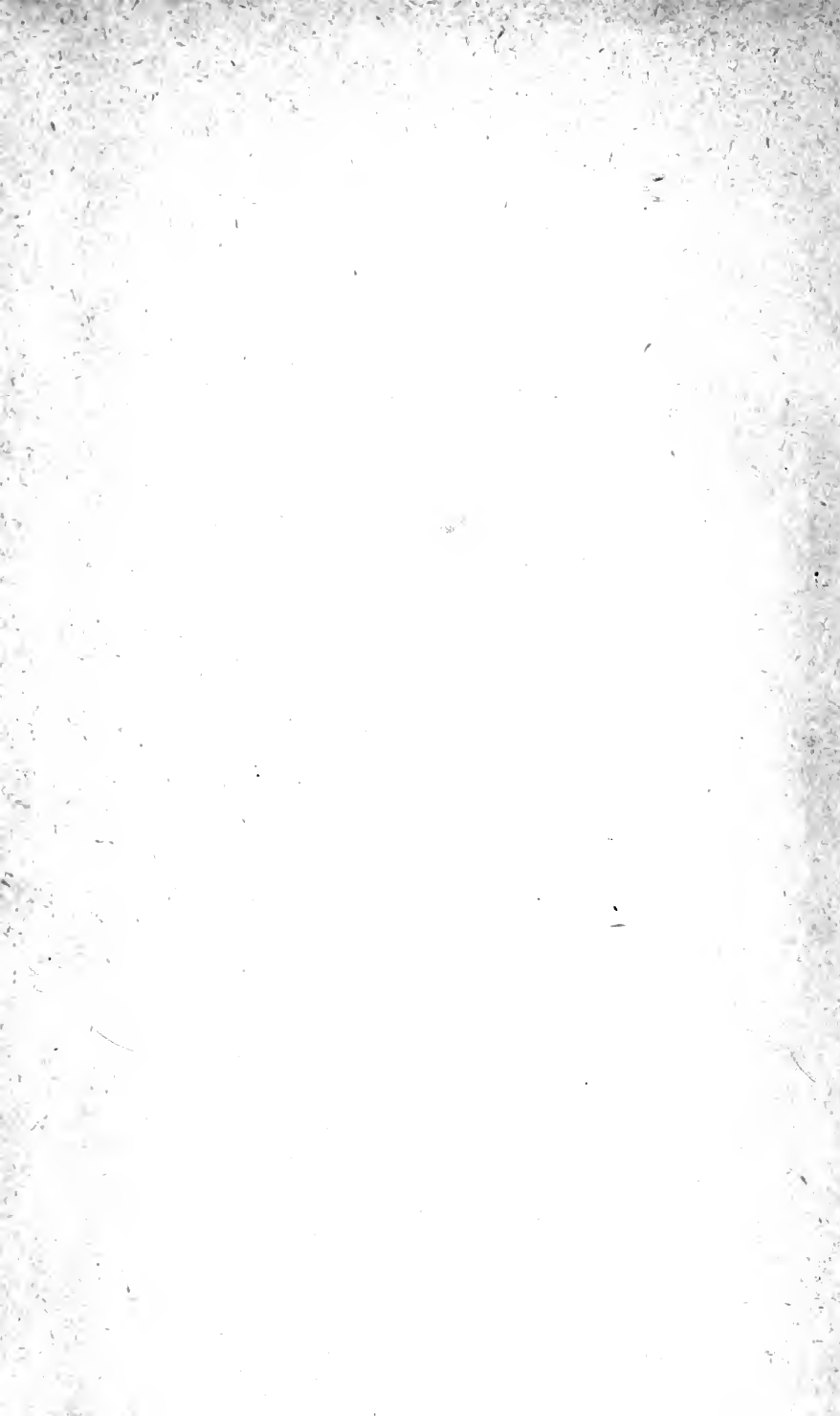


UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



3 1761 07097066 0



THE DUBLIN REVIEW

Edited by Wilfrid Ward

Volume CL

Quarterly Nos 300, 301; January & April 1912

BURNS & OATES
28 Orchard Street London. W

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE CONTENTS

January and April 1912

Mr Balfour's Farewell. By the Editor	Page 1
The Thackeray Centenary	
I. An Impression of Thackeray in his last years. By Mrs Warre Cornish	12
II. The Religion of Thackeray. By the Rev. P. J. Gannon, S.J.	29
Phantasms of the Dead. By Mgr Robert Hugh Benson	43
Poetry: Pandolfo Collenuccio. By Prof. J. S. Phillimore	64
Tennyson at Freshwater. By the Editor	68
The Fortunes of Civilization. By Canon William Barry	86
Early Irish Religious Poetry. By Arthur Perceval Graves	107
Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal. By Professor Camillo Torrend, S.J. (editor of the <i>Broteria</i>)	128
Under the War Cloud. By Edwin de Lisle	152
An Agnostic Defeat. By G. K. Chesterton	162

Life of the Duke of Devonshire. By Bernard Holland—Death. By M. Maeterlinck—Adrian Savage. By Lucas Malet—The French Ideal. By Madame Duclaux—Body and Mind. By Dr McDougall—Life of Ruskin. By E. T. Cook—Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. By G. M. Trevelyan—Tante. By A. Sedgwick—The Ballad of the White Horse. By G. K. Chesterton—Turkey and its People. By Sir Edwin Pears—Vladimir Soloviev. Par Père Michel d'Herbigny, S.J.—Hurdcott. By John Ayscough—Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist. By Dr Dwight—Christianity and the Leaders of Modern Science. By the Rev. K. A. Kneller, S.J.—Hilda Lessways. By Arnold Bennett—Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines. Edited by Dr Wace—Life of the Marquis de la Rochejaquelein. By Mrs Maxwell Scott—The Catholic Encyclopædia, Vols. VII to XI—Publications of the C.T.S.

The Contents

	<i>Page</i>
Cardinal Newman's Sensitiveness. By the Editor	217
Milner and his Age. By Canon William Barry	230
English Cardinals since the Reformation. By the Rev. Edwin Burton, D.D.	256
Lafcadio Hearn. By Helen Grierson	271
Poem: Holy Ground. By Francis Thompson	286
The Changes in India and After.	287
Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection. By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, F.R.S.	307
The Destiny of China. By C. J. L. Gilson	325
Christian Edifices before Constantine. By Mgr A. S. Barnes	338
Home Rule for Ireland. By James Fitzalan Hope, M.P.	353
Notes of a Reader of Dickens. By Alice Meynell	370
Some Recent Books	385

Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. By Michael Barrington—George III and Charles Fox. By Sir George Trevelyan—The Village Labourer: 1760-1832. By J. L. Hammond and Beatrice Hammond—The Framework of Home Rule. By Erskine Childers—The West in the East. By Price Collier—Life and Letters of John Lingard. By Martin and Edwin Bonney—Post Liminium: Essays and Critical Papers. By Lionel Johnson—Poets and Poetry. By John Bailey—The Mustard Tree: an Argument on behalf of the Divinity of Christ. By Father Vassall Phillips, C.S.S.R.—Life of St Theresa. By Alice Lady Lovat—Dictionnaire d'histoire et de géographie ecclésiastiques. Edited by Mgr Baudrillart and MM. Vogt and Rouziès—Enchiridion Patristicum. Compiled by Father J. Rouët de Journel, S.J.—Manual of Church History—Une âme bénédictine: Dom Pie de Hemptinne—The Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. XII—The Price of Unity. By Father Maturin—The Coward. By Mgr R. H. Benson—Leur Vieille Maison. By Reynès Monlaur—The Case of Richard Meynell. By Mrs Humphry Ward—Ancient Hunters. By Professor Sollas—Roman-British Buildings and Earthworks. The Roman Era in Britain. By John Ward.

MR BALFOUR'S FAREWELL

MR BALFOUR has retired from the leadership of the Unionist party, and announced the fact to a meeting of his constituents in an address of singular dignity. It was an address eminently characteristic of the man, exhibiting as it did his delicate perception of the requirements of a very difficult and complicated situation, and certain qualities which have given him his great ascendancy in the House of Commons and have won for him so strong a personal devotion from very many followers. The newspapers have since his retirement so indiscriminately compared him with William Pitt—a comparison open to the most obvious exceptions—that one hesitates to strike a note which has been exaggerated to the point of entire falseness. But in two respects, and as a man rather than a statesman, Balfour does resemble Pitt—in a certain exclusiveness connected with his fastidious temperament and in his power of winning devotion from others. His attractive personality is represented very vividly in these touching words of farewell.

The whole country has naturally been greatly moved by Mr Balfour's resignation, though it was not altogether unexpected. And the European press has also shown marked interest in the retirement from the leadership of one who is in some respects our greatest living statesman. These onlookers at a distance have been unhampered in their view of the situation by the quite unusually complex details which have been pressed on the attention of those who are at closer quarters with it. And perhaps to some extent we in England can for the moment hardly see the wood for the trees. Distance in place has some of the effect of distance in time, and may help to give the perspective needed for true history. The additional quality of French candour is visible in such an account of the

Mr Balfour's Farewell

matter as the following, written by a writer in the *Journal des débats*, and published in the week of Mr Balfour's retirement:

The young guards of the party have not forgiven Mr Balfour for his understanding with Lord Lansdowne to allow the Parliament Bill to pass. . . . The Die-hards, desirous of closing their ranks and maintaining their views, have just founded the Halsbury Club. The leader has understood. He is too much of an aristocrat to impose his person with inelegant insistence.

This is not the English way of telling the story. The Halsbury Club and the distinguished group of politicians who had become an organized party before the club was formed have repeatedly expressed their loyalty to Mr Balfour's leadership. The Club—so its founders have always said—was formed exclusively for the maintenance of certain principles. Mr Balfour on his side, in his memorable farewell speech—of which I shall say more directly—dismissed the idea that the present unrest in the party is at all exceptional; and he did so in characteristic language. "My experience is a long one," he said, "and I do not believe that at this moment there is anything exceptional in the state of the party. . . . Remember parties are made up of human beings, and from the nature of the case there will always be people, when things are not going right, who grumble and who criticize. It is inevitable, and nobody ought to lose his temper over it. Such critics are like the microbe which (so the doctors tell us) always dwells in our organism. If we sit in a draught or lessen our vitality by fatigue we get a violent cold in the head and a slight fever, but when our strength is recovered the microbe resumes its proper place. It becomes comparatively innocuous and the full vigour of the patient is restored. So let nobody take a dark view of our fortunes."

Mr Balfour put his retirement on the increasing strain of leadership, and justified the moment chosen for retiring as prompted by consideration for the interests of the party, and of his successor who must need a little

Mr Balfour's Farewell

time to prepare for the arduous campaign of the coming year. The account of the English actors in this political drama is the more literally true. But the Frenchman's view, like the sketch of a clever caricaturist, brings out the genius and interest of the situation by exaggerating its salient features. It is doubtless true that the strain of leadership on one never physically strong has made Mr Balfour's doctors raise a warning voice: and this is the English account. But the attitude of a large and influential section of the Unionist party has unquestionably made that strain far greater, and here we have the crucial fact which the French account isolates and exaggerates. It is true that there is, as Mr Balfour says, nothing very exceptional in the manifestation of discontent in a section of the party; but the French onlooker notes that the existing discontent is of a kind which makes effective leadership quite peculiarly difficult for Mr Balfour. And while a younger man might look forward to the time when his own vigour and the restored predominance of the party would cure such symptoms or make them innocuous, an older man can count less on the former, while no one can be sure of the latter.

But a consideration must be added which the French rough outline sketch leaves out, though it is all-important. The French writer truly says that Mr Balfour is too much of an aristocrat to force himself on the party. But there is another probably equally important motive-power telling in favour of resignation which the writer overlooks, and that is the detachment which has always marked Mr Balfour's temperament. It may be doubted whether his share of personal ambition has ever been great, and he has never belonged to the class to which he referred in his address as "professional" politicians—not, as he explained, in any degrading sense, but meaning thereby persons to whom politics are a profession practically necessary to their well-being in life, and who cannot therefore have in their regard the attitude of independence or detachment which has been so marked a feature in our greatest statesmen in the past.

Mr Balfour's Farewell

This detachment Mr Balfour has alike by his position and by his temperament. Consequently, if it once struck him that the division in the party was such that, while not unusual in its degree, it was unusual in its unfavourable bearing on his own power to serve the party effectually as its leader, there would be very little inducement to him to continue in that position. Self sacrifice, even at the expense of health, for the undoubted benefit of the Unionist cause, might unquestionably be expected from him. But of personal reluctance to relinquish a prominent position he has very little. And it may well be that he sees that his great powers may for the time be more successfully exerted as a private member than as official head of a party, an influential section of which is lukewarm or disaffected in his regard.

And this brings us back to the French critic's view of the Halsbury Club. English reticences have played their part in its proceedings. It is impossible to accuse the new Club of direct opposition to Mr Balfour's leadership. By a Frenchman probably the professions of loyalty to Mr Balfour made at its meetings are regarded as instances of English hypocrisy. Of course the Club wished to get rid of him, Frenchmen will say. But here the situation is to observant English eyes much more complex than it appears at a distance and to a foreigner. That some of its members wished for Mr Balfour's resignation is, of course, openly admitted. But when Lord Robert Cecil spoke of that resignation as a disaster for the party the present writer has not the least doubt that he was not using the polite exaggerations allowable in paying tribute to a distinguished public servant, but saying precisely what he felt. I am convinced that there were numbers of sympathisers with the Die-hard movement whose regret that the Parliament Bill was passed in the Lords by Unionist votes was materially added to because they saw that such an issue must create a state of feeling which would render Mr Balfour's leadership difficult or impossible. They saw no successor to him. They had strongly disagreed with the sudden surrender on his

Mr Balfour's Farewell

part in July which seemed significant of his failure to gauge a most critical situation accurately. But even a serious difference on a vital matter does not mean a desire to change the leadership when a change will not be for the better. Had the Die-hards won in the House of Lords, as they so nearly did, probably the Halsbury Club would not have been founded and the special strain of the situation on Mr Balfour would not have been created. It is the deep feeling aroused by the actual issue of the struggle in the Lords which has been the real *fons et origo* of subsequent difficulties.

It will be said that Mr Balfour's own action would have been the same whichever way the vote had gone. That is true, but feeling does not exclusively follow logic. It is affected by actual facts, and not merely by their causes. If a Spaniard in a moment of frenzy strikes at my father with his stiletto I may perhaps forgive and forget in consideration of his subsequent bitter sorrow, if in the event he missed his aim. But if he kills my father, however contrite he may be afterwards I cannot bring myself to meet him or be friends with him. Yet his action is in either case the same. My relations with a man who when out shooting with my father killed him only through culpable carelessness would probably be very strained. Bitterly felt and irremediable loss instinctively seeks out an object for resentment. It was the dull coldness towards their leader in many members of the party, created by the issue of the vote of August 10, which really made Mr Balfour's position impossible. That vote was a profound disappointment, and it was irreversible. A great opportunity was lost for ever, and owing largely to Mr Balfour's action. This created an effect exceeding that which attaches merely to a strong difference in a matter of policy. Only the lapse of time could obliterate that effect. And Mr Balfour probably did not feel called upon, in the face of the doctors' warning, to make a long and determined effort to live it down. Critics of him as a leader there had been already, and there would have been if the Lords had thrown out

Mr Balfour's Farewell

the Bill. It was no such reasoned cause that produced the present situation. It was an unusually deep feeling which manifested itself in some quarters much as an only half-acknowledged resentment often does on the part of a woman, who will inflict intangible slights and show freezing coldness, while keeping up a punctilious politeness.

When once Mr Balfour had fully realized this state of feeling, the issue can hardly have been uncertain. If it was even seriously doubtful whether complete and hearty union could be attained in the ranks of the party so long as he remained leader, what motive could there be for prolonging the strain of a task which must, anyhow, be exceptionally arduous in the peculiar circumstances? The feeling of the Die-hards created an atmosphere in which hostile criticism of Mr Balfour became very serious in its effects. Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion. In such conditions might not the increasing complaints of critics as to his lack of initiative seriously impair the complete confidence which a leader imperatively requires for success at a difficult time, quite apart from the question of their justice. Might they not be fatal to that unity of the party for which Mr Balfour has long striven so hard? It is quite certain that Mr Balfour is not a man to answer such questions with a self-complacent bias in his own favour. His tendency would be the very contrary. And if so, what has occurred was the inevitable consequence. A man of exceptionally delicate physique in his sixty-fourth year must feel that his tenure of leadership is, in the nature of the case, of uncertain duration. He has reached the time when the words of the Roman moralist, familiar to us as boys, cannot but begin to recur to the mind, "subeunt morbi tristisque senectus." Such thoughts are brushed aside as morbid by the unreflective man of action. But they are inevitable in a philosopher who is also something of a pessimist, inclined to magnify rather than to ignore unwelcome possibilities. Public spirit will nevertheless keep such a man as Mr Balfour at his post, if his staying on is an undoubted and

Mr Balfour's Farewell

immense benefit to his party. But when doubt has arisen on this point there is likely to be every disposition to hasten a change which is not likely anyhow to be very far distant.

It was certain that when once Mr Balfour had taken this view of the situation his sole thought would be how to retire with most consideration for his successor and for the welfare of the party. Self was done with, and was to be swept away with the least possible observation and inconvenience to others. If any reproach was to be conveyed to his critics it should only be very indirectly, for the benefit of those whose conscience would feel its justice. For he would judge no man in a cause in which he was himself a party concerned. Reproach was perhaps suggested in his addressing his final farewell not to the Unionist party but to a small committee of his own constituents; perhaps, too, in the somewhat wistful retrospect at his own strenuous work for the party in the past, which may have said to some, "You are somewhat over-ready to get rid of a very old friend and servant;" and again in his allusion to the fact that hardly any of those who criticized him had known any other leader, and were therefore competent to decide from experience that what they desiderated was due to the shortcomings of the man rather than to difficulties inherent in his task. Finally, reproach may be read into his earnest exhortation to all Unionists to give his successor thorough and utter loyalty.

But in no part of his memorable address did he say the things which some will read between the lines. The reverse side of the shield was more clearly indicated. Perhaps others see us better than we see ourselves, he seems to say. If I am not myself conscious yet of any failure in vigour and alertness, signs of it may well be apparent before very long. Let it never be said that onlookers saw it when I was unconscious of it myself, that I had become a bore and an *incubus* in the eyes of my followers, and was yet continuing my course completely unaware of what to bystanders was patent. Let me have

Mr Balfour's Farewell

no lingering deathbed to my leadership. Let me go in the fullness of my powers. Let others sorrow at losing me too soon rather than groan at having to keep me too long. Such was the attitude of one whose dignity and sense of the fitness of things have ever been almost perfect. And in his way of carrying out his resolution the same qualities were apparent. He chose a quiet time and a quiet scene, where there would be the minimum of "fuss" and parade. If he had ever thought of a more public farewell at the Unionist gathering at Leeds, further reflection made him choose by preference the almost complete privacy of a meeting of his own constituents. It may even be that he had all along meant to anticipate the occasion which he seems to have suggested to some as a possible one for his announcement. He chose a good moment for the party and for his successor. As for himself the less said the better. Like Charles II, he was most unwilling to be an unconscionably long time in dying. Scenes at deathbeds were not congenial to him. All men must die. Why intensify the sadness of what is inevitable?

Let me set down the part of the farewell address containing the memorable passages above referred to, that if any of my readers have hitherto only read the address in summarized form they may do justice to the *nuances* which a summary cannot give.

I have been nearly thirty-eight years in Parliament. If you count leadership of the Opposition, as surely you ought to count it, as being equivalent to office itself—for, indeed, it is equivalent, so far as labours are concerned, to a heavy office—I have been in office, in that broad sense of the word, for a quarter of a century, and for a quarter of a century continuously. I first joined the Cabinet—Lord Salisbury's Cabinet—in 1886, in a position which at that time was one of some administrative difficulty, as Secretary for Scotland. Almost immediately afterwards, in a very few months, I became Irish Secretary—not an easy post. And then, when, through the lamented death of my friend, Mr W. H. Smith, I became Leader of the House of Commons, I began a course of leadership of the party in the House which has lasted for twenty years. These twenty years of leadership of the party in the House included ten years of leadership of the whole House. I was Leader

Mr Balfour's Farewell

of the House for ten consecutive years—a longer period, I believe, of continuous leadership of the House than that of any Minister since the death of William Pitt. And of the twenty-five years since I first joined the Cabinet seventeen were passed, not merely in office in the broad sense in which I have used the term, but actually and technically in office in the service of the Crown. Let me add this, as a sort of indication of the way time has gone on and men have been removed from the scene of these political activities. I do not believe that at this moment there are more than four or five members of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons who have ever worked with any other leader. These are Mr Chaplin, Mr Walter Long, Mr Wortley, Mr Wyndham—I think for one or two months—and there may be another, but I am not sure. But I do not believe there are more than five who have ever known what it is to have another leader in the House of Commons. . . .

You may say that I am not yet sixty-four, and that I ought to have, if health is spared me, many years of active life before me. About that no man can say. Let me make this single observation. I desire to leave the position of heavy responsibility which I have held before I can be suspected of suffering from the most insidious of all diseases, the disease which comes upon those who, without losing their health or their intellect, nevertheless get somewhat petrified in the old courses which they have pursued, whose authority grows because they have been long in the public service, or have been great men of science or business, or whatever it may be, but who cannot deal with the great problems which in this changing world are perpetually arising with all the freshness and elasticity really desirable in those who have to conduct great concerns. No man ever knows in himself when that moment has come. A man knows when he is ill; a man may even know when his memory begins to fail, or see some other obvious sign of decay pressed upon his vision. But the sort of malady of which I am speaking may attack people in the prime of intellectual vigour, as long as the intellectual vigour is exercised along the old lines, but nevertheless, although they may retain apparently all the powers both of brain and of limb which they had in the prime of life, they are less capable of adapting themselves to the changing circumstances of life than those who are of less authority because younger, and yet are more capable also because younger. I am vain enough to hope (though no man can tell) that I have not reached that period; but I should be miserable if I ran the margin fine; and nothing, I think, would be more terrible than to realize that while

Mr Balfour's Farewell

people were looking to you more than ever, owing to your lengthening experiences—looking to you for leadership—you had not got the keenness of vision or the alertness, which must go with increasing years, adequately to meet the demands which are made upon you. . . .

But the public spirit which has ever been allied closely to the personal detachment of Mr Balfour in his political life came out especially in his response—to which I have also referred—to the expression of regret at his retirement on the part of his constituents. There was in it no gush, no verbosity. But there was a high plane of unmistakably strong feeling. The final words, if they came home to some as a reproach, were far more directly the expressions of eagerness for the success of the cause he has at heart.

“I earnestly hope,” he said, “that all members of the party far beyond this room will bear in mind how far greater is a cause than an individual, how utterly insignificant indeed mere individual interests are compared with the principles which it is our duty to support and pass on from one to another in an unending tradition. And, most of all, I hope they will remember how absolutely necessary it is for the success of any party or any army that they should maintain unqualified and enthusiastic loyalty to their chief. A new leader in the House of Commons—because it is only in the House of Commons I am glad to think that a new leader will have to be found—a new leader in the House of Commons will, of course, not have an easy task before him, either at the beginning or at any other period of his leadership, because leadership is never an easy business. But I earnestly trust that everybody in their respective spheres will do their best to make that heavy task as light as they can, and they cannot do more in the cause, either of party unity, or of aiding those who are carrying on the party work, than by giving to their new chief in the House of Commons, when they have selected him, generous support, without which no labour, no ability, no eloquence can be more than a vain show of empty effort. I believe they will do

Mr Balfour's Farewell

so. The Unionist Party have always been faithful to their leaders, and I am quite sure that that ancient tradition will not be violated on the present occasion."

And with these words Mr Balfour terminated his long leadership. His farewell words were marked throughout by a grace, an absence of egotism, a subdued pathos, which touched a deep chord in his friends and disarmed his critics. His retirement was a painful but deliberate move in the complicated game of party politics, as one may at chess suddenly elect to clear the board by exchanging many pieces as the safest course in a very difficult position, which might else easily become perilous or even hopeless. But Mr Balfour's recent public speeches have not been at all such as to make the House of Commons believe in any diminution in his great dialectical powers. Cardinal Newman in 1863 spoke of his life as ended, his career as over; 1864 proved to be the beginning of a fresh career, which he owed to the accident of Kingsley's virulent attack, and which lasted a quarter of a century. The chapter of accidents may well give Mr Balfour his chance. And I do not believe that either the will or the power to use it to the full will be found wanting.

This is no termination then of a political career. The appropriate word is not "Fahrwohl," but rather "Aufwiedersehen."

WILFRID WARD

THE THACKERAY CENTENARY

I. AN IMPRESSION OF THACKERAY IN HIS LAST YEARS

IF there is a part of London still untransformed, it is the quiet green outside the precincts of Kensington Palace, where memories of Thackeray still gather for all who knew him in his later years. He lived at No. 2 Palace Green, opposite the peaceful elms which screen the outlying roofs of the Palace. It is there that I recall his tall figure turning through the gateway with his back to London, and contemplatively pacing towards his house; or driving through the arch into the thoroughfare; faces from the footway turned sharply to recognize his fine broad head and shoulders in the carriage as he passed. Across the roar of Babylon—that is to say, Kensington High Street—lies the tall prim house where Rachel Castlewood lived in Kensington Square, and Henry Esmond visited her. The old court suburb is peopled by characters of *Esmond*, and in an alley of Kensington Gardens comes to life for us in its pages, poor Queen Anne in her last perplexity about the succession, and her tenderness for the rightful heir.

The red-brick Queen Anne mansion, one of the first examples in London of the style which Thackeray chose to build in, is associated with the writing of *Denis Duval*, those other romantic memoirs of the eighteenth century. The British Admiral of so much amenity, Denis himself, became a very living person to the young visitors at Palace Green; and all around them the rooms were filled with beautiful things of the past, gathered together by the hand of Thackeray. The furniture, like the architecture of the house, was rare then; cabinets filled with old Chelsea and Dresden, old high-backed

An Impression of Thackeray

chairs and settees were not a common setting for a quiet domestic life, redolent of the methodical work of the master of the house. On the walls hung a small collection of paintings, amongst them a Watteau, a great portrait of Queen Anne by de Troye, and another of a brilliant little boy with a bird. This is the picture of Louis XVII with the ribbon of the Order of the Saint Esprit, found by Mr Thackeray in Italy. It is named to-day a Greuze, painted in his early manner at the Tuileries when Marie Antoinette was keeping her last sad court there. Denis Duval was to have described the French Queen for us. His memoirs are not finished, for the pen was laid down as Denis concluded his description of his first naval engagement against the French, and the writer passed away in the night, as it seemed to us young ones who loved him, without a day's illness. We knew nothing of illness or fatigue in his grave and gay intercourse. The writing of *Denis Duval* was the most exciting thing imaginable. If it had been completed we should have had nothing short of a history of our naval war with France after the fight for the American Colonies.

But leaving all these brilliant matters, it is the home life of Thackeray with his daughters that is the chief association for me with the old corner of Kensington. I was very young to share in it, but grave family events set their stamp upon the time. Before the brief narration of two or three visits at Palace Green, I must go back a little on the life of the father and daughters to describe the impression of a peaceful home where a great novelist possessed his soul, amid the distractions of two busy London seasons, with a great deal of detachment from the world.

From 1842 to 1846 Mr Thackeray had had no settled home. That he was deprived of it for many years whilst his children grew up, by the lifelong illness of their mother, is well known. But in that last named year he brought his two little daughters to live with him

The Thackeray Centenary

at 13 Young Street, Kensington, and they were never parted again for long. We may read his souvenir of his early married home in his prose and verse, and in the ballad of the *Bouillabaisse*:

Ah me! how quick the days are fitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.

In Young Street *Vanity Fair* was published in book form at the close of 1847, and brought Thackeray fame and ease. But the daughters were not yet grown up, and popularity and intimate friendships never compensated for his home-loneliness of more than ten years.

It was not till later that both girls became old enough to be perfect companions to their father. Their social gifts were discovered with delight by Thackeray's friends in Rome, where the winter of 1854 was spent. Elizabeth Barrett Browning gave them of her best; and Mrs Kemble and Mrs Sartoris, with the keys of art, drama, and song in their hands, found a response to their own strong English individuality in Thackeray's very English girls. Their own genuineness was their best inspiration with him. It may be said that to all who knew them, the daughters seemed made for the father, and the father for the daughters.

I now come to my own recollections of Palace Green. We ladies breakfasted alone, for Thackeray was already at work in his study—but he always came in at breakfast time, walking up and down the room as he talked. From time to time he would stride out of the study and give news of his story or consult his daughters about some detail of his work. But the mornings were full of the silent converse of work—not a cold silence that—and the converse of things and tools of work were never more attractive. Thackeray's written page was always a picture; and the drawing on wood blocks,

An Impression of Thackeray

the revived art of the time, filled the house with beautiful vignettes for the initials of the *Roundabout Papers* or *Denis Duval*. His elder daughter had just written the *Story of Elizabeth* and kept house. Her powerful short story, *Out of the World*, was being illustrated by the young genius, Frederick Walker. Minny Thackeray, afterwards Mrs Leslie Stephen, with a complexion of milk and roses and soft wavy brown hair, had a good original vein of her own; her criticism at twenty was useful to Thackeray, and it was delivered in a voice of musical tone which was never more felt than when several people were talking. She had the gift of creating quiet about her, and withal an inimitable spirit of comedy. At the famous housewarming of Palace Green, she and a contemporary had acted consummately in Thackeray's only play, "The Wolves and the Lamb." Miss Merivale, afterwards Mrs Peere Freeman, another friend in whom Minny Thackeray inspired devoted affection, filled the house with fearless good spirits, unsubdued by its Master's protests against the friends' vigorous pursuit of the London season.

But to return to the routine of the day. The morning's work was prolonged into the afternoon; the carriage came to the door to take us to the Exhibition or to a garden-party at Wimbledon or Twickenham. But daughters, and young visitors would wait dressed in the hall, and still Mr Thackeray wrote on, *their* only comment, "Papa is getting on with his story." Mr Thackeray was deliberate at all times and in everything. He would sit before the page and leave it blank until the fair script began to run, and he never retouched paragraphs of exquisite penmanship, showing here and there, however, as we examined them in the Centenary Exhibition, a faltering of the pen, as of the voice, in some emotional utterance.

When we reached the garden where the Thackerays were expected, what a warm welcome! It was often late in the long June day and all remained to dinner,

The Thackeray Centenary

and there was a memorable night-drive home in the open carriage, with which I always associate Mrs Leslie Stephen's beautiful young voice in quiet talk with her father.

All this happy intercourse was, of course, accompanied by the strain of celebrity and appeals upon his powers which had been taxed by the editorship of the *Cornhill*. The sufferings of the unsuccessful in literature press very hardly on a man in such a position.

"In London there is nothing but fierce business, and then fierce pleasure, and then a spell of illness, during which one has leisure to think a little. I declare I have quite enjoyed two or three days this past week which kept me in bed," he wrote to my father. But from the "spells of illness" he always arose with renewed good-will and extended helping hand.

One knew little of all this strain at the time. The memories of a girlhood may not be very valuable when all was zest and interest in the brilliant surface of life. Besides everything is known to-day about a great English name. But my recollections of Thackeray from childhood upwards become concerned, as I have said, with grave events, so that converse in his house was touched by the great realities of life. And I am permitted to place here in their order the facts around which all my memories turn of his grave outlook on life and beyond, in the brightness of his meridian.

From earliest years the friendship and affection of my father, William Ritchie, for his cousin, Thackeray, had been very great. His mother had cared for her nephew when his own mother was in India. Separated from Thackeray by Eton and Charterhouse, their respective schools, at Trinity, Cambridge, my father inherited some of his famous University set. At the age of forty-three, after rapid promotion at the Indian Bar, he was appointed Legal Member of Council of India. At the height of success he died after a brief, sudden illness, met with perfect Christian resignation. No "spells of illness"

An Impression of Thackeray

or call upon the nerves had been his; he met death in the fullness of activity and success, and his fortitude was almost joyous.

