristow, but he uses just the same expression in the "Conclusion," p. 548: "Either in the Testament of late set forth by us or in the Annotations adioyned, or M. Martin's booke of the Discoverie." A little further back, too, he uses the first person plural, "In the preface of the new Testament thus we write . . . Of the wise men thus we write . . ." Similarly in *A Reply to Sotcliff's answer to the Survey of the New Religion*, by Matthew Kellison, Professor of Divinitie in the Universitie of Rbemes. Rhemes, 1608, we read (p. 100): "And to the English Catholikes, the Pope permitteth the New Testament translated by the Doctours and Professors of the English College at Remes."

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with some others, shipped into France, whereupon he returned to Douay, and was for a time President of the Seminary. To him we owe the notes appended to the Douay version of the Old Testament.*

* * * * *

These four men were, then, in no sense mere professors in a petty seminary. They were literally the flower of the Universities. They were not men who, owing to Catholic disabilities, had been brought up deprived of the advantages of a sound education; on the contrary, they had received a thorough training; they were scholars, and were acknowledged by their most bitter opponents to be so. But they were more than educated men, they were martyrs in the truest sense of the word. Some of them had, as we have seen, actually endured torment for the Faith; all of them had given up home and country, friends and relatives, hopes of advance and preferment, such as their abilities justly entitled them to, and all for the sake of that Faith which they counted as of more value than aught that this world could give. An interesting parallel might be drawn between these exiles engaged in translating the Bible, and other great scholars to whom the Church owes so much: Origen, for instance, justly called a martyr; Pamphilus and Lucian, who laboured at Antioch and Cæsarea; and St Jerome, who, though not a martyr, yet suffered persecution for his translation of the Bible. No one would deny that the labours and sufferings of these sainted men of old tended to fit them in a peculiar fashion for the glorious task of translating the Holy Scriptures, and the same must be said of the exiles who laboured at Rheims and Douay. Oxford prepared them, as we have seen, but it remained for Douay and Rheims to add the finishing touches.

It is hard for us, perhaps, to throw off the influence of long years of oppression, and not to look upon Douay and Rheims Universities as petty seminaries, ill-staffed and poorly equipped, but Allen had no such misconcep-

* Gillow, *Biog. Dict.* s.v., and Tierney's *Dodd*, vol. iv.

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tions. He regarded Douay, Rheims, and Rome as being quite as well fitted to impart a liberal education as the Oxford and Cambridge of his day; he says—and we must remember that it is the quondam President of St Mary's Hall who is speaking—that it was his “object to draw into this College the best wittes out of England, that were either Catholikly bent, or desirous of more exact education then is these daies in either of the Universities (where, through the delicacie of that Sect, there is no art, holy or prophane, thoroughly studied, and some not touched at all).” * We have seen what men he did get to teach in his Colleges, and as we turn over the pages of the Douay Diaries, we see how the whole course of studies—nay the whole daily life—at Douay, furthered the preparation of these men for the great task of translating the Bible into English.

Allen has left us, in a long letter to Dr Venderville (Sept. 16, 1578), a most instructive and interesting account of the biblical studies prosecuted at the Seminary:

In the first place, since it is of great importance that they should be familiar with the text of Holy Scripture and its probable meaning, and should have at their finger tips all those passages which Catholics use but which heretics abuse in their strife against the Church's faith, we have every day a class in the New Testament,† and the proper and natural sense of the text is briefly dictated. This will, it is hoped, give them the required facility. Every day, too, after dinner and supper, before they move from their places at table, the students listen to a brief running commentary on one chapter of the Old‡ and one of the New Testament. At convenient times we dictate to them all those passages of the Bible, which, in present-day controversy, either make for the Catholic position or are distorted by heretics. Brief notes are added to shew how to draw arguments from these passages, or how to reply to difficulties. A disputation§ on these

* Allen's *Apologie*, p. 23. See *infra*.

† See the constant references to these lectures in the *Douay Diaries*, pp. 125, 150, 178.

‡ Ibid, 123.

§ In Allen's apology for the Seminaries he especially insists on these disputations as an invaluable means of preparing the students to meet the

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same passages is held every week, and the students take it in turns to uphold either the Catholic side against texts which are wont to be brought forward by heretics, or the heretical side against the Catholics. This teaches them how to best prove our position when arguing, and also how to refute adverse opinions. The presence of the Moderators is a great assistance in this exercise, for they allow nothing to pass without its being fully examined on all sides. When these passages have been thus fully discussed from either standpoint, one of the students makes an address as though preaching and endeavouring to persuade men of what had been said in the thesis under discussion.

Besides this, during dinner and supper, all attentively listen while the Bible is read in the order found in the Breviary edited by the Supreme Pontiff—many, indeed, who are not yet in Orders, recite the Breviary Hours—and at each meal four, or at least three, chapters are thus read, the Martyrology then follows, or some Church history. These chapters of the Bible are read by each one separately in his room beforehand, as also the two chapters which, as I have already said, are commented on daily after dinner and supper; those who can do so read these chapters in the original. In this fashion the Old Testament is read through twelve times in about every three years, this being about the length of time the students stay with us, in order to gain sufficient instruction before returning home. The New Testament is read through about six to ten times in the same period, and it is found that the students then acquire a remarkable knowledge of the text. They are taught, too, as much Hebrew and Greek* as is sufficient to enable them to read and understand both the

heretics: "We have no disputations" he writes, "and such like exercises (especially for daily practise in the Scriptures, wherein the Protestants vainly pretend their cheefe praises to cōsist, because they can promptly alleage the leafe and the line of their booke) in our two colleges, then are in their two Universities cōtaining neere hand 30 goodly Colleges." *An Apologie and True Declaration of the Institution and Endeavours of two English Colleges, the one in Rome, the other now resident in Rhemes*. This work was published in 1581, the year before the appearance of the Rheims version.

*How consistently these languages were kept up may be seen from the frequent references to such lectures in the *Douay Diaries*, see pp. 104, 144, 226.

See also especially Martin's *Letter to Edmund Campion*, Dec. 20, 1575, and Rainold's *Refutation* referred to, *infra*.

Douay Diaries, Appendix, p. 310.

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Testaments in their original languages; this enables them to avoid those heretical quibbles which are said to be derived from the precise signification of the original terms. Besides all this, during two classes expositions of the Summa of S. Thomas are dictated to them, for we teach now Scholastic Theology, since, without it, no one can be solidly learned or quick in disputation. We use S. Thomas especially, but sometimes the Master (of the Sentences). Once a week a disputation is held on five selected articles from the Summa.*

This gives us an idea of the Scriptural studies at Douay and also of the qualities of the Professors. How they, few as they were, contrived to keep up this arduous and exacting course of lectures, in addition to their literary work, passes our comprehension. But the crown of martyrdom was before them, and the Professors felt that they would share in the aureoles won by their disciples. Indeed, it would be no exaggeration to say that both Martin and Bristow owed their early deaths to the zeal with which they laboured at the Scriptural training of the students, and at the translation and annotation of the Bible, for Bristow died of consumption, October, 1581, before the New Testament came out; and we find Allen writing to Father Agazarri, S.J., in the April of the next year, "I fear lest we may also lose Martin, as far as this world is concerned, for he has fallen ill of the very same sickness of which Bristow died."†

There was, then, a spirit of enthusiastic study at Douay, and it was fostered by a body of earnest as well as learned professors. Their work was to attack heretics with their own weapons and to teach others to do the same. Thus Father Persons writes: "Something has been done in the way of writing books against the heretics. Gregory Martin, B.A., has finished his three books written in Latin, upon the use of the Greek and Hebrew tongues, in which he treats against the heretics of all the controversies that hinge upon those languages. Mr Bristow, D.D., has written a book in Latin, *Of Motives to the embracing of the*

**Letters and Memorials of Cardinal Allen*, pp. 64-65.

†*Ibid.*, p. 128. Martin died Oct. 28, 1582.

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Catholic Faith and the detestation of Heresies. He has also confuted an English heretic called Fulke, who had written against a book about purgatory published many years ago by Mr President Allen. The said Reverend Mr President Allen also, though otherwise very busy, has nevertheless written a fairly full book, *Of the Invocation of Saints, of Relics and Pilgrimages*, a subject on which many inquiries are made in England.”*

The Scriptural discussions mentioned above proved the germ of the later translation of the whole Bible, and explain the strongly controversial tone of the notes of which the vast majority have now been removed. In the letter already quoted Allen first broached the question of the proposed translation. After explaining that the fore-mentioned exercises would give students great readiness in speaking in the vernacular upon controversial subjects, he adds:

Even unlearned heretics are often superior to far more learned Catholics in this respect, for Catholics who have been educated in schools and universities have hardly any knowledge of the text of Scripture and can only quote it in Latin; consequently, when preaching to an unlettered audience, they have perforce to translate it at once into the vernacular, and since there either is no common version or it does not occur to them at the moment, they frequently translate haltingly and in an displeasing fashion, while their opponents have at their finger-tips every text of Scripture which appears to make for them, and that, too, in some heretical version; moreover, by stringing passages together and changing the Sacred text they make it seem as though they were saying nothing but what was in the Bible. We could remedy both these evils if we, too, had a Catholic version of the Bible, for all the English versions are most corrupt. I do not know what you have in Belgium, but certainly if his Holiness shall judge it expedient we will ourselves endeavour to have the Bible truly and genuinely translated according to the Church's approved edition, for we have amongst us men most fit for the work. Indeed, although one might perhaps prefer that the Bible should never be rendered into any vernacular tongue whatsoever, yet since nowadays men who are not bad at all shew such an amount of curiosity, either owing to their

* *Catholic Records*, ii. 77.

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heretical opinions or for other reasons, and since, too, it is now necessary to read the Bible for the sake of confuting opponents, it seems safer that men should have a faithful and Catholic translation rather than that they should use corrupt versions to their peril if not to their destruction. Moreover, the dangers arising from difficult passages could be met by suitable notes.

The translation itself was made, as we have seen, by Gregory Martin. Thus in the margin of the Douay Diary for October, 1578, we find:

Octobris 16 vel circiter D. licent. Martinus Bibliorum versionem in Anglicum sermonem auspicatus est; ut sic tandem hereticorum corruptionibus, quibus jamdiu misere toti fere populo patriae nostrae imposuerunt, saluberrime obviaretur: et ut opus istud, ut speratur longe utile, citius prodatur, ipse vertendo quotidie duo capita absolvit; ut autem emendatius, eadem ipsa capita praeses noster D. Alanus et Mr D. Bristow diligenter perlegunt, atque etiam, si quidquid alicubi dignum videatur, pro sua sapientia fideliter corrigunt.*

And in the Diary for March, 1582, we find the brief entry:

Hoc ipso mense extrema manus Novo Testamento anglice edito imposita est.

In addition to the arduous work of correcting Martin's sheets, there also devolved upon Allen the anxious task of collecting the necessary funds for the publication of the translation when completed; thus we find him writing † that the cost will be heavy, about 1,500 scudi, viz. £375, or over £3,000 of our money.

The New Testament was published upon a generous scale, and the first edition must have been a large one for copies of it are not really scarce even now; indeed, we learn from a letter of Allen's to Father Agazari, S.J., June 23, 1581, that Father Persons had ordered three or four thousand copies, ‡ presumably for the English mission.

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* *Douay Diaries*, p. 145.

† *Letters and Memorials*, p. 109. Letter to George Gilbert, Jan. 15, 1582.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 96.

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It would take us beyond our limits were we to discuss here the value of the translation. But in passing judgement on it we should always remember that its authors, as they tell us in their prefaces, did not aim so much at beauty of style as at a literal rendering. At that time men were possessed with the notion that they were in some way being kept away from the Scripture, or, at least, that its real sense was being withheld from them. For the Reformers were constantly quibbling about the precise meaning of words, and by perpetually referring to the original led men to believe that the Bible itself spoke otherwise than the Church would have them believe. Now, the best witness to the original text was undoubtedly the Vulgate; the translators at Rheims and Douay, therefore, determined to put into the hands of the faithful a literal rendering of this version.* Again, it should be remembered that neither they nor the translators of the Authorized Version were original workers, both depended largely on their predecessors. Thus among the rules laid down for the guidance of the translators under King James we find the following: "The ordinary Bible read in the Church, commonly called the Bishops' Bible, to be followed and as little altered as the truth of the Original will permit." And a little later again: "These translations to be used when they agree better with the text than the Bishops' Bible, Tindale's, Mathew's, Coverdale's, Whitchurche's, Geneva." That the Rheims translators of the New Testament had an extensive acquaintance with all these versions is evident from their notes and

* Cf. *The Tablet*, vol. xxxix, p. 585: "This was the more necessary at the time when there were in English so many varying versions of the Scriptures, rendered so as to promote the theological fancies of the translators, not to promote the truth. The object of this translation (the Rheims) was to supply as correct a copy of the Sacred Scriptures as possible in English, to console the Catholics, and to undeceive those misled people who thought that, in the corrupt texts which they possessed, they had copies of the Word of God. Its effect was to put an end to the use of such translations as Wycliff's, Cranmer's, the Geneva, and the Bishops' Bibles, and to bring forth King James's, now called 'the Authorized Version.'" Quoted by Gillow, *Biog. Dict.* iv. p. 487.

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their Preface, and it would be idle to suppose that they were not much assisted in their translation by these versions. But the same must in fairness be said of the translators of the Authorized Version, and though they do not mention the Rheims and Douay Versions as prescribed for consultation, yet they mention them several times in their Preface, and it has now been shown by Carleton's careful tables* that they used these versions very largely in their work of translation, and that Rheims and Douay have left a very broad and ineffaceable mark on both the Authorized and the Revised Versions.† The Rheims New Testament, indeed, had been in existence twenty-nine years when the Authorized Version was made in 1611, and a second edition had already appeared in 1600; while the Douay Version of the Old Testament had appeared two years previously to the appearance of the Authorized Version in 1611.

Something must now be said as to the mode of procedure adopted by the translators. The common view is probably that which is to be found in nearly all Protestant accounts of the version. The translators are roundly declared to have simply Anglicized—and that in a very unsatisfactory way—the Latin or Vulgate Version. They are indeed credited, as we have just seen in the words quoted from the Preface to the Revised Version of the New Testament, with a knowledge of Greek, but it is generally implied that they only referred to the Greek text occasionally. Yet nothing could be further from the truth. The translation was, it is true, made directly from the Latin, but the Greek text had already been printed many times when the translators began their work, and they had at their disposal the editions of Erasmus, Stephen, and Beza. We may presume, too, though they do not mention

* Carleton, *The Part of Rheims in the Making of the English Bible*, Oxford, 1902.

† Cf. Preface to the Revised Version of the New Testament: "Their work (that of King James's translators) shows evident traces of the influence of a version not specified in the rules, the Rheimish, made from the Latin Vulgate, but by scholars conversant with the Greek original."

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it, that they had access to the Complutesian Polyglot. It is further clear from their notes that they took great pains in consulting MSS of the Greek Testament, but which were the precise MSS which they had at their disposal it is impossible to say. In their Preface, *à propos* of St. John vii, 39, "nondum erat spiritus datus," they refer to "a Greek copy in the Vatican." It may be possible to identify this MS. with Codex Borgianus i, now known as T, a MS. now in the College of the Propaganda. The reading in question is certainly not found in the famous Vatican Codex or B.

But while it is certain that they made careful use of the Greek text, it is also abundantly clear that they did not tie themselves down to the printed edition of Stephen (1546), commonly known in England as the *Textus Receptus*. Indeed, they explicitly exclude readings which are only supported by the Received Greek text and which are not in agreement with the Vulgate: "It is no derogation," they say, in their Preface, "to the vulgar Latin text, which we translate, to disagree from the Greek text, whereas it may notwithstanding be not only as good but also better." In support of this they cite many instances where the Vulgate text is preferable to the existing Greek text, e.g. Rom. xii, 11; I Cor. vii, 5, vii, 33; I Jno. iv, 3; Apoc. xxii, 14, &c., and subsequent textual criticism has abundantly confirmed their view.

And it is here precisely that the true and deep scholarship of these really learned men becomes apparent. They denied the critical value of the Received Greek text. What scholar does not do so nowadays? By the "Received Greek text" we do not, of course, mean the "Traditional" Greek text, but that text which owed its origin to the uncritical labours of Erasmus and the brothers Etienne, who had not at their disposal the materials we now have. Again, they declared that the Vulgate text was a far more reliable guide than any Greek MS. Will any scholar deny it to-day? A very few instances, chosen at random, will suffice to show how fully justified were the translators in the attitude they adopted towards the current Greek text:

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(a) In S. Mark vi, 11, T.R. and the Authorized Version, read: "Amen I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrhah in the day of judgment, than for that city." This, probably a reminiscence of S. Matt. x, 15, does not occur in the Vulgate, and consequently is not in our version.

(b) In S. Matt. xx, 22, 23, T.R. and the Authorized Version, read: "Can you drink the chalice that I shall drink [and be baptized with the baptism with which I am baptized]? They say to Him: We can. He saith to them: My chalice indeed you shall drink [and with the baptism with which I am baptized you shall be baptized] . . ." The words in brackets are omitted in the Vulgate and in our version.

(c) It is well known that S. Luke's version of the "Our Father" (xi, 2-4) differs from that given by S. Matthew (vi, 9-13), three clauses being omitted by the former.* It was natural that the missing clauses should be inserted from S. Matthew, and so we find them in T.R. followed by the Authorized Version; they are, however, omitted in the Vulgate and in our version. Numbers of similar instances might be quoted, cp: S. Mark ix, 42; S. Matt. vi, 1; xv, 39; xv, 8; Acts ii, 30; x, 21; xvi, 6; xviii, 21. Modern criticism has, in all these passages, shewn the correctness of the Vulgate, and thus fully justifies the Rheims translators when they say in their Preface:

We translate the old vulgar Latin text, not the common Greek text, for these causes.

1. It is so ancient, that it was used in the Church of God above thirteen hundred years ago, as appeareth by the Fathers of those times.

2. It is that (by the common receiv'd opinion and by all probability) which S. Hierom afterwards corrected according to the Greek by the appointment of Damasus then Pope, as he maketh mention in his Preface before the four Evangelists, unto the same Damasus; and in *Catalogo in fine*, and ep. 102.

3. Consequently it is the same which St Augustin so commendeth and alloweth in an epistle to St Hierom.

* *Scrivener-Miller*, ii, 279, 280.

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4. It is that which for the most part ever since hath been used in the Church's service, expounded in sermons, alleg'd and interpreted in the Commentaries and writings of the ancient Fathers of the Latin Church.

5. The holy Council of Trent, for these and many other important considerations, hath declar'd and defined this only of all other Latin translations, to be authentical, and so only to be used in publick lessons, disputations, preachings, and expositions, and that no man presume upon any pretence to reject or refuse the same.

6. It is the gravest, sincerest, of greatest majesty, of least partiality, as being without all respect of controversies and contentions, especially those of our time, as appeareth by those places which Erasmus and others at this day translate much more to the advantage of the Catholick cause.

7. It is so exact and precise according to the Greek, both the phrase and the word, that delicate Hereticks therefore reprehended it of rudeness. And that it followeth the Greek far more exactly than the Protestant translations, besides infinite other places, we appeal to these. Tit. iii, 14. *Curent bonis operibus praeesse, προϊσασθαι*. English Bible 1577, *to maintain good works*, and Heb. x, 20. *Viam nobis initiavit, ἐκεκάλισεν*. English Bible, *He prepar'd*. So in these words, *Justifications, Traditions, Idols, &c.* In all which they come not near the Greek, but avoid it of purpose.

8. The adversaries themselves, namely Beza, prefer it before all the rest. *In Praefat: Nov. Test. an. 1556*. And again he saith that the old Interpreter translated very religiously. *Annot. in 1 Lu. ver. 1*.

9. For the rest, there is such a diversity and dissension, and no end of reprehending one another, and translating every man according to his fancy, that Luther said (*Cochlae. c. 11*) if the world should stand any long time, we must receive again (which he thought absurd) the Decrees of Councils, for preserving the unity of faith, because of such different interpretations of the Scripture. And Beza (in the place mention'd above) noteth the itching ambition of his fellow translators, that had much rather disagree and dissent from the best than seem themselves to have said or written nothing. And Beza's translation itself, being so esteemed in our Country, that the Geneva English Testaments are translated according to the same, yet sometimes goeth so wide from the Greek and from the meaning of the Holy Ghost, that themselves who profess to translate it, dare not follow it. For example, Luke iii, 36. They have just these words, *The Son of Canaan*,

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which he wittingly and wilfully left out; and Acts i, 14, they say *With the women*, agreeably to the vulgar Latin: where he saith, *Cum uxoribus*, with their wives.

10. It is not only better than all other Latin translations, but than the Greek text itself in those places where they disagree.*

And this conclusion was not arrived at without deep study; we referred above to Rainolds's defence of the translation against "the sundry reprehensions, &c," of M. Whitaker. This work, published, as we have seen, only a year after the appearance of the Rheims Version, is a marvel of scholarship. The author is an accomplished Hebraist; he even turns a passage of S. Luke into Hebrew to show its Aramaic character, and his references to the Hebrew text are numerous and apt. A few passages from the book will prove its scholarly character. Thus *apropos* of the vexed question of the value of the Vulgate, he remarks: "Albeit it have some places translated obscurely, some inaptly, some copies corrupted by false writing or printing, &c. Yet, comparing it with the Greeke now extant, we say it is far more pure and incorrupt, and nothing so subject to cavilling and wrangling by great diversitie of different copies." A little further on: "Touching both these Testaments . . . we say . . . that they are purer thē are the fountaines which we now have" (p. 296).

Again, p. 391. "However some smale fault may be found in it absolutely it hath no error either touching doctrine or touching manners." His language about the English versions then current is not so flattering, when discussing the true rendering of a passage of Isaias, he says: "Only the English translator of the year 1562 followeth nether the 70, nor greeke, nor latin, but the brainsicke fancie of his owne head, making a mingle mangle, and thrusting in a patch of his owne." Again, "Our english bibles for the most part are nothing but corrupt gutters, flowing from these forementioned corrupt and stinking lakes," viz., translations such as that of Theodore Beza. Whitaker had objected to the rendering

* That the Old Latin contains authentic readings unsupported by any known Greek MSS, see *Scrivener-Miller*, ii, 277.

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in S. Matt. iv, 16, where the quotation from Isaias ix, 2, was given as “the people that *sat* in darkness.” Rainolds’ treatment of this objection will show his scholarship:

The most common reading is *sedebat* & not *ambulavit*, as may be sene, if any liste to peruse the common printes of Andwarp or Lovayne &c. of the yeres 1563, 1564, 1565, 1569, 1570, 1574, 1577, 1580, set forth by Brickeman, Plantine, &c. . . the word which S. Matthew (or whosoever was author, of this Greeke) turned, *sedebat*, is in Isai, *ambulabat*, as also it is in the hebrew testament extant in S. Matthews name, of our vulgar testaments many reade according to the hebrew *ambulabat*, more according to the Greeke, *sedebat* . . . we followed the common & best corrected printes, which have this in the text, & the other in the margent. pp. 471-473.

What this “hebrew testament extant in S. Matthews name” may have been we do not know, unless, perhaps, Sebastian Munster or Fagius published a Hebrew version of S. Matthew like that which Delitzsch brought out some years ago. Rainolds shows elsewhere a knowledge of the writings of Munster, Kimchi, and Aben Ezra (cf. p. 434).

In some cases a modern revisor would probably not agree with the departure of the Rheims version from the Greek received text. Thus the translators reject the celebrated reading *πυγμῆ* in St Mark vii, 3: “For the Pharisees and all the Jews eat not without *often* washing their hands, holding the tradition of the ancients.” The Vulgate has “*nisi crebro laverint.*” “Erasmus,” say the Rheims translators, “thinketh that he did read in the Greek *πυκνῆ* ‘often’: and Beza and others commend his conjecture, yea and the English Bibles are so translated. Whereas now it is *πυγμῆ*, which signifieth the length of the arm up to the elbow. And who would not think that the Evangelist should say, ‘The Pharisees wash often because otherwise they eat not,’ rather than thus, ‘Unless they wash up to the elbow, they eat not’”? Here a modern editor would probably follow the received text for it is well supported by MSS authority, and the reading *πυκνῆ* seems likely to have been introduced as an easier reading

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than *πυγμαῖ*; the rendering rejected by the Rheims translators is that given by Theophylact and Euthymius.*

Similarly, modern textual criticism would almost certainly reject the well-nigh unanimous Vulgate reading of St John xxi, 22: "Sic eum volo manere." The Greek has *ἐὰν αὐτὸν θέλω . . .* and it is hard not to suppose that "sic" is a mistake for "si." Several Vulgate codices read, "si sic eum volo manere."†

We referred above to Allen's stay at Louvain and also to Bristow's sojourn there. In this connexion it is interesting to note that Louvain was the centre for patient investigation into the text of the Vulgate at that time. We need only mention the work of John Hentenius, the Dominican, and of Luke of Bruges, who succeeded him in his arduous work of collating MSS of the Vulgate. Hentenius edited no less than nine editions of the Vulgate between the years 1573 and 1594. He used the text of Stephen, but added variants from thirty additional MSS, while Luke of Bruges added variants from sixty more MSS. Allen and Bristow lived in the very midst of this activity, and that the Rheims translators were well acquainted with the fruits of the labours of the Louvain doctors appears when they declare that the faults or mistakes occurring in the Latin Bibles "are exactly noted by Catholick writers, namely, in all Plantin's Bibles set forth by the Divines of Louvain." It is undoubtedly to his connexion with the Louvain revisors that Allen owed his appointment to the post of Revisor of the Sixtine Vulgate.

* * * * *

A word may be added as to the present state of the Catholic version.‡ The Rheims New Testament appeared in 1582, was re-edited in 1600, 1621, 1633, 1638, 1788 (Liverpool), 1816-1818 (Ireland—mainly Challoner's edi-

* Cf. Knabenbauer in loco, and Lightfoot *Horae Hebraicae* on St Mark.

† Cf. Wordsworth and White *Novum Testamentum*, Fascic iv, 1895.

‡ Those desirous of fuller information may be referred to Newman's essay on "The Douay Versions of the Scriptures," originally published in the *Rambler* for July, 1859, and republished in *Tracts, Theological and Ecclesiastical*, pp. 403-448. Longmans.

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tion), and in 1834 in New York by a Protestant for controversial purposes. Dr Challoner revised the Rheims edition, and published six editions himself between 1749 and 1777, the last three being practically facsimiles of his own edition of 1752. Two editions were brought out by MacMahon in Ireland between 1783 and 1810, with Dr Troy's sanction. In the New Testament of this edition—for it comprised the whole Bible—there are some 750 variations from Dr Challoner's editions. Dr Hay's Bible appeared in 1761, and was reprinted several times up till 1817. As early as 1811–1841 Haydock's Bible appeared, and has been reprinted in various forms. From 1825 we have Dr Murray's editions, which passed into those of Dr Denvir and of Drs Denvir and Crolly; then came Wiseman's editions in 1847, he mainly followed Dr Troy.

Dr Challoner's revision was very drastic, and there can be little doubt that while he eliminated many, though not all, of the Latinisms, he considerably weakened the force of the nervous and forcible English of the original translators. As instances of his changes we may note "instructeth" for "catechiseth," Gal. vi, 6; "fortifications" for "munitions," 2 Cor. x, 4; "matter" for "substance," *ibid* ix, 4; "enlarged" for "dilated," *ibid* vi, 13; "supplications" for "obsecrations," 1 Tim. v, 5; "loss" for "detriment," 1 Cor. iii, 15; "instructors" for "pedagogues," *ibid* iv, 15, etc. "Longanimity," however, still stands in Gal. v, 22, and it is hardly possible to defend the change of "languages" into "tongues," in 1 Cor. xiv, 22.

The only edition which diverged from Challoner's revision was, as we have already seen, that of Dr Troy. Cardinal Newman thus briefly summarises the relations between the chief above mentioned editions and that of Challoner: Dr Murray follows Dr Challoner, Dr Denvir follows Dr Murray, Dr Wiseman follows Dr Troy, and Haydock's Bible follows Dr Challoner.

At the same time small changes can be found in all these editions. Misprints, too, occur, and some of them are serious. Thus, in one edition, we find in Ps. cxiv, 8, "He

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hath delivered my soul from death, my ears from tears"; again in Ps. xc, 1, "He that dwelleth in the aid of the Most High, shall abide under the protection of the God of Jacob." The insertion of "Jacob" is inexplicable, the Hebrew, the Greek, the Vulgate, and all other versions, so far as can be ascertained, have "heaven," presumably it is merely a misprint. A bad omission occurs in many editions in 2 Par. xxxii, 32, "Now the rest of the acts of Ezechias and of his mercies are written [in the vision of the prophet Isaias the son of Amos and] in the book of the kings of Juda and Israel," the bracketed words are wanting.¹

Here we must close. We may, in conclusion, however, point out certain questions which will have to be faced if ever the time should come for a revision of our present Douay and Rheims versions. The original translators adhered to the Vulgate, are we to do the same? And presuming that an affirmative answer is given, we must ask, further, upon what textual principles we are to proceed. We now have a Greek text which, at least in the minds of many, is immeasurably superior to the texts at the disposal of Martin and Allen. If it is a superior Greek text, does it displace the Vulgate? And granting that it does not, are we to correct our Vulgate by it? And, if so, what Greek text are we to follow? It should be noted, too, that the revision of the Vulgate will not help us in deciding these questions, for that revision only aims at reproducing as accurately as possible the Vulgate as it left S. Jerome's hands, it takes no account of variant Greek readings.

HUGH POPE, O.P.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND EDUCATION.

A Lesson from Switzerland

THE English public is slowly becoming conscious of the urgent need for reform in the up-bringing of our boys and girls. Admittedly our existing system of elementary education is inadequate. Something more is needed than purely literary teaching, ending abruptly on the fourteenth birthday, if the boy or girl is to be self-supporting through life. As things are, the problem of unemployment, always present in industrial communities on their present basis, is complicated here by the unnumbered host of unemployables, youths of eighteen and upwards, undersized, undisciplined, and wholly lacking in technical training, who crowd the labour market. One of the first discoveries made by the officials of the National Labour Exchanges has been that the problem before them is not only to find work for the unemployed, but to find unemployed capable of doing the work lying to hand. In other words, we are turning out more unskilled workmen than the community can supply with unskilled work, and fewer skilled workers than the community needs. This, unquestionably, is a matter of education. The problem as regards female labour is no less urgent. The domestic incapacity of the girls of the English working classes is notorious; they certainly cannot cook, and they can barely sew. The sweating of their labour is facilitated by their lamentable lack of skill. Even when they are capable of earning a living wage at a trade, their general improvidence and their ignorance of all the minor arts on which domestic comfort depends, tend to keep them in a condition of chronic poverty that might easily be avoided.

The evils of our inadequate educational equipment are accentuated by various features of our national life. Thus we have far less organized apprenticeship than some countries—and apprenticeship is the only practicable alterna-

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tive to the trade-school—and we have infinitely less parental control over our young people. A spirit of independence may be a valuable characteristic, but it would be idle to deny that it is often woefully misused. Finally, we have not even got that compulsory military service, which, though personally I am far from urging as a remedy, undoubtedly supplies to certain classes of young men the daily discipline they are in need of. The result of these conditions is that no normal means exist for preventing young people of the working classes from throwing away the advantages of their earlier education. The years from fourteen to eighteen, which well-to-do parents regard as specially critical for their boys, are, among the poor, wholly unprotected. Every one who has had personal experience, more particularly of our urban boy population, can testify to the frequent deterioration in conduct and in efficiency as soon as school is at an end. Hundreds of once promising school boys degenerate year by year into street-corner boys, living from hand to mouth, passing from one “blind alley” occupation to another, until, on reaching man’s estate, they are found to be absolutely incapable of doing a man’s work or earning a man’s wage. Much of the noblest philanthropic effort of the moment is devoted to the well-nigh hopeless task of counter-acting by voluntary agencies—clubs, brigades, evening classes and the like—a social condition largely produced by our own lack of wisdom. Social workers themselves realize how little they are able to accomplish, how few, out of the many who need it, they are able permanently to influence. Compulsion of any sort there is none; neither boy nor girl can be forcibly restrained from idle habits and evil companions; parental authority can seldom be invoked with success, and, as things are, the State looks on unconcernedly, unless, indeed, ill-conduct degenerates into criminality. Then, and then only, is something done for a misguided youth. He may be committed to a reformatory; he may obtain useful industrial training under the Borstal system; he may be, and he often is, reclaimed and disciplined, and started on an honest career, but, none the less, he is, in a sense, a

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marked man, and the stigma of prison is upon him. Often it is never effaced. The young criminal cannot be regarded otherwise than as the failure of the State, and the work of his redemption is curative, not preventive, and is proportionately costly.

These facts being notorious, it is not surprising that urgent pleas for educational reform should be making themselves heard from many quarters. The Majority Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws, recommends an extra year of compulsory schooling, with facilities for technical training after boys have started work; the Minority Report urges that no child should go to work at all till he is fifteen, and that, until the age of eighteen, he should make no less than thirty hours' attendance per week in a suitable trade school. The authors of *Boy and Girl Labour*, Miss Adler, L.C.C., and Mr. R. H. Tawney, practically endorse these suggestions, pointing out forcibly the inadequacy of evening continuation classes to meet the evil, and adding specific recommendations for the compulsory instruction of girls in domestic economy. We find the National Union of Teachers in Congress at Plymouth (March 31) unanimously adopting a resolution in favour of the establishment of a system of continuation schools at which attendance shall be compulsory up to the age of eighteen, while the Boy Labour Committee is agitating for the abolition of the half-time system, and for the total prohibition of such definitely undesirable occupations as street trading for all young persons under eighteen. Finally, in the important debate in the House of Commons, on April 20 last, members of all shades of opinion were agreed in demanding very far-reaching modifications of existing laws affecting juvenile labour. Under these circumstances, it may be anticipated that when political life in England resumes its normal course, educational reform will early become a plank in the legislative programme of one or other of the political parties in the State.

The crux of the problem lies in the question of compulsion. A great deal is being done already on a voluntary

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basis. Education Committees, Polytechnics, Boys' and Girls' Clubs, all run evening continuation classes, which in many instances, are very well attended, and achieve excellent results. The London County Council has spent much money over its scholarship scheme, which gives the advantage of a secondary education to a fair proportion of picked elementary scholars every year, and its trade-schools are being developed on modern and efficient lines. Various associations exist for the revival and facilitation of apprenticeship. Nevertheless, the problem of our undisciplined and unemployable young people grows ever more urgent. The truth is, voluntary organizations can only benefit the *élite* of working-class youth. Only clever children can earn scholarships; only diligent and virtuous boys and girls will devote their evenings to self-improvement at the end of a day's work; only the better class parents will encourage their children to profit by whatever educational advantages may come within their reach. The bulk of the very poor are never touched by them—the idle and careless little urchins of our slums, the children of drunken and indifferent parents, or those of widows whose early earnings form an indispensable item in the family budget; such as these are not to be found among the frequenters of continuation classes. They escape gladly from the burden of schooling on their fourteenth birthday, and never put foot inside a class-room again. Their number is legion, and it is their future, their training, that we have to consider, if the problem of the unemployable is to be solved. I am convinced that nothing short of compulsion will prove efficacious.

There has long been among us a considerable prejudice against the half-time system—it evokes for most of us a vision of tired children dropping asleep over their books in the afternoon, as a result of weary hours in mill or workshop in the morning. As we have known it hitherto the half-time system has undoubtedly been a failure, because of the early age for which it was authorized. Yet it is probable that the idea of combining for a time manual work with school attendance was a good one, and

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it is on this very basis that the problem is being solved elsewhere. As often happens, it is the smaller countries of Europe that set the example in practical social legislation to their mighty neighbours. In educational matters Switzerland, to-day, is confessedly in the first rank among nations. She possesses not only a complete system of education available for all, from elementary school to university, but she is endowed with an unrivalled variety of educational establishments, of which large numbers of foreigners gladly avail themselves. Her technical and professional schools take a high rank, and are carefully designed to meet the practical requirements of her population. All this is due, not as in France it would be due, to an elaborately devised scheme emanating from the Ministry of Public Instruction in Paris, and imposed upon an acquiescent population, but it is the outcome of zealous local effort. The Swiss cantons have complete home-rule in educational matters; subject to Federal inspection and to certain grants from the Federal Exchequer, they are free to educate on their own lines and in conformity with their individual needs. It is in accordance with this local authority that Fribourg, one of the smaller of the cantons in point of size and population, has elaborated for herself a system of compulsory continuation schools that might well be taken as a model by all Europe. Briefly put, no boy in Fribourg is free from educational supervision until at the age of nineteen he enters the citizen army for his military training, and no girl is free until she has passed through two years of domestic training.

Although, at the present time, Fribourg has carried the principle of compulsion further than any other canton, several are her equal in the variety and excellent equipment of their trade and professional schools. If I describe the Fribourg system in detail, it is partly that it is typical of all that is best in Swiss education at the moment, and partly because, as a mainly Catholic canton, its achievements possess a special interest for Catholic readers. When it is remembered that the population of the canton

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is but 128,000, and that within the last quarter of a century it has not only perfected a carefully balanced system of secondary and elementary schools, but has founded a flourishing university, one is filled with admiration for the educational zeal displayed. In the main, the initiative has been due to one man, M. Georges Python, Minister of Education for the canton, and without his genius for organization and lifelong devotion to the cause of learning, the picturesque old town would scarcely swarm, as it does to-day, with professors and students of every degree.

The basis of the educational system is, of course, the elementary school, with its six standards, which normally cover the six years from the seventh to the thirteenth birthday. Even privately organized schools for well-to-do children must be organized on similar principles, and must submit themselves to official inspection. At thirteen, boys intended for a university or commercial career, or even for the higher professional training, pass into secondary schools, public or private. Of the remainder, boys, who through backwardness or ill-health have not passed through their standards in the normal time, remain in the elementary schools until they have done so, if necessary till their sixteenth birthday, but the majority of working-class boys in the town of Fribourg spend the years between fourteen and sixteen in what is known as the *école secondaire professionnelle*, a school specially designed to prepare youths for apprenticeship. Boys in country districts are transferred to the *écoles régionales*, small higher grade schools, the aim of which, in official language, is "to train men capable of cultivating the soil in an intelligent and progressive manner, as well as artizans capable of improving the industrial level of their village." Hence they are taught not only the ordinary school subjects, but mathematics, elementary science and the groundwork of agriculture. Boys, on leaving these schools at sixteen, go straight to work. If they are apprenticed—and apprenticeship for all trades and handicrafts is in full vigour in Switzerland—they must attend a continuation school one half-day each week during the whole of the three years' indenture. Apprenticeship in Switzer-

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land has never been regarded as a purely private matter between master and pupil; the rights and duties of each have always been controlled, more or less, by the State, and hence there has not been the difficulty that might be met with here in ordaining that every master worker who employs apprentices shall spare them one half-day in the week, preferably in the morning, for their educational advancement. I may say at once that the obligation cannot be fulfilled by evening classes; they are condemned absolutely for young people by all the best educational authorities, and if they still survive in some centres it is only on sufferance. The object of the apprentice schools is to supplement on the theoretic side the instruction given in the workshop, hence the special needs of the individual trades are considered, while a great feature is made of drawing, both geometrical and freehand, and the usual course includes also book-keeping and "civic instruction." A stiff examination, both practical and theoretical, organized by the Société des Arts et Métiers, has to be passed at the close of the apprenticeship, and a candidate who fails is compelled to present himself a second time, six months later. Generally speaking, apprenticeship fills in the years from sixteen to nineteen, and at its termination the youthful citizen goes through his ten weeks' military training, which thus forms a beneficial interlude of active open-air existence before a man settles down to his life's work.

Apprentice-schools are however, no new thing—they are thoroughly organized, for instance, both in Germany and Austria; where Fribourg has shewn such praiseworthy initiative is in providing compulsory schools, or, as they are called, *cours de perfectionnement* for the young men who do not become apprentices, i.e., for the vast army of agricultural and unskilled labourers, for whom we in England do practically nothing after their thirteenth year. Even for them, in Switzerland, total exemption does not come with their sixteenth birthday. All pupils, say the regulations, who are freed from the elementary schools, are compelled to attend *cours de perfectionnement* until they have passed the federal examination for recruits. Such schools

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are, indeed, only open during the winter months, usually from November till April, so they do not interfere seriously with agricultural labour or with harvest operations, but attendance at them for one half-day each week, when they are open, is strictly enforced by a system of fines for non-attendance, and even of imprisonment. Employers of juvenile labour are thus bound to allow the requisite time, however inconvenient to themselves, a point which we in England will do well to note. Undoubtedly the obligation is not always easy to enforce, but that it is enforced, just as our own Saturday half-holiday is enforced, I was assured emphatically. No attempt is made in these schools to impart "higher education," or to encourage the intelligent peasant youth to aspire to the dignity of a clerkship. On the contrary, the aim is to cultivate a good general level of instruction and practical intelligence, and to ensure, as far as may be, that the lessons learnt in school are remembered and applied. Hence the teaching is mainly repetitive, and includes such subjects as history, geography, arithmetic and book-keeping. No fees are charged, but the expense is not great, for each pupil making but one attendance in the week, a small school with a single teacher suffices for a considerable district.

This definite effort to prolong education for the whole male population through the years of adolescence, and to link on, in a sense, the school to the barrack, owes its origin to what has been proved by experience to have been a singularly wise determination of the Federal authorities in Berne. Education in Switzerland, as I have said, is wholly in the control of the cantons, but certain powers of inspection and supervision are vested in the Confederation, which makes grants for specified purposes from the National Exchequer. In 1879, by way of testing the results of cantonal efforts as far as elementary education was concerned, it instituted the annual examination of all recruits presenting themselves for the first time for their military training, the results, of course, being made public. At once it became evident that a very wide diversity existed in the results obtained. Speaking generally, the figures from the

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large urban centres, such as Basle and Geneva, were fairly satisfactory, while those from the mountainous cantons with a scattered rural population, for whom school organization presents many practical difficulties, left much to be desired. Unhappily, the agricultural cantons were also precisely the Catholic cantons—Schwytz, Uri, Winterthur, Fribourg, Lucerne, etc.—and it must be confessed that at the outset they took very low places in this inter-cantonal competition. All the cantons were incited to fresh educational efforts by the publicity given to the results of the *Examen des recrues*, which continues year by year to rouse extraordinary interest throughout the Republic, and not a few felt impelled to re-organize their system of public instruction throughout. Fribourg was one of these. All the trade and professional schools that excite our admiration to-day and even the very university itself have been founded within the last thirty years, while the regulations for compulsory attendance shew a progressive strictness. As a result, the canton which in 1879 filled only the twentieth place at the examination of recruits, had risen in 1907 to the sixth. It may, of course, be argued, that this examination affords but a very partial test of efficiency, and complaints are made of the tendency to subordinate real educational progress to the need of drilling the young men in certain specified subjects, but there can be no doubt that the examination has aroused a healthy competition among the cantons that has borne good fruit.

I do not propose to touch here on the educational excellences, either of the university or of the big Collège S. Michel, as their work lies outside the scope of this article. But a word must be said of the fine new School of Arts and Crafts, known as the Technicum, where young men of the artisan and middle classes can obtain their higher technical training at almost nominal cost. The point to be observed is that this college also owes its existence not to individual enterprise, or to the generosity of some corporation, but directly to the canton itself, which has aimed at providing the best available education for every

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class of the population. Briefly, the Technicum provides under one roof for its 180 students training that in England can, as a rule, only be obtained in a variety of colleges, and largely only by apprenticeship. It is an effort to replace apprenticeship for all the higher ranks of skilled labour by a science and craft school leading up to a diploma that shall be a recognized certificate of efficiency. Men on leaving the Technicum are fully equipped for their life's work.

The college, which receives students in their sixteenth year, is divided into an upper and lower division. In the upper, which is available only for pupils from secondary schools, specialized training is supplied for architects, surveyors, and electrical and civil engineers; the lower, which corresponds roughly to an English Polytechnic, has sections for mechanical engineers, carpenters, stone-masons and decorative painters. There are also feminine sections for painting, embroidery, lace and metal work. The precise regulations vary in each department, but, generally speaking, the training lasts from three to four years, divided into two terms in each year. The apprenticeship for workers in stone is the shortest, lasting only two years; electrical engineers, on the other hand, spend four and a half years at the college, as they have to pass a preparatory year in the engineer's shop. As a rule, the students do twenty hours of theory each week, and forty hours of practical work in the workshops and laboratories, but the division of time necessarily varies according to the subject. Students also have the benefit of an excellent library, where they are expected to read two hours a week. The terms for these advantages are amazingly low, varying from 20 francs to 40 francs per annum, foreigners paying double fees.

On the occasion of my recent stay at Fribourg, the able Director of the Technicum, M. Leon Genoud, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information, kindly shewed me over the fine lecture halls and laboratories—somewhat incomprehensible to the unscientific feminine mind—in which rows of young men were hard at work.

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It was a pleasant surprise when a door was thrown open to find myself in a little group of girl-students, the majority of whom were white-habited nuns. They were Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, and they were training for their diploma as teachers of decorative painting. The congregation, as is well known, carries on admirable technical schools for native girls in many of their Eastern missions, and it is at Fribourg that the Sisters acquire the necessary proficiency in arts and crafts. No less than fifteen young Sisters are doing three years' courses in various industries at the present time, and it is surely only at Fribourg that one can find nun-students at work in a big men's college with the full concurrence of all concerned. The Sisters have also been entrusted by the authorities with the supervision of the feminine classes for embroidery, lace-making and metal-work, and these are all held in their vast convent at Jolimont, on the outskirts of the town, and taught by certificated teachers.

This brings me to the cognate subject of feminine education and to what the Confederation has done to promote it. It is pleasant to be able to state that the needs of the girls have been as carefully studied in Switzerland as those of their brothers. Few countries have attained to so high a general level of proficiency, and few have discriminated so successfully between the varying requirements of the sexes. Compulsion for girls has not been carried so far as for boys, neither has it been found necessary to provide for them so great a variety of schools, but in so far as women can be protected against unemployment and destitution by educational means the problem would seem to have been successfully solved for Swiss women by two institutions: the trade-school and the *école ménagère*.

I should, perhaps, explain that *école ménagère* does not merely imply, as we are apt to assume in England, an attempt to teach cooking to the young person. It stands for something far more fundamental. The training given in a well-appointed *école ménagère* is regarded as a real preparation for life, as a direct means of converting the

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wasteful, uncomfortable, insanitary homes of the working-classes into centres of prosperity and moral well-being. This point was repeatedly emphasized at the first International Congrès d'Enseignement Ménager, held at Fribourg in September, 1908, at which the importance of domestic training was urged because of its influence on alcoholism, on tuberculosis and on infant mortality, three of the greatest anti-social evils of our day. The lively discussions that took place concerning the best methods of training domestic economy teachers, and keeping them abreast of new ideas shewed the serious view taken of their functions. The Congress was unanimous that they should not only possess a *brevêt d'institutrice*, but have spent at least a year in a domestic training college (*école normale ménagère*). *Pédagogie ménagère*, we were told, was a delicate and difficult science, and it required greater knowledge and experience to hold a cookery class than to teach history or geography. It was obvious that to the 800 delegates assembled, the majority of whom were Swiss and German and many of whom were nuns, domestic economy represented by far the most important part of feminine education.

Perhaps the main reason why the Swiss housewifery schools have been from the first so practical in their teaching and so successful in their results is that they were not imposed by a Government department on an indifferent population, but they were developed spontaneously by women for women. The initiative of the whole movement, which has spread with such remarkable rapidity during the last fifteen years, is due to a Swiss society known by the unwieldy title of Schweizerischer Gemein-nütziger Frauen-verein. Founded in 1888 with the express object of studying social problems and helping the poor to help themselves, this union of Swiss women has acquired a remarkable influence in the country. Through its branches in every canton it organizes meetings, circulates a magazine and has given its support to many a useful scheme; but above all it has devoted its best energies to the development of *écoles ménagères*. It was the Society that

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started the first housewifery classes at a time when no State funds were forthcoming for such a purpose, and it was largely owing to the zeal and pertinacity of such women as the President, Madame Villiger-Keller and Madame Coradi-Stahl, founder of the model *école normale ménagère* at Zurich, that the law of 1895 was adopted, which laid down the main lines of a national scheme, both of domestic schools and of training colleges for teachers.

Fribourg, though not the earliest to embark on experimental education for girls, has developed her scholastic organization so rapidly in the last ten years that she now stands in the very front rank of the Swiss cantons. The authorities seem to me to have been particularly happy in escaping the double danger of assuming on the one hand that girls can be educated simply like boys, and on the other of arguing that as they are not boys some quite inferior form of education is sufficient for them. Girls at Fribourg have a whole series of schools at their service, in which intellectual equipment and domestic accomplishment are duly balanced. Briefly, the underlying principle has been that every girl who does not pass into a secondary school must go through a course of domestic training, and every secondary school is compelled by law to include domestic training in its curriculum,

In the rural districts it has not been found possible, nor, perhaps, has it been deemed necessary, to provide officially any form of secondary schools for girls on passing out of the elementary schools; consequently girls are free at fourteen and may be excused attendance earlier should their progress have been rapid. But all girls, whether they become apprentices, or servants, or what not, must attend a domestic economy school one whole day in the week from October till May during two years. Every district has its *école ménagère*, many of them managed by religious communities or by disbanded French nuns, which serves for several villages, and the girls attend in batches of twelve and are taught dressmaking, cooking, laundry-work, gardening and hygiene, in a word, all that village girls need to know. The regulations as regards attendance

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are very strict, and are enforced by fines; examinations are held at the close of each winter, and backward and idle scholars may be condemned to attend a third year. Madame de Gottrau-Watteville, President of the *école-ménagère* Council, who has been the right hand of Monsieur Python in the organization of these village schools, and in the supervision of the admirable *école normale ménagère* of the canton, assured me that in her opinion it was utterly useless to begin a girl's domestic training before the age of fourteen, and that efforts to do so during the elementary school years were waste of time. Nor would a three or six months' daily course on leaving school, though far easier to organize, be so effective as weekly lessons prolonged over two years. At the same time, it must be admitted that the difficulties of enforcing attendance are considerable, and I question how far it would be feasible to do so in England. The law is somewhat unpopular, not only with the poorer and more indifferent class of parent, but with mistresses and chocolate manufacturers, who find their juvenile labour seriously interfered with. It would appear that some girls prefer to pay a recurrent fine rather than lose their work by attending school; others through exceptional circumstances have been granted an official dispensation, and I venture to think it might be wise to have an alternative scheme by which girls, say at sixteen, could do a three months' daily course if they had been unable to comply earlier with the regulations. The experiment instituted by Fribourg, and probably soon to be followed by other cantons, may not yet have reached its ultimate expression, and a solution of minor difficulties may still have to be sought; but enough has already been accomplished to excite the gratitude of all enthusiasts for domestic training.

The problem in the town of Fribourg is somewhat simpler. There attendance at school for all girls is compulsory up to the age of fifteen, and all on leaving the elementary school must proceed to a secondary school, public or private. To facilitate this the canton has built at Gambach, a healthy outlying suburb, a girls' public day

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school, which is full of interest for English educationists as we have nothing precisely like it at home. The building itself is admirably suited to its purpose—large, well-planned, with big airy class-rooms and every educational convenience. The school is divided into two sections, the general and the professional, and pupils definitely enter one or the other. The general school gives a thorough modern education lasting five years, from thirteen to eighteen, and leading up to recognized examinations; the point to be observed here is that throughout the course two whole half-days a week have to be given to “professional” and domestic subjects. The younger girls devote the whole of this time to sewing and elementary hygiene; in the upper classes the hours are divided between dressmaking and cooking. Thus no girl can leave school at eighteen ignorant of the domestic arts. I should add that the education being obligatory till fifteen is wholly free up to that age, while older pupils only pay a nominal fee of ten francs a year. Swiss authorities are clearly less alarmed than we are at the danger of undermining the sense of parental responsibility by conferring free educational privileges.

The “professional” section is a trade-school of the best type. Three trades are taught—dressmaking, millinery, and fine white sewing. Attendance here, too, is only obligatory up to the fifteenth birthday, but pupils are encouraged to apprentice themselves definitely to the trade they have entered, such apprenticeship lasting three years, beginning at the age of fourteen. Younger pupils are admitted to the workrooms, but it is found a disadvantage to crowd the lower classes with children who do not intend to complete their training, and who are also too young to profit by it, and it is suggested that an intermediate class be formed, and apprentices only admitted at fifteen. I was much struck in all the work-rooms by the brightness and refinement of the pupils, and the methodical nature of the teaching. As orders are executed for the outside public the quality of the work is necessarily good, and a sufficient variety is assured. Where, however, I think the Swiss pro-

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fessional schools for girls—I visited one at Zürich fully as well-equipped as that at Fribourg—are so superior to our own is not only in the fact that they are compulsory and free, but that they include so much beyond the mere technical training. Thus dressmakers and millinery apprentices have six hours drawing each week, one hour French, one hour account-keeping, and three hours' practical cookery. Every pupil is taught to make sketches at sight of costumes and hats. *Lingerie* apprentices require less drawing, but in its place they have three hours a week of fine ironing. How different is such training supplied gratis to every apprentice in Fribourg to that picked up as best they can by our London girls in dressmakers' and milliners' establishments, where not a little of their time is frittered away in running errands and carrying home goods, and where moral influences may be wholly lacking. They have, indeed, no guarantee that the trade will be thoroughly taught them. The advantages of a well-organized trade school over apprenticeship, as it is carried out in England to-day, seem to me so indisputable that I cannot but regret that the well-meant efforts, made in various quarters for the revival and extension of apprenticeship, should not rather be devoted to an agitation for the development of trade schools.

A word must still be said of the culinary department of the Gambach School, in its spacious, airy quarters. It is a cheerful, busy spot, where three certified mistresses train the future house-wives of the Republic. Not only do all the pupils of both schools pass through the kitchen department, but cookery instruction is given to outsiders as well. A three months' course is much patronized by ladies anxious to equip themselves for their domestic duties. More important is a comprehensive ten months' course for professed cooks. For this training pupils must be at least eighteen years of age, and must pay a fee of £8, but they have all their meals at the school. The teaching includes French, food-hygiene and book-keeping, and each pupil takes it in turn to keep house for a week, and exercise full control over the stores. A small restaurant

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for mid-day meals, worked in connexion with the school, the whole service of which is done by the pupils, renders the training thoroughly practical and considerably reduces the cost. I inquired what class of girls availed themselves of the teaching and was told chiefly hotel-keepers' daughters. Indeed, it was largely for their benefit that it was organized. This is but one example of the care with which the Swiss authorities devise teaching exactly suited to the needs of the population. One somehow imagines English hotel-keepers' daughters at a "finishing" school at Brighton!

This school at Gambach has been described as "the school of the future," and certainly it may be taken as one of the types of school we require in England, when we have faced the fact that our girls' education must be brought into closer relation to the actual needs of a woman's life. I confess it filled me with envy to see what advantages the Swiss cantons confer with lavish hand on their workgirls, and I reflected what much brighter prospects our own work-girls would have if their apprentice years, too often passed in overcrowded, ill-ventilated work-rooms, leading to anæmia and all its attendant ills, could be spent, as those of the Fribourg work-girls actually are spent, in cheerful airy class-rooms where the health of the body and the development of the mind are considered as worthy of attention as the dexterity of the fingers. Surely the Fribourg way, and not our way, is the right one; and it is their education, and not ours, that will produce skilful workers and healthy mothers in the future.

It is, of course, not easy to determine what proportion of Swiss prosperity may be attributed to educational efficiency. M. Henri Joly, in a suggestive study of social conditions in Switzerland,* remarks that destitution is nowhere acute because it is both widely relieved and closely supervised (p. 58). This, however, is but part of the truth. Education is a more remote, but a not less effectual preventive of destitution than methods of relief,

* *La Suisse Politique et Sociale*, 1909. Victor Lecoffre, Paris.

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all-important as these are, and education in England, judged by the best foreign standards, is unquestionably inadequate. It is not—let me urge this point once more—sufficiently in touch with actual needs, and there is not enough of it. Undoubtedly we shall have to spend more if we wish to obtain a better article, but when people come to realize that the more they spend wisely on education the less they will be called upon to spend unproductively on workhouses, that the higher the education rate the lower the poor rate, they surely will not grudge it. Prevention is cheaper than cure. Working-class parents will be keener than they are to-day to make their children profit by the education offered when they see that it bears practical fruit. Nevertheless, I believe compulsion to be an indispensable element of success in educational matters. Without compulsion we shall continue to produce unemployables, and it is the unemployables who clog the wheels of the industrial machine.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD

BEACONSFIELD

THE name of Beaconsfield is inseparably connected with English literature and English politics. This little village in the heart of Buckinghamshire was the home of Edmund Waller, who wrote courtly poems "like a gentleman," sometimes for his cousin, John Hampden, or for Cromwell, sometimes for Charles II; he pleased all by his poems, none by his politics. A century later the statesman, Edmund Burke, came to live on Waller's fields. His writings influenced English statesmanship so permanently that when, in 1876, the novelist and public leader, Benjamin Disraeli, was elevated to the peerage, he chose his title from the village of Burke's home: Lord Beaconsfield. Waller, Burke, Disraeli; and the greatest of these is Burke.

Beaconsfield is a small village of fifteen hundred souls, twenty-four miles west-by-north from London, nestling among gentle hills, along the main high road from London to Oxford and the West. Only a few strangers visit the quiet settlement, once so full of the bustle of stage coaches to and from Oxford. The old inns in the centre of the village are no longer crowded, save by those seeking quiet and health. The railway has stolen away the life of the village, and, as if ashamed, comes no nearer than a mile. But the walk from the station on the Wycombe branch of the Great Western is pleasant, especially for an American, not only because the road is bordered with a double row of elms, and much smoother than the roads of his own country, but because before him lies the ancestral home of the Penns, the proprietors of Pennsylvania.

Beaconsfield itself consists of a hundred or more cottages of brick, stone and plaster, delightfully hidden by flowering vines. A few larger buildings, such as the church, the town hall, and the two inns (the White Hart and the Saracen's Head) add dignity to the centre of the village—the crossroads, where the road from Lon-

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don to Oxford crosses the road from Windsor Castle to the North.

The best approach for a visitor to follow is the route that Burke took when, after a week of work in the House of Commons, the wearied statesman rode home in his coach, drawn by four black horses. He would stop to water and feed his horses at Uxbridge, eighteen miles from London, where he would point out to his visitors the house in which the representatives of Parliament and of the Scotch attempted in vain to get Charles I to accept Presbyterianism as the State religion. A little nearer Beaconsfield lies Bulstrode, once the home of the cruel Judge Jeffreys, but in Burke's time occupied by his friend, the Duke of Portland.

Burke's estate lies half a mile north-west of the cross-roads, along Aylesbury End. There he had settled in the spring of 1768. His own hope and pride are shown in his letter to his Irish schoolmate, Shackleton: "As to myself, I am, by the very singular kindness of some friends, in a way very agreeable to me. . . . I have made a push, with all I could collect of my own, and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root in this country. I have purchased a house, with an estate of about six hundred acres of land, in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London. . . . It is a place exceedingly pleasant; and I propose (God willing) to become a farmer in good earnest. You, who are classical, will not be displeased to hear that it was formerly the seat of Waller, the poet, whose house, or part of it, makes at present the farmhouse within an hundred yards of me."

This farm house is still standing and inhabited, a rambling house, with a red slate roof and vine-covered walls of plaster. Nearer the village, separated from the farm house by a tree-circled dark pool of fresh water, is a long brick building of two storeys, once Burke's stables, but now altered into three cottages, small, to be sure, but neat, with trim gardens of many flowers. Burke's own house was burned to the ground fifteen years after his death, but the foundations can still be traced in the

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humps and hollows of the cellar. It stood about two hundred yards back from the road, which was outlined by a double row of magnificent elms. In shape and style it was not unlike Buckingham House, before that was altered into the town residence of Queen Victoria. The main hall and two wings enclosed on three sides the courtyard, with a spring fountain in the centre; the spring is still flowing to quench the thirst of the cattle and sheep that now graze on Burke's lawn. A broad terrace ran round his house, from which his visitors had a splendid view of the sloping, tree-dotted lawn. Between the stables and the house was the vegetable garden and a beech wood. For beeches grow everywhere; in fact, Beaconsfield, or, as the villagers pronounce it and as Burke wrote it, *Beconsfield*, means "a clearing in the beeches."

Anyone who reads carefully the writings of Burke knows that he was a farmer or a farmer's son; he is constantly referring to agriculture and to the details of farming. One of his most stimulating pamphlets, of wide present influence, is *Thoughts and Details on Scarcity*, in which, in 1795, when crops failed, he showed that Government ought not to attempt by regulative laws to lower the price of provisions and to raise the rate of wages. Labour and food, like all other commodities, are subject to the laws of supply and demand. He was a practical farmer as well as a practical statesman, though some of his friends, like Goldsmith, said: "Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place." With the exception of beef, he raised all the supplies for his household. Even when, during the sessions of Parliament, he was compelled to remain at his Gerard Street house in London, all his mutton, bacon, poultry, flour and vegetables were sent from Beaconsfield. Very often he sold a waggonload of produce, such as turnips, potatoes, wheat, in the great Covent Garden Market in London.

He was always trying to improve his land by cultivation, fertilization and rotation of crops. He was always on the look-out for a new profitable crop. For instance,

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he wrote: "I propose also to sow Indian corn, to be cut as green fodder. It is a strong succulent plant; the stalk is particularly good; and, when the grain is just formed, has a pith extremely sweet and luscious; I imagine it must be very nutritive. My horses ate some last year, and with great appearance of liking it."

He often wrote on farm affairs to Arthur Young, the author of the popular *Farmer's Calendar*, the best-informed writer on agriculture of his day, with whom George Washington corresponded about his Virginia farms. In 1770 Young visited Beaconsfield to see how Burke was succeeding with his experiments in growing carrots as food for pigs. Unfortunately the pigs did not fatten until put on barley. But his cows, when fed on cabbages, thrived well and gave much milk. Burke himself confessed that the advantage of trying experiments in farming often consisted in proving that the old way was the best. After twenty-five years of experience, he wrote: Farming "is a very poor trade; it is subject to great risks and losses. . . . It is very rare that the most prosperous farmer . . . ever does make twelve or fifteen per centum by the year on his capital."

Burke's chief pleasure at Beaconsfield came not from the fields, but from the home itself. The house was generally filled with visitors, but there was always room for one more, especially if he was from Ireland. His kinsmen, William and Richard Burke were with him most of the time, trying to devise ways of paying their debts made in gambling in cards and in speculations in the stock of the East India Company. Many a poor Irish relative lived there until she found a husband among Burke's acquaintance. Young Irishmen, bringing letters of introduction to the famous statesman, found Beaconsfield so hospitable that they stayed until their host found a job for them through his public influence. Prominent among these was Edmund Nagle, later an admiral in His Majesty's service, and, as Sir Edmund Nagle, a boon companion of the Prince of Wales.

Soon after Burke moved to Beaconsfield, his old Quaker

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school teacher, Abraham Shackleton, came over from Ireland to London to attend the yearly meeting of the Friends. Burke insisted on his coming to Beaconsfield, and even sent his coach to London for him. The splendid coach with its four black horses embarrassed the old Quaker with his simple tastes. He tried to bribe Burke's servant to let him ride his saddle horse. Eleven years later Shackleton's son, a classmate of Burke, brought his daughter to see Gregories or Butler's Court, as Burke's estate was called. Both were astonished at its grandeur. Shackleton wrote home to his wife: "This place . . . is most beautiful, on a very large scale; the house, furniture, ornaments, conveniences—all in a grand style. Six hundred acres of land, woods, pleasure-grounds, gardens, greenhouses, etc. For my part, I stand astonished at the man and at his place of abode; a striking parallel may be drawn between them; they are *sublime* and *beautiful* indeed." On their return to Ireland, his daughter memorialized her visit by a long poem on Beaconsfield and Burke, in the stilted couplets of the eighteenth century:

Lo! there the mansion stands in princely pride;
The beauteous wings extend on either side.

Enter these ever-open doors and find
All that can strike the eye or charm the mind:
Painting and sculpture there their pride display,
And splendid chambers deck'd in rich array.

Burke had early shown his love for art. One of his earliest publications was a treatise on the *Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, a book which had a potent influence, especially in Germany. Lessing started to translate it, but had so many comments to add that he finally laid aside the translation and published his own theory of art in *Laocöon*. At least one young sculptor owed his start in his life-work to Burke: an Irishman named Hickey, whose bust of Burke is in the Medal Room of the British Museum, the only extant bust of Burke made during his life.

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Among painters Burke had a host of friends. Although poor himself, he sent a promising young artist, James Barry by name, to Italy for four years to study, aiding him not only with money but with sound advice on questions of art. Burke was probably the closest friend of the great English painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was one of the friends who helped Burke to purchase Gregories, for Sir Joshua lent him £2,000. Burke assisted Reynolds in many ways by his criticisms and suggestions. One unpleasant rumour declares that the *Discourses on Painting*, which Reynolds, as President, delivered to the Royal Academy, were in reality written by Burke. This undoubtedly is false. Burke probably read and criticized Reynolds' manuscript before the lectures were published. On December 10, 1790, Reynolds delivered his last *Discourse* before the Academy and many invited guests. As he descended from the chair, Burke stepped forward, and, taking his hand, held it while he addressed him in the words of Milton:

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear.

In 1786, when Catherine Empress of Russia had ordered a picture from Reynolds, he went to Beaconsfield to ask Burke's advice about a subject. Burke at once took him to the cottage of his farm overseer, and, showing him a lusty infant, suggested the subject, *The Infant Hercules Strangling the Snakes*, according to the story of Theocritus. Reynolds received £1,500 for this picture.

The best-known portraits of Burke are by Reynolds, who painted him at least five times; he also painted portraits of Mrs Burke and her son Richard. In Reynolds' account book there is no record of his charging Burke anything for these portraits, although his average price varied from £20 to £200. For instance, Admiral Keppel paid him £100 for his portrait, which he presented to Burke as a token of his gratitude for Burke's help in his defence in the trial at Portsmouth, at which he was

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honourably acquitted. When Reynolds became partially blind, he went to Beaconsfield for a restful week. After his death, Burke, who was his executor, immediately took his heirs, his niece and her husband, down to his country home for repose and quiet.