Thackeray had only lately mentioned in a *Roundabout Paper* called "On Letts' Diary," that "that great diary, *The Times*," had lately announced Fort William's guns firing for "his Honour's" new appointment. He had proposed a winter visit to Calcutta, when he wrote: "I am coining money at the rate of about *half* an Advocate General (the post my father held at the Indian Bar), I get £6,000 for my next book, cock-a-doodle-do! The family is looking up, isn't it." Moreover he was hoping for my father's early retirement to enjoy the best of English life, at the best age, with himself.

We were at that time living under the care of an aunt, whose flat in Paris was associated with Mr Thackeray's many visits there. The news of my father's death reached us in Paris before we had heard of his illness. Immediately on these events we were assembled at family-prayers, when a tall form stood in the doorway. Morning prayers were not concluded that day in the Paris salon. It was Mr Thackeray, who walked forward to the big arm-chair by the fire where my aunt seated herself beside him in silence. It was not the first time that he had brought her comfort and grief. A letter of noble comfort is printed in the introduction to the Biographical Edition of *Ballads and Miscellanies*. We wondered at their silence, but it was enough for her that he had come immediately on hearing such tidings, the friend to whom she had nothing to explain, and who read her heart.

In a *Roundabout Paper* of the time he wrote: "Those who are gone, and we have loved, are ours still; they are not gone, those dear hearts and true; they have passed from this room to the next, and soon the door will open, and you will pass through it too, and be no more seen."

Mr Thackeray broke the silence to say that morning:

The Thackeray Centenary

“Well, Charlotte, you know that he is now a Member of the Council of Heaven.”

In the following June, '62, my sister, Mrs Freshfield, and I came to stay at Palace Green in the height of the London season, when the great International Exhibition was open at the South Kensington Museum, whereof the domes had just sprung into being. Mr Thackeray, whose *Roundabout Papers* were very popular, was welcomed and renowned on all sides. “London” drove out to Kensington to find him and to compel him to come to “London,” but there was often a contemplative mood upon him. One day, as we were driving out, he began speaking of my father. “One envies him his adoring faith,” Mr Thackeray said, and his musing was as if he had found something that was not the best gift of “adoring faith,” but that amid perplexities he had found something that served him in very good stead as he faced “the awful future to which we are all moving,” his words in a letter to my aunt. He spoke of having been very near dying once, and he had felt perfectly calm. “There is no such thing as dying hard,” he said. We were driving out to a garden-party at Chief Baron Pollock’s, near Twickenham. When we reached the lawns and groups of people a friend named Mr de la Pryme exclaimed:

“Here you are, Thackeray, with body enough for two and soul enough for three!”

I always see Mr Thackeray standing up under a spreading oak and saying meditatively to himself:

“Soul enough for *one*, that is all I care about. At least I believe it, I hope it.”

On another occasion of the daily drive in the July afternoon, he questioned us about our Church Catechism—“what meaning had we been taught to give to the words ‘verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord’s Supper.’”

My sister and I had just been confirmed, and our

An Impression of Thackeray

instruction was very fresh in our minds, so a correct little Miss piped up:

“We were taught to lay the stress on the word faithful.”

“Oh,” said Mr Thackeray, with raised eyebrows, and a cold look, “verily and indeed taken and received by the FAITHFUL.”

He shook his head, and his mouth closed with a very sensitive curve, and the long pause in the talk, which was so habitual to him, followed.

The teaching of this particular doctrine was very familiar to him. It is the special doctrine of the Evangelicals. Mr Thackeray heard of that whole body of doctrine from his mother, to whom he was always so tenderly and loyally attached. She was part of the family group, and must be described. Thackeray's mother was a noble figure, as I remember her. She had been twice married. In youth, and as the wife of Richmond Thackeray, the Indian Civil Servant, she had been known as a great beauty. But not a trace of vanity was left about her dignified personality. Very tall and graceful in stature, with thick silver-grey hair, which curled naturally at the temples, she was possibly never more picturesque than in latter years. Her nose was her best feature. It was perfectly curved at the bridge, an *æsthetic* nose.

Her attitude and expressive face as she stood one day before portraits of Havelock and Outram made a granddaughter exclaim—“Oh! Grannie you look like a Sibyl, lamenting over the fate of heroes.”

“My dear, I do not lament! I think they have gone to their crown!”

This was typical of her fine old Puritanism. With a strong individuality she had for years sunk it in that of an old man, her husband, and her young grandchildren. She had a partiality for lost causes; though a Tory in Major Carmichael Smythe's country home, she became a Republican in Paris, and alarmed

The Thackeray Centenary

her friends during the days of the Barricades of '48 by wearing the Republican cockade on her majestic cashmere, when it was yet unsafe to do so. She had become a fervent Calvinist, under the instruction of the great Protestant Pasteur, Adolphe Monod, in Paris. In her *Chapters of Some Memoirs*, Lady Ritchie has depicted him:—

One of the most striking and noble figures I ever met; his face, his dark eyes spoke as well as his eloquent voice, and above all his earnest life and ways. To me he seemed the St Paul of my own time; and those Bible classes which caused so many tears, and which gave rise to so much agitated discussion, are still among the most touching and heartrending experiences of my life.

The discomfort and agitation of the “Evangelical” instruction was not for the young only.

William Thackeray, who had visited his mother every day when she lived in Brompton Crescent near his house in Onslow Square, had brought her to live with him at Palace Green, when she became a widow for the second time. I think the silent converse came to his help in his relation with his mother—the converse of deeds, not words—and in her absence of constant letters—and, better still, the silence in his soul, which he kept in the midst of busy life, and which was known to her. So that she waited for him. And in her case the peculiar converse was helped by large eyes of tender pleading, with irises of a deep blue. At his mother's wish, Thackeray went to hear the preaching in Onslow Square church, of the popular Evangelical preacher, of the day, Mr Molyneux—“the man is very eloquent, and no doubt sincere. He has a great flow of words, but the rubbish! . . .” I heard him say. What made his eloquence folly was the isolation of one dogma, that of salvation by faith alone. It has been well said that one true dogma isolated and held alone will make other dogmas false.

Mrs Carmichael Smythe, in her son's house, was very

An Impression of Thackeray

gentle in letting herself be cared for, but all the while there was that fire burning in her heart—Puritanic zeal. She had no Church discipline to govern it, and no calming belief that the divergent opinions of her nearest and dearest could be held in good faith. A mundane spirit, of which she was incapable, would have created a far less disturbing element. But Thackeray would not have preferred it, and it is very possible that her definite creed influenced his own aspiration towards a religion that should be beyond the creeds.

Of his own Christian impressions he dwelt chiefly on the Epistle of St James, with its two-fold recommendation of the widows and orphans in their affliction, and the "keeping unspotted from the world";—and then the Anglican Liturgy, as chanted in the Temple Church or the Abbey. He often attended Morning Prayers in Kensington church at nine o'clock. One day the Anglican chant, of which he was very fond, was too much for him, even as it rose to the vaulted roof of the Abbey, in the verse—"Neither delighteth He in any man's legs." The suggestion of men's legs, and their far removal from delight, was too much for his Hogarthian vision. Once he paid a visit to a Ritualist church. But I remember that the sight of the clergy in copes, filing in procession, with their *heads on one side*, each behind the other, sent him out.

In a chapel at Tralee, many years ago, he was more tolerant of the unaffected worship of an Irish Catholic congregation.

"In the chapel the crowd was enormous. . . . Whether right or wrong, in point of ceremony, it was evident the heart of devotion was there; the immense dense crowd moaned and swayed, and you heard a hum of all sorts of wild ejaculations, each man praying seemingly for himself, while the service went on at the Altar. The Altar candles flickered red in the dark steaming place, and every now and then from the choir you heard a sweet female voice chanting Mozart's music, which

The Thackeray Centenary

swept over the heads of the people, a great deal more pure and delicious than the best incense that ever smoked out of pot."

But the tawdriness of churches was a grievance to Thackeray. In the *Irish Sketch Book* and in letters written from Rome he complains, all due allowance being made for popular religion, of the terrible stumbling-block they are to the devotion of a man of intellect. And yet he checks himself soon, to say "Let us read the story of the woman and her pot of ointment, that most noble and charming of histories, which equalizes the great and the small, the wise and the poor in spirit, and shows that their merit before Heaven lies *in doing their best.*"*

It would seem the place here to speak of Thackeray's friendship with Mr Hungerford Pollen, "A convert, an Oxford man, whom I like, who interests me," he wrote to his mother from Rome, in '54. To me he is associated with that great Exhibition at South Kensington, whereof the English school of painting was so splendidly represented by the Pre-Raphaelites, and so impressive to us. Mr Pollen was the friend of painters (I once met him in the society of Rosetti), but was not an artist himself, though associated with the revival of Art in the South Kensington Museum. He was introduced to Thackeray by Doyle in Rome, and letters describe him. But of Richard Doyle I must speak first. He was a contemporary and collaborator of Thackeray's in *Punch* from its foundation. A Catholic convert who had sacrificed his position on the staff of *Punch* for the sake of his principles at the time when the new hierarchy in England brought Pius IX into the cartoons of *Punch*, he was a humourist after Thackeray's own heart, and his close friend: but the artist of "Bird's Eye Views of Society" had a different vein in his famous "Fairyland Sketches." There is an undefinable sense of the unseen in his Elfland. Before me, as I write, is a picture of

* *Irish Sketch Book*, pp. 158-159.

An Impression of Thackeray

Lynton Churchyard and Exmoor Hills. This is the last landscape painted by Doyle; he was staying at the hotel, and was constantly our guest, when he painted the churchyard, and a mower at work there, where children play among the graves. Between the reaper and the surrounding hills rises the ghostly old fifteenth century church, with its ancient porch and tower, a beacon to the sea beyond. He put this symbolic picture into a black frame, and soon after, in 1885, Richard Doyle passed away quite suddenly at his club. The priest in attendance, who had long been his friend, spoke of his "many charities."

Hungerford Pollen was a much younger man than his friends Thackeray and Doyle. In a letter to Mrs Proctor, the mother of Adelaide Proctor, the poet, another convert friend, Thackeray wrote: "The most interesting man I have met here is Hungerford Pollen. He says Newman read the first two numbers of *Newcomes*, and thought the style the right sort of thing. . . . I am glad to have seen Pollen and other converts, and I have been touched by their piety and self-abnegation. . . . Tell Adelaide, with my respectful remembrance, that on Candlemas Day I met at breakfast the Abbot of St Bernard's (England) and Father Ignatius* in white Cistercian habits, Dr Manning—he has just been *doctored* by His Holiness—Messrs Vaughan and Wynn in minor orders, with hats like Don Basilio. And yesterday I met the Holy Father in the street and had a most comfortable bow from him." It is Hungerford Pollen who is described somewhere in Thackeray's writings in a visit to a church. The quiet and the kneeling friend were beautiful, but Thackeray got no further. Englishmen like him find difficult access to the inner life of Catholic friends. They are checked by external religion. What is so uplifting and helpful in the practices of Rome seems for them too far removed from the human life where duty lies. Meredith warns us not to allow the senses to lift

*Query. Father Ignatius Seymour, an Eton man?

The Thackeray Centenary

or depress us in the consideration of any question. The senses which too much attract some to the Church, positively impede other great minds. Long training and prejudice lay like a frost on Thackeray's good will towards Catholic friends, much as he valued Richard Doyle, Adelaide Proctor and Hungerford Pollen.

My last visit to Palace Green was with my mother in the autumn of 1863. The life was unchanged. Mr and Mrs Charles Allston Collins were almost part of the family circle. She, Dickens' younger daughter, now Mrs Perugini, has paid her tribute at the Centenary to the memory of the great novelist by taking up her pen for the first time to depict her first acquaintance with Thackeray and his reconciliation with her father. Mr Collins was the chosen friend, though many years younger, of Thackeray in his latest days; deeply in sympathy with him, one may say his disciple, in philosophy of life. The son of Collins, R.A., and brother of Wilkie Collins, he had been very young associated with the aims of Holman Hunt and Millais. But he had given up painting for literature. A humourist and moralist, he had written several novels; the *Cruise upon Wheels*, a modest work of genius, best represents his humour. Charles Collins was a short, dignified man, with a well proportioned figure; his face and finely chiselled features had a very spiritual expression. He would remain the only one grave whilst we were convulsed with laughter at his reflections on the struggles and incongruities of life. Mr Thackeray delighted in the companionship of the younger man, who had the melancholy humour of a Jaques, with bitterness tempered by the Master. Mr Thackeray, with a consummate gift of satire and a burlesque fancy, which made humanity more grotesque to him than to the eyes of case-hardened people, was more tolerant of life than the disciple.

The character of their wit returns to me best by

An Impression of Thackeray

contrast with that of to-day. We live at a time when satire has disappeared from fiction, but it survives on our stage. We have the Superman burlesque of the insincerities around him. But the rise of the semi-educated classes has blunted satire of the refined class whose foibles are, nevertheless, the most amusing as well as the worst foibles. The Uebermensch would have to identify himself with them. So he vents his sarcasm on the elementary and semi-cultivated herd. But my remembrance of the talk of a great humourist with his friend, Charles Collins, in his slight delicate vein, is of an outlook on life that identified them with *la pluralité des hommes*, in Pascal's phrase. Pascal, in his brief mundane passage through the Salons, lashed the vanity he saw in many a witty *Pensée*—poignant yet in our time—but he discovered *la grandeur et la petitesse humaines* combined in his fellow men. Under his *pluralité* we understand, to lie the broad common sense of mankind which binds *les pauvres et les habiles* who judge differently from *les demi-habiles*, who are the favourite butts of our Superman. I am strongly reminded of Thackeray's conversation by certain *Pensées* of Pascal—for instance:

“Vanity is so anchored in the heart of man that a cook or a rag merchant wishes for admirers; and philosophers, too, wish for them. Those who write against esteem want the esteem of having well written; and those who read want the esteem of having read; and I who write this, I have this perhaps in mind; and possibly those who read this will have it also as their motive.”

In general society there were pauses in Thackeray's talk, which were part of all that deliberate converse of his, so well understood at home, but embarrassing to strangers. And, again, whether in society or at home, the moral struggle of life seemed ever present with him. And this hardly made for conversational flow. All felt that he was a spectator rather than an actor in life, and this was the more alarming that his standard was

The Thackeray Centenary

very high. When men, still more women, were mediocre in feeling he hardly took it calmly. For instance, when a lady with youth, name and influence on her side, attended a dog-fight, Thackeray manifested his indignation in the presence of a young man of her circle, who gazed in wonder at the sight of a moralist in a rage. Or when a sycophantic tutor of twelve baby-noblemen was discussed, instead of being amused by the Academic favourite's bows and gestures, Thackeray shuddered, as if his spine was cold. All this sensitiveness is unknown to our generation.

Youth, however, kept its halo for the author of *Esmond*. One day, in the studio of the sculptor Foley, young men in town were being discussed. A friend of my father's had met Mr Thackeray to judge a marble bust portrait of William Ritchie. Mr Courtenay, a man of the world, was describing a young man who had just come into his estate, and was laying down wine with great judgment. "There is nothing like him," said Mr Thackeray, enthusiastically, "he is what I should like to be, very handsome and very good! I don't care a bit to be clever."

My own last expedition with the great novelist was to the play. He took us to see Miss Bateman in her first appearance in "Leah," and was quite apologetic of having been moved by her "pathetic little American twang." As we passed into the theatre he sent his card to Miss Bateman to tell her that he was taking his party to witness the performance for a second time. What a welcome to the young American actress, as she was then. Mr and Mrs Collins were of the party, and the conversation on pathos was the drollest possible. *An old great coat*, Charles Collins said, was a moving garment; Thackeray thought nothing could beat *a little shoe*.

But all these souvenirs end abruptly with the news which reached us in our Dorsetshire home, of Mr Thackeray's passing away, without warning, in the dawn of Christmas eve. We learnt that he had been

An Impression of Thackeray

found by his servant in the morning, lying with hands clasped behind his head, on his pillow. It seemed to us that he was gone without a word of farewell. But the words of preparation for his daughter, now faithfully given by her in the Introduction to the last volume of the Biographical Edition, show that he had premonition. "I go," he said, "to what, I don't know—but to God's next world, and He made it."

After a visit to the Temple Church with his daughter he had shortly before struck a cheerful note. The Epistle for the last Sunday of Advent, his last Sunday, since he died on Christmas Eve, ever reminds me of it: "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing." These words had been sung as an anthem, and Thackeray, softly chanting them in an undertone and pacing in the Temple Garden, said what noble words they were. One would wish that Cardinal Newman could have read those printed in the Biographical Edition as an answer to his letter at Thackeray's death;—

"My best Christmas greetings to you . . . but I do not write to say what I feel, but to express the piercing sorrow that I feel in Thackeray's death. His last fugitive pieces in the *Cornhill* have been almost sermons. One would be very glad to know that he had presentiment of what was to come. . . ."

He disliked the idea of a "Life and Letters," so none were printed, in obedience to his wishes. But in the Introductions from which we have quoted we get a slight, but living portrait.

And now, the Centenary 1811-1911 has just gone by, and the birthday of Thackeray was kept with a great deal of living interest in the writer and the man. The roll of his favourite English humorists was found complete, blent laughter and tears, it was said, had died with Thackeray and Dickens. And then, as all was touched with the soft note of retrospect and farewell, a discussion arose in the *Times* on the character of

The Thackeray Centenary

Amelia. Some said she was dull, others admitting it discovered in her an agreeable quality, "plus femme que les autres." Lord Rosebery found her frankly boring. All this was very living for a Centenary. For myself, I have always thought *Amelia* the kind of person everybody likes. She soothes the susceptibilities of others. When she goes out of the room people say: "What a nice person!" She has set everybody at their ease. And yet we learn that when Dobbin married her, she was not the Rachel of his long desire. We are expressly told his awakening had come. "Who is happy?" Thackeray asks, at the close of "Vanity Fair."

And so the old word *Vanitas Vanitatum* came up at the Centenary. It is the word most unacceptable to the age we live in. And yet Tolstoi, at the zenith of power, wealth and inspiration, writes of "Solomon, Schopenhauer and I" And once more to return to Pascal in his day of worldly success, we have his deep disillusion, "L'homme n'est donc que déguisement." Introspective criticism, whatever the spirit of the age may think of it, is not dead.

And this mood finds a prepared soil in Catholicism. It rejects, indeed, the pessimism which followed Darwin's discoveries, as it smiled at the optimism of Rousseau's fashion, but, least of all, has it sympathy with the easy self-complacency of aspiring theories of the present time. But wherever humanity is conscious of its own weakness it holds out its arms, and the Church welcomes the satirist of his own age as her ally.

BLANCHE WARRE CORNISH

THE THACKERAY CENTENARY

II. THE RELIGION OF THACKERAY.

THE hundredth anniversary of Thackeray's birth has naturally evoked no small amount of comment on the man and his work. But there is one side of his character and life which has received scant attention. Needless to say, it is the religious side. In our doubt-stricken age the question of men's religion is persistently ignored as likely to waken spectres or cause ugly dreams. Yet it must surely be of interest to all serious students of Thackeray to know what was his attitude towards the most momentous of all questions.

The inquiry is no easy one, and will not lead us to any very certain conclusion, but need not therefore prove wholly fruitless. It would be possible from a study of his work to construct many theories and advance many hypotheses. His attitude varies greatly, and he seems, like Tennyson, to have experienced his full share of the cruel perplexity that harasses the modern world. This much at least is clear: he had towards religion that reverence which may be said to characterize all great minds, whether they believe or not. His was no mocking spirit to deride man's highest ideals and most cherished hopes. Humourist and satirist as he is, and even cynic, as some will still have him to be, he is yet no iconoclast, no Voltaire. He has been accused (though Mr Birrell rightly dismisses the charge) of something like injustice to Swift, the lonely "footpad," stalking around with "his dirty bludgeon," and fittingly punished with madness for his proud scorn of human kind. "He saw life steadily and saw it whole," but he refused to see it "bloodshot." Ministers of religion, indeed, and especially of Catholicism sometimes excite his spleen, and I shall have later to point to instances of crude prejudice and doubtful taste. Yet, taken for all in all, he is a very refreshing contrast to

The Thackeray Centenary

many of his successors in the trade of novelist, who dip their lesser quills in bitterness and gall. Then, too, one can hardly help preferring, with Addison, to perish under the teeth of a lion rather than under the hoofs of an ass.

In general Thackeray advocates a high standard of kindness, manliness, and cleanness. The time is past, I should suppose, when anyone will detect a dangerous tendency in his writings. His much-advertised cynicism will not hurt anyone who has not a very namby-pamby view of life. He saw much evil in the world; but who does not? He recorded his observations very plainly, but he did not perpetrate the crime of spreading the evil he denounced, as so many censors have done from Juvenal down to Zola. Mr Trollope remarks, very justly, that no youth is encouraged to imitate Barry Lyndon, and no young lady is likely to find much that is seductive in the career of Beatrice Esmond, or Becky Sharp. Thackeray was deemed outspoken and realistic in his time; but he is reticence itself compared with some later writers. Quite recently a French critic has claimed it as a merit for Mr Hardy that he freed the novel from the severe restrictions imposed upon it by the author of *Vanity Fair!*

The various great religious bodies Thackeray surveys with the detachment of a man of the world. He sees some good in all, but has a very keen eye for the contrast often presented between man's ideals and his realization of them. He has a genuine sympathy with sincerity and honest profession wherever found, and is, on the whole, substantially free from narrowness and bias. He was assuredly very Christian in temperament, and we may certainly claim that his great human kindness has its roots deep down in the doctrine of Christ.

But his was a somewhat undogmatic Christianity. It would be difficult, if not quite impossible, to determine from his writings what precise tenets he held. I have even seen it asserted that he could not accept orthodox theology at all; that he belonged, to use a more recent

The Religion of Thackeray

phrase, to "the great Church without the churches," that is, to the congregation of the self-styled illuminati, who, Renan-like, regret they cannot in maturer years cling to the beliefs of childhood, which, like fairy tales, are full of poetry and even of mystical and spiritual meaning, but are after all quite impossible of literal acceptance for men of culture in an age of science. I am afraid many of his reflections would lend colour to this view. The *vanitas vanitatum* runs like a refrain throughout his laughter and his tears, and he extends it, I fear, as much to our hopes of Heaven and our speculations about God, as to our dreams of love or our philosophy of the *Noumenon*.

His creed might be embodied in these few maxims. Hold, as far as may be—but unobtrusively—to the beliefs of your fathers, and do as much kindness as you can, mindful that we are all sharers in the same pathetic doom and owe one another a tragic loyalty. Dry the tears of childhood and ease the burden of old age. If you meet a good woman, go on your knees in reverence; if you meet an erring one, don't be in a hurry to cast stones. In general, judge not and you shall not be judged. No one is faultless. The good are not without their weaknesses, if you look closely; the wicked are seldom wholly graceless, if you peep within. Destiny is a tangled web and life a multi-coloured scene, where the drab hues predominate. Which of us has his heart's desire, or having it is satisfied? But even so drink your wine, and sup your *Bouillabaisse*, and be content. No snivelling about Fate, no whining about the world's ingratitude. If there is much wormwood in the cup, tears won't sweeten it and courage may. It is true that in the real life the hero does not always come in time to rescue the maiden in distress, as on the Adelphi stage. The Dragon does not always meet a St George: he dies occasionally in a hoary and evil old age, with his scales decorously whitewashed, and quite persuaded, perhaps, of his own eminent respectability. Yet for all that, honesty is the best, if not necessarily the best-paying policy: and if virtue is not

The Thackeray Centenary

always triumphant still less is vice likely to prosper, or if prosperous to make the sleek sinner content. Sir George Warrington may "yawn in Eden, with Eve for ever sweet and tender by his side;" but most readers will think he has fared better than Barry Lyndon, whose career closes in the Fleet Prison with nothing but the love of an old mother to lighten existence till *delirium tremens* ends the tale.

There is thus a very wholesome and manly morality in Thackeray's works, for which we owe him deep gratitude. There are many invaluable lessons on the conduct of life, made all the more easy of assimilation on account of his rich humour and inimitable grace of style. But they are far from constituting a code of strictly Christian ethics, and they labour under the incurable defect of all such lay preaching; they have little power to move us in the hour of temptation, or sustain us in the day of trial. They will not justify us in claiming Thackeray as a great moral force, though they will win for him the love of his admirers, and make them ready to stone the Devil's Advocate before he commences his indictment.

But there are many indications in his writings that his mind was often more deeply exercised with the whence? and the why? and the whither? than he cares clearly to reveal, and on all such occasions his eminent good sense lifts him into a sphere apart. His article on Madame Sand and the New Apocalypse is a refreshing tonic. If only some of our present-day visionaries, who are perpetually promising us new heavens and new earths, provided we swallow their quack nostrums, would read this before going to print, it might prove as useful as *bellebore*:

"Madame Sand I do not know personally, and can only speak of her from report. True or false, the history is not very edifying, and so may be passed over. But, as a certain great philosopher told us, in very humble and simple words, that we are not to expect to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles, we may at least demand, in all persons assuming the character of moralist or philosopher, order, soberness, and regularity of life;

The Religion of Thackeray

for we are apt to distrust the intellect that we fancy can be swayed by circumstance or passion, and we know how circumstance and passion *will* sway the intellect, how mortified vanity will form excuses for itself, and how temper turns angrily upon conscience that reproves it. How often have we called our judge our enemy, because he has given sentence against us! How often have we called the right wrong, because the right condemns us! And in the lives of many of the bitter foes of the Christian doctrine, can we find no personal reason for their hostility? . . . And tell us who have been the social reformers? the haters, that is, of the present system, according to which we live, love, marry, have children, educate them and endow them, *are they pure themselves?* I do believe not one; and directly a man begins to quarrel with the world and its ways, and to lift up, as he calls it, the voice of his despair, and preach passionately to mankind about this tyranny of faith, customs, laws; if we examine what the personal character of the preacher is, we begin pretty clearly to understand the value of the doctrine. And anyone can see why Rousseau should be such a whimpering reformer, and Byron such a free and easy misanthropist, and why our accomplished Madame Sand, (who has a genius and eloquence inferior to neither), should take the present condition of mankind (French kind) so much to heart and labour so hotly to set it right."

The absurdity of Georges Sand's pretensions sets Thackeray upon a train of reflection which is highly characteristic. Rightly remarking that it would hardly be worth while to combat her opinions in due form, he surveys the whole field of religious controversy thus:

"As Mrs Sherwood expounds, by means of many touching histories and anecdotes of little boys and girls, her notions of church history, church catechism, church doctrine; as the author of *Father Clement, a Roman Catholic Story*, demolishes the stately structure of eighteen centuries, the mighty and beautiful Roman Catholic faith, in whose bosom repose so many saints and sages, by means of a three-and-sixpenny duodecimo

The Thackeray Centenary

volume, which tumbles over the vast fabric as David's pebble-stone did Goliath; as, again, the Roman Catholic author of *Geraldine* falls foul of Luther and Calvin, and drowns the awful echoes of their tremendous protest by the sounds of her little half-crown trumpet; in like manner by means of pretty sentimental tales and cheap apologues Mrs Sand proclaims *her* truth, that we need a new Messiah and that the Christian religion is no more! O awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable! Who are these who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? O name, that God's people of old did fear to utter! O light, that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! who are these that are now so familiar with it? Women, truly; for the most part weak women—weak in intellect, weak, mayhap, in spelling and grammar, but marvellously strong in faith; women, who step down to the people, with stately step and voice of authority, and deliver their twopenny tablets, as if there were some Divine authority for the wretched nonsense recorded there!"

Here we get as near to the mind of Thackeray on religion as we shall anywhere in his works. "O awful, awful name of God!" It carries with it much respect for the Deity; but I am afraid it raises Him to an infinite distance from our poor human intercourse and love. He is there, no doubt, a vast, majestic influence behind the veil. But His features are quite inscrutable and His voice dumb, and all the various creeds that wrangle about His attributes are so many collections of presumptuous atoms losing themselves in vain speculations about the Unknown or Unknowable.

Of his attitude towards the great religious bodies of the Christian world we can gather much. He was professedly an English Protestant, "and sceptical and heterodox regarding that." (I don't think we shall do an injustice by applying these words of Sir George Warrington to his creator.) It was the national religion,

The Religion of Thackeray

and he felt he owed it a certain allegiance. Above all, in the days of Oxford Movements, and "Newman Street Chapels," and Catholic Hierarchies, and turbulent Papists under an unspeakable demagogue named Dan, it would not do to give Rome the best of it. The ranks must close. The Anglican Church has blemishes, no doubt, but it saved England from the Stuarts and "friars white, black and grey, with all their trumpery." The Hanoverians were not monarchs to enthuse about, but they fought bravely and kept the Jesuits beyond the straits of Dover. England wants no Teresa or Pedro of Alcantara, though their other worldliness *does* contrast somewhat favourably with the scent and lavender of Mr Honeyman. That ideal clerical gentleman, Bishop Heber, is saint enough for anyone not tainted with fanaticism. Is not his poem to his wife delightful? Hence long life to the Church as by Law Established!

But it is to Thackeray's credit that he was much ahead of his age in freedom from insularity. Indeed, one of his greatest services is that he taught Englishmen to moderate the snobbishness which made them universally hated by other nations. Hence he can see and feel the grandeur and beauty of the Mother of Churches. This is, indeed, only tantamount to saying that he was a man of finer mould than most of his contemporaries, superior to the rabid prejudices of Englishmen at the time when they were most drunk with a sense of their own greatness.

But first let it be clearly understood that there are many cheap and vulgar gibes in connexion with the Catholic Church which, whether we consider them from the standpoint of humour or good taste, are quite unworthy of him. Nowhere are they more in evidence than in the *Irish Sketch Book*, a very irritating work, which gives needless offence in many ways, but most of all by its sorry caricatures. His pen is a rapier, a gentleman's weapon, but his pencil is as "dirty a bludgeon" as ever Swift wielded, or any other "footpad." These drawings

The Thackeray Centenary

remind one of Gilray's delicate caricatures of Napoleon and his Court, or Cruikshank's illustrations of Maxwell's Rebellion in Ireland—with this difference, that Gilray and Cruikshank could draw and Thackeray could not.

What strange moralisings, too! More than once he refers to the scowling, sour features of the Irish priests! We rub our eyes. Is it topsy-turveydom or the Land of Contrary? We think of "Father O'Flynn," and Father Burkè and Father Healy, and all the rollicking fun and good-humour which, we fondly fancied, characterized the clergy. We reflect, with some searching of heart, I hope, how "sourface" has become synonymous with Protestant. Thackeray is loud in his praise of the beauty and piety and purity of Irish women. But had he chosen to lump them all as hags and Messalinas, we should hardly have been more astonished than when he charges the priests with the wearing of a perpetual scowl. Was it that in those stormy days there was something of the glint of battle in their eyes, and perhaps an added indignation when they saw an English journalist racing through Ireland, and proceeding to pillory it on the strength of a few weeks' acquaintance?

How singular also is his commentary on his visit to the Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, Cork! His curiosity reached its climax when Sister No. Two-Eight entered and—but let us hear himself.

"'Tis the prettiest nun of the whole house," whispered the lady who had been educated at the convent, "and I must own that slim, gentle, and pretty as this young lady was, and calculated, with her kind, smiling face and little figure, to frighten no one in the world, a great six-foot Protestant could not help looking at her with a little tremble. I had never been in a nun's company before. I'm afraid of such, I don't care to own, in their black, mysterious robes and awful veils. As priests in gorgeous vestments and little rosy incense-boys in red, bob their heads and knees up and down before altars, or clatter silver pots full of smoking odours,

The Religion of Thackeray

I feel I don't know what sort of thrill and secret creeping terror. Here I was in a room with a real live nun, pretty and pale. I wonder has she any of her sisterhood immured in *oubliettes* down below; is her poor, little, weak, delicate body scarred all over with scourgings, iron-collars, hair-shirts? What has she had for dinner to-day? (As we passed the refectory there was a faint sort of vapid, nun-like vegetable smell, speaking of fasts and wooden platters, and I could picture to myself silent sisters eating their meal, a grim old yellow one in the reading desk croaking out an extract from a sermon for their edification.)

“But is it policy or hypocrisy or reality? These nuns affect extreme happiness and content with their condition—a smiling beatitude, which they insist belongs peculiarly to them, and about which the only doubtful point is the manner in which it is produced before strangers. Young ladies educated in convents have often mentioned this fact—how the nuns persist in declaring and proving to them their own extreme enjoyment of life.

“Were all the smiles of that kind-looking sister Two-Eight perfectly sincere? Whenever she spoke her face was lighted up with one. She seemed perfectly radiant with happiness, tripping lightly before us, and distributing kind compliments to each, which made me in a very few minutes forget the introductory fright which her poor little presence had occasioned.”

Then he is conducted over the various parts of the house—even the nuns' cells—with a growing feeling of indignant pity. By the time he arrives at the *grille* in the Chapel he has nearly reached the apoplectic anger of an Exeter Hall speaker.

“In the *grille* is a little wicket, and a ledge before it. It is to this wicket that women are brought to kneel; and a bishop is in the chapel on the other side, and takes their hands in his and receives their vows. I had never seen the like before, and own that I felt a sort of shudder at looking at the place. There rest the girl's knees as she

The Thackeray Centenary

offers herself up and forswears the sacred affections which God gave her; there she kneels, and denies for ever the beautiful duties of her being—no tender maternal yearnings, no gentle attachments are to be had for her or from her; there she kneels and commits suicide upon her heart! O honest Martin Luther! thank God you came to pull that infernal, wicked, unnatural altar down—that cursed paganism. Let people solitary, worn-out by sorrow, or oppressed with extreme remorse, retire to such places; fly and beat your breast in caverns and wildernesses, O women, if you will, but be Magdalens first. It is shameful that any young girl, with any vocation, however seemingly strong, should be allowed to bury herself in this small tomb of a few acres. Look at yonder nun—pretty, smiling, graceful and young—what has God's world done to *her* that she should run from it? What call has she to give up all her duties and affections? and would she not be best serving God with a husband at her side and a child on her knee? . . . I declare I think for my part that we have as much right to permit Sutteeism in India, as to allow women in the United Kingdom to take these wicked vows, or Catholic bishops to receive them, and that Government has as good right to interpose in such cases as the police have to prevent a man from hanging himself, or the doctor to refuse a glass of prussic acid to any one who may have a wish to go out of the world."

Mr Chesterton somewhere tells us that celibacy is the one flower in His Father's garden the beauty of which has not yet been revealed to him. Hence we need not be surprised to find the much less Catholic spirit of Thackeray out of sympathy with the austere ideal of religious life. But surely we might have expected a little deeper insight in the author of *Pendennis* and *Vanity Fair*! Could he, who knew the world so well, whose plummet has taken such deep soundings in the salt sea of human tears, could he have assured that sweetly smiling nun a lot in the world which even self-delusion would continue to style happy? We have Shakespeare's authority for

The Religion of Thackeray

believing that there is nothing good or evil but 'tis the imagination makes it so, and if she thinks herself happy in her self-chosen prison, who is to say she is not? Or could he have guaranteed her a life at all comparable in its dignity, and nobility, and utility to her high vocation of training up those Munster girls, on whom he exhausts his vocabulary of praise and promises that "if ever this book reaches a thirtieth edition, and I can find out better words to express admiration, they shall be inserted here"? They are, according to himself, "the most innocent girls in the world." But surely some one must be responsible for this very satisfactory result, and, if so, who? "The confessional," he suggests. Now this is a welcome testimony to a much-assailed institution which "honest Martin Luther" would likewise have consigned to the limbo of exploded superstitions; but we must be pardoned if we hold that the little Ursuline prisoner may have had something to say in the matter.

When Aunt Hetty, in the end of the *Virginians*, refuses to marry General Hal Warrington, whom she still loves, in order to nurse her father and save her property for her nephews and nieces, we are not supposed to feel any fine frenzy of indignation that she should "commit suicide upon her heart." But when a woman, touched by the love of God, devotes herself to the most unselfish toil in lazar-house or schoolroom—not that some Captain Myles Warrington may have wherewith to pay his gambling debts, but that men and women may be helped along the road to Heaven—then we must have an "honest Martin Luther" to drive out the Paganism!

This Sketch Book teems with similar instances of purblind prejudice. Even Thackeray's sense of humour is blunted by it, and we find ourselves laughing *at* him, not *with* him. It strikes us as a trifle incongruous that Dr McHale should be be-cudgelled for assuming the title of Lord Archbishop of Tuam at a time when Protestant prelates bore the venerable titles of the ancient

The Thackeray Centenary

hierarchy of a nation that steadily disowned them—drawing fat incomes the while from the Church's stolen property. Again his description of the "Pattern" at Croaghpatrick—based typically enough on hearsay—suggests that some sly wag had been busy at the genuinely Irish occupation of "leg-pulling;" while his sympathy with the kind-hearted Maynooth students bent on a night's "lark," before returning to the great seminary—so much "in need of soap and whitewash"—from which "the smiling good-humoured faces will come out with a scowl and downcast eyes, that seem afraid to look the world in the face," is full of a quite unconscious humour.

But let us get away from this book. It has some very generous tributes to Ireland and its religion, nor should these be forgotten. Yet they cannot quite redeem the work either in Irish or in Catholic eyes. Irishmen are as willing as most races to hear their faults pointed out. They should indeed be schooled to it by this time; and one of his own reproaches is that they pay too much regard to the praise and blame of outsiders. But they might have expected some more sympathetic insight from a man of genius with a feeling heart and a love of humour.

Continental Catholicism is, strangely enough, better treated. There is little or none of the then usual ribaldry about profligate Cardinals and cunning Jesuits. The beautiful tribute to Rome in *The Newcomes*, where the author expresses the sense of isolation experienced by an English Protestant among all the beauties of the old faith, is too well known to need citation. He did not believe in the Catholic revival in France at the time of Lacordaire and Montalembert. He thought it could do very little to influence a France, or at least a Paris, that had broken so completely with religion and morality. He held it a passing mode, a new sensation for a city sick and weary of materialistic philosophy and political unrest. He saw it would take a good deal to cure the soul of France, and who can say he was not right?

The Religion of Thackeray

In *Esmond* we have another striking instance of his attitude towards Catholicism in his delineation of Father Holt. When it is remembered what the Jesuit was in English fiction up till his time, we can see how much a character that is positively human, and no mere Guy Fawkes' night effigy, marks advance. He is of course entangled in Jacobite plots; but Thackeray does not lift up his eyes in pious, Pecksniffian horror thereat. There is no suggestion of appalling depravity in the attempt to bring back the fallen dynasty; nor are we asked to think the worse of him because he does not accept the Dutchman as rightful king. Moreover, though he is shrewd and clever, he is not a monster of cunning, such as Eugène Sue furbishes up. He has his limitations and weaknesses like other men; but is amiable, adroit, supple, courageous, and entirely sincere in his devotion to his cause. A Jesuit feels that in two respects at least the picture is misleading and inaccurate. Father Holt seems too much mixed up in dynastic intrigues and too little interested in the religious life of his country. Moreover, he is too free on one occasion in the use of the carnal weapons of powder and ball. The romantic Macaulay notwithstanding, neither pistol nor stiletto has ever figured conspicuously among the arms of Ignatius or his sons. Yet on the whole Father Holt is one of the fairest delineations of a Jesuit in Protestant fiction. Indeed I cannot recall another English novel—from a Protestant pen—except *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, which even shows a desire to depart from the traditional absurdity that was burnt into the English imagination in the seventeenth century.

All this is satisfactory as showing the absence of prejudices which were sixty years ago almost universal in England; but it certainly does not show that Thackeray was ever near the portals of Rome. Even after the passage in *The Newcomes* referred to above, Clive Newcome refuses to bow the knee or kiss the relics of the saints, and admits sorrowfully that the straits of Dover do flow between, and I am afraid they always did flow between. Thackeray, great as he was, was no Newman. He lived in the perpetual

The Thackeray Centenary

consciousness of some hidden want, some sadness at the heart of things too deep for tears. He was a great and moving writer precisely on account of this feeling. But he seemed also to think that such doubt and uncertainty were universal, were part of this mysterious life of ours which we must just accept and make the best of, each in his own appointed sphere, not probing too deeply the questionings of the mind, which were probably quite insoluble. He felt, as few other English writers have felt, that hunger of the heart which leads the saints to God. But his mind was of that sceptical kind which perceives the negatives of life with painful clearness. That Thackeray was attracted by much in the Church of Rome is clear and demonstrable; but it is equally certain that many things repelled him and that he could always find abundant reasons for not admitting her claims.

P. J. GANNON, S.J.

PHANTASMS OF THE DEAD

THERE is hardly any subject so difficult, and simultaneously so easy to treat of, as that of Phantasms of the Dead. It is easy, because every intelligent person is interested in it; it is difficult, because nearly every intelligent person has already made up his mind on the matter. It is further rendered difficult by the fact that every unintelligent person regards it in a purely humorous light.

Now my own standpoint is a peculiar one, and I think I had better mention it outright. I have been interested in the subject since the days when, as a small boy, I was horribly frightened of the dark—since the days when, with my brothers and sisters, I used to sit at a table and reproduce by very crude mechanical means the phenomena of the spiritualistic séance. Ever since I can remember I have been accustomed to see, lying about the house, copies of the monthly *Journal* of the Psychical Research Society. My mother was a member of it; my uncle was the founder of it; and my aunt is at the present moment the President of it. I was once a member of it myself, but was expelled for not paying my subscription. Further, I have listened patiently to every ghost-story that has come my way—I have read all the literature I could lay hands on; I have slept in haunted houses; I once took a suicide's room, with a bloodstain under the bed, and slept in it for a whole year in the hope of seeing a ghost—and the total effect of all my pathetic attempts to arrive at some conclusion on the matter, to formulate some theory that should satisfy myself at any rate, has been that I stand now in a position of entire and complete agnosticism. I do not mean that I am in any doubt whatever as to the objective facts. I am completely convinced that honest and sincere persons have witnessed phenomena which cannot be accounted for by lobster-suppers, rats, incipient insanity, extravagant

Phantasms of the Dead

fancy, or cloaks hanging up behind doors. But it is as to the explanation that lies behind that I am an agnostic. I am, of course—as is every agnostic, however philosophical—*inclined* to a certain theory; but I am not at all dogmatic about it; and I am perfectly willing to allow that the three or four theories usually put forward may all, or any of them, be true, according to the circumstances that surround each set of phenomena. In other words, when I hear a new ghost-story on good evidence, I first apply that theory to which I am most inclined; and if that breaks down, I apply the next—and so forth—remaining detached and undogmatic throughout.

With this preliminary statement of my own standpoint—let us get to facts.

I. There are two classes in which may be placed all stories of Phantasms of the Dead: and these must be very sharply distinguished.

- (1) Appearances at or about the time of death.
- (2) Appearances considerably later than the time of death.

Now, the respective evidences for these two classes of stories are poles apart.

It is probably known to all who have studied the subject in the very smallest degree, that the Society for Psychical Research has for many years devoted itself to collecting evidence on these points, and that the Society has always followed an exceedingly cautious and even sceptical policy. Its investigators have done their utmost to be fair and judicial and strictly scientific. They have commonly rejected all but first-hand evidence, and have subjected this, too, to a merciless scrutiny. For example, in the case of Phantasms of the Dying, they have generally sifted out, as comparatively worthless, evidence offered by witnesses who were aware that the person whose apparition was seen was in grave danger of death. And the result of their labours has been that while, on the one hand, the fact of phantasms at the time of death has been set beyond all reasonable doubt;

Phantasms of the Dead

the class of story usually known as "haunted-house stories" is regarded with the gravest suspicion, if not incredulity. It may even be said that the Society, as a whole, rejects the latter class, and accepts the former—so far as it is fair to attribute the pronouncing of any sentence at all to a Society whose essential attitude lies in experiment and investigation.

Roughly speaking then, strictly scientific investigation up to the present time has resulted in this—that while it is scarcely possible for an educated man in these days to deny that at the time of death it is comparatively common for the dying person to be able to project an image of himself, or a violent impression of his personality, upon some sympathetic friend at a distance—it is not possible to demand from fair-minded and educated persons that they should extend anything like the same kind of belief towards stories related of so-called haunted houses.

II. This, in a few words then, is the contribution that pure science makes to our subject. There are several modifying circumstances which we must touch on presently; but before passing to these, it is necessary to consider the various theories that may be put forward in explanation of such stories as science finds itself able to accept.

Let me first construct a little unsensational typical story for the purpose of examination, such as can be multiplied indefinitely from the records of the *Psychical Research Society*.

A, seated in a room in England, looks up suddenly and sees B, his friend, whom he knows to be in France, standing before him. The impression is so strong that for an instant he thinks it to be actually B, suddenly returned. He notices that B looks ill, and that he is watching him with a peculiar intentness. A is terribly startled, but not at all frightened. Before he can speak, however, B passes to the door and apparently goes through it. A follows him, calling out his name: but when he reaches the passage, there is no one there. He

Phantasms of the Dead

makes a note of the time; and in a few hours receives a message that B died in France at the same hour.

Now that kind of story is simply a commonplace to scientific investigators.

(1) The theory that, on the whole, seems most to commend itself to the members of the Society is the theory of *Telepathy*.

Telepathy is now as much an established fact amongst psychologists as the Law of Gravitation amongst physical scientists. The meaning of it is as follows. It has been established amongst psychologists that the human mind, especially in moments of great intensity, or concentration, or a kind of passivity (as in hypnotic sleep), is capable of conveying a message to other human minds without any strictly physical means. The simplest way of testing this is by the ordinary game of "Willing"—by which one person, brought suddenly into a room, can be frequently made to do some peculiar action which the rest of the party, seated in the room, has determined that he shall do. A still more practical way of testing what, after all, seems to be a perfectly natural power, is to show a card, cut at random from a pack, to a group of persons, and to keep a careful record of the number of times in which the card is correctly conveyed to the mind of another person to whom it was not shown, and who is capable of putting himself into the necessary state of passivity. An exceedingly interesting and suggestive detail is the fact that the knowledge is usually conveyed by visual channels, and not by auditory—I mean, that the percipient usually is aware of a kind of pale phantasm of the appearance of the card, and not by the mental hearing of its name. But it is not necessary to enlarge upon all this. There is probably not one educated person in the world who does not allow of the existence of the Law in some degree.

Now, in phantasms at the time of death we have, it is claimed, the same Law in action. B is dying, and his mind, therefore, is in something of an abnormal condition—either intensely concentrated, or intensely passive.

Phantasms of the Dead

Or, perhaps, it may be more correctly said, that his objective faculties—those ordinary faculties of perception and deliberate thought of which we are conscious—are in such a state that what are called the sub-conscious faculties can act with unusual freedom. These sub-conscious faculties, of whose existence there is no doubt, though this particular labelling of them is new, form for the most part the chief objects of study by psychologists at the present day. Under these circumstances, then, B thinks, very naturally, of his friends. Now A is a person whose mental constitution happens to be of what is called a psychical nature, which is another way of saying that his receptive sub-conscious powers are well developed; and the rays of thought passing out from B's mind, probably through the medium of what St Thomas calls "sense-images," project one of these sense-images before A's perception. Strictly speaking then, it is not B whom A sees. B's soul does not travel from France to England. But that of which B is conscious—viz., himself in a dying condition—is conveyed by a sense-image to A's perception.

This, then, is the commonly accepted theory among most psychologists at the present day as to this particular form of phantasm.

(2) A second theory of which it is necessary to speak is that which I mentioned just now—viz., that it is B's soul that travels to and manifests itself to A.

Now, it is not necessary in absolutely all cases—if we accept, generally speaking, the Telepathic theory—altogether to reject this second theory. But it is only fair to say that there are innumerable difficulties in the way of accepting the second theory as the usual one.

(i) The first grave difficulty is that Phantasms of the *Living* are practically as well established as are those of persons in a dead or dying condition—phantasms, that is, of persons in perfectly good health, manifesting themselves in exactly a similar way, either deliberately or unconsciously, to friends at a distance. If we accept the "travelling-soul" theory in the dying-men stories, we

Phantasms of the Dead

certainly cannot accept it in the others. And if, in phantasms of the living, we are bound to accept the Telepathic theory—as we seem to be—it seems most unreasonable to reject it in cases of phantasms of the dying.

(ii) A second grave difficulty lies in the fact that in phantasms of the dead it is not only the person who is seen, but his clothes, and even sometimes the bed on which he lies, or the ship in which he is being drowned. Have these two things souls also? Or does the travelling soul construct their appearances deliberately for the purposes of identification? . . .

On the Telepathic theory, however, there is no such difficulty. Those things of which B is most immediately conscious have their sense-images conveyed in the complete bundle of thought which he transmits to A.

(3) A third theory is that usually held by Theosophists. It is too complicated to discuss at any length: but, very briefly, it is this—that human persons possess not merely body and soul, but a kind of thin intermediary envelope called the “Astral Body”—a thing that is neither body nor soul, but partakes of the nature of both—a replica of the body, and itself corruptible, but endowed with some of the powers of the soul; and that it is this “astral” body which is projected in such cases as that which has been mentioned.

I do not myself think that this theory needs grave discussion. In any case, since it implies a philosophy complete in itself, it cannot possibly be discussed within the limits of this paper. It answers, of course, certain difficulties, but it raises others that seem insuperable. Neither does there seem to be any strictly scientific evidence at all that such a thing as an “astral body” exists.

So then, the case stands, so far as we have gone. The facts are undeniable. Persons have seen, and repeatedly still see, phantasms of their absent friends who are dying or just dead. The thing is probably as well established as the facts of electricity or magnetism. And, as to the

Phantasms of the Dead

theory, that which appears on the whole as most satisfactory, since it answers more difficulties than any other, is the hypothesis that a living mind at the moment of dissolution possesses, under certain circumstances, a power of projecting, by means of the sub-conscious faculties, a sense-image to another sympathetic mind, sometimes so strongly that a visual apparition is seen, carrying with it occasionally sense-images of the dying person's own surroundings. The mind of the percipient, that is to say, first receives the impression, and then itself projects it outwardly—in exactly the reverse process as that in which we usually "see" a material object. In ordinary sight light first strikes upon the retina, then travels up the optic nerves and conveys the impression to the brain; in cases of phantasms (if the telepathic theory is accepted) the mind receives the impression first, sends the message down the nerves to the retina, and the retina, under a violent mental stimulus, reproduces the image externally.

So much then for what is usually considered to fall under the title, "Phantasms of the Dead"—although, as will have been seen, what we have so far discussed strictly belongs to Phantasms of the Living. We pass on now to our subject proper—the reputed phantasms of those whose living brains have long passed away—in a word—to "haunted-house" stories.

I remarked just now that the scientific investigators of the Psychological Research Society remain, after many investigations, completely unconvinced of the reality of phantasms reported to have manifested themselves long after the death of the person whose phantasm is supposed to be seen. In a word, they do not believe in haunted houses—they are not, that is, convinced that the phenomena of the cases which they have investigated cannot be accounted for by natural means.

Why have they arrived at this negative conclusion?

(1) In practically all the cases which they have personally investigated they have found that the professed

Phantasms of the Dead

apparitions, when they manifested themselves at all to any one, only did so to persons in their number who were already under suspicion of being too imaginative. In one famous case, whilst one of their number (a well-known "seer") repeatedly saw apparitions, the rest of the company at the same time and in the same place, did not see them. This case then must be, scientifically, dismissed as subjective.

(2) As regards first-hand evidence presented to the investigators, it was always found to be possible to account for the apparitions by one of two or three theories.

(a) *By expectation.* Now it is quite certain that if a very ordinary individual sleeps in a haunted room, knowing it to be haunted, and knowing, moreover, in what shape the apparition is supposed to come, it is not impossible that, in his state of excitement and apprehensiveness, he may easily translate some perfectly natural phenomenon—possibly even the very phenomenon which has, in other cases, given rise to the story (such as the peculiar formation of a piece of furniture—the peculiar construction of the house, with unusual draughts or methods of lighting) into the apparition which he is already violently pre-disposed to fancy. It is even possible that, without extrinsic aids, he may project by his imagination this same apparition.

(b) *By telepathy.* If it is possible, as we have seen, for a man in a state of peculiar intensity of mind to project one image of his thought to another at a distance, it must be allowed as at least possible that the person watching in the haunted room may have projected on to his own mind the thought of some other living person who knows he is there, and who expects, if not desires, him to see the apparition. For instance, a family takes a reputed haunted house on a lease. The expectation of the neighbourhood is worked up to the highest possible point: there are, perhaps, several hundred people in the town thinking of the story, imagining the apparition, and expecting the family to see it. There may be, even,

Phantasms of the Dead

servants in the very house itself who believe in the story and expect their new masters to see the ghost. It is then exceedingly possible that telepathy from these may produce the expected result.

Now, all this is perfectly sound reasoning on purely scientific premises. These investigators have established the law of telepathy and the laws of self-suggestion. They have not yet established to their own satisfaction the objective truth of "haunted-house" phenomena. It is, in fact, these very phenomenon which are under examination. Therefore, they are perfectly justified in applying the laws of which they are already convinced, and of assigning the phenomena to the action of these laws, if they are capable of being so explained. And, so far, they say, the phenomena are so capable of being explained. *Ergo*: these scientists are not convinced of the action of any other laws in such instances.

Now, speaking as a private individual, I am bound to say that I do not take up this position. The reason is this. They are right, it seems to me (as I have said), in not going beyond their experience in their explanations; and they are justified in going up to the edge of it—in applying, that is, the laws of telepathy and suggestion.

But then I, too, equally scientifically, am justified in going up to the edge of my experience; and, if I find that certain other facts, of which I am completely convinced, afford a more simple explanation of the phenomena than do these laws of telepathy and suggestion, I am bound, scientifically, to prefer the more simple to the more elaborate hypothesis. Certainly these scientists may, if they wish, dispute the existence of the laws of which I am convinced; but not of my own application of those laws, granted that I am so convinced. I may be unscientific in believing in my laws; but I am scientific enough in applying them.

Let me take an instance of what I mean.

Imagine a man who knows nothing at all of electricity. He goes one day into a post-office: he sees a telegraph operator jerking about little handles; and he presently is

Phantasms of the Dead

satisfied that a message is, by those means, transmitted to a distance. He sets to work to discover the method: and presently finds that two or three laws of which he is aware, might, just possibly, explain the phenomena. For instance, the operator might be jerking the wires and transmitting an actual simple motion to the wires at the other end. Or, since sound travels easily over a taut wire, it might be that faint sounds, arranged in a code, might be transmitted to the other end. He can think of no other explanation than these two: these two, or even one of them, *might* explain the phenomenon. Therefore, he is bound, scientifically, to attribute the phenomena to one of these two laws of motion and sound, at least hypothetically. But when a man who knows something of electricity is confronted with the same facts, he is justified in applying what he knows: and, in fact, he finds that electricity affords a simpler explanation of the telegram than do the laws of motion and sound. Both the men are equally scientific. But the electrician has the advantage of having more theories to draw on than has the non-electrician.

Now—it may sound arrogant—but I cannot help putting myself in the place of the electrician. There are certain laws and facts admitted by me, but not admitted by the psychologists of whom I am speaking. I no more deny the *bare possibility* that telepathy and suggestion may explain some of these haunted-house stories than the electrician can deny that the laws of motion and sound might conceivably, in some instances, be capable of causing a message to be sent across a considerable distance: but, at any rate, in most of such stories, it seems to me that these other laws of which I am quite certain furnish a more simple, and therefore a more scientific explanation.

What are these laws?

(a) As regards the value of evidence, I am convinced that popular and unscientific observation is, in very many instances, of more evidential value than the cold and cautious observation of a scientist. Because—

(b) As regards the perception of certain kinds of phe-

Phantasms of the Dead

nomena, I am convinced that a state of expectation and violent personal interest is more favourable to accurate observation than a detached and impersonal attitude. For instance, a lover is more likely to notice details in his beloved than even a detective. There are some kinds of things that require for their perception a comparatively unscientific mind.

(c) Next, I am entirely convinced of the existence of the spiritual world—that there are real intelligences in that world, and that it is possible for them under certain circumstances to communicate with this world.

(d) I am convinced, from quite other reasons than haunted-house stories, that material objects are able to receive, to retain, and to give out again, under peculiar circumstances, definite impressions which they have received from a mental and intelligent source.

Here then, are four laws of which I am completely convinced. (I will comment on them presently.) The Psychical Research investigators are not convinced of them. They, therefore, are forced to use only those laws of which they are convinced: I, on the contrary, am justified in using the laws of which I am convinced. I may, possibly, be criticized for believing these laws at all: but, if I believe in them, I am not open to criticism for applying them. And these laws do seem to me to explain with far more ease than can telepathy and suggestion (at least, in many cases) the usual well-authenticated stories of the haunted-house type.

1. First, then—it seems to me that the weight of evidence for the fact of haunted houses—popular evidence, that is, drawn from every country and every century, is, after all deductions have been made for fraud, exaggeration and the rest—is still simply overwhelming: and of far more cogency than the few detached negative witnesses on the other side, drawn from investigators who were deliberately sceptical. And it seems to me the more overwhelming since, as I have said, an attitude of expectancy, and even what is called credulity, seems to me more likely to be able to perceive than is the deliberately sceptical, or

Phantasms of the Dead

unconvinced, attitude of the scientist. For there are a whole host of regions where this is true. In religion, in art, in music, in human relationships of all kinds, a certain disposition to believe and to appreciate actually confers a power of perception which the critic is deprived of. In fact, the nearer we draw to the higher planes of life, the more essential become the will and the desire to the powers of perception, and the less essential becomes what is called the "scientific attitude." Further, it may very well be true, not only that phenomena can be better perceived by an expectant and credulous person than by a critical; but even that the laws behind the phenomena require for their action a believing and not an unbelieving atmosphere. Faith, for instance, certainly enters very largely into many undoubted cures of the sick. And it may be—I do not say that it is—but it *may* be that it is as unreasonable to require a ghost to appear in an atmosphere of cold scepticism as to require a photograph to be developed in a blaze of sunlight.

But, however this may be, even for the former reason only, I am persuaded that in the matter of apparitions—in the matter of all those things that lie above the dead level of physical fact—popular and simple human testimony is of more considerable weight than is the purely scientific testimony. A remarkable sign of men's consciousness of this truth is found that in matters of life and death we trust a jury—a body of unskilled and very human persons—more than we trust the skilled mind of a lawyer or a judge.

2. If, so far, I am sound in accepting popular testimony with more readiness than does a scientist, I find myself faced with an enormous number of haunted-house stories that clamour for solution—stories that, scientifically weighed, may be found wanting; but popularly weighed—and, therefore, in my view, more accurately weighed—are more than enough to furnish us with abundant material.

Now, first, I am perfectly willing to subtract from this material a certain mass, as being untrustworthy.

Phantasms of the Dead

Popular testimony has its drawbacks, no less than has scientific, and, amongst these, are found fraud and exaggeration. Next, I am willing to allow that the scientifically established laws of telepathy and suggestion account for a good deal of what is left. I do not bother, for example, to apply any close scrutiny to the evidence of an overwrought lady's maid who hysterically screams that she has seen a monk in a cowl pass across her bedroom floor, when I find that this is exactly the tale she has been hearing from the butler in the servants' hall, with the lights turned down, an hour before. Suggestion, certainly, accounts pretty simply for that. Certainly, she *may* have seen the family-ghost: but I am not at all sure that she has—simply because she says so.

But, after all deductions have been made, there remains to my mind a mass of material with regard to which it is far simpler to apply those two other laws I mentioned just now—viz., the action of the spiritual world on this, and the curious power which matter undoubtedly has of retaining emotional or mental impressions—(I will describe presently what I mean by that)—than to try to squeeze them all in under the departments of telepathy and suggestion.

Let me give a single instance.

I am acquainted with a certain house in England, so badly "haunted" that the family has been forced at last to leave it and to build a new house in the same park a quarter of a mile away. This haunting has been experienced again and again by all kinds of people. Mass has been said in the house repeatedly, but with no effect. It is a beautiful old house, but so terrible are the apparently ghostly events that take place there, that at least one member of the family, a normal and courageous person, entirely refuses to pass a single night there, even with servants sleeping in the room: because it is against him always that the principal force is directed. Many others as well have experienced the attacks. In one case, a perfectly normal man went to stay with the family for a week. He was put in a room two doors

Phantasms of the Dead

away from the haunted room, but such was the effect upon him merely of hearing half-a-dozen inexplicable footsteps pass his door, that he left early next morning and has declined to set foot in the house since. The supposed "ghost" has been seen on many occasions; there is an extraordinary sensation of evil, felt even by sceptical persons—and, in effect, as I have said, the best concrete evidence of the facts is found in the leaving of this old and ancestral house by the family, and the inhabiting of the other. The most startling manifestations take the form of actually physical force. The member of the family has on many occasions been thrown to the ground, and once, at any rate, in the presence of three friends. I know these facts well. I am acquainted with the family; and, with friends, I have spent three nights, on two occasions, in the deserted house—though without any experiences beyond that of unusual sounds. And sounds are not to my mind very reliable witnesses.

Now, stories of this kind seem to me so inexplicable on grounds of telepathy and suggestion, that I feel myself absolutely forced back on to one or more of those other laws of which I have spoken.

(1) First—Is it necessary to believe that we have here an instance of a definite visitation from another world?

Now—here comes in my agnosticism. I am not sure.

Certainly I can sympathize entirely with those who do find in such stories as these evident proofs of the supernatural world; and, in certain moods, I find myself agreeing with them.

If they are right, one or two explanations offer themselves.

(a) It may be that some criminal soul—(there is, by the way, a peculiarly horrible murder-story handed down in the family)—some criminal soul may be allowed, or condemned, by Providence to expiate his crime in this way.

(b) It may be that we have here the work of an un-human fallen spirit, who attempts to impersonate a soul, as happens frequently in the case of spiritualistic séances. (I have not space here to discuss this last statement.)

Phantasms of the Dead

Now, of these two hypotheses, the first seems to me to bring up many difficulties. For, in numerous haunted-house stories, it is not merely the reputed murderer who nightly treads the scene of the crime, but the reputed victim! Of course, the ways of Providence are inscrutable, as we all know—but inscrutability, in this case, would really pass all bounds. It is conceivable that a guilty soul might work out expiation by the burden of haunting the place of his crime; but it seems a little hard that the other, whose only part in the tragedy was to fill the part of the victim, should be forced to accompany his murderer. Certainly the theory offers a good many moral difficulties.

The second hypothesis seems to me far more comprehensible. We are aware that the enemies of the human race are untiring in their wish not only to ruin, but to annoy and to disturb: we are not aware of all their limitations: and it seems to me perfectly possible that such stories as these may be explained in this way. There do not seem, that is to say, to be any insuperable difficulties—though it is exceedingly difficult fully to understand the motives.

And, supposing we accept one of these solutions, what are we to say as to the method by which it is done?

(1) First, it might well be that the whole action was mental (as in the case of telepathy)—that the haunting intelligence acted upon the mind by means of some sense-image, and produced, by the process already described, the effect of sight and hearing. It is even conceivable that the sense of being seized and thrown down might be brought about in the same way. There are certain brainstorms, I believe, that give to the sufferer the sensation and even the symptoms of a sudden blow in some remote part of his body.

(2) If we reject this, we are compelled, I think, to fall back upon some such theory as that of the Theosophist—viz., that a semi-material substance (called by them “astral”) is the instrument by which the actions are performed, the vision projected, or the blow given.

Phantasms of the Dead

These two hypotheses as to the method cover, I think, all the possible ground. If the theory is accepted that such stories must be explained by the hypothesis of a preternatural intelligence, whether once human or always diabolical, actually manifesting itself in this or that particular place, I am not aware of any other manner in which such an intelligence could manifest itself, except by the mental action of the so-called "astral" process.