Reynolds must have found the surroundings very congenial at Beaconsfield. The walls of Burke's home were hung with prints and pictures by Holbein, many landscapes by Claude and G. Poussin, and many specimens of the Italian school of Albano, Guido and others. Even more varied was the collection of marbles, more than fifty in number, many of which are now in the corridors of the British Museum, such as the bust of Augustus Caesar and of Tiberius.

One of the best portraits at Beaconsfield was that of the actor, David Garrick, by Reynolds. Garrick and his wife often visited the Burkes, both at Beaconsfield and in London. Gibbon, the historian, also went to see him, forgetting how Burke's Reform Bill had ousted him from a sinecure job. Several times Burke persuaded gouty old Samuel Johnson to come to Beaconsfield. On his first sight of the large estate, Johnson said coolly, *Non equidem invideo; miror magis* (I don't indeed envy you, but I am surprised). This remark worried Boswell, who tried to soften its rudeness by explaining that either Johnson "was occupied in admiring what he was glad to see, or, perhaps, that, considering the general lot of men of superior abilities, he wondered that Fortune, who is represented as blind, should, in this instance, have been so just." Boswell himself could not have been a very restful guest, if we trust Fanny Burney's description of him: "There was, also, something slouching in the gait and dress of Mr Boswell. His clothes were always too large for him; his hair, or wig, was constantly in a state of negligence; and he never for a moment sat still or upright upon a chair."

Burke was one of the very few men whom Johnson regarded and treated as his equal. He said: "Burke is the only man whose common conversation corresponds

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with the general fame which he has in the world. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you." Later in life Burke became so worried over the trend of public affairs that he could not talk calmly about them. Fanny Burney wrote: "How I wish [you] could meet this wonderful man [Burke] when he is easy, happy, and with people he cordially likes. But politics, even then, and even on his own side, must always be excluded. His irritability is so terrible upon politics, that they are no sooner the topic of discourse, than they cast upon his face the expression of a man who is going to defend himself against murderers."

Johnson and Burke were careful not to speak of politics to each other, for Johnson was a Tory, Burke a Whig. Johnson had written, by request of those who had granted him a pension, a pamphlet called *Taxation no Tyranny*, which proved to be a very weak reply to Burke's speeches on America. Many politicians used to come to Beaconsfield to plan their policies and struggles for the control of Parliament. The gay young Charles Fox frequently spent a night with Burke. More stately visits were made by the leaders of the Whigs, the Duke of Portland and the Marquis of Rockingham, who had introduced Burke into public life. Sometimes they talked more of crops and pheasants than of politics.

Many visits were made by those interested in the prosecution of Warren Hastings. Once Sir Philip Francis, whom the present generation has proved to be the author of the *Junius' Letters*, found Burke in his garden holding a grasshopper. "What a beautiful animal is this!" said Burke; "observe its structure; its legs, its wings, its eyes." Sir Philip, full of worry about the trial, said: "How can you lose your time in admiring such an animal, when you have so many objects of moment to attend to?" "Yet Socrates," said Burke, "according to the exhibition of him in Aristophanes, attended to a much less animal; he actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in its skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its

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length; let us see." "My dear friend," said Sir Philip, "I am in a great hurry; let us walk in, and let me read my papers to you." Into the house they walked. Sir Philip began to read, and Burke appeared to listen. At length Sir Philip, having misplaced a paper, a pause ensued. "I think," said Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed that *locusta*, not *cicada*, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What is your opinion, Sir Philip?" "My opinion," answered Sir Philip, putting up his papers and preparing to move off, "is that till the grasshopper is out of your head, it would be idle to talk to you of the concerns of India."

Beaconsfield was of great help to Burke in his charities, which in proportion to his income were very large. In 1781 George Crabbe left his apothecary's shop in Aldborough, where he was not making his living, and came to London, hoping to sell his poems. Like other hopeful poets, he was not successful. He could find no opening. In vain he appealed to Lord North. One evening, as a last forlorn hope, he determined to appeal to Burke, the kindness of whose face had struck him. He left a note at Burke's house, and walked the streets all night in fear that the statesman would not respond. But Burke asked him to call and was so impressed with him and his poetry that he persuaded his own publisher to bring out Crabbe's poems, which Burke and Johnson carefully revised. *The Village* was prepared for the press at Beaconsfield, where for almost a year Crabbe lived. Poor though he was, Crabbe was treated as a most welcome guest. One day the servants had prepared a special expensive dish for some nobles expected from London. The nobles did not come in time. When the family sat down, Mrs Burke noticed that the dish was not on the table. The butler said he had kept it back for the expected guests. "What!" said Mrs Burke, "is not Mr Crabbe here? Let it be brought immediately." Such was the true lady, who proved such a good wife to Burke; as shrewd Fanny Burney described her, "soft, serene, reasonable, sensible and obliging."

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Crabbe's whole life was moulded by his life at Beaconsfield. On one of their walks about the farm Burke happened to quote a passage from Virgil's *Georgics*, with which Crabbe was familiar. This led to a further talk on classical literature; Burke learned that Crabbe secretly hoped to enter the ministry. Unfortunately he was not a University graduate. Burke, however, persuaded his friend, the Bishop of Norwich, to overlook this qualification. Crabbe became the domestic chaplain of the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle. He attempted to show his gratitude to Burke by naming one of his sons Edmund Burke Crabbe, and by writing a poem in 1784 called *The Newspaper*, in which he pointed out frankly the base methods and low morality of the newspapers that were lampooning Burke so severely. Ten years after Burke's death Crabbe's sense of obligation was still so acute, that he sent to Mrs Burke a long letter and his newly published poem, *The Parish Register*.

Many foreigners found their way as guests to Beaconsfield. During the summer of 1781 two Brahmins of high caste, agents of Ragonaut Row, came to London on their ruler's business with the East India Company. Burke happened to run across them in London, where they were starving and in misery because of their peculiar customs and the obligations of their religion, especially concerning the preparation of food. Burke at once invited them to Beaconsfield and gave them the use of one of his greenhouses, where they prepared their food according to the rules of their caste, performed their ablutions, and discharged such duties as their religion required.

Six years later the Anglo-American, Thomas Paine, visited Burke at Beaconsfield, taking with him models of his mechanical contrivances, particularly of an iron bridge. Burke introduced him to the iron manufacturers of Yorkshire. Later Paine was swept by the torrent of the French Revolution into a bitter attack on Burke, writing his *Rights of Man* in reply to Burke's *Reflections*.

Every now and then a Frenchman would spend a night with the old statesman. They forgot their amuse-

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ment at his awkward attempts to speak their language, in their astonishment at the brilliancy and depth of his remarks. In 1785 Mirabeau went to Beaconsfield and was so impressed with the wisdom of his host that, it is said, he took back to France many of Burke's speeches, which later he delivered almost verbatim as his own before the National Assembly. Six years later, when Abbé Maury, the defender of the French Church and the opponent of Mirabeau, was planning an escape to England, Burke wrote to a friend of his in Paris:

Be pleased only to express my sorrow, that the mediocrity of my situation, and the very bad French which I speak, will neither of them suffer me to entertain him with the distinction I should wish to show him. I will do the best I can. I have had the Count de Mirabeau in my house; will he submit afterwards to enter under the same roof? I will have it purified and expiated, and I shall look into the best *formulas* from the time of Homer downwards, for that purpose. I will do everything but imitate the Spaniard, who burned his house because the Connétable de Bourbon had been lodged in it. That ceremony is too expensive for my finances. Anything else I shall readily submit to for its purification; for I am extremely *superstitious*, and think his coming into it was of evil augury; worse, a great deal, than the crows which the Abbé will find continually flying about me.

Another French guest was Cazalès. He had often heard of *roast-bif* (roast beef) as an indispensable dish of all Englishmen, but he had no idea what it was. When he came down to breakfast, his first meal at Beaconsfield, he picked up a slice of toast and in all seriousness asked if that was *roast-bif*. A more troublesome guest was Madame de Genlis, who came with her suite. The morning after her arrival she complained to Burke that she had not slept because some light had come through the shutters. The next night thick window curtains and bed curtains were hung, but she was still restless. Burke was so anxious to make his guest perfectly comfortable that he hired a carpenter to nail blankets every evening over the windows and doors, so that no light could get in

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to disturb her. In September, 1795, the refugee King, Louis XVIII, stayed at Beaconsfield.

When the Revolution broke out in France, many nobles fled to England. The number of French refugees increased with the cruelties of the revolutionists. Most of them stayed hopelessly in London, dependent on English charity. Burke felt especially sorry for their children, growing up into ill-health and immorality in the London slums. He persuaded the Prime Minister, William Pitt, to give him the use of a house at Penn, three miles from Beaconsfield, where sixty French boys might be educated under his care. He acted as superintendent, reporting to the Marquis of Buckingham, the Duke of Portland and Lord Granville as trustees of the Government assistance. Almost every day he rode or walked over to the school, and also sent from his farm and garden almost all the supplies for its table. Frequently the boys marched to Gregories, where they were reviewed by Burke and his visitors.

His interest in this school helped to moderate the great sorrow that darkened the last three years of his life. His only son Richard died in the summer of 1794. Heartbroken, the old statesman dragged out a weary existence. He roused his strength enough to defend himself, in a *Letter to a Noble Lord*, against an attack made upon him in the House of Lords because he had accepted a pension from that Government which he had opposed most of his life; but this defence was more for his son's sake than for his own. He became ill. At the advice of his friends he went to Bath; but in vain. He returned to Beaconsfield to die. He never left his home except for a walk, but even these made his loss more vivid. He could not endure to look at the church where his son was buried. One day, while he was walking about his lawn, his son's favourite horse, which had been turned loose for the rest of his life, came up to him and leant his head on Burke's breast. Overcome by such sympathy, Burke threw his arms about the horse's neck and wept.

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Under the portrait of his son, that Reynolds had painted, Burke inscribed the lines of Dryden :

As precious gums are not for common fire,
They but perfume the temple and expire;
So was he soon exhaled and banished hence,
A short sweet odour at a vast expense.

On the ninth of July, 1797, Burke passed away quietly. Six days later he was buried in the parish church at Beaconsfield, under the pew where he had so often sat, next to the bodies of his brother and his son. The funeral was very impressive. The local benefit society, of which Burke was an honorary member, attended in a body. The pall-bearers were from England's nobility and statesmen: Lord Minto, Lord Sidmouth, the Duke of Portland, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Devonshire. Fifteen years later his wife was laid at his side.

The church stands diagonally opposite the White Hart Inn at the cross-roads, surrounded by a large graveyard, on one side of which is the rectory, now used as the parish school. As one enters the yard, one notices two very large walnut trees, the standard of the poet Waller; under them is his tomb. In shape the church is not unlike the more famous church at Grasmere, where Wordsworth and Coleridge are buried. It is built of small pieces of flint rock, about four inches square, set irregularly in thick mortar. With the exception of the pinnacles on the tower, the church is now in exactly the same condition that it was in the time of Burke or, indeed, in the middle of the sixteenth century. There are two entrances, one on each side of the tower, and in each a card hangs with the now familiar inscription, "Whosoever thou art that enterest this house of worship, leave it not without a prayer for those who minister here, for those who worship here, and for yourself." Standing under the tower one looks up the main aisle, past the rows of five light stone pillars that separate the side aisles, toward the altar, with its finely carved screen of the time of Henry VIII. Burke's tomb, marked by a plain slab with his name, is at the foot of the second pillar

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on the right. Opposite, on the wall of the east aisle, is his memorial. The oval at the top contains the inscription that here Burke, his wife, and his son are buried. Beneath is a life-sized bas-relief of Burke's head, the left side, looking much like Reynolds' portraits of Burke. Near it is his coat of arms, with the motto, *Ung joy, ung foy, ung loy*, and below is

Edmund Burke, patriot, orator, statesmen, lived at Butler's Court, formerly Gregories, in this parish from 1769 to 1797. This memorial, placed here by public subscription, records the undying honour in which his name is held. July 9, 1898.

Past the church runs the road to Windsor, to which the visitor may go in the late afternoon, on a motor bus—a beautiful ride through a rolling wooded country, ending at the Castle, which Burke admired so much, “the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers.”

JAMES HUGH MOFFATT

AFTER *the* SYMBOLISTS

A LONG series of intellectual epidemics (so the record of literary history is described by a living critic) apparently confirms the reputation of the French for restlessness in art. Theirs is indeed the country where revolutions of taste have made most noise and seem, at a little distance, to have been more conscious than elsewhere, and more absolute. How often has Paris confirmed by hasty, intolerant formulas, the vogue of this or that imported novelty in theme, or form, or mode of feeling; how often has its tyrannous enthusiasm for the last truth perceived or the kind of beauty just distinguished made a bonfire of older admirations! The race after all is not more curious than it is sceptical: its alert hospitality of mind is controlled by a jealous sense of idiom which, in the long run, sorts out assimilable elements in the wandering suggestions of the hour, and secures the revenge of instincts momentarily starved. So Malherbe's sumptuary edicts sobered the prodigality of erudite imaginations; so the applause of *Hernani* made amends for the long exile of the lyrical idea. But it is the French way to effect adjustments vehemently, and to seek an æsthetic equilibrium in a conflict of excessive theories. The logic of those variations we call classicism, the Romantic movement, Parnassus, realism, symbolism, is strained to an appearance of caprice, if we judge them by the petulant manifestos for which, from the Pleiad onwards, our neighbours have shown a singular aptitude or weakness. Is it in reason that within a hundred years their choicest minds could conceive so differently the business and purpose of imaginative writing? The prefaces to *Cromwell*, to *Poèmes antiques*, to *Le Mystère des Foulés*, with certain chapters of Taine, and Verlaine's "Art poétique" and Mallarmé "relativement aux Vers," are so many proclamations before victory. Their opposition is extreme; and between them, one might suppose, they run through the whole gamut of possible poetics and leave the next phase no prospects but in recommence-

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ments. It is a fact that at this moment poets and moralists in France are groping for a new direction. Their hesitation seems to signify that the cycle which opened with *Atala* or perhaps with *La nouvelle Héloïse* is nearly closed.

The brief golden age of French literature, when the modesty of original genius stooped to canvass the prize of careful imitation, is famous for applying the social virtues to an art which rarely overstepped the boundaries of general interest. It shone in sentences and the elaboration of types. It had no tenderness for elegy or emphasis of contemplative landscape. The great playwrights were almost content to evoke our moral gestures, and the least casual and frivolous of them, with little help from anything less noble; refraining from confidences and experiments, they distilled a heritable sagacity through illustrious examples. The barest accessories sufficed them: the rest of creation had hardly a decorative place. Those masterpieces violate no sanctuary and indulge no yearning to immortalize a mood or communicate a singular emotion, still less to propose a new reading of the universe. Nothing impresses us more in them than the utter absence of distractions, a uniform measure and a settled standpoint, a sense of secure foundations.

The next was an era of discoveries, disquietude and disrespect, which accumulated material, but wanted the poets to employ it. Such as it had were sterile or clumsy, or too timid to enlarge the precepts of composition and explore the resources of speech. But early in the eighteenth century an ideal of comprehensiveness emerged. Fontenelle lent grace and Buffon stateliness to a new concern for *things*; and on a lower scale the exercises of poetasters were filled with still life and periphrastical description. A wider curiosity, geographical at least, is reflected in the travellers' tales which then enhanced domestic satire. And at the same time rose the flood of idle tears. "On aime à se trouver sensible," wrote Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. Passion of a sort was enthroned already above reason when Rousseau made the homage of his day articulate. His own irritable self-love com-

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plained to groves and glaciers: no writer since has dared to neglect the inanimate. A little later the stream of French eloquence was swollen with the waters of the Mississippi and the Dead Sea, when Chateaubriand recovered the spell of far places and the pathos of crumbled empires. And it was he who inaugurated the equivocal alliance between piety and æsthetics; and who imposed on sanguine temperaments the fashion of a premature despair.

Thus the drift had been taken towards an art coextensive with experience, before the faculty of vision and metaphor and the specific craft of numbers were fully revived in France, and a wonderful generation, armed with genius and rashness, stormed the bastille of taste. We feel that the rhythms of the Romantics obeyed the groundswell of Revolution: their violent contempt for measure echoed the convulsion and the glory hardly past. Intensity indeed is the difference or the addition of that school. Raphaël, Olympio, Rolla, Valentine, are intense, if nothing more. Shrill and solemn rhetoric, a debauch of colour, inflated personalities, flattering postures, indiscriminate emotion, strange sites, improbable cases, characterize the first harvest of the imaginative revival. If discretion paves the highway of French art, the Romantic episode—like Ronsard's adventure—is surely a brilliant deviation.

Once more succeeding poets repudiated emphasis, incoherence and self-worship. They ceased to embellish personal experience and to embroider conjectural notions of the Middle Ages and the Orient. Their scrupulous form, their learning, their boasted serenity mark a superficial concentration, a premature effort to reduce the recent conquests of poetry to order. But the ambition to leave nothing out of account, to explore and express the world in its variety, subsisted: they only added to the complexity of literature with their fetish of documents and their thirst for corroboration. Their disinterested pathos is tied to the current negations: with Leconte de Lisle we pace dejectedly a museum of ephemeral divinities. While lyrists ambled in the leading-rein of archæology, fiction

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proclaimed itself a branch of social science. There is an unmistakable kinship between the Parnassian discipline and that indelicate prose which advanced a humble claim of fidelity to humiliating facts. Both were concerned, almost exclusively, with the external. Both tended to an art of mere reproduction. The complete triumph of the realistic principle would have announced the second childhood of letters, since art began as a copy.

But in the last thirty years all the young talent of France has turned away from the hard outlines and smooth surface of the Parnassian plasticity, and from the plausible study of "surroundings" and blind instinct. Perhaps the general direction of this prolific but essentially expectant interval cannot yet be positively defined. Symbolism is a serviceable name for a score of indecisive efforts to restore its suspended power of initiative to French literature. "Symbolism," says Adrien Mithouard in *Le Tourment de l'Unité*,

calls for an act of faith before any accomplishment; for it is inspired by second sight, and bestows a second sense on all words and forms alike. Thus it implies a creed to sanction and a philosophy to expound it. Most of the symbolists hardly gave the thing a thought, but contented themselves with being mysterious. It was only a change of imagery.

They were conscious at least of renouncing the passive and impassive part of unintelligent transcribers. "Nature seen through a temperament"? Rather, in the characteristic poetry of a Mallarmé, a Samain, a Viélé-Griffin, the sensible world is all a metaphor, an occasion, a magazine of strange affinities, a mirror of souls. Why pretend (they would imply) to detach ourselves from the universe for fear of disfiguring it, since it is our thought that makes it? Or why take pains to describe what we do not conceive as a part of us? An egoism more candid than the Romantic egoism of passionate anecdotes and clamorous revolts, undertook to epitomize self-revelation by choosing significant dreams. Aspiring to be vital rather than vivid, it uses words not as precise equivalents of sensations and con-

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cepts, but as elements of an incantation. Assembled in a certain manner, they awaken certain trains of feeling: nothing more. "Speech," cries Mallarmé, "as related to actual things has merely a commercial value. In literature, it only cares to allude to them." So that the chief business of language is to evoke other things than the things it names.

But a genuine change of ideals is always in part derivative. The rage for minute and patient transcriptions of external reality, to which their predecessors had sacrificed so much, had its counterpart in the anxiety of the symbolists to arrest the secret motions of the mind, the flutter of remembrance and the glimmer of subconsciousness. Laforgue, riming cynically in his shirt-sleeves to enhance the self-mockery of a lucid despair, set an example of crude impressionism (or realism exasperated) which, among others, Francis Jammes in his earliest verse, Arthur Dujardin and Ch.-L. Philippe in prose, followed eagerly and perhaps surpassed. A curious comment upon the realistic luxury of indifferent detail is the tremendous paradox which the plays of Maeterlinck exemplify, that trivialities alone are made for words, the rest being worthy of silence. And that contempt for attitudes and rhetoric which was the pretext of the Parnassian inhumanity, received its corollary in the new distaste for all eloquence and all finish. Verlaine's consummate artlessness exposed the inherent mendacity of the instrument. A punctilious sincerity, wanting his sureness of touch, disorganized the traditional moulds which the Romantics had only renovated, and approved a continual invention of rhythms more closely responsive to the play of moods. Notoriously, this disruptive tendency was hastened by the intervention of foreigners, who now handled French verse without docility, or with an alien music still ringing in their ears.

Such accidents of the turning tide bear the reproach of favouring caprice and formlessness and insolent obscurity. They are hardly the characteristics of such accomplished works as the *Histoires insolites* of Villiers—that master of a defensive irony—or *Le Jardin de Bérénice*, or Samain's

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Polyphème and his *Chariot d'Or*, or *La Cité des Eaux*, or indeed of Stéphane Mallarmé in his fine fragment *Hérodiade*. And now the immediate fate of French literature is in the hands of writers who have passed through symbolism as a stage in self-formation and have left its eccentricities behind them. In their eyes, the importance of a movement which has undeniably complicated the notion of the beautiful by its abuse of verbal atmosphere and its appeal to esoteric harmonies, is that it aspired dimly to relieve French art of superfluous motives and conditions. The art of the symbolists is simple, not in the sense that it is always accessible, but inasmuch as it does not seek to astonish us by the mere quantity of emotion it contains, nor by exactitude of portraiture, nor by the prestige of stately forms interposed as a veil between themselves and us. Adrien Mithouard notes, with his admirable penetration, how their curious experiments betray the need of economizing the imaginative interest after a long period of useless accumulations and distractions.

Our boundless curiosity stretches its feelers out on every side. The whole world disturbed and tempted our emotion. Art is today dispersed throughout life and claims henceforth to be universally expressive. And now expression can go no further. A perfectly finished work would chance to disappoint us, for its perfection would imply too many denials and omissions. It would seem to sacrifice the universe by coming to an end. That is a symptom: the spell of the unfinished is upon us. If art were not thus crossed by criticism and encumbered with earlier thought, the strongest minds and the most gifted would approach their task with the manly directness of the older writers. But our artists have lost confidence in works designed with a minute finality, as being inadequate to harbour all that agitates them: so they are striving to suggest what they would never have done expressing...

If the younger writers of yesterday preferred a tortuous method, it is because they wanted the courage to eliminate, and yet perceived the vanity of rendering the sum of experience and the whole face of nature. But Francis Jammes, for instance, awakens elemental associations with his incomparable gifts of spontaneity and candour.

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Hence a fraternal charm which binds him to the things he sees, and which he disburdens, as he writes, of all the surplus of starched rhythms and pretentious words that too often mar the simplicity of our vision. The tremors of life, the arrogance of thought, the hebetude of habit, have robbed us of that virginity of sense which made childhood an hour of wonderment. Jammes is a poet just because he has rescued the childhood of his heart from false maturity, and kept a keen and universal capacity for admiration.

Francis Jammes is unequal. His bucolic poetry, in which casual, disconnected impressions jostle the most delicate and poignant reminiscence, is not free from complacent puerility; and though verse is his natural language, his lines are often wilfully invertebrate, so as almost to deserve the easy gibe at "prose cut into lengths." But he goes straight to what touches him most nearly, singing to himself, with as much confidence as if none had sung before, of hedgerows and farmyards, of a vanished society buried in the leaves of dusty magazines and the life of the old planters in the languorous Antilles, of his faithful dogs and the loneliness of the Pyrenees in winter. Since *Sagesse*, nothing at once so fresh and so familiar has appeared in French poetry as his *Clairières dans le Ciel*. This, for example:

C'est un coq dont le cri taille à coup de ciseaux
L'azur net qui s'aiguise au tranchant du coteau.
Mais je veux autre chose encore?

C'est la salle à manger sur un parc, à midi.
Une femme en blanc, lourde et blonde, pèle un fruit.
—Je veux voir autre chose encore?

C'est une eau tendrement aimée par le village
Qui s'y mire et dénoue sur elle ses feuillages,
—Je veux voir autre chose encore?

Mais quoi donc?—Oh! Tais-toi, car je souffre! Je veux,
Je veux voir, je veux voir au delà de mes yeux
Je ne sais quelle chose encore. . . .

His friend Charles Guérin, of Lunéville, was more exclusively introspective and a little diffuse; but he had much of this directness, with something of Albert

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Samain's nostalgic distinction. A great talent died with him. Paul Fort in his Ballads has turned the form and spirit of country songs (a vein first struck by Gérard de Nerval) to various uses, scarcely ever to a vain one. And these are only the best known of the "simple" lyrists, whose advent enchanted all French readers who do not mistake impersonations for personality, all who are tired of pageants and cosmogonies in verse, of impartial catalogues and cacophonous rhapsody, of feverish outcry and recondite affinities.

The grand manner of Henri de Regnier's repentant symbolism, the sage and skilful utterance of Auguste Angellier—whose humane genius is independent of all schools—connect them rather with a distinguished group of living Frenchmen, whose consistent endeavour it is to guide into clear traditional channels the strong current of revolt against vain virtuosity and materialism. They are chiefly writers of prose. The names of Adrien Mithouard, Charles Maurras, and especially of Maurice Barrès, stand for nationalism in art as in other things. A brilliant recruit is that intolerant but most stimulating critic of the French Romantics, Pierre Lasserre. However these minds diverge on other issues, they are united in foreseeing and preparing a new cycle which shall reassert the supremacy of reason and the faculty of synthesis in the imaginative sphere. No sane and lettered Frenchman would deny the achievements that glorify the French expansion in the last century. But not all its 'undoubted masterpieces, *La Recherche de l'Absolu*, *Eugénie Grandet*, *Lorenzaccio*, *Les Contemplations*, *La Légende des Siècles*, *Les Destinées*, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, *Sylvie*, *L'Education sentimentale*, *Les Trophées*, *Bouvard et Pécuchet*—to name but a few—could reconcile them to a permanent deflection from what they conceive to be the straight line of the national destiny in literature. The freedom won from the effete control of a spurious classicism has been abused alternately by the obtrusions of tumultuous sentiment, the tyranny of desiccated craftsmanship, the tedium of impartial descriptions. Elsewhere, perhaps, measure implies fri-

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gidity and to be clear is a reproach to poets; elsewhere the true and the beautiful may be confounded without danger; elsewhere men may be more easily satisfied with vacant sonority and visions that only dazzle. But the French intelligence requires verbal probity, order and discretion.

It is significant that the French Augustans were never better appreciated than they are to-day. Once again their spirit is becoming the counsellor of wavering vocations. "L'honneur, comme dans Corneille; l'amour, comme dans Racine!" cries Maurice Barrès;—and Mithouard likens French tragedy to the French cathedral. We have travelled far since Notre-Dame de Paris could be admired because Gothicism was supposed to mean disorder! Such a masterly study as the great Manual of Camille Enlart helps us to see how just is this analogy. It is too plain that *Cinna* and even *Andromaque* do not (like the incomparable churches of Chartres and Amiens) resume all the instincts of the race in a single form, its sensibility together with its logic, its "respect for the soil" as well as its social energy. For in literature the French capacities have blossomed one by one, not simultaneously. But the moralists and playwrights of an age which, indeed, began to destroy the cathedrals, but preserved so much of the discipline that made them possible, resemble the mediæval builders in their deep knowledge of their material, their supreme relevancy, the subordination of detail, above all their self-effacement. There can be no thought of doing again what the seventeenth century did once for all. But if its example can inspire Frenchmen of our day, it is because the sociable character of a literature founded upon common certitudes and implying a hierarchy of interests accords best with the genius for psychological invention and the hunger for ideas which still distinguish the same people. In a hundred recent fables the human interest had been sacrificed to the interest of atmosphere, or turned on the play of chance and physiology rather than upon the relations of the passions, reason and the will. And an eager rivalry with the plastic arts (and latter-

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ly with music) had relegated to the background the essential function of words, which is to present objects of thought. A surfeit of forms and the usurpations of science had combined to oust the mind of man from its central place in French literature. The work of restoration has begun already.

“ Art is the labour of inscribing a dogma in a symbol ” is the curious formula of a brilliant and indefatigable living novelist. Paul Adam condemns as futile all forms which do not drape ideas, and the context of this phrase shows that he does not plead for allegory, but affirms the pre-eminence of intellectual emotion. Strangely enough, he reproaches Molière and Racine almost in the same breath with wasting their gifts upon sentimental anecdote, as if the noble intolerance of *Alceste* and the resignation of *Iphigénie* were not offered us as objects of compassionate reflection. The precept at least is salutary, though the bias of his own voluminous works, which include masterpieces (as *Les cœurs nouveaux*, *La Force du Mal*), might rather persuade us that art best fulfils its purpose when it is made the vehicle of innumerable disquietudes and the servant of a decentralizing curiosity. Or at least this writer, who has been compared to Balzac because of the vast scheme which apparently unifies his astonishing creations, seems often to have lost sight of his ambition “ to follow the vicissitudes of an idea down the ages ” in the absorbing task of reviving the authentic colour of the past. Emotions more genuinely intellectual cling to the human types which charm or repel us in the imaginative writings of authors named already. Above all the *Bérénice*, the *François Sturel*, the *Bouteiller*, the *Colette Baudoche* of *Maurice Barrès* are synthetic figures upon which not our sympathies only but all our intelligence may profitably rest: for with all their particularity they embody definite conceptions of the world.

This most accomplished master of French prose is also the characteristic writer of his hour, for his career illustrates the conflicting tendencies and the hesitations of recent art and thought in the country where movements

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spread most rapidly and are most rapidly exhausted. Neither the Romantic intensity nor the severe explicit virtuosity of Parnassus were strange to him, nor that vagabondage of the senses and the intellect, that voluptuous reluctance to choose between conflicting ideals and systems, which is the peculiar seduction of a Renan, and from which the young philosopher of *Le Culte du Moi* sought to escape by a Cartesian insulation. But especially the works of Barrès resume what best deserved to emerge out of the symbolistic chaos. His self-analysis resulted in a clear perception of the things that are essential to him. The scruple of sincerity has chastened the pomp of his syntax, braced his sense of verbal associations and made his eloquence discreet, though it has never degenerated into a contempt for rhythm. Having discovered his standpoint, he has concentrated his motives; and after long wanderings, all his sensibility, all his ideology, have anchored in the soberest and most homely evocations.

In the critical moment of French literature which has suggested these reflections, the example of Maurice Barrès, more persuasively than any other, points to an issue determined by the surest instincts and its most illustrious tradition.

F. Y. ECCLES

THE ELECTIONS IN FRANCE

THE Radical and Radical-Socialist party which has ruled in France for the last twelve years will still remain in power; but with this difference, that to-day new and unexpected difficulties have arisen to menace that power.

The new Chamber is composed of 597 members, and of these this party holds 256 seats, that is 28 less than during the last Government. It will in the main have a majority because it will be supported in most measures by the various shades of Socialists (91 votes) and a certain number of dissentient Radicals. But this majority might split over a question of change of ministry, and we should then see 93 Liberals, 71 Progressives, 34 Conservatives, 74 Moderate Republicans and 12 Dissentient Radicals forming, for the moment, a coalition.

Besides the fear of such a coalition—incoherent it is true, but none the less formidable—the Radical and Radical-Socialist party has to face the fact that its power is beginning to decline. It is Socialism proper—of a more or less revolutionary type—that is gaining and arousing the passions of the masses. If the Radicals swim with this stream they run the risk of alarming the country which is already anxious, whilst if they fall back upon a relatively moderate policy, they will find themselves at once in conflict with the militant Socialism so steadily gaining ground.

Thus we may safely predict that the Radical and Radical-Socialist party must before long lose the power that it has so much abused in the last twelve years.

But what we may ask, is this party? Let us try to explain its nature. It is difficult, even for a Frenchman, to understand the exact significance either of the important rôle it is playing, or of its odd complicated name.

The French Radical is a type peculiar to his country.

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He is, as elsewhere, anti-religious and revolutionary, but he is peculiar in this, that with all these sympathies he belongs essentially to the *bourgeoisie*.

This word *bourgeois* describes in France that class which includes the shop-keepers, the professional men, the doctors, lawyers, clerks, stock-brokers, landlords, school-masters and so forth—in fact, all who enjoy a certain income, and those who, having independent means, do not belong to the working classes. The *bourgeois* is generally fanatically anti-religious. At the time of Louis Philippe and of Napoleon III he was a disciple of Voltaire, but Voltaire is out of fashion now because he still believed in God. The modern anti-religious movement has arrived at complete negation; and the *bourgeois* of to-day is an atheist. Another most important fact is that most of the Freemasons are recruited from this *bourgeois* class. There are practically no working men in the lodges. A certain number of Socialists have joined the Freemasons lately, and speeches have been made in the lodges and measures advocated in sympathy with the Socialist programme; but the working man holds aloof from Freemasonry. That organization in its turn discourages him in a characteristic manner; the subscription which every member pays to his lodge is so high in proportion to the working man's wages that he is necessarily excluded. Thus it follows that the Radical *bourgeois* is assured of predominance, the Freemasons being practically masters of the Government, of the Chamber, and almost all the Governmental Departments. Thus we see that the French Radical is at once *bourgeois*, anti-religious and essentially authoritarian.

But if he is unsocialistic in his sympathies, why is he obliged to accept a code which is half socialistic? For the very simple reason that being a citizen in authority, he must maintain his ascendancy over the Government; and to this end he must seek the popularity that will capture the votes of the electors, since that is the source of authority. The Socialists specialize in proposals for social reform and the Radical throws his weight into this balance; he takes good care, however, not to be confused with the true,

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thorough-going Socialists. Now and then he supports, according to circumstances, this or that Socialist measure, but always with the utmost moderation. Thus the Radical and Radical-Socialist party, though distrusting Socialism, nevertheless condescends to use it to its own ends, and becomes its accomplice when it cannot help itself.

The recent elections have given fresh proof of how the Radical party is subjected to this disastrous necessity—for it is disastrous both to itself and to the nation. Since the elections it has, by a chain of circumstances, found itself forced to support the United Socialist party, though it fears it beyond everything.

The United Socialist party has adopted an attitude of its own towards the army and the idea of patriotism. It accepts the support at its congresses and during the elections, of groups of revolutionaries who attack the army and the patriotic spirit. Ever since the Dreyfus case, the anti-military and anti-patriotic movement has been steadily increasing, and it has formed the nucleus of a new party. Many Socialists, and M. Jaurès amongst them, have thought it legitimate, or at least expedient, to remain on good terms with this party, so they have adopted the name of "United Socialists."

Thus the Radicals who seek to oppose Socialism (though making it many concessions at the same time) have ended by throwing in their lot with the United Socialists. On the eve of the election they made the following compact: in the districts where the three candidates were respectively a Conservative, a Radical and a Socialist, where the Radical was better supported than the Socialist, the Socialists voted for him to secure his victory over the Conservative; but if the Socialist or the United Socialist had already the advantage over the Radical, the Radical electors then assured him the victory. It is due to this ingenious arrangement that there are now 74 United Socialists in the Chamber, working in concert with those groups which are hostile to the army and the patriotic spirit. And the Radicals meanwhile still claim to be the defenders of both.

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The fact that the anti-military and anti-patriotic movement is a serious menace, has impressed men of all shades of thought, including freethinkers and indifferent Radicals, who before would not admit the possibility of such a humiliation. Other lessons, too, have been borne in upon the men who deliberately blinded themselves to the consequences inevitably following upon the anti-religious propaganda they have preached for the last thirty years. Many freethinkers admit it privately among themselves, and would speak their feeling aloud if they were not afraid of being called clericals; for nowadays whoever believes in God and Christianity is looked upon as a slave to superstition.

It would be interesting to describe the philosophical and political propaganda which gives rise to this state of mind. But for fear of confusing two distinct subjects, I confine myself to-day to the result of the elections.

It is said that the religious question which has hitherto occupied the chief place in the internal struggles of France is now to be relegated to the second or third place. The political leaders have so thoroughly ravaged the land of religion that they may well carry their activities into other fields. They have confiscated the primary schools; forcibly destroyed about 20,000 schools of congregations, and suppressed all convents; they have siezed the ecclesiastical property of a Catholic people, and the priest himself is no more than a mere tenant, with no other rights than those which the kind tolerance of the Government accords him.

This situation imposed upon the Church is false, contradictory and even dangerous for the Government, but it is nevertheless to be prolonged, for the only means of putting an end to it are just those which the Government will never adopt—or rather, it will never dare to adopt them, even if it wished to do so.

In 1905 the Concordat, which, for a hundred years, had been a solemn official compact between the Holy See and the French Government, was brutally abrogated. This

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compact could not be formally concluded without diplomatic negotiations. Therefore the Government of the moment adopted the formula of M. Clémenceau: "I do not know the Pope." So all was carried without acknowledging the Pope, and the law of separation was drafted in such a manner that the word "Pope" never so much as appeared in it. Even the word "bishop" was excluded, and the ecclesiastical hierarchy was simply ignored. So, in its turn, the Holy See resolved to ignore the existence of the law. This attitude of the Vatican was entirely legitimate; and its wisdom is increasingly evident, as well as its dignity and strength. The more intelligent Radical admits that it places the Government in an extremely difficult position. Indeed, M. Briand, with other prominent Republicans, is said now to be anxious to enter into negotiations with Rome, in order that the position of the French Catholics may be regularized. But this most natural step is repugnant to the more advanced Radicals. They know that were they to advocate it, they would at once be furiously denounced as traitors to the cause of free thought, so the Government marks time, anxious to avoid further occasions of conflict.

An opportunity of judging of their attitude was given last September, when the bishops in a collective letter condemned a quantity of literature provided for the schools of an anti-religious and often blasphemous nature.

The secularist teachers, now very numerous, were anxious for the Government to condemn the action of the Episcopate. But, on the contrary, although M. Briand complained of injustice in the bishop's attitude to the official education, he said they had not infringed any existing law.

The teachers were reduced to taking upon themselves a series of law suits which have so far only ended in the most insignificant results. So, for the moment, the Government and the political majority are careful to avoid all pretext for religious agitation. No reparation, however, is to be made to the Catholics. On the 10th of April last, in his speech at Saint-Chamond on the eve of the elec-

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tions, M. Briand said: "The true Republican is he who, anxious for progress, rejects no part of the work of secularization* which has been accomplished in the last ten years, who vindicates this work and is determined to defend and maintain it." Secularization in the past has meant the destruction of the schools in the congregations and the convents, the abolition of the Concordat and the revenue of the churches: for the present and in the future it means the organization of a national system of education, of which the spirit is indifference, if not contempt and hostility towards religious belief. The same propaganda is carried on in the lay organizations connected with the schools, and this will continue under the auspices of the public authorities without persecution, without any disorder. For the freethinkers secularization is a dogma, though they claim to recognize no dogma. It must invade every sphere where the Government is influential. This is what M. Briand calls "pacification."

According to the Saint-Chamond speech, the programme to which the Government is now going to devote itself is Social Reform. When M. Briand put forward this policy he doubtless did not foresee that the power of the advanced Socialist party would be so much strengthened in the elections. The attitude of the new members will be manifested in the measures they threaten to impose upon the Government. Amongst these new members there are three who are delegates of the General Labour Union. Till now the Union has been antagonistic to Parliament and has treated it as an institution which it intends to destroy and to replace. If it now sends delegates to Parliament, it is in order to fight it from within as well as from without.

This General Labour Union is a formidable influence. Its numbers are 300,000 and they are for the most part working men. Its leaders and counsellors are men of ability and experience in matters of organization and tactics, and they are not afraid of bold measures. The object of the Union is the complete reorganization of the whole social and poli-

* *Laïcité.*

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tical system, and its desire is to see every public institution based upon its own principles. According to its creed, the directing agency should be the Trades Unions. For some time past this Union has taken up the attitude of a government in conflict with the legal government. This latter has not dared to dissolve the Union, much as it would like to do so. The method by which the Union makes its influence felt is by promoting and fostering strikes in different parts of the country; but the secret of its power and strength lies very much in its own organization, which is most remarkable. It consists of a great hierarchy of labour syndicates, which are connected by local committees, these being in their turn connected with a central or federal committee which acts as a government in opposition to the legal government. The central committee issues the orders which animate the working classes, and the discipline is strict and far-reaching.

This Union is formidable both in its influence and in its initiative. The Union's power to promote strikes is an extremely formidable element, and no less so is its social propaganda. This latter fosters class antagonism and systematically makes war on the *bourgeoisie*. It trains the masses to hope for a social condition in which the Government and the making of laws will be in the hands of the working man.

Up to the present, the Union chose to look upon Parliament as an institution doomed to a speedy death, and the working man did not concern himself with it at all, but there are now in Parliament three members of the Union. Three only, it is true; but the presence of these three is significant. It remains to be seen whether the Labour Union is going to change its tactics and carry its warfare against Parliament into the very camp itself, as well as fighting it from without.

The *Temps* did not fail to recognize the importance of this fact. In its issue of May 12 it pointed out how history shews that the revolutionary parties in France always begin by being hostile to all existing legal government, and then gradually rally to it by slow degrees themselves. The *Temps* recalled how the question of principle with which

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the Labour Union is concerned to-day was fought out at length and with violence by the *International*. Bakounine advocated revolution; Karl Marx, on the other hand, advised the use of the voting system. Karl Marx prevailed, and to-day the Socialists practise the usual procedure of election. Till quite lately the Labour Union has taunted the Socialists with pandering to the *bourgeoisie*, their common enemy. Now we see that the Union has had to make use of the Parliamentary system to achieve its ends.

The three representatives of the Union are quite unknown in the political world, and it remains to be seen whether they have either education or ability. It is probable they are not lacking in either, for the working man of to-day is well used to public speaking and the discussion of his professional interests. But even if the three delegates are neither statesmen nor orators they are from the outset assured of much influence, for they will speak and act as the representatives of the largest and best organized of the extreme revolutionary parties in France.

The Government and the Radicals need not be sorry to see these members of the Union amongst them in Parliament. By mixing with the *bourgeois* class they are likely to absorb their ideas, and thus by degrees they may hope to see the Union influenced by the example of their delegates. Many of them aspire to be members of Parliament, although they profess antagonism to it. The Government means to foster these ambitions, and then to sow discord between them and their uncompromising friends. *Divide ut imperes* is ever a maxim of practical politics.

This maxim, which M. Briand intends to put into practice may, however, be equally well used against himself, that is against the Government majority. There is already in the Radical and Radical-Socialist majority a serious disagreement which may at any moment become acute, with very grave results. It is the question of electoral reform and the system known as Proportional Representation.

Let us see what this means.

France has two systems of electing its Chamber; the *scrutin de liste* and the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and

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one or the other system is used, according to circumstances.*

The *scrutin d'arrondissement* has now been in use since 1889. It is named thus because the electors are divided into constituencies, each of which elects a member. Sometimes, according to the number of the population, there may be two or three constituencies in the same district; but each of these constituencies proceeds as though they were a district in themselves, and elects one member each.

On the other system, of the *scrutin de liste*, all the constituencies comprised in a department are united together. The department (which generally contains at least three or four constituencies) then forms one large constituency, and one electoral body. Each elector then votes for a group of members. Many departments send three or four members; some five or six, some even more; the department of *le Nord* elects twenty-five or twenty-eight; the department of the *Seine* fifty. A list is drawn up of the candidates for each department, and the elector throws in the ballot box a card bearing, not one name, but a list of names of as many members as are to be elected for that department. Thus the expression *scrutin de liste* was adopted as opposed to the ballot for a single member or *scrutin d'arrondissement*.

For the last hundred years these two voting systems have been in use in curious alternation, thus: in 1793 the *scrutin d'arrondissement*; in 1795 the *liste*; in 1814 the *arrondissement*; in 1817 the *liste*; in 1820 the *arrondissement*; in 1848 the *liste*; in 1852 the *arrondissement*; in 1871 the *liste*; in 1875 the *arrondissement*; in 1885 the *liste*; in 1889 the *arrondissement*.

Both systems have, of course, their disadvantages and objections. The objectors to the *scrutin d'arrondissement* complain that by this method the votes are given to the candidate rather for his personal popularity than for his qualifications to represent the political, economic and social

* *Scrutin* means ballot. In the *scrutin de liste* the elector votes for all the Deputies or Senators of the department, 2, 3, 4, etc., as the case may be; in the *scrutin d'arrondissement* each elector votes for one representative only, for his own *arrondissement* or district.

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interests of his electors. The member for an *arrondissement* is chosen, not on the merits of his political programme, but because he is a rich man, or an able man, or a man of action. He becomes the business man of his electors; he secures them posts and favours. The ideals of the mass are sacrificed to the personal interests of vulgar and sometimes unscrupulous individuals. The *scrutin d'arrondissement*, in short, tends to the corruption of persons and principles.

The objectors to the *scrutin de liste*, on the other hand, say that that method excites public opinion too much. There is no longer the necessity, as in the *arrondissement*, where they are known personally, for the candidates to ingratiate themselves with their electors, and they therefore feel no responsibility. They preach theoretical and immature doctrines, and neglect the true local interests of the people. Or else, if they take their business seriously, they become in a greater degree what the member for the *arrondissement* is in a smaller. They become the agents of the department as they once were for the *arrondissement*. And thus there is no difference, except that the personal influence of politicians is used towards the accomplishment of personal ends and interests.

One might fill many pages with the different arguments for and against the two systems. There are disadvantages in both, but at the present moment the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, which has been in use for the last twenty years, seems to excel in disadvantages.

M. Briand last year deplored, in a stirring speech at Perigueux, the demoralisation and corruption of the leading political constituencies. He compared them to "stagnant swamps," and said he longed to see fresh currents of purer water running into these swamps to bring new life into them.

M. Briand cannot be said to advocate the *scrutin de liste* to which the Radical Party is so much opposed. But he cannot decide which side to adopt, because, while he does not wish to offend the supporters of the *liste*, still less does he desire to get into trouble with the Radicals who have placed him in power.

Such manœuvres and hesitations are elements of the

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political life of every country, but the situation is particularly complicated in France by a new question having arisen to mingle with the old ones.

It is an important and peculiar question; important because it will cause disaffection in the famous Government "*bloc*," and peculiar because for the moment it reconciles the varied interests of Catholics, Liberals, Radicals and Socialists!

This is the question of *Représentation Proportionnelle*, which, for the sake of shortness, is now always called R.P. The expression, R.P., is current coin. The aim of this system is to assure, to a certain extent, the representation of minorities in the Chamber.

The adepts of R.P. justify their system by many weighty arguments, the most convincing, perhaps, of which are the simplest. They point out the incredible unfairness of the present system. They set forth their arguments thus: Take as an instance a constituency which contains 20,000 electors. Under the present system the half of these electors *plus one* is assured of being represented in Parliament; the other half *minus one* counts for nothing. Thus ten thousand and one electors are the political masters, whilst the other 9,999 are deprived of all political rights and are nil. This enormous proportion is not a hypothetical case, drawn up arbitrarily. There are many instances where the majority has been carried by one vote: at all events, there are many constituencies where the majority consists of 300, 100, or even 25 votes. Let us take as an ordinary example the same constituency that we instanced above, where the electorate consists of 20,000 voters. Supposing we have for this electorate two candidates, a Radical and a Conservative. If the Radical secures 12,000 votes, and the Conservative 8,000, these 8,000 electors are not represented at all.

This inequality has now come to be regarded as intolerable. Writers and political men of various opinions all urge that minorities, at least the important minorities, should have a chance of being represented, and they work out various systems on the analogy of that practised in Belgium.

I will not examine here all these different systems, for fear

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of confusing the point that I wish to make clear to my readers, by entering into too many complicated details.

This point is the deep and violent disaffection which the idea of an electoral reform has caused in the Radical Government.

A great many Radicals, and particularly those of the narrow sectarian type, refuse to entertain any question of change, and particularly do they object to Proportional Representation. Their reason is not far to seek: the present system gives them every power to legislate against religious liberty, and this is to them eminently satisfactory. From their point of view it would be not only useless but dangerous to make any change, since for the last twenty years the *scrutin d'arrondissement* has given them the power to govern as they will. This is a short and easy statement of their point of view.

But it is not quite such a simple situation as this, after all, for, as we have seen above, M. Briand is of the anxious opinion that the *scrutin d'arrondissement* tends more and more to serve personal interests, and M. Briand is not alone in this opinion amongst the party that he leads. Men of Radical, Socialist and strongly anti-religious sympathies, like M. Jaurès, M. de Pressensé and M. Joseph Reinach, are advocates of Proportional Representation. For some years past the *Temps* has been carrying on a campaign in its favour. In the new Chamber the reformers are in the majority. The Republican Commission on Proportional Representation has drawn up a table, on which are the names of 325 newly re-elected members. The Government declares that the true figure is only 272. Anyhow, the number is considerable. There is in the Chamber an important party in favour of complete electoral reform, and it is, moreover, the chief measure in the parliamentary programme for the coming session.

This is the result of the efforts of the party organized during the last four years or so by M. Charles Benoist, member for Paris. During the past year M. Benoist has been speaking all over France on the subject. He is a distinguished man of letters and a Liberal Republican. He is supported in this movement, which seems likely at present

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to succeed, by the Catholics, the Conservatives, and the Liberals.

But what is the Government going to do? The Government does not want Proportional Representation, but does not betray its reasons. It is evident that it is afraid that any reform will make it easier for Catholics and Liberals to gain seats; but there must surely be some other reason for their anxiety. According to various words let drop by M. Briand and others, the true masters of France are afraid of any change in the political habit and custom of the nation. A new state of things might bring about the formation of new parties who would not submit with such docility as to-day to the policy of the Government. Up to the present the people have submitted to a mechanism which those in power manipulate with security and ease to their own ends. The Radicals in power are afraid that a change would throw them into complete uncertainty, so they are temporizing in the hope of putting off any decision.

When the last Chamber, at the end of its life, pretended to push forward electoral reform, M. Briand merely replied, "It is too late," and gained his point. So in a few months' time, when the new Chamber proposes to approach the great question, M. Briand will probably say: "It is too early, we have four years before us; don't let us be in a hurry." He will probably add that he has proposals of his own to make, or that he is engaged upon a scheme, the only drawback to which is that it is on such a vast scale that it is designedly doomed to failure from the outset. M. Briand raises hopes that he will some day restore the *scrutin de liste* (without Proportional Representation), but upon this strange condition: that electoral reform must go side by side with the reform of the whole administration.

Unquestionably the French administration does need remodelling. It was created at one stroke at the Revolution in 1790, when all the old provincial divisions were destroyed. At that time the 32 chief-governments into which the old provinces were divided, were cut up into 83 departments, the partition being quite arbitrary, and the departments thus divided being, from the administrative point of view,

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completely isolated. It is impossible for the people of a district to communicate freely with each other, so as to join forces to safeguard their common interests.

Obviously these abuses and many more must be remedied, but this undertaking needs ability and deliberation, and it must be carried out dispassionately. Perhaps M. Briand thinks he can cure the deputies of their love of ministerial crises by giving them a subject for discussion that will occupy them for some time.

The new Chamber, however, like the old one will probably be more inclined for questions of current politics, and will want to carry on the usual campaign against the Government by means of the minor incidents constantly arising. There are several amongst the 98 Socialists who would like to step into M. Briand's place, and these will do all in their power to hamper him whilst he devotes himself to the task of reassuring the capitalists.

He is, moreover, anxious now to quiet the fears of the Catholic party. He holds out assurances of their future peaceful existence, he, who declared in September, 1906, at Angers, at the Congress of the *Ligue de l'Enseignement*, that the Republic must be delivered from the "lies of the Confessions," by which he meant religion. Two months later (November 6, 1906) he was forced to explain himself before the Chamber, when M. Grousseau pressed him with the question, "What was your meaning in speaking of 'lies of the Confessions?' Did you mean the Church?" and M. Briand replied, "I dare not deny it." He has changed neither in intention nor sentiment since then, but he has adopted a new attitude. He declares to the Catholics that he does not dream of molesting or troubling them, and that they can be assured of a quiet life. He evidently intends to avoid all agitations or disturbances. But the anti-religious movement will continue under the auspices of the official authorities.

M. Briand, of course, is not master of the situation. He leads only on condition that he carries out the work for which he was chosen by the different factions. If he hampers their plans, he can quickly and easily be cast aside.

M. Briand's promises of political and religious concord,

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however, are not borne out by any possible forecast. The 98 Socialists are not likely to allow him to govern peaceably, or to set to work upon his own electoral reform, which is much too vast a scheme to be considered under present circumstances. The question of Proportional Representation has brought discord into the ranks of Radicals, and it will be much discussed, for it excites all their ambitions and passions. Even in M. Briand's party there are men who are tired of waiting for an opportunity to make their mark, and amongst the new comers there are others no less impatient.

EUGÈNE TAVERNIER

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 life-story of Rupert, Prince Palatine, has been told by more than one writer and in more than one style. Perhaps the ideal biography is still to come: that which shall combine the minute research of Miss Eva Scott's recent volume with the vital charm, the chivalrous ardour, which makes Eliot Warburton's earlier work, *Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers*, stir the pulses as with the very passion of those ancient battles. Mrs Steuart Erskine has assuredly not produced it, though in *A Royal Cavalier* (Eveleigh Nash. 15s. net), she has given us a pleasantly written and fairly accurate narrative. Her sub-title confesses frankly that she has sought to depict the "romance" of her hero's career, and, like many another author, she has sought that romance rather in picturesque detail and accessory than in the essentials of historic fact and character. And, indeed, in spite of its brilliancy, its swift vicissitudes of triumph and defeat, its gallant exploits and adventurings, Rupert's history was even more tragic than romantic to any whose eye can look beneath the outward seeming. It was tragic not only because of the ruin which overwhelmed the cause for which he had fought with so much of valour and genius, and for which he had won such splendid but unavailing triumph; not only because of the sorrowful ending of his attempt to keep the standard of King Charles, irretrievably fallen on land, afloat on the high seas, an attempt from which he returned a broken man, having lost Maurice, his brother and comrade, in a sundering storm; the deepest tragedy—that of disillusion—was still to be met when Charles II came to his own again and Prince Rupert saw the party for which he had striven victorious, the king whom he served enthroned, and all the faiths and ideals by which he had lived dishonoured and smiled aside. Many a

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slight, unconscious revelation in the letters and memoirs of the Restoration show the bitterness of spirit with which the Prince looked on his cousin's court, and his silent condemnation was manifested by his absolute withdrawal from the political complexities of the day, even while he was still ready to defend England as admiral in those reverberant sea-fights with the Dutch, and to plan for her greatness overseas, in the founding of the Hudson Bay Company, whence sprang the Canadian Dominion. The record of those years may be read clearly in the later portraits, which reveal a face so changed from the valiant and gracious comeliness that Van Dyck painted, changed even from the lofty sadness of that leader of a forlorn hope who looks on us from the engraving of Bernard; a face of which the melancholy eyes still confess to ancient dreams, but where the lips have learned the trick of cynic smiling.

Very little of all that inner history is suggested in the easily written pages of Mrs Steuart Erskine's book. She narrates the chief events of Rupert's life, correctly enough in the main, though not without minor inaccuracies. The fact that she never cites an authority or indulges in a note may be taken to prove that she has had no idea of addressing herself to the historical student. It is as needless, therefore, as it would be unamiable, to object to the careless generalizations and the superficiality of treatment throughout. The early visit of the Prince to the court of his uncle, Charles I, in the halcyon days before the tempest of rebellion, is described with much detail and some charm. The author is more at home writing of the gatherings at Van Dyck's Blackfriars studio; or of the dilettante poets who met at Endymion Porter's, than in following her hero through the stress of his martial work. In dealing with the Civil War she is excellent in explaining the new method by which Rupert imparted to his cavalry its irresistible impetus—a lesson fatally well learned by Cromwell—and she displays real insight in discussing the reasons which led to the Prince's surrender of Bristol. The chief battles of the war are given with

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sufficient spirit, but the plans of campaign are barely touched on, and we hear nothing of such an important point as Rupert's desire to take Gloucester by storm, as he had taken Bristol, and his being overruled by the King in an ill-timed shrinking from bloodshed; a decision which was, perhaps, the turning point of the whole conflict.

Mrs Steuart Erskine seems always glad to turn to less exacting themes; to the court gossip concerning his Highness's admiration for the Duchess of Richmond, to stories of his famous white dog, Boye, and anecdotes, not always well authenticated, about his adventures in disguise. She writes fully and well of his experiments in mezzotint, and her claims for the Prince as an artist are only just, as all know who have studied his superb plate of "The Great Executioner." She also shows another side to his talent by reproducing his clever and merciless caricature of Christina of Sweden. It may be said, in fine, that she is more successful in dealing with the incidental aspects of the Prince's life than with its central significance. She admires him without full comprehension, and her facile narrative fails to mirror that ardent and dominant personality.

D. McC.

THAT early Celtic Literature is one of the most important storehouses of primitive history and custom is now being widely understood, even by others than scholars, and in spite of the ridiculous observations of sciolists, who proclaimed from the depths of their own ignorance that there was nothing in early Irish tales but what was indecent or absurd. Mr Plummer has earned the gratitude of all students by his erudite and beautiful volumes, *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae* (Oxonii e Typographeo Clarendoniano MCMX. Price, 32s. net), and not least of all, by the admirable and most illuminating introduction which he has prefixed to the lives themselves, and this gratitude will be specially felt by those who are obliged to make their studies without the crowning advantage of 'having the Irish.' As to the lives themselves, but little can be said here: they are comparatively late examples,

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but none the less interesting on that account, and they have, evidently, been most carefully edited.

The editor's attitude appears pretty clearly in the introduction. It is judicial, but it is sympathetic. He does not blink the unpleasant traits of the lives. He does not conceal the awful maledictory exercises of some of those whom history has agreed to recognize as saints, such as the "great cursing match between Ruadan and King Diarmait, which ended in the desolation of Tara." (clxxiii. and see Note 2. "Cuimin of Connor says, quite truly, 'Ruadan loved cursing,' and *he means it as a compliment.*" Italics in the original). But he thinks that this was, in large part, a legacy from the Druids, and in fact one of various things which Christianity took over, more or less christianized, from the pre-existent Paganism. A writer somewhere pictures the Church as placed on a rock in the midst of whirling waters, on which float all kinds of relics of all kinds of beliefs. Every now and then she stoops down and picks out, from the welter of waters, something which may be made useful and perhaps we may be permitted to add that sometimes things which might have been left in the water have adhered to the object rescued. At any rate, that such "carry-overs" from Paganism did take place cannot be doubted by students of early history, but what is really of importance to understand, is that the Church herself only "carried over" or transformed such things as could, without sacrifice of principle, be turned to real spiritual advantage; the less desirable "carry-overs" came along with the uneducated converts to Christianity.

These "carry-overs" were not merely confined to custom and observance; they found their way into the lives of the saints. As the editor most aptly remarks, "The impact of the stronger creed scattered it [Paganism] into fragments; but many of the fragments floated down the stream of time, and recombined in fantastic shapes around the persons of pagan heroes and Christian saints, who are not therefore necessarily non-existent or non-historical because they have formed the nucleus round which mythological elements have gathered; any more than the sponge

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is non-existent, because it has served to attract the particles of silex which have turned it into flint. Many controversies between rival schools of mythology would be reconciled, if this were borne in mind." (p. cxxxiv.)

There are many examples of this. Details belonging to heathen deities have become the attributes of Christian saints, and here we may, perhaps, be allowed a word of criticism. The editor is not, as already may have been gathered, one of those who can see nothing but the myth, who thinks of St Bridget, not as a real woman, but as Brigid, the Goddess of Fire. But on the other hand he admits, as all, we think must, that the legends of the saints do contain accretions whereby there have been transferred to them things to which the ancient deities and not they were really entitled. We have at times thought that the editor is a little too much inclined to see this relation where it would escape others, but this is a small point so long as he is clear as to the real duality of person and attribute, and does not stand wholly by the attribute. What is also interesting, is that the angels take the place of the fairies (thus forestalling Fr Faber's idea) they clean the hearth, grind the mill and do a host of other fairy deeds, including holding races to amuse a saint's disciples. (p. clxxxi.)

Further, the longer any tale goes on being told, the greater the number of accretions it collects, and what is more—and more to be regretted—the greater the number of the simpler details of its earliest "states" it loses. Thus the editor points out that "incidents or traits of character which do show spiritual feeling and insight, tend to be eliminated in later recensions of the lives." And, we may add, to be replaced by those marvellous items, which later writers loved to attach to those of whom they wrote. There are fine thoughts even in the later recensions, such as the young Ciaran's saying "that the golden rule would alone furnish material enough for anyone to teach and practice without further reading," and Columba's answer to those who urged him to mitigate the rigour of his austerity, "Nemo dormiens coronabitur, et nemo securus possidet regnum cœlorum," but, as the editor says, "they are not

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common." (p. xcv.) If, however, "we must not look as a rule, for spiritual edification" nor, as a rule, for direct historical information, we may and shall find that the indirect historical information is of the very highest value and importance. Space does not permit us to deal with the points discussed in Part IV. of the editor's introduction: it must be read carefully by those who would comprehend the indirect information which may be gathered from the lives, and, when they read it, they will be in a position to understand what a storehouse of information as to the life of the period, and particularly the monastic and religious life we have in these writings.

In respect of these, we must be permitted one or two quotations. "The Eucharist is constantly mentioned; a devout layman receives it on days of special observance; Comgall's monks wished to administer the sacrament daily to him during the days preceding his death, implying that daily reception was not the rule under ordinary circumstances. The Sacrament was not only reserved, but carried on the person in a vessel called 'Chrismale.' The chalice was mixed, and the water for this purpose is consecrated. The words of administration are given; and mass vestments are mentioned. The office for the dead is called 'psalmos canere.' The names of departed saints were entered in the missal for commemoration at the time of mass." (p. cxxxvi.) "The need of confession was strongly insisted on; there was a traditional saying that a person without a confessor was like a body without a head." (p. cxvi.) "The cult of relics was in full force with its attendant evils of relic-mongering and 'pious' thefts." (p. cxxvii.) One knows that some members—surely devoid either of historical knowledge or modern sense of humour—of that most curious body of Christians on earth, the Disestablished Church in Ireland have claimed that their church was the real descendant of the ancient *Ecclesia Hibernica*, that their doctrines were hers, and that St Patrick, if he were to return to earth, would find himself more at home in the Synod Hall, attached to Christ Church, than he would in the Pro-Cathedral in Marlborough Street. Some Presbyterians

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have, we believe, gone so far as to hint that the National Saint, if all were known, would really be found to have held those doctrines which pervade large portions of the north-east of Ireland. To all such, a perusal of the above statements and others like them in Mr. Plummer's erudite and admirable pages, may safely be recommended.

The fact is, that the Ecclesia Hibernica was at all times as intensely Catholic—Roman Catholic, if it is preferred—as she now is and as—please God—she will always remain.
B.C.A.W.

IN some ways *The Blindness of Dr Gray* (Longmans. 6s.) is the strongest of Dr Sheehan's novels. It is one of those books in which history is written, and it is, therefore, not surprising that already attacks have been made upon its truth as a picture of the people it describes, which would not have been called forth by merely imaginative work. But as it is fiction, as it does not profess to do more than give a picture of life as seen through the eyes of Dr Gray, it is not fair to accuse the author of holding his ideas or of seeing things as he saw them. We must take the book as it is, and inevitably very different conclusions will be drawn from it, for which the author must not be held responsible. The principal figure is the stern, unbending scholar, ruler by right divine of the people given into his charge, imperious, absolute and unpopular. He will be free, even if he offends his people by kindness to Protestant boys or by refusing to dismiss a schoolmaster because his uncle has taken an evicted farm. But his whole attitude, even when his actions are right enough, is singularly combative and unsympathetic for a Catholic parish priest. He is out of touch with a generation that seems to him materialistic.

“Don't you see, my dear Henry,” he continued, after a pause, “that all the old ideals are vanished, and they can no more return than the elves and fairies that used to dance in the moonlight? All the old grand ideas of love of country, love to one another, the sense of honour, the sense of decency—all are gone! Up to twenty years ago, in some way those ideals were there, broken, perhaps, and

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distorted; but they were there. Then, for the first time, an appeal was made by public men—I won't call them demagogues or even politicians—to the nation's cupidity. Instead of the old passionate war-cry, *Ireland for the Irish!* they sank to the socialistic cry, *The Land for the People!* They've got it now! They have the land; and they fling Ireland to the devil. Each man's interest now is centred in his bounds-ditch. He cannot, and he will not, look beyond. He has come into his inheritance; and he sends his mother to the workhouse!"

Henry was so appalled at these words, and they bore so sternly on all the experience he had been acquiring during the past few weeks, that he could only say faintly:

"But surely, sir, it was a grand thing to win back from the descendants of Cromwellians and Elizabethans the soil of Ireland? Surely our fathers would exult if they could see such a day! There never was such a radical, yet bloodless revolution!"

"Yes, yes," said his pastor, "if it rested there. But you see the appeal to the nation's cupidity, and its success, have hardened the hearts of the people. So long as there was a Cromwellian landlord to be fought and conquered, there remained before the eyes of the people some image of their country. Now, the fight is over; and they are sinking down into the abject condition of the French peasant, who doesn't care for king or country; and only asks: Who is going to reduce the rates?"

Dr Sheehan is too true an artist to force Dr Gray into a single position that is not the natural expression of his character; it is not his business to make him consistent, but to make him living. And, therefore, the apparent anomaly of the law-abiding old priest whose devotion through life is to law rather than to love, cherishing in his heart a passionate sympathy with the Fenians of his youth is a real and obvious truth. The above quotation is a fine instance of the stern eloquence and suppressed feeling of which Dr Sheehan is a master. There are, too, in the book exquisite passages of analysis of the moods and feelings of the solitary student, so true and delicate as to suggest unconscious autobiography. But the author of *My New Curate*, if he has gained in construction and in the grouping of contrasting characters, has not lost his priceless sense of the absurd, and the chapter called "A

The Blindness of Doctor Gray

Great—Artist” is perfectly delightful. The curate, Henry Liston, is obliged to have his dining-room papered and painted and a person undertakes the work, named Delaney or Delane. This individual had an impressive and attractive face and made the house resound with choice pieces from “La Traviata” and “Sonnambula,” but he had a decided predilection for liquid over solid refreshment, and he had amazing ingenuity in effecting sorties from the curate’s house to the nearest public house. In the midst of an art discussion, in which he announces that he belongs to the School of Tintoretto and that he does not think much of Raffaele (“Michael is not so bad, but Sanzio is over-rated”) an idea seems to strike him. He suddenly demands that “a labouring person” shall be produced to prepare the walls, before he can begin. The curate is driven to do that part of the work himself, the artist meanwhile having vanished. When at last, after an interval given to necessary refreshment, he does begin to tint the walls, he returns to the attack on Raffaele and the Cartoons, and the curate becomes fascinated into sympathetic attention, and we feel Delane to have been an absolutely irresistible talker.

The curate found as the sum total of the day’s work that one wall of the small room was faintly tinted.

When six o’clock struck, and the artist promptly obeyed its summons to rest, Henry accosted him.

“I quite agree, Delane,” he said, “with what you stated yesterday, as to the necessity of stimulating the brain, when engaged in delicate and fancy work; but I noticed that you had to—ahem, rest six times to-day, and as each interval occupied half an hour, there were three hours lost out of your day’s work.”

“Lost? No, sir! Not lost,” said the artist compassionately. “The energies newly granted on each occasion to the fagged and weary brain more than made up for lost time.”

“And this is the sum total of to-day’s work?” said Harry, pointing to the wall.

“Quite so, sir!” said the artist. “I consider that that approaches as near perfection as it is possible for the human mind to accomplish.”

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"Perhaps so!" said Henry Liston. "But I should like to see a little more done. At this rate, it will take to Easter to finish."

"Ha! there's the Celtic impetuosity again," said the artist. "The fatal flaw in the Irish character—the desire to get things done, no matter how. The total repugnance to the pains that spell perfection."

Henry Liston was abashed in the sight of such genius.

S.

"AND I fell asleep," says Bunyan more than once in the *Pilgrim's Progress*; and each time he tells us of the fresh visions that came to him in dreams and made up his allegory. Mr Chesterton's new allegorical romance, *The Ball and the Cross* (Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co. 6s.), has many of the qualities of a dream, or even of a nightmare, as he himself called a former work—*The Man who was Thursday*. It is a strange, exciting story, pierced by glimpses of a deeper meaning not easily discernible in its entirety.

Evan MacIan, a young Catholic Highlander, coming to London in search of work, chances to see in a shop window, a paper containing a blasphemy about Our Lady. He promptly breaks the window and challenges the owner—James Turnbull, editor of the *The Atheist*—to a duel. Both men are brought before a magistrate, but immediately on their release they buy a pair of swords in an old curiosity shop, and, having gagged the Jew shopkeeper in his own front parlour, begin to fight in the back garden. They are, of course, interrupted and obliged to flee from the police in a passing hansom. This attempted duel is the main plot of the book, until the arrival of both combatants at a lunatic asylum, where the other characters of the narrative gradually collect and bring matters to a head and a conclusion. The duel is continued at intervals through more than half the book, interspersed with eager arguments between Christian and Atheist, and enlivened by a constant vision of pursuing policemen, not unlike a moving picture on a cinematograph.

The theme gives scope for much fantastic description and humour, as in the allusion to the atheist's front win-

The Ball and the Cross

dow, filled "with fierce and final demands as to what Noah in the ark did with the neck of the giraffe," and the description of Lucifer in his flying machine.

All the tools of Professor Lucifer were the ancient human tools gone mad, grown into unrecognisable shapes, forgetful of their origin, forgetful of their names. That thing which looked like an enormous key with three wheels was really a patent and very deadly revolver. That object which seemed to be created by the entanglement of two corkscrews was really the key. The thing which might have been mistaken for a tricycle turned upside down was the inexpressibly important instrument to which the corkscrew was the key. All these things, as I say, the professor had invented; he had invented everything in the flying ship, with the exception, perhaps, of himself. This he had been born too late actually to inaugurate, but he believed, at least, that he had considerably improved it.

Again there are sudden touches of poetry, as in the picture of the

odd green square of garden that the sun turned to a square of gold. There is nothing more beautiful than thus to look as it were through the archway of a house; as if the open sky were an interior chamber, and the sun a secret lamp of the place.

There are, too, admirable pictures of many common and uncommon types, drawn often with more than a touch of fantasy—of the man who dressed in jaeger and preached "love," giving "the word an indescribable sound of something hard and heavy, as if he were saying 'boots'"—of the man who believed only in Force—of the highly educated English girl, to whom life was a bewilderment and there seemed "no way of being happy"—of the simple Catholic, Madeleine Durand, to whom life was straight and clear always, if sometimes painful, and of her conventional father with his definite notions of the "social contract."

There are, as has been said, many pages of argument between MacIan and Turnbull, but, owing to police and other interruptions, these are not really satisfactory. Many of the best things in them have been already better said in Mr Chesterton's earlier books, notably in *Orthodoxy*. And, indeed, brilliant as much of the *Ball and the Cross* is, it is in

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parts confused and obscure enough to suggest haste rather than design on the part of the author. The author's haste is, however, nothing to that with which his hero, Evan MacIan, "absorbs the main modern atmosphere." It is, indeed, of bewildering interest to note the mental development of the man who "had been brought up in seclusion as a strict Roman Catholic in the midst of that little wedge of Roman Catholics which is driven into the Western Highlands. . . . without having properly realised that there were in the world any people who were not Roman Catholics," and who within four days, spent it is true in argument in the intervals of eluding the police, talks with ready assurance of Zola, Shaw, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Emerson, Schopenhauer, Godwin and Shelley, and contrasts the Church with the Athenæum Club.

The character of Michael, too, presents some difficulties. There is, doubtless, much meaning in making him realise that even his narrow prison cell is good, but surely it is other than the white walls he would in truth see, and if he is the same being in the last chapter of the book as in the first he would chant as he walks through the flames, not a song that "seemed to be something about playing in the golden hay," but rather some mighty canticle in praise of God.

These, indeed, are details in the working out of a fine thought, but it is for the very reason that Mr. Chesterton has always some noble conception underlying his work that the reader complains if the working out is ineffective or careless. Yet, as the different pictures of Evan, Turnbull and the other characters pass us in rapid succession, we catch vivid glimpses of the modern world—"this earthly Ball" fallen into an evil and idle lethargy, awakened by the touch, however distant, of the Cross. Ernest faith and honest disbelief have partly roused it with a clash of swords, and it is the work of "Professor Lucifer" to lull it to sleep once more.

M.W.

Christologies

DR SANDAY has long since promised a large Life of Christ, and he has now completed what is to be, as he hopes, the last of the studies preliminary to this difficult task, in *Christologies, Ancient and Modern* (by W. Sanday, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., Lady Margaret Professor and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, Fellow of the British Academy, etc. Clarendon Press. 1910. 239pp. 7s. 6d.). To ancient Christologies he is patronizing; for example:

To me, I confess, the language that is often used in condemnation of the doctrine of the Two Natures seems too severe. Is it to be expected that the philosophical and theological armoury of the fifth to the eighth centuries A.D. should supply weapons that are proof against attack for all time? To demand this is no doubt to demand more than those centuries could give. To us it does seem artificial to conceive of the two natures as operating distinctly, and yet, by a system of mutual give-and-take (*communicatio idiomatum*, *κοινωνία* and *ἀντίδοσις τῶν ὀνομάτων*), allow for the transference of attributes from the one to the other. But the fair thing is, not to plant ourselves rigidly in our time and from that vantage-ground to weigh in the scales and find wanting the efforts of past generations, but to put ourselves in their place and ask what else, or what better, they could have done. To the men of that day, with the Gospels before them taken literally as they stand, the two natures would obviously seem separable and separate: it was as obvious to refer such things as hunger and thirst, pain and death, limitation of knowledge, to the one, as it was to refer miracles and the supernatural beginning, as well as the supernatural ending of the incarnate Life, to the other. Doubtless it was just these plain facts, or facts which seemed to them plain, which moved Pope Leo and Pope Martin to take the stand they did. It is not for us to blame them; and least of all to blame them before we have got a consistent and coherent theory of our own that we can substitute for theirs (pp. 54-55).

It startles us to be told by a professor of theology lecturing to students that to the ancients the Two Natures "would obviously seem separable and separate," a proposition that St Leo and St Martin would have anathematized. Has he forgotten the word *ἀδιαίρετως*, no less important than *ἀσυγχύτως*? He cannot mean merely "separable in thought," for if they were not separable in thought one could not even

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discuss them! Again, it was so "obvious to refer such things as hunger and thirst" to human nature that one is at a loss to conceive to what else Dr Sanday could propose to refer them; and if we believe in miracles, we cannot refer these to the human nature as such, else they would not be miracles at all. St Leo's contribution to a doctrine which was very old in his time was not the division of works between the two natures, but rather the emphatic assertion that neither nature works without the other, in the famous words: "Agit utraque natura quod proprium est cum alterius communione." Perhaps this *communio alterius* has suggested Dr Sanday's strange "give-and-take," which does not tally with the parenthesis *communicatio idiomatum*, for that expression is a question of the interchange of words rather than of real attributes.

On modern Christologies he writes in the same half deprecating, half conciliatory strain:

Christology is the strongest dividing line between the modern Positive school in Germany and the Liberal. It is also the strongest dividing line between German Liberalism and ourselves. And yet I am anxious that the difference should not be exaggerated. Stated baldly and without regard to the context in each case, the gulf will seem impassable. Ritschl put the doctrine of the Godhead of Christ in the forefront; not all, but by far the greater part, of his followers, and all the more pronounced Liberals who are independent of them, would deliberately put it on one side. I say "put it on one side"; and I think that this is the most accurate expression I can use. The Ritschlians generally would say, when they were questioned, that there was a sense in which the doctrine was true. But they do not like to affirm it for fear of being misunderstood. It is the scrupulous scientific conscience that comes into play. Most Englishmen, I believe, in the like position would affirm it. I have little doubt that, if I held the Ritschlian premises—as a matter of fact I do not hold them, but if I did—I should affirm it myself. You see, the difference is this: I should be anxious to keep in agreement so far as I possibly could with the Church Universal. In order to maintain that agreement, I should be willing to strain so far—if it were really a question of straining, and I do not think it is—my conscience on the side of science. The Ritschlian, the German, takes the opposite line to this. He is very sensitive on

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the subject of science, and he is comparatively indifferent to the Church Universal. And therefore, sooner than incur to himself or to others the slightest suspicion of yielding anything on the side of science, he will shelve the whole question, or (if he is pressed) will even deny what upon the same premises I should be prepared to affirm (pp. 103-104).

It is difficult to take such a paragraph seriously. It reads like a caricature of our terrible English habits of loose thinking and inaccurate speaking. The "Church Universal" affirms the Divinity of Christ in one sense, and in that sense the Ritschlians, such as Harnack, as vehemently deny it. If they were induced to use the words, it would be with another meaning. It can be no advantage to anyone that they should disguise disagreements in verbal equivocations. Dr Sanday is perfectly candid and sincere himself; but in his appeals for peace he lets his sympathy and charity have too loose a rein. There are interests of truth which are paramount, and his kindly treatment of infidel theories has always made more powerfully for a liberal movement in England than for a reaction in Germany. Yet he does not desire this, for he is habitually a severe critic of ultra-liberals and of wild critical theories.

His own "Christology" will be distressing to Catholic readers. He believes in the Incarnation: "The Deity which rules the universe is in the last resort the same Deity which took human flesh" (p. 173). But he suggests that the "subliminal consciousness" is the proper, or primary, seat of all divine indwelling in the human soul, and that it was also the seat of the Divinity in Christ, who began upon earth by being conscious of no higher being than the human. His birth had been a sleep and a forgetting. His character was formed unconsciously by the habit of always choosing the right and eschewing the wrong. By the study of the Old Testament He came to understand the ideas, Messiah, Son of Man, Son of God. He came to regard Himself as the Messiah, the preacher of the Kingdom of God, and as predestined to suffer. All this was a gradual development, rising up from the subconsciousness which in Him was divine. Dr Sanday seems really to

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think there is nothing unorthodox in this view. He has no wish to break with the old theology. But it does not need a theologian to refute an opinion which takes Christianity off its hinges. A God who drinks the waters of Lethe before assuming human nature and forgets that imperial palace whence He came, does not seem really to become man at all, for there is a complete break in His existence. So long as He does not know that He is God, to all intents and purposes He is not God, but, at most, Superman; indeed, to all intents and purposes, He has never been God. If metempsychosis were a fact, and if Marcellus is reincarnate as John Jones, but knows not he has ever been Marcellus, to all intents and purposes he never has been Marcellus. What the Incarnation has always been understood to give to theology and to devotion is the assurance that God's mind is touched by mortal things, that He has come into our world and become one of us, has felt as we feel, has suffered as we suffer, among us and for us. But this implies not merely the continuity and identity, but the conscious continuity and identity, of God, as God, with God become Man. We do not want the sympathy of a perfect man, we want God, knowing Himself to be man; we want a continuous Personality, without a break at the human birth to disconnect the two Natures. This new theory makes the Incarnation void of most of its old meaning and substitutes a mythology for a religion.

It is necessary to look at the suggestion on its worst side and refuse it any sympathy, because its inventor seems to have no suspicion of the horror with which Catholics, at least, will regard it. There are plenty of other difficulties; such as the inference that we are to conceive of one Person of the Logos having two consciousnesses in water-tight compartments, a doctrine equally uncomfortable to philosophy and to devotion. But what of Holy Scripture? Do not all the evangelists—not merely the Fourth Gospel, but the Synoptics, and St Mark and "Q," as much as the rest—represent our Lord as from the beginning conscious of His Mission and of His Divine Sonship, forbidding the

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devils to confess Him before the time, reading the thoughts of men, exercising the powers of God? Dr Sanday is not one of those who enjoy re-writing the Gospels; he would not, like Dr Schmiedel, take three verses only as incontestable, and judge all the rest by this arbitrary standard. He is a sane and conservative critic. How will he, on critical grounds, justify the want of restraint in his theological speculations? Whatever the reply to this may turn out to be, it must bring a deep disappointment, and a real pain to Catholic students to learn that the *Life of Christ* on which Dr Sanday is expending so much learning and labour, will be written with presuppositions which will make it, for them, only a bitter blasphemy in reverent language, instead of the assistance and defence which they had confidently hoped from so sympathetic, so devout, and so eminent a scholar.

C.

THE literature of "Apologetics" has a bad name. To the unconvinced, it suggests a prejudiced attempt to defend foregone conclusions. To the believer, it seems to aim at the expression in abstract intellectual terms of something which entirely transcends the intellectual sphere; and, by consequence, to profane things heavenly by seeking to *place* them among the things of earth. But though philosophical theology can never take the place of religion, the unsupported witness of religious experience, whether individual or social, is always open to the charge of self-hypnotism, and this charge can only be answered on intellectual grounds. Hence there will always be room for any sincere attempt to think out the intellectual basis of religion. "Religious experience appeals for external support," says Mr William Temple in *The Faith and Modern Thought* (Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d. net. 172 pp.), and with remarkable simplicity, directness and candour, he undertakes the quest. His book consists of six lectures, given last autumn to the students of London University, under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Christian Unions, and now printed as they were delivered. His purpose is to popularize rather than to break new ground; and for the substance of the lectures he modestly disclaims all originality. He certainly has a con-

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siderable gift for the reduction of philosophical arguments to their simplest terms, and his style combines freshness with a dignified restraint to a quite unusual degree.

Opinions will differ widely as to the merits of this book. It is impossible to cover adequately the whole of Christian theology in 172 short pages; and many will condemn Mr Temple's treatment, especially in the last three lectures (on "The Person of Christ," "The Problem of Evil," and "The Spirit, the Church, and Life Eternal") as minimizing and utterly inadequate. As in the case of a much greater book, *Ecce Homo*, our verdict will depend on our principles of interpretation, and if Mr Temple is judged by his assertions rather than by omissions, the verdict will be favourable. All the lectures are full of suggestive thoughts and pregnant phrases. Though studiously moderate in expression, they are clearly the outcome of strong conviction. They are intended to meet the needs of young men grappling with the difficulty of relating the Faith in which they have been brought up to the facts of life and the demands of reason; and to this purpose they are admirably adapted.

W.H.M.

IN *The Court of William III* (E. and M. S. Grew. Mills & Boon. 15s. net) the authors state that it is their aim to show the King and those linked with him "as they appeared to their contemporaries." To a certain extent they have carried out their purpose, for in their sketches of councillors and courtiers they have drawn largely on letters and pamphlets of the times—among them some interesting, hitherto unpublished papers in Welbeck Abbey—and on the amusing, though scandalous, lampoons which brighten, with a dubious lustre, the political controversies of the day. At the same time, they have made no attempt to subdue their own strong prejudices, so that the book is coloured by modern and partisan views in a way which greatly lessens its value. The historical student will not consider seriously a work which does not so much as aspire to impartiality; and even the less critical reader, if dowered with a sense of fairness, a sense of humour, or the slightest acquaintance

The Court of William III

with facts, is likely to be irritated by so one-sided a presentment. From the first page to the last, the Dutch Deliverer is "a thing enskied and sainted." In the opening paragraph we read: "The genius of William III saved England from an enslaving despotism and a degrading religious coercion." And the closing eulogy informs us that: "So died the greatest man and greatest ruler who ever sat upon the English throne, whose reign had seen the beginnings of religious toleration and the freedom of the press and the establishment of public credit on a sound basis."

Enthusiasm is an admirable endowment for a biographer, but it should be tempered by justice and discretion, which counterbalancing qualities might have moved the writers to reflect on the absurdity of thus sweeping away the claims of all England's Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns (William I was an even greater usurper than William III), and to remember that the first effort towards religious toleration was not made by King William III, but by King James II, a truth too often ignored by the zealous Protestant historian. None can deny the military genius and statesman-skill of William of Orange, nor the eminent service which he rendered to England in many ways. Yet it may be pointed out that for that service he exacted a heavy price, since his foreign policy involved the nation in ruinous, though triumphant, wars for the sake of his continental ambitions. The form of this book, which consists of detached biographical sketches, slightly connected by general narrative, is convenient for the panegyrist. Thus we escape all mention of the Massacre of Glencoe, which left so ineffaceable a stain on William's ermine, and, while hearing more than enough of the treachery of the Stuarts, are never reminded of their supplanter's more deliberate and successful perjuries.

The fundamental unfairness of the book is the more to be regretted since the authors prove that, apart from their immense prepossessions, they can estimate character shrewdly and sketch it trenchantly. They give us excel-

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lent brief studies of many of the most notable politicians of the time, especially of Tom Wharton, one of the few convinced and honest men in a time-serving age, the roistering Whig who vaunted that his "Lilli Bulero" had sung James off the throne; of Halifax, the subtle, epicurean statesman, and Bentinck, King William's counsellor and countryman, his one friend in the land which he had claimed as his kingdom, but could never feel as his home. There is a touch of real human pathos in the story of the long friendship between sovereign and minister, and of the estrangement during which William bent his pride to entreat reconciliation and which never really ended till the king on his deathbed drew Bentinck's hand to his own heart.

On the whole, a survey of the court of William III does not enhance one's faith in human nature. Almost all the politicians there were secretly intriguing with the party of the king *de jure*, while for the moment they served the king *de facto*. Marlborough, serene and pre-eminent in treachery; the dexterous Sunderland, turn-coat in religion as in politics; the venal Danby; the vacillating Shrewsbury—the mind recoils from a study of these varying types of unscrupulous and shameless self-interest, and turns for relief to the memory of Dundee, dying in his heroic and desperate stand for King James. It must be owned that those ill-starred Stuarts, concerning whose sins and follies the writers wax so righteously indignant, had somehow the power of kindling a purer ardour of devotion than ever burned for the Dutch Deliverer.

D. McC.

POSSESSORS and lovers of that most soul-satisfying of anthologies, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, will turn with interest to *The Dublin Book of Irish Verse* (Hodges, Figgis and Co. 7s. 6d. net), which, according to Mr John Cooke, its editor, has been compiled on the same plan. The comparison is, it must be owned, a fairly audacious challenge; the more so, since the former collection goes back to the early days of English poetry, beginning with

The Dublin Book of Irish Verse

Chaucer and Lydgate, and James of Scotland, and the sweet nameless singers of that far-off spring, while the latter only includes work produced between 1728 and 1909. Only two or three translations from the ancient Gaelic are given, which is to be regretted, as there is great beauty in some of the early fragments which have drifted down to us, and they would have enriched what is but a slender ingathering beside the rich store of English verse. Yet, slender though it may be, this *Dublin Book* has a quality and charm of its own. Its appeal is not only literary; in fact, much which is extremely interesting as an expression of national feeling, does not rise to the level of true poetry. The writers for the *Nation*—Duffy, Dillon, and Thomas Osborne Davis—produced much stirring rhetorical verse, admirably adapted to its purpose, as a political war-cry, but not, for the most part, sounding the authentic poetic note. An exception must, of course, be made for Davis's lament for Owen Roe O'Neill, which, in its intensity of emotion and poignant perfection of utterance, may be ranked with the finest of the old border ballads. All desolation is summed up in the single line which tells of the unguided people after their leader's death:

Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky.

Turning to the work of James Clarence Mangan, we feel at once the presence of a different spirit. Nothing could be more vibrant with feeling, more charged with love of Ireland and hate of her foes, than his famous "Dark Rosaleen," yet we recognize in him no patriot or rebel using verse as a weapon, but one pre-eminently and essentially a poet. Mr Cooke has given an unusually good selection of Mangan's writings, showing his mastery of intricate rhythm, his instinct for strange and reverberant words, and the broken brilliancy of a mind which, dowered for great achievement, yet achieved so little.

To many readers, the most attractive pages of the volume will be those devoted to the poets of the so-called "Celtic Renaissance." A cynical critic once remarked

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that the only fault to be found with the term is that the literary movement thus designated is not Celtic and is not a Renaissance. A certain truth underlies the gibe. Writers like Yeats and "A.E.," Lionel Johnson and Norah Hoppper, can hardly be said to represent all the racial tendencies of the Celt, nor is their wistful and haunting music an echo from any strain of older days. It sounds with no clangour of far-off strife; the ambitions, tribal rivalries, keen loves and hates, heroisms and sins of unsubdued humanity, find there no expression, nor is the devotion that of the ages of faith. Fond as are all these poets of using the names of Ireland's saints and legendary heroes, they give us neither the spirit of Patrick and Columba, nor that of Cuchullain, car-borne through the battle. The wild old stories of passionate battles, and love as passionate, are by them softened to symbols, treated much as Maeterlinck treats his Arthurian nomenclature. The beauty of their work is not a revival, it is a creation, and one characteristic of the modern idealist,—dreamer, and doubter of his dreams. It is a beauty best felt in certain half disembodied moods of reverie; a poetry of woven winds, twilit distances, and desire so tremulously sweet, that it shrinks from the fulfilment of desire. The verse of Yeats is not given place enough in this collection. We miss the marvellous invocation, entitled "The Rose of Battle," which is of too rare and significant a loveliness for us to mar it by partial quotation, and that saddest and tenderest of love-songs, "When You are Old," in which the singer turns from the fading fairness of the body, to bid his lady remember

But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

To pass to a lesser, but still very exquisite writer, it is a disappointment to find that Mr Cooke has included nothing by Katharine Tynan, whose delicate and gracious simplicity is all her own. On the other hand, the editor has gathered up into this single volume much beautiful minor verse, "which scatteringly doth shine" in other books, and for which readers have hitherto had to wander far.

Canadian Born

He has, for instance, chosen the one unforgettable poem in Miss Emily Lawless's "Wild Geese," the return of the banished souls freed in the battle of Fontenoy. Sidney Lysaght's "The Unexplored" and "To, my Comrades" will bring a pang of pleasure to those who are yet strangers to his work. "The Dark Palace," by Alice Milligan, is a small masterpiece which, with its inner rhymes and curious assonances, comes near the magic of original Gaelic song.

Ah, woe unbounded! where the harp once sounded
The wind now sings;
The grey grass shivers, where the mead in rivers
Was out-poured for kings;
The min and the methar are lost together
With the spoil of spears;
The strong dun only has stood dark and lonely
For a thousand years.

It will be seen that *The Dublin Book of Irish Verse*, though not, perhaps, equal to the *Lyra Celtica* of William Sharp, or the Celtic anthology edited by Stopford Brooke, is yet a volume which the lover of Ireland and her poets will not lightly forego. D.McC.

WRITING in the first person has many obvious defects, but there are forms of narrative in which it has immense advantages. It is difficult to think of any recent book which could have gained more from being written in the first person than *Canadian Born* by Mrs Humphry Ward (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.). If Elizabeth had been allowed to write her own story of her journey in Canada it would have given unity to the narrative and it would have lost the guide-book touch that now worries the reader. It is obvious, and, of course, it has been said often before, that *Canadian Born* attempts to combine too many different elements; it is a tract of the nobler school of political sympathies, a book of travels and a love story. If it had been simply and avowedly the experiences of Elizabeth in Canada it could have achieved its different objects with at least much greater, if not complete, success. Elizabeth could have told us enough about herself

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and she could not have told us quite so much. Whereas the fine descriptions of the amazing scenery and the equally amazing activities of Canada need not have been lost if described by one who understood their fascination so well. There are better passages in Elizabeth's letter to her mother showing the impression of Canada on her mind than the constant analysis of that impression in the rest of the book.

I am suffering from a new kind of *folie des grandeurs*. The world has suddenly grown so big; everything in the human story—all its simple fundamental things, at least—is writ so large here. Hope and ambition—love and courage—the man wrestling with the earth—the woman who bears and brings up children—it is as though I had never felt, never seen them before. They rise out of the dust and mist of our modern life—great shapes warm from the breast of Nature—and I hold my breath. Behind them, for landscape, all the dumb age-long past of these plains and mountains; and in front, the future on the loom, and the young radiant nation, shuttle in hand, moving to and fro at her unfolding task!—

How unfair to Mr Arthur that this queer intoxication of mine should have altered him so in my foolish eyes!—as though one had scrubbed all the golden varnish from an old picture, and left it crude and charmless. It is not his fault—it is mine. In Europe we loved the same things; his pleasure kindled mine. But here he enjoys nothing that I enjoy; he is longing for a tiresome day to end, when my heart is just singing for delight. For it is not only Canada in the large that holds me, but all its dear, human, dusty, incoherent detail—all its clatter of new towns and spreading farms—of pushing railways and young parliaments—of road-making and bridge-making—of saw mills and lumber camps—detail so different from anything I have ever discussed with Arthur Delaine before. Some of it is ugly, I know—I don't care! It is like a Rembrandt ugliness—that only helps and ministers to a stronger beauty, the beauty of prairie and sky, and the beauty of the human battle, the battle of blood and brain, with the earth and her forces.

Canadian Born has the usual defect in Mrs Humphry Ward's books, that she will do all the work herself and leave nothing to the minds of her readers. She insists on

The Canonisation of Saints

telling us all about it, whether it be a type, or a contrast, or a spiritual struggle between old customs and new ideals; whatever it is, there is always an explanation. It is painfully clear that she thinks the public have eyes that do not see for themselves.

Yet this may be true from the point of view of the higher politics—it may be that the vast public that will read *Canadian Born* needs to have its lesson rubbed in hard. In view of those great sympathies that must be awakened in the heart of the mother country if she is to keep in step in imagination with the great stride of the young nation, it may be worth while to press the lesson home with any sacrifice of art. No honest person who has read *Canadian Born* can fail to feel sympathy aroused and admiration quickened for the “nation that’s a building” with such huge courage and hope. And that, after all, was the aim and object of the writing of *Canadian Born*.
K.

THERE are some books which, when written, make their readers wonder why in the world they had never been written before. Here, for example, in *The Canonisation of Saints* (by the Very Rev. Thomas F. Macken. Gill and Son. 5s. pp. 291), we have, for the first time, a popular, yet perfectly scholarly and accurate account, written with great clearness, of the processes by which a servant of God is raised to the altars of the Church, with a description of all the conditions required for such processes, and all the circumstances, down even to the ceremonies themselves and the expenses connected with them. The book is quite admirably done, and constructed in such a way as to interest and inform its readers, however well or ill educated; and it is pleasantly printed and bound, with only one or two very trifling misprints. We are under a great obligation to Canon Macken for having undertaken this work, which will be of real value to Catholics, both for their own information, and when challenged by enquirers, or critics, of the supposed want of care on the part of the Church in these matters. Certainly, that charge is abundantly answered here. The book is prefaced

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by a warmly appreciative letter—well deserved—from Cardinal Logue. B.

ANOTHER volume of Père Gillett's most useful series of "Conferences" to the students of Louvain University has just been published. In *Devoir et Conscience* (pp. 322. 3 fr. 50 c. Desclée, Paris. 1910) the author follows much the same plan as in the preceding courses of lectures. The work is divided into three parts. In Part I he considers the facts or phenomena of conscience in their relation to the philosophical foundations of morality. In Part II he investigates some factors entering into what he terms "objective" education of conscience. Part III is devoted to the "subjective" education of conscience. In this he discusses scruples and other psychological maladies coming under moral hygiene. The work, as a whole, possesses merits of the same kind as the previous volumes, with the limitations inevitable in the effort to treat philosophical problems in short conferences. Each such lecture has to aim at a certain completeness in itself; and this is difficult to secure without sometimes curtailing the treatment of a topic unduly in proportion to its importance as compared with other subjects. In the first conference the author raises the interesting question as to the value of innocence founded mainly on ignorance of evil. He urges with considerable force the dangers attendant on this state of mind at the present time. It is becoming more and more difficult every day effectually to shut out all evil influences, intellectual and moral. Extrinsic protection is possible, he contends, only for a short period in early youth at the very most, and then the young Catholic will inevitably be assailed by all sorts of evil agencies.

Non seulement les livres, les revues les journaux colportent partout ces idées, mais ils y mettent tant d'insistence et d'habileté qu'en vertu d'une sorte d'endosmose, elles finissent par pénétrer les milieux en apparence les plus réfractaires et à les influencer. Si donc, vous n'êtes pas avertis, si vous restez "innocents" il vous arrivera ce qui arrive à tant d'autres; vous vous laisserez endormir

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et comme chloroformer par ces théories capiteuses, votre sens moral s'é moussera et, presque inconsciemment, vous passerez à l'ennemi (p. 23).

This is very true, but still the practical problem remains a difficult and delicate one, especially in view of the brevity of the period available for school education. If the Catholic pupil is to be acquainted with intellectual error and moral evil, the instruction must be cautious, and care must be taken that the antidote be really provided at the same time, or the results may be even less satisfactory than those of the "traditional education." Chapters iii and iv contain some useful criticism of the moral sense and utilitarian theories of morality, whilst chapter v, on scientific ethics, is one of the best in the book. The attempt to reduce ethics to a branch of sociology and to identify moral and physical laws has undoubtedly tended to spread more widely outside the Church. The error has been aided by the superficial fallacy based on the ambiguity of the word, "law." The moral precept commanding free obedience is confounded with the generalization of certain observed uniformities of human action. The two are, however, fundamentally different. The one prescribes an ideal to be freely striven after; the other is a summary register describing necessary tendencies in matters of fact. Père Gillet's brief treatment of the subject is very suitable at the present time. In Part III there are two chapters on the psychology of scrupulosity and laxism. We fancy there is less danger of the former than of the latter among university students. It contains also a short section on "la Morale laïque," which we wish had been much longer. The "Conferences," as a whole, keep up to the good standard with which the series started.

M.M.

IN their handsome, admirably illustrated and highly interesting book, *With a Prehistoric People* (London: Edward Arnold. 1910. Price, 21s. net), Mr and Mrs Routledge give a detailed account of the Akikuyû of British East Africa. The title of their book is rather rhetorical in

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its character, for, of course, these are not a prehistoric people any more than the Arûnta, or any other race in a condition of primitive civilization. Yet the title is justified to this extent, that, in studying the operations and, perhaps, also the beliefs of the Akikuyû, we are studying the conditions—or something very like them—which obtained in the far-off days, when these islands were inhabited by races in very much the same stage of intellectual development. “Present at trial by ordeal, the life of our Saxon forefathers becomes a living reality; watching the potmaker and the smith, the hand of the clock is put back yet farther, and the dead of Britain’s tumuli go once more about their daily avocations” (p. xvii). The accounts of iron-smelting on an open hearth are most interesting, and do, indeed, throw a light on the way in which this process must have been accomplished in England during the Early Iron Age. Moreover, the fact that the smith is the only skilled workman of his country amongst the members of this race, helps us to understand the position of his brother smith in early times, and the magic powers which were so commonly attributed to him. The authors have placed side by side on the same plate a Bronze Age jar from England, and a modern object of the same kind from Africa. The close resemblance must strike the most casual observer, and the fact of this close resemblance makes the very careful account of the process of pot-making, which the authors give, of intense interest to the student of prehistoric archæology. If there be such a resemblance between the handicrafts and domestic utensils of the two races and countries, it is, at least, permissible to surmise that there may also be some correspondence between their mental attitudes towards things seen and unseen, and all these matters—so far as they were able to study them—are carefully detailed by the authors.

Here it may be permissible to extend a word of gratitude for the modest and reserved manner in which the authors deal with these questions, conscious, as not all writers appear to be conscious, that if it is difficult enough to find out what an educated man’s attitude towards such

With a Prehistoric People

things is, it must be ten times as difficult to find out what that of a savage—unaccustomed to any particular kind of psychological analysis—is to such matters, for example, as the being and attributes of the Deity. However, we have certain points in their attitude of mind brought out clearly enough. First of all it is exceedingly interesting to find them in full enjoyment of a most complete system of private property in land, a system which they are only too apprehensive that the British Government—ever prone to suppose that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander—may alter to a system more like that of the British Isles. Further, it is rather destructive of picturesque conceptions as to the simple life of the primitive man to find that wealth is held in immense respect, and that Dives will even be better off after death than Lazarus. A favourite prayer of the Akikuyû (*mutatis mutandis* it is the prayer of many others, we suspect) is “O God my Father, give me goats, give me sheep, give me children, that I may be rich, O God my Father” (p. 227).

In the next place attention may be called to their system of justice, which, rough as it is, yet seems to secure the objects of detecting and preventing crime. And here a very pregnant warning on the part of the authors may be quoted, a warning which ought to be graven on the eyelids—to quote the *Arabian Nights*—of those who go forth to administer the affairs of Crown Colonies. “Not only has the native access to information impossible to his superiors, but it is also extremely doubtful whether amongst an uncivilized people the methods of a white man’s court are always conducive to the ends of justice. The effect on the native mind of a culprit, whose guilt is well known, let off because of some technical flaw in the evidence, is disastrous to a degree.”

Lastly, attention may be called to their attitude towards the things unseen—confessedly the most difficult thing to ascertain in the case of primitive races. Mr. Routledge was told by one of the natives that “God (N’gài) lives on Kènya (a mountain). . . . He has no father nor mother, nor wife, nor children; He is all alone.” Further,

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“God does not eat. He is neither a child nor an old man; He is the same to-day as He was yesterday” These views seem clear enough, but, on the other hand, we learn that “the prayer of a Medicine-Man, when he invokes Divine aid, is addressed to God, the Sun, or Kènya, as ‘all the same thing.’”

These and other thoughts in connexion with the Deity were obtained by the authors from natives whom they believed to be “uncontaminated” by contact with missionaries, and thus repositories of genuine native ideas. If such be the case, it is clear that these chapters are worthy of careful study by those dealing with the question of primitive ideas of God.

In concluding this notice of a very interesting and suggestive book, one point may be mentioned in which the simple savage far surpasses our more complex and sophisticated civilization. He makes an intoxicating liquor, as practically all races do, but no one is allowed to taste it until he has become an elder, and, what is really remarkable, the younger men do not show any wish to be allowed to partake of it. Further, “Drunkenness is not considered ludicrous, and a sot is despised.” Proprietors of music-halls and compilers of the lighter kind of stage amusements might note this attitude of mind and imitate it with great advantage.

B.C.A.W.

THE work which the house of Beauchesne, in Paris, is doing for Catholic Theology will, we hope, be very great indeed. Four numbers of its *Études* on the History of Religions have already appeared, on the religion of Buddha, of Islam, Ancient Egypt and of “les primitifs” respectively, and strike a mean between the extremes of popular and technical treatment, which is wholly satisfactory. Of the more important *Bibliothèque de Théologie Historique*—in which the volumes upon Tertullian, on Hippolytus (d’Alès), on Bellarmin (de la Servière), on St Paul (Prat), and others have won such universal approbation—the last publication is by far the most considerable. It is *Les Origines du Dogme de la*

Le Dogme de la Trinité

Trinité, by Jules Lebreton, Professor of the History of Christian Origins at the Catholic Institute of Paris (1910: 7 fr. 50c.: pp. xxvi and 569). This volume, which studies the Hellenic environment of, and the Jewish preparation for, the first appearance of the Christian dogma, carries us no further than the period of the New Testament; the second volume will pursue the historical inquiry through the Greek Fathers to Augustine.

The method is, indeed, throughout, historical. In the inspired pages is sought, "not the rule of our faith, but the expression of the faith of their authors," the quotations are not made "as juridical texts, to cut short a debate, but as historical documents, to mark the development of a doctrine." The writer has sought to catch "the manifold echo which the revelation awakened in human souls, the faith and life it provoked therein." He has not wished to add "one more to the polemical works which have run riot" in our times; "it had been our hope to make the dear and sacred past live anew amongst ourselves, to reproduce its direct impression, such as the earliest days received it. Now that the book has been published, we feel how poorly it answers to that dream: *Que le lecteur en excuse l'imperfection: que notre Maître nous la pardonne*" (pp. i-iii). In our narrow limits, a simple exposition of some of the rich contents of the book will be, we feel, more useful than any personal comment or appreciation.

The introduction (pp. xiii-xxvi) explains the method and scope of the book, and breaks the ground which the author deals with more minutely in the rest of the volume.

The First Book, examining the Hellenic environment, naturally falls into two parts. It deals, first, with the general question of contemporary popular worship, pagan trinities, Emperor-cult, oriental influence in the Roman-Hellenic world, and the prevalent philosophical or religio-philosophical interpretations of all this; second, with the uniquely important cross-currents of Logos doctrines. These, from Heraclitus, through Stoic-dynamic im-

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manentism, and the confluence of Greek and Egyptian Hermes and Thot mythology, reached Plutarch, and through him and his like spread widely in a dualized form, where God and Logos transcend the universe. This dualism is accounted for by the gigantic influence of Plato and Aristotle, though, to them, the Logos doctrine properly so called is unknown. In a purer monistic form, the current of Logos-thought reaches Marcus Aurelius, but with him dies, pouring over into Gnosticism, Manicheism, and Neoplatonism, the great post-Christian Churches, in its Alexandrian, dualized variety. The Logos-doctrine of Philo (pp. 153-205), who married the Jewish transcendental monotheism to the Platonized Stoicism, from which Plutarch equally drew, is naturally discussed in the Second Book, which treats of the Judaic Preparation. But, already, we have seen thesis after thesis collapse. Plato was once presented as the source of the Johannine Logos. Philo has replaced him with scarcely better right. The tendency is setting away from this view, and it is becoming clear, that whatever Philo's eclectic system contained, it excluded a Logos who could be personified and be made flesh. But before Philo is reached, the records of the Old Testament are examined; the ideas of God, Spirit, Wisdom, Word, and Messiah are pursued across the historical, prophetic, and sapiential literature into the peculiar religion of Palestinian Judaism (pp. 125-152); and the writer traces the course of the same ideas in the Apocalyptic books, the traditions of the synagogue, and in the special evidence of the Targums. It is pleasant to see how indispensable has become the assistance of the magnificent work which the Dominican school of Jerusalem now affords. Lagrange's *Messianisme*, and the treasures of the *Revue Biblique* contribute much to the authority of this part of Fr Lebreton's book.

In the Third Book, the Christian revelation is unfolded, and the floating, inconclusive ideas and aspirations of the manifold past are gathered up, transcended, and transformed in the person of Jesus Christ. This is watched in the Synoptists, the child-Church, Paul; in the *Hebrews*,

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the Apocalypse, and the fourth Gospel. Here Fr Lebreton is, perhaps, on ground he has made more peculiarly his own; certainly his touch is sure and unhesitating, and, considering the vast erudition to which these pages (relieved of all but necessary references) witness, singularly light. In the conclusion (pp. 430-436), the relation of the Christian dogma to the Gnostic or pre-Gnostic theories, in which somewhat similar elements were held, as it were, in suspension, are discussed.

A few rather more technical notes follow, in which we especially remark that on the extent to which the mystery of the Trinity as such is to be detected in the Old Testament; that on Christ's "ignorance" of the last day; on the very important verses, Matt. xi, 25-27, Luke x, 21-22; on the Baptismal Formula, so curiously regarded by Mr Conybeare as a post-Nicene interpolation; on the Seven Spirits which are before God's throne; and on the particular relation in which John stands to Philo.

Five very complete indices conclude this volume, in which we have found of special interest the sections treating of the Spirit, and its relation to the Divinity—among the Stoics (pp. 74-88), in the Old Testament (pp. 100-110), in Palestinian Judaism, where its personification is practically, and for the first time, accomplished (pp. 137-143); and finally in the New Testament, where its appearance in the Apocalypse (pp. 371-373) is of peculiar interest.

There is a lucidity, a directness, and, as we said, a firmness of touch about this work, which render it peculiarly convincing. Extremely wide reading and discriminating use of the most varied material are joined with a scrupulous fidelity to Catholic tradition, with personal modesty, and profound reverence for the tremendous subject. We should wish to see a competent translator forthwith at work upon this book for the International Catholic Library.

We have tried to give the reader a view of what Fr Lebreton's book contains, rather than to point out, for instance, in how many ways it will be of incalculable

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value, not only to the historian, the apologist, and others, but to each and every theological student, and to the layman of alert mind, whose interest in the origins of his religion is not dormant; and we can but recall how significantly a book like this may help to remodel many a scriptural or patristic proof of the dogmatic or theological positions supported in the schools. C.C.M.

AFTER his excursion into the next world in his last novel, *The Glimpse*, Mr Arnold Bennett has returned to the Five Towns. The scene of *Helen with the High Hand* (Chapman & Hall. 6s.) is laid in Bursley, where we first met Mr Povey and the two sisters of the *Old Wives' Tale*. But the story of Helen and her brow-beaten old uncle is not by any means so well worth telling as that of the "Old Wives." Possibly, Mr Bennett felt so himself, and therefore gave less pains to the telling; for his latest novel is slight, and is written in the new, smart and superficial manner that is so unworthy of the author of the *Old Wives' Tales*. In the latter amazingly clever novel Mr Bennett taught us to expect something quite unique from his pen. A certain amount of cynicism and dry ridicule of human weakness there was, it is true. But there was no trace of vulgarity or *banalité* in a single character of that masterpiece. The heroine of *Helen with the High Hand*, however, is not only a thoroughly vulgar young woman, she is besides unscrupulous as to money matters and tells lies; she is domineering and selfish, vain and ostentatious. And when, having subjected every one who comes within her reach to her terribly lower-middle-class needs, she finally succumbs herself to the brute-force methods of courtship of Andrew Dean we are not really very sorry to part company with her.

The lower middle-class is what Mr Arnold Bennett likes to draw, and when he draws it as content in its station and proud of it, it is full of dignity and worth, and one would not wish its ideals and habits to be other for a moment. But when Helen transports her granduncle from the humble little house where he contentedly amassed his fortune, to

Shelley

the pretentious grandeur of Wilbraham Hall, immediately the element of vulgarity is introduced. The German butler is boring and quite unreal, and when high tea is abandoned for late dinner poor old James Ollerenshaw's degradation seems complete. And we would like to urge Mr Bennett in his next novel to make a rule not to mention the starched and frilled cap and apron of any maidservant. In *The Glimpse* he seemed unable to forget his house-parlourmaid for more than two pages; and it is the same in his latest novel. As soon as Helen's high hand has established the capped and aproned Georgiana on the scenes she seems never to leave them, and she (Georgiana) really is not a very interesting personage.

In fact, they are rather an ignoble lot, this new set of Staffordshire men and women. They were not so in *Leonora* or *The Old Wives' Tale*, or others of Mr Bennett's earlier novels. He cannot expect his readers to accept commonplace characters simply because they have a flavour of the Five Towns and are set with that atmosphere. No one in *Helen of the High Hand* seems to have a heart. It is this, probably, that makes their ambitions so vulgar and commonplace. It is amusingly written and one is betrayed into a laugh every now and then at some turn of a phrase or touch of local colour. But we expect better things of a novelist who has before done work of such rare excellence as to make this last novel show cheap and unworthy by its side. C. B.

WHY do so many people number Shelley among their favourite poets? Nowadays, why is he so widely admired, while to his contemporaries he seemed a fiend incarnate? Supposing the present-day view to be correct, wherein lies his especial charm? Then, in character, was he the blackest of villains? Libertine, revolutionary, atheist? Or is Matthew Arnold right when he calls him "a beautiful, ineffectual angel"?

Mr Clutton-Brock has supplied us with answers to all these questions in his latest work, *Shelley: the Man and the Poet* (Methuen. 7s. 6d.). Though the professed intention

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of the book is to make a story of Shelley's life, what we are given is rather a masterly analysis of his character. Mr Brock says, in his introduction, that he has written the book to please himself, that in it he wants to show Shelley as he really was, to "treat him as a human being, and try to show he was one, full of character, and energy and charm, interesting because of his very imperfections, because of the ceaseless struggles of his not omnipotent will." For, we are told, "it was part of his imperfection that he believed his will to be omnipotent over his nature, and saw no reason why it should not be omnipotent over the outside world." He fatally confused will and appetite. "He was not aware of the animal that existed in him, as in all men. He mistook his appetites and instincts for will; they seemed to him to be all spiritual, and he has represented them as spiritual in his poetry." Thus, Shelley was never in conflict with himself, never ashamed of anything, but was always writing prose and verse to prove that he was right in all he did. His conflict was with the world outside him, and when anything in that world failed to come up to his standard of perfection—which was often—his attempt was ever to "shatter it to bits, and then remould it nearer to his heart's desire." His views on the good and bad in the universe he has expressed most clearly in "Prometheus Unbound." Evil, he holds, is not inherent in man, not man's own fault, but man is the innocent victim of wickedness. This, added to the hatred of any form of tyranny—real or imagined—ever present in Shelley's, as in all romantic, generous temperaments, sufficiently explains his open rebellion against human laws and institutions.

But if Mr Clutton-Brock has treated this side of the poet's character at some length, it must not be supposed that he has neglected the rest. Particularly does he make him live before us in the days of his eager, sentimental youth. Anxiously do we watch in him the rise of the various qualities that are to make him so great and so unhappy. The warm-hearted generosity through which he will always be so poor, but which is to cause even that

Greek Papyri

cynic, Byron, to declare him to be the best, and least selfish man he ever knew. The idealism and chivalrous ardour which are to make him a poet, but also somewhat of a pessimist. The childlike disregard of evil, which is fated to bring so much trouble both to himself and others, and which is to be the reason why one generation has pictured him with horns and a tail, and the next with wings and a halo.

The effect of these characteristics on his writings is cleverly drawn, and each work is fully treated for its own literary merits. The chapter on "The Defence of Poetry" is particularly interesting, though, of course, his readers are at liberty to differ from Mr Clutton-Brock in his views on the nature of art, in the same way that he does with Shelley.

E.S.H.

THE Egyptian papyri, which are now so necessary for the student of the New Testament, are not easily accessible, for they are scattered in multitudinous expensive publications. Dr Milligan deserves gratitude for producing a fascinating little book of specimens for the ordinary student who is not a specialist (*Selections from the Greek Papyri*, edited, with translations and notes, by George Milligan, D.D., Minister of Caputh, Perthshire. Cambridge Univ. Press. 1910. 5s. net.). The fifty-five numbers are all very interesting, and many of them are amusing. The first is a most business-like marriage contract of B.C. 311; the last is a Christian prayer, or amulet, addressed to St Serenus. Between these we have many vivid private letters, petitions, wills, contracts, invitations, magical formulas, etc. There is included, of course, the famous letter of a boy to his father, who had gone to Alexandria without him, also the letter of the Christian priest, Psenosiris, about a woman who was exiled for her faith to the Great Oasis, and one of the certificates of having sacrificed during the Decian persecution. Here is a letter from a husband to his wife, written B.C. 1:

Hilarion to Alis, his sister, heartiest greetings, and to my dear Berous and Apollonarion. Know that we are still even now in Alexandria. Do not worry if, when all the others return, I remain in Alexandria. I beg and beseech of you to take care of the little

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child, and as soon as we receive wages I will send them to you. If—good luck to you—you bear offspring, if it is a male, let it live; if it is a female, expose it. You told Aphrodisias, “Do not forget me,” How can I forget you? I beg you, therefore, not to worry. The 29th year of Caesar, Pauni 23.

Hilarion to Alis, deliver.

A letter of the fourth century offers a great contrast:

To my Lord and dear brother, Paphnutius, the son of Chrestophorus, Justinus sends greeting . . . which it was necessary to be written to your clemency, my dear Lord. We believe that your citizenship is in heaven. Wherefore, we regard you as master and new patron. In order that I may not, by much writing, prove myself an idle babbler, for “in the multitude of words they shall not escape sin,” I beseech you, master, to remember me in your holy prayers, in order that I may be able to receive my part in the cleansing of sins. For I am one of the sinners. I pray you, be pleased to receive the little gift of oil at the hands of our brother Macarius. I add many greetings to all our brethren in the Lord. May the divine Providence preserve you in good health for very many years in the Lord Jesus Christ, dear Lord.

There was more than one saint in Egypt, at the time, of the names both of Macarius and of Paphnutius, which were very common in Egypt. But the Paphnutius here addressed lives among “brethren,” and would seem to be eminent for holiness. It is natural to think of St Paphnutius, the abbot, of Scete, who was visited by Cassian and by St Melania. St Macarius of Alexandria had a cell at Scete, as well as at Nitria and the Cells, and he moved about from one desert to another, for they were all adjoining. He would be a natural person to carry a letter to Paphnutius from some younger hermit of the Cells, or Nitria, who wished for the prayers of the celebrated abbot that he might obtain the perfect remission of his sins, for which he had come into the desert. That the writer was a monk is suggested by the reference to the value of silence (Prov. x, 19). Though not susceptible of proof, these conjectures make the letter more living. Every one of the documents chosen by Dr Milligan has its own points of interest. His introduction and notes are admirable. It is to be hoped this little volume may be used as a text-book in seminaries. C.

Dame Gertrude More

WE can never have too much of books that reveal not merely external events of the past, for these must ultimately become exhausted, but the points of view and the minds of the people who took part in them. These are simply inexhaustible. For this reason then, no doubt, memoirs are always more interesting than histories. It is a very rare thing, however, to find books, coming to us out of the past, in which events are reduced to a minimum, indeed are practically non-existent, and the workings of a mind form the only "history." It is still more rare to find that two such interior lives are revealed in the account of one, given by another. Of this very exceptional class is *The Inner Life and Writings of Dame Gertrude More*, composed by the Ven. Father Augustine Baker, the famous mystical author, and edited, admirably, by Dom Benedict Weld-Blundell, O.S.B. (Washbourne, 5s. Vol. I. pp. 310.) The heroine, whose devotions have been published already, was a descendant of B. Thomas More himself, and became a Religious in the new Benedictine house at Cambray in 1623; she died ten years later, aged only twenty-seven years. Her director for the greater part of her religious life was Father Baker himself.

But the main interest of the book lies in her spiritual development under Father Baker's system of prayer. She began, it is rather cheering to observe, in a very unsatisfactory way: she was "far from contented in her interior; her conscience daily became more burdened, and her imperfections grew apace. Indeed, every day she receded further from perfection and from God . . . Even her natural disposition began to deteriorate, and she grew deceitful, wilful, fractious and full of every kind of defect. And having a good capacity . . . she soon acquired all the subtleties, policies and stratagems that may be learnt in a religious house where true spirituality does not flourish, and where the doctrine of self-abnegation is not practised." These are very severe words, and they are Father Baker's own. She attempted to improve; she read spiritual books, she consulted priests; and she remained uneasy and imperfect. Yet almost from the moment when she accepted her new director's guidance, matters began to mend; and she died almost the death of a saint—utterly

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happy, patient, possessing her soul; and not even requiring a confessor to be with her during her last moments: she had found the Pax that is framed in thorns.

Naturally it is impossible to describe the process as Father Baker describes it, but perhaps a hint of its nature may be given by saying that she found peace by the road of peace. She was allowed, to a great extent, to follow what seemed her own wishes: in reality they were the motions of grace shaped by her own temperament. Her director was never weary of urging on her that her true director was God Himself: and she obtained extraordinary proficiency in recollection and the practice of His presence. It is a book, then, most encouraging to souls disheartened by prayer, and most useful to their directors.

B.

IN answer to the *Orpheus* of Salomon Reinach (reviewed last April), Mgr P. Batiffol has just published a series of lectures given at Versailles, at the request of the bishop (*Orpheus et l'Évangile*. Paris: Gabalda et Cie. 1910, 284 pp.). He has dealt only with the origins of Christianity, and he has written more positively than controversially, so that the book will be useful to those who have not read *Orpheus*, and will serve as a reply to "liberal" views in general. It is eminently readable as well as thorough, and it gives an excellent though brief description of the solid historical basis on which our knowledge of the life of Christ rests. An idea of the contents may be gathered from the headings of the chapters: The Silence of Josephus—Rabbis and Romans—The Catholic Canon—St Paul—The Author of Acts—The Gospels—The Authenticity of the Discourses of Jesus—The Historical Character of the Evangelical Narrative. Mgr Batiffol was exceptionally well fitted for the task he has undertaken, on account of his familiarity with all that has been written on the subject of late years in English and German as well as in French.

C.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN

[*Concluded*]

The Life of Cardinal Vaughan. By John George Snead-Cox.
London: Herbert and Daniel. 1910.

THE establishment of the College for Foreign Missions on which I dwelt at length in the first portion of my review of the *Life of Cardinal Vaughan* brings before us the man's strength. It does not call attention to the side of his nature in which he was less perfectly equipped. His campaign of preaching and begging gave ample opportunity for the display of his energy, his invincible tenacity of purpose, his power of sustained and arduous work for the great objects of religion without any help from human sympathy. It gave opportunity for the exercise of the personal influence he had in virtue of his high character and of a certain charm which made him as irresistible for those who felt it as he was unsympathetic to those who did not. He showed also in the actual working of the College a very considerable power of learning by experience, modifying extreme measures when he found them to be unworkable.

Where, indeed, he could choose the work to be done, and himself had the management of it, he had an extraordinary faculty for carrying a scheme through, for he knew his own limitations as well as his powers. But life presents comparatively few opportunities where this is possible. Men have to take their share in the movements of the time, originated by others, and representing the aims and ideals of others. They have to deal with circumstances created by very many diverse characters and natures. And their actions affect not only the few who are their instruments and whom they can guide, but many on whose lives they impinge incidentally. An immense and complicated machinery is already at work in human society. And where machinery is complex a very slight action may have a very disturbing effect, while the greatest force and persistence may have no effect at all

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if directed wrongly. A very slight movement of a child's finger will make it necessary to send a watch to the watchmaker before it will go. The utmost human force that attempts to check the wheel of a steam engine by pressing against it has no appreciable effect on it at all. Accurate scientific knowledge is needed to deal with a machine safely and successfully. The driver can stop the engine or set it going with the slightest exertion rightly applied. Here, then, is a call for qualities other than those in which Vaughan was pre-eminent. And the reviewer who attempts to describe this remarkable man from the materials presented in his biography must give some indication of the powers he had not as well as of those he had.

In honesty as in tenacity of purpose Cardinal Vaughan was, as I have said, almost unrivalled. His single-minded devotion to duty and desire to learn and correct his own mistakes were as remarkable as his zeal and energy, raising these qualities on to a far higher plane than that of obstinate stubbornness. Here was an immense initial driving force and a potent principle of sustained action. But in dealing with the movements of the day, in tracing their sources and forecasting the probable issue of what he did, our estimate of his powers must be more moderate. When it was a case of carrying out a policy already determined by his party—as in the question of primary education for Catholics—he was very successful. Catholic education was by the whole Catholic community acknowledged to be a necessity. The perplexing questions which may be raised in connexion with partial concessions to the principle of mixed education in order to suit modern exigencies were ruled out of Court. The important thing was to estimate the practical consequences of proposed measures in their bearing on the interests of Catholics, and to press insistently for what was essential. Here Vaughan's honest and straightforward mind, his absence of all *arrière pensée* to other interests and his good practical sense as well as his resolute persistence were invaluable. Again, when it was a necessity for the Bishops to protect themselves from encroachments on diocesan interests

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from the Jesuits and other religious orders, he was an admirable as well as an untiring advocate. Few chapters in his Life are more characteristic than the twelfth, which describes his long-drawn-out duel with Father Gallwey. When the line of action was fairly simple and was marked out for him he followed it with a success often almost equal to that which attended him in his own chosen schemes. It was where he had himself to review the situation in which he found himself and determine on his own line that his success could not always be relied on.

In his dealings, indeed, as Bishop at Manchester, with business men, whose views and wishes were plainly avowed by themselves and understood by him, he was quite at home. Judgement had not in such cases to be very subtle. Straightforward and reliable action and a thorough knowledge of his own mind were great assets in his favour. But in a more complex society, or in fields to which he was more or less a stranger, he was less successful. The very clearness of his logic, the very habit of resting on a few simple ideal principles, which made him so successful when he could choose his conditions or thoroughly grasped the relevant circumstances, or when he held a brief for others, were sometimes obstacles in a more complex atmosphere. When people's aims were mixed and their motives either unacknowledged or outside his own definite but restricted purview, he might totally misconceive a situation, and consequences followed which he did not foresee or desire. The quick sympathy, the perception of the effect of word or action on others, must in such an atmosphere run faster than logic if mistake is to be avoided. Such perceptions exist in some men as a kind of instinct, and are perfected by experience of the world and of many men. Without them many danger signals are invisible. Logic advances the more fearlessly and impetuously from the clearness with which it sees its goal, while the obstacles are invisible to it. If only a few have the perceptions of which I speak sufficiently for conspicuous success, most men of wide experience acquire them so far as to protect them from

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positive mistakes. Herbert Vaughan was not endowed by nature with these perceptions, and his experience of the world had been somewhat limited.

The almost intuitive appreciation of public opinion of which I speak tells a man where it must be yielded to if we are to guide it, how on Baconian principles it is to be conquered by yielding to it. Tenacity of purpose without it may be a positive evil, for mistakes are persisted in. In extreme instances (among which we certainly cannot place the late Cardinal) we are apt to recall Bossuet's words to Abbé de Rancy, "A good intention with little enlightenment is a serious evil in high places." In Vaughan's own case we need not go beyond his own judgement of himself. With a noble honesty which is rare indeed, and which almost disarms criticism, he wrote himself to the Pontiff before his appointment to the See of Westminster pointing out certain deficiencies in his equipment for dealing with the great world. "A person," he wrote, "may succeed in the subordinate position of a Bishop in a provincial city such as Manchester, and yet he may be unfit to be Metropolitan and fill the See of Westminster. The duties are of a very different order and require very different qualifications. I do not possess those high qualities. . . . It will be very easy in such a position as the See of Westminster to compromise the interests of religion by errors of judgement—and the very quality of a certain tenacity and determination would make those errors still more serious."

I am far from denying that, even in the larger and more complex world with which he was in contact as Archbishop, his single directness did at times have a great and salutary effect—the more salutary from its contrast with the ways of the world on which he had to act. Straightforwardness rebuked crookedness, singleness of aim and unselfishness rebuked worldliness and self-seeking, and made them ashamed. But if we are endeavouring to give a picture of the man, to depict light and shadow, it is to a certain want of perception of the forces at work in a large and complex society that the less successful

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side of his career is to be ascribed. The absurd misconception of him as an arrogant prelate, swaggering, loving display, bent on enforcing Roman dominion, finds the explanation which is its best refutation in a certain want of perception in him as to the effect of what he did on a public which he did not wholly understand. If a certain external state realized in his mind what was seemly for a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, he acted on his view. Such state was familiar to one who had spent so much of his early life in Rome. He did not realize the effect of a new departure in this respect on a community only just emerging from the ideas of Roman aggression, which had led to bloodshed in 1850. If his devotion to St Peter prompted a public dedication of our country to the Prince of the Apostles, it never occurred to him to be anxious beforehand as to the effect of his act on the nation in whose presence his act of devotion was publicly advertised. If the case against Anglican orders seemed to him overwhelming, he spoke of them with the contempt his down-right logic warranted as "shivering in their insular isolation." When Lord Halifax, as President of the English Church Union, wrote a letter to the Spanish Primate, in which he advanced a claim to belong to the Catholic Church, which might be most misleading to a foreigner, the Cardinal did not hesitate to warn the Archbishop against the "subtle astuteness" of this "sect," which might "easily deceive him." Such phrases came from no wish to offend the Anglicans. He desired, on the contrary, to be sympathetic to them. But he did not realize their attitude of mind or their sensitive prejudices sufficiently to forecast how his words would wound them. It appeared to some that he touched the raw when it was not necessary or useful. But he did not know it. He did not realize that he was causing keen irritation and damaging his own persuasiveness. Or he thought that irritation was inevitable from the nature of the truth rather than from his way of putting it.

Guided by his own logic, based on the recognized teaching of the Catholic Church, he could realize in imagination hardly any other standpoint. He did, in-

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deed, I think, realize the standpoint of the man of business to whom religion is nothing. But his genius being practical rather than intellectual, he fully grasped no standpoint but his own among genuinely religious men. The enquiring Agnostic, the Anglican, the liberal Catholic, the intellectual Catholic, were very partially understood by him, yet they were among the classes he had to deal with. He had, moreover, no sufficient protective realization of the probable effect of many arguments convincing to himself on the mixed multitude which reads the newspapers. Of this last gift he had, I think, enough for the blunt and practical citizens of Manchester, but not enough for a more sensitive public or for a larger world with more various denizens. If others took real pains to understand *his* point of view, they would, in nine cases out of ten, find it clear and cogent, whether they agreed with it or not. But he could not himself move in a mixed crowd without occasionally jostling it, sometimes too roughly to put it in the best temper for understanding him. And in religious controversy he had also at times too bad an opinion of his opponents' case even to try and persuade them. He tried, as it has been expressed, to convict rather than to convince them. In his funeral sermon on my father he spoke of him as "the champion of unpopular truth," and this, I think, was his ideal of his own duty. He was apt to ascribe his unpopularity in certain quarters to the inevitable unpopularity of high and unworldly maxims and truths with those who need them and therefore resent them. And though there are not a few such cases, he included among them, perhaps, those who advanced criticisms on his views which deserved attention. Finer shades of opinion were generally invisible to him. And, consequently, while his intentions were absolutely just, there were those who felt that in fact he treated them with injustice.

The experience of many years made the quality of which I speak in reality far less noteworthy in later life than in earlier days; but the great position he held made it more noticed in a Cardinal Archbishop, and the years at Man-

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chester presented comparatively few occasions on which it was specially apparent or important. In such anxious controversies during his reign at Westminster as were raised by the Anglican movement and by the liberal Catholic utterances of Dr Mivart and others, his grasp of principle was brought into play, while men felt at the same time a certain want of familiarity on his part with the forces at work. I shall not illustrate the above remarks primarily from such episodes in which opinions are likely to differ widely as to the relative degree in which his strength and his weakness were respectively apparent. As my chief object is to obtain a psychological picture which will be generally recognized as accurate, I prefer to take as an illustration his conduct of *The Tablet* at the time of the Vatican Council. His biographer gives a very frank account of this chapter of the Cardinal's life, and admits that a very large number of influential Catholics felt at the time that his action was unfortunate.

The critics of the Definition were intellectual and learned Catholics, like Bishop Hefele, Bishop Moriarty, Bishop Dupanloup and Dr Newman, and liberal Catholics as Sir John Acton and Professor Friedrich—two classes of his co-religionists into whose views Father Vaughan failed to enter with any sympathy. He depicted these views in his own way, held up his hands in amazement at their perversity, and raised the standard of Catholic loyalty. Least of all could he understand Dupanloup and the moderate inopportunist.

He could not [writes his biographer] understand the attitude of men who, themselves accepting the Infallibility of the Pope, worked so hard to prevent the definition of the truth they believed in. All Catholics, to whatever theological school they belonged, whether styling themselves Liberals or Ultramontanes, held as an article of Faith that a General Council is under the direct guidance of the Holy Ghost, and that its decrees are necessarily and infallibly true. To be nervously apprehensive as to the consequences of decisions so arrived at, or to show a disposition beforehand to question the expediency of a decision so sanctioned and so certainly true, seemed to Herbert Vaughan illogical and almost uncatholic.

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It was (Father Vaughan held) the duty of a Catholic editor simply to oppose these wrong-headed persons in the most effective manner possible. And he proceeded to do so.

It was a singular policy and a very simple one [continues Mr Snead-Cox]. Side by side with the vehement advocacy of Papal Infallibility as a doctrine recommended at once by reason and authority, and the almost universal belief of Catholic Christendom, was a resolute exclusion of any and every expression of the opposite view. As far as *The Tablet* was concerned, Herbert Vaughan deliberately set himself to strangle and suppress any and every utterance in favour of the Inopportunist Party. A search through the correspondence columns of *The Tablet* fails to show a single letter on the side of which, in this country, Cardinal Newman and the Bishop of Clifton (Dr Clifford) were the conspicuous exponents.

Mr Snead-Cox tells us of the extreme unpopularity among Catholics of Father Vaughan's policy—many of them would no longer admit *The Tablet* into their houses. But Vaughan never flinched. It was a matter of pressing duty according to the simple view which he took of the case.

His conduct at this time [continued Mr Snead-Cox] was governed by a great fear. . . . He not only believed in the Infallibility of the Pope, but was sure, and rightly sure, that it would shortly become an Article of Faith, binding on the conscience of every Catholic. There came in the fear—Might not the Definition bring with it a new peril for souls? And what an awful responsibility would be his who, through the columns of a newspaper, allowed the seeds of doubt to be scattered abroad—doubts which might ripen into such strength that not even the *fiat* of a General Council could still them? What was the gagging of a newspaper by the side of the loss of a single soul? The whole point of view is alien enough to the ordinary British reader, but, given the point of view, who shall quarrel with the conclusion? It was humanly certain that the Definition would come—and Herbert Vaughan was in a position to judge rightly as to that; it was supremely important that when it came it should be accepted *ex animo* and as of faith by every Catholic. The sands in the hour-glass were running low, but until the Council had

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actually proclaimed the Dogma there was still room and liberty for discussion. But how if some argument against the Dogma stuck, how if it carried conviction—might not the duty of submission then be made overwhelmingly difficult ?