Now, I am perfectly willing to allow that this explanation may be the true one in certain instances. I believe, emphatically, in the spiritual world, and in the fact (not only in the possibility) of its communicating with this. But we are all human after all; we all have our pet theories into which we try to fit everything; and I am bound to say that the spiritual-world hypothesis is not the one that I find myself most readily applying to such tales. The result of my own thought and researches—so far as my efforts are worthy of such names at all—is that I find myself more usually inclined to the fourth and last explanation which I have already outlined.

May I describe it now, with more fullness?

All Catholics are perfectly familiar with the fact that spiritual impressions can be made upon material objects, and that these unintelligent material objects can retain the impression made upon them. Devotion to relics, for example, is an instance where an unanimated object so retains the effect, to some degree, of the personality that was once in close union with it. It is, of course, by the Divine power or permission that the thing is so; but it is undoubtedly a law of the universe. After another manner the same thing is true of sacramentals—holy water, blessed medals and the like. The thing is not materially changed; neither does a sacramental work *ex opere operato*; but, when a person in the right dispositions uses the object, he is put into touch with something beyond the natural object itself. Not every one receives exactly the same result: it depends on the spiritual and mental dispositions of each,

Phantasms of the Dead

The same kind of principle is said to be true (and I, for one, firmly believe it) of objects not used for sacred purposes. It seems to me, for instance, to be established beyond a doubt that there are certain persons in the world (called clairvoyant) who are able, through the handling and dwelling upon material objects once in close contact with another personality (say, a glove or a ring) to get some sort of real and verifiable perceptions of that other personality who once possessed them.

Lastly, to some extent, we are all conscious of the same thing, however little our clairvoyant faculties—for I must say in passing that I hold these faculties to be merely natural, though mostly undeveloped—however little our clairvoyant faculties may be cultivated. For instance, in possessing some small object belonging to a friend, we are all faintly aware that we are in closer connexion with our friend than if we did not possess it. I am convinced this is not merely the power of association or memory.

Universally, then, it seems to be true that material objects have the power of retaining what may be called a certain *aroma* of the personality with which they have been in close contact. In the sacramentals of the Church it is with the Divine Personality of the Church that the material object is impregnated; in the case of relics, with the personality of the saint; in ordinary natural matters, it is with the ordinary natural personality of the man or woman who has used the object.

And—it is necessary to note—the law of *ex opere operantis* seems to apply throughout. All these things do not infallibly produce the same effect in every case—the grace, the influence, the aroma, depend upon the endowments or dispositions of the person who uses the object. The ardent soul, in grace, receives from holy water something that others do not: the clairvoyant can perceive more clearly than an ordinary person the aroma of the personality that is to be perceived: the devoted and attentive friend is more conscious of the value of the little book that he has from his friend's library than the outsider.

Phantasms of the Dead

Now, apply all this to haunted-house stories.

A crime is enacted in a certain room—let us say a murder. This means that an emotional storm of extraordinary intensity takes place in which two persons are involved—the criminal and the victim. Now, if it is true that material objects can absorb, so to speak, something of the personalities that are in contact with them, we can hardly conceive an event more likely to put this law in motion than a murder. Both personalities are at full stretch—the murderer in his malignity; the victim in his terror. It is, for both of them, a kind of nerve-climax—the supreme moment of their lives. Does it not seem probable—if the law I have spoken of is true at all—that the very walls, and ceiling, and floor, and bedhangings, and furniture should receive a certain impression of the horror? and that they should retain it?

Well, time passes away: and, after an interval some one, knowing or ignorant of the story, sleeps in the same room.

If he is aware of the story, by that very fact he unconsciously begins to set himself in tune with the emotional vibrations that have been set up. However dull or resolute he may be, he can hardly suppress altogether a certain sense of thrill and expectation. He may, through incredulity or fortitude, succeed largely in suppressing them, his clairvoyant or receptive faculties may be very imperfectly developed; and the result may be that he merely passes a rather disturbed night, and, at breakfast next morning, puts that down to the fact of his own imagination and the fact of his knowledge of the story.

But take an instance of a man who is highly receptive and intuitive. He succeeds, perhaps, in falling asleep; and while he is asleep and passive, he rests in an atmosphere charged to the highest possible extent with the fiercest possible human emotions—these emotions, always vibrating in this saturated atmosphere, work upon him steadily and irresistibly. After a while he, too, becomes charged with them, and when his nervous tension is at full stretch, he awakes with a sense of shock. . . .

Now if telepathy from living mind to living mind is

Phantasms of the Dead

a force so mighty as to convey a visual image from France to England, is it not perfectly conceivable that a telepathic force, which has been stored, so to speak, in a kind of material battery, even for years—stored there by the terrific emotional impulse of the original crime—may be powerful enough also to produce a visual image? The man awakes then, thrilling, as regards his nervous system, in tune with the emotional but unintelligent vibrations round him: by nature he is of a receptive character, by his position during the last hour or two he has laid himself especially open to these particular vibrations. Is it so extraordinary that when he awakes he should see the crime re-enacted—he should perceive, that is to say, not the souls of the two actors parading before him for totally unintelligible reasons, but the stored-up emotions which the crime generated, presented to him in the very shape in which they were generated?

Again, once allow that the effect of mind upon mind can produce, through the reverse process of ordinary sight, a *visual* image, there seems no reason to disallow the other senses also to be affected. He may hear groans, he may be conscious of deathly coldness, he may even think himself touched or moved by hands which have no material existence.

This, shortly then, is the theory to which, personally, I am inclined. It seems to me to follow logically along lines which are undisputed, though, of course, in a considerably extended direction; and it seems to me not to be open to the particular moral difficulties which the ordinary "travelling-soul" theories inevitably present. But I am not at all dogmatic. I am perfectly willing to allow that there may be instances in which it is not the simplest explanation of the phenomena. For example, in cases where the haunting ceases so soon as the crime is discovered, where a body is found and given Christian burial—in such cases it may well be that the discarnate soul is allowed by Divine permission to agitate, so to speak, in the emotional atmosphere—though, even here,

Phantasms of the Dead

by an extension of the theory, I can imagine a simpler explanation. For it seems to me *conceivable*—(though I will allow that it will seem exceedingly improbable to those to whom the whole theory is new)—conceivable, as Mr Hudson suggests, that the emotion generated by the victim may be conditioned by the victim's own violent desire at the moment of the murder. As he dies with the knife in his throat, his supreme wish may very well be that the crime should be detected and punished. He sets up, that is to say, in the emotional atmosphere vibrations that are conditioned and coloured by his desire; and those vibrations may, quite conceivably, continue to vibrate—with the result that the room is haunted—until their conditioning quality is satisfied—until, that is, they meet with the answering vibrations set up by the discovery. As the complementary colour of red is green; so the complementary emotion to that of the desire in this case is that of discovery. And when that meets this—when the skeleton is found or the bloodstain detected—the suspended chord is, so to speak, complete, and comes to a full close.

This may sound fantastically and grotesquely imaginative to those who have never seriously considered the theory at all—I would only ask such as these to meditate patiently on the whole hypothesis—and then, though they may very well remain unconvinced, I hardly think they will dismiss even this latter supposition as obviously absurd.

As a general rule then, I must confess that I am inclined to this somewhat disappointing and unsensational explanation of emotional vibrations in some form or another; for it appears to me more in accordance with what we know of the laws of the universe, and less derogatory to our conceptions of ordinary Divine Justice, to believe that an emotional scene which has translated itself, so to speak, into terms of a material plane, can, like music in a phonograph, retranslate itself back again; rather than that two souls, one guilty, and the other presumably innocent and injured, should be compelled to re-

Phantasms of the Dead

hearse night after night, or anniversary after anniversary, the very sordid scene of their earthly experience.

Of course, we do not necessarily need a crime to generate such a power. An old moping man, let us say, or a woman with a broken heart, dwelling always in the same spot, pondering and weeping, may, by reiteration and lapse of time, succeed in affecting, in the manner I have described, their material surroundings, no less than the suddenly intensified emotion of a criminal.

Well, such is the theory. But kindly remember that I am still an agnostic, and am open to persuasion.

R. H. BENSON

PANDOLFO COLLENUCCIO HIS CANZONE TO DEATH

FOREVER vagabond and transitory,
Numbering league on league
Of rough and savage roads with long fatigue,
The pilgrim bent with age, his head grown hoary,
An old familiar door no more disowns
But hastes to be where yearning recollection
Recalls his early years, his father's bones;
Fond grows his own affection
Towards his poor sorrowing self, and fain he would
Lay down his tired limbs where he was born,
Where once he liked to be and life was good.
So I, whose years to worserswards increase,
Shrouded in mists, vain dreams and vaporous breath,
Now sue to thee from whom the travelworn,
Wayfaring soul at last receives her peace,
O refuge sanspareil, O holy Death.

Like as the seaman amid the surge and welter
'Twixt the angry Lords of Air and Ocean caught,
Casts overboard his merchandize dear-bought,
So hard bestead is he by great seas gaping
At point to sink him;
And while he strains his eyes for sight of shelter
With extreme longing, he must needs bethink him
Of hazards past, hard courses hardly 'scaping,
Now Scylla, now Charybdis; and conceive
The wish to live in quiet, taking leave
Of reefs and tides and wrathful seas' turmoil,
Since that by losses he has learned enough
Sea schooling in maltreatment and rebuff:
So now I read my miscreant ill-condition,
Spotted and foul with pitchy mortal soil;
So unto thee, O Death magnificent,

Pandolfo Collenuccio

Shipwrecked and tempest-beaten I present
My heart's petition,
O saving port, whose one relief allays
All the distress of all the castaways.

No peace more unperturbèd, no sleep sounder
Than that whereof the drowsy streams enfold thee:
Styx and the profound sluice of Phlegethon,
Cocytus and Acheron,
And the slow pallor of voluminous Lethe,
Wherein all memories founder.
By thee the veils of ignorance are riven;
Foolish is he that misconceives thy kindness:
Seek as he may for truth, he hath for heaven
No sight but only blindness,
Who cannot see how dear and great a blessing
In thy compassion unto us was given,
By the Good Maker giv'n for our possessing.
Thine is the high puissance can discern
Feeble from strong, and very truth from lying;
A master edge to sever
The mortal from the undying.
Consort thou art of all great souls forever:
For thee, O Death, O generous Death, I yearn.

From heaven comes forth divine and pure and clear
The immortal soul of man to don these weeds;
The brightness of whose glory, thus descending,
Is all stript off; and now his way proceeds
Betwixt desire and fear,
Grief, outrages and angers, vain delights,
Nature and elements at war contending;
And ever against contrary winds he fights.
Little he looks toward heaven—and little wonder:
This ingrate world, forlorn,
So bows him down; such load he labours under.
Thine is the act of seemly grace that reaches

Pandolfo Collenuccio

His primal freedom forth to man freeborn:
Wherefore thy tender mercy man beseeches,
And courts the eternal hand whose gesture saith:
Suffer no more, thy hand, illustrious Death.
That feignèd good which men on earth call Life,
If held of kings' good pleasure, 'tis sore drudging,
All sighs and lamentation,
Weakness and lassitude, alarm and strife.
Nature, to man stepdame,
Out of his much discomfort and mishap
This one refreshment gives and gives none other,
To be his peace, his freedom, his sure haven.
Sage heads amuse delay with expectation
Until the end of mortal martyrdom,
She is not far, they say, *whose grace ungrudging*
Gives us discharge from durance:
And thou art She, God's boon, a most kind mother.
When thou hast cured the heart of humours craven,
Forgetfulness shall wrap
A world-without-end shadow round our shame.
Therefore be thou my guard, in thine assurance
Conveyed, O Death, I come.

Of all those famous wits that won most glory,
Hebrew or Arab, Persian, Latin, Greek,
Each in whatever style or tongue they speak,
How many by thy praise make memorable
(True lovers passionate) their page in story!
Happy, said one, *who die in swaddling bands;*
And one, *Who quit their life when most they love it;*
Or, quoth yet one, *did then least look to have quitted,*
Many did covet
Never to have been born; with daring hands
Many have sought and seized thee: no mean rabble
Were these, nor featherwitted.
Thou to noblesse art just and acceptable,
'Twixt gentle and slavish working separation,
Betwixt the shaggy bramble and the flower.

His Canzone to Death

Within my blood, thou, Death, must disempower
This royal wrath. Take it, for thine oblation.

But I pray Him who, raised upon the Rood,
Did quench the abominable Serpent's rage,
First in His loving kind solicitude
To purge us by the drops of that devotion.
Mercy for mercy's sake I seek to engage,
Nor plead my life whose idle much commotion
In shadow of error lurks.

What am I but a leaf before the gale,
Unless from the high heaven I draw defences?
Now let His infinite goodwill prevail:
For I am of His works.

May Death, whose hand His bounteous alms dispenses,
Wash all the foul pollution off my soul,
And of the heavenly bourne may she require
The golden hallowed gates for me to unroll,
Dear Death, my friend at need, my heart's desire.

Song, thou shalt live when I no more have breath,
See thou be bold, yet lowly,
And thou shalt run upon that road the man
Of Tarsus and the Thesbite prophet ran.
One Lord alone adoring and confessing,
The One Most Holy,
Who is the last of life His grace largessing,
Died; and, of Death,
By dying, did for all time after make
A lovely thing and pleasant for His sake.

J. S. PHILLIMORE

TENNYSON AT FRESH- WATER

Tennyson and his Friends. Edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson.
London: Macmillan. 1911.

THE publication of Lord Tennyson's collection of Essays by different authors on various aspects of his father's life and character has special interest for those who knew that great poet "in his habit as he lived." I have contributed some recollections of my own to the volume, but my contribution was limited by the scope marked out for it in the editor's invitation. The present article is an attempt to supplement what was therein set down. I prefer to place before readers of this review some of my recollections of the poet and his friends in my boyhood and early manhood, when I was his neighbour at Freshwater in the Isle of Wight.

I begin by saying what I am aware will sound paradoxical—that the Freshwater society of those days approached nearer to realizing the purpose and ideal of a French *salon* than any social group I have myself known in England. It is, of course, startling to compare people who met in the most informal way in the green lanes of the Isle of Wight, and at the houses of friends who were for the most part in no sense people of fashion, with such Parisian a *coterie* as was grouped around Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand. Nevertheless, it appears to me that the ideal of the *salon*, which has proved so impossible to realize in London, was largely realized in Freshwater. We had our Chateaubriand in Tennyson, and, surprising as the comparison may be, we had our Madame Récamier in Mrs Cameron. The essential work of gathering together the interesting people who were to form the Tennyson society, the enthusiasm for the hero and for genius in general, was Mrs Cameron's part, as it was Madame Récamier's.

Mrs Cameron, indeed, was no youthful beauty, but

Tennyson at Freshwater

she was a woman of great originality and of most single-hearted devotion to genius. She was one of the gifted daughters of Mr Pattle, a Bengal civil servant—a sister of the late Lady Somers and Lady Dalrymple. She had not the beauty of her sisters, but her appreciation of beauty was as keen as her appreciation of intellect. A beautiful woman who chanced to stay in Freshwater was soon discovered by her, and figured in her well-known and very artistic photographs. Thus beauty came to be well represented among those who formed the group of which I speak. It was a society for which personal qualities were the chief passport. The complications which the London world brings—in which rank, fashion, and official position are the chief titles to distinction—may prove fatal to the ideal of the *salon*. They make a wholly different ideal too prominent. Rank and fashion were indeed often represented among the visitors to Freshwater, who for the time joined the Tennyson circle; but their representatives had to remember their true place in Tennyson-land—a subordinate one. It is, I take it, of the essence of the *salon* that the sense of distinction which is a part of its attraction, is given principally by the presence of acknowledged genius; and the atmosphere prevailing must be that of recognition of genius as supremely interesting and important. These two qualities were given by the presence of Tennyson, and by the gift which Mrs Cameron had for creating the atmosphere that was wanted. And the actual conversation was real, wide in its range, and often excessively interesting. It went beyond the mere snatches of serious conversation which one hears at a London dinner party.

The events in the literary world, and still more in the scientific world, interested the poet profoundly, and his judgements were always weighty. Details of scholarship, and classical literature itself were also welcome topics. And he would talk of them on equal terms with Richard Jebb or Henry Butcher. Tennyson had an excellent verbal memory, and the discussions on English poetry which he would carry on with Aubrey de Vere or Sir Henry

Tennyson at Freshwater

Taylor were studded with quotations. But he loved, too, to hear from some traveller how men lived and what they believed in parts of this wonderful world which he could never himself visit. If Tyndall, or Browning appeared on the scene it was not merely that we saw great men as one might see them at a large evening party. We heard them talk, and not formally or for display, but in undress. They "let themselves go" to a degree rarely if ever possible in London society. We were at leisure and the trammels of convention were banished. In London the wings of the immortals are clipped. The conversation at Freshwater was stamped by the simplicity, directness, and wide range of interests which marked Tennyson himself. He gave the tone to his company. We all felt, moreover, in those days that we were in the making of history. Tennyson was in the heyday of his fame in the 'sixties. The "Idylls of the King" were being written; the word would pass in Freshwater that a fresh one was on its road, greater, it was usually added, than any which had gone before. Thus reported Mrs Cameron or Miss Thackeray or Miss Simeon who had actually heard the poet read it. I myself used to hear the unpublished poems later on; but the poems of the 'sixties, written in my boyhood, were greater events—even national events.

The group that gathered round Tennyson formed a society from which unsuitable or unsympathetic elements ought to have been rigidly excluded—more rigidly even than they were. Outsiders with little appreciation of literary greatness—who merely lionized Tennyson as a famous man—were sometimes irritated at the quality of our enthusiasm, and almost incredulous of its sincerity. They could not enter into the feelings of those who felt genius to be a far greater thing than wealth or position. They knew a "lion," but not a prophet or seer. Tennyson was the first to them, the last to us. Their account to others of the poet and his friends would, therefore, strike a wholly false note. Was there some French Sir Gorgius Midas in the days of the first Empire,

Tennyson at Freshwater

and did he accidentally gain entrance to Madame Récamier's *salon*? If so, we can fancy his annoyance at finding Chateaubriand—"a conceited Frenchman, a writer he believed"—made so much more of by the great ladies than anyone else, including Sir Gorgius himself with his millions, and (I had almost said, for it marks the standard) his motors. Some such note was occasionally struck when the wrong people found themselves in Freshwater. And there were some belonging to a better class than Sir Gorgius Midas who proved to be "wrong people." Such intruders had no instinct which could detect or interpret the enthusiasm of Tennyson's true admirers. They took stock of all they could see—namely, the external signs—and traced them to the only source their categories supplied, describing them as "adulation" of the poet. The distinction between lionizing and hero worship was simply unintelligible to them. It was such outsiders who were also mainly responsible for the utterly false idea of Tennyson's attitude towards his admirers, which is in some quarters current—as though he delighted in the conversation of flatterers.

On the other hand there were members of the great world, like the Duke of Argyll and Lord Selborne—and of Tennyson's intercourse with the latter I could speak from personal memory—who fell in completely with the tone and feeling of Freshwater when they came there. They realized as much as those to whom literature was everything, that there was a sphere in which Tennyson was a king. And they so treated him, intensely grateful for his poems, and eager to place a crown of laurels on his head.*

If one is to speak of the general atmosphere at Freshwater, not of exceptional incidents, I think no estimate could be more false than that of the rich Philistine. Our enthusiasm had the genuine ring which flattery

*He was to Lord Selborne "the foremost man of all his generation and entitled to be ranked with the greatest of the generations before him." And the Duke of Argyll accounts his friendship as "one of the greatest honours of his life." (See Tennyson's Life, II, pp. 458, 516.)

Tennyson at Freshwater

never has. If it was sometimes indiscriminate, that was the intellectual fault of youth rather than a moral flaw. Tennyson's acceptance of the homage paid to him was the gratitude which sensitive genius could not have withheld without marked ungraciousness. Also Tennyson, it must be remembered, suffered keenly from bad criticism of his poems, as one may suffer from loud discordant sounds when one is playing a beautiful sonata. And he took, perhaps, some compensating pleasure when he saw that he was speaking no longer to deaf or dull ears, but to the perceiving and the grateful. This feeling no doubt had its place in his friendships, but not a large place in his conversation. For the range of his talk was, as I have already said, very wide, and took in the most diverse topics wholly unconnected with himself.

I used to think his intimacy with Jowett a good index of the intercourse Tennyson most enjoyed. Jowett's unbounded admiration for Tennyson never even tended to obsequiousness, nor impaired the absolute freedom of his conversation. And I had many opportunities of observing their intercourse. I do not think anyone worshipped the poet more sincerely than Jowett, and in using the word "worship" I do not exaggerate.

I recollect once at Farringford listening with Jowett after dinner to Tennyson's reading of his Ode on the "Death of the Duke of Wellington." It was a poem which his peculiar chant made most moving, and he read the concluding lines with special pathos:

Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him.

Tennyson then turned to address some observation to Jowett, but no reply came, and we soon saw that the master was unable to speak. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. I ventured to allude to this some time later in talking to Jowett, and he said: "What would you have? The two Englishmen for whom I have the deepest feeling of reverence are Tennyson and the great Duke of

Tennyson at Freshwater

Wellington. And one of them was reading what he had himself written in admiration of the other! ”*

Yet Jowett would talk to Tennyson with the utmost freedom. He would make jokes to the poet's face on which few other people would venture. I once heard them talk on the very subject of flattery. Tennyson was inveighing vigorously against flattery as representing a base side of human nature, and ended by saying: "No flatterer is a friend of mine." He looked at Jowett for assent, but Jowett did not reply. "Don't you agree with me?" Tennyson insisted. Jowett smiled a little mischievously, and answered in his staccato tones, "Well, Tennyson, while you have been talking I have been reflecting that in this house and in this room I have seen a good deal of incense offered. And it was not unacceptable." The entire good humour with which Tennyson took this repartee carried to my mind complete conviction that it did not really hit him at all. He took the remark quite simply for the joke it was meant to be. His dislike of the *genus* "flatterer" was most genuine. I could quote instances of it; and it was not appreciably qualified by such satisfaction as he, like other poets, might take in the signs that his genius was recognized. But, indeed, that satisfaction was below the average, not above it; and Jowett hardly exaggerates, I think, in his written words on this subject which appear in Tennyson's Life. "Tennyson experienced," he writes, "a great deal of pain from the attacks of his enemies. I never remember his receiving the least pleasure from the commendation of his friends."

Mrs Cameron had, as I have intimated, much to do with forming the society of Freshwater. She was a real social centre. And this was in itself remarkable. For her cottage of Dimbola seemed made for the simple life rather than for luxury or for entertainment. Everything about it was unpretentious and unconventional. But her keen, eager spirit, created by its natural force a

**Tennyson and His Friends*, p. 227.

Tennyson at Freshwater

world of incident and interest. And by the true instinct which draws like to like, such men of genius as Tyndall, Darwin, Aubrey de Vere, Sir Henry Taylor, were among her visitors, and so many more that to attempt a list would be tedious. I have before me the inscription on one of her photographs of Tennyson which she gave to "Philip," as she called her dear friend Sir Henry Taylor—the author of "Philip van Artavelde." It represents vividly the atmosphere of those days, and her place in forming it:

A gift transferred with much love to dear Philip. This photo done by my will against his will—a column of everlasting grandeur. June, 1863.

The "by my will against his will" is very significant. She not only insisted on photographing Tennyson, but used to make him show himself on occasion, and do whatever she thought suitable to his genius and position, while he often endeavoured, half annoyed, half pleased, to frustrate her designs. Sometimes her plans for symbolizing his greatness were extremely quaint. On one occasion (in 1873) she took it into her head that the great monarch of Freshwater ought, like the Doge of Venice, to wed the sea. She bade one of the Simeon family,* who was in Freshwater at the time, make a wreath of white and red may, to take the place of a ring, and proceeded with some friends in solemn procession to Farringford, to persuade the bard to do her will. In the end she succeeded in bringing him with her to Freshwater Bay, and making him throw the wreath into the sea and speak words worthy of the occasion.

Tennyson loved Mrs Cameron sincerely, and was amused at her intense hero worship. "All her geese are swans, and all her Taylors are gods," he once said.

She was almost an official mistress of ceremonies for those who desired an interview with Tennyson. The story has been told before now of her bringing some American visitors to Farringford at a moment when Tennyson was a good deal

* Mr Stephen Simeon.

Tennyson at Freshwater

out of humour, and showed it to his guests too plainly. She rebuked him with the words: "Alfred, I brought them to see a lion; they did not expect to find a bear!"

Mrs Cameron was profoundly interested in keeping the poet well, and fit for work. One evening a friend who was dining with her mentioned that there was small-pox in the neighbourhood. Mrs Cameron started. "Alfred Tennyson has not been vaccinated for twenty years," she said. "We must not lose a moment." She went at once in search of the village doctor, took him to Farringford, and made her way to Tennyson's study. He was busy and did not want to see her, but she pursued him from room to room. In the end he said: "Madam, if you will leave me I will do anything you like." He was vaccinated. The sequel was told me by Tennyson himself. The vaccine proved to be bad, and he was not really well again for six months, so Mrs Cameron's intervention did not prove quite so fortunate as she had hoped.

Mrs Cameron corresponded frequently with some of the great lights of science and literature—to Sir Henry Taylor she wrote almost daily. But, indeed, her general correspondence was enormous. There were certain days—I think just before the mail to Ceylon—when the writing was at extraordinarily high pressure. Then she stood at her high desk, completing letter after letter, and throwing each down on the floor; and even after the ordinary post had gone there was a special messenger whom she called "Deer Foot," who ran with her "overflow" letters to catch the boat at the last moment. She photographed her "lions" when they came to Freshwater. Those large photographs, some of them real works of art, are still to be seen in many houses in the Isle of Wight and elsewhere—of Darwin, of Herschel, of Browning, of Carlyle, and many another. She also photographed her friends, and I was more than once the recipient of her attentions in this respect. I remember being photographed once as a Roman in a toga, and once dressed as a Bravó. As a boy I wore my hair rather long, and she was quite convinced that, as I was a Catholic, my father and

Tennyson at Freshwater

mother would make me part with it all and be a monk when I grew up. So she looked at the hair with a kind of sad fondness, as a thing that must die young.

She chose her parlourmaids largely for their beauty, and one of them in the end made a very good marriage. There were two "Marys" whom she would sometimes in the most unconventional way take with her into society. On one occasion when the Simeons asked her to come to the Cowes Regatta, somewhat to their surprise the Marys appeared in her train. But the result was most embarrassing to Mrs Cameron, as some of the more susceptible young men of the party paid them attentions which made the duties of a chaperone very onerous. She would show off to her friends the Mary who was called, from the shape of her face, "Madonna," using various devices to exhibit her to the best advantage. "Mary, do stand on that chair and pull down that high curtain." Then, turning to her friend: "Isn't she perfect in that light, and in profile as you see her now?" In the same way she would exhibit her wonderfully picturesque old white-haired husband. One went on tiptoe to the door of his study, a crack of which was opened noiselessly. "There he is, reading his Greek; doesn't he look grand?"

Tennyson's brothers used occasionally to appear in Freshwater, and his sister—old Miss Matilda Tennyson. There was a very marked family likeness in all the Tennysons whom I recall to mind. The combination in them of strenuous hardiness, with a keen sense of the poetry in life, used to give me the feeling I had in reading La Motte Fouqué's stories of the old Norsemen. The brothers seemed to me to dress alike, and at a little distance off, Horatio Tennyson or Arthur Tennyson might easily have been mistaken for the poet. They all spoke, too, with a strong Lincolnshire accent. Something of their character is perhaps indicated in a chance remark of Arthur Tennyson's to a friend whom he met in the Freshwater lanes one fine April morning. In response to enquiries after his health (he was a man of 81),

Tennyson at Freshwater

he replied: "I can't help being troubled by the terrible excitement of the spring." There was in the whole family something of the poet who is ever young. The high water mark for interest in Freshwater society was perhaps reached in 1873 when G. F. Watts and Mr and Mrs Prinsep (the latter a sister of Mrs Cameron) came to live at the Briery, close to Farringford. In 1874 Mrs Cameron left the Isle of Wight for Ceylon.

As Isle of Wight reminiscences are to form the staple of my paper, I may say a word concerning Tennyson's old friend and my father's—Sir John Simeon. Tennyson's friendship with Sir John Simeon came to an end with his death in 1870, just before that with my father began.* Tennyson has spoken of his own friendship with each in his verse, and I may here record what I heard long ago, and have recently learnt in greater detail as to the writing of the beautiful verses "In the Garden at Swainston," just before Simeon's funeral in 1870.

Tennyson reached Swainston some time before the cortège was to start, and he asked Sir John's eldest boy—a lad of 20—to give him an old hat and cloak of his father's, and his pipe. "Come for me yourself," he added, "when it is time to start, and do not send a servant." Young Simeon came when the hour had arrived, and found Tennyson smoking his father's pipe, and wearing his father's hat and cloak, stretched at full length under a tree in the garden, the tears streaming from his eyes, and the MS. of the poem written.

Concerning Tennyson's friendship with my father I may be allowed to quote some paragraphs from my contribution to Lord Tennyson's volume:

Tennyson's friendship with my father grew up from close neighbourhood, and from the fact that they had so much more in common with each other than with most of their Isle of Wight neighbours. It was cemented by my father's devotion to Mrs

* My father's own intercourse with Sir John Simeon, with whom he had been intimate in early life, almost ceased in the 'sixties, owing to Simeon's hostility to the Temporal Power of the Papacy, which was a great bone of contention among Catholics in those days.

Tennyson at Freshwater

(afterwards Lady) Tennyson, who, in her conversation, he always said, reminded him of the John Henry Newman of Oxford days. Also they had many friends in common—such as Dean Stanley, Lord Selborne, and Jowett—who often visited Freshwater. They were both members of the Metaphysical Society, and loved to discuss in private problems of religious faith which formed the subject of the Society's debates. They were also both great Shakespearians. But most of all they were drawn together by a simplicity and directness of mind, in which, I think, they had few rivals—if I may say of my own father what every one else said. Nevertheless, their intimacy was almost as remarkable for diversity of interests as for similarity. It might seem at first sight to be a point of similarity between them that each revelled in his way in the scenery of the beautiful island which was their home. Yet the love of external nature was very different in the two men. It had that marked contrast which Ruskin has described in his *Modern Painters*. Ruskin contrasts three typical ways of being affected by what is beautiful. There is first "the man who perceives rightly because he does not feel, and to whom the primrose is very accurately the primrose because he does not love it. Then, secondly, the man who perceives wrongly because he feels, and to whom the primrose is anything else than a primrose—a star, or a sun, or a fairy's shield, or a forsaken maiden. And then lastly, there is the man who perceives rightly in spite of his feelings, and to whom the primrose is for ever nothing else than itself—a little flower apprehended in the very plain and leafy fact of it, whatever and how many soever the associations and passions may be that crowd around it."

My father's imagination was of the second order, Tennyson's of the third. My father often perceived wrongly, or not at all, because he felt so strongly. Consequently, while the bold outlines of mountain scenery and the large vistas of sea and down in the Isle of Wight moved him greatly, he did not look at them with the accurate eye of an artist; and the minute beauty of flowers and trees was non-existent for him. Tennyson, on the contrary, had the most delicate and true perception of the minute as well as the great. Each man chose for his home a site which suited his taste. Weston was on a high hill with a wide view. Farringford was lower down and buried in trees. The two men used sometimes to walk together on the great Down which stretches from the Needles rocks to Freshwater Bay, on which the boundary between Tennyson's property and my father's is marked by the dyke beyond the Tennyson memorial cross.