This was a simple logical view of the case as it presented itself to one single class of mind among the hundreds existing in the Catholic Church. Vaughan seems to have contemplated solely the struggles of a simple mind—of one not already acquainted with any of the well-known controversies in historical and theological science, who would make his acts of faith happily if he read in *The Tablet* only reasons in favour of the Definition, but might be troubled and clouded and tempted if he read arguments on the other side. For such a mind he was, perhaps, right. A man of this kind, if he was able to read at all, had better not read discussions far beyond his comprehension in connexion with a doctrine which would probably be defined.

But such a simple struggle between faith and doubt did not represent the issues before the Catholic world at large—a world which included many educated men and many learned men. In that larger world a greater variety of human emotion and of thought was at work. Mrs Augustus Craven used to ascribe her own opposition to the definition to the “odious and unchristian manner in which it was defended by” some amongst its chief advocates.* This was itself violent language, but it represented the impression of a good and able woman. The most prominent agitators for the Definition were the promoters of opinions which Dupanloup and Newman regarded as intolerant and at variance with Catholic theology. “Writers of a school which I thought excessive,” explained Père Gratry, when submitting to the actual definition, “were undesirous of limitation to infallibility *ex cathedra* as being too narrow.” M. Louis Veuillot, in the *Univers*, was printing hymns to the Holy Ghost with “Pius” substituted for “Deus.” He published a pamphlet called

* See *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, p. 259.

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L'illusion liberale, in which he wrote as follows: "We all know certainly only one thing, that is, that no one knows anything except the man with whom God is for ever, the man who carries the thought of God. We must unswervingly follow his inspired directions." Another writer committed himself to the statement, "When the Pope thinks it is God who meditates in him." In flagrant disregard of the sacred and immemorial tradition of the Church that discussion in Council was the normal means whereby definitions of dogma had been in the past accurately framed, the *Univers* laughed at the *Correspondant* for urging the importance of such discussion. "The *Correspondant* wants them to discuss and wishes the Holy Ghost to take time in giving an opinion." Such was the sneer of the *Univers*. "It has a hundred arguments to prove how much time for reflection is indispensable to the Holy Ghost."* If there seemed to be, humanly speaking, a danger lest a definition of Papal Infallibility might represent such views as these, or even be so framed as to give them any countenance, a large body of the Bishops not unnaturally judged the time inopportune for a definition, and considered their own opposition to it to be the normal Providential means for averting it. They declined to admit the assumption that the Holy Ghost was on the side of untheological extremes. Again, the spokesmen of this extreme "new Ultramontane" school were not among the rulers of the Church. They were, in many cases, laymen, whose extravagances had long been denounced by weighty members of the episcopate. Archbishop Sibour of Paris, an Ultramontane of the school of Fénelon, had, some years earlier, spoken as strongly against these advocates of Papal absolutism as had Dupanloup, who was suspected of Gallican leanings. The zeal and piety of M. Veuillot were beyond question, and exaggerated language might, in the writer himself, be a symptom of its praiseworthy intensity. To take it literally as expressing Catholic doctrine and commit others to it

*The writings of this time are analysed at some length in Chapter x of the present writer's work *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*.

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was quite another matter, as though the lover, who may be readily forgiven his hyperbolic metaphor when he addresses his beloved as "My angel," should thereupon endeavour to make others act on the assumption that she has the wings and other attributes of a seraph. In England itself this extreme language shocked the old clergy. It was contrary to the theology that had been taught—a theology which clearly separated the divine "assistance" which averted error in the final definition from positive inspiration—and recognized definitely the human element which might make the very arguments adduced in the preamble to a definition fallacious. Vaughan's straightforward and practical mind saw only in the inopportunist's position the paradox, "Here is a doctrine I admit to be true. The Holy Ghost presides at a Council. Nevertheless I beg him not to define it, though He may judge it opportune, as it is in my (ignorant and arrogant) private judgement inopportune."

No single part of this rough and ready statement will bear the meaning he regarded as obvious. To admit Papal Infallibility to be true was not to desire such a definition of it as might seem to countenance the untheological errors of M. Veuillot. That the Holy Ghost presides at a Council does not mean that he acts on it by way of direct inspiration. The Council takes the ordinary human steps for ascertaining theological truth, and the Holy Spirit does not supersede the normal means supplied by Providence because He protects the ultimate definition from error. To urge that the doctrine should not be defined meant not to place the judgement of an individual against that of the Holy Spirit, but to contribute material to the human process of discussion which the Holy Spirit blesses in its result. The cry, "it is inopportune," was raised by those who would not have opposed a weighty and purely theological movement for the definition of Ultramontane doctrine. It was a war cry, or a compendious statement expressing a protest against actually existing excesses in the "new Ultramontane" movement as it stood. In the end the inopportunist arguments, so carefully suppressed in *The Tablet*, did issue in

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the addition into the Vatican decree of words emphasizing the fact that the Pontiffs used the human means supplied by Providence for ascertaining what was in conformity with Catholic tradition and received no direct revelation. An historical introduction was prefixed to the definition with the avowed object of making it clear that the Pope "could not act in judging of matters of faith without counsel, deliberation, and scientific help."* "I was confused," Newman once wrote, "by the very clearness of the logic which was administered to me." The logic of *The Tablet* had this confusing effect. For it shut out the world of actually existing thought on the subject and confined itself to the simple issues visible to such as scarcely thought at all. At the same time, it cannot be denied that there was a disloyal spirit in the air among the extreme Left which was fuel to the flame of Father Vaughan's editorial ardour. There were liberal Catholics who deserved both his blows and his boycotting. But others were branded by him who did not deserve it, and those were excluded from his pages whose words would have been well worth reading. The Bishop of Clifton was excluded as well as Professor Friedrich.

The late Count de Richemont has justly said that the term, "liberal Catholics," was most unhappily so used as to include loyal Catholics like Montalembert as well as free-lances like Professor Friedrich and Professor Froschammer. It is noteworthy that Montalembert, with whom Vaughan was personally acquainted, was treated in *The Tablet* with the respect he deserved. It was a remarkable instance of the triumph of personal knowledge over that, sometimes, most fallacious guide, the logic of a simple mind. The abstract reasoning of *The Tablet* certainly demanded Montalembert's execution. But personal knowledge made the absurdity of such a sentence in the case of so loyal and devout a Catholic too apparent. It was just the absence of similar personal knowledge in other cases—knowledge either of the individual or of the type—which led at times to censure as undeserved as would have been that of Montalembert.

*See *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, p. 437.

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I will not speak of Cardinal Vaughan's anxious controversy as Archbishop with the later developments of liberal Catholicism. As to the Anglican movement on behalf of corporate reunion, which figures so largely in the Biography, one observation may be here in place. Words used by the Cardinal which stung certain Anglicans as sarcastic and uncharitable were in the speaker himself only the straight and simple expression of the effect on himself of an attitude into which he could not enter. All Catholics, of course, feel the Anglican attitude to be illogical. But it is a real attitude, and admits of being stated persuasively. Cardinal Vaughan saw and stated it at its weakest and not at its strongest. He was, therefore, to many logically unconvincing as well as unpersuasive. Cardinal Newman never forgot the anomalous condition of the Church in the Fourth Century, when Arian Bishops presided over Catholic Sees and the laity had often to hold the Catholic faith against the views of the local Bishops. Here was a precedent which gave a superficial plausibleness to the position of High Church Anglicans. They professed to hold Catholic doctrine in spite of Protestant Bishops, in spite of State encroachments, waiting for better times. Vaughan had no such eye to history as could give him this clue to the Anglican mind. He showed up weak points in their logic very cogently. But probably his arguments would have been more convincing if, in place of adopting the sarcastic tone proper to something very perverse and extravagant, he had shown more of that sympathy which comes from and leads to understanding—if he had realized more fully what did actually persuade those he was criticizing that their position was tenable.

Yet any narrowness Cardinal Vaughan displayed was of vision rather than of temper or of heart. The friend and admirer of the large-hearted Cardinal Wiseman, he, too, was in his way a large-hearted man. He was eager to learn from experience, and experience did in many cases mellow and broaden his views. Again, a portion of the intolerance which angered some critics was the intolerance which the Church herself shows. To try and liberalize the Catholic Church is to destroy its distinc-

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tive genius. There is sternness inherent in its doctrinal and moral code alike. So far as the spirit of Catholicism allows it, Vaughan was widest where he understood best. He was no stickler for red-tape. On the contrary, he was by nature a reformer. His evening service at the Salford Cathedral, consisting of psalms chanted in English in place of the Latin vespers, was an instance in point. His championship, on the ground of exceptional qualifications, of a lay Professor of theology at St Edmund's College was another. Both were innovations, justified, he held, by their utility in the special circumstances. That he was not an excessive ecclesiastical absolutist (as was sometimes said) is evident from the last letter of his life, in which he exhorted his successor to take counsel with the Catholic laity in important diocesan matters. "I do not know who may follow me," he wrote, "but I earnestly pray that he may gather all, lay and clergy, by union and consultation, in common action." In the intellectual controversies above referred to he was not by choice unduly conservative. Rather he enforced authority and tradition which he realized and understood against interests which were very vaguely visible to him. Few within the Church so combine insight into the singularly complex intellectual movements of the present day with full appreciation of the consequences of stern Catholic principles, as to take successfully an active part in those movements. In England Cardinal Newman long stood almost alone in this respect. And the caution and provisional toleration which are the alternative for one who is anxious to avoid excessive dogmatism were most uncongenial to such a nature as Vaughan's. His temperament prompted him to strenuous action. Strenuous action on liberalistic lines was clearly out of the question. Its danger was apparent in writings which were before his eyes. The tempting alternative for one who longed to be up and doing was to be active counteracting these dangers. And this might easily drift into a policy of complete opposition to all that the popular cry associated with

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liberalism; the moderate and more discriminating view being dropped out of sight.

There is both largeness of heart and power of imagination visible in many of his letters—not least in one written in his last years to the President of a Conference of the Catholic Truth Society which ill-health forbade him to attend. The wistful note of farewell, the sympathy with the young democracy of the future, the dream of the fortunes of religion in the age to come, are all human, gentle, sympathetic.

We older members of the Society [he wrote] are beginning to move off the scene, some slowly and reluctantly, because the work is sweet and fruitful, and our interest in it is as keen as ever; some gladly, because they feel that their allotted day's task is nearly done, and they hear the loving Voice that is calling them home. But, whatever our feeling, we cannot help looking back to see who are following, who are going to take our place and fill up the ranks. For myself, I rejoice to see many zealous and intelligent members of the clergy pressing forward, especially among the younger clergy, and there is also a goodly and increasing number of men and women among the laity. . . . But, far off in the background, I see a great multitude of eager faces, I hear their voices like the sound of the waves of the sea. Who are these? They are the boys and girls in our public elementary schools; they are the strength, the hope, the population of the future. They form the young democracy that is going to rule the country, to make or mar the future of Christianity. These inspire me with the keenest interest. They are young and innocent, they are eager and full of life, their minds and hearts are plastic and ready to take any form, any direction, you may impress upon them. If your influence is the first with them, if you have captivated their ambition and filled them with ardour to follow you, you will have secured the success of your enterprise in the future.

We know not what may be before the Catholic Church to accomplish during the present century. But we do know that the future depends upon the child, and that it is impossible for us to render greater service to God and to religion than by training the young to become Apostles of Catholic Truth.

I think that the general view of the Cardinal's qualities above suggested is confirmed, while it is certainly

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supplemented, by the admirable analysis of his character printed in his Biography from the pen of his spiritual director, Father Considine. Father Considine writes from a somewhat different point of view, but he gives us his own experience of the honesty, the unworldliness, the tenacity of purpose visible in the Cardinal, and at the same time of a simplicity which made him at times not fully realise the complex forces at work in the world in which he dwelt. Father Considine depicts him as no more completely at home in dealing with the diplomatists than others found him in dealing with the subtlest intellects. And in planning out his religious and social schemes his director notes that habit of reckoning without full allowance for the forces at work in the actual world, of which I have spoken in connexion with certain ecclesiastical controversies of the day. This analysis is so valuable that I give it almost entire:

I should put in the first place in any delineation of the Cardinal's nature . . . his honesty—by which I understand his ingrained sincerity, his desire to see himself and to be seen by others exactly as he was—no better, no worse. He cherished no illusions about himself; he was aware of his limitations and conversed quite simply about them. He laid no claim to any qualities or attainments he did not possess. Above all things, he loved plain dealing and plain speech, whether the outcome of it might be palatable to him or not. . . .

The Cardinal carried his frankness and directness into his intercourse with his Maker. He strove to be entirely above-board with Him, to hide nothing, even if he could, from Him whose eyes search the reins and the heart; it was a comfort as well as a duty to be open with Him, to let Him hear from one's own mouth the acknowledgment of one's guilt and promise of repentance. Common honesty seemed to require that much, and, besides, a loving son could not act otherwise towards the best of Fathers. And he expected that God would do by him in the same fashion. Indeed, it was this deep conviction of God's essential fairness and goodness that He would not be hard on anyone who honestly meant to do right, . . . which made him so fearless in action and so unconcerned about temporary reverses and rebuffs. He had no doubt that all would come right at the last, let men meanwhile clamour and thwart as they pleased.

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This leads me to speak of the little account he was disposed to make of public opinion, or generally of those things which men esteem most highly. He was at heart a thoroughly unworldly man. Not that he underrated the advantages of rank and wealth; on the contrary, he was keenly alive to them, and knew how to use them for God's service; but they did not dazzle him, they could not bribe him. He admired pomp and ceremonial if displayed on some fitting occasion, because he thought even a secular function should present itself to the eye and ear as worthily and impressively as possible, but he had no vulgar love of mere tinsel and glitter as such. And, of course, he rejoiced greatly in the seemliness and even magnificence of God's House and of all the vestments and ornaments allotted for its use. It was a delight and a comfort to him to have been allowed before his death to make provision for the solemn chanting of the Divine Office in his own stately Cathedral. However, worldliness does not consist merely in a love of finery and show, but much more in a habit of mind which puts the interests of this life above those of the next, which, in fact, has no outlook beyond the visible world, and therefore is necessarily, in its aspirations, feelings and aims, of the earth, earthy. It intrigues, overreaches, cajoles, plays a part, while professing to be sincere, but under all its disguises and through all its windings it is never noble and never ceases to be selfish. Now, diplomacy and chicane the Cardinal not only disliked, but could hardly understand; to him a thing was right or wrong, or true or false, and no juggling with words could make it otherwise. So a course of action approved itself to him or it did not—compromises, modifications, concessions might perhaps be necessary, but, nevertheless, they never quite satisfied him, as involving in some sense a betrayal of the right. Hence he moved in Society and dealt with great personages of the world as his position seemed to require, but he was too sincere and simple-minded to be really at home there. When he was translated to Westminster, particularly after he had received the Cardinal's Hat, he regarded it as his duty to appear and speak in public and to meet persons of all creeds in the intercourse of familiar life. Afterwards, however, he came to think that less good was done in that way than he had hoped. His motives were misunderstood and his conduct criticized, and in his later years he withdrew almost entirely from general society and was inclined to doubt whether he had not wasted much good time on it in the past.

His power lay in great ideas, in high thoughts which took

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possession of him, shaped his conduct, and found expression in his daily life, but which he was less successful in recommending by word of mouth or by the graces of personal intercourse. About the sincerity of his zeal for God's glory there can be no doubt—indeed, its very fervour seemed to become at times an obstacle to success. He yearned so ardently for the coming of Christ's kingdom upon earth that he chafed at the barriers to it which men's passions and prejudices are setting up at every turn, and would have liked to make short work of them, to clear them out of the way at whatever cost to the susceptibilities of individuals. Thus he would outline some great plan for the spread of religious truth or for social reform; and when he had made up his mind by what help and in what direction his scheme ought to develop, he was too ready to assume that it must do so without fail, and he did not always foresee the inevitable checks it must meet, nor was he over well pleased when they in fact did occur. In his conception of ecclesiastical problems he sometimes resembled the abstract mathematician who reasons of an ideal world, and prefers to deal with bodies and movements unaffected by the actual conditions in which we live.

Whatever view may be taken of the Cardinal's success in solving some of the more difficult problems with which he had to deal, I think that his letters show that they cost him anxiety; that he was too honest not to recognise their difficulty, and to be quite happy in having to decide questions which he felt to be in some degree, as he would express it, "out of my line." "I feel," he writes to the Duke of Norfolk, "that I need the help of friends below as well as of God above to keep such a one as I am at all right and free from blundering on this critical and dangerous pinnacle." If we desire to see him exulting in his strength and happy without a cloud of misgiving, let us look at the last act of the drama of his life. It was the building of the Cathedral which gave full scope for his zeal, energy, and imagination in regions where he felt completely at home. His action was not delayed or hampered by any misgivings as to its direction. He worked once more as he had worked in early youth for the missionary college. He placed the enterprise under the patronage of St Joseph, and in two years he had collected

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£75,000 for the great enterprise. He told the story in his speech at the laying of the foundation stone.

He said [writes his biographer] that at one time he had thought with anxiety of the large sum required. He put the whole matter in the hands of St Joseph. From the moment he did so he found his task made quite easy; he wrote a few very simple letters, calling the attention of a certain number of his friends to the proposal. Without any persuasion on his part, only using the simplest words in his power, those friends at once, of their own accord, responded with all the generosity which had brought about the state of things concerning the Cathedral which had been witnessed that day, when the promoters had in their hand £75,000 towards the building.

It may be safely said [continues Mr Snead-Cox] that that was a time of great happiness to Cardinal Vaughan. He knew that his dream was now certain to be realized. And surely it was no mean achievement to have secured for English Catholicism in so short a time a Cathedral of which generations unborn shall be proud. The Cardinal had the dimensions of all the great English Cathedrals and of many abroad at his fingers' ends, and knew that in scale and in stateliness his own might compare with the best. Something of the gladness and exultation he felt as he watched the walls slowly rising is reflected in an article written under his inspiration: "The style of the new Cathedral happily makes any invidious comparison with Westminster Abbey out of the question. Westminster Cathedral will join hands with an older time. The latest of the great ecclesiastical structures of the world, it will recall the earliest phase of directly Christian art. But though we cannot compare the new Cathedral with any building of the same type in this country, we may usefully contrast its general scale and dimensions with some of the historic fanes which are still the glories and the memorials of English Catholicism. In total area the Westminster Cathedral is upon much the same scale as Durham and Salisbury; and, of course, far larger than Hereford or Lichfield or Gloucester or Worcester or Peterborough. But in its impression of vastness it is likely to surpass even the few old Cathedrals which exceed it in actual superficial area. The length of the nave is exactly that of Durham. Those who recall the magnificent proportions of the great northern Cathedral will be able to form some adequate idea of the scale of the building which is now rising at Westminster. Only with this thought of Durham in his mind, let the reader also reflect that while at Durham the width of nave

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and aisles together is 82 feet; the width of nave and aisles at Westminster will be 150 feet. The length of the nave of the new Cathedral will be exceeded only in the cases of York, Winchester, Ely and Salisbury. In width it far exceeds them all, being 27 feet wider even than the great span of York. . . . As far as scale goes, at any rate, the last of the English Cathedrals may well challenge comparison with anything that has gone before."

Few instances are on record in which a man of genius so rapidly converted general hostility to enthusiastic admiration as did Mr Bentley, the Cardinal's chosen architect for the Cathedral. In its early stages his work was the object of a depreciatory—even of a contemptuous—criticism, which was almost universal. When the building approached completion admiration was as wide-spread. The element of tragedy, however, was not absent from the drama of the building of Westminster Cathedral. Bentley lived to see an unfavourable verdict reversed; but he died in 1902 before his work was finished. The Cardinal wrote of his fellow-worker with feeling and appreciation:

The Cathedral will be his monument. For myself, I have a gratification in the thought that I gave him a free hand. Having laid down certain conditions as to size, space, chapels and style, I left the rest to him. . . . Mr Bentley was a poet; he saw and felt the beauty, the fancy, the harmony and meaning of his artistic creations. He had no love of money, he cared little for economy; he had an immense love of art, a passion for truth and sincerity in his work. He was not ambitious to get on; he was not self-assertive; but he coveted to do well. He went in search of no work, but waited for work to come in search of him. He was exquisitely gentle and considerate in dealing with suggestions and objections; but he would have his own way whenever it was a question of fidelity to his own standard of artistic execution. I would not have singled him out to build cheap churches and schools, but he was the best of architects for a Cathedral, or for any work that was to excel in artistic beauty. He was no mere copyist, or slave to tradition; whatever he produced was stamped with his own individuality; it was alive and original, and he had a genius for taking infinite pains with detail. His reverence for God, for Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, and the Saints pervaded everything he did for the Church. In his judgements on art and style there was a critical but kindly

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humour; one always felt that there was an elevation, an inspiration, in his character that was due to his religious instincts and to his unworldly standard of life. It seems to me that it will be necessary for the perfection of the work Mr Bentley left behind him, to retain his mind as a guide to its completion, as far as we can know it.

If, as the Cardinal said, the Cathedral is Bentley's monument, it is yet more truly his own monument, and a timely one, for he died in the following year, and his own *Requiem* was the first public service in the great Church he had built. He lived, like Moses, to see the promised land, but not to enter it. It was nearly completed, and he was living in the new Archbishop's House adjoining it when his own time came.

Mr Snead-Cox, who writes not only with skill but with that genuine feeling for his subject which makes a biography live, gives a graphic picture of the Cardinal's final departure from Archbishop's House for Mill Hill, where he died.

On the morning of March 25 he left Archbishop's House for ever. He had sent me a message, knowing I should wish to be there. When I arrived I was shown upstairs, but outside the Cardinal's room I found the doctor chafing and impatient. "They are pestering him with papers," he said, "and he is not fit for it. He ought to be carried downstairs in an ambulance." At last the door opened, and the Cardinal, accompanied by Mgr Johnson, appeared. The Cardinal was wrapped in a big Roman cloak and looking wan and pale, and as he stepped forward leaned heavily on his stick. A few whispered words, and then he slowly descended the stairs. At the bend of the stairs, as we faced the front door, there was a strange sight. When I had gone up, a quarter of an hour before, the hall was empty—now it was filled with people. News that the Cardinal was leaving had gone abroad, and all the priests and students of the Clergy House, servants of the household, and a number of friends were gathered there to take their last leave. As the Cardinal came forward, all that little crowd, as by a common impulse, went on its knees, and the stricken man, as he passed along through the lines of people, paused every few paces and raised his hand to bless. There were many eyes that saw dimly that morning, and I think we all knew he was going for ever.

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The Cardinal died in June, 1903. "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus"—few have ever better deserved the Church's salute to the saintly Prelates of old. For he was great in all the distinctive attributes of the priesthood. If in attempting some analysis of his gifts I have also endeavoured to ascertain what he had not as well as what he had, it has been partly in order to account for the fact that his great qualities were not universally recognized in his lifetime. One with a subtler power of influencing the public mind would have been more universally understood from the first. But in the long run character tells, and the whole man now stands before us visible to every reader of Mr Snead-Cox's pages. His deficiencies are there seen to be largely the defects of great qualities. Indeed, from some readers this man of noble, single and complete nature will call forth greater sympathy than those who are strong where Vaughan was weak. The anxious thinker and philosopher who hesitates in his course because he sees much that is invisible to the world at large, is to many a far less stimulating figure than the man who sees only a few great principles, and acts on them with energy and heroic devotedness. Let such comparisons stand aside. Each has his own work—the thinker and the man of action. Each will be best appreciated on earth by those who see best that particular sphere which the action of each most successfully affects. In another world both will be seen to have done a work meritorious in proportion to the singleness of its aim, useful in proportion to its success in helping those whom their tasks most closely concern.

WILFRID WARD

THE CAUSES OF THE FAILURE OF THE RUS- SIAN REVOLUTION

WHEN one hears people in England discuss the revolutionary movement in Russia, one soon becomes aware that the general conception of the whole matter in the mind of the ordinary Englishman is something like this. The population of Russia after centuries of oppression managed, owing to the difficult situation in which the unsuccessful war against the Japanese had placed the Russian Government, to make itself heard and felt. The Russian autocracy was forced to make certain concessions; it granted a semblance of representative government, made promises of reform, and seemed even inclined to countenance the means by which projects of reform might grow to be established facts. But as soon as the panic caused by agrarian disturbances and military discontent had subsided, it at once took back what it had given and crushed all remonstrance and resistance by brute force; the only palpable result of the whole agitation being a series of wholesale executions and courts martial and a parliament, packed by supporters of the Government and powerless to legislate, even if it wanted to. Such is the version of the case as I have generally heard it stated in England or as I often have seen it stated in our Press. Now, as to whether this version is right or wrong as to the facts, is a debateable matter; but there is one thing certain, that it leaves out all causes why the revolutionary movement in Russia failed to achieve a definite and positive result; and the cause it implies, namely the simple fact that the Government took advantage of a lull in affairs to take back what it had given, would be, in the eyes of any sensible Russian, not only unsatisfactory, but childish.

I used the word "sensible" on purpose. Because it is easy enough to find Russians who will say anything, how-

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ever extravagant and however baseless, when their political faith is concerned. But here is what a well-known Russian Liberal, S. L. Frank, says on this very subject. "The banal explanation of the failure of the revolution being due to the wickedness of the 'reaction' and the 'Bureaucracy' cannot satisfy anyone who wishes to discuss the matter seriously, conscientiously, and above all things, fruitfully. It is not only wrong as far as the facts are concerned; but it is logically false. It is not a theoretic explanation, but merely an extremely one-sided and practically harmful distortion of the facts. Of course it is undeniable that the party which defended the old order of things did everything it could to stifle the movement of liberation, and to deprive it of its fruits. This party can be accused of egoism, of short-sighted statesmanship, of neglecting the interests of the people; but to make it responsible for the failure of the struggle which was being carried on against it, and which aimed at its destruction, is to argue either without conscience, or in a childishly absurd manner: it is almost the same as accusing the Japanese of being responsible for the failure of the Russians in the Russo-Japanese War."

Now the facts beyond dispute are these: At the end of the Russo-Japanese war a movement headed by the most prominent Liberals in Russia was strong enough not only to demand but to obtain a radical change in the constitution of the Russian Empire, although the movement was not backed up by force: that is to say, it had not the army behind it. In less than a year's time this same movement was powerless to exercise any influence on the Government whatsoever. The Government were able to dissolve a Duma consisting, for the greater part, of the Liberal leaders, without a finger being stirred or a shot being fired in protest. The Government were able also to change the electoral law as often as they chose, and to give it the colour they desired; and in three years' time it was a palpable fact that the movement which had started out with the aim and intention of transforming Russian autocracy into a representative democracy, whatever its

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other results may have been, had failed to achieve that object. The question which arises is: "How is it that at one moment the revolutionary movement was strong enough without force of arms to make the Government grant reforms of a revolutionary nature, and yet shortly afterwards so weak that the Government were able to do with the reformers and reforms what they pleased?"

Something must have happened. There must be a reason and a cause for this sudden transition from success to failure on the part of the reformers. I will endeavour to trace as briefly as possible what were the main causes of this failure of the revolutionary movement. But out of this question there arises another equally interesting and perhaps more important. Had the revolutionary agitation or the movement towards reform, although it failed to achieve its aim, no results at all? And if so, what are they? how far are they positive or negative, permanent or transitory? and are they discernible in the Russia of to-day? The answer to this last question is certainly in the affirmative, a fact which is often left out of account by Russians who are too near their own affairs to look at them in perspective, and who are unable to see the wood for the trees. It will be impossible, however, to discuss this matter here, and I will confine myself to the causes of the failure of the Russian Revolution to achieve the aim it set out to accomplish.

II

IF we desire to ascertain the cause of the failure of the revolutionary movement in Russia we must look for the cause of its temporary success, and we will find the two causes are one and the same and can be summed in two words: Public opinion.

The average Englishman (deriving his opinion from the Daily Press), and especially that specimen of the average Englishman who is engaged in politics, and who seems to think it necessary to carry on that time-honoured parliamentary tradition of being virtuous at someone

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else's expense, and to qualify for the business of governing England by evincing a passionate concern, based on a childish ignorance, in the affairs of other countries, is unaware that such a thing as public opinion exists or ever has existed in Russia. If he is a member of Parliament of a certain kind, he will probably deny it. I think this observation is neither unfair nor extravagant in view of the fact that a Committee actually existed in the House of Commons, not long ago, with the object of helping the Russian people in their "struggle for freedom," who were naïve enough to think that they could aid that cause by publishing false statements about Russia generally in the English Press, derived from the flotsam and jetsam of the Russian refugees. Another group of English politicians, by their timely interference a few months ago, succeeded in hampering the Russian Liberals who were grappling with the Finnish question, and in dealing a heavy blow to the cause of Finland, imagining, so warm were their hearts, and so feather-light were their reasoning powers, that the Liberals in the Russian Parliament would be encouraged, and the Conservatives in the Russian Government, so far from resenting any interference in their affairs, would be frightened by the published protest of a group of English politicians, who daily show their inability to deal with domestic questions of a similar nature at their very door and under their very noses.

In spite, however, of its being the prevailing opinion in the English Press, and especially among a certain group of politicians, that Russia consists of a herd of mute millions cowering at the heels of a small and unscrupulous body of brutal satraps, this opinion is not shared by Russian thinkers and writers, however radical; and I have made it my business to find out what the opinion of Russian thinkers and writers on this subject is.

For the purposes of this article I shall dwell solely on the opinion of those Russian thinkers and writers who are on the side of the Progressive movement, who, while it was going on, worked in it and for it. In the first place,

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their analysis of its failure must necessarily be more interesting than that of those people who did everything they could to make it fail, and in the second place, by so doing I will shield myself from the charge of holding any kind of brief in favour of reaction.

Well, these Russian writers and thinkers, who took part in the movement of reform, which Russians call the "Movement of Liberation," think that public opinion was at the root of the matter. They hold that the movement of Liberation succeeded for a time, because for a time public opinion was on its side, and failed subsequently, because public opinion ceased to be on its side. It failed, that is to say, to maintain the support of public opinion. Between its leaders and its rank and file, and the mass of the population, the peasants as well as the man in the street, there appeared not only an estrangement, but a divorce—a wide gulf; and as soon as this occurred the Government was able to step in and to do what it pleased. If it could not count on enthusiastic support, it could at least count on universal apathy. And it had no resistance to fear.

The next question is how did this come about? And what was the nature of this public opinion?

Before discussing this question, it is perhaps not idle to remark that ever since Russia has existed the men who have governed it have necessarily relied on some kind of public opinion, otherwise they could not have gone on governing. Ivan the Terrible cut off the heads of the aristocracy and had the support of the clergy and people in so doing. Peter the Great created a democratic Bureaucracy; Catherine II, Alexander I, Nicholas I and Alexander II all in their turn had the support of a large class of landed gentry which came into existence during their reigns; and the thinking element which was opposed to them, and which was probably in the minority, had, in order to make itself heard, to employ dynamite. But at the end of the year 1904, when the nature of the Japanese war became plain, and the Russian armies were unsuccessful in the field, public opinion in Russia began to grow

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more and more discontented with the powers who were responsible for beginning this war.

In 1905 the discontent grew into anger, and the prominent Liberals who were concerned in the local government, County Councils, etc., gathered together in a group, and formulated demands for a radical change in the Constitution, and in so doing gave expression to an idea which had existed and grown ever since the 'sixties. Public opinion was entirely on their side. All classes of society were discontented: the intellectuals, the business men, manufacturers, tradesmen, the peasants and the proletariat, and the army. The Government was alarmed, and at a loss what to do. A consultative legislative assembly was promised; but this satisfied nobody. Peace was made with Japan; but the agitation continued. Finally there was a universal strike all over Russia. But this remarkable manifestation did not, as is generally thought, force the hands of the Government. A strike of this kind could not possibly, by its nature and extent, last more than five or six days, and it had already practically collapsed before the Government had decided on an important step, which was none other than to change the purely autocratic constitution of Russia; to introduce a new principle into the Government of the country; and to institute a legislative chamber constructed on representative lines. When this news was published in Russia on October 30, 1905, it was more or less taken for granted by the mass of intelligent people that the Emperor had granted a constitution. This impression was inaccurate: because the Emperor had spoken no word about a constitution or of swearing an oath to it, nor did he allude to himself in any other manner than as Autocrat of the Russias. Hence, what the reformers had obtained was not in reality a constitution, but a charter laying down as a principle that henceforward no new laws should be made without the Russian people having a share in their making—the gift of an Autocrat, who had the right and the power to modify it or to take it back should he see fit. But only a very few clear-sighted people thought of the

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manifesto in this light. The mass of the population could have been divided into three categories: those who acclaimed the news with hope, those who accepted it with scepticism, and those who looked upon it with hatred and disgust, as being the result of the machinations of foreigners, Jews and traitors. This last category, though not numerically important, had the support of a dangerous element in the population, namely the rabble, all over the country. It could also count on kindling racial passions, such as anti-semitism and nationalism. It had besides the enormous advantage of sheltering itself under the banner of loyalty and patriotism—a kind of patriotism which answered to Dr Johnson's definition of that quality, in that it was the last refuge of a multitude of scoundrels.

In short, the manifesto of October was received by some with hope, by others with fear, and by others again with rage, but by no one with enthusiasm; because the document was in itself too vague. It seemed to grant everything, and yet to leave a loophole by which nothing should be given at all. And the most sanguine of the Liberal leaders felt that so far from their work being done, it had, in reality, only just begun. They were at the same time inspired with the hope—which has been so far justified by later events—that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for the Government to go back entirely on its word, and take back the principle that the opinion of the people should, through its representatives, have a share in the government of the country.

In October, 1905, whatever disappointment the nature and the terms of the Emperor's manifesto may have caused, the reformers and the Progressive leaders felt, nevertheless, that the game was in their hands; and that, although the struggle might prove arduous, the victory would ultimately be theirs. And the mass of the educated public thought likewise. Then came a series of disillusioning events.

The peasants, hearing it proclaimed everywhere that an era of liberty had been initiated, interpreted this to mean

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that the moment had come when justice was at last going to be done to them and the land would be theirs. It must be borne in mind that the peasants considered that the land had been given to them by the Emperor when serfdom was abolished in the 'sixties, but they believed they had been cheated out of it by the class which stood like a barrier between them and the throne. So they set about laying hands on the land, burning proprietors' houses and cattle, and creating everywhere what are called "agrarian disturbances."

The leaders of the Progressive movement were, as I have said, men of the landowner class, who had taken part for years in the local administration of the country. The rank and file of the Progressive Army was recruited from the whole of the intellectual middle-class; which is in Russia called the "Intelligenzia," and consists of the professional classes, the intellectuals, lawyers, doctors, professors, schoolmasters, writers, and finally the students.

As soon as it became a question not merely of indefinite agitation, but of practical political organization, the leaders split up into two main groups, because they disagreed on various matters such as the questions of Polish autonomy and of the Land. The two main groups consisted of a monarchical and constitutional Liberal party, what we should call Whigs, who called themselves "Octobrists"; and a more advanced Liberal party who called themselves "Constitutional Democrats," and whose programme was radical, and included universal suffrage and the wholesale expropriation of landed property. The rank and file of the "Intelligenzia" likewise split into groups of various shades of political colour (ranging from the Whiggism of the Octobrists, on the Right, to the terrorism of the extreme revolutionaries on the Left). But roughly speaking, they were divided into two camps. The more Conservative-minded of them formed the Constitutional Democrats, who were subsequently nicknamed "Kadets," and the more radical minded called themselves Social Democrats or Social Revolutionaries. The artisan class joined these two latter groups to a man.

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Therefore at the beginning of November, 1905, the whole of political Russia could have been partitioned off into three categories. An extreme Right, consisting of the partisans of reaction and of unlimited autocracy. A centre, consisting of the Octobrists and the Constitutional Democrats. A Left, divided equally between a Social Democratic party, and a Social Revolutionary party. This last-mentioned party was not disinclined to resort to the most violent means and measures, such as terrorism, armed risings, etc. The peasantry stood aloof, isolated in their own interests and trusting nobody.

The number of splits which occurred in the Liberal camp may have caused a certain amount of disappointment; but, on the whole, they were thought to be natural and inevitable. Truer sources of disillusion were an abortive post-office strike, headed by the revolutionary proletariat in St Petersburg, and a series of anti-Jewish and anti-intellectual riots which occurred in the autumn, all over the country (said to be got up by the Government, but in most cases the natural result of existing circumstances); an armed rising in Moscow, got up mostly by schoolboys and schoolgirls, but in which the proletariat joined and which cost much loss of life and property, and much fruitless bloodshed; the boycotting of the elections by the Left parties, who refused to have anything to do with them, and a sharp division of opinion amounting to extreme party bitterness, between the two main divisions of the Centre, the Octobrists and the Constitutional Democrats. But in spite of this, the outlook was far from hopeless. The Progressive Liberals were sanguine, for the Constitutional Democrats and the Octobrists between them contained all that was intellectually prominent in Russia and the only men of the non-official class who had had any experience of practical administration. They had amongst them eloquent spokesmen, and lawyers of proved capacity and brilliant intellectual and dialectical gifts.

They had, moreover, behind them the public opinion of the man in the street, the business man, and the man

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who wanted the country to settle down. The thinking part of the country, with the exception of the extreme Conservatives, thought that salvation lay with them. When the elections came about, the Constitutional Democrats were returned almost everywhere by enormous majorities. And a Duma was elected in which they not only had a large majority, but a majority consisting of the flower of intellectual Russia. The game seemed to be in their hands. Why, therefore, was it that they failed? How did they manage to lose the confidence of that public opinion which had enabled them to obtain their predominant position, and why was it, when the Government struck at them, that they found support neither in the proletariat, the peasantry, the army, nor the man in the street?

Russians have lately been discoursing and writing on this question at length. Last year a book called *Landmarks* appeared, consisting of a series of articles written by different authors, but all of them belonging to the progressive "Intelligenzia," which dealt exhaustively with this very question. They found the answer in the peculiar psychology of the Russian "Intelligenzia"; and I will endeavour to state as briefly as possible some of the conclusions at which they arrived. The publication of this book caused a sensation in Russia. It came in for a great share of abuse; for although few people could challenge the fundamental truth of its statements, there were some who said that such things, even if true, were better left unsaid, because the saying of them would do harm to the Liberal cause. But the opinion of most sensible men was that the book was not only true, but salutary; its criticism not only well founded, but as timely as a tonic to an anæmic patient and as wholesome as quinine to a fever-stricken man.

III

IN an article of this book, *Landmarks*, one of the collaborators, S. N. Boulgakov, writes as follows: "The Movement of Liberation did not bring about the results which it should have produced; and it is not only because

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it was too weak to fight the dark forces of the past, that it failed to bring about reconciliation, renovation, the strengthening of the bonds of State (although it left an offshoot for the future, in the shape of the Duma) and the improvement of agricultural conditions amongst the peasants. No, it failed to conquer, because it was not capable in itself of coping with the task in question; it suffered from the weakness of internal contradictions. The Russian revolution developed an enormous destructive force; it succeeded in bringing about a great earthquake; but its constructive forces were far weaker than its destructive forces. The bitter admission of this fact remains to many as the sum total of what was gone through. Should we pass this admission by in silence, or is it not better to put to ourselves the question: Why is this so?" The various writers who have contributed to this volume all put to themselves the same question in various ways, and they all come to the same conclusion: namely, that the reason why the Russian Movement of Liberation was found wanting, when it was tried, lay in the psychology, the peculiar training, habits, manners, customs and *Weltanschauung* of the Russian "Intelligenzia" during the last forty years. Let us consider a few of its characteristics. Firstly, during the last forty years the whole ideal of this intellectually plastic and highly over-educated product has been the worship of the people, which became with them a species of idolatry. Its watchword had been during all this period to serve the people, to do everything for the people; but, as P. B. Struve (a Socialist and a member of the second Russian Duma and one of the most energetic workers in the Movement of Liberation) points out in his contribution to *Landmarks*, "the 'Intelligenzia's' principle of serving the people at all costs did not comprise the fulfilment of any obligations towards the people, and did not set before the people any educational problems. As the 'people' consists of men who are actuated by their interests and their instincts, the teaching of the 'Intelligenzia' when it reached them did not bring forth anything like an

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ideal fruit. The propagation of this so-called popular doctrine, let alone that of Karl Marx's theories, in reality leads simply to dislocation and demoralization."

The main point, in fact, of what these various authors say on the subject is that the "Intelligenza" in making an idol of the "people" remained utterly alien and divorced from the people; partly because they were themselves imbued with an aristocratic, not to say a despotic, spirit, and partly because, owing to the ideas they took for granted, the blinkers of accepted theories which they wore, they were unable to understand the people; they totally and fundamentally misconceived the nature of the desires, the hopes and fears, beliefs and disbeliefs, and state of mind of the being whom they had raised into an idol. Consequently their influence, so far as they had any, was only, and could only be, destructive and demoralizing.

And this continuous and worse than fruitless idolatry reacted on themselves, and severed them from all useful, practical and profitable ideals and action.

Here is the picture M. O. Herchenson gives of the manners and customs of the "Intelligenza" during the last fifty years:

"A small group of revolutionaries went from house to house and knocked at every door, crying, 'Come into the street: it is shameful to stay at home!' And the field of their activity and their ideas, maimed, blind and halt as they were, became the 'market-place'—not one remained at home. For half a century they disported themselves in the market-place, shouting and abusing each other. Their homes were nests of dirt, need, and disorder, but the master of the house had no time to see to that. He was busy with the people, he was saving the people: that was easier and far more amusing than the drudgery of the household.

"Nobody lived: all were engaged, or pretended to be engaged, in 'public' work. They did not even live selfishly nor enjoy life and taste its pleasures, save in snatches; they gulped down whole pieces and swallowed them,

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almost without biting them, ashamed, and at the same time rapaciously greedy, like a stray dog. It was a strange kind of asceticism; not a renunciation of the individual sensual life, but the renunciation of all control over it. Their sensual life went on by itself, somehow or other, gloomily and by fits and starts. Then suddenly a fit of conscience would overtake them; a brutal fanaticism would be kindled at one point; one friend would load another with abuse because he had drunk a bottle of champagne; a society would be formed with some kind of ascetic purpose. In general, the whole manner of life of the 'Intelligenzia' was terrible; a long abomination of desolation, without any kind or sort of discipline, without the slightest consecutiveness, even on the surface. The day passes in doing nobody knows what, to-day like this, in one manner, and to-morrow, as the result of a sudden inspiration, entirely contrariwise; each lives his life in idleness, slovenliness, and a measureless disorder; chaos and ugliness reign in his matrimonial and sexual relations; a naive absence of conscientiousness distinguishes his work; in public affairs he shows an irrepressible inclination towards despotism, and an utter absence of consideration towards his fellow-creatures; and his attitude towards the authorities of the State is marked at times by a proud defiance, and at others (individually and not collectively) by compliance."

This picture is in no way exaggerated. I have been able to check the truth of it myself by personal experience; but if any of my readers is inclined to think that the colours have been heightened, he has only to read any of the Russian literature portraying the life of this class of people during the last fifty years in order to find a confirmation of the picture. He has only to dip into the translations of Tchekov's stories, and he will see photographs of the kind of life analysed in this passage.

While these people were exerting their energies in the market-place, and exhausting them in a barren idolatry of the people, they were busily assimilating every kind of alien and foreign philosophy.

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Foreign systems of philosophy were taken up one after another, each for a time becoming the rage and the fashion. Schellingism, Hegelianism, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Comte, Marx, Neo-Kantism, Max, Anarchism—all had their day. And the more the "Intelligenza" deviated from reality, truth and life, the more eagerly they stuffed themselves with abstract theory and alien philosophy. Every now and then a writer of genius appeared and told them they were on the wrong tack—Chadaev, Dostoievsky and Tolstoi, Soloviev, Tioutiev and Fet did so again and again; but they paid no heed.

"They called us," writes Herchenson, "to fresh paths; they bade us come out of our spiritual prison into the freedom of the wide world, . . . but none followed them." They went further and applied a party criterion to the free unshackled creations of these men of genius; they accused Dostoievsky of reactionary tendencies, Tchekov of callousness, and Fet (the poet) of mockery.

But most important of all, as far as the result was concerned and the clash destined to come about between these people and the peasants, who were the substance on which they were trying to work, was their attitude towards religion. "There is no educated middle-class, no 'Intelligenza,'" writes S. N. Boulgakov in *Landmarks*, "more atheistic than the Russian. Atheism is the universal creed, in which those who enter the church of the 'Schoolboy-Intelligenza' are baptized, and not only those who come from the educated classes, but also those who come from the people." Atheism was with them a tradition, a thing which is taken for granted, admits of no discussion and is the indispensable sign of good breeding. It was an Atheism based on uncritical and unprovable and dogmatically false affirmations, to the effect that science is capable of finally deciding on all religious questions and has settled them in a negative sense.

"This belief," writes Boulgakov, "is shared by the learned and the unlearned, the old and the young. It takes root in the age of adolescence. . . . It is generally

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easy and natural that youths should catch the denial of religion, which they exchange for a belief in science and progress. But the people of our 'Intelligenzia,' once they have started from this standpoint, retain this creed, in the majority of cases, for the rest of their lives, because they consider that these questions have been sufficiently elucidated and finally settled, and they are hypnotized by the unanimity in this view expressed by those who surround them."

Further on he writes as follows:

"The most striking thing about Russian Atheism is its dogmatic spirit, or rather the religious carelessness with which it is accepted. . . . The ignorance of our 'Intelligenzia' with regard to religious matters is striking. . . . Our 'Intelligenzia,' as far as religion is concerned, has simply never grown out of the age of adolescence; it has not yet once seriously thought of religion. It has never consciously formed a definite religious opinion, it has never yet harboured a religious thought, and it remains, therefore, strictly speaking, not above religion, as it supposes, but below it. The best proof of all this is the historic origin of Russian Atheism. It was imported by us from the West; we received it as the last word of Western civilization, at first in the form of Voltairism and the materialism of the French encyclopædists, then in the form of Atheistic Socialism, and later in the form of the Positivism of the 'sixties, and in our time in that of economic materialism."

We have before us, therefore, the picture of a highly receptive educated middle-class, who are saturated with every kind of Western philosophic theory, who have no self control, no discipline, and no sense of individual duty, who are despotic in character, and dogmatic in the way they take for granted an imported Atheism, stuffed full of theory, divorced from all kind of reality, extravagant in their sporadic excesses and their sporadic asceticism, without rudder and without aim, giving up all duties which lie near at hand to them, neglecting altogether the state of life into which they have been called, in order to devote them-

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selves to an idol they have created and have called the People. What was the result? How could this group of morally maimed and crippled intellectuals act on the vast masses of the Russian peasantry? How did the Russian peasantry take the propaganda, and what did they think of the preachers?

The answer is given clearly by Herchenson in his essay. "To say that the people," he writes, "do not understand us and hate us is not to say enough. Perhaps they do not understand us because we are more cultured than they are? Perhaps they hate us because we do not work physically and live in ease? No. They hate us chiefly because they fail to recognize that we are men. We are for them monsters in human shape, men without God in their soul: and they are right."

But the "Intelligenzia" at the beginning of the revolution had no such ideas. They were convinced that the differences between them and the people were only differences of degree; of culture, education and circumstance; and that were it not for official obstacles they would be at one with each other. That there was any difference of *kind* between their soul and the soul of the people never occurred to them; they forgot altogether that the people had a soul. This had, however, more than once been pointed out to them by writers of genius. Gogol had mentioned the fact; so had Tolstoi; Dostoievsky had said it very loud and very often.

The Russian people—the peasantry, I mean—are a practical people; they are realists; they cleave to fact and are rooted in reality. And the things which they desire are exclusively practical things—practical, useful and needful for their inner as much as for their outer lives. That is to say, they thirst for practical technical knowledge, such as reading and writing, and for a higher metaphysical knowledge, a working spiritual hypothesis and system which shall explain to them the meaning of life and give them the strength to live it. The great mass of them have found their working hypothesis in the Christian religion. The "Intelligenzia" neglected this

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altogether. They forgot, or rather they never thought, as Herchenson points out, that the people if it was a child in knowledge was an old man in experience :

And old in grief and very wise in tears.

They neglected the fact that the peasants had a definite outlook of their own, founded on a first-hand and very real struggle with existence. With their Western watch-words, their ready-made Atheism, their second-hand Socialism, their futile fads, their worn-out catch-words and their dogmatic materialism, they thought that by scattering pamphlets broadcast on the most heterogeneous subjects—on Woman's Suffrage, the Magna Charta, the French Revolution, the right of Suicide, Philosophic Anarchy, State Expropriation, Voltaire on Christianity, George on the Land Question, Mr X. on the Non-existence of Property, Professor Y. on the Non-existence of the Soul, and Professor Z. on the Non-existence of God—that the people would flock to their banners, embrace them as brothers, and enthrone them in the place of those members of the middle class by whom they had hitherto been governed—namely, the officials.

What did happen was this: the fifty years of "People worship" in which they had been engaged had merely created an unbridgeable gulf, not merely as between them and the people, but between them and any possible basis of understanding with the people. Nevertheless the energetic and widespread propaganda of the "Intelligenza," at a time of national crisis, when railways were being run by irresponsible and mutinous soldiers, and the public servants were closing the post-offices and were engaged in private conversation throughout the length and breadth of Russia, when all the symbols, signs and manifestations of authority seemed to have been shattered, and when only one cry was heard, namely, "The Tsar has given you freedom! Do as you please!" could not fail to have some kind of effect. It did. The people raised their heads and interpreted the message in their own way. Socialism they interpreted to mean a right to the property of other people;

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Materialism a right to rob and kill whom you pleased, to drink as much as you liked and to be emancipated, once and for all, from all laws—human, moral, or divine.

The result, therefore, was twofold:

1. When the Duma was dissolved, and the Constitutional Democrats resolved to defy the Government and to count on a popular rising, not one finger was lifted in their support.

2. A wave of demoralization and destruction passed throughout the length and breadth of Russia.

It must be remembered that when the Government dissolved the First Duma, it was itself in a state of panic. The measure was a leap in the dark; it was taken against the advice of many of the most Conservative officials (among others General Trepoff); mutinies were occurring in regiments, disorders were going on all over the country, and many people thought that the dissolution of the Duma would be a signal for a huge catastrophe and universal conflagration.

The Government was able to dissolve the first Duma for two reasons.

Firstly, because the Duma itself was daily splitting up into a greater number of divergent groups. It was torn by internal dissension, and no great leader came to the front to rally its undisciplined elements, which daily fell wider and wider apart, under one flag and to one definite policy.

Secondly, owing to the fundamental misunderstanding between the "Intelligenza" and the people, there was in reality no link, no bond, between the people and its representatives.

But the matter did not stop there. As soon as the Duma was dissolved, the parties of the Extreme Left replied to the step the Government had taken by organizing a policy of wholesale terrorism on a wide scale. They shot policemen and blew up governors, and every day a long list of political murders and attempts at murder was published in the newspapers.

This Terrorist movement also made a profound effect

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on the people. The ordinary pickpocket, the professional vagabond and the practising thief and the casual assassin, the highway robber, the incendiary and the marauder, all looked on with interest and adopted the methods of which the revolutionaries had set the fashion. The thief terrorized banks with dynamite bombs and robbed the safe instead of robbing the till. The ordinary assassin murdered whole families, and then blew up their houses in order to steal a few roubles, trusting—and often rightly—that the matter would be put down to a political “attempt.”

A new species of highwaymen came into being, who held up trains and robbed the passengers and the mails. A new species of robbery came into being, called “Expropriation,” which was nothing else but robbery under arms. You went up to a man and demanded his money, and if he refused to give it, you shot him dead. But it is the name of the thing which is so profoundly suggestive, interesting and illuminating.

The fact that simple assault accompanied by robbery, and sometimes by murder, was treated as if it were the same thing as the expropriation of a railway by the State shows that the propaganda of the intellectuals had sunk into the rabble, reached the criminal classes and been interpreted by them in their own fashion. A wave of Hooliganism passed over the whole of Russia. From the social revolutionaries at the top of the ladder, who did not shrink from throwing bombs into a crowd of innocent women and children in order to kill one unpopular police-officer, to the vagabond and the tramp, who murdered passers-by for the sake of a few pence, an unlimited arbitrary lawlessness reigned. Nobody felt safe; neither the peasant, the merchant, the banker, the policeman, and least of all the man in the street. And this was the death-blow of the Revolution, because, fatally and inevitably, a reaction came about in public opinion. The Government met this wave of anarchy by proclaiming martial law, and by instituting a series of drum-head courts-martial. The anarchy did not at first diminish, and for

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a time it seemed as if Russia had been caught in a vicious circle of anarchical crime and arbitrary repression. A section of public opinion cried out against the multitude and indiscriminate character of the executions. But public opinion was no longer unanimous, because it must be remembered that the number of executions were to the number of assassinations only in the proportion of one to three. The matter was discussed with powerful eloquence during the session of the second Duma in the winter of 1907. But when the leaders of the Constitutional Democrats, who were voicing with fire and eloquence their section of public opinion, were asked in their turn to express disapproval of the terrorist acts of the revolutionaries, they evaded the question. They refused to do so definitely and clearly and once for all. They refused to sever themselves from all suspicion of complicity and sympathy with revolutionary means and methods, although by so doing they in no way won the support of the revolutionary parties, who hated them even more than they did the Government. Their attitude, it cannot be denied, was one of moral timidity, and it was shared by the whole of the "Intelligenza." Here, again, this class proved its divorce from reality and made the abyss, not only between itself and the people, but between itself and the man in the street, wider than it was before.

Thus it came about that public opinion, which had at the outset supported the "Intelligenza," as represented by the Constitutional Democrats, turned definitely against them, and on all sides one began to hear abuse of the "Kadets," who now lost credit with all classes of society.

So we come once more to the cause of the failure of the Revolution. It failed because it lost the support of public opinion, and it lost the support of public opinion on account of the disease from which its leaders and its rank and file all suffered, namely, a want of backbone and stamina, of moral discipline and moral courage. They could not create order because they would not, when it

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came to the point, repudiate disorder. They could not set Russia free, because they could not set themselves free from their own despotic and arbitrary political philosophy which was the negation of freedom.

Reaction triumphed because when the whole country was submerged by anarchy, and a prey to terrorism, the intellectual class, who were at the head of the Liberation Movement, never spoke out to condemn the anarchy which was prevailing and the crimes which were being committed in the name of Liberty, whereupon the man in the street, feeling that neither himself nor his property was safe, and seeing that this state of things, so far from being condemned, was actually condoned by the intellectuals and looked upon as a good spoke in the Government's wheel, withdrew his support from this class.

The Revolutionaries were fighting in the name of Justice and Freedom; but they never recognized unconditional and universal justice for everybody; their justice was confined to one class, their morality was *party* morality. Their watchword was the "inviolable rights of the individual," and with this watchword on their lips, they utterly disregarded the rights of all those classes of people whom they happened to dislike, such as governors, ministers, policemen and landowners.

The principles which they preached were those of the Rights of Man; the principles which they practised were of the elementary barbarous kind, which Prince Troubetzkoi summed up as follows: "If I steal cows that is right, but if my cows are stolen that is wrong." And so the same author points out, they began by stealing the cows of the landowners, but they ended by stealing the cows of well-to-do peasants. Therefore their unpopularity increased in an ever-widening circle until universal public opinion not only revolted against them but finally deserted them.

To sum up what has gone before, the Russian revolutionary movement failed neither on account of any blow from without nor because a genius arose to combat it. But here I should like to insert a parenthesis and say that

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when P. A. Stolypin took the reins of the Government, and with them the responsibility of dissolving the Duma, he committed an act of supreme courage, which was justified by subsequent events, and he showed what a man can do merely by the possession of backbone; let it also be said, in his justification, that whether or not the series of field courts-martial and the application of martial law, with which he met the hooliganism and anarchy that at one moment seemed overwhelming, were defensible in theory, nobody suggested any other way of dealing with the problem; and in any case they were successful, for in the space of two years the anarchy and the hooliganism had ceased to exist.

To go back to the main question, the revolution did not fail to achieve the object it set out to accomplish, because of any blow from without. It failed because it fell to pieces within; and the reason of this inward collapse was the nature and the conduct of its leaders, and of its rank and file, who were unable to win the support of the masses, and fatally destined first to estrange and finally to disgust public opinion, although this public opinion, driven by the unpopularity of the Government, had once received them with open arms, and had looked forward to their future activity with enthusiasm and hope.

MAURICE BARING.

WHAT IS TOLERATION?

TOLERATION as now actually practised has simply become barbaric indifference instead of civilized synthesis. The essence of barbarism is that it prefers custom to law; that is, prefers an animal iteration to an intellectual pivot of practice. And in the modern world we are rapidly going back to the old way of dividing the tolerable and the intolerable merely as the familiar and the unfamiliar. We do not so much tolerate certain creeds as certain names; and sometimes people can actually be horrified at the fact and soothed again when told the conventional title of the fact. I remember once telling a scandalized Puritan friend of mine that an occult and ancient Catholic symbol was openly used by many English vicars; a hieroglyph consisting of the entangled crosses of three Catholic saints. This was a perfectly correct description of it, and he was very much shocked. But when he heard that it was vulgarly called the Union Jack, he was (I know not why) appeased.

This is true of many modern compromising Liberals; but it is not true of the old (and more advanced) Liberals, the austere Radicals whose ethics and economics so largely made the nineteenth century. They had a perfectly clear notion of what they meant by toleration; it is a notion with which a thinking man will be often inclined to agree; but in any case it is a lucid, abstract and arguable notion of it. This doctrine, varying, of course, with the varying men, but substantially preached or implied by Macaulay or by Mill, by Cobbett or by Cobden, was this: that the coercive machine we call the Government will work better if it is, like a sausage machine or any machine, unhampered by limitations connected with something else; even something very important. It is obviously more *ultimately* important to the sausage industry that all men should not become vegetarians, than even that the handle should turn and the wheels go round. But since by the very act of having a sausage machine you show that you are not all vegetarians, *then* (so ran the argu-

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ment) it is really unwise to dismiss a sausage grinder of startling dexterity, merely because he is a vegetarian. It is more important that Englishmen should marry and have children than that they should govern and make laws. But since some wretched people have to make laws, it is unwise to confuse that operation by insisting that they shall all be married. It is more important that men should have virtues than that they should have votes; but when you are dealing with the votes it will be unwise to ask for the virtues. So it was urged, religion should not be applied directly to the distribution of political powers in a particular State, any more than to the distribution of tickets in a particular tram-car. Doubtless there could be no tram-car but for a certain philosophy in the State: but we must not confine our tickets to those philosophers who ardently believe in tram-cars. In short, religion is outside the Government: but it is not outside it as the man in the moon is outside the earth; a mere outcast. Rather religion is outside government as God is outside the world. Religion is a fire: politics is a machine. Even if the fire drives the machine, the machine must be kept cool, or it does not work. Theology is not too small for government but too big for it.

That was the quite sane and solid view of the old Radicals, many of whom (as for instance, Daniel O'Connell) were themselves the devout adherents of theology. It is the only theory of toleration which remains reasonable and unshattered for the public of to-day. For the other popular phrases that have been invented since do not hold water. One is that distinction summarized by the eminent atheist, Frederick the Great, "My subjects are to say what they please and I am to do what I please." The antithesis is very worthy of the despot whose whole influence on history has been to introduce free thought and to destroy freedom. It lingers in journalism as a general idea that if a thing is put in words (however bestial and emetic) it must not be touched at all, but if it is put in action (however natural and ordinary) it can be cruelly punished. This I, for one, frankly refuse to accept.

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If a man suddenly began to tell smoking-room stories in a little girl's nursery, I would willingly lend a hand (or a leg) to turn him out, but my leg would be repelling aggression. Every indecency is an indecent assault; because the recipient cannot avoid it. And in a sense indecency attacks brutally a defenceless man; there may be squibs burst in a man's face, or sconces poured down his throat: still a man can shut his eyes and shut his mouth. But the ribald take advantage of the fact that the animal man cannot automatically close his ears.

The same sort of objection can, I think, be offered to the other popular definition of religious equality or intellectual toleration; "a man has liberty so long as he does not infringe the liberty of others." If a man takes his bath on the balcony it is only in a very strained sense that he can be said to be controlling the "liberty" of others: he does so no more than he does by having a revolting deformity or a maddening stammer: he is an offence, but surely not in the common sense a compulsion. Yet the class of speeches and actions of which this is typical will always be restrained in all national societies: and indeed, as it happens, democracies are generally much more severe in such restraints than oligarchies. These looser definitions of liberty therefore pass; but the old Liberal definition, properly understood, remains at least for respectful treatment: the theory that government is a fool suited to dealing with some things and not with others: successful when it investigates murders, but tactless in arranging love affairs; an expert in engineering but a great duffer at theology. And it must be here remembered that this old Liberal idea that the policeman should keep his hands off religion was part of a general idea that he should keep his hands off a great many very essential things. It is quite a mistake to deduce that the old Radical was indifferent to creeds because he wished (in this sense) to have free creeds. You might as well say that Manchester was indifferent to Trade because it wanted to have Free Trade. The old Radical had no doubt of the desirability of orthodoxy, and certainly none of

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the desirability of money: the thing he doubted, the thing he suspected, was not so much the Church as the State. He held, rightly or wrongly, that the actual interventions of political authority in creed and in commerce, were generally disastrous interventions. But the more massive movements of politics on both sides to-day are in the direction of adding potent arms to the State in all departments: this is as true of Tariff Reform as of Socialism, as true of Compulsory National Defence as of all the crazy schemes of oppression that go under the name of Eugenics. The old Radical would have said that faith was outside politics as bread-winning and love-making and child-rearing are outside politics. But bread-winning and child-rearing are *not* outside politics now, and nobody knows how long even love-making will be left alone. Therefore the modern state is quite in a position to impose a type of philosophy as it has already imposed a type of education. Whether the Socialists, if they attained power, would really experiment in sexual selection or compulsory diet or any of those nightmares of bondage, no one has a right to say. But the Socialists will be very illogical indeed if they do not re-establish religious persecution.

Was there any flaw in this theory of a free orthodoxy and a restricted government held by the old Radicals? Yes, there was: and it was a flaw which did them great credit. Those who are apt to sneer at them would do well to remember that the subtleties that they were too simple to see are very largely the subtleties of our corruption: and the modern Tory is more of a sceptic than the old Radical, rather than more of a believer. The weakness in the Liberal theory of toleration was this: that its apostles seem to have taken common morals and natural religion for granted: they supposed that any state must rest on the same ultimate ethical foundations; and these foundations they themselves believed so utterly that they did not even examine them. That man is lord of Nature and above the brutes, that he is responsible for his use of freedom; that as a father he has natural authority over his children, that

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as a free man he has control of his property, that life and ease are a benefit and sudden death a wrong, but that he must work for his family and die for his city, these tremendous truisms the old Radical could not conceive anyone doubting: he had not in his soul the seeds of that madness that has since cloven the world into two more dogmatic schools. He was a wonderful person. Natural religion was natural to him. But every man now must be either a mad mystic or a sane one.

To make the position clear: When the Victorian Liberal said "Let government, like grocery, work unconscious of creeds" he forgot one thing, and one thing only. He forgot that even the demand for government (or for grocery) is a creed. It is a creed because it can be contradicted: and in our time it has been contradicted. A man may be a sincere anarchist, or a man may sincerely disapprove of a grocer for having a wine and spirit licence: these frenzies are facts of the modern world. Controversy has entered fields that the old Liberal thought quite uncontroversial. The instant one pessimist showed his black hat on the horizon, every grocer on earth became a controversial grocer. For groceries imply that it is good to support life: they never (at least intentionally) point towards annihilation. If the eager pessimist persuades any large number of grocers to sell poisoned sweets in the sincere hope of saving children from the dungeon of human destiny, then I think the eager pessimist and the persuaded grocers might both very legitimately be lynched. But why? Here we come, I think, in sight of the object aimed at, a true, if rough, definition of the character and limits of toleration.

A grocer's shop, as the old tolerationists urged, will really be better managed if its agents are judged as grocer's assistants and not as Catholics or Freemasons or "saved" Christians or Class-Conscious Socialists or anything else. In that sense opinions, however important, are not important in a grocer's assistant. Nevertheless, some opinions are very important in a grocer's assistant; and these are the one or two (somewhat simple) meta-

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physical and moral principles upon which grocering is built. It will not do to employ a benevolent youth who thinks he is doing good by depriving others of money, as being the root of all evil; nor one, as I have said, whose scientific sorrow for the children of men is expressed by putting them out of their pain. Now humanity consists of a hubbub of corporations and collectivities of every shape and size, from a shop to an empire or a universal church; and to all of these this principle applies. Each has some one or two prime principles from which it springs; it can tolerate denial of everything else but not of these. The eccentricities it forbids may not be so bad as many it tolerates: and these will differ in each case. The granite foundations of grocery, grand as they are, are not the foundations of the world: the *sine qua non* will be slightly different in other walks of life. In an army even the pessimist who, on evil grounds, is ready to fling away his life, may be preferable to the Quaker, who, on the purest grounds, will not fling away other people's. In a hospital even the materialist who amputates as blindly and blandly as a butcher may (on an emergency) be better than the mystic who has a horror of shedding blood. Thus we come to the broad conclusion; that in talking of opinions tolerable and intolerable we ought to draw (and, as a fact, we do draw) an abysmal distinction between those doctrines which do not exist in a business, and those doctrines but for which the business would not exist.

In large elaborately governed states these radical ideas may be more dark to trace; but there is one great test of them: substantial unanimity. Men may forget the earth they all walk on; but they will never deny it. It is not (as the tiresome people say) the question of a majority against a minority: it is the question of a commonwealth against a maniac. This is the explanation of those problems of decency in modern England to which I have referred. An atheist is intrinsically a far more shocking sight than a naked man. It is surely better to forget the fig-leaves than to forget the Fall; and to forget the Fall than

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to forget that holy precipice from which we fell. But as a fact the whole community we live in is instinctively horrified at the one and not at the other; which shows that our state is founded on respectability and not on religion. You might easily have been born in some old Greek or barbaric city where you might walk about naked all day long, but where you would have been instantly boiled for being an atheist. It would be a city with other (and perhaps sounder) first principles.

Suppose a Bedouin tribe wanders about the desert and adores the moon (nobody in the desert would be likely to adore the sun) and suppose all its habits, meals, marriages, lustrations and legends revolve round the lunar symbol. If such a tribe picked up out of pity a wandering Jew or Fire-worshipper, I think it would be quite justified in giving him food and shelter but refusing him office and power. For these moon-worshippers might almost be men in the moon: their religion is as separate, rounded and remote as the moon itself. But if they conquered and ruled sixteen cities of Jews and Fire-worshippers, then the situation would be very different: certainly at least they would not have the same right to enforce politically the tests of their belief. The distinction is clear: moon-worship was the root and meaning of their simple tribe: but clearly it is not the root and meaning of their composite empire. That must rest on some other principle of unity, because the differences are there. These peoples may have come together by force or affinity or political fate, but they have not come together to worship the moon. Thus on the one hand it is arguable (I do not say I am sure of it) that a nation like Spain, itself born of a religious war, its territory hewn out of heathen chaos in the name of religion more than of nationality, has a right to treat that religion as the first condition of its existence and only possible bond of its empire. On the other hand, a man may well wish that some religion were the bond of the British Empire: but he will certainly have to admit that no religion is or ever was. Whatever connects the agnostic Imperialist at

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Oxford with the Catholic farmer in Quebec, the Hindu peasant in Burmah with the Jewish millionaire at Johannesburg, it is not a common theology. Whether anything connects them or whether what connects them is a worthy thing, would bring us into controversial matters not relevant here, matters of which any man may think what he likes. My personal advice to the tribe in the desert is to have its religion and not to have its empire.

This distinction like all others has its difficult cases: and we are still much troubled by the sophist who is for ever arguing that because fresh water fades into salt, therefore we can drink salt water and catch herrings in fresh. But the distinction is not merely one of degree, but of kind: it concerns the existence or non-existence of a certain positive spirit of unanimity. Thus, England in the twelfth century consisted of Catholics and a certain number of Jews, Prussia in the twentieth century appears to consist of atheists—and more Jews. But the difference between the two cases is like a chasm: a true difference of kind. The English were Catholic as a nation and not in varying degrees as individuals. The Jews remained in their midst as unmistakable as the Chinese Embassy in London. In Prussia the whole is anarchic and inorganic. The principal atheists are Jews and about half the Jews are atheists. And if it be said that this argument would justify the extreme persecution of Jews, the fact is exactly the other way. The Jews were never in theory *persecuted* in the Middle Ages, however much they were oppressed. There was much natural horror at the mystic tradition of Deicide, and a great deal more popular rebellion against usury: but the Jews were never ecclesiastically suppressed as certain heresies were suppressed. The medieval civilization seems to have acted upon the very principle here maintained. It recognized the Jews as Jews because they had never been part of the Christian scheme; they were a survival of the Pagan Empire and not rooted in the new Catholic civilization at all. In any case this distinction between corporate and incorporate conviction in a people is part of the alphabet of political common sense; and not

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to recognize it is to sink to the intellectual level of the people who say that Ireland is no more a nation than Hampshire. It is not to understand that passionate coherence which is the ultimate glory of existence; and to be ready at any moment to describe two bipeds as a quadruped.

Whether or no this be the true doctrine of Toleration, one thing is certain, that it is at present the only one: for the vague emancipationists of to-day have forgotten the old Liberal doctrine and are not even attempting to produce one of their own. The appalling mental chaos exhibited by the defences of the King's Declaration is summed up in the one sentence (uttered by an eminent religious leader) that all religious tests are wrong, but we must keep the Protestant Succession. When people have reached that state they are an easy prey; and the Socialists, Tory and Liberal, have already dragged them helpless to the admission of powers in the State infinitely fiercer and more rigid than that of religious persecution. When you have altered a man's house over his head, driven off his children, changed his diet and drinks and imprisoned him during the caprice of his gaoler, it is surely little to crush his creed, for you have already crushed his morality. Hygiene may any day enforce the pagan habit of cremation. Eugenics is already hinting at the pagan habit of infanticide. A bureaucracy may yet enforce a religion—though doubtless it will be religion without its consolations. And the next adventure in the long story of the strange sect called Christians may be to be asked once more to worship the god of Government; to be told once more to offer incense to Divus Cæsar.

G. K. CHESTERTON

A NOTE ON COMPARATIVE RELIGION

Transactions of the Third International Congress for the History of Religions, Section IX: Method and Scope of the History of Religions; Vol. II, p. 380-449. Oxford. 1908.

Comparative Religion; its Method and Scope. By Louis H. Jordan. London. Henry Froude. 1908.

Quelques Précisions sur la Méthode Comparative. By H. Pinard. Reprinted from *Anthropos*. I, fasc. 2, 3. 1910.

THE newspaper reports upon the Third International Congress for the History of Religions, held at Oxford in 1908, concurred, if we remember right, in emphasizing the Babel of opinions there expressed. This confusion was doubtless in great measure due to the various speakers having approached identical facts equipped with quite irreconcilable first principles. Their conclusions had naturally been at variance with one another, and yet had been given as those proper to the scientific study of religions. Method and scope, that is, had not been agreed upon; and conclusions were criticised when it was the process by which they were reached which should first have been examined.

We are tempted, then, to smile when we see that precisely that section of the agenda which dealt with Method was put last in the list.

Dr L. S. Jordan, well-known for his writings upon "Comparative Religion," read in that section a paper which has been printed separately and in full. There, as elsewhere, he laments the confusion of thought as to what exactly is being aimed at, and how it is to be attained, which he diagnoses in writings upon—and the lack of a recognized name is itself significant—the History of Religion, or of Religions, or on the Science of Religion, or on Comparative Religion (hideous phrase!), or on Pistology, Religious Phenomenology (Chantepie de la Saussaye), or Hierosophy. It is to this last name that Count Goblet

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d'Alviella in his Presidential Address for the ninth Section inclines, and which M. Pinard whole-heartedly accepts. The word *ιερός* may be regarded as covering all that is "sacred," in speculation or action; and Hierography, Hierology, Hierosophy represent the three normal stages of collecting materials, formulating laws, and deducing metaphysical and moral consequences. Ethnography and ethnology are words in sufficiently common use to prevent our feeling we are going too far with our neologisms.

No doubt this triple process is in reality assumed—however vaguely—by most students. Still, in practice, the three stages are constantly confused, whence worse confusion follows. With the hurry characteristic of our days, writers rush eagerly to the formulation of laws and the appraisalment of values long before the facts have been adequately assessed. Yet they are not altogether blameworthy. Their science is young, and excited by its delightful prospects of discovery. *Καλὸν τὸ ἄθλον καὶ ἡ ἐλπὶς μεγάλη*, for are not these, in the mind of many, the marking down of the essence of religion, and of the place of Christianity among the faiths? This is where the enormous development of "Comparative Religion" becomes of immediate and poignant interest to Catholics.

There is, indeed, one practice which, not illegitimate in its proper limits, tends directly to confound the clear distinction of the three stages we mentioned. It is that of working by hypotheses.

Hypothesis, it is urged, is an essential element in, or prerequisite of, successful study of religions. Mr Marett, in his vigorous paper on the "Conception of Mana,"* has a delightful simile by which he defends the assumption of "formulae" or "general principles" which are indeed, as yet, no more than working hypotheses. They are, he tells us, with Dr Frazer, "theoretical bridges . . . [by which] we hope eventually to transform, as it were, a medley of insecure, insignificant sandbanks into one stable and glorious Venice." Thus, to indicate the place of Mr Tylor's

*Transactions, I, 46-57.

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hypothesis among the many extant, he goes on, "if our science is to be compared to a Venice held together by bridges, then 'animism' must be likened to its Rialto." Certainly he is generous; no one bridge, one hypothesis or principle will do the whole work. He adds his own of *Mana*, not jealous of the many already spanning the lacunæ in the evidence.

Here the Catholic student is generally held to be at a disadvantage. There are certain hypotheses he is precluded from making; or, if he does make them, it is to have the pleasure, a little later on, of proving them worthless. However (quite apart from the fact that he will believe himself to be saved in this way from wasting a deal of time in following up trails which all allow may be, and he knows are, misleading) he really has no essential objection to the use of hypothesis, provided it be constantly remembered that hypothesis is not proof. Wise words were written, ten years ago, by M. Loisy:

The asserted law of religious evolution is hitherto but an hypothesis, a theory conceived to make a framework for the main data furnished by the history of religions. It may indeed offer certain advantages for the classification of the facts of observation, but we must take the greatest care not to assert it as the necessary rule and infallible programme of all religious development, for it is impossible to display its continuous application in history.*

Once this is forgotten, evidence is twisted so as not to violate the imagined law. Astrolatry is the master key? straightway the Patriarchs become the Zodiac. Or Dioscurism? and SS. Crispin and Crispian become the Heavenly Twins. Or one hypothesis is set to support another, and on them is based the doubly insecure conclusion. *If* the account of the Ark be quite alien from facts; and *if* the original Ark was a stone, or contained one, the early Israelites *may* have been fetishists. Granted: but the conclusion is useless.

* *La Religion d'Israel*, A. Loisy, Revue du Clergé Français, 1900, xxiv, p. 341, 342.

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Of all modern writers of repute, M. Salomon Reinach is, we think, the frankest in his confessions. "My building," he writes in one place,* "is not composed of stuff that will bear weight, of materials that can be tried and tested, but of possible or probable hypotheses which reciprocally support and buttress one another. We know this style of architecture; it is that in which card castles are built." "I should never have dared to say so," acknowledges M. Foucart,† ". . . [but] it does seem to me that the value of totemism and of his theories on sacrifice have been defined in those words with as much accuracy as wit." But M. Reinach remains serene. *Multa renascentur*, even though Orphism, he owns,‡ may, like totemism, have become "a hobby—and an overridden hobby too." How thoroughly in place those words had been in the preface to his *Orpheus*, a book singularly dogmatic, yet intended for young men and maidens, translated into half a dozen languages, and influential far beyond the readers of *Cultes, Mythes et Religions*, or even of the Presidential Address at Oxford!

There is a particular application of this working by an hypothesis which deserves notice, though but a brief one, as we shall return to it below. M. d'Alviella§ actually has so complicated and reliable a stock of hypotheses that he can call the "essential method" of hierology that which "supplements insufficient evidence for the continuous history of a belief or institution, in one race or one society, by facts borrowed *from other centres or from other times*" (italics ours). In particular, M. S. Reinach|| will declare, "Whenever the elements of the myth or rite involve a sacred animal or plant, a god or hero mutilated or sacrificed, a masquerade of devotees, or a food-prohibition, an enlightened exegete *is bound* to seek the solution of the enigma in the arsenal of *taboos* and totems."

* *Cultes, Mythes et Religions*, III, p. 88, 1908.

† *Méthode Comparative dans l'histoire des Religions*, p. 90, 1909.

‡ *Transactions*, etc. II, p. 118.

§ Presidential Address, *Transactions*, II, p. 365.

|| *Cultes, Mythes et Religions*, I, p. vii, cf. p. 84.

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Ancient Egypt, modern Australia, classical Greece and Rome, medieval America are all adduced and supplement one another, and are all equipped with phases of social history for which there is no evidence save that one or the other nation has passed through them, and "social palæontology" [*ib.*, p. 84] may be reconstructed on what are, despite disclaimers, Hegelian lines. Curiously enough, the one totemistic tribe really scientifically examined by Messrs Spencer and Gillen, singularly interferes with the theories of M. Reinach and Mr Frazer; and in general, the postulates which these involve were closely examined in the same section of the Oxford Congress by M. J. Toutain,* and very severely handled.† But his words apply to all working hypotheses which take too much upon themselves.

Are we then to despair of the Comparative Method? By no means. Only we must be absolutely clear about its true principles and scope and its legitimate application. It is true that M. Reinach‡ insists that the "scientific value and soundness of a method become apparent by its effects only, and a convincing memoir on a given point enlightens us more than any amount of methodological talk." But after all, when *is* a memoir convincing? Precisely when we feel that the governing method is "sound and scientific." When is it merely plausible? When the method is arbitrary, or untrustworthy, or confused. It may issue in combinations brilliant enough, no doubt, but still striking us as "too fine to be really true."

**Transactions*, vol. 11, p. 121.

†This method of "supplements" is scarcely in harmony with that "study of differences," rather than of mere similarities, which M. Reinach (*Transactions*, 11, p. 120), together with M. d'Alviella (*ib.*, p. 365), now urges. After all, if the gaps in one set of evidence must be filled with data from another, very soon there will be no differences left. Indeed, M. Reinach is explicit: "When a record of some ancient literature contains no traces of totemism, that is because those traces have been effaced by revisors." *Orpheus*, p. 25. *A la bonne heure!* We can travel fast and far when assertions of this sort can bridge the gulfs and blast away the obstacles.

‡*Transactions*, 11, p. 120

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It is because M. Pinard is the first Catholic writer whom we remember to have examined severely and codified the laws of the Comparative Method, for which he feels a genuine enthusiasm, that we shall try to analyse his paper reprinted from a recent number of *Anthropos*. It is written with the lucidity and verve proper to his nationality; and a pleasant grace of apt quotation from widely different sources gives it a literary value too often lacking in treatises upon this and kindred topics, and makes us look forward with delight to the book of which it is to form a chapter.

M. Pinard rallies frankly to the terminology *Hierography*, *Hierology*, *Hierosophy*, processes of observation, co-ordination, interpretation respectively; of registration, classification, speculation; of description of facts, formulation of laws, assessment of metaphysical and moral values; the personal element being practically absent in the first, but increasingly prominent in the second and the third.

He shows, with much skill, how these three processes are constantly confused; how a conclusion proper to hierosophy is continually influencing a writer's hierology; how, for instance, the quite a priori conviction of the fundamental identity of all religions has too often governed not only the choice of terms of comparison, but the original selection of hierographical facts from among which those terms are chosen; how, in short, *dogma* has disturbed *method*, and "the assimilation of religions as a thesis" has not been distinguished from their "juxtaposition as a point of process" (p. 535).

Yet, as we said, M. Pinard is frankly a partisan of the Comparative Method, and on pp. 538, 539, draws up a very careful chart of its subdivisions as he conceives them. Anatomy, Philology, Psychology, and many other sciences have advanced with giant strides owing to it; "the severest school of history will be fain to profit by its services, nor can the orthodoxy of any confession whatsoever fear its comparisons. As for Christianity, it should indeed actually provoke them." And this because, claiming to supply a "human-divine answer to each and every

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human need, it clearly cannot shrink from all assimilations whatsoever; and, claiming to be transcendent, it can find only in comparisons the occasion of revealing this transcendency—rather like Saul,” says M. Pinard, in quaint illustration, “who never appeared so tall as when he put himself in the midst of the folk, and towered head and shoulders above all of them”! (1 Kings x, 23.)

Four principles are then laid down, principles of criticism, not dogma; independent of the present subject-matter altogether and intended to guarantee neutrality in research. They can be, however, applied without further delay to the processes of hierography and hierology, for a hierosophy, it will be seen, is impossible without certain prejudgements, theist or atheist.

The first principle is that of *Uniformity*: the uniformity of certain phenomena (here, of course, religious phenomena) merely proves the profound identity of the natures in which they are produced.

That is to say, the sight of a prevalent rite, e.g. sacrifice, need prove no more than that human nature, everywhere the same, may everywhere be responsible for these similar practices. It does not, of course, prove that all similar phenomena *must* have been produced by the uniform substratum of nature only. The Semitic nature everywhere struck out much the same sacrifice, yet we may come to believe that nature was not solely responsible for the whole content of the Hebrew system. Mithraists, Christians, and some modern atheist Freemasons practise a baptism. Yet not all these “dippings” have an identical origin in nature only. The Mithraist indeed had; Christians believe themselves to possess a superadded injunction and sanction; the atheist baptism is a mere imitation. But these are ulterior distinctions. At the outset, it is enough to establish that where an identity of nature suffices to explain uniformity of phenomena, no further explanation should be offered unless additional evidence have forced or allured us farther afield. We have seen many an imposing system based on the hypothesis of a loan or imitation, where the simple truth enunciated in

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this principle was sufficient. The prisoner sought a secret panel, not observing that he might escape by the window.*

Next is stated the principle of *Originality*: All belongs to all, genius apart—*hors le génie*. We will not deny that this is obscure. It implies, unless we mistake M. Pinard's drift, that the elements—material or spiritual—of any system lie all of them at the disposal of everyone. Originality consists in the genuinely new arrangement of pre-existing stuff. For the writer argues, with the help of some extremely applicable quotations from Brunetière,† that genius is essentially not (what is continually being assumed) the faculty of imagining “de l'inédit,” but frankly, the “aptitude to conceive better and express supremely well what has already been said.” Hence, passing rather too rapidly, it may be, from the genius who impresses his personality on the familiar matter, to that immanent characteristic genius which is now in the matter impressed, M. Pinard insists that all that really is relevant, when we are discussing true originality, is not the mere likeness or unlikeness of the elements used, but the “excellence” of their novel combination; the new principle now governing them, and altering their value. The most barefaced borrowing may thus not have excluded creation. Vergil may be as “original” as Homer; Shakespeare's plots become his own, no matter from whom he took them; and no amount of similarity in structure need imply that two religions are of equal value or identical essence. Nor—for we may answer at once the obvious objection—does this exclude the possibility of a revelation. *Whence comes* the force which, entering this so familiar world, irresistibly makes, of the old elements, a “new creation”? Hierosophy will answer that. Mean-

* M. Pinard quotes M. Bédier (*Les Fabliaux*, Paris, 1895, p. 285; cf. 273), who insists that wild hypothesis as to interconnexion of tales and *maerchen*—similar products really connected only at their common source in human nature—has seriously confused the issues and retarded advance in his own branch of research.

† F. Brunetière, *Histoire et Littérature*, 1893, 1. *Théorie du lieu commun*, p. 31 *seq.*

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while, it is established that originality is not necessarily denied to a system *even if* (which, of course, will always in each detail require proof) it have borrowed its material from its neighbour.

The third principle is that of *Primacy*. That is, not only is this soul, this latent idea or force, the focus of true originality; but all else is negligible. And as the soul of beauty, of virtue, is always the most elusive element, so, when one sees a man "cleanse himself with water, fall prostrate in the dust, wear himself out with fasting," who can tell whether all this be "for a fetish, for the All, or for the transcendent God? The gestures are identical, the cultus irreducible. . . . The vague outlines of a dream, the immanent Infinite of Pantheism, the transcendent Infinite of theism, can produce closely analogous flights; an isolated page of Cleanthes or Epictetus might easily be taken for an aspiration of Augustine, of Bernard, or again, of Renan or Sabatier." This principle works clearly with the second. The soul is not only an essential part of the living whole, but it is the important part, by the side of which all the remainder is of little interest.*

Fourth is placed the principle of *Unification*. Ideas are not lumps of matter, juxtaposed. Rays of light, even at a distance, exercise a reciprocal influence. So ideas, in an organized whole, are interactive and illuminate one another from within. Liturgy, ethic, dogma, no one can be understood without the rest. Hence we perceive at once how illegitimate is the method of those who first dismember, say, Christianity, and then seek for parallels to the scattered fragments, the isolated dogmas, the separate rites, or cap its moral maxims with the like from pagan sources. As idle is the erudition which extracts from Jewish,

* M. Pinard kindly writes to me: ". . . The principle of Originality and that of Primacy are near akin; but the former regards the relations of similarity between religions, and seeks to provide a criterion of autonomy, while the latter considers the organic relation of religious elements within a single religion, so as to disengage its principle or predominant factors, and ultimately to distinguish between religion and religion, if the root ideas shall, after this process, appear diverse."

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Buddhist, Avestic writings, sentences which may ring similar to the phrases of the Gospel. Each part must be studied along with all the rest. *Mens agitat molem*. Thought thrills the mass; life has fled from the amputated limb.

We trust we have interpreted not altogether unfairly the principles of which M. Pinard at once suggests some notable applications.

We need spend no longer than he does upon the fallacy which is theirs whose "stupefying erudition" enables them to amass such quantities of similar-seeming facts from every quarter as to lead them to believe in the discovery of a universal law, though too often what they have constituted is "un tas et non une thèse"; they have at best but proved what they assume, the identity of human nature everywhere, and have not distinguished the very different forces which have issued in identical phenomena. Not one label will do for all these forces; "not totemism, nor astrology, nor their like"; many labels will be needed, and still we have not enough to ticket everything.

This was assimilation "by analogies." Far more fatally dangerous, in the domain of the study of religions, because essentially presupposing a ready-made hierosophy, is that "by supplement." This is, in fact, what we heard panegyricized by MM. d'Alviella and S. Reinach; and here we need only point out how definitely M. Pinard's triple division of processes vetoes it as illegitimately premature; how fatal it is to allow the hierosophy, which must only emerge from facts, to supply these for its own nutrition by creating them. In three pages of close logic touched with a fine humour, M. Pinard insists on the disastrous results of this method of "supplement," when applied to the study of savage or primitive races, especially when this is pursued with the help of the study of children and of animals. One remembers M. Reinach's wanderings in the Jardin des Plantes, and his observation of the totemistic instinct in the gestures of children watching the animals.*

Clearly, the "sophy" is presupposed. The human soul,

**Cultes, Mythes, et Religions*, I, iv, 1905.

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it is assumed, is of one nature with the animal; children's souls and savages' are near akin to those of the undeveloped brutes; finally all "savages" are on the lowest rung of the ladder of evolution. . . . But here is no room for the complementary "sophy" of Degeneration, for which evidence and patrons are being found in such force, and no room, assuredly, for a psychology that still asserts the essential difference between the human and the animal soul.

It is by now generally recognized that the marking down of similarities proves nothing unless causal connexion be traced: Prof. Lods has called the mere notation of similars without proof of "interconnexion" labour lost; Prof. Cumont bids us discount his own use of modern Christian terminology in description of pagan rites as being at best a "mere trick of style intended to bring out a similarity, and vividly to establish an approximate parallel. But an epigram is not a proof, and we must not be in a hurry to conclude from an analogy to an influence."* Mr Rhys Davids emphatically asserts such comparisons to be "no longer of any service; and they will be of worse than no service if we imagine that likeness is any proof of direct relationship: that similarity of ideas in different countries shows that either the one or the other was necessarily borrowed. It is as illogical to argue that coincidence of beliefs implies a causal connexion between them, as to suppose that chalk cliffs in China are produced by chalk cliffs in the Downs of Sussex."† But we are almost surprised to note M. Pinard's lengthy application of his principles to this question of *interdependence* of beliefs. He might, we should have thought, have been content with the quotation, "which contains more common sense than poetry" from Vauquelin de la Fresnaye:

Qui va même chemin et fait même voyage
Quelquefois se rencontre en un même passage. ‡

* F. Cumont. *Les religions orientales dans le paganisme romain*, p. xii, *Textes et Monuments*, etc, 1889, 1. 341.

† *Hibbert Lectures*, 1881, p. 3.

‡ Notice, too, the curiously modern sentences quoted by M. Pinard from an anonymous seventeenth century MS. "Ce n'a esté que comme

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And in any case we might have thought he was about to repeat what he had said on Analogy by Assimilation. He is, rather, deprecating a practice common to those who are yet well aware of the danger notified above. It is that set out by Mr Hatch in the *Hibbert Lectures* for 1888, and as warmly applauded by d'Alviella and Harnack as it was sharply criticized by Dr Sanday, Dr Gore and others. Anxious to discover what Christianity owed to Greek thought, and yet fearing to assert interdependence where there was but superficial similarity, Mr Hatch devised the following rules. First, establish what Christianity was *before* and *after* its contact with Hellenic cultus: then, notice whether any of its later features are to be found in the Mysteries; then ask if they could have had any other origin. If not, the conclusion was obvious.

But it will be remembered that this process involved (in fact, however little it did in theory,) the construction of an "essential Christianity"—the Sermon on the Mount, for Mr Hatch: the Divine Fatherhood, for Prof. Harnack; and M. d'Alviella liked to think of the early Christian theodicy as a "blank page," where Hellenic philosophy might "write its favourite conceptions of God and the soul, without having to stretch them on the Procrustes-bed of the old Mythologies." And even such ideas as are allowed to the "essential" scheme, are treated "statically," valued according to their earliest material self-expression; not dynamically, that is, according to their productive, directive force, immanent and energetic from the outset. The only possible way of evaluating these, is of course that delicate process, so costly in time and labour, which Mr Hatch accordingly deprecates,* consisting in the minute

par hazard que l'usage des mesmes choses a esté observé dans toutes ces religions: ce qui vient sans doute ou des qualités particulières des choses qui d'elles mesme [sic] paroissent plus propres pour le culte de la divinité: ou de l'unité de la nature humaine qui porte tous les hommes à juger d'un instinct naturel que certaines choses peuvent servir d'embellissement à la religion; ou enfin de l'unité qui se trouve en la diversité mesme des religions dont il il n'y a aucune qui ne convienne et ne se réunisse en quelque chose. *Des Cérémonies de l'Eglise*, Bibl. Mazarine, MSS. 3953 (1364).

* Though, as M. Pinard reminds us, it has been successfully applied by

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study of each separate exponent of the youthful faith; the disentanglement and examination of what each individual writer believed to be orthodox, either because frankly traditional and inherited, or because recognized as adaptable and consciously assimilated as such. No amount of material increase and development can, in that case, be considered illegitimate or a structural departure from the living embryo.

Over M. Pinard's last point we need not spend very long. It is simply that any judgement on the relative values of religions implies a pre-existing criterion. The gods are put in a row on museum shelves, but that will not help. "The category of the ideal is not identical for all." In other words, religious tastes differ. Moreover, there is no mechanical comparison here possible. We cannot even say one religion is better than another simply as one statue is bigger than another, still less, that it is the best conceivable, the final, the not to be transcended. Nor will mere observation provide us immediately with anything more than the "phenomenal;" what is inexplicable in those terms remains, for the empiricist, the unknowable; for the believer, it may become the miraculous. All depends on the previous philosophy.

Nor can we say that a consensus of the most religious minds shall tell us what is truest. Who that is religious would thrust himself into that number? How many would admit the claim of those who, by one means or another, found themselves therein?

Finally, elimination will not do. The elements of the religious life are not, we saw, stuff for addition and subtraction. They fuse and modify one another. Each new virtue does not add to the soul's furniture, but further spiritualizes the soul itself. The supremely spiritual agent may well have evaporated when all but the common residue of all religions shall have been strained off.

* * * * *
H. Hepding, *Attis*, etc. Giessen, 1903, vi, 211, and by Darenberg and Saglio, *Dict. des Antiquités*, art. *Eleusis*, p. 551, through the cults of Attis at Glensis, of less abundant documentation than are the origins of Christianity.

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The conclusion is, then, that the Comparative Method is thoroughly legitimate, provided the sight of similar phenomena does not lead us to assert, without further evidence, more than a similar nature as their substratum: provided we recognize that what religions can and do differ in is their "genius;" that it is their "soul," or "genius," which matters; and that every part of the religion must be considered as organically unified by this pervasive soul.

These provisos at once rule out, as illegitimate, the assimilation of religions on grounds of their external similarity of phenomena; and, a fortiori, their artificial assimilation by supplementing the lacunæ in the phenomena. Further, that method of detecting alien elements which consists in the construction on a priori principles of the *Urreligion*, the "essence" of the thing, which assesses it at the static, not dynamic value of its elements as shown in their earliest manifestation of themselves, is also illegitimate. As for the appraisal of the relative values of religions, that is impossible without first principles.

Meanwhile, we should be humble enough to own that the time for gigantic syntheses is not yet. That is the recurrent text of careful writers like M. Toutain, who, far from allowing the reckless reconstruction of past histories by "supplementing the evidence from other centres and other periods," insists on the need, still primary, of the most rigorous research and of the formation of monographs, minutely accurate in their distinction of worships according to time and place.* The best we can hope is the experience so exquisitely described by Taine:†

Lorsque des faits tous semblables viennent, sans interruption, et d'un mouvement croissant, frapper tous un même endroit de notre âme, nous fléchissons sous leur continuité et sous leur véhémence, et nous sommes emportés dans le courant qu'ils ont formés. . . . On a le plaisir très noble de sentir les faits épars se changer, sans con-

*Toutain, *Etudes de mythologie et d'histoire des religions antiques*, Paris, 1909, p. 81. Originally read at the 1900 Congress in Paris.

†*Essais de critique et d'histoire*, Paris, 1892, p. 42 seq. quoted by H. Pinard, p. 539, n. 2.

Comparative Religion

trainte et par le seul effet de leurs affinités mutuelles, en un tissu continu de solides raisonnements.

Meanwhile we may sympathize with Dr Jordan's dream not only of the establishment of University Chairs for Comparative Religion—indeed, we shall not lament, as he does, if their occupants confine themselves to the History of Religions or, at most, to Hierology—but also of the foundation, in each great focus of learning, or in each Capital City, of a central school, a sort of clearing-house for the Universities, with its Bureau of information, its Library, and its official Journal.* Expense, time, overlapping energies need no longer be squandered as they now are. Those, however, who apprehend the over-systematization of research, the tyranny of "management," the bureaucracy of the "institution," and yet are anxious for the spread and development of this new branch of research, will find consolation in the concluding paragraphs of his *Survey of the Recent Literature of Comparative Religion*,† which testify to the almost uncanny rapidity with which, for good or ill, the Comparative study of religions is spreading in universities, theological colleges, and schools, and is pouring out and over into the newspapers and the street.

C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

* See the concluding pages of the work mentioned above.

† Edinburgh, 1910.

CARMEN GENESIS

I

SING how the Uncreated Light
SMoved first upon the deep and night,
And, at Its *fiat lux*,
Created light unfurled, to be
God's pinions stirred perpetually
In flux and in reflux.

From light create, and the vexed ooze,
God shaped to potency and thews
All things we see, and all
Which lessen, beyond human mark,
Into the spaces Man calls dark
Because his day is small.

Far-storied, lanterned with the skies,
All Nature, magic-palace-wise,
Did from the waters come:
The angelic singing-masons knew
How many centuried centuries through
The awful courses clomb.

The regent light his strong decree
Then laid upon the snarling sea.
Shook all its wallowing girth
The shaggy brute, and did (for wrath
Low bellowing in its chafèd path)
Sullen disglut the Earth.

Meanwhile the universal light
Broke itself into bounds; and Night
And Day were two, yet one:
Dividual splendour did begin
Its procreant task, and, globing, spin
In moon, and stars, and sun.

Carmen Genesis

With interspherical counterdance
Consenting contraries advance,
And plan is hid for plan :
In roaring harmonies would burst
The thunder's throat; the heavens, uncurst,
Restlessly steady ran.

All Day, Earth waded in the sun,
Free-bosomed; and, when Night begun,
Spelt in the secret stars.
Day unto Day did utter speech,
Night unto Night the knowledge teach
Barred in its golden bars.

And, last, Man's self, the little world
Where was Creation's semblance furled,
Rose at the linking nod :
For the first world, the moon and sun
Swung orbed. That human second one
Was dark, and waited God.

His locks He spread upon the breeze,
His feet He lifted on the seas,
Into His worlds He came :
Man made confession : "There is Light!"
And named, while Nature to its height
Quailed, the enormous Name.

II

Poet! still, still thou dost rehearse,
In the great *fiat* of thy Verse,
Creation's primal plot;
And what thy Maker in the whole
Worked, little maker, in thy soul
Thou work'st, and men know not.

Thine intellect, a luminous voice,
Compulsive moved above the noise
Of thy still-fluctuous sense;
And Song, a water-child like Earth,
Stands with feet sea-washed, a wild birth
Amid their subsidence.

Carmen Genesis

Bold copyist! who dost relimn
The traits, in man's gross mind grown dim,
Of the first Masterpiece—
Remarking all in thy one Day:
God give thee Sabbath to repay
Thy sad work with full peace!
Still, Nature, to the clang of doom,
Thy Verse rebearth in her womb;
Thou makest all things new,
Elias, when thou comest! yea,
Mak'st straight the intelligential way
For God to pace into.

His locks perturb man's eddying thought,
His feet man's surgy breast have sought,
To man, His world, He came;
Man makes confession: "There is Light!"
And names, while Being to its height
Rocks, the desired Name.

III

God! if not yet the royal siege
Of Thee, my terrible sweet Liege,
Hath shook my soul to fall;
If, 'gainst Thy great investment, still
Some broken bands of rebel Will
Do man the desperate wall;
Yet, yet, Thy graciousness! I tread,
All quick, through tribes of moving dead—
Whose life's a sepulchre
Sealed with the dull stone of a heart
No angel can roll round. I start,
Thy secrets lie so bare!
With beautiful importunacy
All things plead, "We are fair!" to me.
Thy world's a morning haunt,
A bride whose zone no man hath slipt
But I, with baptism still bedript
Of the prime water's font.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

ST PAULINUS OF NOLA

1. *Corpus Scriptorum Eccles. Latin.* Vol. xix-xxx. S. Pontii Meropii Paulini Nolani opera ex recensione Gulielmi de Hartel. Vienna, 1894.
 2. Migne, *Patrologia Latina.* Vol. lxi (ed. Muratori).
 3. *Ausonii opera omnia.* Ed. Peiper. Leipzig, 1886.
 4. G. Boissier, *La Fin du Paganisme.* Vol. ii, pp. 49-103.
- And other works.

THE little Campanian town of Nola, a dozen miles east of Naples, is famous for several things. The Emperor Augustus died there on his return from parting with Tiberius at Benevento. (Vell. Paterc. II, 123.) It was the birthplace of the famous sculptor John of Nola (Giovanni Merliano), whose work is to be admired in the churches of Naples; and of Giordano Bruno, who was burned at Rome in 1600, and whose name is become the watchword of modern Italian unbelievers, though not one in a thousand of them knows anything about the libertine philosopher, for better or for worse, but the manner of his death.

Nola is also celebrated in an anecdote about Virgil. Among the spots instanced as the richest and most favoured countrysides in Italy he gave a mention to the hillslopes above Nola, where Augustus had endowed him with an estate. Comparetti* is disposed to find in Virgil's ownership an origin for the name, famous for many centuries, of a shrine which to this day draws pilgrims by scores of thousands from Naples and round about, Our Lady of Montevergine. This was that favoured part of Italy, good for vineyards, good for olives, good for tillage, good for stockbreeding:

Talem dives arat Capua et vicina Vesevo
Nola iugo et vacuis Clanius non aequus Acerris.

But when he applied to the municipal authorities of Nola for leave to avail himself of their aqueduct for the irrigation of his lands, they refused him. And he took

* Virgilio nel medio Evo.

St Paulinus of Nola

a poet's revenge, a gentle poet's revenge, nothing Archilochian, by deleting the name of Nola from his verse.

Vicina Vesevo

Ora iugo

So runs the text; and no glory for Nola. This story, being well attested and in itself perfectly probable, but having the misfortune to be rather interesting, is, of course, rejected by most nineteenth century commentators.

But the modern traveller who finds himself at Nola on June 26 can see what—as I have not seen it—I will describe in the terms of the faithful Baedeker. “Eight lofty and gaily adorned towers of light woodwork (so-called ‘Lilies’) and a ship bearing the image of the saint are drawn through the streets in procession.” The saint is St Paulinus, of whom those who know nothing else, have perhaps heard that he was the inventor of church bells, which took their name of *Campana* from the Campanian see of Nola.*

Why his festival takes place there on June 26, I cannot tell: it is the day of SS. John and Paul; and St Paulinus's date in the Breviary is June 22. And to the Breviary for a first view of him we shall do well to go: the following account is there given.

St. Paulinus, Bishop and Confessor.

Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a master in the humane studies, and also learned in divine letters, was an elegant and accomplished author both in prose and in verse. His charity is especially renowned in that, during the devastation of Campania by the Goths, he bestowed his whole fortune for the relief of the poor and the ransom of captives, not even reserving the necessaries of life for himself. At which time, as St Augustine writes, “when he had exchanged great riches for great poverty of his own accord, and was taken prisoner by the barbarians, in the wealth and fulness of sanctity he would thus pray to God, ‘Lord, let me not be tormented for the sake of gold and silver, for where all my goods are thou knowest.’” At a later time, when the Vandals were ravaging those same districts, a widow begged him to ransom her son; and, as he had spent all his substance in offices of loving-

* See an article in *The Month*, by H. Thurston, S.J. (June, 1907).

St Paulinus of Nola

kindness, he delivered himself into captivity as a substitute for the other.

So he was taken to Africa, and employed in cultivating his master's garden, who was the king's son-in-law. By the gift of prophecy, he had foretold to his master the king's death; and the king in a dream saw Paulinus sitting in the midst between two judges, and plucking a scourge from his, the king's, hands. Whereupon his greatness was discovered and he was let go free with every mark of honour; all his fellow-countrymen among the prisoners were granted their release also for his sake.*

He returned to Nola and to his bishopric, where, by word and example, he fired all men with the zeal of Christian piety. He was suffering from a disease of the lungs, when an earthquake shook the room in which he lay; and a little after he rendered his soul to God.

My design in this paper is not so much to dwell upon the edifying virtues of the saint as to give some notion of a writer who fills a not unimportant place in the great last age of Latin literature; and, in order thereto, one must attempt to display him in relation to some of the greatest names in one of the most interesting centuries of European history. And, first, a little framework of dates will be useful. St Martin of Tours was about forty years old; St Ambrose was in his twentieth year; St Jerome in his fifteenth; the poet Prudentius in his seventh—when St Paulinus was born in 353. St Augustine was a year his junior. They were boys of about six or seven when the short fury of Julian the Apostate's reign seemed to imperil all the conquests that Christianity had made since the Church recovered from the persecutions of Diocletian. Pope Damasus began his reign in 366; St Hilary of Poitiers died in 367; St Patrick's birth falls in St Paulinus's twentieth year; and if the date of his visit to Rome was 431, as Archbishop Healy reckons it, he might there hear the news of St Paulinus's death that same year.

* Boissier denies the historicity of this episode, because it is not recorded by Uranius, who, nevertheless, emphasizes his charity in redeeming captives: the earliest authority for it is St Gregory of Tours (A.D. 538-593).

St Paulinus of Nola

Next, a summary view of the authorities for the saint's life. These number, firstly, a very short and dry notice in Gennadius of Marseilles, written within a generation or two * of Paulinus's death; and, secondly, a much more interesting and precious document: entitled, "Letter of Uranius the Presbyter."† But much more ample, if more diffused, are the materials which derive from his own works, and from his correspondence. His numerous prose treatises are not extant, but a large volume of his verse survives, and fifty of his prose letters; among his correspondents were four of the most famous writers of the age: Ausonius, Sulpicius Severus, St Jerome and St Augustine.

I will speak later of this correspondence; but my immediate duty is to make a biographical sketch out of the data contained in it.

Pontius Meropius Paulinus—this was his full name—belonged to a family of the highest distinction, *splendore generis in partibus Aquitaniae nulli secundum*,‡ descended from Roman senators on both sides. Two Paulini were consuls in the reign of Constantine; the poet Prudentius§ names the Paulini and the Bassi as the first of patrician families to embrace Christianity; they were, perhaps, related to the still more famous Anicii, to whom Boethius belonged. The family was widespread, especially in Aquitaine. Migne enumerates seven other Paulini known to patrologists.

His father was Pontius Paulinus, governor of the province and founder of the great fortress of Burgus, a few miles below Bordeaux on the Garonne. But Bordeaux was our Paulinus's birthplace: Bordeaux, famous then as now for its wine (Auson, Ep. ix. ed. Peiper, p. 227, *nostris gloria vini*), for its oysters, and for its university. He inherited an immense property, including estates at Ebromagus, where he lived, at Narbonne, and at Fondi in Italy, and perhaps in Spain. He had for his teacher Au-

* Before 469. See the authority cited by H. Brewer, S.J., in his *Kommodian von Gaza*, p. 52 (Paderborn, 1906).

† Migne, P.L., Vol. LIII, p. 859.

‡ Ambrose, Ep. 30.

§ Contr. Symm. 1, 558.

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sonius, who must be called the greatest man of letters of the day. Ausonius, steeped in classical erudition, fond of the glories of Latin literature with a literary ardour that may best be compared to the half-pagan or wholly pagan humanists of the fifteenth century, and enjoying imperial patronage * almost from his boyhood, is a brilliant instance of the matter-of-fact conformity of unheroic spirits in that age when all things began to be added to the Church with almost overwhelming rapidity. He stands with Lactantius between the perfervid Hebraic spirit of St Jerome, courting the imputation of barbarism, inheritor of the Tertullianic tradition of pugnacity and vehemence, and on the other hand the sulkily self-complacent *côterie* of patricians, the old guard of paganism. Paganism was too thoroughly emptied of meaning to satisfy a powerful intellect any longer. The Symmachi shew to what depths of idleness and fatuity official paganism was fallen. They perfectly knew and relished the part of dignified protest, but there was no fight in them. The temper of a Julian was something very different; he met the Church as fanatic meets fanatic; he was an ultra-devout, passionately superstitious devil worshipper. We shall find Julian's spiritual descendants in the Freemason Lodges of France; if Ausonius were living now, he would pretty surely belong to the French Academy. There is no reason to deny that the author of the *Ephemeris* was a Christian, and a practising Christian; nor, on the other hand, that the correspondent of Symmachus was on friendly terms with pagan men of letters. Why should he not be? The fact is, Ausonius' works, elegant, ingenious and mostly futile, as they are, taken apart from a few precise evidences of his Christianity, give a pagan impression, just because in him, as in Milton, as in Tennyson, the imagination is not yet Christian. It is the hardest of all the conquests of the Church, the poetical imagination. The Middle Ages had a Christian imagination. Prudentius had gleams of it, although theo-

* His uncle Arborius had attracted the attention of the Emperor's brothers Constantius and Constans at Toulouse, and by their influence was summoned to adorn the university of the new capital in 328 A.D.

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logical argument, hammered out in the red glare of his Spanish temperament, gives little scope for the graces of fancy; among English poetry, Richard Crashaw and Francis Thompson almost alone exhibit in verse what medieval artists exhibited in painting, sculpture and architecture.

There was no reason why an Ausonius should ever undergo torments of scruple whether a good Christian could be a good Ciceronian. "He that is not with us is against us." "He that is not against us is with us." Both texts have authority. Each stands for a temper or attitude. The Catholic Church, by her absolutely literal and yet so practical and businesslike management of the Rule of Perfection, uses and directs forces which outside of the Church either waste themselves in mere vapour or break out in mischievous violence: nowhere is her control more necessary and more admirable than over the zealot enamoured of perfection.*

There was nothing of the zealot about Ausonius; but there was that about him which might well make zealots of others by reaction against his very shallowness, his easy good-natured tolerance. When Paulinus† says "that he owes to him knowledge, dignities, culture, all the honours that tongue and robe and renown have given him; that Ausonius launched him, nurtured him, educated him, was to him a protector, a preceptor, and a father in one," he does not add that he owes to him his vocation. He could not do so without reproach. And yet I cannot help thinking that it was the emptiness of Ausonius and, if one may say so, *Ausonianism*, which prepared him to see, to feel, and finally with ascetic abhorrence to reject, the emptiness of the world. Certainly he was well taught in rhetoric and literature. By nature evidently receptive and docile, he became the master of an only too fluent and copious style, an "infinite furniture of language,"‡ as St Jerome

* The instant that we are confronted with the ascetic or mystical temperament, we see that Christianity without the Church means anarchy: witness a Tolstoy.

† *Carm.* x, 93.

‡ *Ep.* XIII.

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called it. Erasmus transfers to him the title usually given to Lactantius, "the Christian Cicero." His style gained unbounded praise from his master for early poems which have not survived. We cannot judge of these early works by what he wrote later; the muse suffered conversion as well as the man.

Negant Camenis nec patent Apollini
dicata Christo pectora.*

However, Paulinus as a poet, and his place in Latin literature, are a matter for separate treatment. His life is the concern of this paper. He was in his twenty-fifth year when his father died; he was only twenty-six when the Emperor, at the instance of his tutor Ausonius, appointed him to fill a casual vacancy in the consulship. A regular career† of official dignities must have led to this supreme honour, which was conferred on Ausonius himself the following year, while his uncle Arborius was governor of Rome. Before this he had made a tour of his estates in Campania, and returning thence by way of Spain, he there was married to the lady whose name appears at the head of so many of his letters, Therasia. With her he settles down in his Aquitanian home, there to enjoy all the influence and consideration that great riches, good character, agreeable manners, ample accomplishments, and high official distinction could confer.

The next years were a time of great agitation in the empire and in Gaul especially. To the year 382 belongs the pitched battle between the Church and Paganism, which was fought about the question of the Altar of Victory. The story has often been told.‡ The Christian spokesman was St Ambrose; the Pagan, Symmachus. The Emperor Gratian yielded to St Ambrose, and the altar was abolished. A little matter, but test cases often turn on

* *Carm.* x. 20.

† See *Le Sénat Romain depuis Dioclétien*, by Ch. Lécivain, Paris, 1888. The prestige which still attached to the nine hundred-year-old dignity may best be measured by the terms in which Claudian speaks of it in his poems. See also St Augustine's Letters ed. Vienn. Vol. II. p. 381.

‡ See G. Boissier "l'Autel de la Victoire," in *La Fin du Paganisme*, and Newman's Historical Sketches, "St Ambrose."

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a little matter; and it is foolish to pretend that a detail is still unimportant when by tacit general agreement, and as it were by a fatal determination, it becomes the symbol or representative in a conflict of enormous issues. Let the ostensible question be the removal of a piece of ornamental marble from the Senate house at Rome, or the whitewashing of an artillery captain in France; the pretext is the extremity of a far-laid train. The Altar of Victory must have caused heart-searchings in every corner of the empire. The year after, Bordeaux was distracted by a visit from the Spanish heresiarch Priscillian, who made some proselytes in the learned world there * Meanwhile Gaul was plunging into civil war. The pretender Maximus set up his standard in Britain, crossed the Channel, and marching southward, defeated and killed Gratian at Lyons, forcing his colleague Valentinian II to evacuate Italy. The reign of the usurper lasted till 388, when Theodosius defeated and put him to death. What was Paulinus about during these troubled years? He appears to have retreated to his Italian estates, and perhaps to have been at Valentinian's court. If, as appears likely, he was a visitor at Nola in 379, he would pass through Rome when Damasus was the reigning Pope; to whom Siricius succeeded in 384. In Italy he had made acquaintance with St Ambrose, a man who had left the most brilliant of worldly positions to become one of the greatest of churchmen; at Vienne, in Gaul, with St Martin of Tours and St Delphin of Bordeaux. It was by St Delphin that he was baptized at Bordeaux, probably in 380.

These are but faint hints what was passing in Paulinus' mind during these years. Among the channels and agencies by which he was worked upon, one may certainly name his wife Therasia; Sulpicius Severus, his most intimate and congenial friend; among living saints, those whom I mentioned above; but especially that St Felix (a martyr in the persecutions of Decius a hundred years earlier) to whose special patronage he had apparently devoted himself as early as 379, and whose cultus was to furnish the material for most of his poems.

* His condemnation and execution followed in 385.

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The last years of Ausonius' long and prosperous life of dilettantism were shocked and distressed by the news that his favourite pupil, the man he called his son, Pontius Paulinus, had renounced the world. We have yet among his letters the poetical appeals which Ausonius addressed to the runaway. The style smacks strongly of the schools, too richly conceited and too copious in instances. But to doubt the sincerity of the well-nigh octogenarian littérateur's desire to recall Paulinus to the splendid position that he was sacrificing at thirty-five, would be to misread the language of the time. And the elegant poetical expostulation is quickened by an underlying vein of bitter and scornful reproof, which Paulinus does not fail to discover and protest against. Ausonius wrote four letters, of which the first never came to hand, and only the third and fourth are extant. Four years passed before Paulinus replied. In reply to his letter in the summer of 393, Ausonius wrote yet again in still more bitter terms. "Your verses aim a deadly blow at me," says Paulinus in the winter of the same year.* The thing was past a joke now.

The master was now eighty-three years of age; he felt the scholar's retreat as a personal disloyalty to his friendship, as well as a treason to literature and public life; hurt pride or wounded affection, or both, even prompted him to write harshly of Therasia, jealous of her supposed ascendancy over her husband's heart and mind. The breach was irreparable. Paulinus' next letter is only a fifth part in length of that earlier one (331 lines of verse). Brevity was never his forte; the concision, almost curtness, of his last word, argues a dryness of interest—not, probably, from any want of affection towards the teacher to whom he had so lately acknowledged his great obligations, but from the sense that no explanations would make Ausonius conceive what had happened to him, any more than St Augustine's companions of youth at Carthage could understand what had come about within him when he went to St Ambrose to be baptized five years before this

**Carm.* x, 261-64.

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time. Henceforth they might use the same words, but they would be speaking a different language.

Paulinus had withdrawn to Spain soon after his conversion in 389, probably to an estate of his own; and there he remained in close retirement for four years. His letters to Ausonius are dated from Barcelona; so are two others, addressed to St Sulpicius. When he returned to France in 393 it is doubtful if he found his old master still alive. Had they met, it is not likely the meeting could bring much pleasure to either party. Paulinus had gone to Spain a layman, he returned a priest. Such had not been his intention. He intended indeed to withdraw from the world because he was weary of the world; both of his riches and honours, and of the turmoil and anxieties of the last few years. And, meditating in his retreat on the Spanish coast, he came to the opinion that the best way to withdraw wholly from the world was to practise the evangelical counsel of perfection, to sell all he had and give to the poor. His resolve was taken, but the thing could not be done all at one stroke. His properties were very large, and situated in divers provinces of the empire; naturally he would realize bit by bit. In his humility he desired to avoid praise, but that was impossible. St Gregory of Tours tells a story of his life in Spain. His disappearance from Bordeaux had been so mysteriously sudden that some of his friends set themselves to find him out, but in vain. It was only after many months' interval that an Aquitanian merchant travelling beyond the Pyrenees discovered his retreat. The inhabitants were astonished to see the stranger prostrate himself at the saint's feet, exclaiming "This is the blessed Paulinus, whose fame is in all the world, whom his countrymen have sought for in vain," and to hear who was the humble penitent living incognito among them. Paulinus a monk! No spiritual event since the conversion of St Augustine had excited so much interest. We meet it in the letters of St Ambrose, St Jerome, St Augustine:

"When the great men hear of this," said St Ambrose, *"what will they say? A man of that birth, of that pedigree,*

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of those talents, such an eloquent speaker—to forsake the Senate! The line of a noble house cut off! This is intolerable!”

“Go to Campania,” says St Augustine to a correspondent, “and learn the lesson of Paulinus, the admirable and holy servant of God, what a burden of this world’s glory and pride he flung from his neck, unhesitating, with a gesture of the most high-minded humility. He would submit that neck to Christ’s yoke, and so he did; and now with Him to rule and guide his cause, Paulinus rejoices in the meek enthusiasm of peace.” (A good criticism of his style in poetry, this phrase of St Augustine’s.) “Go, see what rich talents of mind he bestows in offering to God the sacrifice of praise, freely rendering up all that he has received from Him: for fear lest he lose all by not investing all in the source whence it came to him.”*

St Martin of Tours quoted Paulinus’ instance to confirm Sulpicius Severus, in whom a similar vocation had already dawned. St Martin’s future biographer was already intimate with Paulinus, in whom St Martin had long before worked a miraculous cure of a diseased eye. They were fellow-countrymen. They agreed in literary tastes. Sulpicius was perhaps ten years the younger. He is Paulinus’ most intimate correspondent: twelve letters addressed to him are extant. Their mutual influence on each other seems to have been particularly strong. He writes with peculiar warmth and fulness to a friend who had been dear to him in the world, and became dearer still when both had made up their minds to quit the world. St Sulpicius devoted himself to the service of the living Martin at Tours, and when he died (397) wrote his life—Paulinus acclaims the book in Ep. xi. II, A.D. 397—just as Paulinus devoted himself to the service of the sainted Felix at Nola. St Sulpicius was duly ordained. Of the ordination of Paulinus this is the place to speak. His humility was certainly no less than that of Sulpicius: he says more than once in his letters that he desires the lowest place in the Church, and counts himself unworthy of the priesthood. “Quantum in me fuit, elegeram abjectus

* Ep. xxvi (also xxxi), ad Licentium.

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esse in domo domini." Ep. iv, 4 (to St Augustine). And he uses similar terms to Amandus, the priest at Bordeaux, to whom he partly credited his conversion. He intended to be literally a doorkeeper to St Felix (*Carm.* xii, 36), to scrub his threshold and keep watch in the church by night. But his humility was to be forced. Just as had happened to St Augustine at Hippo three years before, the multitude of the faithful at Barcelona took the law into their own hands and insisted on his ordination by Lampius the bishop. He had made up his mind to be a monk at Nola, beside his favourite patron's church; but if made a priest at Barcelona, he was canonically bound to the Church there as a secular. The rule was dispensed in his case: he was ordained, but allowed free choice of diocese. The day was early in 394 (Ep. i, 10). Sulpicius must come to Barcelona by Easter, he writes (Ep. i, 11) *ut sacras ferias me sacerdote concelebres*. So it was that in 394 he returned to France a priest. But not to stay there, only *en route* for Nola, whither he urged Sulpicius to accompany him.

But Sulpicius would not leave St Martin, it appears. For Paulinus goes without him to Narbonne, and thence by sea (a stormy passage) into Italy. His voyage would be coastwise, touching at Marseilles and Fréjus, within view of those islands of Lérins which St Honoratus' monastery was soon to make famous in all Christendom. Landing in Italy, probably at Pisa, he was received by St Ambrose at Florence, whither the Archbishop had been driven from Milan by the civil war. Milan was in the hands of Eugenius, the pagan usurper, who had revoked the prohibition of paganism issued by Theodosius in 390. And so to Rome.

Now if Paulinus' conversion had astonished Spain and Gaul, much more was the capital of the empire astonished to see the ex-senator, ex-consul, ex-governor now a humble regular. He was besieged by the visits of clergy and laity. Pious admiration and mere curiosity combined to make all Rome desire to see Paulinus. He speaks humbly enough in a letter to Sulpicius (v. 13, 14). *Non nobis, Domine* is his tone. It is not he but the *opus Dei*

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Salvatoris in nobis which moves the devout to seek him. But there was nevertheless a jealousy, not unpardonable perhaps, among some of the Roman clergy. And the Pope (Siricius, who had succeeded Damasus ten years before) treated him coldly. Paulinus' phrase is not very precise; the bearer of the letter is to explain the written hints by word of mouth. His only actual words of complaint are *Urbici papæ superba discretio*, "the haughty aloofness of the Pope." All authorities naturally dislike and resent the forestalling, or assuming, of their approval by a popular outburst. Ecclesiastical historians have blamed Siricius; but it has been suggested, as is probable enough, that the Pope who had made great efforts to stem the perils which attended a wholesale, overwhelming inrush of converts, such as the last few years had precipitated, and who particularly disapproved of the rash impulsive ordination or consecration of popular or influential laymen, perhaps only recently baptized, had good enough reasons to refuse official countenance to a disorderly movement of enthusiasm.* True, the irregularity in this instance had been through no fault of Paulinus. But the Pope could not yet have evidence that Paulinus was proof against the temptations to pride and indiscretion which such a triumph would have for most men: the illustrious novice had better be on probation for a while. And there is one fact which makes it highly likely that there was nothing which ought to be called a quarrel between Paulinus and Siricius. It was Paulinus' practice to pay an annual visit *ad limina*, to the tombs of the Apostles, for their feast day, June 29. He would stay ten days at Rome (xlv, 1); the morning was spent in devout exercises at the shrines of martyrs (*memoriæ*), and when he returned to his lodgings, all the afternoon was taken up by visits from his many friends; he was too busy, he says, to find time to write (xvii, 2). It is most improbable that he could have paid these annual visits if he did not

* On the subject of involuntary bishops see St Augustine's Letters, ed. Vienn. Vol. II, p. 640.

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enjoy the papal approbation. And we hear no hint of any further trouble.*

Discouraged, however, now from prolonging his stay at Rome, he pursued his journey into Campania, not unwillingly, for he craved for the quiet and solitude of his cell; and the splendour and tumult and throng of Rome wearied and frightened him. The dangers of the Church disquieted him, lest "sitting by the waters of Babylon she might not remember Zion" (xxix, 13). This very year the usurper Eugenius, supported by the Pagans, had restored the Altar of Victory.

When he reached Nola he reached the long since determined harbour of his soul's voyage. Therasia was with him, now and henceforward to be as his sister. The superscription of most of his letters bears "Paulinus and Therasia, sinners," to whoever it might be, Augustine, Delphinus, Sulpicius, Amandus; and most of his correspondents address both.

His future home was a monastery adjacent to the basilica which enshrined the bones of St Felix, half a mile from Nola. There was a building that contained cells for pilgrims, and a garden so small that "you could hardly find room for a single cabbage in it" (xxxix, 4); also an orchard with a private door into the church.

That mistress,

To whom, as unto death, will no man's hand
Unbolt the doors of pleasure,

Holy Poverty, had no half-hearted knight in Paulinus. The rigours of Oriental asceticism, newly made known to the West at this time (Cassian's *De Institutis Cœnobiorum* was not written till a quarter of a century later, but Cassian was almost of an age with Paulinus. Just during these years, 385-395, he was in Egypt studying monasticism), were practised by the little community at Nola. Paulinus' silver-plate had been exchanged for wooden and earthenware—"earthenware was akin to

*Siricius died in 398; and his successor, Anastasius, took the earliest opportunity of showing his affection for Paulinus (Ep. xx, 2).

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him in Adam, and the Lord's treasure was committed to vessels of earthenware" (Ep. v, 21). A phrase in Ep. xxxix, 4, seems to mean that they even lacked salt to season their vegetables; his verses are in praise of sack-cloth, fasting and squalor (*Carm.* xxxix, 445). The multitudes of pilgrims who came to visit St Felix's tomb did not disturb his retreat; he saw none but his friends, and it was seldom enough that any of them came to Nola. But he sought and found epistolary companionship with new friends as well as old: Augustine, Alypius, Amelius, Bishop of Carthage, wrote to him and sent him their works; he opened a correspondence also with St Jerome. To Nola came letters from Africa, from Palestine and from France.

In 394 he celebrated Theodosius' triumph (a triumph the Christian Emperor did not long outlive) over Eugenius by a panegyric which was enthusiastically praised by Jerome, who tells him that if he would but study Holy Scripture, "Christian literature would contain nothing more beautiful, more learned, more delightful, more Latin than his works" (*Jer. Ep.* xiiii); and by a summary criticism of the greatest Christian Latinists—Tertullian, Cyprian, Lactantius, Arnobius, Hilary—points what an opportunity opens for a Christian man of letters.

For fifteen years, down to 409, he remained a plain monk at Nola. There is little to record of these years. In 402 he received a visit from two interesting persons, Nicetas of Remesiana, or the Dacian, who is now thought (on evidence in great part derived from a poem that Paulinus addressed to him as God-speed for his journey) to be the author of the *Te Deum* (Bardenhewer, *Patrology*, p. 443); and St Melania, who called at Nola on her way from Jerusalem to Rome. She brought him from Jerusalem a fragment of the true cross for his new church. The concourse of pilgrims was so great at St Felix' tomb, that the four or five existing chapels could not accommodate them. Paulinus, therefore, built a new church, the plan, the marbles and the mosaics of which he describes

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minutely in a letter to Severus. He particularly wished his church to be adorned with a series of pictures from Biblical history, for the purposes of instruction. The abuse against which St Paul already had to oppose his authority in the first age, the turning of a religious rite into a convivial orgy, was one of the plagues of the Church in these days also. The peasants, still half-pagan perhaps, would flock in a mob to the festival, erect tables over the martyr's tomb within the sacred building, and there make merry all night. It took all the firmness and prudence of Ambrose at Milan and Augustine in Africa to stop the abuse. Paulinus designed that his wall-paintings and mosaics should enlighten and admonish the mountain shepherds and rustics who thronged Nola on a feast day. Letter xxxii is all about church building. Besides the new basilica at Nola, he restored and decorated the original one round which the others had subsequently grouped, and built a new church at Fondi (Horace's *Fundi*, about half-way between Rome and Capua, on the *Appia*), where he had owned property. Under the altar of this church he placed relics of SS. Andrew, Luke, Nazarius, Gervas and Protas (xxxii, 17). The fragment of the true cross he did not eventually keep for Nola. His friend, Sulpicius Severus, had written to beg relics for the enlarged basilica he was building at Primuliacum. St Melania had brought it from John, Bishop of Jerusalem, as a gift to Paulinus and Therasia; and it was Therasia who suggested that they should send it to Sulpicius and Bassula, his wife's mother. The letter, which announces the coming of the "precious relic" enclosed in a golden tube, contains an account of the finding of the true cross by the Empress Helena, an account which, perhaps, he owes to the Bishop of Jerusalem as a certificate of authenticity.

The annual visit to Rome, and the annual return of St Felix's day, which never failed to bring the whole countryside into Nola, and which Paulinus never failed to celebrate by a birthday ode—that is about all there is to chronicle during these years.

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It was probably in 409 that he was made Bishop of Nola. Therasia, apparently, had died the year before. The diocese was so small that little had to be changed in Paulinus' way of life. His episcopal virtues are described in enthusiastic terms by a first-hand witness, Uranius.

He had not been bishop a year when the Gothic invasion broke upon Italy. August 24, 410, Alaric entered Rome, which he evacuated two days later to ravage the south.* Nola was captured and sacked. Paulinus was taken prisoner. St Augustine, writing three years later, records his prayer (*De Civ. Dei* I. x) "Lord let me not be tormented for the sake of gold and silver, for Thou knowest where all my riches are."† He was spared; and the ravages of the barbarians furnished the bishop with ampler opportunity for his habitual charity. In 419 he was invited by the Emperor Honorius to take part in the Synod of Ravenna, summoned to allay a schism which had broken out in the Roman Church at Pope Zosimus' death. His ill health forbade his attendance; and it is not known whether he was able to assist at the Council of Spoleto the next year, to which a highly complimentary letter also invited him. Between 421-424 St Augustine sent him the little book *De Cura pro Mortuis Gerenda*, which he had written in answer to an enquiry by Paulinus concerning the practice of burying the dead beside a martyr's tomb. And to about the same period belong his dealings with the monks of Lérins: both St Honoratus and St Eucherius sent certain brothers of their communities to visit Paulinus, and a letter of his addressed to Eucherius is extant.

He was twenty-two years bishop of Nola. On June 22, aged 78, he died in the basilica of St Felix. St Augustine, besieged in Hippo by the Vandals, predeceased him by a

* What horror this catastrophe excited may be seen in St Augustine's Letters, ed. Vienn. Vol. II, p. 543.

† The Goths had respected the Sanctuary of the Holy Apostles and of the tombs of martyrs, as is recorded in the first chapter of the *De Civitate Dei*, a work which these events, and the Pagan comments on them, moved St Augustine to write (*Retract* II, 43).

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year. His deathbed is described by Uranius, an eyewitness, of whom I have already spoken.

A certain Pacatus, a poet (perhaps son to his namesake, Drepanius Pacatus of Aquitaine, the rhetorician, a panegyrist of Theodosius), had written more than once to Uranius, at Nola, for a faithful account of Paulinus' death to serve as material for a biography in verse. Uranius answers him by sending a very touching and heartfelt narrative of the saint's deathbed, fortified by the sacraments of the Church, comforted by the presence of his clergy and two neighbouring bishops, and particularly favoured by visions of the two famous saints, St Januarius, patron of Naples, and St Martin of Tours. Before he died he reconciled all such persons as he had excommunicated for causes of ecclesiastical discipline. His funeral was attended by Jews and heathen as well as Christians, lamenting the loss of their patron, protector and guardian.

Uranius' letter is thought to have been written about ten years after the event (*Migne*, P.L. xx, 85).

At some subsequent date his body, or some part of it, was removed from Nola to Rome, where it is said to be preserved in St Bartholomew's Church.

Such, in a summary sketch, was the life of Paulinus of Nola. I hope on some future occasion to present him to the reader as a Latin poet whose works, though their Christian and Catholic quality has banished them from the notice of official English scholarship, which still obeys the essentially pagan impulse of Reformation times, deserve a place in the history of literature.

J. S. PHILLIMORE.

“PUNCH” AND PONTIFFS

FROM the commencement of the nineteenth century—which, by the way, one of Mr Punch’s oft quoted “butts” used to term “the so-called nineteenth century”—the predecessors of *Punch* were numerous; but, being for the most part less humorous than numerous, they left scarcely any record really worth preserving of their more or less ephemeral existence. Some of them remained for a while, but none “came to stay.” During his first “struggle for existence” he had to encounter attacks from not a few splenetic rivals for public favour, yet none of his competitors achieved more than a transient success, with the exception of *The Man in the Moon*, which, I think, lived for about four years. This was the exception to prove the rule, and despite all attacks and constant attempts on their part to induce Mr Punch to enter the lists and favour them with his attention, the astute jester was “not to be drawn,” though they caricatured him severely; and so the disappointed conspirators shook their empty pockets at him, shrugged their shoulders and renounced as useless all further attempts at opposition. It is a tribute to Mr Punch, alike from friend and foe, that from the very commencement up to the present period of his hebdomadally regulated existence, his behaviour, as a rule, with very few exceptions which shall be mentioned later, has been unquestionably that of a cynical, yet genial, English gentleman and man of the world, who “has his faults” and the weaknesses characteristic of John Bull rather than the “miching mallecho” qualities of the very ancient ancestor of foreign extraction from whom he derives his appellation. Influenced temporarily by varying changes in the national life and character, yet the spirit that “animates the whole” of his laughing philosophy has remained, to use the mathematical term, “constant.” If he has occasionally allowed himself to be considered as the “sapeur” for whom “rien n’est sacré,” yet it may now be readily admitted that he has fairly entitled

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himself to be described as Protestant England's “Licensed Jester.” It is in this character, and in respect to his treatment of Papal matters and of the Pope, that I now propose to deal with him.