Tennyson at Freshwater

At other times they walked in the Freshwater lanes. And there was a suggestion in these different surroundings of their sympathy and of their difference. The immense expanse of scenery visible from the Beacon Down was equally inspiring to both, but the lanes and fields which were full of inspiration to Tennyson had nothing in them which appealed to W. G. Ward. If he heard a bird singing, the only suggestion it conveyed to him was of a tiresome being who kept him awake at night. Trees were only the unpleasant screens which stood in the way of the view of the Solent from his house, and which he cut down as fast as they grew up. To Tennyson, on the contrary—as we see constantly in his poetry—there was a whole world of interest in Nature created by his knowledge of botany and natural history, as well as by his exceptionally accurate and observant eye. . . .

When Tennyson and W. G. Ward walked together there was then a most curious contrast in their attitude towards the Nature that surrounded them,—Tennyson noting every bird, every flower, every tree, as he passed it, Ward buried in the conversation, and alive only to the great, broad effects in the surrounding country. . . .

W. G. Ward was himself not only no poet, but almost barbarously indifferent to poetry, with some few exceptions. He was exceedingly frank with Tennyson, and plainly intimated to him that there was very little in his poetry that he understood or cared for. But this fact never impaired their friendship. Indeed, I think Tennyson enjoyed his almost eccentric candour in this and in other matters, and he used, in later years, to tell me stories which illustrated it. . . . W. G. Ward's extreme frankness led Tennyson to remark to a friend: "The popular idea of Roman Catholics as Jesuitical and untruthful is contrary to my own experience. The most truthful man I ever met was an Ultramontane. He was grotesquely truthful." Tennyson would sometimes retort in kind to my father's frank criticisms, and once, after vainly trying to decipher one of his letters, observed that the handwriting was "like walking-sticks gone mad," a curiously true description of my father's very peculiar characters.* . . .

As with scenery, so with poetry; my father only took in broad effects and simple pathos, and would single out for special admiration such a poem as the "Children's Hospital," over which he shed many tears.

Tennyson soon accustomed himself to my father's indifference

* My own writing he compared to the "limbs of a flea."

Tennyson at Freshwater

to his poetry in general. But he hoped that, at all events, his metaphysical poems would interest his neighbour, and sent him the MS. of "De Profundis" when he wrote it; but the reply was only an entreaty that he would put explanatory notes to it when it should be published. One exception, however, must be made in favour of "Becket," which Tennyson read aloud to Ward, who, greatly to his own surprise, admired it enthusiastically. "How do you like it?" Tennyson asked, and the reply was, "Very much, though I did not expect to like it at all. It was quite splendid. The development of character in Chancellor and Archbishop is wonderfully drawn. Where did you learn it all?"

. . . . When my father died Tennyson visited his grave in company with Father Haythornthwaite, who spoke to me of the visit directly afterward. A cross of fresh flowers had been placed on the grave until the monument should be erected. Tennyson quoted Shirley's couplet:

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

And then, standing over the grave, he recited the whole of the beautiful poem from which these lines are taken.

A few years later Tennyson published the memorial lines in the volume called *Demeter and other Poems*, which show how closely his observant mind had taken in the character of his friend:

Farewell, whose living like I shall not find,
Whose Faith and Work were bells of full accord,
My friend, the most unworldly of mankind,
Most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward.
How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind,
How loyal in the following of thy Lord!

My father rarely mixed in general society in Freshwater, or anywhere else, but both Mrs Cameron and Tennyson used often to bring their friends to see us at Weston. A friend has lately reminded me of one occasion on which we acted "dumb crambo," and the word to be guessed was to rhyme with "tell." After various exhibitions of her histrionic genius, Mrs Cameron

Tennyson at Freshwater

reached her most triumphant height when she entered the room, robed in a flaming red cloak, and went through the most wonderful gestures and facial contortions, as of a tortured spirit, bringing rounds of applause, which betokened that she had discovered the word to be guessed—namely “hell.” She was devoted to my father and used to kiss his hand, and always addressed him as “Squire Ward.”*

When Garibaldi visited Farringford, Mrs Cameron was naturally among those most eager to make acquaintance with one who loomed so large in the English mind at that time. She arrived at Farringford after a morning spent in her usual occupation of taking photographs, with the result that her finger tips were deeply stained. She, of course, wanted to photograph Garibaldi himself. Her very original dress—not unlike that of an Italian peasant—formed such a contrast to that of other ladies to whom Garibaldi was presented, that he thought this strangely clad and apparently dirty woman must be a beggar. She soon understood the situation, and, not the least abashed, explained to him insistently, “This is not dirt, but art.”

I have before now told the story of a very amusing meeting of hers and Tennyson’s with one belonging to a very different world from Garibaldi. Cardinal Vaughan was staying with my father at Weston, and Mrs Cameron and Tennyson came to tea to meet him. Mrs Cameron was, at that time, photographing various people for the characters in the “*Idylls of the King*.” Directly she saw Vaughan’s knightly face and figure, she called out to Tennyson: “Alfred, I have found Sir Lancelot.” Tennyson, not seeing to whom she referred, replied in deep tones: “I want a face that is well worn with evil passion.” The Cardinal was greatly embarrassed, and the company a good deal amused. But they were afterwards introduced to each other and had much friendly conversation.

* Mrs Warre Cornish writes to me, “Mrs Cameron used to say your father was such a great man that she *must* call him by a special title.”

Tennyson at Freshwater

My own more frequent intercourse with Tennyson began after I returned from Rome, where I spent a year attending the philosophical lectures at the Gregorian University in 1878. While in Rome I read "The Holy Grail" very carefully, and had some correspondence about it with Tennyson's eldest son. When I returned to England I at once saw a good deal of the poet, and stayed with him, I think, every year at Aldworth until his death. I have elsewhere recorded various notes I made at different times of my conversations with him. I may say a word here as to the general character of his talk.

Tennyson's conversation was at its best out walking, and his morning walk was an event to which his friends always keenly looked forward. To one who had never met him it presented some surprises. When one first heard him speak one was startled by the strong Lincolnshire accent, which I fancy he deliberately cultivated. Huxley once said to me, "One thought it was his own Northern farmer." It took a little reflection on the actual words to observe the great beauty of his language. It was wonderfully simple, terse and clean cut, the words being, by preference, short and Saxon. His letters, so many of which are printed in his Biography, give in this respect a very true idea of his conversation. He was a very good listener, and not in the least inclined to monopolize the conversation. He would find at once the subject on which his companion had first-hand information, and he would be eager to learn all he could. He had a real passion for facts, and, in the best sense, "la grande curiosité." His memory for details which he learnt, either in reading or in conversation, was most retentive, and I remember being amazed at the array of exact figures he presented to me one day after he had been reading Ball's Astronomy, as to the distances of planets, the rate of their movement; and so forth. He also knew a great deal about botany and natural history. But, indeed, his passion for general knowledge (as I have already intimated) struck one more than anything in talking to him. There was no rash theorizing or generali-

Tennyson at Freshwater

zation; he had the true nineteenth-century instinct for amassing details before he would proceed to an induction. He liked, too, where he could, to see things for himself, and within a year of his death I remember his suddenly exclaiming, "I want to go abroad and see the world."

Our national defences interested him very much. About the year 1888 Mr Stanhope, the Minister for War, came to Freshwater to inspect the first trial of Brennan's torpedo. A huge hulk, attached by a very long rope to a small steamer, was dragged between Colwell Bay and Hurst Castle, and the torpedo was to blow it up. A good many of us assembled to witness the experiment. I stood next to Tennyson himself, and on this occasion his silence of attention was more eloquent than speech. We saw the hulk dragged slowly along about 300 yards from the shore, and when it got near the appointed spot, quite suddenly, the torpedo started on its way from the shore, making for a point just in front of the hulk. Its course was shown by the flag attached to it, which was visible—a necessary means for guiding it properly. As the flag darted rapidly onwards, jerking up and down, it had the appearance of something living. "It is like an evil spirit bent on destruction," Tennyson remarked. At last it suddenly disappeared, and a few moments later there was a huge cloud of smoke, and when it was dissipated the hulk had vanished—blown to pieces. For some minutes Tennyson did not speak. He afterwards kept dwelling on what he had seen and several times recurred to the idea which had impressed itself on his imagination, that this engine of destruction, elaborated by nineteenth-century science, reminded him of the primitive conception of a malignant evil spirit.

Tennyson was, like many men of genius, moody. He was intensely highly strung, and when working at a poem was not the genial companion he was on other occasions. He could be abrupt and even rude. I have known him at such times unconsciously rude to strangers, and then make most gracious and kindly compensation when reproached

Tennyson at Freshwater

for it, perhaps giving the person whose feelings he had hurt a copy of his poems with an autograph inscription. He had also the abruptness of great truthfulness. "He will say the thing that is in his mind," as Lady Tennyson once happily put it. There was in him (as I have said) a vein of childlike simplicity, and if the admiration of others sometimes made him appear self-conscious that was the cause. He was aware of it, and had not the sophistication of the man of the world, who would have pretended not to see it. He was extremely frank and simple in asking one's opinion on any poem he might be writing. Even when I was little more than a boy I remember his reading "Vastness" to Mr Frederick Locker* and myself at Aldworth before it appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*. In the course of the noble couplets in which he presents the insoluble mystery of the universe and of human life he read one in which, as occasionally happened to him, his sense of form had for a moment failed him. It ran as follows:

Love for the maiden crowned with marriage,
No regret for aught that has been;
Debtless competence, comely children,
Happy household, sober and clean.

Mr Locker and I both smiled very visibly, and Tennyson asked, "What are you laughing at?" We were somewhat confused, but I ventured to say, "Perhaps, if it makes us laugh, it will make other people laugh." Tennyson said, "That's true." He folded up his MS. and read no more. Next morning after breakfast he said to us, "I want to read you something," and read the lines as they stand in the published version:

Love for the maiden crowned with marriage,
No regret for aught that has been;
Household happiness, gracious children,
Debtless competence, golden mean.

He used in the 'eighties very often to read me his poetry, and I was among those who delighted in the

*The author of *London Lyrics*, afterwards Mr Locker-Lampson.

Tennyson at Freshwater

solemn chant with which he rolled out his lines. I used to attempt to imitate it in reading his poems to intimate friends, and I endeavoured to make the imitation complete and to catch his somewhat provincial accent. "Some d—d good-natured friend" tried to make mischief in consequence, as I discovered. I went to lunch at Farringford one day. More often than not Tennyson used to let me sit next him, and talked to me a good deal. On this occasion he came in late, and went at once to the other end of the table. I addressed one or two remarks to him, but he made no reply, and I saw him several times looking at me with a severe expression which I could not quite understand. Suddenly, during a pause in the conversation, he said, in his deep tones, "Wilfrid Ward, I'm told you mimic me!" It was rather a terrible moment, but I replied, "I think if anyone has heard you read your poetry, the best thing they can do is to try and read it like you." "That's very true," he answered, with conviction, and the strain in our relations at once came to an end.

He was perfectly conscious of all that he added to the effect of a poem by reading it himself, and I remember on one occasion his reading to Sir Richard Jebb and myself "Come into the garden, Maud," working up the passion of the concluding stanzas with extraordinary power, each line in a higher key than the one before it, and then his voice falling suddenly with the last words:

Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple red.

He added, as the tears stood in his eyes and his voice trembled with emotion, "No one knows what 'Maud' is till they have heard me read it." And it was perfectly true.

WILFRID WARD

THE FORTUNES OF CIVILIZATION

The Revolutions of Civilization. By Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, F.R.S., D.C.L.

Crete, the Forerunner of Greece. By C. H. and H. B. Hawes. Preface by E. J. Evans, F.R.S. London and New York: Harper Bros.

WHEN Gibbon undertook, not without inspiration from the previous work of Montesquieu, to write his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, he was more intent on painting a vast and striking historical picture than eager to compose a philosophy which might explain it. The picture we possess, brilliant still in all its chief colours, but we must look elsewhere if we would ascertain the reasons why Rome, in seven centuries, came to be Queen of the World, and, after five more, sank into a heap of ruins amid Barbarian invasions. Gibbon's own account of the Decline is as brief as inadequate. "It was scarcely possible," he tells us, "that the eyes of contemporaries should discover in the public felicity the latent causes of decay and corruption. This long peace, and the uniform government of the Romans, introduced a slow and secret poison into the vitals of the empire. The minds of men were reduced to the same level, the fire of genius was extinguished, and even the military spirit evaporated." In another passage he remarks that "the decline of Rome was the natural and inevitable effect of immoderate greatness;" it fell by its own weight; and, instead of asking why it was destroyed, we should rather be surprised that it had lasted so long. He faintly apprehends a law of change, with some reference to the "sage historian" Polybius, but of its essence and movement he can furnish no scheme.*

Men do not now study the past for contemplation

*Gibbon, I, 194; IV, 403. Milman's edition.

The Fortunes of Civilization

but in the spirit of induction and, so far as may be, of forecast. They would fain assimilate history to science, by which they understand not so much the pure idea of a thing as its working formula. But comparison is the mother of knowledge; and in the eighteenth century no second instance was available whence light could be thrown upon the course of Roman civilization, itself a vulgar edition, so to call it, of Greek thought adapted to East and West, or to the Mediterranean countries. One single road of law, culture, and association—the Pax Romana—united these nations. From the first Olympiad, 776 B.C., to the Fall of Constantinople, 1453 A.D., we follow a luminous track, on either side of which lay the darkness visible of Barbarism. Even the Christian Church rested on the classic bases of learning and art, of literature, administration, jurisprudence. The Spanish Arabs owed all their mediæval culture to the same system. And what was the Renaissance at which, to quote Gibbon once more, “freedom became the happy parent of taste and science,” but antiquity revived? To this period we ourselves belong. Europeans have never known a different type of civilization—until the other day, when spade and pickaxe laid bare the hidden underworld of Babylonia, Egypt, and the Ægean cities, with Crete as a meeting-place from which to look out on a manifold perspective of history. The classical type is no longer unique. We can measure and judge it by others of such vast duration that its years shrink almost into an episode, while in some degree the causes which explain its vicissitudes are made clear to us.

Professor Flinders Petrie, whose book I am taking for my text, holds among seekers into this larger history a very high rank. He is a pioneer and an expert in all that has been discovered of the past of Egypt; but he is likewise a thoughtful critic of present-day phenomena, which he views from the Mount of Vision, lifted beyond parties and politics by studies so independent. The conclusion at which he arrives is, in absolute formula,

The Fortunes of Civilization

this—that what we term civilization falls under a law of recurrence; that it is intermittent, and therefore has definite phases, coming and going like the seasons, in a Great Year, the length of which is fairly ascertainable. Civilization has its periods, and these by the comparative method we can now arrange as on a plan, the points of resemblance being so manifest that error in deduction is largely eliminated. Perhaps we may refer, even at this early stage, to Mr Spencer's principle (applied by him to social units of every kind) according to which energy is concentrated and dissipated through phases, themselves obedient to an internal law. There is an arch of life, ascending and descending, not only for the individual, but for the aggregate of which he is a member. History, then, proceeds by a rhythmical movement, and the intervals known as Barbarism may be expected to occur between returning periods of a higher type. Such is Professor Petrie's contention, founded on a comparative view which takes in Egypt, Crete, and Europe, as terms of likeness and inference.

I make no doubt that our author would be willing to declare, with Sir Thomas Browne, "we crave exceeding pardon in the audacity of the attempt, humbly acknowledging a work of such concernment unto truth, and difficulty in itself, did well deserve the conjunction of many heads."* But where are the heads to be found? At all events we have gained not a little by the mere tabulation of similar periods, and their lines of production side by side, as is done here to our hand. Taking another small volume in the same series, viz., *Crete, the Fore-runner of Greece*, by C. H. and H. B. Hawes, we feel qualified to pursue with such excellent guides an enquiry, than which none can be more momentous, into the true significance of social life, how it rises towards a perfect state, and why it comes to an end.

With human origins at present the investigation is not concerned. How far down "in the dark backward and abysm of time" our kind may be visible, this

**Pseudoxia Epidem.*, Pref.

The Fortunes of Civilization

explorer leaves undecided. Professor Ray Lankester is free to maintain that implements found below the Suffolk Crag disclose men of the Pleiocene Era, half a million of years ago. More moderate and more extreme reckonings have been drawn up in connexion with Glacial Periods, during and before which the race appears to have existed. But Professor Petrie takes for granted man of the Old Stone Age, whose achievements cannot be dealt with consecutively. In Egypt he notes eight distinct stages of civilization, the first of which is pre-historic, but already it supposes a long experience, indefinite though fruitful, in the training of our ancestors. They had invented speech, found out the use of fire, made bows and arrows, tamed some domestic animals, arrived at the idea of ornament. The great conquests of mind over matter, involving all that has been attempted since by the "daring race of Iapetus," were secure when fire and vocal speech became subdued to a deliberate purpose. We might go farther still and, as an argument to the mere scientific intellect, affirm that whenever the so-called Cave Men had arrived at the ideas of God, the Soul, and Immortality (which require no material aids for their sustenance), civilization was bound to be shaped by those high thoughts, even where the arts of life lagged behind.

What proportion the antecedent times of Barbarism hold to these periods of culture, it is impossible to lay down. All recent archæologists lengthen out the Old Stone Age enormously, using somewhat rude, and perhaps deceptive, calculations from the observed normal growth of drift and deposit. Even as regards the historical eras, when we get back towards the year 2,000 B.C., and into more distant millenia, there is by no means perfect agreement. In any case, learning has decided on a far larger sweep than Ussher's too modest computation of the Hebrew chronology. Professor Petrie, in the volume under review, keeps close to the native Egyptian figures, while our Cretan guides follow the "School of Berlin," which reduces them by two thousand years

The Fortunes of Civilization

in the earlier dynasties.* Of continuous history the Professor would give altogether seven thousand years and more (from about 5,500 B.C.). We may add three thousand for his two prehistoric periods, bringing the whole curiously near to Dr. Evans' estimate, which reckons ten thousand from the first Neolithic settlement at Knossos, in Crete. Thus we attain to the "Great Year," during which civilization arose about the Mediterranean orbit, having its seasons of perfection and decline, until it shall perish off the face of the earth, or survive only in its records and ruins, as Babylonish, Egyptian, Carthaginian, Etruscan, have done in very unequal measures.

The Great Year is familiar to us from Virgil as a recurring cycle, celebrated in his Fourth Eclogue:

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas;
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.
Jam redit et Virgo; redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.

That was a Platonic, and it appears to have been also an Etruscan, idea, to be fulfilled when all the heavenly bodies returned to the same position which they occupied at the world's beginning. With Professor Petrie the cycle has no astronomic, and much less an astrologic, tendency. He arrives at his "myriad" of years which make it up by observation, and that in no sense recondate. His most convenient test or standard is art, especially the art of building, or architecture and its related branches. Not as if sculpture in the widest significance were of greater value to mankind than laws, literature, and religion. But its remains will help us where these are not available; monuments precede and outlast documents; and the research that begins with funeral pits and pottery can appeal, not to the mere catalogue of things recorded, but to the things themselves. Moreover, they admit of easier comparison than large mental phenomena, to which they may serve as an introduction.

*Encyc. Brit. art "Egypt," ix, 79.

The Fortunes of Civilization

Our essay prescind from any view of morals and religion, for by such terms we designate vast systems of effects, and the enquiry is travelling back to simple causes, such as climate, race, migration, means of subsistence. Hence it leaves out Revelation. We must be satisfied with a preliminary sketch in matters of such complexity, thankful when a single step forward is securely taken. The subjects in which our book finally attempts a judgement are sculpture, painting, literature, music, mechanics, science, and wealth. From the progress and relations of these diverse activities a scheme of civilization may be delineated which appears to justify the law of regular movements formulated by Professor Petrie.

Let us consider Egypt in its remains, beginning with Neolithic Man. From this era, perhaps one hundred centuries ago, we may pursue the stages of its civilization, with breaks between of varying length, down to 1,500 A.D., not taking into account the most modern period, of which a word later. The first prehistoric age exhibits (in addition to simple unadorned pottery), painted cups and vases, red surfaces with white slip patterns, "a clear independent design," traceable through pure ornament to its decay in "unintelligent copying." The second age, likewise before history, shows degradation in all its products, including the forms of slate palettes and flints. But the distinctive art of Egypt begins a little earlier than the First Dynasty (the Third Period); and while it rapidly develops writing from the ideographic rudiments, it gives rise to a bold natural sculpture, archaic in its primary attempts, but full of promise. The swift rise, consequent freedom, and long decay of art, illustrated in royal tombs and general products, cover the first three dynasties, the highest point being reached, perhaps, about 5,400 B.C., and the whole period lasting well over one thousand years. Then comes the great age of the Pyramid Builders (the Fourth Period), only a short interval of 130 years dividing the worst sculptures of Neterket from the perfect art which we

The Fortunes of Civilization

can admire in our museums and in its Nilotic home. Three dynasties beheld it flourish and decline, until the amazing pyramids were replaced by heaps of rubble, the art of engraving inscriptions had been nearly lost, and the hieroglyphic signs were half forgotten.

But when the Twelfth Dynasty rules, a new and beautiful art of refined detail advances to perfection and occupies more than one hundred years. It decays until the Fourteenth Dynasty, when the Hyksos invade Egypt, chaos follows, and the Barbarians triumph. We may reckon the Fifth Period as beginning somewhere toward 4,000 B.C., while it lasted, including the time of the foreign dominion, about fourteen centuries. The Sixth is best known, owing to the profusion of remains, especially at Thebes. It corresponds to the Fifteenth to Twentieth Dynasties; exhibits a delicate style, richness of material, and variety of colour; but ends in the revolution, at once religious and literary, associated with Akhenaten, which we have come to know from the discoveries at Tell-el-Amarna. The revolution failed, reaction set in, and a continuous decay, abounding in romance and emotion at the expense of character, leads on to the rude commonplace which, under Rameses II and his successors, became the prevailing type. Thus we reach the Seventh Period, dating from 1,200 B.C., and moving down to the Greek or classic centuries, in which the native Egyptian art expired. Roman influences could never be to it of a salutary effect; an imitative and exotic style lingered on till the Empire, falling to pieces, was divided between Byzantine Greeks, Northern Barbarians, and Saracens from the desert. In 641 Egypt was subdued by the sword of Islam. The Eighth Period is Coptic and Mohammedan. With his "straight lines and mechanical curves" the Copt anticipates Arab designs in geometry from which the human figure is absent. Early Moslem work bears a remarkable affinity in mass and ornament to that we call Norman; both flourished at the same dates. The fortifications of Cairo and the Tower of London

The Fortunes of Civilization

suggest a like inspiration. In both styles the Decorated follows, and about 1480 the Egyptian "Pendentive," set over against the English Perpendicular, cannot fail to convince artists that debasement of a similar idea has in either of these examples reached its term.

Yet our Norman Gothic did not spring up in Egypt. If we would track it to its own origin, we must make a fresh start. Twenty years ago this could not be done; now it seems largely accomplished, thanks to Schliemann's "obstinate questionings" of Troy and Mykenæ, with his victorious spade. Those who (like the present writer) saw his Trojan finds exhibited in London, his later treasures from Tiryns and the Argive tombs securely housed in the Museum at Athens, will be grateful to the Providence which has allowed them to witness the splendid Fifth Act of this drama, the scene of which is that "Gnosia tellus," the beautiful Isle of Crete. We, too, though Barbarians from the remote West, may claim as our birthright the wonderful civilization that wrought for the future while it was building, painting, and adorning the palaces of Knossos, Phæstos, and Gournia, inventing the plan of the Labyrinth, dictating laws by the dynasty of Minos, covering the Mediterranean with its fleets, and designing the art known long afterwards as purely classic. These revelations, which stand visible in their objects like some great tableaux vivants, touch us more nearly than aught which the Land of the Nile has to show. Here is our Mother Country as civilized Europeans. Our religion we derive from another source; but our culture, hitherto supposed to be Hellenic, though it must ever come to us from Athens, its university, was Cretan first, according to the legends long discredited, and now at last proved true. We read with a smile in the Classical Dictionaries of our youth how "the cycle of myths connected with Minos and his family threw a splendour over Crete, to which its estrangement from the rest of Greece during the historic period presents a great contrast."*

*Smith. *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography*, 1, 703.

The Fortunes of Civilization

The "lying Cretans" boasted not only of the birth-place, but of the tomb of Zeus; and the Dorians "made Crete the head-quarters of the worship of Apollo." But neither Zeus nor Apollo has been discovered among the divinities of the island. History must be re-written, legend corrected by the monuments. We have learned, by cumulative and multiplying evidences, that Crete and not Hellas deserves to be named the torchbearer of our Western World.*

Archæology does not yet go so far back in Cretan as it has done in Egyptian research. "The remains," says Dr Petrie, "parallel to the first three periods in Egypt, still lie in the 21 feet of Neolithic ruins at Knossos;" a depth greater than that which hid for so many generations remnants of the Early, Middle, and Late Cretan ages. Twelve thousand years have been thought no more than sufficient to account for the whole growth. However, the Fourth Period, as described above in Egypt, was contemporary in both regions. The island style is primitive; it shows the beginnings of the "spiral pattern" and the rise of carved figures, specimens of which have been found in the Cyclades. It will be remembered that the upper date given by Professor Petrie to his Fourth Period is nearly 5,000 B.C. While such large differences of opinion exist between experts on the subject of chronology, we cannot argue from any one system; but more important are the tokens, not depending on systems, which indicate that the phases of these two civilizations were, if not contemporaneous, at least closely connected. The presence of Mykenean or Cretan pottery in Egyptian remains will serve to this end, be the actual dates what they may. There is no doubt, again, as touching the sequence of Cretan progress from the Neolithic to the Bronze Age, and thence to the use of iron weapons. Thus, if we take the three great eras of "Minoan" Crete, parallel to the Sixth, Twelfth, and Eighteenth Egyptian dynasties, it is

* Comp. Callimachus, Hymns; St Paul to Titus, 1, 12; Cic. Nat. Deorum, III, 53; Lucan, Pharsalia, VIII, 872.

The Fortunes of Civilization

certain that they followed in this order; that from one thousand to twelve hundred years lay between them; and that all their glory was faded before the Homeric times, not lasting in any case over the twelfth century B.C.*

This Age of Bronze represents to Professor Petrie the fourth, fifth, and sixth periods of his arrangement. Brilliant polychrome painting, broad designs of noble curves, steady growth of naturalism from earlier attempts at figures, and a dignified architecture, shown especially in the magnificent palace of Knossos, introduce the splendours of a brief, yet astonishing, era, "the rival, if not the superior, of the classical age." In the art of figure-painting, in decorated patterns wrought upon clay, bronze, or gold, in stately court life as pictured by fresco and relief, in thousands of tablets which testify to the common use of a linear writing, probably syllabic, and in the widespread remains of beautiful objects, we are brought face to face with a world of culture and commerce, of civilized peace and human advancement, surprisingly original. It may be that the "Golden Age" of Crete did not last more than half a century out of the two thousand years dedicated to the use of bronze. Destruction came once and again, at an interval of, perhaps, five hundred years, on the royal residence at Knossos; and finally there swept over the island that Dorian wave which buried all in subterranean deeps.

But the civilization of Crete had existed. Its effects were yet to be seen on the Hellenic mainland, round about the Ægean; its memories and its influence lingered in Greek art, and were not wholly obliterated in the Greek poets and historians. The Brazen Age described by Hesiod corresponds to the third "Late Minoan" epoch. Herodotus, Thucydides, and Aristotle recount with variations the legends of Minos which imply that Cretan sea-power once ruled in Ægean waters. The Knossian palace and the emblem of the "Double

* *Crete, the Forerunner*, 18, 19.

The Fortunes of Civilization

Axe" led to strange stories concerning the Labyrinth, connecting Athens with Crete by the adventures of Theseus and a yearly festival. But to Homer and his Achæans the island was already a place of myths. Hellas took the leadership which Minoan rulers could no longer wield. In the history of civilization its first dazzling pages were covered with the mould of thirty centuries, waiting until scholars from three distant nations should bring them to light. Professor Petrie concludes that the Mediterranean and Egypt form a single group, subject to identical laws of development, and pursuing at short intervals of a hundred years or less the same phases of growth and decline. To support this inference, he passes on from the late Cretan or Sixth Period to the Seventh, which we know as the classical Græco-Roman, and thence to the Eighth or Mediæval, ending, so far as regards original design in building, before the Renaissance.

In each of these great curves the art of sculpture and styles of architecture follow a line of ascent from the rude archaism which betrays a strong vital impulse, fresh and creative, to perfect skill of technique and freedom of expression; after which they droop to mere copying, vulgarity, and coarseness without vigour. From the metopes of Selinus, early sixth century B.C., to the statues of maidens on the Acropolis, we perceive the advance, and later yet, as in the stele of Hegeso, with which many funeral monuments may be compared. The standard falls, say after Praxiteles, among the Greeks, little by little. Rome copies and degrades the lower types. On the Arch of Constantine we seem to be looking at a barbaric reminiscence of some unattainable idea; it is the death of art, perhaps when a cycle of a thousand years was complete. When the Northern tribes come down a new cycle begins. Until Charles the Great all is decay and confusion. But the impulse has been given; by the eleventh century architecture revives in Lombard and Norman buildings; the archaic bronze gates of San Zeno at Verona display what an

The Fortunes of Civilization

untutored but powerful imagination can achieve in metal as the years go on. The height is reached about the middle of the thirteenth century in churches of perfect beauty, in sculptures, brasses, and varied ornament. Our text gives, by way of example, the figure called "Ecclesia," at Bamberg, and the head of the German Emperor, Henry VI, with tombs from Fontevrault and Westminster of English Queens, 1190, 1290, 1415. By the latter date all over Europe decline was making itself felt. It has long been recognized that the birth year of Dante (1264) indicates the high-water mark of mediæval civilization as already past. No recovery was possible during the next two hundred years; and when the change came it did not spur genius to return to the great Gothic ages, but overleaped them at a bound and went back to antiquity. The inspiration which created mediæval art, and controlled its intellect, was dead.

On this inductive foundation Professor Petrie builds up a theory of the length, coincidences, and relative values in art, which characterize the eight periods, with a view to determining their general causes. He finds, on the system of dates adopted, that in six ascertainable phases Egypt may have preceded Europe by a century or less—in other words, the two orbits nearly coincide.

These phenomena cannot be due to chance. Assuming the same figures, it would appear that the average duration of a "Period" is 1330 years, the shortest being about half that amount, and the longest half as much again. That any such era may be violently interrupted we learn from catastrophes like the conquest of Egypt by the Hyksos and the permanent "barbarizing" of regions bordering on the Euphrates, which Mohammedan writers truly ascribe to the Mongol devastations of the thirteenth century. But, allowing for the incalculable as we must, it is worth while to apply the Professor's method by which, fixing on the point where archaism of design and execution passes

The Fortunes of Civilization

into freedom of handling, we pursue civilized effort on its downward course until it ends in lifeless routine. The facts are often beyond controversy; and the moral for these times will bear much dwelling upon.

As regards the "scale of values" hereby adopted and made a standard, there would be infinite things to say in its praise. If it has any foundation outside our dreams, it gives the lie direct to heresies which not long ago were the reigning fashion. Professor Petrie judges the rise and fall of architecture—nay, of art in general—by the predominance of character over emotion, or the reverse. Now character means self-control; it demands that feeling, however specious and exquisite, shall be subject to the Ideals of Reason; and what is all this but morality? In estimating the products of genius, not less national because the artist is individual, we keep this judgement of ethics always in view. Contemplate the friezes of the Parthenon, and by their side Hellenic sculpture in all its manifestations, from 450 B.C. till after the fall of Athens. It is, without question, the highest ever achieved by man; but how singularly free from passion! how refined and often how severe! Very little below it, says our Professor, and we may heartily agree, stands the best work of the Middle Ages, illustrated in portraiture, in symbolic figures, in the treatment of drapery, and in different forms of relief, to add no sentence on the perfect symmetries of Salisbury and Amiens, or the glories of Strassburg and Chartres. Going back at least thirty-two centuries, we find the Cretan art in its palmy days bold and pure, untainted by the suggestive decadence which came in later upon the whole Greek and Roman styles. In Egypt the same Fourth Period, which saw the rise of the Pyramids, has ever amazed men by its accurate and free manipulation of such mighty masses; but when we look upon the sublimity of the human portraits it has left us, we cannot escape the reflection that some atmosphere of lofty and tranquil thought must have brooded over these creations. They,

The Fortunes of Civilization

too, are classic in their mingling of sense and the ideal; they express more than they display, fraught with a significance which cannot be exhausted, for it holds of the source whence all beauty and life are drawn.