In the early days of Pius IX, that is, within the first fifteen volumes, *Punch* (who had already begun to style himself on occasions “*Mister Punch*,” and to don court dress when he imagined himself as self-presented to Her Gracious Majesty, who deigned to take his advice as to the removal of the Wellington Statue) was, so to speak, “hand and glove” with the Pope, not, of course, regarding him as being “the successor of St Peter,” but as King of the Papal States, and as, in all Europe, the one liberal monarch. In Vol. XIII, p. 120, there is a design by Richard Doyle showing how Pius IX spears the double-headed Austrian Eagle, a caricature that forms the vignette affixed to an authoritative letter, written by Punch himself and signed with his official signature, in which he declares, “I have made up my mind to take Pius's part; so I tell you, you had better leave him alone.” This bold announcement of his political intention was strong enough and bold enough to satisfy all English Catholics as to the fair-mindedness of Mr Punch.

And in the same number we have a spirited cartoon, notable for its depth of colour, as well as for its depth of meaning, showing how Pope Pius IX, figuring as the popular puppet in the street-show, has, with a mighty and well-directed blow from his cudgel, labelled “Rational Liberty,” completely doubled up the unfortunate Emperor of Austria, who, judging from this cartoon, appears utterly unable to recover himself. It is labelled “Roman Punch.”

Doyle's political cartoons, “cuts,” and vignettes in Vols xv and xvi, and throughout the remainder of his career on Punch, are all excellent. Look at the admirably humorous likenesses of Ministers and Opposition in 1849. But the temptation to linger, discursively, over every one of his pictures, including “Pips, His Diary,” his “Manners and Customs,” and “Brown, Jones and Robinson's Tour,” must be resisted, my present object, incidental to the

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main purpose of this paper, being to show why the conviction of his being unable any longer to work for *Punch* was forced upon Doyle.

During the progress of Mr Punch's ninth volume, the scare of “The Papal Aggression” sent England absolutely off its head. *Punch*, represented by Thackeray, Jerrold, Leech, Leigh, and its editor, Mark Lemon, with the proprietors, Messrs Bradbury and Evans at their back, suffered from a most virulent attack of “Anti-Roman fever.” They had it violently. Mr Spielmann, the admittedly unique authority on all historical matters connected with *Punch* up to the year 1895, from whom it is always a pleasure to me to quote, says, on this matter :

Richard Doyle left the paper, and nobody, except *Punch*, seemed a penny the worse [for the aggression], save that the popular suspicion, once aroused, was not in several years entirely allayed. The “Papal Aggression” smouldered on for a year or two in the paper.

Mr Punch considered the Puseyites as fair game, and the Pope [so continues Mr Spielmann] was still with him an object of ridicule, and, in one case at least, of inexcusably coarse insult; but he was by this time [1861] being shorn of his temporal power . . . and his “liberalism” so much applauded in his ante-aggressive days, was all forgotten.

In vain did Jerrold and Thackeray, the two principal offenders on *Punch*, attempt to dissuade Doyle from quitting his post. The case is well and clearly put by Mr Spielmann, who points out how, in an article attributed to Douglas Jerrold, the Pope was jeeringly advised “to feed his flock on the wafer of the Vatican.” Thereupon Doyle “wrote to resign his connection with *Punch*, stating his reasons plainly and simply.”

Undoubtedly Doyle did what was right. It seems to me a matter for regret that Doyle did not, at once, interview Mark Lemon and explain why Jerrold's treatment of the most holy mystery of the Catholic faith was so blasphemous as to alienate all Catholic supporters of the paper, and a considerable number of better-informed Protestants. Thackeray, I am assured of the fact from

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his own lips, would have used his best endeavours with Mark Lemon to prevent Doyle's departure—for Mark had no idea of the enormity of the offence—and Thackeray's attempt might have succeeded, had it not been for the dominant influence on the paper of Douglas Jerrold, that “savage little Robespierre”—between whom and Thackeray no love was lost, and whose hand it was that subsequently caused Thackeray to sever his own connexion with *Punch*. Everyone connected with *Punch* was afraid of “Master Douglas.” Mr Spielmann states the case as usual with absolute fairness, thus:

When Doyle resigned, for reasons which earned him the respect of all who heard of them, it was not realized how strong was the undercurrent of feeling within the *Punch* office. It is true that at the bottom of what I may call the “*Punch* Aggression” were Jerrold and the proprietors; and that the onslaught of the one, with the encouragement of the others, so profoundly wounded Doyle as to force him into sacrificing lucrative employment, and condemning him in the result to a life of toil. But for once in his career Doyle was guilty of behaviour which, if not inexcusable in the circumstances, was certainly indefensible. He left the paper in the lurch. His letter of resignation was sent in on November 27, he having allowed the Editor to think that the blocks for the Almanac, already overdue, had all been completed; and when it was discovered that they had not been done and that nothing was forthcoming, consternation reigned in the office.

But why did not Mark Lemon, on receipt of Doyle's ultimatum, at once write to ask him what progress he had made with the work he had in hand, and whether his resignation of his position on the staff meant his giving up altogether, or accomplishing what as a member of the staff he had undertaken? “No doubt,” continues Mr Spielmann, “the revenge was sweet, but it was ill-judged.” True, but Mark Lemon should not have allowed him the opportunity; “for while no Catholic member of the staff has ever raised his voice in its justification”—there did not happen to be any other Catholic on the staff in Doyle's time—“Doyle's conduct seemed but to increase the bitterness of the anti-Catholic feeling in

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Punch's cabinet, and, perhaps, to produce attacks more intemperate than any that had gone before.”

Doyle was a genius; his range limited, but in grotesque expression of his peculiar humour his work has no rival.

Mr Punch did not follow the example set him by Leech's oft-quoted cartoon representing Lord John Russell as “the little boy who chalked up, on John Bull's front door, ‘No Popery,’ and then ran away”; but he continued his attack, with pen and pencil, until his attention was distracted by “the imitators of Rome,” as Mr Punch quite correctly styled “the Puseyites.” Fortunately for everybody, the Great Exhibition of 1851 intervened, and for a time Mr Punch's anti-popery wrath was allowed to simmer, though the pot was “kept a boilin'” by Leech, who was soon to give us some anti-papal cuts, dropped in here and there, such as “The Dook bonnetting his Eminence,” a fierce cartoon entitled “The Fiery Cross,” and a small cut headed “Fanning a Flame”; while, of course, other contributors, persons of no special importance, bustled up to follow in the line that had been opened by Leech, Thackeray and Jerrold, until anti-papal and generally anti-ecclesiastical articles and paragraphs yielded to the pressure of Kossuth and Bloomerism. Ere these two subjects were quite exhausted, a few popular but somewhat lengthy serials, such as “Mrs Baker's Pet” and “The Unprotected Female,” elbowed anti-papal articles and paragraphs out of the way. Then followed the Anti-Napoleonic period, when, in 1854, Thackeray had to learn, by experience, how bitterly sympathisers might be made to feel when their cause was, at the moment, ruthlessly attacked; and he, following Doyle's example, retired from Mr Punch's service, having been driven out of it by Jerrold's sharp-pointed pen, and Leech's incisive pencil.

Bearing in mind Cardinal Newman's well considered allowance for caricatures of Catholic representatives in a Protestant country, which “would or would not be an insult to Catholicism, according to the temper of the moment, and the colouring and details of the satire,” during the next few years of *Punch*, except for an occa-

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sional anti-Irish cartoon and a coarse sneer at La Salette, there appears to be little that might be considered objectionable from a Catholic point of view.

There was quite enough going on at home and abroad to keep Mr Punch's attention occupied, and it was soon apparent that every object must be dwarfed in presence of the patriotic fervour aroused by the Crimean War. As far as I can see, Papal political matters of European interest are left alone, at least pictorially until the end of 1855, when Austria's Concordat naturally attracted attention, and provoked the adverse comments of *Punch*, both in letter-press and in illustration. These attacks, however, are harmless, and are on a subject quite legitimate, the Papacy being, at that time, still regarded as a European monarchy. As such it receives no worse treatment at the hands of “The Licensed Jester” than has been bestowed by him on kings, emperors, and even on our own Prince Consort; while, as connected with Roman Catholic ecclesiastical matters, much the same sort of treatment was dealt out by *Punch* to the Pope as was meted out to the Principals of all denominations, and especially to the chief dignitary of the English Protestant Church, who, in a line under one cartoon, is styled “The Archbishop of Cant—,” and who in this and other caricatures in *Punch*, is made to cut quite as ridiculous a figure as ever was any dignitary, English or foreign, of the Catholic Church at the hands of “The Licensed Jester.” Pictorially, the attitude of Mr Punch towards Catholics themselves during Jerrold's lifetime, and after his death in 1857, was mild compared with the severity of his features when he was represented as dealing with the “imitation confessional” and other “Romanizing movements” in the Church of England, as witness Leech's cartoon, dated June 26, 1855, entitled “*Religion à la mode.*”

In 1859, there are cartoons representing the Emperor Louis Napoleon extinguishing the Pope—“that well-meaning man,” as *Punch* describes His Holiness—under the tiara. Then we have Louis Napoleon sneering at a bogey labelled “Excommunication.” Had the artist shown

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the shade of his uncle, the great Buonaparte, warning his nephew of the effect of the excommunication on himself, as recounted by Alison, it would have been more to the purpose. There are many similar anti-papal, and sometimes anti-Catholic, cartoons and “cuts” that might never have had the chance of appearing had the support given to Doyle, in time past, been stronger than the masterful influence of Jerrold. At the same time, I do not see how a strongly Protestant-toned satirical journal could ever have avoided giving such treatment as it did to Catholic subjects, generally and particularly, unless, from the first, it had chosen to ignore them altogether. But had it done so from the commencement, it is probable that its growing popularity would have been seriously endangered.

The entrance of Garibaldi on the scene afforded many opportunities for *Punch's* writers and artists. Louis Napoleon as “the eldest son of the Church,” was fair game for the arrow of the “satirical rogue.” The “Papal allocution” was another rare opportunity that could not on any account be let slip by a Protestant pictorial satirist, who, judging by one of his quarter-page cuts that appeared at this time, seemed to have temporarily adopted for his motto a paraphrase of “When in doubt play trumps,” which might be represented as “When hard up for a subject jeer at the Pope.” It was playing somewhat “low down,” but it was quite consistent with the satirical side of Protestant tradition. It was an apt illustration of old Æsop's fable of “The Lion and the Artist.” In 1860 England sided with Sardinia and against the Pope. Hence the trend of all the cartoons in *Punch* about this time, in which Louis Napoleon is ridiculed for his duplicity and Victor Emanuel is lauded to the skies as “Re Galantuomo.”

When the case for the Temporal Power was hopeless, Mr Punch showed us “The last Act of the Italian Drama,” with Victor Emanuel imperiously urging the hesitating Louis Napoleon to take a decided step. The Pope's worst enemies must indeed have been difficult to please if they were not satisfied with the absurd figure that Pius IX is

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made to cut in the July cartoon, and again in that for August 30, 1862. In both cases it was the difficult “Roman question” which, like “the poor,” was “always with us,” and there are to every question admittedly two sides. Mr Punch did not adopt as his motto the old proverb “in medio tutissimus,” but sided with “*arms* versus the man.”

This cartoon was succeeded by another, showing Pope Pius arrayed as a Gampish old woman, wearing the tiara fashioned as a bonnet, trusting that Louis Napoleon “will not desert her and hand her over to Victor Emanuel.” However we may dislike the treatment, artistically its figures are excellent, and so for the next cartoon, a parody on a scene from *Faust*, harping, unmelodiously, on the same subject. Then came another and less vigorous cartoon on “United Italy,” presenting Louis Napoleon as a railway guard, Victor Emanuel as his companion, and Pope Pius as a weary old female passenger—of which figures, and, indeed, of the subject the public were becoming somewhat tired. An Anti-Garibaldi riot at Birkenhead gave Mr Punch, who may have been rather hard up for some “likely” incident, a chance of adding to his undoubted popularity with an Anti-Irish and Anti-Cardinal-Wiseman cartoon. To him a cardinal and a pope were, as had been in former days Lord Brougham and Colonel Sibthorp, simply comic models, adaptable to any costumes and absurd situations, and safe to appeal irresistibly to the majority of the Protestant public.

I became a member of the *Punch* staff in the spring of 1863, having had the honour to be elected to Mr Punch’s “Council of Ten.” I found myself, by ever so many years, the youngest member, and the only Catholic. Therefore, on any subject on which I disagreed with my seniors, I represented the minority that “went by the board.” It was a very long time ere any objection I might find myself forced to make could attract, much less command, even momentary attention. For whatever might appear in *Punch*, whether in articles or in illustration, the editor alone is responsible; and so it must ever be.

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And here I may be allowed to quote a couple of lines which occur in a poem addressed to Judge Shee, the first Catholic to be raised to the Judicial Bench, by one of the staff, probably by Shirley Brooks:

Punch is the best of Protestants, and lives in daily hope
To see a Priest, and nothing more, in him who's now the Pope.

which exactly explains *Punch's* political animosity to Papal-Regal “temporal power.”

The Pope is not shown again in *Punch*, and then only in the background, until July 8, 1863, when France is represented as relieving Savoy from sentry duty at the Vatican. On the next pictorial occasion, Pope Pius appears as an ancient invalid in a bath-chair, among a crowd of “crowned heads,” who are represented as drinking the waters at some imaginary German springs. It is harmless; a mere holiday cut filling up an interval, and signifying nothing in particular.

In the number for January 7, 1865, there is a cartoon representing a Papal “Bull” smashing himself up by coming full tilt against a wall covered with posters bearing such labels as “Science,” “Common Sense,” “Toleration,” and so forth, as they might have occurred to the designer of the cartoon and to the artist. This, on January 14, is followed up by another cartoon in which the play on the word “bull” is repeated. Here, Louis Napoleon as “The Imperial Bull-fighter,” is telling the sorrowful Empress Eugenie how he is about to give our papal friend, you see, his *coup de grâce*.

Of Mr Punch's cartoons on Catholic topics of domestic interest it is not within my purpose to take any notice. They were toned to the passing Protestant attitude of the moment, and, as I suppose, delighted the crowd which knows about as much of Catholicism as did Hugh in *Barnaby Rudge*, when he shouted out “No Property,” and confounded it with the cry of “No Popery.”

After a considerable rest from Papal and political European affairs, we find a cartoon *à propos* of the Italian question, wherein Victor Emanuel appears as a bridegroom

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with the blushing bride, Venetia, on his arm. The “happy pair” are addressed, *en route*, by “Mrs Pope,” to whom on her exclaiming, “I forbid the banns,” Venetia pleasantly retorts, “Your turn will come next, my dear.” Then on December 22, in a cartoon entitled “Rome, 1866,” the Pope, always as a Gampish old matron, is receiving Victor Emanuel, who, entering by one door, salutes her, *à la militaire*, as Napoleon is making his exit by another. It is an English Protestant caricaturist’s historical record of the event, *et voilà tout*.

By October, 1867, Mr Punch’s “satirical rogue” of a cartoonist decides on travestyng the Pope, who is still a temporal monarch, as a ridiculous old woman—in much the same vein of humour as was conceived his figure of Mr Gladstone as Mrs Gummidge, “thinking of the old ’un”)—appealing for a renewal of her licence of “The Cross Keys” to three magistrates, represented by Bismarck, Victor Emanuel, and Louis Napoleon. This cartoon does little more than mark time in the movement of Italian affairs, which were not at the moment of any special political importance to England.

By a cartoon dated January 30, 1869, Mr Punch gives a typical illustration of public Protestant opinion as to what was expected to be the logical result of Ritualism on the Church of England. Here the Pope is represented as either landlady, or head-chambermaid, of the Vatican hostelry, who, standing on the staircase with a warming-pan under her arm and a bedroom candle in her hand, impatiently awaits the moment when the ritualistic parsons, now conferring in the hall below, shall seek “the beds she has prepared for them.”

For six months *Punch*, as far as the cartoon is concerned, gives himself a rest as to Papal matters, but one incident occurred in September of which he hastens to make use, by selecting it as a subject for a very “chaffing” cartoon in which the Pope, smiling in evident enjoyment of the joke, is presenting his slippered foot for Dr Cumming’s reverential osculation. The Doctor’s indignant attitude is delightful. The British public, with a

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little time to spare to such a trifle, was much amused, as it generally had been by the eccentric Scotch minister's previous appearances, especially when writing as a prophet concerning the end of the world, which, I believe, sadly disappointed him and his followers by not occurring at the date he had fixed for it.

Then at the time of the Vatican Council a double-paged cartoon, for December 18, 1869, shows Pope Pius IX, with Dr Manning and as many bishops as Tennial could, with artistic effect, cram into the picture, sliding on “Thin Ice”—such was the title—while in the distance appear some English clergymen, probably ritualists, attempting, as Sam Weller described a similar performance on Mr Wardle's pond, to “keep the pot a' biling.” In the same number there are some verses on the Council which only show that Mr Punch has got hold of a subject which no Catholic could possibly have expected him to understand. The comic cartoon, however, is fair enough from a Protestant outsider's point of view.

Then in the number for October 1, 1870, Tennial made the best of a fine opportunity. And here, without any breach of confidence, it may be recounted how, being invariably in the minority as to the choice of a subject for the cartoon of the week, I was on this occasion able to explain the real meaning of the symbolism of “The Keys,” and so to prevent a pictorial misrepresentation. The result was that Tennial gave us a stately and touching portrait of the Holy Father, unencumbered by the tiara, pressing “The Keys” to his heart, as he replies to the swash-buckler-like looking monarch, Victor Emanuel, “I must needs surrender the sword, my son, but I *keep The Keys.*” The situation is thus exactly hit off, and neither Catholic nor Protestant could reasonably complain of this treatment of a very dangerous and difficult subject, on which, at the moment, universal interest was concentrated. Incidentally I may mention the verses as unworthy of the cartoon to which they were intended to apply. I do not know by whom they were written, probably by Tom Taylor.

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It is only after an interval of three years that in November 1, 1873, we find the Pope again figuring in a cartoon, where he is represented in the character of “Giant Pope” in Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*, denouncing “Kaiser Christian.” The legend beneath is, “So I saw that Christian went on his way and set a good face on it and catch’d no hurt.” And, indeed, the situation did so seem to those who would be traditionally inclined to this view, but the result of the Kulturkampf provided Germany with a very salutary moral.

In January, 1874, Mr Punch gives us an excellent cartoon, entitled “The Vatican Hatter,” in which Pius IX is represented as holding in his hands a cardinal’s hat, while he says to Dr Manning, “Sorry we’ve nothing in this style to suit *you*, Dr Manning; at present we’ve only got hats for *undersized heads*.” Which, of course, was intended as a compliment, but it has the misfortune of being somewhat awkwardly expressed. In the republication of Sir John Tenniel’s collected cartoons the explanation is added to the effect that “twelve new Cardinals had been created by the Pope, but the claims of Archbishop Manning, by most people considered greater than those of any of the twelve, had been overlooked.”

The editorship of *Punch* in 1874 passed from the hands of the witty epicurean Shirley Brooks, whose decease was a distinct loss to English light literature, and a severe one to all associated with him, into the rough and ready grasp of “Honest Tom,” i.e. Tom Taylor, who had always shown himself inclined towards an Evangelical school politically Liberal Protestantism. He exhibited a nervously autocratic style of dealing with his *confrères*, over whom he was appointed to rule, and when a subject presented itself to his mind, and to his mind’s eye, as politically and pictorially adapted to the occasion, whatever it might happen to be at the moment, his hurried and, I have no doubt, unintentionally, overbearing manner rendered objection, and even discussion, almost useless. With Tom Taylor to direct Mr Punch’s pencil it is no wonder that to the public was presented a cartoon (November

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28, 1874) *à propos* of Gladstone's ill-tempered pamphlet on “Vaticanism” entitled, “A November Cracker,” in which the artist's usual stereotyped figure of “Mrs Pope” is represented as exclaiming “There's that young Gladstone with his dratted fireworks! a mischievous little wiper! frightenin' of an unoffensive old party like me!!”

In a fortnight's time another papal subject was considered as the prominent topic, and so “the Syllabus,” pantomimically portrayed as “The Damp Roman Candle,” came to be treated in a cartoon. From a temporary Gladstonian, and purely Protestant, point of view the syllabus may have been so considered, but the effective reply to Mr Gladstone's “recent expostulation” came from “John Henry Newman, D.D.” in “A letter addressed to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk.” Not that such an argument could ever have had any sort of effect on Tom Taylor, with whom for many years, though not to the end of his career, it was as a motto, on a par with that concerning official impeccability of the king, that Gladstone “could do no wrong.”

The first cartoon for the New Year, 1875, shows somewhat vaguely a scene, in a pantomime, where, in the presence of a vaguely indicated crowd of crowned heads, a posturing Spanish columbine, and a French revolutionary Harlequin—a fair punning application of symbolism, seeing that a Harlequin is for ever pirouetting and making “revolutions”—we have presented to us Pius IX, in the character of a benevolent pantaloon, smilingly regarding Bismarck who, as clown, seated straddle-legged on the stage, feeding with a huge spoon (filled from a bowl labelled “brimstone and treacle”), an infant labelled 1875 that is lying on its back across his knees, is saying to the Pope, “Let me feed the baby.” The force of nonsense could no further go, and the hero of misrule considered himself as licensed to extend his rule beyond the borders of Christmas up to the middle of the first week of the next year. By the way, on p. 21 of the number dated January 16, 1875, there appears a delightful vignette by the late E. L. Sambourne representing Bismarck

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angrily staring into vacancy, while the face of Gladstone is seen represented as belonging to the head of a viper viciously gnawing a file of which the head is a capital likeness of Pope Pius, with closed eyes, smiling benevolently. But we must pass on to January 23, 1875, when the week's cartoon entitled “Between two Fires” represents Alfonso, King of Spain, in the centre with the Pope on his right and Bismarck on his left. Between pacific Pope and bumptious politician his Majesty appears to be placed in anything but an enviable position.

After this date Mr Punch finds himself so taken up with Dizzy, domestic politics, Anglican imitations, Eastern Question and the Sultan as “The Sick Man of Europe,” as to be unable to bestow any attention, pictorially, at least by way of cartoon, on the Pope, and so it comes about that more than three years of abstinence from all Papal subjects are allowed to elapse ere we have a cartoon dated June 25, 1879, entitled “Of one mind (for once),” showing Pope Leo strenuously assisting Bismarck to hold the fort, or rather to keep the door closed against the destructive forces of “Nihilism, Socialism and Democracy.”

As on the decease of Tom Taylor it fell to my lot to be installed in the responsible position of editor, it is of course quite out of the question that I should make any observations on anything that appeared in *Punch* during the twenty-five years and a half of my editorship, which, by all my colleagues, from the proprietors to the latest-joined cadet at the *Punch* table, was made for me, I am gratefully pleased to record, the happiest time of my journalistic life.

But I may say *à propos* of the subject I have been treating, that during my editorship only in one cartoon, included among those that appeared in the “Special number,” dated January 30, 1901, recording some of the chief events in the reign of Queen Victoria—whose death had occurred January 22, 1901, eight days before the issue of this number—did the Pope appear. Mr E. L. Sainsbury, whose recent decease has deprived us of a rarely-

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skilled and most original artist in black-and-white, gave us, in his own peculiar and inimitable style, an admirable presentment of Pope Leo XIII, exchanging courtesies with Her Gracious Majesty, the jubilee of whose reign “coincided with the episcopal jubilee of His Holiness.” As in a friendly spirit towards the Pope, Pius IX, Mr Punch had commenced his career, so with deep feeling he recorded the death of his successor Leo XIII. The gracefully designed border that enshrined the memorial picture was drawn by J. Bernard Partridge, now chief cartoonist on the staff of *Punch*, and the touching verses in memory of His Holiness were by Owen Seaman, now editor.

Yet a few words ere quitting what has been to me, as I trust I have been able to make it to my readers, a very interesting subject.

For many years past, “Mr Punch”—not, be it understood, from the commencement of his career, when he was simply “*Punch*”—has appeared as an autocrat in his own right, holding the unique position he has created for himself, despite all antagonism, either honestly outspoken or carried on under the guise of friendship.

There had been many satirical ventures, earlier in the nineteenth century, before Mr Punch appeared, and there have been several since that time; all (as I have already said) ultimately futile. Future opposition is possible, but the attempt is far from probable. *Punch* neither copied from his predecessors, nor borrowed from his rivals; and having acquired experience in the one memorable case, which was of his own provocation—I mean the persistent attack on the “Poet Bunn,” which resulted in the latter’s hard-hitting “Word with *Punch*”—he has studiously ignored all attacks, directly or indirectly, made against him, while by diplomatic treatment he has induced not a few of those who had been among his more bitter foes to enlist under his banner, and to use their gifts to the best possible advantage in his own service and in that of the laughter-loving public. He has fairly entitled himself to be considered “England’s Licensed Jester,” and to honestly pride himself on

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having verified by his own work, literary and pictorial, the oft-quoted praise that Dr Johnson applied to Oliver Goldsmith in his epitaph on that poet, “*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*”

Finally, I cannot do better than finish with a passage from the work of Mr Spielmann, whom I have earlier in this article quoted as Mr Punch’s invaluable biographer and genial historian, which is as follows:

If there is one thing more than another on which *Punch* prides himself—on which, nevertheless, he is constantly reproached by those who would see his pages a remorseless mirror of human weakness and vice—it is his purity and cleanness; his abstention from the unsavoury subjects which form the principal stock-in-trade of the French humorist. This trait was Thackeray’s delight.

“As for your morality, sir,” Thackeray wrote to Mr Punch, “it does not become me to compliment you on it before your venerable face. . . We will laugh in the company of our wives and children; we will tolerate no indecorum; we like that our matrons and girls should be ‘pure.’”

As to his ultra-Protestant dealing with ecclesiastical topics, Mr Punch, who was at first, as Mr Spielmann says, “The representative of ‘a great Protestant middle-class’ has”—(within the last thirty years), may be correctly interpolated—“displayed an increasing tolerance and liberal-mindedness, which were not his most notable characteristics in his youthful days.”

May Mr Punch’s jests, even where the object of them may deserve severe satire, be ever tempered with good nature and may the time never arrive when he shall cease to figure as England’s “Licensed Jester.”

F. C. BURNAND.

THE LAY PARADISE

Paradis laïques. Par Jules Sageret. Mercure de France. 1908.
Fécondité. Par Émile Zola. Bibliothèque Charpentier. 1895.
Travail. Par Émile Zola. Bibliothèque Charpentier. 1895.
Le roi Tobol. Par André Beaunier. Eug. Fasquelle. 1905.
Les Unis. Par Edouard Rod. Bibliothèque Charpentier. 1909.
Pages Sociales. Par Eugène D'Eichthal. Librairie Félix Alcan.
1909.

MONSIEUR VIVIANI has, as everyone knows, affirmed that the lights of heaven have been extinguished, never to be rekindled. The conventional heaven is henceforth to be closed to Frenchmen, but it does not for that reason follow that there is to be no longer a French heaven. There have been all sorts of French heavens, and there will be a great many more, unless M. Viviani can succeed in extinguishing the lights of French literature and the lights of French imagination, and the French desire for future happiness.

The creation of secular or semi-secular heavens or paradises dates apparently from Fourier, who emitted fantastic philosophy at the beginning of the last century. He was an optimistic deist, who thought that Providence would carry his benevolent designs to the length of transforming the sea into gingerbeer for the benefit of thirsty navigators. His imagination ran further riot. He taught that Number was the sacred and unchangeable principle by which the universe was regulated, and he called it the Theory of the Four Movements. He fixed, for instance, at thirty-two the number of planets and satellites of the solar system, because there are thirty-two social periods and man has thirty-two teeth. Man has twelve principal passions, the musical octave has twelve notes, and there are twelve colours in the prism. Fourier's imagination was unique. For in order to arrive at these calculations it is necessary to count the sharps and flats in the octave—which give more than twelve notes; and five extra colours in the prism—pink, drab, chestnut, sage and lilac—which are invisible. Yet Fourier was really taken seriously. So

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in the dim ages before him was Pythagoras, who had expounded much the same theory; so also, in the dimmer ages, was Thales, who derived the universe from the sacred principle of Water, and Anaximander, who derived it from Fire. So also are the modern successors of Fourier, who worship as omnipotent those forces which are within the ken of physical science. All these people have had and have marvellous imaginations; but, what is to the point, they have theological imaginations. Fourier was the creator of the modern theological imagination in the secular sphere, and he was, therefore, the founder of the Lay Paradise.

Monsieur Jules Sageret, who has made a special study of the Lay Paradise, is of opinion that the belief in a paradise is purely a matter of the imagination. It was easy enough to believe in a paradise in the days of Fra Angelico's fairy lawns and dancing angels. Similarly the Eskimo's paradise represented their own idea of natural felicity. Mankind believes in the supernatural only in so far as it can be identified with the natural. Introduce philosophy, identify the hereafter with the contemplation of the absolute, make it a purely intellectual bliss, and belief in a paradise will rapidly diminish. If you feed the popular mind with the anticipation of a felicity that it cannot comprehend, you will only produce a popular scepticism. This is particularly the case in these modern materialistic days. The comprehension of the infinite by the finite is a severe strain on a humanity which is daily losing in idealism and increasing in impatience. The Christian paradise is at best put out of mind, if still believed in. Its present pictorial representation is certainly nothing to be proud of. It is usually vulgar, often blasphemous and always unsteady. Yet the French appear very reluctant to part with paradise. It may be an earthly one, but the future without any is dull and hopeless. So, having extinguished the lights of the old heaven, they are hard at work kindling these of the new. The fairy lawns of Fra Angelico have given way to the playgrounds of the Phalanstery or Familistery, those fantastic institu-

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tions of Fourier and his disciple Godin, and the good freethinker will riot, not among choirs of angels, but among crowds of miraculous children, seeking his felicity, not in the Beatific Vision, but in the contemplation of his own glorious supermanhood. Such is the New Jerusalem, which is not a secular institution at all, but as much a theological building as the Old.

The most eminent among recent French Paradise-builders have been Zola and J. K. Huysmans, men of strangely different mentalities, though apostles of the same school, the school of naturalism. Naturalism, which took as its Bible Flaubert's *Education Sentimentale*, aimed at depicting human nature photographically, as it is. It started from the assumption that virtue is an exception in the life of individual men and women, and that, therefore, the only true photograph of human life is a long record of vice. Thereupon Zola wrote the exceedingly sordid story of the Rougon-Macquart family; and Huysmans wrote a series of equally pessimistic tales, chief of which may be mentioned *Les sœurs Vatard*, *En ménage*, and *A vau l'eau*. Each of these new Comédies Humaines is the record of a quite devilish population, and their doings are a perfect saturnalia of demons. For several years, in fact, Zola and Huysmans vied with each other in depicting the lowest to which human nature can sink, and at one stage they actually collaborated in a pornographic volume, the *Soirées de Médan*. But the nightmare of realism was not to endure for ever, and with the appearance of *A rebours*, the last of Huysmans' pagan productions, it was obvious that its author was about to awake. Zola's *Doctor Pascal* almost synchronizes with Huysman's *A rebours*, and here again a new note is sounded. A distinct motif of deliverance is heard in both. Both writers are tired of hell, and so they set out for heaven. But their divergent, if equally neurasthenic, temperaments, lead them each to a different one. Huysmans sets out alone towards the past: Zola sets out in company towards the future. For each of them it is a flight from the horrors of the present towards a vision

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of happiness. Zola, elaborating artificial variations on socialist felicity, takes refuge in an earthly Paradise: Huysmans, reflecting on the individualist felicity of the mystic saints, recoils into the cloistered city of the Middle Ages. The story of the mystic Durtal in his peregrinations through "Là bas," "En route," "La Cathédrale" and "L'Oblat," need not be told here. It is a religious tale of intense artistic interest, but there is nothing remarkable about the fact of its being a religious tale. To discover that the biography of Zola's contemporary hero, the *défroqué* Pierre Froment, is an equally religious tale is, however, remarkable, and a brief study of this peculiar, but essential, feature of the story, as presented by M. Sageret, is not altogether uninformative.

His story is told in *Les Trois Villes* and *Les Quatre Evangiles*, a cycle of seven volumes, a deliberately, as we may suppose from the contents, mystic number. Pierre Froment, the priest-hero of "Lourdes" and "Rome," abandons in "Paris" a faith which he finds decayed, voluntarily unfrocks himself in favour of a check bicycling costume and becomes the apostle of a new lay religion. He marries a vigorous, healthy girl, and is shortly the father of four lay evangelists, Jean, Mathieu, Luc and Marc. Luc, the evangelist of *Travail*, by trade an engineer, realizes the complete Lay Paradise. The social creed of the Froment family is a vague one, though they have ceased to belong to the bourgeoisie and incline towards the reign of the proletariat. Dissatisfaction with the present state of society is, however, no bar to Mathieu, the father of a numerous family, placing his children in thoroughly capitalist situations. The panacea of all ills is Science, an abstract quantity which alone will bring happiness to suffering humanity. Luc arrives at Beauclair at the end of a strike and is overcome with sadness. But suddenly a bright idea strikes him, and he determines on an experiment in Fourierism. The resources of a friend enable him to found an establishment in which Capital, Labour and Talent are united in a bond of brotherhood, and this establishment, with its appendages of school,

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library, crèche, games and baths, rapidly absorbs all the industry, great and small, of the neighbourhood, including a large rival capitalist concern. Thus the City is founded, and everyone, so we are told, lives an exceedingly happy life and dies a painless death. This extraordinary felicity of their existence is due to a devotional cult of Science, which preserves the lives and, incidentally, the hair of the blissful population. From *Travail* we pass to *Fécondité*. The birth of innumerable children now turns out to be the basis of the City's happiness. Here Zola parts company with Fourier, who taught that reproduction decreases in proportion as the race becomes more refined. Zola enunciates a new doctrine. For each child born to the agricultural labourer a fresh piece of land will be added to that which he already enjoys. On the other hand, the man who delays becoming a father will remain childless all his days, while the man who ceases to procreate children will lose those that he has already. A horrible fate will overtake a wilfully childless couple. The husband will become blind and the wife will be helped out of the world by the Assistance Publique. But the countless children of a prolific couple will all be vigorous beings. They will attain excellent positions in the world and make splendid marriages. All these desirable events occur with miraculous regularity. Then the wicked will be punished. An avenging Providence appears in a new dress, but is more capricious and exacting than his predecessor. Accidents which (apparently) bear no relation to the misdemeanours that they follow, occur with relentless rapidity as their retributive penalties. It will be the reign of Justice, of course; and, finally, Love will be brought to its highest perfection. We are given, however, no definition of this elastic virtue. Luc loves Josine, the beloved of a brutal workman named Ragu, and one fine day she falls into the Evangelist's arms. Ragu knifes Luc and makes off. This is unedifying even to the tolerant inhabitants of the City, and somewhat unsteadies its constitution. But Luc, having recovered, is thoroughly persuaded that he has done the right thing. "At last,"

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he says, laconically, "Love has come to us and we are the victors."

These are but a few glimpses into the paradise of which it is the object of the *Quatre Evangiles* to lay the foundations, but they are sufficient to give a view of its quite theological structure. It has all the appearances of a religious institution. Pierre Froment, containing in his name all the elements of a Messianic redeemer, performs the functions of founder, and the mysteries of redemption are wrought by his descendants. The doctrine concerning children is nothing but a pure dogma, based on a speculative belief in the mystic operations of a supernatural agency. The punishment of the wicked is of the same order. The reign of justice can similarly, under the existing conditions of the City, only exist on the hypothesis of a subtle, miracle-working Providence, since it rests on an untenable economic basis. For it is obvious that strict justice would involve the division of existing riches into strictly equal portions, with the result that the portion of those who were least favoured under the capitalist regime would be increased by very little. Multiply by three or four the productive resources of each individual, and he would still have only just sufficient to live, for he would rest more, and his needs would grow in proportion to his advancing education. It is not clear, therefore, how the immense increase in the population which is provided for under the constitution of the city, would add to its prosperity. But the Gospel according to Luc proclaims to the inhabitants: "Increase and multiply tenfold, and the earth will produce a hundredfold." And finally, the treatment of love is a purely mystic one. "The blood of the Apostle has been shed," says Zola of the Luc-Ragu episode, "and it was the Calvary, the Passion from which the triumph would arise." "What it really amounts to," writes M. Sageret, "is that an unfortunate adultery, which all but destroyed the Lay Paradise, is presented as the vivifying germ. That is mysticism."

Zola is convinced, therefore, that the old religion cannot die without the substitution of a new one in its place.

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He is convinced that man cannot exist without a substratum of idealism, that he must love some abstract deified thing, be its nature merely that of a proposition of Euclid, and that he will decay if existence is emancipated from mystery and becomes frankly materialist. He is forced, therefore into making what is a purely artificial attempt to provide a vista of happiness in the future, a future city or paradise, lay, perhaps, in name, but in name only.

For, subtract the new religion, and what remains? The utterly uncoloured existence of the workhouse or the asylum: a reign of the dreariest uniformity—uniform because in a purely materialist socialist regime there can be no possibility of surprise from an outside agency. M. Anatole France, in his speculations *Sur la pierre blanche*, does indeed concede art, letters, and a certain form of luxury to the future City. They will exist on a different scale of distribution, but they will nevertheless exist. Yet with a general redistribution of wealth, the existence of art, which implies inequality of conditions of every kind, both as regards production and consumption, will hardly be practicable. Moreover, the collectivist programme is an exclusively utilitarian one; in its very principle it aims at nothing but the production of the strictly useful. Mechanical science alone will be cultivated, and that merely for ministering to the needs of an idealless, overworked and bored humanity. The result will be the exaltation of mediocrity, and the suppression of everything which is not accessible to everybody.

Will it be worth while living under such conditions? M. Sageret, seeing the absurdity of Zola's new theology, says that it will, because it must. He admits that there will not be happiness, either collective or individual, but this will involve no change in human conditions, for even now "everything happens as though life were an end in itself . . . an obvious remark," he continues, "for it merely amounts to saying that the organic world is governed by a determinism in favour of life, since the races most full of vitality are those which survive longest." And as for the future, scientific research will be one of those "noble

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activities" which procure certain moments of individual happiness "because they are disinterested." "Happiness," he concludes, "consists in forgetting oneself in the midst of an activity which is completely absorbing, without consideration for possible loss or gain." Then we are all to be scientists, if we are to be happy. We are all to plunge into "noble activities" for the sole purpose of forgetting the realities outside, which make for unhappiness. Life will be one panic-stricken flight from itself. This is, then, what remains, and the religious consolations of Zola's paradise are lacking.

His pessimism is shared by M. André Beaunier, who, in an exceedingly witty novel, *Le roi Tobol*, argues the futility of attempting an earthly paradise. Neither collective nor individual happiness are attainable on earth, and after all the elaborate ventures and experiments of King Tobol, there would certainly seem to be no object in continuing the research. King Tobol, an ancient monarch, has been deceived as to the fidelity of his young queen, who in her flight from the kingdom, has left a small child of a few months to his care. After a moment's hesitation, he realizes the futility of an attempt to bring back his wife by force, and prepares to abandon the idea of his own happiness (which is now finally proved to be unattainable), and to devote the remainder of his life to procuring, first, the collective happiness of his people, and, then, the individual happiness of the small child whom he names Eudemone. After consulting in vain his chaplain and his philosophers as to the best means to this end, he determines on a referendum to his people. "What is happiness?" runs the simple terms of the referendum. Two demonstrations pass the palace, in which banners are carried bearing the inscriptions, "We are hungry," "We are cold." "Very well," says King Tobol, "there shall be a general distribution of food and clothes." And a general distribution takes place. But the evening edition of the socialist paper contains the following notice: "The people will not be taken in by such tricks. King Tobol's alms

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will do no more to put an end to the suffering in his kingdom, than a lark, already roasted, tumbling into the middle of a besieged city would relieve the hunger of its inhabitants." So Tobol makes the socialist leader his Prime Minister, and delivers over to him the task of reform. Another demonstration passes with a banner, saying, "We are afraid." "How am I to relieve their fear?" says Tobol. "For heaven's sake anything but that!" says the socialist Prime Minister. "Whatever you do, do nothing to calm them. Their fear is our best safeguard." Then King Tobol himself opens the written answers to his questions, which flow in by post. These are some of them: "Happiness consists in not being deceived by one's wife." "Sire, I have lost my only son." "Sire, I had excellent health, but an illness which plagues me night and day..." "Sire, I am in low water financially: the sugar crisis has ruined me; must I beg?" "Sire, I am a widow..." Then moralists, business men, dreamers and madmen answer. "Happiness consists in having a good conscience." "Happiness is a feeling of duty accomplished..." "Happiness is a feeling of health; now in order to be well it is first necessary to regulate one's diet according to a rule of hygiene, and the best way to succeed is to apply to the well-known firm of..." "Sire, I shall be happy later, when Nini is old and ugly, for she will then be left to me in peace..." "Here, Monsieur Fougasse," says King Tobol to his Socialist minister, "take over these letters, and see what you can do." "It is useless, Sire," replies Fougasse; "I am only concerned with general happiness. Individuals will see after their own. We, Socialists, despise individuals." So King Tobol turns to the realization of the happiness of Eudemon.

A large castle is constructed on piles in the sea, in which every luxury is provided, and from which every sign of the outer world, even the sky, is excluded. Above all, the young Eudemon shall never know the evil of old age or decay, and to this end King Tobol makes the supreme sacrifice of concealing even his own existence. At

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first all goes well. Every caprice of Eudemon is gratified. He is taught writing, painting and drawing, but the existence of history and geography, of other ages and other places is kept from him. Music is excluded, for in the conception of King Tobol there is no surer way of "making souls despair." But at last, one day, Eudemon, aged eight, breaks his doll and is plunged in misery. "He has guessed about death," says King Tobol in anguish, concealed behind a grille. Eudemon is inconsolable, and the noise of the sea without fills him with alarm. "Chaplain," says King Tobol, "he must have a religion . . . but a religion free from death, future life, dogma, morality. . . . Rather a system of physics, in which God intervenes directly one is embarrassed. Tell him the noise of the sea is God." So Eudemon imbibes this "religion" till the age of fifteen, when the chaplain returns in distress to inform Tobol that his reign is over, and that Eudemon has lost his faith. Now would come the turn of the philosophers, but Tobol is more sceptical about their system than even about that of the chaplain. Suddenly, however, the course of Eudemon's education is interrupted by the problem of sex. A series of experiments in this direction results in the attachment of Eudemon for a lady named Lilith who has been introduced into the castle, and who, after months of indiscreet tales of the outer world (which Tobol had imprudently neglected to guard against), ends by indoctrinating Eudemon with the desire to escape. This is eventually what happens, and after a romantic disappearance from the castle, Eudemon is introduced, through distant parts of the kingdom, to three of the chief incidents of life. These are old age, illness and death. The shock of the discovery is too much for him, and he arrives in the capital a broken man, to find the kingdom in revolution and Tobol on the verge of flight. Tobol abdicates, and Eudemon is requested by a group of Socialist friends to be the Socialist King of a Socialist Monarchy. "Will you suppress death?" he asks. The Socialists are embarrassed. "The advance of medical science will postpone it," they say. "That is not the point," replies Eude-

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mon. "Will you suppress death? If you do not suppress death, you suppress nothing; if the odour of death remains in life, life is irremediably ruined." So Eudemon refuses to be a Socialist king, and retires into a monastery accompanied by Lilith. The Prior of the monastery succeeds in weaning him from his illicit love; he becomes a model of monastic piety, and Lilith departs for Paris. But the Prior inadvertently leads Eudemon to believe himself endowed with thaumaturgic powers, and, on their very natural failure when put to the test, his illusions are dissipated, and he flies from the monastery and back to the castle. Here he finds Tobol in a state of maudlin decrepitude, endeavouring, after his succession of failures to procure happiness for anyone else, to embellish the life of a parrot by administering small doses of coffee. "Give me good coffee, Tobol," the parrot had been trained to say without stopping, and every time the request is granted by the ex-king himself. But one day the latter is found dead in his chair. "Eudemon roamed for some time about the castle. Then he went leisurely down to the sea shore, where little waves played at his feet. He looked out into the distance. The air was pure and deliciously sunny. Gulls flapped round, dipped their beaks into the water, swam and flew. There was a great vessel which passed in full sail and moved spiritedly. The wind was impelling her towards her destiny, which lay beyond the horizon. Eudemon longed to be on the ship; and he knew he would go away."

So ends the story. Perhaps the final sentence enables us to draw a conclusion of our own. But the conclusion of M. André Beaunier would seem to be that happiness exists only for those fortunate few who possess sufficient humour to be amused at the futility of everything. No doubt this view enables many people to get through life, who might otherwise be tempted to get out of it through sheer ennui and despair. But, unfortunately, there have also to be considered those who are not endowed with this God-given support. M. Beaunier proclaims the bankruptcy, not merely of science, but of philosophy, religion,

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humanitarianism, socialism, and everything else. Is there, then, no ray of hope for the second category of people? Perhaps the moral of the following is intended for their benefit. "Optimists are never gay," explains the Epicurean philosopher, twitted by Tobol for his melancholy. "How can they be? Their system has led them to perceive logically that life can only be happiness. Logically! But the reality worries them incessantly; and they go from one deception to another. . . . The pessimists are luckier. Their doctrine denies all felicity. They count on nothing. The smallest joy that comes their way delights them. It is a delicious surprise. They are not exacting. They are satisfied with little; the lowness of their philosophy brings them mediocre satisfactions which are denied us." But this is merely individual happiness. "God Himself," muses King Tobol, "gave up the idea of collective happiness. He understood it was not realizable because there is no true happiness which is not individual. . . . One person wants this, another that. But this and that don't go together. Agree with one another: and ask me all the same thing, if you wish me to grant your desires. But you cannot agree without self-denial. In short, it is necessary that people should be sacrificed to one another." Yet even individual happiness, Tobol thinks, is only possible by escaping from life. Wherefore Eudemon is isolated so that he may never know it. But Tobol forgets the question of heredity and the innate human preference for liberty at all costs. And liberty means the knowledge of evil, of old age, illness and death. So M. Beaunier exaggerates their influence on the average human imagination. We are not, luckily, as a whole, obsessed at every moment of our life by the inevitability of one or all of this dread trio. But as no known economic or philosophical system or doctrine can suppress them, there is, of course, at once a bar to the realization of an earthly paradise. Eudemon shows considerable common-sense in perceiving that any advertising panacea of happiness which fails to remove the chief bugbears of existence is discredited at the outset.

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It is a far cry from the light-hearted cynicism of the above tale to the staid sobriety of Geneva Protestantism. But M. Edouard Rod, in introducing us with corresponding gravity to *Les Unis*, presents us with a picture which raises approximately the same problems. Monsieur Verrès, an ex-communard idealist, with many of the qualities of a saint and a reformer, is convinced that an earthly paradise is realizable in a not distant future, and that anarchy (in its purest sense) is its cornerstone. Trust the dignity and purity of human nature, free it from the vitiating tyranny of all law, human and divine, and the earthly paradise is assured. To this end, he rejects marriage, enters on a free "union" himself, and settles his four daughters in similar positions in the world. Unfortunately, he is deceived in the trust which he has reposed in the "unis" whom he has chosen for them, and the four ménages end in disaster. At this moment arises the question of the "union" for his grand-daughter, Jeanne-Jeanette. This lady has fallen in love with an estimable, timid Protestant young man, with flimsy convictions, but strong family traditions in favour of legal marriage. After a stiff, three-cornered correspondence between the young lady, the young man's father, and the young man, a compromise is eventually effected, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. M. Verrès remains firm in his convictions, but the young couple are married either in a Protestant temple or in a registry office. We are not told which.

Now, M. Verrès sets about his task of destruction in exactly the way we should expect. He destroys only to reconstruct much the same ideas in much the same dress. The day arrives when the last of his daughters is to be given in "union" to the selected "uni." A family assembly takes place, and many friends and acquaintances are invited. Mademoiselle Verrès appears in a white satin dress with orange blossom in her hair and stands beside her "uni," while M. Verrès himself (in a black frock coat and white tie) assumes the position of speaker or preacher behind a small table. "Friends," he

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begins, in a pompous speech, "we are gathered together here once more to celebrate a ceremony to which we are trying to restore its true character. Centuries of prejudice have compromised it, either in its external forms, which are nothing but a vain display, or in its deeper sense. Marriage, which formerly sanctioned the subjection of woman to man, can to-day be nothing but a free association freely concluded between two beings equal in responsibility as they are in law. Many people make it still a sort of prison out of which they can escape only at the cost of serious sacrifice of dignity and money, and by humiliating lies, according as it pleases the law to interpret one way or another the incoherent articles of an impartial code. As the sages of all eras have repeated, in their quickness at discerning the play of causes and effects, man is the maker of his own destiny. If he means to spend his life well to the end, he must make certain sacrifices; if he cannot accept them and seeks only for pleasure, experience teaches that he reaps bitterness and deception; if, on the other hand, he directs his desires towards purer joys, he will never be deluded. People who think of themselves are invariably deceived; those who think of the collective future, of which they are the contractors, of the fate of the children who depend on them, will walk in the truth—towards true happiness." "Why on earth, did he not say 'Amen,'?" asks a reactionary reporter of the ceremony.

Very soon arises the question of the provision to be made for the offspring of the "unions." The unfortunate mother of Jeanne-Jeannette realises but slowly that her daughter has no legal right either to the name or to the property of her father. Mercifully there is a benevolent and practical uncle, the brother of Verrès, who has anticipated these difficulties, and sufficient provision is made in time. But for this convenient relative the "unions" would obviously end even worse than they actually do. But the sordid quarrels which shortly break out centre largely on this question, and only the organized intervention of the uncle, and the heroic resignation

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of Verrès' daughters prevent a general rupture all round. The last "union" continues only a week and the "uni" makes off; but the others endure to the end, bolstered up by the business foresight of the uncle and the unsubstantiated arguments of the ancient dreamer Verrès.

His theory rests on the assumption of human goodness, and on the hypocrisy of marriage. In no sense does he advocate free love in the ordinary, received sense of the word, and he is, throughout, at great pains to disavow any intention of wishing to give greater rein to passion or vice. "It is to put more truth," he explains, "into love and the family that we demand free union." So here emerges again the controversy of truth versus happiness. For truth, which is here again a purely abstract conception quite incapable of demonstration, implies a surrender of the security and guarantee of law and order brought into the heart of the family. It is obvious that the "unions" are no more happy than many marriages; so little happy, in fact, as such that the only one that is left relatively reconciled and prosperous is also left contemplating legalization, while Jeanne-Jeannette actually enters the married state. Verrès recognizes that his theories have failed in practice, but he clings to his belief in human nature, and, having once set up his dogma, is prepared to subordinate to it every other consideration, including the happiness of his grand-children. The common-sense of the benevolent uncle imposes a more practical course of action on his brother, but the latter will not admit defeat, and merely attributes his concession in the matter of the marriage of Jeanne-Jeannette to a temporary acknowledgement of the "importance of the relative." The sceptical opportunism of the uncle is not without its effect on all concerned, and his conclusions, however unstable their basis, are certainly not unsound. "Do not think for a moment," he says, "that institutions and laws have the influence generally supposed on our destinies. They are even more of a warning than a protection to us, and, in general, little affect the conditions of the war that we are waging against our passions. The

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latter are individual, while our existence is collective. How are these facts to be reconciled? Existing laws do not certainly correct it, but perhaps they mitigate its effects. . . . Do not change them, whatever you do. You will only get worse. . . . Recast as much as you like the articles of the marriage law; you will do nothing to right the wrong that husband and wife are constantly doing one another. You will always have the same complications in married life, for man is not an animal that knows how to love in peace and quiet. It will be quite easy to go from bad to worse, but it will be by no means so easy to go from bad to better."

M. Eichthal, in a most clear and moderate examination of some recent social theories, touches on a number of points of which at least three fall within the scope of the subject under discussion. Of these perhaps the most interesting is his criticism of a recent work by a German Socialist writer, Herr Kautsky, entitled *Am Tage nach der Revolution*. The author, who is an orthodox Marxist, discusses within the circles of his doctrines the state of society on the morrow of the clean sweep made of the capitalist regime by the victorious proletariat. The political programme of the latter is clear. All relics of feudalism will be abolished; complete universal suffrage will be introduced into the various Trades Unions; there will be absolute liberty of the press and of association; Church and State will be separated; every commune will receive autonomy, and militarism will be suppressed. This programme is partially accomplished already, and is workable because the machinery to work it is already in existence. The economic revolution is of a totally different order. For when the general expropriation takes place, the means of production, or the machinery for working the new regime, will be expropriated at the same time. But though the capitalists are gone, production must continue just the same, if only for the few days or weeks that intervene before the introduction of the new collectivist machinery. It becomes, therefore, an urgent duty on the victorious

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proletariat to ensure the continuance of production in the face of everything that may arise to upset it, and to bring back to, and keep in, the workshops all the workmen who would be inclined, once emancipated, to turn their backs on them. This will be no easy task, for coercive measures are not to be thought of. Democratic discipline is something different from military discipline, says Herr Kautsky; it is the voluntary submission to an elected management and the resolutions of the majority. This by itself may be a sufficient stimulus. But in addition there is the force of custom. The workman has been accustomed to work from morning to night, and will be bored by doing nothing. However, Herr Kautsky concedes the weakness of this assumption, and, though he has confidence in the voluntary submission of the workmen to their Unions, admits that there will have to be in certain cases, a bureaucratic organization "like railways." Workmen will elect a sort of parliament with the object of regulating labour. In other cases the corporations themselves will organize and will direct their endeavours to making work attractive, shortening the hours improving the hygienic conditions of the workshops, and suppressing everything repugnant to the workmen, resorting in certain cases, where the latter is impossible, such as in mines, to an extra wage. Unlike other Socialist writers, Herr Kautsky preserves wages in money, but they will be regulated on a different scale to the existing, and the revolution will involve a general rise. But it is not clear how this will be effected. In 1891, for instance, the income of the working classes in England appears to have amounted to £700,000,000, as against £800,000,000 for the rest of the nation. If the whole of the latter were given to the working classes, wages would be doubled. But on consideration this turns out to be impossible. For the expropriation of the capitalist classes would not abolish the necessity of preserving and furthering the machinery of production, the public service, education, insurance, etc. The expenditure involved would not only swallow up the capital released, but,

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being ever on the increase, would have to be met elsewhere. Consequently the victorious proletariat would have to work harder to increase production. With this object in view the Socialist writer suggests the methods employed by Trusts. But here arises the main difficulty of all. Where is to be the source of the immense initiative and vitality required to direct the gigantic organization? The director of a Trust, a man with the colossal business head, concentration, will and energy, unites in one single hand of iron all the forces necessary to him, and rejects, as a matter of absolute necessity, those that are useless. The Socialist proposes that the direction of the organization that takes its place should be in the hands of many, not one, and those elected and renewable after the manner of little parliaments. The form may be the same, but the vitalizing force will be gone. In fact, it will be the direct antithesis of the Trust, as a loose republic is of a strong autocracy. "To conclude," says M. Eichthal, "from the success of the methods employed by a Trust that the same methods will succeed in the hands of a parliamentarized workmen's Union is like attempting to win a Napoleonic battle with national guards who are not commanded." One of these methods is notably the elimination of inferior establishments in order to avoid useless expense. The Sugar Trust, for instance, recently closed three-quarters of its factories as useless, and produced more sugar in the remaining quarter than it had previously done in the whole. The new regime is prepared to pursue the same course, but it cannot, of course, abandon in the same way as the Trust the superfluous workmen thrown out of employment. It will, therefore, have to face the task not only of closing the smaller establishments in the interests of increased production, but of finding employment elsewhere for the dislodged workmen in the same interest. Further, it will have to suppress or displace all the employés and intermediaries (in Germany about a million) who will be forced out of their "parasitic inactivity" into the ranks of active production. The Socialist writer views with the

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utmost serenity this gigantic operation, which will completely upset the social and economic life of a nation, transplant millions of individuals and make them change their trades, customs, latitude and surroundings. "But," says M. Eichthal, "not even an industrial Cæsar or Ghenghiz Khan would dare to attempt such a task; and yet it is hoped to realize it by persuasion of the electors who hold in their hands the source of the reforms." So much for the means of production. But even production itself will be regulated, in its intensity, distribution, circulation and equilibrium, "which the proletariat can, and must, fix if it wishes to ensure the continuous progress of production and consolidate its regime." But here, again, M. Eichthal points out, the same error is made of concluding from the success of a machinery, worked by a well-known power and practised for ages, that a similar success will attend a machinery worked in an opposite direction by methods which are not properly coordinated and under the impulse of a number of wills which may possibly be in conflict. Herr Kautsky thinks it will be sufficient, in order to continue the work of management and discipline, to appeal to "those among the present employés of capital who have a talent for organization, and whom, on account of this quality, capital values highly and pays handsomely." But the strength and utility of these men lies in the exercise of their independent will or temperament or fortune, and this will be destroyed by their transformation into bureaucratic officials, an inevitable result of the notoriously narrowing influence of popular election.

Now, and this is the point, Herr Kautsky is not altogether blind to the possible failure of his theories on these lines. Wherefore, he says, it will be necessary to look for the required stimulus in another order of ideas—in the moral and philanthropic, in fact. Yet he admits, in spite of the greatness of the results obtained at certain periods and even to-day, self-denial and sacrifice are notably the exception and are little in accordance with the prevailing dispositions of that section of humanity which is bent on

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earning its daily bread under the stringent industrial conditions of the present. The future lies, then, between two alternatives. Either it will be found desirable to maintain a disciplined organization, in which case the hardships of the existing industrial regime will be enormously multiplied by the absence of effective responsibility and control; or it will be thought necessary to avoid a dictatorship at all costs, and the result will be complete anarchy, accompanied by productive sterility and increased misery. "But," says Herr Kautsky, and here is the consistent reversion to a mystic escape from the *impasse*, "there will be formed a new type of man who will surpass all those that civilisation has produced up to date—a superman, if you will, but he will be the rule and not the exception." So once more we enter, as M. Eichthal sees, the domain of pure mysticism, and the materialistic conception of existence which is the basis of all collectivist dreams has again arrived at a state of self-contradiction. It seems impossible to remain on the ground of pure social realities.

All Socialist theories seem to converge to the same *impasse*. Herr Anton Menger, Professor of Law at the University of Vienna, in a book entitled *Das Recht auf den vollen Arbeitsertrag*, attempts to lay the foundation of socialist law. In drawing out the two main themes of his work, the right to the full fruits of labour and the right to live, he says: "It is evident that no Socialist law can ever attain these two ends, however Utopian may be its postulates, since in no society can supply and demand coincide. The two fundamental ideas lead logically to different results. Every Socialist system which proclaims the right to the full fruits of labour rests on human egotism, more pronounced even than under the present legal system, for under the first everyone works for himself alone, and under the second partly for himself and partly for the benefit of unearned increment. On the other hand, every social system, the final object of which is the recognition of the right to live, rests on the sentiment of love for one's neighbour and on fraternity." This is once more, as M. Eichthal perceives, to transport mankind

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from the domain of positive legal obligations into that of moral obligations, and these latter will rest either on the sanction of that vague collective virtue or stimulus known generally as "solidarity," or else on an expediency which will prompt reform merely in the interest of a better distribution of wealth. Now, under the Socialist regime the State will necessarily assume all initiative, even to the valuation by tariff of raw material, which it will then proceed to divide in proportion to the work done by each individual. All income derived from land or the ownership of raw material will thus disappear. The State will then assign a fixed quantity of the consumable produce of the land to every one in exchange for a given amount of labour "which it will be necessary to agree on," and it will attach an income to the quality of the labour. The moral obligations referred to above are thus attributed to the State, which becomes thereby a purely moral abstraction, or, as M. Eichthal puts it, "a metaphysical entity, a sort of equitable, omniscient, infallible Providence that will suddenly spring from the bosom of society to administer the social workshop." "And when I think," he continues, "that it is by universal suffrage that the new collective regime will have to recruit the troop of angels or demigods that its grand council is to be, fully endowed with science and justice, having to solve such simple questions as the valuation by tariff of all raw materials, including the soil itself, or to determine the income which is to be attached to the quality of labour in the cosmopolitan workshops, I am astonished at the confidence of Socialist writers in the efficacy of their own formulas. . . . Why it will require a clergy like that dreamed of by the Saint-Simonians, possessed of qualities far superior to those of the inhabitants of our planet, and able to rule over the rest of humanity by a sort of authority that commands the adoration of the faithful. . . . Should the earth ever contain these marvellous dispensers of justice, why not simply entrust them with the task of arbitrating between the various collaborators in industry, without any formulas or codes, merely after the manner of a good paterfamilias

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between his children, or the hypothetical despot between his subjects—just by weighing the actual merits of each individual ?”

There is no question here of discussing what is truth, nor what is happiness, but rather of reflecting on some things that the latter is obviously not. Fourier said, “happiness consists in having many passions and many means of satisfying them.” This has been generally ruled out. M. Sageret, in an admirable definition, states that it is “in proportion to the number of ascending steps that we discover in the ladder of life.” That is to say, happiness is always just ahead. We must anyhow believe it to be ahead. To be relatively happy in the present is to believe in a change for the better in the future. The man in the street cares indeed little for definitions. But he may perhaps take stock of his own, and conclude that there is just something more than what he already has got that he wants. This is true from the bottom of the social scale to the top. So to be happy, or to satisfy one’s requirements, it would logically be well to start with as few as possible. Hence Diogenes throwing away his bowl. The prevailing conditions of life render possible fresh instalments of individual happiness, however infinitesimal and short-lived each may be, and that happiness lies in the addition of something and the contrast between what is and what was not. Everyone of every class, if he is a healthy being, aspires to something, be it only the public-house. But in a city where all start, continue and end equal, and where uniformity crushes contrast, the impetus to aspire must obviously vanish, for there will be nothing to aspire to. Not only the rich, but the poor, wretched and unfair as the lot of the latter be now, will surely be unutterably more wretched under the uniform, if enlightened, existence that is being planned for them. They will most certainly long to return to the squalid poverty of an existence at least their own, with the possibility of occasional contrast, from the collective hoarding, however well organized, under the inexorable laws of Science and Progress.

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If, as M. Sageret would have us hold, the idea of happiness is to be abandoned, it will be interesting to the critics to observe how long the absorption in the "noble activities," which Science and Progress are to substitute for it, will suffice to keep its inhabitants from despair. "Let us give up," says M. Sageret, "the earthly paradise, if we have the least idea of human evolution. Must we for that reason fall into absolute despair? By no means. Progress, being an increase in activity, can merely consist in a series of struggles and work. Let the wise man therefore seek for happiness in his work and in the struggle rather than in the result. It is not impossible that he will find it. Children are sufficiently amused in running without arriving anywhere." Children may be. But grown men and, presumably, wise men *par excellence*, are not.

So here is the dilemma of the free-thought future. Be artificial and construct a theological lay paradise and you may, or a select few of you may, possibly, under the consoling influence of its mystic operations, aspire to a certain grade of temporary happiness. Be honest and logical and renounce all ideas of happiness—and you will probably commit suicide. Human nature, having remained exactly the same through all the vicissitudes of religion, philosophy and history, is likely to remain still exactly the same throughout the collectivist, syndicalist or co-operative millennium. So far neither Progress nor Science nor the builders of Future Cities have really taken it into account. Those who believe it to be travelling towards moral supermanhood have obviously not studied it. Those who believe it to be radically corrupt are merely repeating the sentence of Ecclesiastes or Job or Schopenhauer. They have admittedly not discovered the remedy. The two French naturalist writers who have been mentioned, having wallowed deeply in the mire of human depravity, were at least conscious that there is no remedy without some future vista of idealism, be it earthly or celestial. It was the obvious consequence of their realism. Huysmans went further than Zola, for the seven capital sins were played out and he had to create

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an eighth. *A rebours* contains a record of the utmost that can be depicted of the mud of a bestialized human mind. It may be taken as the last word of naturalist research into the depths. But it is at least logical, and so is the re-application to it by Barbey d'Aureville of his original verdict on Beaudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*: "After such a book the only thing left to the author is to choose between the muzzle of a pistol or the foot of the Cross."

Yet it would, perhaps, be a mistake to suppose that the builders of earthly paradises are contributing nothing either to the rational progress of social constitutions, and other such necessary arrangements, or to a return to an idealistic conception of life. It would be both sad and inexact to see nothing but useless and misguided people in, for instance, a sincere dreamer such as the ex-communard preacher of the "unions." "M. Verrès' sole excuse," says his benevolent sceptic brother, "is that he thinks in the absolute. Absurd, isn't it, since we live in the relative? Yet, who knows if men such as he do not, after all, fulfil a useful task. With all the fervour of their illusions they believe that truth, liberty and justice are attainable. Perhaps, in this way, they prevent the masses from abandoning the quest."

Satan is no doubt, as Tertullian said, the ape of God. But the supernatural is all one piece, and it is interesting to observe that, whichever road one takes, one not unusually arrives there in the end.

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THE problem of the assimilation of Western philosophy and science, and Western conceptions of the liberty of the individual, and his participation in the government of his country, by Eastern nations is one which at the present moment is forcing itself upon thinking men, and more especially upon the peoples of these islands. The results of our educational system in India appear to be at least in part responsible for the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs in that great dependency. Egypt shows similar features of unrest, in spite of five and twenty years of good government. We are apt to boast that British rule in India and in Egypt has conferred material benefits upon those two countries without precedent in the history of alien rule in Oriental lands, and writers of eminence in other countries have endorsed the claim. How comes it, then, that the result is bitterness and discontent among those very classes upon whom the benefit of higher education has been conferred? Wherein has our policy been at fault, and what new path are we to tread in the future? The able writer of the articles on "Indian Unrest" has of late analysed the defects of the Indian system in the *Times*, and pointed out the lines which should guide our policy in the future; while Lord Cromer (*Modern Egypt*, vol. II, chap xxxvii, etc.) has placed his ripe experience and unrivalled knowledge of the Educational problem in Egypt at the service of the present and the coming generation. I leave these problems to the expert controversialist, and, at the request of the Editor, I propose to invite attention to and, if possible, to awake the interest of the readers of THE DUBLIN REVIEW in, a different aspect of the same question.