Periods like these remind us of the poet's verse; they tell us of "heights which the soul is competent to gain," but where it seems unable long to abide.* Reaction is the penalty of breathing an air so fine and delicate. The Golden Age never lasts. Fifty years or a little more, and it becomes a reminiscence. A most familiar instance may be studied in Italian painting, as it moves on from Leonardo da Vinci, or from Michaelangelo when he wrought in a noble tradition, to the disciples of a consummate Raffaele, and thence to the Caracci and their school, in which it loses the last shreds and tatters of the moral sense formerly conspicuous in the great Lombards and Florentines. To the ideal succeeds the voluptuous, to the voluptuous the grotesque, and to the grotesque the drawing-master's conventional. The human element sinks lower and lower until the crest of the wave becomes the hollow, and art is made an amusement or an accomplishment from which all serious meaning has been cast out.

If the ethical standard thus determines how we shall appraise the things done in painting and architecture, as humanly perfect or defective, it will surely be no less applicable to the related energies in civilized society. Omitting religion for the moment, let us enquire with Professor Petrie in what order these are developed, taking the principal to be literature, music, mechanics, science, and wealth. He would suggest that painting follows sculpture, and that the rest attain to their high levels in the sequence just named, at intervals which separate the best of one from the best of another. Suppose we begin with our Eighth or Mediæval-Modern Period, the last six centuries, known to us more intimately than the Classical, and far better than the Egyptian. It has

* Cp. Lucan, 1, 70, "Invida fatorum series, summisque negatum stare diu."

The Fortunes of Civilization

been said that works in stone, bronze, and other achievements of sculpture came to their height of freedom about 1240 in Central Europe, as distinct from the Mediterranean circle. Painting is archaic with Giotto down to 1330; the movement which at last brings liberty of handling becomes general after 1450. In literature (a vast subject with many chapters) our book refers only to English prose, and names the year 1600 as its turning point, when poetry was creating its own unsurpassable trophies. Music remains fettered even in the earlier days of Haydn, one hundred and fifty years after Shakespearean England had rivalled the Greeks in drama; with Beethoven the miracle is manifest, but we have come to the nineteenth century. What of mechanics, science, and wealth? In a general way the order of evolution cannot be denied; all three have grown as never before in the last century—the Age of Mechanism—but we may rely upon it that they will go forward with ever quickening speed, climbing to crests undreamt of now, in elements as yet dimly discerned, and by means of combined powers at present beyond our control.

It is obviously more difficult to ascertain the successive developments of these forces in periods receding from our own. The seventh (classical), nevertheless affords a pretty well established series from sculpture in 450 B.C. to the closely allied movements of mechanics, science, and wealth between the age of Augustus and that of the Antonines completed. The sixth period in Egypt appears to have run through this gamut of civilization between 1550 and 1180 B.C. Much scantier data, but always pointing in the same direction, for the “waves of time” that separate us from neolithic man, will perhaps lead to the Professor’s conclusion, viz., that “the order of development of the successive phases of each period is usually the same, though the intervals lengthened in the later ages.” On very abstract *a priori* grounds, if reason is man’s distinguishing character, this inference may appear to be highly probable. In Mr Spencer’s

The Fortunes of Civilization

language, "the highest reasoning is one with all the lower forms of human thought," and "the differences displayed in the ascending grades of intelligence are consequent upon the increasing complexity of the impressions assimilated." Human progress, though defeated again and again, recovers itself by coming to a wider outlook, creates something of a reserve for the future, and enlarges not only the thoughts of mankind, but their affections, which, once domestic or merely tribal, now tend towards universal brotherhood.

Confirmation of this general truth may be found if, on viewing all the systems known to us that deserve the name of civilized order, we light upon similar phenomena. And such is the case, according to Professor Petrie. In Asia distinct societies, like the Babylonians, Assyrians, Persians, and Arabs create or inherit much that we mean by culture, from as early an epoch as the Mediterranean world, if not earlier. Nay, there is good ground for believing that Asia went before Egypt and Europe on the path of ascent. Its movement is here calculated as about three centuries and a half in advance of the Western phases; and hence the constant struggle between these antagonists. However, in any case, the periods of change are sufficiently alike on an average (from 1330 to 1500 years), to hint at some law of human development rather than causes which act on our destiny without regard to the laws of mind. Psychology, not mechanics, must give the explanation.

Another way of stating this vital fact (if such it is), would be to declare, with Professor Petrie, that "the phase belongs to the folk, not to the land." Place the Turks in England, surely before a generation had passed Britain would visibly decline towards the present state of Asia Minor. Place the English nation in Asia Minor, just as surely in twenty years Anatolia would abound in railways, manufactures, commerce, and all that Britons value, whether as mental or material civilization. The Greeks who followed Alexander kept in a large degree their native habits of thought, although some-

The Fortunes of Civilization

what demoralized by contact with Orientals. When the Spaniards conquered Mexico and Peru they imported not only their religion among the Indian tribes, but their arts and learning. The New England colonies did not fall to the level of the nations around them. It is the boast of America, justified by many instances, that civilization across the Atlantic started on a higher course by its inheritance of English principles, which went with the first emigrants into those wilds. What do Australians mean by the "yellow peril," except their fear that, if Easterns or Asiatics were freely admitted, they would transplant the ideas and practices of Japan or China to Victoria and Queensland? There is going on, indeed, a fierce economic struggle for markets all over the world; but its real significance turns upon the ideals of civilization which are in conflict, and of these the standards are borne by nations whose innermost spirit they reveal. "The phase is inherent in the people," it is not due simply to the place they occupy or to climate, food, circumstances, as the school maintained which, not many years ago, resolved history into environment and character into climate.

Race, although undoubtedly a prime factor in the world-movement, is mysterious as regards both origin and liability to change. The deepest, because the most intimate, force in any man is that individual nature which comes to him from his ancestors. But now let us enquire, who may be these ancestors of a given people? Variations, says Darwin, arise we know not how; yet, in general, we must assume that they are effects consequent on differences in the whole pedigree from which offspring descends. While, then, admitting that changes of climate, famines or abundance, health and disease, wars and disasters of every kind, have their due effect on civilization, the main cause in Professor Petrie's philosophy is the intermingling of races. From variations thus produced the new impulses arise, the mental faculties are given fresh power and motive, which stir them to creative efforts. Whenever past experience is

The Fortunes of Civilization

the record of culture, it bears witness to the invasion of some foreign stock. Centuries may be required for the strangers to be fused in one common people with the natives; but when that has been accomplished, a new era of activities will begin. To speak in terms of biology, another species has thus been evolved, exhibiting peculiar characteristics, and endowed with its own vision of reality.

Consider, for example, the striking sentence with which our Cretan volume ends. "In classical Greece," the writers affirm, "we see the results of the mingling of two unusually gifted races—one autochthonous, the other immigrant—the former contributing the tradition and technical skill of a highly advanced native civilization, especially rich in art; the latter its heritage of Aryan institutions, power of co-ordination, and an all-conquering language." Take, again, the Mediæval Period. It is impossible to account for so richly original a development of new activities, on the basis furnished by Roman decadence, without recognizing the vigour of those "Barbarians" who settled among the peoples of the Latin stock, and in course of time produced our modern nations. Every several literature gives evidence to the same conclusion. The mixture of Gauls and Franks is not more perceptible in the physical traits of Frenchmen than it is in their prose and verse, their wars, revolutions, government, and social habits. The English world, from whatever side we come upon it, is a scene of compromise, due to the profound and highly complex interfusion of races that has been taking place for at least fifteen hundred years. The late emergence of Prussia from barbarism, and its present advance towards supremacy, cannot be well apprehended unless we take into account the slowly forming unity of a type hitherto non-existent, arising out of old German, Slav, Scandinavian, and Low Dutch elements. For the Prussian is by no means the German of the Middle Age; he is the product of six hundred years more, and of tribes never touched by mediæval forces. On reasoning

The Fortunes of Civilization

as cogent we anticipate in America phases of culture not indigenous to Europe, though derivable from its ideas, parallel to the stages which we have traversed, while perhaps resembling them as little as our own resemble the Greek. We may be waiting yet until the "Fourth Idea," bearing analogy to the fourth dimension in space, comes by this unprecedented amalgam of races over a whole continent to its living and practical manifestation.

At present it is almost a rule of good manners to associate the next appearance of a millennial period with democracy. That, as all men will admit, is the American problem, but how it may be resolved is not so clear. To Professor Petrie the question of government or home politics does not seem worth very long discussion. What the folk achieves in art, science, economics, literature, is important; but forms of government correspond, of necessity, to the various stages of intermixture among races. When it is beginning by conquest and armed immigration, the absolute chief, Alaric or Clovis or Charles the Great, is demanded and must be forthcoming. After it has reached a certain degree, the feudal system, or an oligarchy in some shape is indispensable. In the third epoch of a pretty uniform diffusion by which these elements have been assimilated, the instinct of democracy awakens. For so long as the races are visibly distinct, and while rank signifies noble birth—"gentle" blood in contrast to "plebeian"—the ruling authority will be a closed senate, a "Venetian oligarchy," or "great families." Their absorption in the people, or their extinction, brings a claim for equal treatment of citizens before the law. This change, says Professor Petrie in a notable observation, begins about the "great phase of literature," and he instances Greece (that is Athens), Rome, and Modern Europe. Then—we had better quote his very words—"when democracy has attained full power, the majority without capital necessarily eat up the capital of the minority, and the civiliza-

The Fortunes of Civilization

tion steadily decays until the inferior population is swept away to make room for a fitter people." He concludes with astonishing calmness, "Such is the regular connexion of the forms of government," and "the maximum of wealth must inevitably lead to the downfall."

This "searching economic interpretation of history," as another writer calls it, takes no account of religion. And we shall not venture at the end of our present essay to open the question how far belief in the supernatural bears on these phases or periods, whether to hasten or retard them. We can, however, draw the student's attention to a remarkable series of facts, insisted upon by the volume before us. Its author, as we have seen, judges the height of achievement in all civilized arts by principles which imply an ethical standard. He perceives, also, that the periods of years during which decline is arrested may be lengthened indefinitely; and that such hopeful continuance itself tends to increase from the more primitive to the present era. Now, if we combine the law of perfection with the law of permanence, we obtain a result which religion, more than any other force known to mankind, is calculated to strengthen. The ethical sublimity and severe self-control without which supremely good work can never be done, are in their essence akin to religion, or identical with it. Coleridge, lecturing on Shakespeare, has upheld in impressive language "the close and reciprocal connexion of just taste with pure morality." Of Ruskin it is not too much to say that his whole criticism of art in every one of its branches makes appeal to the conscience as judge between best and worst, between truth and caricature. When we come to the more human subjects handled in literature, still the question of inspired work is a question for that high tribunal. And even in applied mechanics, as in the acquisition and distribution of wealth, when did a nation forget the laws of conduct without suffering

The Fortunes of Civilization

the Nemesis which we term Revolution? It cannot, therefore, be denied that sound religion tends to preserve civilized order, to arrest its decay, and to add to its permanence by cultivating the spirit and the principles which brought it into existence. The fusion of races under an ideal of humanity is the very scope and prophetic burden of the Hebrew Testament. A new prospect opens here to glorious horizons; but we will be content to have reached it in the Professor's company, and, for the moment, will leave it unexplored.

WILLIAM BARRY

EARLY IRISH RELIGIOUS POETRY

MR DOUGLAS HYDE, who has done much to preserve the Gaelic religious poetry of Connaught, and who has turned so much of it into beautiful English verse, first drew my serious attention to the study of sacred poetry in the Irish language.

I then read, with much pleasure, Dr Alexander Carmichael's fine prose versions of Hebridean prayer poems and charms in his delightful *Carmina Gadelica*, and, of course, I had been happily familiar from the time of their publication with Dr Sigerson's verse renderings of Irish Gaelic poems in his *Bards of the Gael and Gall*.

A German historian's opinion, quoted by Dr Sigerson, is that the civilization of Europe belonged to Ireland for three centuries, from the fifth to the ninth, and that an Irish influence upon Latin verse first made itself manifest in the works of Sedulius (Shiel) and especially in his *Carmen Paschale*, the earliest Christian epic of importance. True, the poet's Irish nationality has been questioned by the German critic Huemer, but Dr Sigerson applies Gaelic verse tests which afford the strongest internal evidence that he was an Irish writer.

Zeuss calls attention to Irish rhymes in the verses in praise of St Patrick by his nephew, St Secundinus, also a fifth century writer, and Dr Sigerson enforces this view by even more distinct proofs of the influence of the Bardic schools upon these verses and upon his "Sancti, Venite," the celebrated post-communion hymn, sung, according to tradition, by angels in the Saint's church at Bangor.

Then, in the sixth century, we have, in St Columkille himself, an author of both Gaelic and Latin sacred verse, one who moreover Gaelicized Latin verse, as in his "Altus Prosator," composed in trochaic tetrameters. But, as a writer in the ancient *Lebor Breac* points out—dis-

Early Irish Religious Poetry

tinguishing between artificial rhythm, or that of quantity, and that of accent in the syllables of the quatrain and half-quatrain—this hymn is composed in the latter and popular Irish rhythm. St Columkille also uses trisyllabic and even four-syllabled, as well as internal rhymes and assonances in his Latin verse—all Gaelic verse peculiarities.

Columbanus, twenty years later, whilst composing in classical metres and pure Latin, also introduced Irish alliteration and rhyme; and St Ultan's seventh century Latin hymn in honour of St Brigit abounds in Irish-Gaelic verse characteristics, as do the Latin hymns of the seventh century poet saints, Cummain and Colman.

In the eighth century, according to Dr Sigerson, St Cucuimne, who died A.D. 742, "employed both vowel and consonant rhyme, with alliteration, in a manner most dear to the Gaelic bards of Munster a thousand years ago. His contemporary, St Cengus, son of Tipraite, makes use of woven rhyme with like liberality in his hymn to St Martin. As written, the lines are:

Martinus mirus ore laudavit deum,
Puro corde cantavit atque amavit eum.

Here we see the rhymes, but not the system, until we arrange the lines as a Gaelic quatrain:

Martinus Mirus *more*
Ore laudavit deum,
Puro Corde *Cantavit*
Atque *amavit* eum."

The old Spanish *redondellas* are so obviously akin in their imperfect rhyming to the Irish quatrains that it is amusing to find Ticknor claiming them as an original contribution to Spanish poetical culture, as Dr Sigerson points out. Of course they came into Spain out of Ireland. For the fact was that Ireland was at this time not only "The Island of the Saints," but that of the scholars and students as well, an International University, in fine, where all foreigners, Continental and British, were not only

Early Irish Religious Poetry

received with the warmest of welcomes, but actually given a free education in all the learning of the time, free living and free lodging, as The Venerable Bede expressly tells us. What a comment this upon the tardiness with which Ireland has secured a latter day National University of her own from her Anglo-Saxon rulers, and in how different a spirit from that of Prince, afterwards King, Aeldfrid of Northumbria, who, in those good old days, praised, in a Gaelic poem of his own, the beauty and hospitality and learning and wisdom of ancient Erin.

Then the foreign students learnt Irish from their Irish teachers, and carried Gaelic poetry abroad with them into France, Spain, Germany and Scandinavia, there infusing their native verse with such Irish elements as are found, as pointed out, in the Spanish *redondellas*.

It will thus be seen that Gaelic verse, written side by side with Latin, had not only influenced that language in rhyme and accent, but had begun to emerge as a separate vehicle for the expression of religious thought as early as the fifth century.

I propose here to place before the readers of the DUBLIN REVIEW a few translations of some of the Gaelic religious poems in early Irish, collected by Professor Kuno Meyer, and the editors of "The Irish Liber Hymnorum."

Let me preface my own translations with one by Dr Sigerson, published in his work already referred to. He prefixes to this translation the following observations:

In Gaelic, many hymns and poems relating to religious subjects made their appearance subsequent to St Patrick's "Guardsmen's Cry." They show originality and independence of thought and expression.

Perhaps the earliest is the Hymn of St Ita (who was born A.D. 480); it is classic in form and bold in conception.

The absolute faith of the ancient Irish inspired them with the love which casts out fear, and their poems show no trace of servile dread.

They prefixed the pronoun "mo," "my" to the names of their saints, which they modified by fond diminutives.

Early Irish Religious Poetry

Saint Ita, in this way, uses an endearing diminutive with the name of the Redeemer. "Isa," the ancient Irish form of Jesus (which is now "Iosa") became "Isucan"—Jesukin—in her poem. It was applied to the infant Saviour who, it was believed, abode with her at night, in her lone cell in the desert. The following translation is in the metre of the original:

JESUKIN.

St Ita (B. 480—D. 570.)

Jesukin
Lives my little cell within;
What were wealth of cleric high—
All is lie but Jesukin.

Nursling nurtured, as 'tis right—
Harbours here no servile spright—
Jesu of the skies, who art
Next my heart thro' every night!

Jesukin, my good for aye,
Calling and will not have nay,
King of all things, ever true,
He shall rue who will away.

Jesu, more than angels' aid,
Fosterling not formed to fade,
Nursed by me in desert wild,
Jesu, child of Judah's Maid.

Sons of Kings and kingly kin
To my land may enter in;
Guest of none I hope to be,
Save of Thee, my Jesukin!

Unto heaven's High King confest,
Sing a chorus, maidens blest!
He is o'er us, though, within,
Jesukin is on my breast!

The legendary story of the famous hymn known as "The Loric of St Patrick," or "The Guardsman's

Early Irish Religious Poetry

Cry," or "The Deer's Cry," is, according to the Tripartite Life of St Patrick, as follows:

"Patrick and King Loegaire (Leary) met at Tara Hill, when that monarch was presiding at a heathen festival, which was to begin with the extinction of all fires throughout the country. But Patrick disregarded the regulation, and defiantly lighted his Paschal fire on the Hill of Slane, in full view of the King and his Druids. Then followed contested arguments between the Saint and the Druids, in which Patrick triumphed, as Moses of old triumphed over the magicians of Egypt. The king thereupon purposed to kill Patrick by a treacherous assault; but he and his companions escaped, being miraculously transformed into deer, but the hymn or chant which he recited in his flight was the "Lorica S. Patricii," commonly called "Faeth Fiada," or "The Deer's Cry"—the chanting of the Saint and his monks appearing to those lying in ambush against them to be the cry of deer."

In his *Essay on Tara Hill*, published in 1839, in which this piece was first printed, Petrie stated that some portions of the hymn were then in use amongst the peasantry, and repeated at bed-time as a protection against evil. But Dr O'Donovan translates "fath fia," magical darkness, and Professor O'Curry explains that "fath fiadha" was a spell, peculiar to druids and poets, who, by pronouncing certain verses, made themselves invisible. "Thus "The Lorica" may have gained its title, not from any tradition about St Patrick and the deer at Tara," writes Dr Bernard, "but from its use as a charm or incantation to ensure invisibility." That the hymn is of early date there can be no doubt, and it may be identified with the "Canticum Scoticum," ordered to be sung in all Irish monasteries in honour of St Patrick. "The original," writes Dr Sigerson, "is a 'Rosg,' a poem of short sentences, with irregular rhythm and rime."

Early Irish Religious Poetry

THE BREASTPLATE OF ST PATRICK.

I invoke, upon my path
To the King of Ireland's rath,
The Almighty Power of the Trinity;
Through belief in the Threeness,
Through confession of the Oneness
Of the Maker's Eternal Divinity.

I invoke, on my journey arising,
The power of Christ's Birth and Baptizing,
The powers of the hours of His dread Crucifixion,
Of His Death and Abode in the Tomb,
The power of the hour of His glorious Resurrection
From out the Gehenna of gloom,
The power of the hour when to Heaven He ascended,
And the power of the hour when by Angels attended
He returns for the Judgment of Doom!
On my perilous way
To Tara to-day,
I, Patrick, God's servant,
Invoke from above
The Cherubim's love!

Yea! I summon the might of the Company fervent
Of Angel obedient, ministrant Archangel
To speed and to prosper my Irish Evangel.
I go forth on my path in the trust
Of the gathering to God of the Just;
In the power of the Patriarchs' prayers;
The foreknowledge of Prophets and Seers;
The Apostles' pure preaching;
The Confessors' sure teaching;
The virginity blest of God's Dedicate Daughters,
And the lives and the deaths of His Saints and His Martyrs!

I arise to-day in the strength of the heaven,
The glory of the sun,
The radiance of the moon,
The splendour of fire and the swiftmess of the levin.
The wind's flying force,
The depth of the sea,
The earth's steadfast course,
The rock's austerity.

Early Irish Religious Poetry

I arise on my way,
With God's Strength for my stay,
God's Might to protect me,
God's Wisdom to direct me,
God's Eye to be my providence,
God's Ear to take my evidence,
God's Word my words to order,
God's Hand to be my warder,
God's Way to lie before me,
God's Shield and Buckler o'er me,
God's Host Unseen to save me,
 From each ambush of the Devil,
 From each vice that would enslave me,
And from all who wish me evil,
 Whether far I fare or near,
 Alone or in a multitude.

All these Hierarchies and Powers
I invoke to intervene,
When the adversary lowers
 On my path, with purpose keen
 Of vengeance black and bloody
 On my soul and on my body;
I bind these Powers to come
 Against druid counsel dark,
The black craft of Pagandom,
 And the false heresiarch.
The spells of wicked women,
And the wizard's arts inhuman,
And every knowledge, old and fresh,
Corruptive of man's soul and flesh.

May Christ, on my way
To Tara to-day,
Shield me from poison,
 Shield me from fire,
Drowning or wounding
 By enemy's ire,
So that mighty fruition
May follow my mission.
Christ behind, and before me,
Christ beneath me and o'er me,

Early Irish Religious Poetry

Christ within and without me,
Christ with and about me,
Christ on my left and Christ on my right,
Christ with me at morn and Christ with me at night;
Christ in each heart that shall ever take thought of me,
Christ in each mouth that shall ever speak aught of me;
Christ in each eye that shall ever on me fasten,
Christ in each ear that shall ever to me listen.

I invoke, upon my path
To the King of Ireland's rath,
The Almighty Power of the Trinity;
Through belief in the Threeness,
Through confession of the Oneness
Of the Maker's Eternal Divinity.

The originals of these early religious poems are as remarkable for their style as Matthew Arnold leads us to expect in a fine passage on the study of Celtic literature.

“The Celts certainly have style in a wonderful measure. Style is the most striking quality of their poetry. Celtic poetry seems to make up to itself for being unable to master the world and give an adequate interpretation of it, by throwing all its force into style, by bending language, at any rate, to its will, and expressing the ideas it has with unsurpassable intensity, elevation, and effect. It has all through it a sort of intoxication of style—a *Pindarism*, to use a word formed from the name of the poet, on whom, above all other poets, the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect; and not in its great poets only, in Taliesin, or Llywarch Hen, or Ossian, does the Celtic genius show this Pindarism, but in all its productions:

The grave of March is this, and this the grave of Gwythyr;
Here is the grave of Gwgawn Gleddyfreidd;
But unknown is the grave of Arthur.

That comes from the Welsh *Memorials of the Graves*

Early Irish Religious Poetry

of the *Warriors*, and if we compare it with the familiar memorial inscriptions of an English churchyard (for we English have so much Germanism in us that our productions offer abundant examples of German want of style as well as of its opposite):

Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till God did please Death should me seize,
And ease me of my pain.

If, I say, we compare the Welsh memorial lines with the English, which, in their *Gemeinheit* of style are truly Germanic, we shall get a clear sense of what that Celtic talent for style I have been speaking of is.

“Or take this epitaph of an Irish Celt, *Ængus* the *Culdee*, whose *felire*, or *festology*, I have already mentioned; a *festology* in which, at the end of the eighth or beginning of the ninth century, he collected from ‘the countless hosts of the illuminated books of Erin’ (to use his own words) the festivals of the Irish saints, his poem having a stanza for every day in the year. The epitaph on *Ængus*, who died at *Cluain Eidhnech*, in *Queen’s County*, is by no eminent hand, and yet a Greek epitaph could not show a finer perception of what constitutes propriety and felicity of style in compositions of this nature.”

ON *ÆNGUS* THE *CULDEE*

Delightful here at *Disert Bethel*,
By cold, pure *Nore* at peace to rest,
Where noisy raids have never sullied
The beechen forest’s virgin vest.
For here the *Angel Host* would visit
Of yore with *Ængus*, *Oivlen’s* son,
As in his cross-ringed cell he lauded
The One in Three, the Three in One.
To death he passed upon a *Friday*,
The day they slew our *Blessed Lord*.
Here stands his tomb; unto the *Assembly*
Of *Holy Heaven* his soul has soared.

Early Irish Religious Poetry

'Twas in Cloneagh he had his rearing;
'Tis in Cloneagh he now lies dead,
'Twas in Cloneagh of many crosses
That first his psalms he read.*

“ Irish religious poetry,” writes Professor Kuno Meyer, “ ranges from single quatrains to lengthy compositions dealing with all the varied aspects of religious life. Many of them give us a fascinating insight into the peculiar character of the early Irish Church, which differed in so many ways from the Christian world. We see the hermit in his lonely cell, the monk at his devotions or at his work of copying in the scriptorium or under the open sky; or we hear the ascetic who, alone or with twelve chosen companions, has left one of the great monasteries in order to live in greater solitude among the woods or mountains, or on a lonely island. The fact that so many of these poems are fathered upon well-known saints emphasises the friendly attitude of the native clergy towards vernacular poetry.”

With these words before me, which summarize the contents of the Professor's section of Religious Poetry in his beautiful prose translations from Ancient Irish Poetry in his book of that name, published a year ago by Messrs Constable, let me express my deep indebtedness to him for the pleasure these consummate versions from the Gaelic have given me.

They beguiled the tedium of a troublesome illness last spring, and if the verse translations that follow have been successful, it is largely because they have caught, through Professor Kuno Meyer's prose, some of the inspiration of their Gaelic originals.

* Matthew Arnold only quotes the last two quatrains of this epitaph in following prose version:

“ Angus is in the assembly of Heaven, here are his tomb and his bed; it is from hence he went to death in the Friday, to holy Heaven. It was in Cluain Eidhnech he was rear'd; it was in Cluain Eidhnech he was buried; in Cluain Eidhnech, of many crosses, he first read his psalms.”
The verse rendering of the whole poem is my own. A.P.G.

Early Irish Religious Poetry

CRINOG

A.D. 900—1,000.

[This poem relates, on the authority of Professor Kuno Meyer, by whom the Irish text was first published, "to one who lived like a sister or spiritual wife with a priest, monk, or hermit, a practice which, while early suppressed and abandoned everywhere else, seems to have survived in the Irish Church till the tenth century."]

Crinog of melodious song,
No longer young, but bashful-eyed,
As when we roved Niall's Northern Land,
Hand in hand, or side by side.

Peerless maid, whose looks ran o'er
With the lovely lore of Heaven,
By whom I slept in dreamless joy,
A gentle boy of summers seven.

We dwelt in Banva's broad domain,
Without one stain of soul or sense;
While still mine eye flashed forth on thee
Affection free of all offence.

To meet thy counsel quick and just,
Our faithful trust responsive springs;
Better thy wisdom's searching force
Than any smooth discourse with kings.

In sinless sisterhood with men,
Four times since then, hast thou been bound,
Yet not one rumour of ill-fame
Against thy name has travelled round.

At last, their weary wanderings o'er,
To me once more thy footsteps tend;
The gloom of age makes dark thy face,
Thy life of grace draws near its end.

Oh, faultless one and very dear,
Unstinted welcome here is thine.
Hell's haunting dread I ne'er shall feel,
So thou be kneeling at my side.

Early Irish Religious Poetry

Thy blessed fame shall ever bide,
For far and wide thy feet have trod.
Could we their saintly track pursue,
We yet should view The Living God.

You leave a pattern and bequest
To all who rest upon the earth—
A life-long lesson to declare
Of earnest prayer the precious worth.

God grant us peace and joyful love!
And may the countenance of Heaven's King
Beam on us, when we leave behind
Our bodies blind and withering.

THE DEVIL'S TRIBUTE TO MOLING

(Once, when St Moling was praying in his church, the Devil visited him in purple raiment and distinguished form. On being challenged by the saint, he declared himself to be the Christ, but on Moling's raising the Gospel to disprove his claim, the Evil One confessed that he was Satan. "Wherefore hast thou come?" asked Moling. "For a blessing," the Devil replied. "Thou shalt not have it," said Moling, "for thou deservest it not." "Well, then," said the Devil, "bestow the full of a curse on me." "What good were that to thee?" asked Moling. "The venom and the hurt of the curse will be on the lips from which it will come." After further parley, the Devil paid this tribute to Moling).

He is pure gold, the sky around the sun,
A silver chalice brimmed with blessed wine,
An Angel shape, a book of lore divine,
Whoso obeys in all the Eternal One.

He is a foolish bird that fowlers lime,
A leaking ship in utmost jeopardy,
An empty vessel and a withered tree,
Who disobeys the Sovereign Sublime.

A fragrant branch with blossoms overrun,
A bounteous bowl with honey overflowing,
A precious stone, of virtue past all knowing
Is he who doth the will of God's dear Son.

Early Irish Religious Poetry

A nut that only emptiness doth fill,
A sink of foulness, a crookt branch is he
Upon a blossomless crab-apple tree,
Who doeth not his Heavenly Master's will.

Whoso obeys the Son of God and Mary—
He is a sunflash lighting up the moor,
He is a daís on the Heavenly Floor,
A pure and very precious reliquary.

A sun heaven-cheering he, in whose warm beam
The King of Kings takes ever fresh delight,
He is a temple, noble, blessed, bright,
A saintly shrine with gems and gold a-gleam.

The altar he, whence bread and wine are told,
While countless melodies around are hymned,
A chalice cleansed, from God's own grapes upbrimmed,
Upon Christ's garment's hem the joyful gold.

MAELISU'S HYMN TO THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

By Maelisu ua Brocháin, a writer of religious poetry both in Irish and Latin, who died in 1051.

Mael-Isu means the tonsured of Jesus. He is the author of the beautiful "Hymn to the Holy Spirit."

Angel and Saint,
O Michael of the oracles,
O Michael of great miracles,
Bear to the Lord my plaint!

Hear my request!
Ask of the great, forgiving God,
To lift this vast and grievous load
Of sin from off my breast.

Why, Michael, tarry,
My fervent prayer with upward wing
Unto the King, the great High King
Of Heaven and Earth to carry?

Early Irish Religious Poetry

Unto my soul
Bring help, bring comfort, yea bring power
To win release, in death's black hour,
From sin, distress and dole.

Till, as devoutly
My fading eyes seek Heaven's dim height
To meet me with thy myriads bright,
Do thou adventure stoutly.

Captain of hosts,
Against earth's wicked, crooked clan
To aid me lead thy battle van
And quell their cruel boasts.

Archangel glorious,
Disdain not now thy suppliant urgent,
But over every sin insurgent
Set me at last victorious.

Thou art my choosing!
That with my body, soul and spirit
Eternal life I may inherit,
Thine aid be not refusing.

In my sore need
O thou of Anti-Christ the slayer,
Triumphant victor, to my prayer
Give heed, O now give heed!

THE HERMIT'S SONG

See *Eriu*, vol. 1, p. 39, where the Irish text will be found. According to Professor Kuno Meyer it dates from the ninth century.

I long, O Son of the living God,
Ancient, eternal King,
For a hidden hut on the wilds untrod,
Where Thy praises I might sing;
A little, lithe lark of plumage grey
To be singing still beside it,
Pure waters to wash my sin away,
When Thy Spirit has sanctified it.

Early Irish Religious Poetry

Hard by it a beautiful, whispering wood
Should stretch, upon either hand,
To nurse the many-voiced fluttering brood
In its shelter green and bland.
Southward, for warmth, should my hermitage face,
With a runnel across its floor,
In a choice land gifted with every grace,
And good for all manner of store.
A few true comrades I next would seek
To mingle with me in prayer,
Men of wisdom, submissive, meek;
Their number I now declare,
Four times three and three times four,
For every want expedient,
Sixes two within God's Church door,
To north and south obedient;
Twelve to mingle their voices with mine
At prayer, whate'er the weather,
To Him Who bids His dear sun shine
On the good and ill together.
Pleasant the Church with fair Mass cloth,
No dwelling for Christ's declining
To its crystal candles, of bees-wax both,
On the pure, white Scriptures shining.
Beside it a hostel for all to frequent,
Warm with a welcome for each,
Where mouths, free of boasting and ribaldry, vent
But modest and innocent speech.
These aids to support us my husbandry seeks,
I name them now without hiding—
Salmon and trout and hens and leeks,
And the honey-bees' sweet providing.
Raiment and food enow will be mine
From the King of all gifts and all graces;
And I to be kneeling, in rain or shine,
Praying to God in all places.

Early Irish Religious Poetry

A PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN

Edited by Strachan in *Eriu*, vol. 1, p. 122. Tenth or perhaps ninth century.

Gentle Mary, Noble Maiden,
Hearken to our suppliant pleas!
Shrine God's only Son was laid in!
Casket of the Mysteries!

Holy Maid, pure Queen of Heaven,
Intercession for us make,
That each hardened heart's transgression
May be pardoned for Thy sake.

Bent in loving pity o'er us,
Through the Holy Spirit's power,
Pray the King of Angels for us
In Thy Visitation hour.

Branch of Jesse's tree whose blossoms
Scent the heavenly hazel wood,
Pray for me for full purgation
Of my bosom's turpitude.

Mary, crown of splendour glowing,
Dear destroyer of Eve's ill,
Noble torch of Love far-showing,
Fruitful Stock of God's good will;

Heavenly Virgin, Maid transcendant,
Yea! He willed that Thou should'st be
His fair Ark of Life Resplendent,
His pure Queen of Chastity.

Mother of all good, to free me,
Interceding at my side,
Pray Thy First-Born to redeem me,
When the Judgment books are wide;

Star of knowledge, rare and noble,
Tree of many-blossoming sprays,
Lamp to light our night of trouble,
Sun to cheer our weary days;

Early Irish Religious Poetry

Ladder to the Heavenly Highway,
Whither every Saint ascends,
Be a safeguard still, till my way
In Thy glorious Kingdom ends!

Covert fair of sweet protection,
Chosen for a Monarch's rest,
Hostel for nine months' reflection
Of a Noble Infant Guest;

Glorious Heavenly Porch, whereunder,
So the day star sinks his head,
God's Own Son—O saving wonder!
Jesus was incarnated;

For the fair Babe's sake conceivéd
In Thy womb and brought to birth,
For the Blest Child's sake, receivéd
Now as King of Heaven and Earth;

For His Rood's sake! starker, steeper
Hath no other Cross been set,
For His Tomb's sake! darker, deeper
There hath been no burial yet;

By His Blessed Resurrection,
When He triumphed o'er the tomb,
By The Church of His affection
During till the Day of Doom,

Safeguard our unblest behaviour,
Till behind Death's blinding veil,
Face to face, we see our Saviour,
This our prayer is: Hail! All Hail!

ON THE FLIGHTINESS OF THOUGHT

A tenth century poem. See *Eriu*, vol. III, p. 13.

Shame upon my thoughts, O shame!
How they fly in order broken,
Much therefore I fear the blame
When the trump of doom has spoken.

Early Irish Religious Poetry

At my psalms, they oft are set
On a path the Fiend must pave them;
Evermore, with fash and fret,
In God's sight they misbehave them.

Through contending crowds they fleet,
Companies of wanton women,
Silent wood or strident street,
Swifter than the breezes skimming.

Now through paths of loveliness,
Now through ranks of shameful riot,
Onward evermore they press,
Fledged with folly and disquiet.

O'er the Ocean's sounding deep
Now they flash like fiery levin;
Now at one vast bound they leap
Up from earth into the heaven.

Thus afar and near they roam
On their race of idle folly;
Till at last to reason's home
They return right melancholy.

Would you bind them wrist to wrist—
Foot to foot the truants shackle,
From your toils away they twist
Into air with giddy cackle.

Crack of whip or edge of steel
Cannot hold them in your keeping;
With the wriggle of an eel
From your grasp they still go leaping.

Never yet was fetter found,
Never lock contrived, to hold them;
Never dungeon underground,
Moor or mountain keep controlled them.

Thou Whose glance alone makes pure,
Searcher of all hearts and Saviour,
With thy sevenfold spirit cure
My stray thoughts' unblessed behaviour.

Early Irish Religious Poetry

God of earth, air, fire and flood,
Rule me, rule me in such measure,
That to my eternal good
I may live to love Thy pleasure.

Christ's own flock thus may I reach,
At the flash of Death's sharp sickle,
Just in deed, of steadfast speech,
Not, as now, infirm and fickle.

THE MOTHERS' LAMENT AT THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

Probably a poem of the eleventh century. It is written in Rosg metre, and was first published by Professor Kuno Meyer, in *The Gaelic Journal*, May, 1891.

Then, as the executioner plucked her son from her breast, one of the women said:

“ Why are you tearing
Away to his doom,
The child of my caring,
The fruit of my womb.
Till nine months were o'er,
His burthen I bore,
Then his pretty lips pressed
The glad milk from my breast,
And my whole heart he filled,
And my whole life he thrilled.

All my strength dies,
My tongue speechless lies,
Darkened are my eyes!
His breath was the breath of me;
His death is the death of me! ”

Then another woman said:

“ Tis my own son that from me you wring,
I deceived not the King.
But slay me, even me,
And let my boy be.
A mother most hapless,
My bosom is sapless,

Early Irish Religious Poetry

Mine eyes one tearful river,
My frame one fearful shiver,
My husband sonless ever,
And I a sonless wife
To live a death in life.

Oh, my son! Oh, God of Truth!
Oh, my unrewarded youth!
Oh, my birthless sicknesses,
Until doom without redress!
Oh, my bosom's silent nest!
Oh, the heart broke in my breast!"

Then said another woman:

"Murderers, obeying
Herod's wicked willing,
One ye would be slaying,
Many are ye killing.
Infants would ye smother?
Ruffians ye have rather
Wounded many a father,
Slaughtered many a mother.
Hell's black jaws your horrid deed is glutting,
Heaven's white gate against your black souls shutting.
Ye are guilty of the Great Offence!
Ye have spilt the blood of Innocence."

And yet another woman said:

"O Lord Christ come to me!
Nay, no longer tarry!
With my son, home to Thee
My soul quickly carry.
O Mary great, O Mary mild,
Of God's One Son the Mother,
What shall I do without my child,
For I have now no other.
For Thy Son's sake my son they slew,
Those murderers inhuman;
My sense and soul they slaughtered too.
I am but a crazy woman.
Yea! after that most piteous slaughter,
When my babe's life ran out like water,
The heart within my bosom hath become
A clot of blood from this day till the Doom!"

Early Irish Religious Poetry

THE MONK AND HIS WHITE CAT

After an eighth or early ninth century Irish poem. Text and translation in *Thesaurus Palæohibernicus*.

Pangar, my white cat, and I
Silent ply our special crafts;
Hunting mice his one pursuit,
Mine to shoot keen spirit shafts.

Rest I love, all fame beyond,
In the bond of some rare book;
Yet white Pangar from his play
Casts, my way, no jealous look.

Thus alone within one cell
Safe we dwell—not dull the tale—
Since his ever favourite sport
Each to court will never fail.

Now a mouse, to swell his spoils,
In his toils he spears with skill;
Now a meaning deeply thought
I have caught with startled thrill.

Now his green full-shining gaze
Darts its rays against the wall;
Now my feebler glances mark
Through the dark bright knowledge fall.

Leaping up with joyful purr,
In mouse fur his sharp claw sticks,
Problems difficult and dear,
With my spear I, too, transfix.

Crossing not each other's will,
Diverse still, yet still allied,
Following each his own lone ends,
Constant friends we here abide.

Pangar, master of his art,
Plays his part in pranksome youth;
While in age sedate I clear
Shadows from the sphere of Truth.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

THE ANTI-CLERICAL POLICY IN PORTUGAL

WHEN "Expertus," in the *Saturday Review* of December, 1910, prophesied that the new-born Portuguese Republic would be short lived, he probably did not expect it to survive so long as a year. His prediction has not yet been literally fulfilled, but he may take comfort from reading the unimpeachable testimony of Dr José d'Almeida, the late Minister of the Interior, who at the beginning of September last wrote thus of the achievements of his and Senhor Costa's ministry: "We have done but a negative work by causing revolution and indiscipline everywhere."* In so far as a body which does only negative work may be said to do no work at all, and therefore to be dead rather than alive, "Expertus" may claim that hitherto the Portuguese Republic has had no real existence. The results of its institution have been the destruction of every good principle in Portugal; anarchy everywhere, progress in nothing. In fact, Senhor Camacho has said in Parliament: "If the revolution has had no other result than to cause a permanent state of riots, it would have been better not to have accomplished it."

Of the devastation caused by the new régime we shall treat mainly in its regard to religious affairs, for the most important work of the Provisional Government has been its attack on religion, and this has been the primary cause of most of the other evils now rife in Portugal.

The principal organ of the late Premier, the *Mundo*,

* *Porto*, Sept. 3, 1911. I am glad to be able to state that apart from his prejudice against religion and Jesuits, Dr d'Almeida was one of the ablest men in the Provisionary Government. He and Senhor Camacho made the most praiseworthy efforts to bring about an *orderly* Republic. Clearly they understood the necessity of resisting the policy of Senhor Costa, and of encouraging friendly relations between Capital and Labour, instead of embittering them by Socialistic laws.

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

was frank enough to state that the main object of Affonso Costa's policy was anti-Jesuitism.* This statement was repeated by Senhor Costa himself in Parliament (October 17, 1910), and he added that "he was proud of it." It should hardly be necessary to explain what "Jesuitism" means. It is a figure of speech that uses the part for the whole. The Republican propagandists wish to impress the minds of the ignorant. Knowing, therefore, that Lutherans in Germany, and many Protestants in England, do not sympathize with the Jesuits, they think with their cry against "Jesuitism" better to conceal their deep hatred of Christianity, and, in fact, of any religion which would still spell the name of God with a capital letter. In the earliest days of the Republic Senhor Costa was remarkably kind to the British colony at Lisbon, and especially to the Protestant Churches, but in this his object was probably to efface from the minds of Englishmen the sad story of Miss Tipping.† Thus he affected earnestly to encourage the work of the Y.M.C.A. in Portugal. "Go on," he said to the President of the Association, "spread at leisure the good seed of the Gospel. Far from checking your efforts, the Republic will be always on your side." So spoke the autocrat of this pious Republic at a time when all the foreign Ministers were raising indignant protests at the revolting conduct of its founders, who were hunting down priests and nuns in the streets of Lisbon, and when

* So also declared Dr A. de Magalhaes at a meeting held in honour of Senhor Costa, under the presidency of Senhor Bernardino Machado, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The same orator on that occasion made a public defence of the murder of Dom Carlos, and saluted the memory of the "courageous precursors of the Republic." This deplorable attitude of the Republicans in exalting the murderers cannot be excused as being caused merely by the temporary excitement following the Revolution, as the meeting of which I speak was not held till eight months after that event. On October 5 of this year—the first anniversary of the foundation of the Republic—the portrait of Buiça was publicly and officially exposed in the streets of Lisbon, side by side with those of the two heroes of old Portugal, Vasco da Gama and Camoões.

† See DUBLIN REVIEW, January, 1911. "The Portuguese Revolution," by F. McCullagh.

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

M. Briand was sending the cruiser "Amiral Aube" to claim an indemnity of two million francs for the murder of Father Frague.

After the first diplomatic difficulties had been overcome Senhor Costa's courage increased, and he made a bold advance in his attack on religion. Henceforward it was to be war not merely against the Jesuits, or even against Christianity; it was to be a war of extermination against every form of religion in Portugal. At Oporto on July 16, 1911, he used these words: "Religion is only fit to be a pastime for ignorant children. All religious sentiment is a lie; every kind of religion is a farce. There is no Paradise. Workmen, Christian resignation has ceased to exist; the real scientific dogma of our days is to struggle for life." Evidently Senhor Costa had forgotten what he said to me in October, 1910, when after my release from prison I was brought into his presence and he apologized for having had me arrested. (The excuse that he gave was that I was sent to prison merely to protect me from the infuriated mob.) I showed him how impossible it was for me to believe that his war against religion could benefit the country, and I even added that he would soon see to what a state of savageness the lower classes would sink when once freed from all religious belief. Whereupon Senhor Costa protested: "*I am myself very religious*. If I prosecute the members of your Order it is purely because some of them have interfered with politics. Had they all, like you, occupied themselves with educational and scientific matters, I should have been delighted to keep them in Portugal."

On my asking for proofs of this alleged political interference on the part of my colleagues, I was answered that "the documents would soon be published." Fourteen months have elapsed since then, and no papers have appeared—nothing except the usual wild rumours that the Jesuits are "caballing"; spending millions on buying up the foreign Press; or arming battalions of conspirators to fight against the Republic, so that Senhor Costa must allow me to be as sceptical about

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

the political interference of my colleagues as I am about his own "deeply religious" feelings. The English lady who caused intervention on my behalf entered the room while I was conversing quietly with the Premier, and at once said to him, "Well, did I not tell you that if you had known what a Jesuit really is, you would not have expelled the Order?" to which he answered "Surely the others are not like this!" I can assure Senhor Costa that my brethren are like me, and indeed better—I myself being but a weak example of a Jesuit. Had he come into contact with any other religious he would have had to say the same thing.

On the subject of the savage state to which the atheistic theories of recent years have already brought the people of at any rate one district—that around Almada—I could write full particulars, and I could give much useful information to Senhor Chagas as to the best way of dealing with these rather compromising supporters. During the years 1907 to 1910 I did my best to become intimately acquainted with the inhabitants of that district. During three consecutive springs and winters I went almost every Saturday and Sunday from Almada to Val de Rosal, and often spent whole weeks in those neighbourhoods. Under the pretext of studying the *flora* I scoured the whole region,* visiting the countrymen at their work and sitting down in the fields to have a chat with

* I was able during these excursions to devote some attention to botany, and especially to mycology, as well as to my study of social conditions, and I have published the results in various scientific journals, such as the *Broteria*, *Bulletin de la Société Mycologique de France*, *Mycological Notes* (Cincinnati), etc. I may here remark that although in the praises bestowed on me in the interview referred to above, I did not see anything more than polite and courteous words, I was ingenuous enough to believe that Senhor Costa would fulfil a promise that he then made to me, and give orders for the restoration of my private mycological library. I know now that soon after the date of the interview the library was carried off by some Republican sailors, and to all subsequent representations Senhor Costa has invariably answered that the books disappeared in the assault made by the mob on the College of Campolide on October 5—ten days before his promise of restitution was given.

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

them, or spending hours at night in their poor cottages and sharing with them their brown bread. Instead of taking a carriage from Almada to Val de Rosal I used to prefer the common stage-coach, so as to come in touch with the peasants, listen to their complaints, and better realize their condition both of soul and body. I can boast that "Senhor Padre Camillo," as I was popularly called, had won the confidence of many, and that they were pleased to listen to his remonstrances, to legitimize their wife, to have their own grown-up children baptized, and sometimes to give to the latter his own name. In short, I am convinced, that though now in a bad state, these people are really extremely good-hearted, and capable of being properly educated. Their present unhappiness and lawlessness have been caused by the ruin of their landlords, and their own consequent lack of religious training. Before Pombal began his war against the aristocracy and the Jesuits* the neighbourhood of Almada was one of the most flourishing and most religious parts of Portugal. It contained more than sixty large estates and villas, each with its own chapel, which belonged to wealthy families or to the religious communities at Lisbon. The economic conditions produced by Pombal's persecution of the aristocracy, the suppression of the Jesuits, and the downfall of the Colonies, brought about the disruption of nearly all these estates, and the impoverishment of their cultivators. The sixty chapels disappeared, and the people, neglecting to go to the parish church at Almada, soon completely forgot their religion. They formed, therefore, a soil admirably prepared to receive the atheistic doctrines of the present day.

* It is noteworthy that Pombal became the enemy first of the nobles and of the merchants of Lisbon, on account of his Trade Company, which deprived the former of great privileges. Fearing that the King, Dom José, might be made aware of his tyranny by the Jesuits—and especially by Father Moreira, the Royal confessor—he determined to destroy them all. He was greatly helped in his task by the friendship of Voltaire, Diderot, and d'Alembert—the precursors of the French Revolution.

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

As a matter of fact, Affonso Costa can congratulate himself that his pagan utterances have borne fruit throughout the whole country. In times gone by the working-men of Portugal had been taught that no one can find complete happiness on Earth; that first and foremost this life is a life of trial, and that capitalists, employers, and landlords are not exempt from the law of suffering, but oftentimes suffer far more than their dependents. With these wholesome principles the poor used to enjoy real happiness, and submit in resignation to the inevitable inequality of the classes. Now the labourers also want to sit down "au banquet de la vie." If in order to attain this end they must strike, steal, burn factories, destroy vineyards, paralyse the whole country, and make men, women and children die of starvation, their conscience will have been quieted by Senhor Costa's preaching.

I suppose that very few English people of the present day thoroughly understand the feeling of the Latin races on the subject of sectarianism. To realize how bitter is the spirit and how violently each party slanders its enemies and distorts their actions, it would not suffice to go back to the Middle Ages or to the times of the bitterest quarrels between Catholics and Protestants in England. In particular the Portuguese sectarians of the present day have proved that they are far ahead of all others in the art of inflaming the fiercest human passions, and creating an atmosphere of hatred throughout their whole country.

The strength of the feeling against the Jesuits in the towns of Portugal is probably due in a great measure to the slanders of all kinds against them spread by Pombal after the expulsion of the Order. The tyrant had to invent some excuse for his astonishingly anti-patriotic policy in expelling the men who had contributed most to the expansion of Portugal abroad, and to the loyal submission of the millions of inhabitants of her great Colonial Empire. No unprejudiced historian can deny that the downfall of Portugal and her colonies began with Pombal's blunder in putting an end to the wonderful activity of the Portuguese

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

Jesuit missionaries. It is true that the anti-clericals have ceased to say what they did ten years ago, that the Jesuits used to steal children and pluck out their eyes *so as to make human oil*, but their recent ridiculous stories about the subterranean passages of the convents at Lisbon, and about monks and nuns throwing bombs at the troops, show how they still try to impose upon human credulity.

Clericalism is a magic word! If anarchy is spreading everywhere in Portugal, if her National Debt has, under the Provisional Government, reached a figure that no Minister has the courage to disclose, the excuse usually made is that the fault lies with the clerical training given under the late monarchy.* Who were the promoters of the counter-revolution of last October? To be sure, the Jesuits—presumably the same who in October of the preceding year escaped through the five-inch drain-pipes of their colleges, and kept the world in suspense lest they should blow up the whole of Lisbon. Who were the anarchists concerned in the famous fight with the police at Houndsditch? Prosecution for publishing *Boatos*† will fall on anyone who manifests the least doubt that they were disguised Jesuits who have now come to Lisbon to organize revolts among the working classes!

These should be sufficient examples of the want of sincerity of the persecutors with regard to their victims. Their campaign is carried on by lies and slanders, and

* Senhor Homem Christo who, though now expelled from Portugal and helping the Royalists, is a well-known Republican journalist and an agnostic, published very humorous articles in favour of clerical education. After giving a list of the politicians chiefly responsible for the present sad state of the country, he inquired "Where have all this gang been trained? Was it at Campolide (the Jesuit College at Lisbon)? If so, you do right to forbid the Jesuits teaching; if not, why do you interfere with them?"

† The law of *Boatos* (false rumours) is one of the most curious of the Provisional Government. Anyone who criticizes the dogmatic pronouncements of the new Pontiffs of Freedom is prosecuted for spreading false rumours, and misinterpreting the real meaning of the Republican laws.

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

they do not hesitate to contradict one another in the most palpable manner. The *Capital*, for instance, says that the Encyclical "Jamdudum in Lusitania" is courteous in recognizing that the Republican Government has treated the clergy with generosity! (Needless to say, no such words were ever used by the Vatican.) While another of Senhor Costa's papers, the *Mundo*, calls the Encyclical "very intransigent," "a wholly Jesuitical document"—for since the death of Leo XIII, the Vatican has fallen completely into the hands of the Jesuits!

As to the unpleasant facts which the English, French and German Press have been constantly publishing about what has been going on in Portugal during the last year, of course the people responsible for these "lies" are the clericals. The English papers, as a rule, care but little what the Costa Press says of them when they happen to give some unpleasant news about the new Republic, but the French Press is more attentive—the more so because France herself has been so troubled during the last thirty years by the disputes that have raged around the word "clericalism."

Some months ago the *Figaro* dared to criticize the Portuguese Separation Law. At once the *Seculo*, enraged, asked the Parisian paper how much it had been paid by the Jesuits for its article. The *Figaro* shrewdly answered:

We recently referred to the ridiculous and tyrannical conditions under which the Separation Law had come into existence in Portugal. It is a pleasure for us to quote the opinion of a broad-minded Jewish Rabbi, Moïse Netter, from *l'Univers Israélite*: "The Separation Law is," he says, "a crude piece of work which offends, common-sense, decency, reason and tradition. Therefore the Roman Pontiff very rightly declares it to be unacceptable to the Portuguese Church. It is the work of a narrow-minded, obstinate sectarian, and shews an incredible lack of political foresight. It must provoke protest not only from the Catholic Church, but from all impartial men who are desirous of safeguarding the imprescriptible rights of conscience." "Well," adds

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

the *Figaro*, "will the *Seculo* say that this article, written by a Jew, was also paid for by the Jesuits?"

I hope I shall not be accused of slandering the Republican Press when I reveal that one of its best descriptions of the famous underground passages of the Lisbon converts was a literal translation taken from a story by Edgar Allan Poe! When M. Gaston Richard, the correspondent of *Le Petit Parisien*, showed great indignation at discovering this, he was answered "Well, you know, it cannot be helped, for our people like this kind of narrative"! I wonder if it was the perusal of the works of Edgar Allan Poe that suggested to Senhor Costa his telegram to the *Times* of October 25, 1910, "Nous autorisons M. Lionel James (the *Times* correspondent) à déclarer en Angleterre et à l'étranger qu'il y a vraiment des souterrains au couvent dit de Campolide"?

I ought to state that the *Mundo*, in the same issue in which it accuses the Jesuits of instigating all the "lies" about Portugal which fill the foreign Press, suggests another reason for the international feeling against the Republic. It quotes the Spanish Republican paper *El Paiz* as follows: "Do not believe that Europe will view with sympathy the formation of a federated Republic in the Iberian Peninsular. No, Europe will surely oppose every kind of obstacle to the strengthening of the Portuguese Republic. Against the latter will conspire republican France as well as monarchical Spain; Jesuits and Protestants will be united in a common cause." It is interesting to hear this new view of the Portuguese question. *El Paiz* shows *per longum et latum* that the prosperity of the Portuguese Republic will be a constant stimulus to Spain to become also a republic. The two Iberian States might then easily unite and form a Power of the first class. Of course, adds the paper, it is to Europe's interest to prevent this, and she will, therefore, oppose the new Portuguese Republic as much as she can.

The continual appeal against clericalism is intended to have a double effect; first to prejudice the Portuguese nation against the Catholic Church, and secondly to

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

predispose foreign countries against any monarchical movement in Portugal as being clerical. The result, however, is proving quite contrary to what was hoped for. To-day in Portugal, not only the pious country people, but all patriots, whether Catholics or agnostics, are showing the deepest sympathy and esteem for the "clericals," so bitterly hated by the men whose only aim is to destroy all moral and social order. The Presidential election and the appointment of new anti-Costa ministers* should show the late Premier that the majority even of the Republicans are tired of these twelve months of anti-clerical and anarchical policy.

As to the effect on Protestants in England I am inclined to believe that it has been favourable to the persecuted. The events seem to prove that respect for religion does after all constitute a powerful rampart against the pernicious principles which are tending to destroy modern society. Since, therefore, the clergy form the most organized bodies of the best organized sections of Christianity, is it not evident that they ought to be held in high esteem, and looked upon as the best defence against the disorganization and anarchy which are everywhere threatening the civilized world?

The pensions granted under the Separation Law to those priests who would show their satisfaction with the new state of affairs were expected to prove a powerful chain with which to bind in slavery the greater part of the clergy. But once more the cunning of the Pombal of the twentieth century was at fault. Once more events have proved what the most elementary human psychology teaches us, and what the history of centuries has confirmed—that persecution stimulates religious sentiment, and stimulates it the more strongly as the principles of the religion persecuted are noble,

* New ministers have since been appointed, some of them sharing the views of Costa. The present Ministry is on the whole strongly anti-clerical, but the majority in Parliament is now rather moderate and conservative.

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

and its followers are educated and refined. But for the revocation of the edict of Nantes, it is possible that French Protestantism would have disappeared, or, I should rather say, have been swamped by the surrounding Catholic elements. The persecution of Louis XIV made the Huguenots combine in active resistance, generating in them and their posterity an intense religious enthusiasm. Even to-day in the Cevennes and the mountains of Central France small Protestant villages are found quite impervious to any change in religion, and holding no kind of intercourse with their Catholic neighbours. Of course, if persecution is directed against those whose charge it is to give examples of constancy, they, unless they are of a very weak and debased character, or surprised before they have time for reflection, are almost certain to have their courage and their endurance raised to the pitch of heroism. Thank God that was what happened in Portugal. All the bishops, followed by an enormous majority of 6,000 priests to 217, declared their readiness to suffer all kinds of privations rather than sacrifice their dignity and the rights of their conscience.* It is worth recording that during the French Revolution, under circumstances slightly more critical, five French bishops, out of about eighty-five, acted against their consciences at the bidding of the tyrants, while in Portugal there has not been a single case of weakness among thirteen prelates. It might perhaps be argued that their courage was not so conspicuous at the very beginning of the persecution. The Bishops have been accused of timidity in delaying their protest for so long, and because they did not all maintain it afterwards with the same courage that did Monsignor

* In an attempt to conceal his defeat, Senhor Costa's press exaggerated the number of the unfaithful priests from 217 to 1200. In Parliament, however, three days afterwards the Premier had to admit that the exact number was 217. Had he been interrogated a few days later, after the expiration of the time fixed for the reception of claims, he would have had to state that instead of new claimants appearing, some of the original 217 had repented of their conduct and refused to accept pensions.

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

Barroso, the Bishop of Oporto. Be that as it may, their final conduct deserves all our admiration.*

The Separation Law was published, and bishops and priests were forbidden to utter a word of criticism under the pain of incurring terrible punishments. The Bishops, however, met at once, and despising this despotic prohibition, published a joint protest, whose unflinching tone cannot but recall the courage of the martyrs of the early ages of the Church.

“Are we to remain silent under such a law? (they wrote). In resignation and inaction are we to bend our necks to the branched sword? Do they expect the Portuguese Bishops to imitate the miserable gladiators and join in their cry, *Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutant*? No one has the right to expect from us an attitude so unworthy. We have been accused of being timid, because we have been respectful—perhaps too much so! We are therefore the more entitled now to speak with freedom. . . . To the Son of God each one of us will say with equal earnestness, and we hope with greater firmness, than did St Peter, *Domine tecum paratus sum et in carcerem et in mortem ire.*”

So majestic a defiance of prison and death was so unexpected that Tsar Costa and his followers were astounded. The anti-clerical Press raised its voice in a

* Strong words have been written against the Portuguese clergy, with which I cannot agree (e.g. “Expertus” in the *Saturday Review*, December 10, 1910). It is unfortunately true that in some parts of the country the clergy have in the past to some extent failed to keep in touch with their parishioners and defend them against the assaults of atheism. We must remember, however, that even under the conditions of the late Concordat, the Church had to submit to great interference from the State, and so that it was very difficult for her to have a deeply beneficial influence on Portuguese society. (See Mr McCullagh’s article in the DUBLIN REVIEW of last July). When in 1880 Gambetta started his war-cry against the Church of “Le cléricalisme, voilà l’ennemi!” and some Portuguese Freemasons went to Paris to congratulate him, and to express their sorrow at not being able to persecute the Church in Portugal as they wished, he answered: “I wish I could bring the Church of France to the state of slavery in which your Church lies in Portugal.” Senhor Costa would therefore deserve our thanks for having broken the old state of things if he had not replaced it by one that is worse.

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

paroxysm of rage. It would have had the bishops persecuted as conspirators and rebels; expelled from Portugal as Jesuits, had it not been for the fear of exciting new disturbances just when Captain Paiva Conceiro was threatening the Republic. As it was, the Government had to show some temporary wisdom. It contented itself with having the Bishop of Portalegre insulted and arrested for wearing a cassock when going to the funeral of the Bishop of Vizeu.

An unsuccessful attack was also made on the Bishop of Guarda, one of the most zealous and energetic bishops of Portugal. He and the Bishop of Beja, Leite de Vasconcellos, were always considered to be the two chief "Jesuit" bishops of Portugal. Yet while the Bishop of Beja was immediately expelled from the country, and had a very narrow escape from being murdered, his fellow "Jesuit" was not persecuted openly until after the Separation Law had been promulgated. The horrible crime that brought down upon him the vengeance of the Government was that he appealed to the members of his diocese for funds in order to help his poor parish priests whom this Government had robbed. The first signal of attack was given by the *Mundo*. "The Bishop of Guarda follows the ways of intolerance [*sic!*] and hatred. The Republican Government will show him that patience has its limits, and that his rashness will not remain unpunished. This punishment, though tardy, will not be mild." The *Intransigente*, *Jornal de Noticias*, and other papers echoed the same views, announcing that it was certain that "the Government would take strong measures against the Bishop of Guarda for his hostile attitude towards the Republic." The public reply made by the courageous prelate is worth quoting at some length.

Sir, (he said,) I have read a piece of news to-day, which I take to be official, since it is uniformly repeated in the newspapers, according to which stringent measures will be taken against the Bishop of Guarda for his hostility to the Republic. I will admit that the news has caused me no astonishment; indeed,

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

I should have viewed such threats with perfect indifference had they not been accompanied by deliberate untruth. Had I been proceeded against in a legal manner, as is done in any country where constitutional guarantees exist for citizens, I should have kept silence and waited for the proceedings to take their course, but when it is asserted that my attitude has been hostile to the Republic, and when I am threatened with punishment without any form of trial or any opportunity of making my defence, I am compelled to speak. How have I been hostile to the Republic? What proofs has the Government of this? I have too clear an idea of my priestly office not to know that it is far above all political fluctuations. *Religion is not attached to any political system.* . . . It is true that I have shewn but little approbation of, or in fact, open dissent to certain laws of the Republic. Yes, I disagree with all laws that would make me deny my conscience as a Catholic. On assuming the episcopal charge I swore to defend the cause of religion and the integrity of the Faith, even at the cost of the greatest sacrifices, and no one has the right to compel me to act otherwise, or to insult my dignity as a citizen and a Bishop. . . . It is true that I have protested against the Separation Law; but what harm is there in that? Many, even among the Republican party, have protested against this law, and yet no one accuses them of being anti-Republican. Is it now to be forbidden to a bishop to protest, and if he does so, is he to be declared an enemy of the Republic, and condemned to be thrown as prey to the wild beasts? Is every one to be allowed freedom of speech except the Bishops? Landlords are allowed to protest against the tenant law; workmen are allowed to protest against the new regulations for the repression of strikes; Socialists are allowed to protest against the imprisonment of their comrades, and *we*, only *we* Catholics, are not to be allowed to protest against laws which are wounding our most sacred feelings! Are we then to be deprived of all the rights of citizens? . . .