In Africa we have undertaken vast obligations by the assumption of sovereignty over many millions of the African races, inhabiting many million square miles of territory. The system of education which we have given

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to the native races in our older Colonies on the West Coast, has not produced results to which we can look with pride in achievement or with confidence in the future. In Nigeria we have comparatively lately come into contact with the remnants of an ancient civilization, and with the comparative advancement which Islam carries with it in its contact with barbarous races. In East Africa we have to deal with a singularly intelligent people, eager for development, in Uganda. In South Africa the close contact of the black and white races throughout the sub-continent makes the question of negro education as vital and important as it is in the Southern States of America. Have the brains of the Empire seriously considered the magnitude of this question, and has any serious policy been the outcome? It is to be feared not, and in a not far distant future there is no doubt that we shall have reason to regret our lack of foresight, unless we realize the situation and evolve a well-defined educational policy for these new Protectorates without further delay. The French in their contiguous territories in West Africa have an elaborate system which we have so far disdained to examine with care. In the Soudan alone has adequate thought and adequate expenditure been devoted to this most urgent and vital matter.

It is not, however, the purpose of the present article to deal with the question of education in our African Protectorates, any more than with the educational problems of India and Egypt. It is a subject which merits a separate and exhaustive treatment. The problem confronts us anew in a different form when we turn to the Far East. Here the British Colony of Hong Kong, situated in part on a small island close to the coast, in part on the mainland of China itself, has stood for the past half century and more as the representative of the civilization of the West to the great Empire of China. That empire, as we know, regarded herself as the sole repository of polite learning, and her aristocracy was an aristocracy of letters. Her system, however, had become musty with the dust of ages, and was well devised as a corrective to any form

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of progress. Skill with the brush in the delineation of the ideograms which constitute Chinese handwriting, and a capacity for memorizing whole volumes of the ancient classics, the very meaning of which was obscure—these formed the equipment of the scholar, and were the insignia of literary pre-eminence, and the passports to high office. But China's defeat by her despised neighbour, Japan, followed by the victory of that nation over a great European Power, brought her an appreciation of the potency of Western science, at least in the arena of war, which all the teaching of missionaries and all the ever encroaching merchants of Europe and America had hitherto failed to impress upon her.

Foreigners in plenty were ready to install electric light in the ancient halls of Peking, to erect wharves or to lay on a water supply on modern systems in Canton. Nor were they content merely to execute contracts for payment. Taking advantage of China's weakness, they demanded "concessions" for railways and for mines. They seized territory on "leases" which China was powerless to refuse, their "treaty ports" grew in wealth and fatness. The indemnities they exacted, when China's millions grew impatient, created for the first time in the long history of Cathay a national debt on up-to-date modern lines. Small wonder that China began to "awake," and to desire to equip herself with sufficient of this Western knowledge which had cost her so dear, to enable her to deal on more equal terms with the encroaching West. Some few of her students travelled to Western seats of education, and returned full of the new learning and full of brand-new schemes for reforming ancient China. But their voices were drowned in the vast spaces of the ancient halls of Peking. Reinforced, however, by a constantly increasing stream of Western graduates, they at last began to effect some reforms. But the process was a difficult and a costly one. To acquire a foreign tongue with sufficient fluency to attend a Western University, and to graduate there, meant some ten years of exile, and a capital outlay of £200 or £300 per annum. The Western

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student returned to his home more Occidental than Oriental. Meanwhile the statesmen of China, prompted by the murmurs of the millions—whose voice is the voice of God in autocratic China quite as much as in the most democratic Western Republic—became resentful of the pre-eminence of the foreigner in the development of China's resources. The new-born Press exercised an all-powerful influence in the creation of this new Imperial patriotism. Distant provinces, which for ages past had been wholly oblivious of the doings of Peking, became its virulent critics. New-fangled societies, named themselves the Self-Government Society, the Rights' Recovery Society, and so on, and by means of their wonderful guild organization developed the only weapon to their hand and retaliated against fancied wrongs by the boycott. Amid this babel of pseudo-patriots, whose impelling motive was rather jealousy of the foreigner than the uplifting of their country, there were not wanting those saner intellects who saw clearly that China's degradation was due to her ignorance, and that the truest patriotism lay in the spread of education. A University was projected at Peking, the ancient competitive examinations in the classics were replaced by modern subjects, and the number of students sent to the West was largely increased. But the process was slow, costly, and surrounded by many difficulties. There were no qualified teachers for a Chinese University other than foreigners. There were no hospitals for the clinical instruction of medical students. It was easy to erect a spacious building at large cost, to found scholarships and to endow the Faculties, but would the scholars of the West be eager to reside in a capital where the murmurs of the millions echoed threateningly from time to time, where the absolutely necessary paraphernalia and adjuncts for the study of medicine, and engineering and the other practical sciences which China desired were conspicuously absent? Would such men willingly place themselves under the domination of reactionary mandarins? The character of the scholar is familiar to the Chinese, and they knew that such men would be of a

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different temperament from the missionary who was ready to suffer all things in his zeal for his religion, or the merchant who would tolerate much to push his interests. Still, the experiment is to be made, and it is even possible that it may succeed with the help of the Legations and under the eye of many foreign educated Chinese at the capital.

Meanwhile, for many years past a considerable number of Chinese youths had been educated in the schools of Hong-Kong, conducted by the Government and by Protestant and Roman Catholic Missions. The premier school, Queen's College, conducted by the Government, had an attendance of upwards of 1,000 pupils of whom, probably, the majority came from the interior of China. Many Queen's College boys had risen to high positions in the Government service of their native country. Its reputation stood high, for, although some few of its *alumni* had adopted views of reform which caused them to be banished as dangerous to the State, it was well known that no such doctrines were taught at the College, while the traditional friendship of Hong-Kong had constantly found expression in practical assistance, as, for instance, in the refusal to afford asylum to revolutionaries, the free extradition of criminals, the strict suppression of the import of firearms to China, and latterly, by an ordinance prohibiting the appearance in Chinese journals in Hong-Kong of articles calculated to cause unrest or sedition in China. But neither Queen's College nor the excellent "aided" mission schools professed to do more than prepare their best scholars for the Oxford Local Examination, the senior grade of which is about equal to matriculation standard. Within the last few years the number of pupils who have passed this standard has increased very largely, and they will form the nucleus from which a University should draw its students. So great has been the demand for an "English" education in the last few years that the higher grade schools (both Government and Mission) have been unable to cope with the numbers offering themselves for admission.

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The idea of founding a University in Hong-Kong, where Chinese students might graduate without having to go to Europe or America, and where that large class who are unable to afford the expense of doing so might complete their education in a Chinese environment, and so could keep touch with their parents and national institutions, had found expression some years before in the columns of the *China Mail*, but had never taken any practical form. It was quite lately revived by a generous offer from Mr (now Sir H.) Mody, a Parsi gentleman, who undertook to provide the buildings at a cost of £30,000, provided an adequate endowment fund were raised. The senior partner of Messrs John Swire and Sons (Mr J. H. Scott) offered the princely sum of £40,000 on behalf of the allied firms doing business in the East under the name of Butterfield and Swire. The Viceroy of Canton gave 200,000 dol. (£18,200), and the Chinese communities, not only of Hong-Kong, but from all parts of China (including Saigon) and from Australia and other places, subscribed liberally. British firms in Hong-Kong added their generous donations, the Peking Government gave practical proof of its approval by forwarding a cheque, and the British Government gave £300 a year, which his late Majesty directed should be devoted to the maintenance of "King Edward VII scholars." Enough was subscribed to justify the inception of the scheme, and the foundation stone was laid last March. To render the project a thorough success, however, with an adequate staff and a proper equipment for its laboratories, libraries and workshops a further sum of about £100,000 is required. Little help has so far been received from this country, and it is hoped that those who are interested alike in holding out a helping hand to China, and in the extension of British prestige and the English language in the Far East will come forward and assist the Colony of Hong-Kong to carry through this imperial project adequately and successfully.

The University incorporates the existing College of Medicine, an institution which for twenty years past

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has done valuable work in training Chinese students in Western medicine, but which has not been able to confer any degree or to do more than turn out a limited number of partially qualified licentiates. These students will form the nucleus of the pupils in the Medical School in the University; and Hong-Kong possesses the requisite hospitals and mortuaries for their proper training.

Lord William Cecil, in his interesting work on *Changing China*, challenges those who differ from his views on this question to formulate their policy (p. 326). "The Hong-Kong University" [he says] "labours under the great disadvantage (as a means of naturalizing the higher side of our civilization) of not being either in China, nor under the Chinese flag, nor of speaking the prevailing language" (p. 316). We wish his scheme for the establishment of a Mission University at Hankow every success, and if I take up his challenge, and endeavour to show that the disadvantage under which he conceives that Hong-Kong labours is not in point of fact a disadvantage at all, I do so in no spirit of depreciation of the project he advocates, but simply in reply to what I believe to be a misconception.

Whatever a courteous Chinese official may—*more suo*—have said to a distinguished guest, I am under the impression that no intelligent Chinaman, who has any conception of what a University is, would believe in his heart that it would be better for a foreign conducted University to be either in China or under the Chinese flag. He would know too well the friction and obstruction to which mandarin rule would subject it, and the constant interference which would retard its progress. He would realize that hospitals and mortuaries for the clinical instruction of medical students do not exist, and that the study of morbid pathology could not be carried on. It is a very striking fact that the Chinese themselves of Canton, Peking, Swatow, Neuchang and elsewhere have come forward with substantial support for the Hong-Kong University, at a moment when the feeling that China can do without the foreigner never ran higher. I believe this to

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be a practical proof that the best Chinese recognized fully that modern education could at present only be acquired under a foreign flag, and, indeed, the manifesto of the Chinese Viceroy of Canton—one of the old school—was fairly explicit in this sense. But it is stated that the Hankow project aims at handing over the University to Chinese professors and withdrawing the foreign staff sometime in the future, “when Christianity has become as national a religion as it is in our land” (p. 314). That time, if it ever comes, is too distant for the practical statesman to deal with as a tangible matter. “The civilized European,” says Lord Cromer (*Modern Egypt*, vol. II, p. 233), “though he may not be an orthodox Christian is, in spite of himself, to a great extent the outcome of Christianity and would not be what he is had he not 1900 years of Christianity behind him.” These words embody a great truth. “The atmosphere of Christian ethics,” as Lord William happily phrases it, as apart from Christian dogma, is the creation of centuries. It may, and I trust will, be introduced into a University in a Colony under the British flag. It is not safe to assume that it can be transplanted into the heart of China into a University under Chinese management, even at a reasonably remote period.

The second charge against Hong-Kong contained in my brief quotation from Lord William Cecil is that it does not speak the prevailing language. Instruction in the proposed Hankow University is, I understand, to be imparted in the Mandarin. This to the bulk of Chinese is itself an acquired language. The fact is that there is no universal lingua franca in China, and “pidgin English” was in the old days invented as a means whereby Chinese merchants might do business with each other. If a University is to open its doors to Chinese from every part of the Empire, its medium of instruction must be a foreign tongue, and its students must have acquired a knowledge of that tongue in their school education. English has been taught by British and American missionaries throughout China. It is now, I believe, being taught in Chinese schools under

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official orders. No boy who had acquired sufficient Western knowledge to matriculate at a University could have failed to have acquired a good knowledge of a Western language. It is essential to a graduate that he should read the literature of the subjects he is studying; Chinese translations, even if they could be substituted, do not exist, nor is Chinese (Mandarin or other) adapted to convey Western scientific technical terms. Finally, if every Professor in the University must first have acquired a sufficient fluency in Chinese to enable him to lecture in that language, the University must pay and maintain him in China for at least two years, at a cost which would very seriously add to the expenses of the endowment. The medium of instruction in Hong-Kong will be English, and we frankly hope that the consequence may be that English will become the language of culture and diplomacy, as well as of commerce, in the Far East, and that by an acquaintance with our language and literature the Chinaman will form a truer appreciation of English character and that the relations of the two countries will benefit.

Space precludes my dealing with this phase of the question further, for there is a word to add in regard to the chief aim of this project, which it shares with the sister scheme at Hankow. It is desired to train the character of students no less than to develop their intellectual abilities. With the object of maintaining a strict moral discipline, it is proposed to make residence in the University compulsory, and to place in charge of the residential quarter one of the Professors, especially selected for his ability to exercise a sympathetic influence over the students. Students may also reside in approved hostels conducted by the religious bodies who have trained them during their school-days. Already the Church Missionary Society is contemplating the erection of a hostel on land adjoining the University, and, looking to the large number of Roman Catholic schools and institutions in the Colony, it is to be hoped that that Church will not neglect its opportunity of founding "a similar

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hostel. St Joseph's College has well maintained its quota to the list of pupils who pass the "Senior Oxford," and are therefore qualified to matriculate.* But it is necessary to remind any liberal Roman Catholics that the University endowment fund is, as has been pointed out, still in need of considerable funds to place the scheme on an assured basis, apart from the creation of hostels. Donations will be received for this fund either by myself at Government House, Hong-Kong, or by Messrs Holt, 3 Whitehall Place, London, and will be at once gratefully acknowledged.

F. D. LUGARD

*The "Upper Grade" Roman Catholic Schools, which receive a Grant in Aid from the Government, showed a maximum monthly enrolment of 1023 pupils, with an average attendance of 825·73 in 1908; while the Lower Grade showed 462 maximum monthly enrolment and 320·26 average attendance. These figures have since increased considerably. Apart from educational work the Italian and French Convents do immense good in the care of destitute orphans, and of the sick and aged.

AN ANSWER TO SOCIALISM

CHIEF among the cares which beset the opponent of Socialism is the effort to answer the question, "What are you going to put in its place?" The question is so insistent that the harassed opponent is tempted to subscribe to any nostrum which may seem to offer a popular alternative. "Social Reform," "Tariff Reform," "Christian Socialism"—these and their derivative mottoes are uttered—the first particularly—on a feverish hurried note which does not suggest that they are the product of cool and profound thought.

Has the man who declares that "Social Reform" is the answer to Socialism any definite ideas as to what he means by social reform? Or, in so far as he has definite ideas, are they not of a kind which the majority of his neighbours would reject as impracticable, or, for some reason or other, undesirable? And is it not the fact, the ironical but serious fact, that so-called social reforms turn out, on examination, to be, in many cases, themselves distinctly socialistic in character—socialistic pills wrapped up in a sugar coating of sentimentality? The social reformer would in many cases start the stone rolling down the very slope which leads to the Socialist abyss. Socialism is the intrusion of the State into every department of life: many "social reforms" are simply proposals for further intrusion.

"Tariff Reform," again, is not an alternative to Socialism at all, save to the extent that it will mitigate unemployment, and to the extent that it proposes a less socialistic method than those set forth in Mr Lloyd George's Finance Act for collecting revenue. But an enlarged tariff revenue would never be huge enough to stay the hand of a Chancellor of the Exchequer bent upon using taxation as a jemmy for opening the door to Socialism. What are the ten millions to be extracted from the tariff in comparison with the hundred and sixty millions which the State departments already manage to spend in

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a year? And no sane Tariff Reformer expects that duties on competing foreign imports will cure unemployment. They may mitigate it, but unemployment will not be destroyed, any more than it is destroyed in countries which already possess a protective tariff, and in which the Socialist movement is as active as it is in England. Many varying and hazardous predictions are made concerning the state of this country after the new tariff has been inaugurated, but there is one prediction which may be made in full confidence of its fulfilment, and that is that the Socialist movement and the spread of Socialism itself will be as active afterwards as before—unless checked by something else.

“Christian Socialism” is either Christianity in its social aspect, and not Socialism at all, or it is ordinary Socialism garnished with the approval of clerical sympathisers and expressed in the language habitual to such persons. This latter creed, therefore, is in no sense an answer to Socialism, but is Socialism itself. As to the former kind, we should endeavour to further it under its proper name of Christianity, without the Socialism; but it will still remain necessary to continue our search for an answer to Socialism in the economic sphere.

But may I respectfully offer the seeker a warning at the beginning of his search? He will find himself liable to fall under the influence of a catchword much in vogue to-day—“a constructive policy.” If opposition be offered to any false or fatuous doctrine, established or in process of agitation, sympathisers with it, and even more, a section of the critical public, at once pose to the opponents of the doctrine the question, “What is your constructive policy?” And those who are labouring to overthrow some false economic or political doctrine too often allow themselves to be harassed unduly by the wretched phrase. Indeed, it is to-day becoming a serious nuisance in the struggle against the encroachments of Socialism, because it pre-supposes that, as Socialism can be introduced by the realization of a political programme, so it is to be resisted by the putting forth of a rival political pro-

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gramme. The Socialist promises an earthly paradise to those who will follow the Red Flag. He offers the most gigantic bribe which has ever been conceived by any politician. And his opponent naturally feels somewhat baffled in presence of it. What is he to offer? The gigantic proportions of the Socialist's bribe increase his own desire to offer all he can. He is tempted to offer more than he ought; and it is just at this moment, when he needs to be fortified against the temptation to offer what he ought not, that the cry, "Produce your constructive policy," is dinned into his ears by critics from his own side.

I am not decrying a "constructive policy" in opposition to Socialism; it is the purpose of this article to suggest a policy of far-reaching extent; but it does seem essential to sound a note of warning against the notion that the alternative must be the offering of political bribes. I have recently had occasion to examine some "constructive policy" programmes put forward by workers against Socialism. The compiler had too obviously crowded into his programme as many items of economic-political change as corresponded with the fertility of his imagination, not because he had pondered long upon the subjects enumerated, and was convinced of the need of advocating them for their own sake, but just because he was oppressed on the one side with the magnitude of the Socialist bribe, and on the other side with the challenge to produce a "constructive policy" in answer to it; and so he made as brave a show as possible by putting in every item that occurred to him, hoping that the cumulative effect would turn the balance against Socialism in the popular judgement.

Some of the disadvantages which attach to such a method of constructing an alternative policy to Socialism are apparent. The programme necessarily presents a patched and poverty-stricken appearance: it looks what it is—something made, with painful effort, for the occasion. That is to say, it is not calculated to impress the man who is being seduced by the charm of the Socialist vision—which, with all its faults, is a consistent, well-

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rounded development of a particular conception of industrial society, and is not likely to fade in attractiveness before the patchwork of reform produced by the upholder of the present regime, at his wit's end for devices to make it more presentable. But an even more serious disadvantage attaching to these programmes is the temptation to which its authors succumb of adopting the very method of Socialism itself. One is reminded of the proverbial remedy for hydrophobia which bids the sufferer take a hair of the dog that bit him. The phenomenon is particularly noticeable in the Liberal party at the present time, but it is not confined to that party.

Let us recall what are the main objections to Socialism, and having thus obtained a criterion, test the "constructive policy" put forward as an alternative.

Socialism would make the State everything, and the individual nothing; under a Socialist regime the omnipresence and omnipotence of the State would crush out individuality and initiative and freedom, such destruction bringing in its train the annihilation of religion and the family; we should be suffocated in the toils of an all-pervading bureaucratic tyranny. But even now we are suffering from too much State encroachment, and the triumph of Socialism is simply the extension of it. If, therefore, we let in further encroachments we are directly forwarding the growth of Socialism. Yet it is a fact that many of the reforms now mooted as antidotes to Socialism consist in the establishment of fresh bureaucratic functions and further outlets for State activity. I will stay now to name only one as an example. Land banks are a most excellent institution for enabling the villagers to get easy access to capital, and in various countries such banks, established and maintained by voluntary agencies, are flourishing; but some opponents of Socialism are now proposing that we should have them in this country—*with the State as capitalist!* So we are to play the game of the Socialists and make the State engage in a further form of trade—that of banker. But what sort of object lesson is that? It means that Indi-

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vidualists are so bankrupt of ideas that they cannot even suggest an incidental reform without copying the Socialist method of achieving it.

“Then what are we to say when we are asked what we have to put in the place of Socialism?” is a question which has often been put to the writer by anti-Socialist speakers. In the first place it is just as well to remember that Socialism is a revolutionary conception, and, therefore, the onus of proving its worth lies upon its propagators. The anti-Socialist should not allow anxiety to produce a new alternative make him forget this, or the strength of merely destructive criticism. Before troubling about anything else he can make an effective preliminary attack upon his adversary by showing that Socialism would not have the beneficial results which are attributed to it by its advocates, but that it would bring in its train such a host of evils that it would be madness to embark upon it, and that, imperfect though the present structure of industrial society may be, the structure which Socialists propose to erect in its place would be infinitely worse. Now, that can be done by anyone who understands his subject. If it were a case of bodily, instead of social, health, it would be enough to demonstrate the worthlessness, and worse, of a suggested remedy in order to deter the patient from taking it; you would not expect him to say, “Never mind, if you can’t find a better remedy, I will take this offered remedy, poisonous and deadly though it may be.” And the purely destructive case against Socialism is a very strong, and even an attractive one, when it is fully brought out. Good men, and many who are not particularly good, treasure religion—and it is easy to show that the Christian religion would be destroyed, or all but destroyed, under the regimen of the Social Democratic Commonwealth. The better sort of men, again, regard family life as a most precious possession—and one of the first effects of Socialism, visible even in the attenuated form of it from which we are suffering now, is to weaken, while the ultimate effect must be to destroy, the institution of the family. All

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men, except the hopelessly idle and enervated minority, set store on the prospect, if it be only a prospect, of acquiring personal possessions and an improved position in life as the reward of their exertions—and Socialism would force all men to a dead level, and destroy the pleasure of work and its incentive by depriving individuals of the rewards of their enterprise. All men value their liberty—and nothing is easier than to demonstrate the necessary death of personal freedom under the blight of universal State employment and State ownership and control. The destructive case is good enough to make it wiser to stick to it than to rush breathlessly into an alternative “constructive policy” which may help to produce some of the very mischiefs it is sought to avert.

But we need not stop at the destructive case. We can supplement opposition to Socialism by seeking for such changes in economic conditions as will better the lot of the people, by ways which will lead them away from, rather than into, State bondage, and will erect bulwarks against the encroachments of Socialism. Nor is it mere opportunism which counsels such a course. It is the duty of every citizen to seek for justice, to try to increase the happiness and prosperity of his neighbours, to alleviate poverty, and to see that not only shall men be secure in their rightful possessions, but that the disinherited shall not remain in their forlorn condition. But in seeking these things we need not adopt the radical fault of the socialistic mind, and rely upon the State to find the means. That is the way of Socialism, and it is the way which will lead us directly out of the path along which we should seek economic independence, freedom, justice, and a more general distribution of wealth. Let us see if there is not a better way in voluntary and individual effort.

It will help us in our search if we try first to appraise the basis of truth in the Socialist case. Movements do not gather the strength of the Socialist propaganda if their argumentative foundation is altogether false. Now is not the underlying truth in Socialism this: that the producer of wealth is entitled to the wealth which he creates? That doc-

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trine lies at the root of Socialism, and it is an incontestably true doctrine. Socialists add a false assumption when they claim that the worker on a particular piece of wealth production is entitled to its entire value, ignoring the capital employed, and when they treat the capitalist's function as simply that of a parasite; and they build upon their fundamental doctrine a most fantastic edifice when they propose to give the worker the fruit of his toil by taking it from him, and investing it in a bureaucracy, which will parcel it out among the community at large as it chooses. But the fundamental truth remains. And the question for us is, Do we, under our existing industrial organization, give it due recognition? It must be replied that our wage system does not give it due recognition. Herein lies the weakness of the case of those who uphold the present system, and the strength of the Socialist position.

Men sometimes talk glibly about the partnership of Capital and Labour. Do they give the full meaning to the phrase? Partnership is an alliance between persons for the purpose of managing a business, and sharing its gains and losses. That does not represent the existing relations of Capital and Labour. Let us see how those relations stand to-day. Wealth is created by the combined application of capital—the use of the necessary physical means of production and stored-up labour—the entrepreneur's skill, and labour. Capitalists, owning the means of production, or the money with which they can be obtained, desire to make their capital remunerative by employing it in some industrial undertaking. On the other side stand men who are capable of providing the labour, without which the capital must lie idle, and who are desirous of obtaining remuneration by doing so. (The argument may be simplified by leaving out the third person—the entrepreneur or skilled manager, who may, in fact, be either one of the capitalists or a highly-skilled labourer.) Now on what terms do these two—the capitalist and the labourer—come together? The labourers give their work, and receive in return a fixed wage (fixed principally, like a marketable commodity, according to

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the amount competing for employment); the capitalists take the commercial risks, and receive all the profits. If the business prospers the capitalists amass wealth, but the remuneration of the labourers remains the same, or practically the same. (The sliding scale now introduced into the mining and metallurgical industries is a partial exception to this rule, not important enough to affect its general application; and there are the other exceptions, to which reference will be made directly.) If the business fails, the capitalists close it; they have lost their capital, or a considerable part of it; and the labourers are turned into the street.

Now this system is not partnership, and it is not an adequate or reasonable method of securing to the workers the fruits of their labour. The wages paid may roughly approximate in some industries to the workers' share in the product; or they may not, and often they do not. The wage system is excellent up to a point and is in the interests of the propertyless worker; for being propertyless he can not wait for his remuneration, nor can he risk a total loss; but, if it stands alone, the system is a clumsy method of returning to the labourer the fruit of his toil and one which is liable to defraud him of a considerable part of it.

The system grew with the growth of the Great Industry. Before that era a craftsman, for the most part, enjoyed the fruit of his labour. He was his own capitalist, as well as workman, for the capital necessary in those days was very small: the craftsman had only to provide his small workshop, and his few simple implements, and pay for his small quantity of raw material. But the industrial revolution needed a large amount of associated capital, large workshops, expensive machinery, and men working together in numbers. Those who by skill and fortune were able to control the capital necessary, thought it best—the economic circumstances of their fellows gave them the power—to pay fixed rates of remuneration to the workers, and take to themselves the complete ownership of the business and whatever profit remained. It was a system which built up the fortunes of the few, but did little to

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improve, and in many cases it worsened, the lot of the many. It called modern trade unions into being; but the trade unions saw no way of improving the position of the workers save by getting the fixed wage increased, and this often regardless of the ability of the trade to stand an increase: it did not occur to them to change the wage system itself. That has been left for the development of the past few years. For the capitalist wage system also called Socialism into being. The Socialists derided the trade union method of maintaining the wage system and screwing up the rate of wage. They said, "Let us change the wage system." And their idea of change, as we know, is the entire overthrow of capitalism by expropriating the capitalists, and putting all the means of production and the control of production into the hands of the State.

That is the wrong way, of course; but the capitalist is also wrong when he regards the labourer as having no claim upon the profits of a business which cannot be carried on without him. And if the capitalist continues to deny the labourer his rights, can he wonder if the labourer falls in with the suggestion of the Socialist, and denies the capitalist *his* rights?

There is a better way, the way of Co-partnership. This is the final development, predicted by Mazzini; it is the right solution of the capital-and-labour problem; it is the system which the better sort among those who are to-day drifting into Socialist doctrines are, in a vague way, aiming at, and with which they would be satisfied. It is the answer to Socialism.

What is co-partnership, it may be asked? In essence, it is this. The workers in an industry are given some tangible interest in the business, so that they may share in its profits. It differs from mere profit-sharing, which is a sort of Christmas bonus, of arbitrary amount, given in recognition of the prosperity of the undertaking.* That is better than the wage system pure and simple, but it has

* I would draw particular attention to this difference, as the two things are frequently confused, and the two terms are frequently used by writers as though they were synonymous.

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been found to entail disadvantages—to name only one, the temptation to a thriftless man to go on the spree upon receipt of his annual bonus. And it fails to give the worker the real propertied interest in the business which is essential. Co-partnership gives that interest. It gives the worker a legal share in the property of the business itself, and breaks down the barrier between capital and labour by making the workman also a capitalist.

The principle upon which co-partnership proceeds is recognition of the necessity, in the first instance, of a wage payment to the workman for his labour, and of the right of the capitalist to a return upon the capital he has employed in the business; after that an equitable sharing of such profits as may remain, these to be secured to the workman by giving him an actual share in the property of the undertaking. In the case of a partnership it is a fractional share of the partnership assets, but in the case of the joint stock company, now almost universal, a definite amount of the company's stock.

The principle is as simple as it is just, and the practical difficulties in the way of putting it into operation are seen to be surprisingly few when a co-partnership plan is regarded at close quarters. The perfect adjustment of the respective rights of the capitalist and the labourer is not to be expected; but it is enough if some beginning to a rough approximation be made—if there be a practical recognition of the worker's claim to a share in the fruits of his industry—by allotting to him some share in the property of the business, out of which he will be able to draw some proportion of the profits of the business.

There is room for a variety of methods in instituting co-partnership; and this freedom for experimenting by different methods eases considerably any difficulties there may be in the application of the system in particular cases. Indeed, it is noteworthy that in the pioneer experiments which have already been made considerable divergence of method has been adopted. Let us cite some of them as illustrations.

First and foremost comes the great experiment of the

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South Metropolitan Gas Works, initiated by the late Sir George Livesey, and since extended to a number of other gas works. It is impossible to mention Sir George Livesey and his work without paying a tribute to his memory. Of him it is safe to predict that, as time goes on, and the magnificent character of his work comes to be more widely appreciated, he will be recognized and revered as one of the greatest benefactors of his generation.

In 1889 Sir George Livesey, as chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, was engaged in a serious strike, engineered by the Gas Workers' Union. It was a bitter fight, but Livesey won. Many captains of industry, emerging triumphant from such a contest, would have been content with their victory, and rested, confident in their ability to withstand further attacks. It was not so with Livesey. His victory was but the prelude to a far greater prize than the mere beating of workmen in a strike. He had already set about the evolution of a plan which would prevent strikes in the future, which would destroy the power for mischief of the men's Union, which would destroy the Socialistic ideas which the Union had fostered among the men, and which would achieve the destruction by cutting away the roots of discontent: that plan was co-partnership.

It began at the end of 1889, with a profit-sharing scheme, but was quickly changed to genuine co-partnership. As now constituted, the men are given yearly agreements of service under which they obtain full wages, but it is provided that men who take no interest in their work do not get their agreements renewed until they show signs of improvement, and in such cases renewal may be for a short period, say three months. The agreements are made to expire at different periods of the year—that as a safeguard in case there should be trouble, such as a threat to strike. All servants, from the highest to the lowest grade, holding these agreements are admitted to co-partnership, but no man is obliged to enter into them. Each man is given a yearly bonus equal to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent of his salary or wages for every penny at

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which the gas is sold below the standard price of 3s. per 1000 feet. Thus, with gas selling at 2s. 8d. per 1000 feet, the bonus that year would be three per cent on the employees' wages or salary. It is paid half in the Company's ordinary stock at the market price, and the other half in cash which may be drawn at a week's notice. The withdrawable half can be left in the company's hands, at interest. Men who regularly withdraw their half bonus do not have their agreements renewed, and are struck off the list of co-partners. The stock which the man thus obtains is his own, and he may sell it, if he chooses, but in that case he is asked to sell to the company; sale to outsiders would be followed by refusal to renew the man's agreement.

The plan has proved thoroughly successful in every point of view. The men withdraw but a very small portion of the withdrawable half of the yearly bonus. For example, in the year ended June, 1907, the total bonus was £45,590, and part of this was paid to winter and other men on leaving; yet £42,600 were invested in stock. Altogether, the workmen now hold nearly £400,000 of the company's capital—an average of £60 apiece; and if the present rate of progress continues, it is estimated that ten years hence they will have no less than a million's worth of capital in the concern. It is clear, then, that the men appreciate the opportunity of becoming stockholders in the company for which they work, and that they are year by year adding to their status as capitalists. The company has benefited also. In a paper read before the Southern District Association of the Gas Engineers and Managers in 1907, Sir George Livesey produced statistics indicating unmistakably that under co-partnership the South Metropolitan Gas Company had profited, the greater heartiness with which the men worked under the system having resulted in a greatly diminished cost of production. In the discussion which followed the paper, a South Metropolitan officer, Mr Carpenter, said: "A little while ago he saw a gang of watermen, a gang of tramway men, and a gang of gas men working

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on the alterations involved in reconstructing and widening, in preparation for electric traction, an important thoroughfare. The men did not know he was coming, and the only men really doing fair honest work in return for their pay were his own men." Again, he said, "He had had many proposals from the men for working more economically and expeditiously. . . . One of the men had seen a new combination tap in use in some work by plumbers in a block of buildings where he also was engaged; and he wrote him (Mr Carpenter) a letter about the tap, and said, if the company got some, the men could do their tapping much quicker than now. This was only one example. They had also gained by use of the inventive faculty which existed in the workmen's brains just as it did in their own."

Equal success has attended the introduction of co-partnership into the South Suburban Gas Company. Here is a table of statistics produced by Mr Stourbridge, of the South Suburban Company, in 1907.

Scheme introduced in	1893
Present number of co-partners . . .	533
Holding of stock & deposit by 533 men	£28,168
Average per man.	£52 17s.
Amount paid as bonus this year. . .	£3,079.

Twelve co-partners have purchased the houses they live in through the Company's Building Society.

Present holding of the Company's stock by employees:

Over £25 and under £50	183
Over £50 and under £75	30
Over £75 and under £100.	8
Over £100 and under £200	12
Over £200	17
Under £25	283
	<hr/>
	533

Mr Stourbridge, at the meeting of Gas Engineers and Managers already referred to, contrasted his earlier

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experiences before co-partnership with his later experiences under the system. "Before the employees took little or no interest in their employers or in their work beyond the wages they received. The success or failure of the undertaking gave them no concern, and there was no incentive to exertion beyond the fear of dismissal; for there was no hope of reward beyond the daily wage. . . . The employers took no interest in their employees. They paid the wages, and expected the employees to do their allotted tasks, and there the matter ended." But under co-partnership, the employees were part owners of the undertaking, and their stake in it grew year by year. They realized that its success was to their advantage, and that anything which injured it, injured them. They had a common interest, and realized that it was the duty of everyone to do his best for the common good. This had generally brought about, and almost imperceptibly, the improvement of careless and idle men. There was no room for drones in the co-partnership hive; they could not exist in such uncongenial company. It had also improved the pace and quality of the services rendered. As owners of the Company's stock, and therefore partners in the concern, they stood on a higher level than the ordinary workmen in other undertakings, who rarely had any balance in the bank, but lived from hand to mouth, with no reserve for old age or emergencies. This gave them a higher sense of duty and responsibility and made them better servants.

Here it may be mentioned, as a valuable and important feature alike of the South Suburban and the South Metropolitan co-partnership systems, that the servants are represented on the board. The South Suburban has two workmen directors, and the South Metropolitan has two workmen directors and one clerk director.

Other gas companies have followed suit. The number now reaches twenty, and amongst the latest recruits is the biggest of all the gas companies, the Gas Light and Coke. Here is a list which I have extracted from the latest annual report of the Labour Co-partnership Association.

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Name of Company.	No. of years scheme has been in operation.	No. of employees under agreement for profit-sharing or co-partnership.	Amount divided among employees for year ending June or December, 1909.	Amount per cent. on wages.	Amount of shares and deposits held by employees in the Co. Market value on Dec. 31, 1909 (about).
South Metropolitan	20	5,369	£37,122	7½	£382,424
Commercial . . .	9	1,220	5,417	5	44,095
South Suburban. .	16	582	3,034	6	34,637
Newport	10	160	372	3.08	3,830
Chester	8	66	297	5.0	1,610
Leamington . . .	2	110	413	5.0	881
Rugby.	1½	41	163	6.0	317
Walker & Wallsend.	1½	99	360	4.0	3,482
Wrexham. . . .	1	61	256	6.0	—
Tonbridge Wells .	1½	136	434	4.0	230
Tottenham	1½	601	2,500	5½	9,030
Croydon	1	490	1,250	3	6,395
Gloucester	1½	113	361	3	600
Bournemouth . .	1½	390	1,608	5	797
Wellingborough. .	1	59	* 242	5	242
Gas Light & Coke Co.	1	8,700	† 38,683	5	39,814
Dartford	1	40	164	4	164
Grantham	3¼	46	† 138	5	150
Cardiff	1½	185	655	4	145
Watford	1½	108	230	—	—
		18,576	£93,679	—	£528,843

The Ilford, Weston-super-Mare, Cambridge and South-end Gas Companies have co-partnership schemes under consideration.

The only gas undertakings in which real difficulties are found are the municipal gas undertakings. And this is an important fact to note. There are no shares in a municipal undertaking, and so there is no opportunity for giving the workers an ownership interest in the business in which they work. In this fact we have another condemnation of

* Including starting bonus.

† Divided amongst twenty-two employees in recognition of services of five years or over.

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municipal Socialism, and another reason for resisting the acquisition by municipal bodies of industrial undertakings. Municipal Socialism is said to be in the interests of the working classes; here is one respect in which it is directly against their interests.

Let us now look at another form of co-partnership, recently introduced into a quite different industry. Mr W. H. Lever, the head of the famous Port Sunlight Soap works, has crowned his many beneficent efforts on behalf of his workmen by the introduction among them of co-partnership. His method varies from the gas company methods outlined above, and is therefore worth a special reference. His plan has been to create half a million of co-partnership stock, which, after the payment of five per cent on the ordinary stock, ranks *pari passu* with that stock. From time to time portions of this special stock are issued free to the company's servants, the warrant for the possession being in the form of co-partnership certificates. There is no regular *pro rata* distribution throughout the service, but the certificates are issued to such of the servants, and in such amounts, as Mr Lever or his advisers may choose. The conditions of eligibility for the partnership certificates are that the employee shall not be less than twenty-five years of age, and shall have served not less than five years with the company. The certificates are issued both to men and women servants. But though the allotment is at the discretion of the head of the company, a basis is followed roughly of granting ten per cent of a man's salary, multiplied by the number of years of his service. Every servant desirous of obtaining these certificates makes an application, accompanied by a declaration that he "will not waste time, labour, materials or money in the discharge of my duties, but will loyally and faithfully further the interests of Lever Brothers Ltd, its Associated Companies, and my co-partners, to the best of my skill and ability."

A feature of the scheme is that other certificates, called preferential certificates, are granted to retired servants, their stock carrying with it a five per cent dividend.

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The co-partnership stock is not the same as ordinary stock, such as is acquired by the co-partners in the Gas Companies, because it does not carry with it indefeasible rights of ownership. Not only may the certificates be recalled as a punishment of flagrant misconduct, but if the holder of his own free will leaves the company, he surrenders his certificates—Mr Lever proceeding on the old partnership idea, and judging that if a partner leaves the firm, his interest in it should be cancelled. If the holder's health breaks down, or he reaches the retiring age, his partnership certificates are changed into the preferential certificates mentioned above, on the basis of ten years' purchase of the average dividends. These preferential certificates are good not only during the remainder of the holder's life, but afterwards during the life of his widow, if she remains a widow; with her death or remarriage they cease, and do not go to the children. Mr Lever's scheme was put into operation in 1909, certificates being issued to 1,049 employees, and the first dividend was paid at the beginning of this year. It was at the rate of seven and a half per cent., being two and a half per cent. better than Mr Lever had led his people to expect.

About the same time that Mr Lever was giving birth to his scheme, another firm of soap manufacturers, Messrs John Knight Ltd, of London, were changing their profit-sharing system into a co-partnery. Previously they had divided all surplus profits, after payment of a five per cent dividend to shareholders, between the workmen and the shareholders at the rate of one half week's wages for every half per cent paid in dividend, above the minimum of five per cent. For the five years prior to 1909, the company had thus been able to divide among its employees three weeks' extra wages at the end of each year. Owing to business depression, it was found in February, 1909, that the surplus for dividing among the men did not exceed an amount equal to two weeks' wages, but the directors decided to make up the distribution to three weeks' wages, provided that the recipients were willing, then and for the future, to receive two weeks' wages in

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cash, and one week's wages invested in the company's shares in trust for them. The shares were to be allotted at par (although standing in the market at a premium), and were not to be withdrawn unless the workmen left the company's service.

Another industry in which co-partnership has been found practicable is the printing trade. Messrs Hazell, Watson and Viney, of Aylesbury and London, run a successful share purchase scheme, under which the employees now hold 1,112 shares, worth about £15,500. This co-partnership is notable because it is a firm, and not a limited company, thus showing that private partnerships are available for co-partnership as well as joint stock companies.

The newspaper business has been found suitable also. Four provincial papers—the *Batley Reporter*, the *North Mail*, the *Northern Weekly Leader*, and the *Tamworth Herald*—have adopted co-partnership.

And the plan which has been in operation for many years past on Lady Wantage's Berkshire estate proves that even the peculiar conditions of agriculture do not prevent a development of the idea. There we have an immense farm of 9,000 acres, and every worker on it, from the bailiff down to the youngest lad who has qualified by a short probationary period, is credited with shares. They are not, of course, real shares, in the company sense of the word, but they are shares in the sense of receiving a yearly dividend which is paid by pooling the profits between the estate and the employees, after four per cent interest has been paid on capital.

A reference must be made to Sir Christopher Furness's scheme—the one unsuccessful venture which has to be recorded. And that has only just missed success by a narrow vote of the employees after a year's trial. That vote would not have been given had the scheme followed the other models I have mentioned; but it provided for a deduction of five per cent from the employees' earnings for payment of his shares; and times were bad last year, and the men felt the need of the cash.

Enough has been said to show that co-partnership is

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as feasible as it is just, and that it is as practicable in one industry as another. If industries so diverse as gas production, woollen and soap manufactures, printing, newspapers and agriculture, whether organized in big or little companies, or in private firms or individual ownership, can find it practicable, not only all other companies and firms in those trades, but all other industrial undertakings of any kind, can find it practicable also. If one scheme be thought impracticable, or for some reason or other undesirable, another method can be tried. The examples given above show the variety which is possible, and companies introducing co-partnership in the future will not be pioneers; they will have the experience of other companies to guide them. These pioneers have found that such difficulties as may seem to block the way can be easily overcome. It is not a question of ability, but of determination; "where there's a will, there's a way."

And is it not worth while? It is worth while, in the first instance, because it is just, whereas pure capitalism is not just. It is worth while, in the second place, because it is in the highest degree politic. When every man is a capitalist Socialism will be dead and damned. But if the workers are not taken into partnership by the capitalists, then Socialism will come, and will engulf and destroy not only capitalism, and everything that is good in it, but almost everything that is good in human life. Opponents of Socialism seem to think that their mission is simply to working men; their mission should be much more to capitalists. The position of the working man today is that he will take either co-partnership or Socialism, but he will not put up with simple capitalism. It is, therefore, to the capitalists that anti-socialists should address themselves; it rests with the capitalists to say whether a happy era of prosperous individualism shall be inaugurated, or whether society shall be submerged in the miseries of State Socialism. As surely as the sun will rise to-morrow, so surely will Socialism come, unless the unpropertied classes are taken into partnership by the propertied classes.

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Mark, in conclusion, one outstanding feature of the co-partnership policy. It has nothing to do with politics. Politics can't help. The State is impotent to achieve this development. And it is fitting that it should be so. We want to perpetuate individualism and voluntary action. We have no need of political schemes, and it is worse than waste of time to worry over schemes for State-aided banks or State-aided anything else. The State is the enemy. All that politicians can do—though, truly, at this present time, it is a great deal, and enough to exhaust their energies—is to use their power steadily to stem the tide of Socialism, to check the advance of, and drive back from its present position, the bureaucracy, and so to introduce both economy and freedom, increasing that freedom by repealing as many as possible of those laws restrictive of reasonable personal liberty which the foolishness of modern legislatures has entwined around us. The rest of the work, the positive translation of mere wagedom into partnership, lies within the sphere of private and voluntary effort.

SPAIN AND THE CHURCH

THE conflict between Spain and the Holy See has come as a surprise, almost as a shock, to the majority of people in this country. Spain seems to be outside the field of view of most educated Englishmen. It is a country little visited by them, it lies beyond the beaten path of the tourist, its politics are perplexing, its language and literature are hardly known in England, and it appears to exercise little, if any, direct influence on the events, or the lines of thoughts which affect the lives of most Englishmen. They had not noticed during the past few years the signs of the crisis which was approaching and has recently attracted so much attention. Many regarded such a crisis as most improbable. They looked upon Spain as the most Catholic country in the world, unalterably true and faithful to its old traditions, devoted to the Church, ignorant and narrow, no doubt, imbued with the spirit of the Inquisition, cruel and proud, but as incapable of resisting the demands of the Holy See as it was of adopting the principles of the French Revolution. And so the conflict has come as a revelation both to those who are saddened by any disagreement between the Government of His most Catholic Majesty and the Head of the Church, and to those who rejoice at what they believe is the awakening of Spain. So it is that the papers have pointed out, according to their sympathies, either the danger of a general rising of the Spanish people against a Government that would tamper with its religious convictions, or the danger of a complete separation between Church and State, as the result of the inability or unwillingness of the Vatican to recognize the adoption in Spain, tardy it may be but final nevertheless, of modern ideas and enlightened views. The assumption is the same in both cases, namely that the present crisis is a new feature in Spanish political history. The divergence in the conclusions drawn from it, and in the warnings given, is due to a difference of view as to

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the measure in which the present Ministry represents public opinion in the country.

But to Spaniards the crisis has not come as a surprise, and, indeed, there were clear indications that the advent of Señor Canalejas to power must lead to a policy of more or less marked hostility to the Vatican. His views, notably with regard to the Religious Orders, were well known. The Conservatives have always held that the Orders exist in Spain in virtue of the Concordat, and therefore cannot be expelled without an entente to that effect with the Holy See. The Liberals, of the type of the late Prime Minister, Señor Moret, claim that this right of the Holy See to be consulted rests, not on the Concordat, but on the fact that many Ministries in Spain have authorized, as a matter of course, the establishment of Religious Houses, and have thereby implicitly admitted the principle that the Orders are free, as a rule, to open houses in Spain. But Señor Canalejas and his friends hold that neither on the Concordat nor on any subsequent document can the Holy See establish any right in the matter. The Concordat, in his view, authorizes the establishment of only three Orders—and all subsequent decrees permitting other congregations to open houses in the country must be regarded as acts of Sovereignty, which can be withdrawn, as they were given, at the will of the Crown, and with which the Church, as such, has no concern. And he has made no secret of his desire to reduce the number of religious in the country.

Señor Canalejas is the chief apostle among Spanish politicians of this doctrine, which he appears to have adopted about 1900, at the time that the question of the Religious Orders was being discussed in France. A debate took place in the Cortes on December 14 of that year, during the course of which he clearly showed his hand, repeating, in a great measure, M. Waldeck Rousseau's famous Toulouse speech. The debate caused a great sensation in Spain, the Radical press began a campaign against the Orders, and in many parts of the country attacks were made on convents and monasteries. But a still more

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powerful appeal to popular passions was to follow. At the end of January there was acted in Madrid a play, "Electra," by the well-known writer, Perez Galdos. The heroine, Electra, is an innocent and charming girl, almost a child, who is made early in the play to fall under the influence of a religious bigot named Pantoja. This Pantoja is a sanctimonious, cold-blooded intriguer, who, although a layman, is supposed to impersonate the clerical spirit—mysterious, hateful, domineering and utterly unscrupulous. Electra loves Maximo, a clever, generous, open-hearted man of the world, and she becomes engaged to him, but she dreads lest Pantoja, who terrifies her, who is scandalized by her harmless fun, and has determined to "make an angel" of her, shall ruin her happiness. By a cruel lie, which nearly deprives her of her reason, Pantoja succeeds in making her give up Maximo and enter the convent. The play is powerfully written, and when the climax was reached, and Maximo, mad with grief and despair, and unable to cope with the fiend, cried out that Pantoja must be killed and the convent burnt to the ground, the cry was taken up by the gallery. The first performance in Madrid gave rise to a tumult, and the same thing occurred all over the country, where the play was acted time after time during the next few months, riotous crowds leaving the theatre vowing death to the Pantojas, the monks and nuns, of real life, and threatening the destruction of their convents.

It may seem surprising that the passions of a people, even so hot-headed and inflammable as the Spanish, should have been so easily aroused against time-honoured institutions like the Religious Orders. It seems to be assumed at times that Spain has, from the age of Philip II, been free from religious strife, and that, while her power and prosperity have constantly declined, she has been ever faithful to the medieval traditions of all but absolute government on the one hand, and of servile subservience to an ignorant priesthood on the other. The truth is that no country in Europe has made more persistent attempts within half a century to put into practice the principles

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of the French Revolution. Even during the reign of Ferdinand VII, who is considered by modern writers to have carried clericalism and autocracy to their utmost limits, a decree was signed in 1821 suppressing Religious Orders. And it will be remembered that the suppression of the Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV, in 1773, was largely due to the influence of a King of Spain, Charles III. But the most serious attempts to break with Spanish traditions were made after the death of Ferdinand VII. This event, which took place in 1833, gave rise, it will be remembered, to the first Carlist War. A short time before his death the King had, by a Royal Decree, abolished the Salic law. As he left no son to succeed him, the effect of this decree was to deprive his brother, Don Carlos, of his right of succession by rendering the infant Princess capable of ruling over the country. Don Carlos sought to vindicate his rights by an appeal to arms, and for six years (1833-1839) the country was plunged in all the horrors of Civil War. Broadly speaking, Castile was with the Queen, Doña Cristina, who represented her daughter's interest; Navarre, Valencia, Catalonia, Aragon, and the Basque Provinces upheld the Carlist cause. Or, again, it may be said that the mass of the people were supporters of Don Carlos, the Court and Army being in favour of the Infanta. But these are rough and ready divisions. That the entire weight of Liberalism was cast in favour of Doña Cristina there can be no doubt. The Carlists were Conservative, Catholic; the Cristinos included many men of moderate liberal views, but they included all Spaniards of revolutionary and anti-clerical tendencies. The Pope, Gregory XVI, was constantly accused of favouring the Carlists, the chief grounds for this charge being his refusal to recognize the young Queen and the presence of many priests in the Carlist ranks. As a matter of fact, Gregory's wish and endeavour was to maintain friendly relations with the Government. While refusing to prejudge the question at issue between the two Spanish parties by recognizing Isabella, he carefully abstained from favouring the other side. He received the Spanish Ambassador,

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consented to his own Nuncio being regarded as a mere Delegate, and overlooked, or at least did not hold the Government responsible, for the outrages which were soon committed against priests and religious bodies. Cristina had explicitly recognized, in a manifesto of October 4, 1832, the truth, which appears on every page of Spanish modern history, that the Catholic Religion and the Monarchy are the first principles of the nation's life, and she had solemnly promised to respect and maintain them. But she depended for support on the Reformers, and opposition to the Church was an important feature of their programme. The hostility of successive ministries became more pronounced, and by 1835 the situation had become intolerable. The Nuncio was recalled in August of that year.

It was the custom of the foreign Press then, as it is now, to attribute the ignorance and backwardness of the Spanish nation, the squalor of its cities, and all the other defects, real or imaginary, with which it was credited, to the domination of the priests and the superstitious fears of their flocks. Then, as now, the extreme Radicals were moderate and enlightened, their country's real benefactors and the true representatives of the people; then, as now, all who questioned the wisdom of their methods were fanatical obscurantists, mere servers of their own interests or of those of the Church. The supposed determination of the nation to throw off the yoke of the Church was held to be demonstrated in the clearest manner. And, indeed, Bishops were expelled from their Sees, monks and friars were put to death, nuns were turned out of their monasteries, priests had to fly, shrines were desecrated. The whole property of the Church was confiscated. All tithes were abolished, and the pensions, amounting to ten or twelve pence a day, which were allotted to the religious men and women who had been deprived of their only means of support were never paid. The Cortes would have gone further and did actually pass a Bill modelled on the French Civil Constitution of the Clergy, but the Queen Regent, realizing that the

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effect of these excesses might be to strengthen the hands of the Carlists, refused her assent.

The Carlist War was brought to a close in 1839 by the victory of Espartero, an extreme Radical, who became soon after the recognized leader of the Progressive or advanced party. The Conservative Carlists having been vanquished by the joint efforts of the two wings of the Cristinos, the difference between these two sections, "progresistas" and "moderados," became more acute. Within a year the Queen Regent, Doña Cristina, was deposed and had to fly to France, and Espartero was appointed Regent in her place.

For three years, from 1840 to 1843, Spain was ruled by the advanced Radicals, and it may be well imagined that the lot of the Church party did not improve during that time. Many outrages took place.

The Pope protested strongly in an allocution to the Cardinals at the Consistory held on March 1, 1841, and, notwithstanding the efforts made by the Government to prevent his words being read by the people, this address, as the well-known Radical writer, D. Juan Valera, confesses, paved the way to the fall of the Regent. Nor could Espartero count on the support of the Reformers. By the abandonment of the old principles of loyalty to the Church and to the Monarchy the only possible mainstay of political equilibrium was destroyed. The principles which had triumphed in Espartero brought about his fall. His example was followed by others. One successful general roused the ambition of another successful general. The politician who had come to the front was opposed by those, and they were many, who wished to take his place. Eloquence took the place of statesmanship, personal ambition was unchecked by higher sentiments, and lawlessness and anarchy became general. Espartero was forced to fly.

Isabella was proclaimed of age, and with the assistance of the moderate Liberals succeeded to the government of the country (1843). The first care of her advisers was to obtain for her that support and security which could

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only be derived from the old sentiments of loyalty to the reigning house and fidelity to the Church, and for this an understanding with the Pope was necessary. Señor Castillo y Ayense was sent to Rome to open negotiations, and the sale of properties confiscated from the secular clergy, or from the Religious Orders of women, was suspended by the Government as a pledge of their goodwill, after a Cabinet crisis, produced by the opposition of the Minister of Finance, who was deprived by this order of his chief source of revenue. The envoy was instructed to obtain from the Pope the immediate recognition of the Queen, and a renunciation of all claims in respect of Church property that had been sold. In return, the nation would provide, by the restitution or capitalization of property as yet unsold, and, in so far as was necessary, by taxes, for the decent support of the Bishops and secular clergy. Nothing was to be said about the Religious Orders of men, nor did the beneficial act of the Government, ordering the immediate suspension of sales, extend to property belonging to these Orders. It was seven years since a religious had been seen in the streets of Spain, and the feeling against the return of the Orders was very widespread. The advanced Radicals were, of course, strongly opposed to the establishment of Religious houses, and many moderate Liberals shared this view. Others, while desirous of extending the same liberty to religious as to other citizens, were of opinion that it was impracticable to do so in face of the opposition of the Radicals. The Government would have been glad to let the question stand over, but it was impossible for the Pope to do so. It was raised at once by Cardinal Lambruschini, the Secretary of State, who obtained from the Government a formal assurance that there was no desire to exclude the Orders permanently from the country, and that if the Government did not propose to take measures for the immediate re-establishment of the Religious houses in existence before the Revolution, it was guided in its decisions by the consideration that the moment was inopportune in view of the opposition which such measures would

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arouse. The Holy See agreed to negotiate on this basis, and the above assurance was renewed in writing more than once,* but the negotiations were much protracted, owing chiefly to the opposition of the Radicals and the fears of the Moderates. The question of property held in mortmain occasioned much difficulty, and the frequent changes of ministry in Spain, the sales of Church property, the death of Gregory XVI in 1846, and the dissensions between the Queen and her consort, Don Francisco, were also causes of delay.

But the Government sincerely desired to establish permanent and cordial relations with the Holy See. Pope Pius IX recognized the Queen in July, 1848, and when, in the following winter, the Revolution of 1848 broke out, in Rome, prayers were ordered in all the Churches of Spain by a Royal Decree signed by the Queen at the request of the whole Cabinet. The Government made diplomatic representations, first to France, and subsequently to all the Catholic Powers, with a view to safeguarding the Pope's liberty and authority. A military expedition under General Cordoba was sent to Rome, and the Foreign Minister, Marquis de Pidal, with characteristic Spanish delicacy, postponed further negotiations with regard to the Concordat, lest it be thought that the presence of Spanish troops in Rome had enabled him to bring undue pressure to bear on the Holy See. The Concordat was signed on March 16, 1851.

Several clauses require examination in view of the controversy which has since arisen as to their meaning. Clause I provides that "the Catholic Religion Apostolic and Roman, shall, *to the exclusion of all other forms of worship*, continue to be that of the Spanish nation, and shall be always maintained in the dominions of Her Catholic Majesty, with all the rights and prerogatives which it should enjoy according to the law of God and the dispositions of its Sacred Canons." There was no question at the time of any other form of worship within

* Particularly in an exchange of Notes, dated January, 1847.

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those dominions, and the clause was doubtless drafted with very little difficulty.

Clause 11 was the outcome of the important negotiations in regard to the return of the Orders and Congregations of men. It is as follows: "In order that there may be in the whole Peninsula a sufficient number of ministers and evangelical missionaries who may assist the Bishops by giving missions to the people in their dioceses, helping the parish priests, tending the sick and devoting themselves to works of charity and public utility, the Government of Her Majesty will take the necessary steps to establish wherever there may be need, and after an agreement with the Bishops of the place, houses of religious congregations, of St Vincent de Paul, of St Philip Neri, *and of another Order from amongst those approved by the Holy See.*"

The clause deals with the immediate establishment, or rather re-establishment, of three Congregations in each diocese. A question arose some years later as to whether the third Order referred to should, in every diocese, be the same Order, or any approved Order could be established in each diocese by agreement with the Bishop. The question was raised in Parliament in 1867 by a Catholic deputy, probably in order that there should be no doubt later on, and Señor Beltran de Lis, who, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, had signed the Concordat, declared categorically that there had been no intention of limiting the number of Orders to three. The third Order in each diocese might be any one approved by the Holy See. This declaration was confirmed by the then Minister of Justice, and every Minister of Justice since the Concordat was signed (including the present Prime Minister, Señor Canalejas) has interpreted the clause in this sense.

It will be noticed that this clause applies only to the re-establishment, by the Government, of certain Orders. The re-opening of other Religious houses at their own expense is not alluded to, either here or in any other clause, but it is implicitly provided for in Clause 1, which lays down that the Church shall enjoy in Spain all its

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rights and prerogatives; in Clause 4, which again provides that the Bishops shall enjoy full liberty according to Canon Law; and especially in Clause 43, which is as follows: "All other matters pertaining to ecclesiastical persons or things for which provision is not made in the preceding articles shall be regulated and administered according to the existing canonical discipline of the Church." The position of the Religious bodies was thus safeguarded, but in such a manner as not to attract the notice of their opponents.

Clauses 32-35 provide for the annuities to be paid to the Bishops and clergy. As has been said, these annuities were to be derived, so far as possible, from the property of the Church, the balance being raised by taxes in compensation for the property which had been destroyed or alienated (Cl. 38). The Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, is to receive £1,600 per annum. The other Archbishops from £1,300 to £1,500. The Bishops from £800 to £1,100 a year. The Archbishops and Bishops also receive from £160 to £300 a year towards expenses of administration. Canons receive from £80 to £160 a year. Parish priests from £30 to £100 a year, and their assistants from £20 to £40, in addition, of course, to the stole fees. The Government further undertook to contribute from £700 to £1,400 a year towards the expenses of each Cathedral Church, and not less than £10 a year for each parish church, and a subsidy of £900 to £1,200 is to be made to each seminary.

The Government hesitated to publish the treaty. The opposition of the ultra Catholic Carlists to the reigning house was still very strong, and could only be withstood by the joint resistance of moderados and progresistas, and the latter were bitterly opposed to any reconciliation with the Church. The Queen, who owed her crown to both sections of Reformers, favoured both alternately, seeking to retain the support of both, and giving effective support to neither. Although not a Conservative herself, she dreaded the curtailment of her prerogatives which the advanced Radicals desired to effect, and she understood

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that in the recognition by the Holy See of her rights to the throne lay her only chance of preserving the allegiance of her subjects. In these circumstances what the Government most feared was a revolution, organized by the Radicals. There was indeed every reason to fear it. Besides the unrest caused by the weakness of the Government, the vacillations of the Queen, and the discontent of Carlists and Radicals, the economic situation gave rise to the gravest anxiety. The resources of the country had not been developed, the Treasury had been emptied by the Civil War, and the arrest of the spoliation of the Church had left the State penniless. The Progressives naturally made the most of the situation. They returned to power in 1854 for two years, during which the old outrages were renewed. Bishops were expelled from their Sees, seminaries were closed, the property of the Church confiscated, and relations with the Holy See broken off. In 1856 the Moderates resumed office, and for the next few years the state of the country improved very greatly. A Convention with the Pope provided for the alienation of Church lands, the clergy receiving in payment 3 per cent annuity subscriptions.

But the intrigues by which the Court was surrounded, the weakness of the Government, the ambitions of revolutionary generals, and the support and encouragement they received from the Governments of Italy, France and Portugal made the task of reorganizing Spain practically impossible. Only by rallying all sections of moderate opinion round her throne could the Queen have destroyed the determined attack which the progresistas made at this time to secure the reins of Government, and Isabella had not the strength or the personal prestige to do this. The Moderates, the real supporters of the dynasty, were split up into hostile sections, jealous of one another, while the progresistas were united for the moment. At a meeting held in the summer of 1865 it was arranged by the more advanced party for a revolution to break out simultaneously all over the country. General Prim was to win over the Army. The plan did not suc-

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ceed owing to the discovery of a military plot at Valencia, but the more Conservative section of the Moderate party under General Narvaez were, nevertheless, driven from power, as the Conservatives under Señor Maura were driven from office after the Barcelona outbreak of last year. Marshal O'Donnell, the leader of the more Liberal section, formed a Government, and the Queen sanctioned a policy of concessions to the advanced Liberalism of the Progressives. Going further than even the French Government had done, she recognized the Kingdom of Italy without making any stipulations for the preservation of the rights of the Holy Father. But concessions availed nothing. The Progressives under Espartero and Prim made use of every opportunity to excite the country to another revolution, and a new outbreak in June, 1866, was only avoided by the energy of the government. O'Donnell died in 1867; Narvaez in the following year. The Premiership then fell to Gonzalez Bravo, who, as a statesman, was lacking in the qualities necessary to steady the country, and, being a civilian, had not the authority with the Army that his predecessors had enjoyed. A new revolution broke out and the Queen had to take refuge in France.

The object of the revolution, according to the profession of faith of its organizers, was but to secure further liberty for the people: liberty of the press, liberty of association, liberty of commerce, liberty of worship. It was because the Moderates had refused these boons that they were to be driven once and for all from power. It was because the Queen had given her support to the obscurantists that she was to be turned out of her Palace and forced to take refuge abroad. As usual in Spain, it was easy to inflame the people against authority, and the cry of "Down with the Bourbons, away with them for ever," was heard in many parts of the country.

Serrano, a Progressive, and once the Queen's favourite, acted as Regent, and Parliament, elected by universal suffrage, undertook the work of framing a new Constitution giving rights and liberties fuller than ever before.

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But the people who had been promised liberty as the panacea of all their ills were unwilling to respect any restriction on their freedom. Within a year they found that the professions of the Reformers when seeking office were very different from their practice when responsible for the government of the country. Relations with the Holy See had, of course, been broken off, and the Government had decreed the closing of convents and monasteries, the destruction of some churches, and confiscation of Church property. Disturbances took place in consequence in many parts of the country, elsewhere labour riots led to street fighting, the Carlists were mustering in the North, Cuba was in a state of insurrection. The Republicans were becoming more and more active and demonstrative, and were attracting to themselves the lawless and the turbulent—glad of any opportunity of violence and pillage. Order could only be maintained by force, and the Government was practically pledged to abolish conscription. They were obliged to ask for a levy of 25,000 men, and the appeal led to further riots. Marshal Prim maintained order for a year, but it was clear that if order was to be lasting a monarchy must be re-established. It was also evident that no Protestant Sovereign could hope to reign in Spain. The Crown was offered to Don Amadeo di Aosta the son of Victor Emmanuel. He landed at Cartagena at the end of 1870, but before he arrived in Spain Prim was assassinated.

Amadeo endeavoured to rule as a Constitutional Sovereign according to the Liberal Constitution of 1869. He refrained from interfering in the formation of the Ministry, and sought to induce the existing political parties to work together for the common weal. The endeavour was a vain one. Carlists and Republicans renewed their activity against the Crown, the Catholic nobility and people were opposed to him, and as a foreigner he was an object of derision to all. He ruled for two years with the help and according to the principles of the advanced Liberals, and foreign observers who have taken it for granted that the demands of this party repre-

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sented the wants of the people have enquired why the country never rallied to him. The answer is that they did not regard him as really their king, and they wanted a king. He had been offered the crown and he wore it, but he was a foreigner, and the son of Victor Emmanuel, the Pope's gaoler. He could ascend the steps of the throne at the invitation of the Cortes, as Joseph Bonaparte had done at the invitation of Napoleon, but nothing could make him a Spanish Catholic monarch.

Amadeo left Madrid on February 12, 1873. On the following day the Cortes, by a large majority, voted for a Republic. Serrano was again the leading spirit, and plans were made for a government on advanced liberal principles. The Sovereignty of the people was proclaimed, all properties of the Crown were to be transferred to the nation, the Church disestablished, and conscription abolished. This meant the complete abolition of all authority, regal or ecclesiastical, and so the people understood it. To them it meant the abolition of all authority, for they had certainly no intention of respecting in Serrano and his friends what they had been led to disregard in Church and King. In less than a fortnight the progressives in the Cabinet were ousted by their Republican colleagues. Catalonia proclaimed itself an independent State, Malaga passed into the hands of an insurrectionary body. Serrano had to fly to France. The second Carlist War broke out soon after, and many officers joined the Carlist ranks. The Government troops were hardly to be depended upon. Discipline was wanting, for the men could not see why they should obey the orders of a Government that had promised the abolition of compulsory service and complete liberty in every respect. Revolts occurred in many garrisons, and Cartagena, Seville, Valencia, Granada, Malaga, Cadiz and other places proclaimed their independence of the Central Government. Nor did they unite together in any way. On the contrary, there were conflicts within each canton as to which city should be the capital of the new tiny State. Meanwhile Pi y Margall, Salmeron and

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Castelar rapidly succeeded one another as heads of the Government. The Constitution was suspended, a state of siege was proclaimed, the groups in the Chamber divided and subdivided indefinitely, and could unite only in opposition to the executive. At last early in 1874, Pavia, the Captain-General of Madrid, marched upon the Cortes, dispersed them, and formed a government to maintain order. The country approved. The Republic was at an end, and the young Prince de Asturias, Isabella's son, was recalled to Spain and offered the Crown.

To be "as Catholic as their fathers, as liberal as their age" was the ideal of the new rulers of Spain. The constitution of 1869 had to be revised. It did not tally with the formula. But two important articles of the old constitution were practically incorporated in the new. The first, which guaranteed the right of association for any lawful purpose was repeated, as it stood in the constitution of 1876. A debate had taken place in the Cortes in 1871 on the question whether this article established the right of association for religious as well as for other purposes, and the affirmative answer had been approved and defended by statesmen and politicians of every shade of opinion, although no step had been taken to repeal the laws passed in 1868 prohibiting religious associations, such as Orders or Congregations, conferences of St Vincent de Paul and other confraternities. These laws were now removed from the statute book, as contrary to the Concordat, and the clause laying down the right of association had for the first time full effect. The second article of the constitution of 1869, for which a place was to be found in that of 1876, made provision for liberty of worship. An active Protestant propaganda had been carried on since 1868 and although the number of Spanish Protestants was quite insignificant in 1874, the Government desired to extend some measure of toleration to all those, Spaniards or foreigners, who were not members of the Catholic Church. Here Señor Canovas del Castillo, the new Prime Minister, was met by a two-fold difficulty: the proposal would certainly arouse the dis-

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approval and resentment of many whose support and goodwill he desired to secure, and it was moreover in direct contravention to the first clause of the Concordat, which lays down, as has been seen, that the Catholic religion, to the exclusion of every other form of worship, shall be that of the Spanish nation.

Both obstacles were overcome by a friendly understanding with the Holy See. The Government inserted the following clause in the Constitution:

“The Catholic religion, Apostolic and Roman, is the religion of the State. The nation undertakes to maintain religious worship and its ministers. No one on Spanish soil shall be disturbed on account of his religious opinions nor for the exercise of his particular form of worship, on condition that the respect due to Christian morality is untouched. But no ceremonies or manifestations in public will be allowed except those of the religion of the State.”

At the same time a decree was issued explaining that the term “manifestations” included “all exhibitions in the public highways, or on the outer walls of a church or cemetery, making announcement of ceremonies, rites, or practices of dissident religions, whether in the form of processions or in that of posters, symbols, bills, etc.”

Even so interpreted, the new article of the Constitution involved a deviation from the agreement contained in the Concordat. The explanatory decree merely fixed the limits within which this deviation had been allowed by the high contracting parties.

Although Isabella had abdicated in favour of her son, Alfonso XII ascended the throne of Spain, not by right of succession but, as the Sovereign chosen by the nation. Yet his reign marked, from its very beginning, a return to those sentiments which, it had been proved once more, could alone give peace and stability to the Spanish nation. The old veneration of the peace-loving Spanish citizen for the semi-sacred person of the king was revived and fostered by the recollection that Alfonso claimed the crown as his rightful inheritance; the sanction

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required for the highest civic duties and obligations, which the Spanish people can find only in their religion, was rendered apparent by the *rapprochement* which immediately took place between the King's Government and the Holy See. Alfonso ruled as a Constitutional Sovereign, as Amadeo had endeavoured to do. But he was the grandson of Ferdinand VII and a King Catholic in fact as well as in name, and so he succeeded where Amadeo had failed. The horrors of anarchy and revolution, the fruit of radical principles in Spanish soil, were over.

But it was some years before the friends of Spain were assured that the danger was past. The storm had been so violent, and the constitutional changes so frequent that it seemed too much to hope that peace would be lasting. Again, the forces of disruption which had been so active still existed and might burst out at any moment. Carlists in the North, Republicans in many of the larger towns, were still on the look out for an opportunity of destroying the existing regime. Time alone would tell whether their hopes were to prevail, time alone could consolidate once more the old foundations on which the strength of the nation was being built up afresh, time was wanted to allow Spain to develop her resources, to spread her commerce, to take her place in the peaceful competition of nations, and men feared that time would be wanting, and that before long another revolution would destroy all their hopes. These fears gradually subsided during the reign of Alfonso, but they revived at the time of his premature death which took place in 1885, a few months before the birth of his only son. Fortunately chivalry is strong in Spain. The helplessness of the widowed Queen and of her infant child appealed to a people who, whatever their faults, are always noble at heart, and won their sympathy at the outset of the Regency. The wisdom, tact, and virtue of the Queen Mother achieved the rest. She ruled Spain on the understanding that they were loyal to King and Church. The Pope was asked to be the King's godfather. On the other hand, the Church's

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exhortation of loyalty and obedience to the Crown was addressed to the Catholic Carlist as well as to the sceptical Republican; and when Alfonso XIII came of age, and his mother, having fulfilled her trust, relinquished her office, he found his kingdom diminished indeed by the loss of the Colonies, but strengthened and prosperous withal as it had not been for over a century.

And yet relations with the Holy See had been clouded after Señor Canalejas' speeches and the Electra riots of 1900 and 1901. The Ministry—the Electra Ministry, as it was popularly called, having come into office after the disturbances which led to the resignation of the Conservatives—felt that something must be done to satisfy Señor Canalejas, whose support the Prime Minister, Señor Sagasta, was anxious to retain. A decree was issued, on September 19, 1901, with the object of compelling Religious Orders to come under the common law of Associations. The Government had not informed the Nuncio of their intention of issuing this decree, which, in the opinion of the Holy See, placed a false interpretation on the Concordat, and Cardinal Rampolla made a strong protest. It looked at one moment as if diplomatic relations would be broken off, but the Government had no desire to press the matter and a *modus vivendi*, pending further negotiations, was agreed to in April, 1902.

Since then negotiations have continued with greater or less activity according to circumstances. The frequent changes of Government in Spain have been largely the cause of delay. The different views held by successive ministries have rendered impossible any continuity in the negotiations. A convention was signed during the present Pontificate, in June, 1904, and was approved by the Cortes, but before it could be fully ratified Señor Maura, the Prime Minister, resigned on a question of military policy.

Meanwhile Señor Canalejas has lost no opportunity of pressing his views, and thus it was certain that his succession to the Premiership would bring matters to a head. On three points especially he has expressed a desire to

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modify the existing situation. He wishes to limit the number of Religious Orders in the country, to reduce the endowment of the Church, and to permit greater liberty of worship. On all three points the Holy See has repeatedly expressed its readiness to negotiate, and its desire to arrive at an amicable arrangement. It had already, in the abortive Convention of 1904, agreed to the imposition on religious congregations of the rates and taxes to which other citizens are liable in respect of their property and of the trade or profession in which they are engaged, and to measures restricting the right of opening new convents and monasteries. But Señor Canalejas holds that these are matters in which the Holy See need not be consulted, and so, while professing a desire to negotiate, he has endeavoured to settle on his own account two of the questions at issue: the first, by a decree authorizing dissident religious bodies to make their buildings, rites, ceremonies, and practices known by means of posters, flags, symbols, etc.; the second, by the so-called "padlock" Bill, which he has introduced into Parliament and which closes the door, "as with a padlock," to the establishment of new Religious Houses. The Holy See has pointed out that negotiations become impossible when at the outset one of the contracting parties, acting without the consent of the other, takes upon itself to settle to its own satisfaction the points at issue, and it has demanded the withdrawal of the padlock Bill. Señor Canalejas has replied by recalling the Ambassador from Rome to Madrid, "to receive instructions." For the moment the deadlock appears to be complete.

What the future may bring it is impossible to say. In no country is political prophecy more hazardous than in Spain. Party discipline is not strong, and groups coalesce or break up as circumstances direct. And these circumstances often have no connexion with the great issues which the interested observer has in view. An accident—a question of a military appointment—wrecked the Convention of 1904. An accident might, at any moment, make a change, for better or for worse, in the present situation.

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But some of the pleas that have been advanced in explanation, or in defence, of the policy of the Government may be put aside forthwith as mere fictions, serving only to confuse the issues and to increase the difficulty of understanding the real situation. Such is the statement, so often made, that the people of Spain have always been dominated by priests and monks. Such, again, is the plea that the Pope refuses all concessions. Assurances to the contrary have been repeatedly given by the Vatican, and it is impossible to believe that the conciliatory methods and diplomatic skill by means of which the acquiescence of the Holy See was obtained by O'Donnell, in 1859, to the alienation of Church lands, by Canovas, in 1876, to the toleration of dissenting religious bodies, and by Maura, during the present Pontificate, to the abolition of certain privileges enjoyed by religious, would be unavailing in the present instance.

The desire for certain reforms is general in the country and has been expressed by statesmen of all parties, and recognized by the Holy See. But the extreme methods of Señor Canalejas, and the principles by which he justifies them, have been opposed by leaders as moderate as Señor Moret and Señor Maura, as well as by the late head of the Conservative party, Señor Silvela. While recognizing that popular demonstrations against the present attitude of the Government might easily be counterbalanced by anti-clerical demonstrations in its favour, it must be remembered that the latter would be largely formed of those who desire to carry matters much further than Señor Canalejas or, indeed, any minister of the Crown can afford to go, and that both sides would include an important anti-dynastic element. At present Carlists and Republicans may be played off against each other. But the modern history of Spain points to the danger, if matters go too far, of their eventually both turning against the Central Government. It may be readily granted that Señor Canalejas has no desire of carrying matters much further. If his speeches, when out of office, gave rise to fears on this score, his recent

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statements have been reassuring. But it is difficult for a Minister, in a country like Spain, to restrain popular passions when once they have become inflamed. Señor Canalejas has had already to exercise his authority with this object, but his influence did not avail to prevent the provocative speech of Señor Yglesias in the last session of Parliament, or the dastardly attempt on Señor Maura's life which followed so closely. In these circumstances the best hope for the future of the country lies in an understanding between the Government and the Holy See. Both parties have expressed their anxiety to avoid a rupture—an anxiety which must be warmly shared by every true friend of Spain, her King and her Church, and which ought to be as effective as it is sincere.

MANUEL J. BIDWELL

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 find any better criticism of Mr Gladstone's *Letters on Church and Religion* (selected and arranged by D. C. Lathbury. John Murray. 2 vols. 24s. net) and impossible to find a truer one than that of the editor when he says that Mr Gladstone's letters

. . . have not seldom the air of memoranda intended to clear his own mind, and then it is almost a matter of chance to whom they will be addressed. At all times, indeed, there is a strong likeness between one letter and another. It could never be said of them, as it was of Newman's, that they are "instinct with the consciousness of the person he addresses." On the contrary, there is at times a curious unlikeness between letters and correspondents, and we are tempted to wonder how much the particular reader appreciated or even understood what was sent to him. . . .

The reader will do well to bear in mind a distinction which Lord Morley has drawn between Mr Gladstone's letters and his conversation. "In table talk he could be as disengaged, as marked in ease and charm, as anyone; he was as willing as anyone to accept topics as they came, which is the first of all conditions for good conversation. When alone in his 'Temple of Peace,' it was not his practice to take up his pen in the same sauntering and devious humour. With him the pen was no instrument of diversion." Mr Gladstone's correspondence will be read for what he has to say rather than for the way he says it.

But even when Mr Gladstone was conscious to some extent of the individuality of the person to whom he was writing there is little fineness of perception or subtle insight into character. The absence of personal sympathy for his correspondent, the want of realization of the state of mind of the person to whom he is writing, are in nothing more evident than in the letters in which he is attempting to be persuasive and convincing. What could be less persuasive than the words in which he scolds Archdeacon Manning, when he fears that he is going to leave

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the Church of England? The following sentence is a singularly rough accusation, certainly not calculated to soften or persuade.

To my eye the reasoning of your letter seems so far from your former self, to say no more, that it leaves me in doubt and perplexity as to its real purport, and extorts from me by force the question whether your intellect is for the moment in the class of those of which the extreme power and facility, and their satisfaction, unconscious often, yet a great reality, in their own vivid play, become snares to the possessor and seduce him from fixity by the smoothness and ease they show in movement. But if you are deceived you will need some other and worthier one to undeceive you (vol. I, p. 356).

Again, in writing to Miss Stanley, it is almost painful to see the want of sympathy and the instinctive inclination to put the person with whom he is arguing in the wrong.

My position is this: you are bound by duty and allegiance to the Church of England. If you have doubts in regard to her authority, you are bound (as one in the Church of Rome would be bound in the converse case) to *bring those doubts to a fair trial*. To do this you ought to state them, and to say: These and these questions, being answered properly (of course, without prejudice to future *lights*), my mind will be satisfied. But question after question, charge after charge, without any specification to yourself or me of the whole of what you want, is just the course which a person would take whose wounded feelings had made him determined *not* to be satisfied; it is a course into which you may unknowingly be entrapped, but into which I shall not by my conduct help to entrap you (vol. II, p. 31).

Nor was it only in what he would have called the controversy between the Churches that Mr Gladstone showed such a singular absence of apostolic sympathy. In the chapter on "The Controversy with Unbelief" there is a letter to Lord Pembroke for which browbeating seems the only description. For instance:

In like manner, with respect to the Book of Genesis, I had sought to convey to your mind that you had made a remark as

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unwarrantable as it was contumelious, not by supplying positive proofs as to that invaluable book, but by putting a question, which I hoped would suggest to you that, whatever be the true state of the question, you had not legitimately earned a right to pass a judgement upon it.

If there is one man in these volumes to whom tenderness is betrayed, and whose personality is dimly visible through the letters addressed to him, it is James Hope Scott. "I think of you much," writes Mr Gladstone, with a rare expression of feeling, "but I have never told you all I feel and never shall." But when, in a time of overwhelming sorrow, James Hope Scott sent him such a letter as could only come from a heart wrung with pain, the answer, written after three months' delay, appears unfeeling, argumentative, almost angry. Again, in spite of his admiration for Newman, what a strange want of sympathy is evident in the characterization of his proceedings in connexion with Tract XC as "more like the expression of some Faust gambling for his soul than the records of the inner life of a great Christian teacher"!

Is it possible to gather any real knowledge of character from the correspondence of one to whom letter writing was so obviously not the natural form of self-expression? While ploughing through these volumes, not without some to weak human nature inevitable skipping, the reader finds from time to time passages that do show, especially in his youth, the inner and nobler mind of the writer, and that throw light upon his character. Then, too, as they lumber along, we have in the mass as it were dimly revealed the formation of the statesman and the development of the personality.

As to points of light to be gained from single letters the following passage is worthy of attention. Writing to Manning on a Sunday evening in 1837, he says at the close of a long letter:

At least you will see that I have freely unboomed myself to you. I desire to know how my thoughts are mirrored in minds purer than my own, and whether they come back to me attested

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or exposed. As a friend and a minister of God, *I am sure you will lend me what aid you may towards compromising everything that is not principle, and upholding everything that is. I am more anxious for the first than anything in the world, except the second.* And more, I am sure that you will pray for us upon whom has fallen a task so infinitely beyond all human power. Not that there is cause to repine. God has richly blessed us, in giving us for our school of spiritual discipline a period and circumstances when everything that is precious is assailed, and is to be defended. But O that as our day is so may our strength be; that the men who are among us so highly endowed with integrity of character and honesty of conscience, as well as with powerful talent and large experience, may take their position upon the truth of God and abide by it to the last! Pray for them; and do not scorn to pray for me, whose need of grace is a thousandfold augmented as it has been forfeited a thousandfold by my life (vol. 1, p. 53).

This is the Gladstone of noblest aims, untouched by the unconsciously arrogant self-confidence of his later years. But the passage expresses, in the words I have ventured to italicize, a deep conviction, again and again repeated in these volumes, that only on matters of absolute principle could the modern statesman make any stand against the enemies of faith and morality. But was it a good fighting line? And on whom could he rely to tell him where the boundary line between immutable principle and ground safely to be compromised was to be detected in this confused and bewildering world? He was thrown back to a singular extent, by circumstances as well as by disposition, on his own private judgement. And in the amazing position of the Prime Minister of this vast Empire, his autocratic temper was not the best guiding force for his private judgement.

There appears to have been throughout a sense of bewilderment, a consciousness of great misty outlines of thought that he had not time or, perhaps, ability to make clear to himself. He asks his friends who are attracted by Rome, or by unbelief, to get at the whole situation, to clear up the whole ground of the controversies. Meanwhile, the life of a busy statesman, taken earnestly and lived strenu-

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ously, made any such process impossible for himself. But he had to speak, and he loved to speak with authority. He seems, in such straits, to fall back constantly on certain points that to him were first principles and instead of examining into their foundations to make erratic excursions to glean facts for their support in obscure fields of erudition. S.

THREE works on the Church of the first three centuries demand to be reviewed together. The first is by the late Bishop Westcott, and consists of lectures given in the early seventies, so fragmentary that his son has been obliged to supply a chapter. They are pleasant reading, even for the unlearned, and though they do not seem to tell us anything very new, they were well worth publishing as the work of a man of genius, whose sober and studied views of history ought never to be passed over. The second work is larger: *Early Church History to 313*, by H. M. Gwatkin, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge (Macmillan, 1909. 2 vols. pp. 310, 376. 19s. net.) So few years have passed since the late Dr Bright published *The Age of the Fathers* that one might have supposed his Cambridge colleague would have spared himself the trouble of composing a rival history. But Dr Gwatkin thinks otherwise. Among the books which he recommends to students at the end of his chapters the Oxford work has no place, and his introductory chapter is explicit enough:

Church History has not always had a bad name in England. It was as respectable as any other till it was covered with reproach by the partizanship and credulity of the Tractarians. Whatever service they did by calling attention to the subject was far outweighed by the scandal of their uncritical methods and unhistorical dogmas. The reproach is not yet done away, for the literature with which the successors of that school have flooded the country is little better than a dream. Its writers often have their merit; but their fundamental dogmas compel them systematically to set aside the plainest facts of history and human nature (I, p. 6).

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We fear Professor Gwatkin will hardly do away the reproach, if there be any; for we have rarely read a history written more wilfully in a partizan spirit. Dr Gwatkin's "Evangelical" point of view is sketched on p. 2:

The Lord came not to found a religion, but to be Himself the revelation. Two simple rites excepted, we cannot trace to Him any ceremony of worship, or even any definite command to hold common worship at all.

Consequently, the author's views as to the Church, the Ministry, the Sacraments, are dragged in without much justification, and are attributed to early writers without much attempt at proof. He drags in still more—things which have nothing to do with the subject; for example:

There is still something of it [slavery] in the religious orders of the Church of Rome, where a man becomes less than a man by taking a vow of obedience which even on its purely economic side is occasionally no better than a contract of slavery (I, p. 220).

Heathenism produced some bad miscreants, and did hideous things by fits and starts; but Galerius and Daza were at worst no worse than Carlo Borromeo and Pius V, and they were never canonized (II, p. 337).

It is worth notice that the seven "deadly" sins which the Church of Rome will not forgive without confession to a priest are not identical with the seven "irremissible" sins of the Montanists, which the Church cannot prudently forgive at all. They agree in a practical denial of Christ's mercy; but they have little more in common (II, p. 86).

The mistake of identifying the "seven deadly sins" with "mortal sins" is a natural one. But the spirit with which such passages are animated is not that of calm erudition and criticism. Gwatkin's *Studies of Arianism* was a really learned book and of considerable value, though, perhaps, somewhat supercilious in tone, as of one who knows German writing for those who do not; and Dr Gwatkin went too far in making his own some German theories which have since been abandoned. Dr Bright did not know German, but he knew the Fathers and was

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thoroughly at home in their theology; he cannot be called "credulous" nor was he prejudiced except when a Pope was in question. But Dr Gwatkin's learning seems to have partly forsaken him. His book is, indeed, as a whole, the book of a scholar; but a reviewer in the *Times* was strangely mistaken in considering him marvellously up to date. It is true that he refers to some books published last year, but he constantly betrays ignorance of the latest discussions of fairly important matters on which he dogmatizes, or sends the reader to an antiquated authority. He even blunders on some rather elementary points, for example: "Jerome has a story that the Fourth Gospel was written against Cerinthus: but St John evidently has a much wider purpose" (II, p. 35). A tyro in the study of St John should know that Jerome is citing Irenaeus and Victorinus of Pettau. Of the Alogi he says: "Epiphanius puns upon their name" (II, p. 184), whereas Epiphanius invented a punning name for them, for he says they had no name, a fact which is of prime importance in considering their origin, about which so much has been written. Professor Gwatkin ignores any difficulties in the subject; the Alogi are for him dynamistic Monarchians, like Theodotus the leather-worker and Artemon. He gives no reason whatever for this remarkable opinion.

His style is vigorous, and is sometimes carefully modelled on Gibbon. But he often stoops to colloquialisms, and such passages as these are too common—of the martyrs: "Some of them do not seem likely to have been amiable in common life" (I, p. 274); of St Macrina, "The old lady had a taste for the marvellous" (p. 313). Perhaps Professor Gwatkin is at his best in painting a background of secular history for his dramatis personæ (who themselves are, at least, always vivid), and his third chapter, on the Roman Empire, is a very brilliant sketch. It is impossible to point out all the good things—and they are very many—in these disappointing volumes, but the excellent interpretation (p. 347) of Galerius's edict putting a stop to persecution should not be overlooked.

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The third history is by Dr Bright's successor, and like Dr Bright's book, it is a posthumous publication (*The Origins of Christianity*, by the late Charles Bigg, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1909. 8vo, pp. 518, 12s. 6d. net). Like Gwatkin, he ends with the Edicts of Toleration. Why did he write the book? The rather apologetic preface by Dean Strong (who is not quite in sympathy with the Broad Church Canon) suggests that it is meant for "the general body of Christians" which is "impatient of special studies and of the theories to which they give rise," but is not "rigidly conservative, nor instantaneously hostile to all modifications of traditional views." Now, many of Dr Bigg's views are quite original, and we are inclined to think that his purpose in writing was to put these before the world, as well as to give his general impression of the early Church. He gives few references. He is interesting, and a good scholar, without being inspiring or a great authority. He has made, here and there, some noteworthy slips. It is disappointing to see how poor a show our Oxford and Cambridge professors make beside some of the German rationalists and the French Catholics. Duchesne and Batiffol have treated the same periods, and without any parade of learning have shown that they are familiar with the latest articles on every point they discuss. The first volume of the former's history has already appeared in English (Murray, 1909. 5s.) the third and concluding volume has just been published in French, and we hope the latter's work will soon be also translated. Thus less successful works will be superfluous for the ordinary reader. C.

AMONG the many indirect influences which have tended to develop and promote the growth of the High Church party in the Church of England, none has been more potent than the collection of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Other collections both before and since its first publication in 1861 have been more distinctly Catholic in tone, but the very moderation of this one, including

Hymns Ancient and Modern

as it does the most popular Evangelical hymns side by side with translations from the Roman Breviary, obtained for it a footing in churches whence more definitely Catholic collections would have been rigorously excluded. That it met with opposition from the more extreme Evangelicals need not excite surprise, and even now the less tolerant occasionally launch anathemas against it; but, notwithstanding the existence of worthy competitors, the collection is and has long been the most popular Anglican hymnbook, as it is the most representative expression in song of average Anglican teaching.

It is not our present purpose, however, to discuss the history and influence of the book, but to call attention to the very handsome, scholarly and interesting "Historical Edition" which has lately been published for the proprietors, the Mirfield Community, if we are correctly informed, by Messrs Clowes and Sons (super-royal 8vo, cloth. pp. 1,024. 12s. 6d. net). The text selected for comment is that of the latest edition, issued in 1904—an edition which, although based on the work as originally issued, and its supplements, was practically a new book, and, as such, has failed to win favour with many users of the preceding edition. The history of the book is given in the edition now before us.

The monumental *Dictionary of Hymnology*, for which we are indebted to the painstaking and prolonged labours of the Rev. Dr Julian, may be taken as containing the fullest account of English hymnology and of the sources from which it is to a large extent derived. But in this historical introduction to *Hymns Ancient and Modern* equal attention is devoted to the history of the tunes, and to musicians this will naturally prove the most interesting feature of the book. The notes, both on words and music, are placed at the end of each hymn, which, with its tune, is so arranged as to fill a page (or two pages). In the numerous translations from the Latin, the original is also given, as was done in the musical edition of the *Hymnal Noted*; it should thus be possible to see at once how far the translator has conveyed the sense and

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reproduced the spirit of the original, but unfortunately this is not always the case. It is well known that, greatly daring, the original compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* did not hesitate to tamper with the masterly and unequalled translations from the Latin of John Mason Neale, sometimes to avoid expressions which they considered archaic, sometimes, apparently—*e.g.*, in Hymn 378, where “The Lamb is all thy splendour” is substituted for “The Cross is all thy splendour”—in deference to assumed Protestant prejudice; in an edition like the present it should at least have been indicated that alteration had been made, even if Neale’s translations had not been restored. We note that the mystery which so long surrounded the author of “Jerusalem, my happy home” still remains as if unsolved; Mr C. T. Gatty’s attribution of it to Father Lawrence Anderton, S.J., is not referred to, though we do not think it has been challenged.

The prominence given here, as in all recent Anglican hymnbooks of importance, to the plain-chant melodies, renews the regret which all lovers of the Church’s music must feel that it is impossible to associate these with the translations in what is known as “The Bishops’ Hymnbook.” In this part of their work the editors have been fortunate in securing the help of those competent authorities on the ancient tunes, the Revs. G. H. Palmer and G. R. Woodward; the proper notation for the melody is given as well as the harmonized arrangement.

Of the other tunes, the original versions, which are sometimes very quaint—*e.g.* No. 168, second tune—are often given as well as the form commonly adopted. Occasionally the notes suggest criticism—*e.g.* for Clark’s melody (Hymn 41) we think it would have been better to accept the “probably earlier” version given by Mr Robert Bridges in the *Yattendon Hymnal*; and if we mistake not, the version by Dr Miller, which is printed as “worthy of consideration,” begins, not with a dotted crotchet followed by a quaver, but with two crotchets, precisely as given by the compilers. Of Gibbons’s tune (Hymn 484) it is said,

Higher Criticism of Isaiah

“ It is not very clear whether the crotchet in the first line should be G or F ”; there can be little doubt, we think, that the former was intended, although in *The Oxford Hymn Book* (Hymn 20) the latter is given. The Yattendon book may be trusted in such matters, and there seems no reason why its scholarly settings, here partly followed, should not have been more extensively adopted; it would be difficult to better them.

We must not exhaust the limited space at our disposal without saying something as to the other features of this remarkable book. Of these the most noteworthy is the introduction of over a hundred pages, in which the Rev. W. H. Frere gives an admirable summary of the history of Christian hymnody from the earliest times, devoting special attention to its rise and development in this country, which would, we think, be worth separate publication. This is illustrated by excellent reproductions from early and other works—the frontispiece is from “the earliest English hymnal,” which was probably written at St Augustine’s, Canterbury, in the early part of the eighth century and copied from one of the service books which St Augustine brought with him from Rome. The later history is embellished with portraits of the later hymn writers, including, among those of our own time, many of the compilers of the original *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, of which the inception and execution are described. Appended to the book are brief biographies of the principal hymn-writers, “ancient and modern,” chronological lists of authors and tunes, indexes of authors and translators and of first lines, and a “general index which includes such information as does not find a place in either of those already mentioned.” The volume is cheap and in every way excellently produced.

J. B.

THE great impetus given to Biblical studies by the foundation of the Biblical Institute and the *Angelica* at Rome and by the continued activity of the Biblical Commission is very consoling. It is agreeable to think

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that a library of Biblical literature is being formed in Rome which may soon be without its peer in Europe. It is pleasant, too, to reflect upon the stream of students who use that library, add to its contents, and in some cases (as, we believe, in that of the author whose dissertation we are reviewing) return to diffuse in our English centres of study that learning which they have acquired from so favoured a source. Dr Hitchcock, in his *Higher Criticism of Isaiah* (Rev. G. S. Hitchcock, D.D. Burns and Oates. 1910. pp. 142. 4s. 6d. net.) has directed his efforts to the support of "... the Biblical Commission's decision that the division of Isaiah among two or more authors is still ... 'not proven'" (p. 6), and he keeps scrupulously within his chosen limits. Indeed, we believe there is hardly anyone, not even among the "Protestant Rationalists," whose arguments the book is "designed to meet" (*ib.*), who will dispute his conclusion. For he takes the word "proof" in its most rigorous sense, and we doubt whether any position which depends mainly upon literary criticism could ever thus be "proved." Certainly the theorems of the Avestic, of Homeric, of the Buddhistic compositions are not to be treated with the pert accuracy of arithmetic. But it is well to be reminded of this, lest opinions harden into dogmas and enslave us. Socrates did little that was constructive, but he kept the way open, or broke it open, for Plato and Aristotle. Barges, we believe, are sent down our canals in winter, simply to keep the ice from imprisoning coming craft. It is well, therefore, to be shown how the theories of scholars contradict one another and how unreliable or shifting are some of their conjectures, always remembering (as Dr Hitchcock does) the "wealth of scholarship" and "sincerity of aim" and "untiring industry" which makes such giants' play tolerable and even (at times) grateful.

Still, if Dr Hitchcock writes for Rationalists, he should perhaps not so often solve questions of "pre-vision" by assuming miraculous inspiration: or of "intelligibility" by reminding us that the book was destined to be under-

The Life of Cardinal Pole

stood by far future generations. "Our hypothesis," he will be answered, "is but a hypothesis, no doubt; but it is simpler than yours." And in so rigorously argued a treatise—the arguments, even literary, are often in syllogistic form—the thought should be carefully kept continuous. The suppressed proposition of an enthymeme (is it not?) is so often just the one we want to dispute! We like references, but prefer them complete. "It is acknowledged by Box, p. 112," disconcerts us (p. 53). We ought, doubtless, to know that Mr Box is responsible for some five works on Jewish topics (none, I think, directly on Isaiah); but on the 112th page of which of these does he acknowledge . . . ? And there is no bibliography, no table of chronology, no index of any sort. To make up, Hebrew words are transliterated into English letters before being translated. This takes up a deal of room, and we cannot conceive its utility. "Pope the Dominican" is a curious way of referring to a writer in the *Irish Theological Quarterly* (p. 20); and surely "the 'light motive' of Wagnerian opera" (p. 92) is a curious slip? In fine, we do not think Dr Hitchcock understands the nature of a cumulative literary argument. Its elements are not to be assessed statically and added into a total. They are forces which interact and mutually modify one another from within. Their resultant is far from being their mere sum. But these slight defects do not detract from the general interest of Dr Hitchcock's little book.

N. K.

THE *Life of Reginald Pole*, by Martin Haile (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. pp. xiii, 554. 21s. net) deserves a cordial welcome as being at once a capable, sympathetic study of one of the most gracious figures in England's past, and a contribution to history which does fresh credit to Catholic scholarship. In the preface the author points out that each century since the Cardinal's time has afforded a new study of his career in the respective works of Beccatelli, Quirini, Phillips and Zimmermann. The extensive publication of State papers during

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recent years is enough to justify the new English life, which is the first contribution of the twentieth century to this attractive subject.

It can hardly be said that the fresh sources afford any very new or striking information likely to modify the traditional estimate of Pole's character and work, but we see the familiar figure in a clearer light; some features accentuated, some traits thrown into higher relief. The chief gain is that Cardinal Pole's life-story has been told in a way likely to arrest the attention of modern readers.

The task was not an easy one, for his letters are so numerous and the materials for his private history are so abundant that most careful selection was enforced on his biographer in dealing even with the personal aspect; while, at the same time, the Cardinal was so essentially a public man throughout his whole career that the history of the man could not be divorced from the history of his times. With skill and judgement the biographer has supplied the historical background for the Cardinal's boyhood in England, the brilliant youth at Padua, the strenuous manhood at the Roman Court, the last sad years in London. From the confused turmoil of sixteenth century European politics the serene lofty figure of the Cardinal stands out in strange contrast. With his beautiful talent for intimate friendship, his intellectual gifts and delicate literary skill, his diplomatic address and, above all, his wise tolerance and large charity, he moves through the scenes of ever-shifting confusion, always on the side of peace and broad-minded conciliation, so long as these were not inconsistent with his inflexible Christian principles. To English readers the chief interest of his life must ever lie in his work for England during the brief Catholic revival under Mary. The author's thesis on this point—supported by much contemporary evidence—is that the ideal arrangement would have been an administration by Pole and Gardiner conjointly, but that it was rendered impossible by the action of the Emperor Charles V, who is represented throughout as Mary's evil genius. In this respect the

Edward IV

author's verdict is far more unfavourable to Charles than was that of Miss Stone in her *Mary the First*.

The volume is well printed and produced, though a few misprints have crept into the Latin, and the use of such foreign forms as *Egisippo*, *SS Processo e Martiniano*, *Pietro Martire* and *Ottobonno*, when there are recognized English equivalents, is to be deprecated. The Pole pedigree is not too clearly set out, and a work of such permanent value deserved a fuller index. That its historical value is really permanent is assured by the wise restraint of the author, who has commendably refrained from general theorizing about the period and has rested content with the sober narration of facts clearly established by the evidence. Yet, if sober, the book is never dull, being frequently enlivened by illuminating flashes of insight into character and shrewd observation of men and their motives. Though not finally exhaustive, it will remain a book to be reckoned with.

E. B.

POSSIBLY no period in English history is more baffling to the student than that of the Wars of the Roses. In earlier and in later struggles some certainty as to events may be reached, amid many contradictions and doubts; but in the long strife between the Houses of York and Lancaster facts and personalities alike are singularly evasive, seen as they are through blurring mists of prejudice and tradition, and more confused than revealed by the splendid but distorting light of Shakespeare's chronicle plays. The figure of King Edward IV stands out more clearly, it may be, than that of almost any man of his time, and yet, strangely enough, *Edward IV*, by Mr Laurence Stratford (Pitman. 3s. 6d. net), is the first biography of him which has been attempted in modern days. It is a careful and moderate piece of work, giving evidence of much earnest study and showing no little insight into the conditions of the age. Specially significant is the passage in which the author sums up the difficulties of that period of transition.

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Standards of thought were on the point of shifting, but still were fixed, as it seems to us perversely fixed, in the old light. Forms and customs which had lost their meaning were yet preserved. So we have to judge the policy and aims of the King by standards which are not wholly modern nor wholly mediæval. With Edward I and Edward III we feel ourselves much more at home. There we can learn how to judge and what allowances to make; but with Edward IV we feel sometimes that he knows and yet refuses to know; we are uneasily conscious that he is not intellectually limited to the outlook of the kings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and yet we cannot really tell where we are to draw the line: where we are to judge as moderns, where as mediævalists.

He furthermore points out that Edward was in many ways well fitted to stand at the junction of old and new; and certainly the brilliant Yorkist king, with his happy freedom from ideals and scruples, his quick eye for expediency and personal advantage, was not the man to break his heart for a departing chivalry or risk his crown by too daring an effort at reform. His determined stand against the power of the Barons, typified in Warwick, "the King-maker," a stand which certainly made for progress, was a policy into which he was more or less led by circumstance and goaded by vanity and pique; hardly a reasoned course of statecraft. Edward appears to have been a man of keen but short-sighted views, endowed with a fortunate instinct for keeping in touch with his people, pleasing even where he did not serve them. He was, in fact, a superb opportunist whom fortune stood to, in the main, with amazing faithfulness, bearing him triumphantly through his sins and follies and leaving their penalty to be paid by others.

Mr Stratford has done his best to treat his hero with impartiality; he has not hesitated to chronicle alike his private vices (which he made so public) and the cruelty, perjury and ingratitude which stained his career as king. Nevertheless, we feel that the biographer has fallen somewhat under the spell of Edward's undoubted personal charm. He delights to dwell on the splendour of the young

England before the Conquest

sovereign and conqueror who came from exile to rule the hearts of his people. It is impossible to over-rate the King's valour and skill in war, as to exaggerate the strength and beauty of his person, but there are points where we feel the author has been too ready with the construction most favourable to Edward, most unfavourable to others. The frustrated invasion of France, with its ignominious conclusion in the Treaty of Picquiny, is narrated with a considerable amount of special pleading. Again, Mr Stratford dismisses too lightly for a matter of such moment the question of Edward's marriage contract with Eleanor Butler, which, if it existed, imperilled the legitimacy of his sons by Elizabeth Woodville. It is curious to observe the writer's evident grudge against Richard of Gloucester, not on account of his crimes, actual or supposed, but apparently because, during his brother's later, indolent years, the young Duke's fine and strenuous work as soldier and statesman emphasized the King's deterioration. This hostility leads him into distinct unfairness when, in his conclusion, he observes that Henry VII built on the foundations laid by Edward IV. As a matter of fact, though Edward may have popularized the monarchy, it might reasonably be said that the foundations on which Henry built were laid not so much during the two-and-twenty years of King Edward's reign as in the two perilous and troubled years in which Richard III wrought so daringly against the tyranny of the nobles and for the welfare of the common people—a work which did not cease when he and the House of Plantagenet went down on Bosworth Field. But, after all, Mr Stratford's business is with Edward IV; it is perhaps natural that he should have little more to do with Richard III than to cast a stone in passing.

D.McC.

WITH befitting generosity, Professor Oman has reserved to himself as editor the most difficult volume of the Political History of England, *England before the Norman Conquest* (Methuen. Price 10s. 6d. net).

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The work that he has compiled is a very full and exact account of almost all the happenings in our island of which we have any record till the Norman Conquest. It is a veritable mine of information, a reference book in which one may trace out at one's leisure the lives of the heroes, heroines, villains, and even of the minor characters that made up the cast for the stage of British and English history. With surprisingly few misprints and with hardly a miswritten date, the usefulness of the book cannot be gainsaid.

And yet it is not a work that one looks for from the Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. He says quite truly that the day has gone by when historians sat down to write twenty-volume works embracing a dozen centuries of annals. Nowadays the production of these large histories is brought about by the co-operation of writers especially devoted to the study of particular periods. But the sole justification of this newer method is that each volume shall be written by one who is a specialist in the epoch undertaken. Otherwise each might just as well sit down to his twenty volumes as of old. Now, reading this history of Mr Oman's, one feels that he is not at home with his material. He has lost that lightness of touch, that lilt, energy, and graceful humour which we have learnt to expect from him. A glimpse of his old manner which we get occasionally in these arid and crowded pages only serves to emphasise its absence elsewhere. This change of style but too fitly corresponds to the change of matter. Questions that interest the technical historian are never clearly set out. We have no definite view before us, for example, as to how far and what extent the Celts lingered on under the Saxon conquest. Again, the whole controversy over book-land is so stated (p. 380, etc.) as almost to make one imagine—though the thing is of course impossible—that he has misunderstood its significance. The distinction between economic and political ownership (established by Maitland to solve the difficulties) is nowhere even alluded to. So also the short paragraphs on *gesitns* and *thegns*, in

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view of Mr Chadwick's theories, are inadequate and misleading.

Even in the less technical portions of the work there is no attempt made to set out the broad lines of history. The military supremacy of Mercia, the literary supremacy of Northumbria, the political supremacy of Wessex are never differentiated, but must be picked out from the heaped-up medley of dates and facts by the exhausted reader. No help is given us to appraise the value of Egbert's empire, or to show how far his unification of the island was unreal or even harmful. The extraordinary development of nationality, of the fleet (does Mr Oman realize the significance of the fact that Archbishop Ælfric's will is three years previous to Æthelred's ordinance mentioned on p. 569?), of the exchequer, etc., under Æthelred the Reckless, is disappointingly neglected.

On Church matters his views are generally very fair and judicious. But his theological exposition of Pelagius' doctrines reads very crudely, as, for example, when he discovers an incompatibility between Free Will and the Atonement (p. 184); while his suggested alternative for the British Bishops of communion either with Rome or with the Celtic Churches of Ireland and Scotland (p. 291) ignores the continuous connexion between these latter from St Patrick onwards with the Holy See.

The volume is indeed learned and full of erudite matter. But one feels that it is not Professor Oman's book, because not his subject. It has not his freshness, nor his originality. It reads like a laborious compilation made from monographs, a compendium of them all, yet it contains no picture of any of the dominant lines of history, no visualizing of a personality, no explanation of results and origins. And the reason for this is, we think, that none but the specialist can ever really venture boldly into broad views on his period.

B.O.P.

Some Recent Books

MR CHART, who is already favourably known as a writer on Irish historical topics, has produced a very interesting work on a very interesting period in his *Ireland from the Union to Catholic Emancipation* (London. J. M. Dent and Sons. 1910. 6s. net). It must often have occurred to those given to historical speculation to wonder what might have happened if Pitt had not yielded to George III's fanaticism and had carried Catholic Emancipation, as it seems clear that he intended to do, immediately after the Union, and if the latter measure, tainted as it was, had been accepted by the nation upon which it was forced.

Mr Chart's book tells us briefly what actually did occur. We hope that we are not doing him an injustice by describing his attitude as that of one who believes that the Act of Union, in spite of the disgraceful methods employed in carrying it (some of which he comments upon), has been a blessing rather than the reverse to Ireland—an opinion, it is needless to say, which is not held by the majority of the inhabitants of that island. Hence he is, perhaps, a little too lenient in his view of the yeomanry and the numerous infamies of which they were guilty, and casts too pitying an eye on that mass of absurdities and inequity, the pre-Disestablishment "Church of Ireland." To few, if any, however, is it given to write in an unbiassed manner on highly controversial matters of tolerably recent history, and we can at least congratulate Mr Chart on having tried, and with considerable success, to hold a just judgement between contending parties.

In any case, he has produced a most interesting book, containing useful illustrations and crammed with facts instructive for the historian and the politician. For the politician perhaps chiefly, for one cannot but be struck in reading this book with the extraordinary light which it throws upon matters of present-day discussion.

Take the Education Problem as it now exists in England. The whole matter seems to have been worked out in Ireland long ago, with the result that the elementary system in that country is one of the few things with which all

Ireland after the Union

parties are fairly satisfied. Yet what is its history? In 1806 it was suggested that all denominations should have what is now called "the right of entry" out of ordinary school hours, but that the religious instruction during schooltime should be "a system of instruction based on the principles common to all Christian sects"—in a word, our old friend, "undenominational religion." Peel, then Chief Secretary, with true English love of compromise, favoured this scheme and set at nought the advice of his more fore-seeing Attorney-General, Saurin, who said that "the establishing an abstract system of Christianity that shall avoid what is peculiar to each sect, and yet preserve what is essential, looks very like making a new religion for the country, and establishing by law a precedent for a schism by consent from all Churches and sects" (p. 150). The result was that the system pleased no one, not even the Protestants. "The Christianity thus taught, they declared a weak, colourless thing, worthless for any good purpose" (p. 158), and finally "religious teaching was handed over to the various clergy, the attempt to find a 'common denominator' for all forms of Christianity having proved as futile as Saurin had predicted it would be" (p. 180).

Or, again, the Industrial question as it now presents itself in Ireland. In 1800 Ireland fed and clothed its own population, and as a grain-producing country so far progressed that the "great corn-growing counties of Kildare, Carlow, Kilkenny, Queen's County, Tipperary and Limerick . . . produced such a quantity of grain that it was possible without palpable exaggeration to describe them as 'the granary of England'" (p. 22), a phrase which actually occurs in a memorandum of 1812 on the possible improvement of inland navigation. Free Trade, whatever its merits as regards England, spelt ruin for Irish tillage, and at the present day, so far from being a granary for England, Ireland imports annually 7,000,000 cwt of wheat and 5,000,000 cwt of flour. The same, to a very large extent, is true of clothing; indeed, it must be said, with great regret, that for the most part the working

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classes sustain life on white bread and black stewed tea, to the great detriment of the national health, and clothe themselves in shoddy from Yorkshire mills. Even the cattle trade, so enormously important to the country, has undergone a change for the worse. In the days of which Mr Chart writes, few, if any, beasts left the country "on the hoof"; now the export is almost entirely of live beasts, and not "finished" beasts at that, but "stores"—animals requiring further fattening before they are ready for the market. As a consequence a stop has been put to the "establishment of the numerous subsidiary industries which take their raw material from the by-products of the provision business. For instance, when Cork was the centre of the salt-meat trade, tanners and glue-manufacturers found it convenient to set up their works in a town where hides and hoofs could be so easily and cheaply obtained" (p. 79). We doubt if there are more than two tanners now left in a city which once supported quite a number. We cannot find space to deal with any of the other interesting questions opened up by Mr Chart's work, but we hope that enough has been said to send readers to the book itself. They will find themselves richly rewarded for the trouble, if trouble it can be called, of reading it.

B.C.A.W.

TO the poet, philosopher and historian, no Italian city, after Rome, is so interesting as Florence. *Men and Manners of Old Florence*, by Guido Biagi (F. Fisher Unwin. 15s.), however, does not re-tell the story of that public life which has cast a halo around the City of Flowers, but is concerned only with the inner life of its private citizen during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, from the time when, before the third cincture of its walls had been completed, the gazer looked down upon "a gloomy mass of battlemented towers, encompassed by walls and bulwarks," to the bright city of the Renaissance, its spires, cupolas and rich buildings piercing and towering up into the blue Tuscan sky. As

Men and Manners of Florence

Librarian of the Laurentian and Riccardi Libraries and a student of their archives Signor Biagi may be relied upon as an authority on his subject. He is of opinion that Dante, through the lips of Cacciguida in the sixteenth Canto of the *Paradiso*, is too severe on the men of his time. "The strictness and sobriety of domestic life," says Biagi, "was still a relic of earlier simplicity." The tradesman rises early, washes hands and face, opens windows and doors of his shop, crosses himself and begins the day by hearing Mass:

For the safety of their souls and their duty towards God were the most important things in the eyes of these simple and valiant men, who, notwithstanding the pre-occupations of their business and the necessity of protecting themselves against enemies and rivals, kept ever in mind the urgency of their own spiritual advancement.

They eat two meals a day, the *Comestio* not later than 11.30 and the *Prandium* about 4.30 in the afternoon, the common fare consisting chiefly of beans, chestnuts and messes of millet flour. According to the advice of a moralist merchant of the fourteenth century, children were to be taught reading and writing and a trade at the age of six or seven. What we call elementary education seems to have been common enough outside the ranks of the nobility. Girls were to be taught

to make bread, to wash the body, sift grain, to cook, to wash linen and make beds, to spin and sew, to weave French purses or to embroider in silk with the needle, to cut out garments in linen and cloth, to put feet on the hose, and all such like things, so that when they marry it may not be said of them that they come out of the woods—

a quotation on the practical side of children's education that may be commended, not unprofitably, to the attention of our Education department. Indeed, a combination of the practical with a keen sense of the beautiful is a striking characteristic of these artistic folk. A love of beauty even exceeded their care for personal comfort. No sooner had the merchant begun to make money than he began to adorn his home, but while decorating its walls and filling it with works of art, its interior could have been anything but comfortable at times. Once a week it was swept, and in the interval of the sweeping all kinds of rubbish

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were thrown under the beds and allowed to accumulate. We can imagine the result in the case of large families—and large families were the rule. “To have twenty or more children,” Biagi informs us, “seemed the most natural thing in the world.” If wealth accumulated men did not decay, and the terrible calamity overhanging France and threatening England was undreamed of by these Florentines. Unfortunately, slavery was a disturbing element in their home life, and the wife, in a round of drudgery, had few rights. Signs of premature old age were often the consequence, but the artist in their blood proved equal to the occasion. In the opinion of great painters Florentine women were the best artists in the world.

Was there ever (said one) save for them, a painter—nay even a mere dyer—who could turn black into white? Certainly not; for it is against nature. Yet, if a face is yellow and pallid, they change it by artificial means to the hue of a rose. One who, by nature or age, has a skinny figure, they are able to make florid and plump. I do not think Giotto or any other painter could colour better than they do, but the most wonderful thing is, that even a face which is out of proportion, and has goggle eyes, they will make correct with eyes like to a falcon's. As to crooked noses, they are soon put straight. If they have jaws like a donkey, they quickly correct them. If their shoulders are too large, they plane them; if one projects more than the other, they stuff them so with cotton that they seem in proportion. And so on with breasts and hips, doing more without a scalpel than Polycletus himself could have done with one. The Florentine women are pastmistresses of painting and modelling, for it is plain to see that they restore where nature has failed.

Extravagance in dress and banquets, following on growth of wealth, induced the magistrates to pass severe sumptuary laws, frequently, of course, evaded and at the Renaissance falling into disuse. With the incoming of a new period, bursting into outward splendour on every side, its liberties at the feet of the Medici, Old Florence began to pass away. Its spirit was incompatible with renascent Paganism: as well could a Savonarola abide in peace and unity with a Magnificent Lorenzo.

• P.H.

Madame Royale

IN a man or woman of historical interest extreme reserve of character does not merely spoil individual happiness; it also baulks the just curiosity of posterity, for where there has been but little self-expression even less will have been recorded. The result is that judgement has to be based on entirely external evidence, and, even then, theory must play a large part in the estimate of character. It is thus that we have to judge of *Madame Royale, the Last Dauphine* (by Joseph Turquan. Edited and translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. T. Fisher Unwin, 15s. net), whose natural reserve was deepened by the awful influences of her life.

Before she was eleven years old, Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte was to taste of the horrors of revolution. When Marie Antoinette faced the mob at Versailles she had her two children at her side. From the balcony of the palace "the little princess . . . witnessed this vile human tide unloosed, spreading abroad and lashing its bounds in untrammelled fury. Such a spectacle was one to set its stamp indelibly on the character of a child." It did so. The natural reserve which, under happier circumstances, might have been softened into dignity, was early in life aggravated by an habitual instinct of self-defence. Moreover, M. Turquan tells us that "she could never afterwards rid herself of the feeling that the whole French nation was identical with that scum of the city she had watched at its desperate work," and this impression accounted for much of the prejudice which spoilt her life. She was too strong a character to be crushed by great trouble, but she was irreparably scathed by it. These memoirs make it clear that her spirit was warped, and even slightly stunned, but it was not broken; and indeed her trials helped to develop some of her nobler qualities. "Trouble," writes M. Turquan, "far from crushing her spirit, had made it more virile, and had raised it above the petty spites and vulgarities of personal interest." Throughout Marie-Thérèse's life there is a singular absence of frivolity and of petty vanity; her great fault was rather a form of pride, crude and harsh owing to the influences that moulded her.

It was Madame Royale's unhappy marriage to the Duc

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d'Angoulême and the complete disillusionment of her romance concerning him that set the seal of misery upon a life which had at least been brightened by hope during her residence in Austria. After that event all natural buoyancy of spirit fled. She sank for a time into a condition of extreme listlessness. Louis XVIII, in a letter to his brother written at this time, observes that "Any enthusiasm that may have existed in the early days has now entirely calmed down." Her husband, who is said to have been always "slightly ridiculous" owing to inanity of mind, was not likely to rekindle it at any time.

It is needless to dwell on the story—all too well known—of the inefficiency of the Bourbons when restored to power, the many changes in their fortune and their final fall. In the part played by Madame Royale herself her deplorable mistakes seem to have been due to her early training, added to a singular incapacity for calculating the effect on others of what she said and did; she was, moreover, blind to the importance of securing her own popularity with *all* her countrymen, of whatever rank in life. In reading M. Turquan's description of her many failures we are struck by the fact that with a little practical knowledge of human nature she might have been almost universally loved; her reserve and prejudice did her infinite harm. For in spite of her failings Madame Royale won respect for her finer qualities. Her daily piety was impressive. Her strength of character moreover made itself felt and respected by those who knew her and inspired many with an awe which her husband could never have called forth. There is a striking comment quoted by M. Turquan from the *Mémoires* of the Comtesse de Boigne. "The Princess had the misfortune to possess unusual strength of character, with insufficient intelligence to curb it judiciously; due proportion was wanting." It was true. Never had a strong character suffered so much from want of education. She was now unsuccessful in a position where to be headstrong without judgement meant certain failure.

To realize the tragedy of this unhappy life two descrip-

Frederic William Maitland

tions of Madame Royale should be studied, one in her early youth, the second when her life of sorrow was almost done.

When, as a young girl, Madame Royale was in Vienna she used often to visit a convent school there. A pupil of the school thus describes one of her visits:

The doors of the convent were thrown open and a young princess dressed in black entered briskly. She was gloriously handsome, with magnificent blue eyes, fair hair, an elegant figure, and a bright skin glowing with health, but coarse in texture; her manner and movements were abrupt. She darted like a flash through the cloisters, rested an instant in the parlour, looking keenly about her; jumped up again and resumed her hurried walk; she sprang into the gardens as if bent on escaping from some one, tore round with extraordinary celerity, seeming carefully to avoid the swimming glances tearfully fastened upon her. Such was Madame Royale of France.

M. Turquan quotes the second description from Chateaubriand, who attended one of the Dauphine's evening parties after she had drunk the cup of adversity to the dregs.

I had a side view of her face [he writes] and was struck by her sinister likeness to her father: with neck drooping as if under the sword of sorrow, I seemed to see again the bent head of Louis XVI awaiting the fall of the executioner's knife.

It is always difficult to distinguish between the qualities of the original author and those of an able translator, but it is certain that in verve, clearness and stimulating quality M. Turquan's life of the last Dauphine has lost nothing in the hands of Lady Theodora Davidson.

O.

FREDERIC WILLIAM MAITLAND: *A Biographical Sketch* (By H. A. L. Fisher. 180 pp. Cambridge University Press. 5s.), deserves the attention of all Englishmen engaged in historical or legal studies of any kind. Maitland not only occupies, and will occupy, one of the highest places amongst English historians, but his position is in its way unique. He has completely revolutionized the

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history of our law, and indeed from the scientific point of view he may be said almost to have created it. And a great deal of his work, pioneer as it is, is final, work that need never be done again. The sphere of his studies was no doubt special, but his doctrine was that law is an essential part of history. Moreover, the extraordinary bulk, not of course the quality, of his work was largely due to the fact that he was applying an intensely scientific method to a rich field, which ought long since to have been exploited. The splendid row of volumes that bear his name is at once an inspiring example to his fellow students and a rebuke. We need not here attempt to follow Mr Fisher through his admirable account of Maitland's work, which, with a number of letters, forms practically the whole of the volume before us. Every contribution of importance is described critically, and its value, both absolutely and as an individual achievement, is appraised in a manner which shows Mr Fisher's own mastery of even the more technical subjects. To praise Maitland is easy and right, but Mr Fisher's praise is of the best kind: it is understanding. Did not Lord Acton once speak of "Our three Cambridge historians, Maine, Lightfoot, Maitland"?

Maitland's life was his work, and its incidents were provided by the appearance of his books. And yet it was heroic. The true scholar needs patience, perseverance and courage in no small measure, and in Maitland's case the difficulties were immeasurably increased by an illness which held him for the last twenty years of his life, drove him to the Canary Islands for the last eight, and brought him to his grave at the early age of fifty-six. Mr Fisher's discretion has not allowed us to see much of the inner life of his friend. The letters of a man who numbered amongst his friends Henry Sidgwick, Sir Frederick Pollock, Leslie Stephen, Paul Vinogradoff and other well-known names, cannot fail to be interesting. But they are not published in their entirety, and we are not given one glimpse of the man's interior life. One wonders what his working philosophy was. Very skilfully has Mr Fisher sketched the

The Stone and Bronze Ages

faint outline of a generous and charming nature, of a delightful and witty sociability, but this slender volume keeps resolutely to the surface. Ardent though discriminating patriotism, unsurpassable devotion to work, fearless love of truth: these are the greater qualities which we are privileged to see, and they are evident in the review of his work as much as in the strictly biographical portions.

Catholics will not forget the debt which they in particular owe to Maitland for his exposure of the view, which had the great authority of Stubbs, that pre-Reformation England was not fully subject to the Canon Law. Belief in "continuity" ought to have been finally killed by his *Roman Canon Law in the Church of England*, a work especially telling from one who evidently had no sympathy with Catholicism (see pp. 149 and 151 of this biography).

It is sad to reflect that Maitland, great teacher as he was, was not able to found a school. Our academic arrangements militate against such a work, and one feels that with Maitland's death a great opportunity has passed away. One of his pupils is recorded as saying (p. 63) that "it was impossible at any time" (after hearing his lectures) "for one of his pupils to regard the law merely as a means of livelihood." The same inspiration can still be sought from his books, and from his biography. We do not think there can be a better book than this biography to put in the hands of the young student of law or history. Of the light that it throws upon our system of education and upon the state of historical studies in England we have not space to speak. After all, we did produce Maitland.

F. Z.

SINCE Sergi published his well-known book on *The Mediterranean Race*, archæological work in the countries around that tract of water has assumed, if possible, a greater position of interest than it previously possessed. Particularly has this been the case in connexion with the

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Prehistoric period in Italy, elucidated by many excavations, the results of which were unknown to most English workers in the same line because of the language and the journals in which accounts of the discoveries had appeared. Mr Peet has set himself, in his most useful and interesting work, *The Stone and Bronze Ages in Italy* (Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. 1909. Price 16s.), to give the English reader a summary of the results of recent archæological work in Italy, and he illustrates the views of others by many observations of his own, both in the field and in museums throughout Europe. Carefully and skilfully executed, equipped with numerous excellent figures, and produced as we expect books from the Clarendon Press to be produced, Mr Peet's work is one which must necessarily find a place on the shelves of every worker in the realms of the Prehistoric and, indeed, on those of every one interested in Classical Archæology.

To experts in archæology the whole book will be of the deepest interest. Those who belong to the class of general readers will probably be most interested in the portions dealing with the data upon which men of science are now beginning with some confidence to build a number of conclusions as to the early movements and migrations of bodies of men from one part of the Continent to another or even from one Continent to another. Such conjectures are founded upon the relics left behind them by races long gone by, and, as these relics are in large measure associated with burials, we may very briefly sketch out one or two points connected with this part of the subject. Of funeral customs in the Palæolithic period we know nothing, but when we come to the later, or Neolithic, age we have in Italy abundance of evidence as to the habits of the people in connexion with their dead; habits which show quite plainly a remarkable and rigid ritual and, without any shadow of doubt, point to a firm belief in the continued existence of the spirit of the dead person in another world. Thus the bodies were buried in trench-graves,*lined with rough slabs of stone. They were associated with weapons

The Stone and Bronze Ages

and implements not thrown haphazard into the tomb, but placed where they could be most readily used by the dead, a dagger near the right hand, a vase near the head. Further, these objects were often broken, and, as is obvious, purposely broken, a strange and puzzling fact until we remember that as the spirit cannot go into the other world until the body is dead, neither can the spirit of the implement accompany its master there until it also has suffered death by being broken. Further, not to delay over minor points, the body was doubled up and often laid on its left side, with its face to the East and its feet to the South (pp. 118 *et seq.*). This method of burial persisted into the ænolithic or early bronze period, and thus leads to the supposition that there had at this stage been not a shifting of population but an acquisition of a new knowledge, that of the working of copper or bronze, by a race already inhabiting the district. For, as the writer observes, "The continuance of burial-rites is particularly valuable evidence, for it points to the continuance of religious ideas, and so, almost certainly, of race" (p. 279). But in the next period, certainly during a late period of the lake-dwelling makers (of the burial customs of the earlier of these people we as yet know nothing) and during the later bronze period generally, quite different customs obtain, for cremation replaces inhumation. The same is true of the *terramare*, for, in spite of Ridgeway's statement that "inhumation was universally practised by the people of the Terramara culture," it appears that "there is not a single inhumation cemetery of this date in the whole of the area occupied by the *terramare*" (p. 369). Hence the appearance of a new race on the scene is suggested, and "the internal evidence for the identification of the lake-dwelling and *terramara* people with an invading race from Central Europe is overwhelming. That these people cremated at their first arrival in Italy is not proved, but very probable; that they invariably cremated in the full bronze age is absolutely certain. That they were brachycephalic" [round-headed] "is a necessary consequence of their identification with the

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cremating brachycephalic race of Central Europe, and is based upon no direct internal evidence. That the *ansa unata* " [a peculiarly shaped cup-handle] " was a special property of this people, or of the branches of it which settled in the East of North Italy, is beyond dispute. The external evidence derived from the Swiss Lakes makes it probable that the earliest invasion took place from Switzerland or thereabouts, but does not amount to proof. On the other hand, an examination of the Hungarian and Bosnian finds makes it practically certain that the *terramara* people of Italy came from the Danube Valley " (p. 510).

We can very specially commend the account of the *terramare*, that curious place of residence sometimes defined as " a lake-dwelling on dry land," which the author gives, but, indeed, as we have already said, all persons wishing to know anything about the first ages of Italy will find Mr Peet's work a compendium of knowledge as at present reached.

B.C.A.W.

WHEN Father Wasmann's work *Die Moderne Biologie und die Entwicklungstheorie* appeared in 1906 we welcomed it in this REVIEW and expressed the hope that " so important and useful a book [might] shortly be translated into English so as to be made available for those who do not read German." It is now 1910, and at last the desired translation has appeared (*Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution*, Translated from the Third German Edition by A. M. Buchanan, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. 1910. Price 16s.). As we dealt fully with the book in its German dress it is not necessary to repeat what has already appeared concerning it in these columns. Suffice it to say that the translation appears to have been adequately carried out and that the printer and publishers have done their best to present the reading public with a handsome volume. Let us be permitted to impress upon those unacquainted with modern Biological work that in the author of this book they have to deal not merely with

Modern Biology

the ordinary type of Christian apologist, but with a man who—as his most embittered opponents are constrained to admit—stands in the very front rank of biological workers, indeed, in his own particular line has no rival. Hence the only method of reply is that adopted by some of his critics who suggest, or even openly state, that Wasmann the Scientist suffers eclipse by Wasmann the Jesuit where questions which may be supposed to affect religion are under consideration. In a word the assertion is that religious bias outweighs scientific accuracy. This curious attitude is familiar enough in England, where the present reviewer has not seldom heard books that at all diverged from the fashionable scientific opinions of the moment spoken of in slighting tones as “books written with a bias against Darwinism” or whatever other “ism” may have been in question. He once asked a person who had made use of this criticism whether he had ever read a book on Darwinism which was written with a strong bias in favour of that system. The interlocutor was a man of scrupulous honesty, and, after reflecting for a moment, he replied, “Do you know that never occurred to me before?”

In the same manner, Wasmann most properly replies to his opponents:

I must acknowledge that with regard to the doctrine of creation, the hypothesis of spontaneous generation and the application of the theory of descent, I had a bias, and one that is directly opposed to that of my reviewer. I had the intention of proving that a reasonable theory of evolution necessitates our assuming the existence of a personal Creator, and I wished further to show that “spontaneous generation” was scientifically untenable, and, therefore, could not be a postulate of science. Finally, I desired to prove that to regard man from the purely zoological point of view is a one-sided and mistaken proceeding. I was, however, forced to adopt this threefold bias by the monists, who were exerting themselves with a much greater bias to establish false philosophical postulates in the name of biology, and to force them as “monistic dogmas” upon all interested in science. I considered it my duty as a Christian and as a scientific man to protest vigorously against these attempts at a fresh subjugation of the human intellect” (p. xxii).

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It is much to be hoped that this book will have a large sale in this country, and certainly every Catholic school and college which does not include it in its Library incurs a grave responsibility. As our previous wishes with regard to an English edition have borne fruit we will venture a further aspiration, which is that before long this valuable work may be available in a much cheaper form—might we dare even to hope in the popular sixpenny form?

B.C.A.W.

MANY of us do not care to remember how long it is since we were thrilled with interest over *The Leavenworth Case*, and yet A. K. Green is still giving us that form of excitement, a good detective story, which soothes the overworked man of business, distracts the dreamer from painful memories and is a perennial joy to the family circle.

The House of the Whispering Pines (A. K. Green. Nelson. 2s.) opens with the necessary murder, and we at once find an innocent man charged, with every appearance of guilt. Then the game begins. Three possible criminals in turn excite the interest of the acute detective. Then follow the gradual discoveries of character, subtle and passionate in the beautiful young heroine, rough and sinister in the coachman, dissipated, selfish and weak in the brother, who has succeeded to the wealth of the murdered woman. The sport in this type of story is openly to play the limelight of suspicion on one character, while arousing distrust of another, and only dropping hints for the wise as to the third; and the experienced readers know that usually this third is the actual criminal. Excellently does A. K. Green play this game in *The House of the Whispering Pines*, not with the same keenness, perhaps, as in *The Leavenworth Case*, not with the amazing skill she displayed in *Behind Closed Doors*, which may come to rank as her masterpiece, but still far better than in *The Forsaken Inn*, to take an instance of her less happy efforts. *The House of the Whispering*

Sir George's Objection

Pines is told with the facility of immense practice and an unexhausted imagination.

S.

IT is said that Balzac discovered the woman of thirty—by which it must be meant not that he discovered her attractions in life, but her value as a literary asset. In the country of the salons, where wit and charm reigned supreme, the woman of thirty had been recognized sooner than in any other. What Balzac realized was that the mature woman offers a more subtle and a singularly fascinating study to the analyst. Did he also discover that, although there is often an air of greater skill in the study of a woman than of a girl, of a man than of a youth, in reality the young are much the hardest to describe?

In *Sir George's Objection* (Mrs W. K. Clifford. Nelson and Sons. 2s.) the mother of the heroine and the father of the hero are far more interesting than the young people themselves. It is not absurd to rank Mrs Roberts as a *femme de trente ans*, because the healthy Englishwoman verging on forty in these days of slow maturity is no older than are some of Balzac's heroines at thirty. Mrs Roberts had had a tragedy in her life which induced her to cling to privacy and had brought her to wish at best for what would be peaceful. Unlike Balzac's heroines, with their too great experience of the world, Mrs Roberts, after her young husband's death, had known little save the changes of Nature in a scene of rural solitude and the changes in her child from infancy to the age of seventeen. She is fresh, unworldly and idealistic, in spite of the fact that she is the widow of a convict. While Helen Roberts and Sir George, the father of the inevitable lover of the beautiful Kitty, are admirable studies, the young people are charming but rather ordinary. Nor are the side characters equal to the parents, excepting, perhaps, Mrs Wrenford, "the other woman," who had been the evil genius of Helen's husband. Mrs Wrenford, a coarse survival of the fascinating woman Sir George had known in his youth, plays with his middle-aged vanity, the weak

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spot in a noble though narrow nature. How Mrs Wrenford plays her stakes too high is well told; yet, the whole of the later developments of the plot might have been given more room. It is a sound if old-fashioned plot that would have been more telling if it had been better spaced. It drags a little in the middle and hurries to the close. But if the plot is old-fashioned in construction, so also is the whole story delightfully old-fashioned in its wholesomeness, its freshness and its love of things that are of good repute.

S.

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