I am no weak bishop; if I yield it shall only be to force! I am independent, it is true, but not a rebel. Should any proceedings be taken against me, let every one know that the Bishop of Guarda is prosecuted for having fulfilled his duty as a bishop, and for having advised Catholics to obey the sacred laws of conscience, not for having been hostile to the Republic.

Again Senhor Costa had to restrain himself. His opponents among the Republicans admired the action of

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

the Bishop, and praised him for his "rare energy," his "superior intelligence," and for having "attacked Senhor Costa with such admirable logic."*

Naturally these examples of heroism and strong resistance on the part of their chiefs encouraged the Catholic priests and laymen to take heart anew. In spite of the law of *boatos*, critics of Senhor Costa's policy began everywhere to abound. Sympathy with the counter-revolution ceased to be confined only to the army, and spread on all sides.† I maintain that if before long the Monarchy is restored, or if at least a fair-minded Republican Ministry abolishes the present anti-clerical laws, and Portugal succeeds in arising out of the chaotic condition in which she now lies, it will be due mainly to the fortitude shown by the clergy.

As the feeling against the Separation Law was becoming stronger and stronger the Government thought it best not to prosecute in a body the bishops and priests who resisted, but to leave them to the care of the few thousand Jacobins, or *Carbonarios*, scattered throughout the country. The chief occupation of these *Carbonarios* is to act as spies, and whenever they can find an *isolated* bishop or priest in fault, to denounce him, and bring upon him the vengeance of the Government.

Many attacks have thus been made upon priests, and the number would have been still greater had not the peasants now and then availed themselves of the prevailing anarchy, and wreaked dire vengeance on the persecutors of their pastors. Among the revolting scenes caused by this law the sacrileges committed at Tojal

* Since this was written, a telegram from Lisbon has stated that the Bishop of Guarda has been condemned to two years' banishment from his diocese. (*The Times*, November 27.)

† The *Westminster Gazette* says (September 22, 1910), "Had the Republic left the religious question alone for a few years, and devoted itself to improving the material condition of the peasantry, the Royalist plotters would find very little material to work upon."

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

and Ventosa will not be forgotten. The officers of the Government opened the tabernacles with their own hands, took out the ciborium and its contents, and carried it at once to a shop under pretext of weighing it. Again, at Lisbon, on October 5, Father Esteves, the curate of St Vincente, was arrested when on his way to a dying person with the Blessed Sacrament in his hands, and was very badly treated by the mob. He was not even allowed to take the Blessed Sacrament to a neighbouring church before being led to prison.

Another case typical of Republican methods may be mentioned as a warning to any priest who may be thinking of passing through Portugal. In last July all the news agencies published the alarming news that a Jesuit, Father Theodoro Henriques, had been arrested at Lisbon on board the British steamship "Araguaya," and had been proved to be a dangerous conspirator. Since then no mention of the case has been made by the English Press, with the exception of the *Month*, the editor of which proved conclusively that no Jesuit exists of the name Theodoro Henriques. Now, only a few months ago, I met a personal acquaintance of this pseudo-Jesuit, who told me that the real facts of the case are as follows: Theodoro João Henriques is a secular priest, forty-nine years of age, who was until lately curate-chaplain at the Cathedral of Funchal (Madeira). As he suffers from a wasting disease, he went last summer, as he has done for the last six years, to the watering-place of Mondariz in Spain. On his return he took passage at Vigo for Madeira, but as soon as the vessel anchored at Lisbon, two policemen came on board and took him to prison, where he still lies. What crime had he committed? He had stayed at Mondariz at the same hotel as two Portuguese refugees, which was sufficient reason for the *Carbonario* spies to denounce the unfortunate invalid. Of course the anti-clerical Government could not let slip so good an occasion of announcing that it had caught a *Jesuit* conspirator at last! The astonishing part of the affair is that the English

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

captain of the "Araguaya" should have allowed Padre Henriques to be arrested on board his ship, and that no one in England has protested against such a violation of international rights.* On another occasion an Irish clergyman was assaulted when entering a tram-car, and his arm seriously injured. Others are in danger besides clerics. In October, 1910, the clean-shaven correspondents of *Le Matin* and *Le Journal* were arrested on the charge of being disguised Jesuits. Worse still, the Republican papers reported in last July the extraordinary arrest at Lisbon of a poor woman whose short hair made it suspected that *she* also was a Jesuit. To escape the fury of the mob she was compelled to disclose her sex.

If every time a priest is outraged or insulted it is considered a good deed, how are the people to be expected to discriminate, and not to attack also the whole upper class, against whom the *Carbonarios* have a spite? There is ample evidence that this is actually taking place. According to the *Times* of November 19, the prisoners now number 2,000; the *Daily Mirror* puts the figure at 3,000; the *Daily Telegraph* at 6,000, and since then arrests have constantly been taking place. Senhor Chagas thinks that, of these, one third are innocent. The same papers also bear witness to the atrocities perpetrated on the prisoners.† The *Daily Mirror* quotes Dr José de Castro, a noted Freemason: "I know a rascal who boasts of possessing a collection of hair pulled out from the beards of prisoners. He owns three varieties: dark, fair, and grey. He rushes at the prisoners and tears handfuls of hair from their beards."

Yet a final instance of intolerance. The ancient feast of Aldegallega, where every year thousands of people were wont to meet for public dancing, drinking, and

* On November 7 another priest, Father Martin Pontes, was arrested on an English ship, the "Danube." This unceremonious treatment of English vessels deserves to be made known.

† See also an article entitled "Atrocités Portugaises" in *La Croix* of November 16.

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

merry-making, has been declared to be anti-Republican. The reason given is that in former days it was a religious pilgrimage, and that even now religion is not altogether banished, as Mass is said and a sermon preached in the open air.

In spite of all this, the organ of the *Carbonarios*, the *Capital*, claims that the aim of the Government in framing the Law of Separation was to respect the consciences of all! For "Respect for conscience is the *most sacred duty*. Therefore the Republican Law of Separation is the *most large minded, the most tolerant, the most magnanimous, the most beautiful* ever made in any country."

If we are to believe the High Priest of the Portuguese Freemasons, Magalhaes de Lima, "The enthusiasm of the Portuguese people for the Separation Law is so great that it approaches fanaticism." (*Mundo*, August 23, 1911.) This must be a dogma of great importance, for the Government newspapers, on the eve of the Presidential election, printed it in capitals an inch high. Unfortunately for Senhor de Lima not even these enormous letters succeeded in convincing the electors, for his own candidature, as well as that of his two protégés, Affonso Costa and Bernardino Machado, was a complete failure.

Of course, such enthusiasm for the law would manifest itself also towards its maker.

An appeal was made to all Freethinkers for funds in order to make a magnificent presentation to Senhor Costa. Whether, however, those appealed to thought that their money would be better spent in buying goods and provisions for themselves—as well they might, in view of the height to which prices have risen since the proclamation of the Republic—or whether their enthusiasm was not quite so great as the letters of the *Mundo*, the result was that just enough money was scraped together to purchase an inkstand of very ordinary quality! In revenge, however, at the feast promoted in his honour by the Republican Women's League, Senhor

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

Costa was cheered as an "eminent *large-minded* statesman" (*de politica larga*), and the enthusiasm of the women at having been emancipated from the tyranny of man by his divorce-law was so great, that one of the Republican leaders there present could not refrain from expressing his sympathy with the fair sex, and his deep sorrow at not belonging to it!

As a matter of fact no one in Portugal, except a few narrow-minded sectarians—and the *apaches* of Lisbon—is in favour of the Separation Law.

Not even Senhor Alpoim, who while on a visit to France for the benefit of his health, has been studying a little philosophy. He does not shrink from saying that: "Our demagogue and Jacobin fanaticism truly leads to a strange and ridiculous narrowness of mind." The new President, Senhor Arriaga, in an interview with a reporter of the *Capital* (August 21), admitted that at least "slight modifications ought to be made"—which statement aroused the anger of the adherents of Senhor Costa, who were indignant that anyone should dare to doubt his infallibility even in trifles. (*Mundo*, August 23.) As to the Republican newspapers, they are, with the exception of the *Mundo*, *Seculo*, and *Capital*, unanimous in stigmatizing the law as one "of incredible violence, considered a blunder by the whole civilized world, and inspired solely by a mania against religion," . . . "a law of hatred, made merely to satisfy a clique of Lisbon free-thinkers," . . . "a most anti-patriotic law; the most revolting to human conscience, and promulgated just at the critical time when civil life is paralysed, and when evident signs of internal convulsions are appearing." . . . (*Porto*, *Novidades*, *Paiz*, etc., . . . *passim* in August last).

The *Intransigente* ridiculed, in the most caustic terms, the "perfection" of the law which its creators were constantly vaunting. These dogmatic pontiffs of atheism were wont to declare that their law was so perfect that it would never have to be repealed or amended. It was, as it were, sacred, and not to be touched by any hand.

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

“Surely,” says the *Intransigente*, “one should at least change those parts of the law which are fit only for blackguards and barbarians.”

Senhor Costa's worst failure, however, has been in dealing with the foreign congregations. Foreign Jews and Protestants, as well as Catholics, absolutely refused to accept his tyrannical law. English, Irish, French, Italians unanimously asked their Governments to interfere. The result was that on August 28, the *Seculo*, *Diario de Noticias*, and other papers published a short “inspired” note, assuring foreigners that “the Separation Law only affects the Portuguese clergy.” The absurdity of the position is seen when one remembers that just before the Revolution the general cry of the Republicans was that the country was undermined by foreign clerics, and that it was necessary to make laws in order to safeguard the rights of the Portuguese Church! The *Intransigente* burst into laughter: “Where is the unalterable perfection of your law? According to you, for the Portuguese clergy alone are insult and brutality to be reserved; as for the foreigners, no kindness is too great for them! If your law was going to meddle with international questions, why did you bring it into effect?” In addition to this Dr Mattos Cid was unkind enough to ask Senhor Costa some questions in Parliament on the subject of foreign interference. The dictator's answer was an unhappy one: he could not answer, he said, because urgent business called him away from Parliament. Moreover the matter had been thoroughly discussed by the Foreign Office, so Dr Cid would do better to keep silence about it, *and not urge too much*. By all means let us not urge too much! Very curious revelations might ensue, as may be gathered from reading the notices which appear from time to time in the newspapers, as to the claims of the foreign congregations expelled from Portugal, or from noting the strange questions put to Senhor Bernardino Machado, and the still stranger answers returned to them.

It would seem that the Portuguese revolutionaries

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

had relied on the international gang of atheists and anarchists to support them in their expulsion of the religious orders, and in their robbery of their houses and lands, even when these were the legal possessions of foreigners. They had relied upon republican atheistic France, socialistic Germany, anti-papist Italy, and above all upon the anti-religious section in England.* The first disillusionment came from the French Republic. As we mentioned above, M. Briand, who in his long experience of men has advanced from Socialism to Conservatism, defended with the greatest energy the interests of his fellow-countrymen in Portugal. Although the two succeeding ministers have not been so strong, they have at least saved the houses held by the French Vincentians at Lisbon. Italy also has intervened and compelled the Government to restore Don Bosco's *Officinas de S. José*. These had been confiscated by Senhor Costa on the pretext that their owners, though holding them legally, had committed a fraud in pretending to represent the whole Salesian Order. "Since the possession is legal," answered Italy, "we are justified in our claim," and Senhor Costa had to give way. Doubtless the German Count Droste zu Vischering, the legal owner of a convent at Oporto, will be equally successful. We also hope that the rights of two English subjects to the College of Campolide, and to a building at Oporto will be attended to, for the honour of England is concerned as much as that of these other countries in preventing such barefaced robberies.

Clearly Dr Almeida, the late Minister of the Interior, was nowise enthusiastic for Senhor Costa's policy, when he thus spoke on the eve of the Presidential Election: "If things go on as they are doing now, we shall have no safeguard against conspiracy, no army posted on our frontiers, no loyalty among our soldiers to preserve

* The correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* (September 22) points out how "the Portuguese Republicans are intensely anxious, morbidly anxious, as to the impression formed about them in foreign countries, especially in England."

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

the Republic from its downfall." Senhor Dantos Barracho also, a prominent Republican leader, recognizing that the so-called democratic régime is in reality nothing but an autocratic oligarchy, has recently resigned his office as deputy and retired from political life.

Although we have shown that the Separation Law has been appealed against almost universally by both clergy and laity, there is one class with whom it is highly popular. The *apaches* of Lisbon—the same who were allowed to sack the convents at the time of the Revolution—are enthusiastic in its favour, in the hope of being able to loot also the treasures contained in the cathedrals and other churches of Portugal. Besides, this nice habit will not long confine itself to churches, and soon these men will be looting the houses of the employers and capitalists. The step is inevitable. Experience is already proving it. At the time of the Revolution the workmen from the factories at Almada were allowed to go to the Jesuits' villa at Val de Rosal, to loot, destroy and burn everything. Far from being punished, the incendiaries were congratulated by the Republican Press on displaying such zeal against clericalism. The consequence was that eight months later these same workmen burned their employers' factories, and subsequently a mob, 4,000 strong, ravaged all the gardens and vineyards of the peasants in the neighbourhood. Not content with this, on October 9 they went to their old church of St Paul, stole everything precious that they could lay hands on: chalices, reliquaries and church ornaments; destroyed the altars, the organ and the doors; and finally mutilated fifteen fine marble statues and threw them down a cliff four hundred feet high into the Tagus. A week after the accomplishment of this noble deed, no one had been arrested, nor does there seem to be any prospect of any arrests taking place.* As to the burning

* Since writing the above I have heard that ultimately 25 men were arrested by the late Minister for Justice. One may presume, however, that they will soon be released by the newly appointed Minister, Senhor

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

of the cork factories, it is rumoured that, under pressure from the English insurance companies, the Portuguese Government is going to take strong measures. I fear, however, that it will be too late. These workmen have been logical. They have but followed out the principles of their rulers. Senhor Costa declared that the ownership of property was theft, and that the landlords were mere retainers of property. Why, therefore, should there be any crime in the workmen burning and carrying off goods, which could with as good reason be described as theirs as those of their employers?

The question of property is a delicate one, and rulers should be very cautious in dealing with it. I assert with confidence that the prosperity of England in the past, and her escape from the anarchy and the revolutionary troubles of so many other countries, has been due to her deep, innate respect for the rights of property. It is easy to foresee the terrible disasters that await her, if she allows this fundamental principle to be disregarded.

The anti-clerical policy of the new Portuguese Republic has therefore proved a complete failure. It has given to other countries a vivid picture of the anarchy into which a country must fall if its rulers have no other aim than the destruction of those conservative principles on which any civilized society is based, respect for religion, property, and the stability of the classes. Persecution has in the meantime done good to some extent in arousing the Portuguese people from their normal apathy. It has been the origin of a decided quickening of religion and patriotism, which may well result some day in the complete regeneration of the country. The Latin races of Southern Europe have special need of a strong religious feeling, so as to develop the consciousness of duty in all classes of society (particularly the uneducated classes),

Macieira, Senhor Costa's *alter ego*, who is described by the *Integridad de Tuy* as a *militant anarchist*. This is the more probable, as Senhor Estevaõ de Vasconcellos, another great friend of Affonso Costa, who took part in a similar crime in February last at the Loreto Church in Lisbon, has just been rewarded by being appointed a Minister.

Anti-clerical Policy in Portugal

and so as to restrain them from the excesses to which their hot temper is bound to give rise unless kept under a firm control. Quite recently, Machado dos Santos, the real founder of the Republic, by his military valour on October 5, 1910, wrote sadly the following words: "This is not the Republic of which we dreamed. This is not the Republic which we hoped to establish in Portugal with a handful of brave soldiers. It was not with hatred and persecution, or antipatriotic decrees, or windy declamations thereof, that we wished to regenerate our country."

CAMILLO TORREND, S.J.

UNDER THE WAR CLOUD

WAR is the greatest and least excusable of human evils; and for this reason that it can, and ought, to be prevented, at least between kindred races. Nevertheless, warfare will never cease upon the earth until barbarism has been absorbed into civilization, and civilization into a reunited Christendom; and possibly not even then, for the conflict of races seems to be almost a necessary concomitant of their vitality. The New World gives comparative promise of prolonged peace, because an Anglo-Saxon unity of race and language predominates in the Northern Continent, and another, a Latin unity, in the Southern; also, there is still room for indefinite expansion of both these unities, owing to the vastness of the two continents. Not so in Europe. Diversity of race and language, with overcrowding of the inhabitants, is the principal feature; the most salient and disturbing factor being the perpetual conflict between a moribund and quasi-barbaric Mohammedan civilization and the old, yet ever young, Christian peoples of the Near East, whose marvellous resurrection from political death and religious decay we are all witnessing with thanksgiving and delight. The next disturbing factor is the increasing wealth, population and martial vigour of the German Empire, so wonderfully born again of blood and iron amidst the highest achievements and most glorious discoveries of modern science. Here is a nation that cannot be always hemmed in by the lesser powers which surround her, and must burst her bonds asunder unless she be allowed to expand overseas, as Great Britain has been doing for three centuries past.

Germany and England ought to be in sympathy, for the Germans are our cousins. Kindred in race, religion and royalty, Teutons like the best part of our own

Under the War Cloud

composite race, and, I verily believe, destined with ourselves to be the chief promoters of human happiness and steady progress in the Old World. Moreover, there is still plenty of room for Germanic expansion in Asia and Africa, as there is for Russian, French and English. Not so in the New World; for its immense territories have already been occupied by our up-to-date civilization owning English, French and Spanish origin. All the more reason for giving Germany fair play where she can find it. Besides, she must have it; she will have it whether we will or no! The only question is, will England be mad enough to compel Germany to encroach on the French Republic rather than on the Ottoman Empire? To expand in Europe on her French, Dutch, Swiss and Italian boundaries, instead of over the seas, say in Morocco and Mesopotamia? Why should England fear? Why should France object? Why should Russia fume?

Russia has her great Asiatic Empire, stretching from the Ural Mountains to the Japanese Seas and the confines of China. England has her great Indian Empire, whose sphere of influence covers all the land from the Persian Gulf to the Malay Archipelago, where she meets the French possessions in Cochin China. France has an Asiatic Empire, with possessions in India, Siam, Mandalay and China. South of the Himalayas England is paramount and mistress of many nations—as Russia is to the North. Why then should England wish to prevent Germany from acquiring an Asiatic Empire, let us say West of the Persian Gulf, and East of the Mediterranean Sea? It is unfriendly; it is impolitic. In fact, it is impossible. The Turk must wane, the German wax! No good Christian wishes the Turk to suffer under Christian rule what Christians have suffered under Turkish tyranny. Let the Turks be as happy under German protection as the Indian Moslems are under English. But there must be no deception about it; the Ottoman Empire is doomed to disappear, is disappearing rapidly before our eyes, even though the races and

Under the War Cloud

nations under its blighting sway are, we trust, rising again and grouping themselves together for a better and happier lot than they have hitherto enjoyed. Let then Germany be paramount, and her sphere of action predominate west of the Persian Gulf, while England is supreme to the east—a glorious combination of Teutonic forces for the emancipation and resurrection of the downtrodden Eastern Christian races, once the happiest and most prosperous peoples of the Roman Empire. The work of civilization has begun. Railways are being made throughout Asia Minor, Armenia and Mesopotamia; the lands lying between the Euphrates and Tigris are being irrigated. It only remains for the great European Powers, who are financing and directing these operations, not to grow jealous of one another, as did the Crusaders of yore, and thus wreck their own handiwork.

One nation, however, must be paramount. Clearly it is Germany's right; else all Asia—China and Japan excepted—would fall to England, France and Russia. It is to the joint interest of these three Powers to admit the fourth, the youngest, it is true, but in some ways the most vigorous; for is she not anxious to make up for the time lost when "Germany" was a geographical expression, a mere historical survival of the Mediæval theocracy, and not yet an organized empire? If these four powers which are those chiefly concerned, could be brought to agree, the other great Powers, that is, Italy and Austria, would doubtless follow suit, for they also would see that it was to their advantage to do so. But here, again, England must no more attempt to hinder the development of Austrian railways in the Balkan Peninsula than Austria would dream of interfering with England in Egypt or Central Africa. When Austria most naturally wished to build a railway which should join Vienna to Salonika, the English newspapers and quidnuncs were all up in arms, as if Austria had invaded one of our colonies! What should we have said if Austria had cried out "Hands off!" when the Cape

Under the War Cloud

to Cairo railway was first projected? And yet Salonika is domestically, commercially and politically much more nearly connected with Vienna than is the Cape with Cairo—which cosmopolitan city is, like Salonika, still nominally one of the Sultan's possessions.

When England for all practical purposes annexed Egypt and Cyprus, professing to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, Austria made no remonstrance. Austria regarded it philosophically as a political development, brought about by the force of circumstances; but when Austria, similarly compelled, removed the ambiguity of her position in Bosnia and Herzegovina, England cried out as if an unheard-of breach of international relations had taken place, delightfully oblivious of the fact that she had been doing the same sort of thing for generations past, whenever it suited her convenience. Self-preservation is the first law of national existence, and no nation can be seriously blamed if she is compelled to act with vigour and decision when circumstances suddenly arise which compel the alternatives of final loss or gain. In an admirable speech delivered not long ago, Lord Haldane advocated "an education in mutual understanding between England and Germany," attributing the present jealousy and unrest to our different temperaments and linguistic peculiarities. Whilst heartily endorsing every word that he said in favour of the drawing together of the two great Teutonic powers, I am rather inclined to think that it is the similarity of our mutual ambitions, the identity of our national requirements, which are really to blame: only with this difference, that Germany wants to be what England is—a *Welt-Reich* or World-Power—and to do now what England has been doing for three hundred years. Neither must we forget that though in a sense Austria is "another Germany," just as from the German point of view America is "another England," a Germany predominant from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf would be but an unequal counterpoise to the actual predominance of the two Englands,

Under the War Cloud

westward across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to the Sea of Japan, and eastward from Gibraltar to Singapore. There is plenty of room and plenty of work in the Persian Gulf for England, Russia and Germany. Civilization and trade would only gain by the establishment of these three Powers in that quarter. Is it to be wondered at that the central nations of Europe should feel alarm, and dread the absorption of Europe by America, England being looked upon as a treacherous outpost already in the hands of the enemy, and France as a selfish accomplice in the great betrayal? It is quite possible that one day the centre of gravity of the World's history and civilization may pass from the Old World to the New, from London to New York. I venture to prophesy that the day will come, and is not so far distant as some may imagine, when faithless Europe will recognize that but for the Papacy, and the eternal conflict of Belief and Unbelief, which must for all time gravitate round the Chair of Peter, situated in Rome, the centre of the Catholic world, this centre of gravity would have departed from Europe and crossed the Atlantic. As things are, however, the predominant prerogative of Europe is secured, and her intellectual, not to say physical conquest of Asia and Africa is as certain as is her conquest, already fulfilled, of the two Americas and Australia. This paramount consideration in no way militates against the absolute independence of each other of all the civilized powers, both great and small, whether monarchies or republics; but it does point towards the final solution of the present European unrest being conditional on the frank admission of Germany alongside of England, France and Russia into the first rank of world-powers, the abolition of the temporal sovereignty of Islam, the gradual transformation of the Turkish Empire into a civilized and Christian community, and the final emancipation of all the inlying regions which give proof of local national life. England boasts that she no longer covets any portion of the globe's surface; which is intelligible enough, as she already possesses one-fifth—

Under the War Cloud

more than the lion's share! And yet I think it will be found that the Island of Rhodes will have to come under her dominion, when the final partition of Turkey takes place. Historically and ecclesiastically Rhodes is a dependency of Malta. Malta belongs to England; therefore Rhodes must be incorporated in the British Empire.* With Egypt, Cyprus, Rhodes, Malta and Gibraltar flying the Union Jack, we can have no valid reason to object to the Austrian and German Eagles flying in new places along the Northern shores of the Mediterranean, even over Constantinople and Jerusalem, or even less over Babylon and Nineveh; for the Old World, with its four great Empires, of which Daniel wrote in Prophecy, and which Bossuet explained in his *Histoire Universelle*, has become but a fraction of the greater whole now known to us. Empires are no longer confined by chains of mountains and the old geographical considerations, but are rather held together by the highways of the once dividing and pathless ocean, whilst ministers of peace or war can bring their powers to bear on almost any spot of the earth's surface by the mere touch of an electric spark. The real centre of strife and possible bloodshed being thus happily far removed from England's shores, and her best interests, and those of France and Russia not being in jeopardy, why should we not have an *Einverstand* with Germany as cordial as is our *Entente* with France? This ought to be the touchstone of our future policy.

There is, finally, one more consideration which ought to dissipate any unwholesome fear of too great a preponderance of German power in the Near East, even if everything I have pleaded for were conceded to her, and that is the gradual resurrection and recovery of the smaller Balkan nations, whose vitality not even massacre and mutilation has been able to destroy. It will be a crime against civilization, as well as Christendom, if this

* Unless in the meanwhile Italy makes good her claim by conquest. Malta and Rhodes once were subject to the Venetian republic, and the King of Italy now stands where once the famous Doges stood.

Under the War Cloud

restoration of potential nations be further hindered by the wretched misunderstandings and jealousies of France, Russia and England, whose real interests lie outside and beyond these historic lands. Who can deny that Macedonia and Albania would be happier if they were divided ethnologically, and went to strengthen the growing nations of Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria and Greece? And who can seriously doubt that these aspirations will shortly be fulfilled? Will there ever be peace so long as Crete is kept unnaturally asunder, divided from the parent state of Greece? Turkey has never been more than a cruel stepmother to any of her Christian children, and it is time that this out-of-date tyranny be for ever abolished. "Bag and baggage" is the true watchword for England in dealing with the Sublime Porte, as Lord Salisbury admitted late in life, when his great rival was gone before him. German predominance will never be able to smother, but will rather foster and hasten on this development; for soon these young nations will be strong enough to look after themselves. Italy will find her compensation in Tripoli* and Barca, or Cyreneaca as it is now called; Spain in Morocco—all the world will be made happy except poor Turkey. But even Turkey will not suffer, for how can she be unhappy if she simply disappears? Committees of Union and Progress will have carried out in every direction a programme of reform and regeneration which already possesses the best minds on the Bosphorus, and which only awaits the agreement of the greater Powers to become a reality instead of a menace to the peace of civilization and Christendom. The shadow of the Sultan may be allowed to survive a little longer (or he might be given one more chance in Asia Minor, Palestine and Arabia), as the shadow of the Khedive still hovers over Egypt, or as the shadow of our own House of Lords still haunts the gilded chamber at Westminster; but the reality at Constanti-

*As this article was written before the Italian attack on Tripoli we think it right to give the writer credit with his readers for a true forecast, and so print his words on that subject without alteration.—EDITOR.

Under the War Cloud

nople must be a Slav, Greek or Teutonic one; the informing spirit, a *ἀγία σοφία*; and the means, the reconciliation of Italian, Greek, Spanish, English, French, Russian and German ambitions.

If you ask by what right I advocate the peaceful, if possible, but all costs the speedy dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, I reply, by the right of forfeiture. For six centuries the blight of Islam has been upon the glorious East; disintegration has already set in. Slavs, Greeks, Bulgarians, Albanians and Armenians are panting for new life and liberty. The four European emperors, for our king is now an emperor, if they would only join hands, could achieve their glorious consummation almost without bloodshed. Moreover, the shrinkage of the Western birth-rate is an ominous feature which must compel us to husband our forces, the flower of the human race, lest the Yellow Peril, as it has been called, become a reality. Infidelity and infecundity, those twin evils of modern thought and higher civilization, have already cast their shadow upon us. The evil which has long been visible in France can now be discerned in Prussia as well as in Great Britain. Europe must pull herself together, or all may yet be lost.

It may be urged that these suggestions are Utopian, because Germany has set her mind upon creating a navy as powerful as ours, whilst her commerce is gradually displacing our own from the best markets of the Old World and the New. To this I reply that the true solution of the difficulty is to make a friend of Germany instead of an enemy, and to regard her growing fleet as a possible ally. If we abandoned our present policy of thwarting every German move, as in the railway schemes for Salonika and Bagdad, and the East and West transcontinental African Railway, we should lose nothing, and Germany would gain her desires, and there would be no need to continue this ruinous neck and neck race in shipbuilding. A powerful navy Germany must have, so long as France, her neighbour, and her ally Italy, both possess one. She cannot run the risk of a Latin combination against

Under the War Cloud

her, and this without the slightest hostility to Great Britain, or even thought of our ever-present naval supremacy. As to the question of commerce, England's remedy is not in cruel and wanton war. We have only to base our tariffs upon a rational, real free-trade system, that is, free exports as well as free imports, and we should soon recover our own, and prevent the gradual supremacy which our shortsightedness is undoubtedly preparing for the German manufacturer. A tit-for-tat tariff would work wonders. Call it simple reciprocity, or subtle retaliation; it does not matter what the choice of language is, provided the thing, that is, equal opportunity for the English as well as the German or French or Italian workman, be achieved. We should be doing to others as we are done by. A ten per cent tariff wall on the German or other frontier would mean a ten per cent tariff wall on the English; and if the foreign tariffs in consequence came down with a jump, as in all probability they would, not to lose the English market, the English tariff would likewise come down with a jump. This is a materialistic age, and Donner-und-Blitzen, as well as John Bull, has his eyes on Mammon, where Don Quixote looked only for glory. We do not gird at windmills, it is true. But are we not cowards in the presence of political windbags, with their creaky, cranky shibboleths?

At present the political kaleidoscope is a little out of order; the colours and form are there, but they want rearranging and bringing into shape and harmony. The picture is out of focus, the machinery very much out of gear, but there is nothing wanted but the right turn at the right time. Wisdom from on High will be necessary to bring peace and concord into the area of strife. The Emperor William has been the real Peace-preserver of Europe these thirty years past, although his uncle, King Edward VII, has got most of the credit. Nevertheless, the best monument to the late Peacemaker's high ideals—for he did establish peace with France, the ghost of Fashoda notwithstanding—is to

Under the War Cloud

continue his blessed work and make an *Einverstand* with Germany as cordial as is our *Entente* with France. *Rorate Coeli desuper, et nubes pluant justum!*

EDWIN DE LISLE

P.S.—Since this was written, Sir Edward Grey has made his important speech and our foreign policy has been debated in the House of Commons. No change in the situation seems to have taken place, nor any sign been given of England's appreciation of the great work Italy is doing for Christendom in North Africa, nor of the advantages to be gained by calling in the active aid of Germany and Austria in solving the problem of the East. This deplorable want of utterance only confirms the present writer in his conviction of the opportuneness of the above considerations and of the wisdom and soundness of the policy he advocates.

AN AGNOSTIC DEFEAT

THERE is no livelier task than rummaging in the litter of dead controversies. Every page turned over is quaint, not in the sense of being old, but in the sense of being new; in the sense of giving unexpected glimpses. Many of the most neglected are really the most recent; and one of these I stumbled across in some stray reading about the Victorian time. I think these pages the most appropriate place for a note on it, because the champion and (as I certainly think) the victor, in this forgotten fight was one so specially connected with this periodical, Mr W. G. Ward. I do not deal with it here with any pretence for philosophic precision, but purely as the collision of picturesque personalities, and as a curiosity of literature.

Of these old controversies requiring some restatement, there are three broad types. First, of course, there is the historic quarrel about which even historians generally tell the truth. The pure point in dispute between Royalists and Roundheads is not wrongly stated, even by Macaulay or Green. Lord Macaulay's opinion that Parliament stood for the people is worth exactly as much as Lord Bolingbroke's opinion that the King would stand for the people. That is, it is worth a great deal, being the opinion of an able man. But it is correct to say that the Royalists *did* stand for kings, and the Roundheads *did* stand for parliaments. The Whigs (that is, the richer and less honest Roundheads), may have falsified the ideals, but they have not falsified the actual state symbols and legal proposals. The terms King's Man or Parliament Man do express what the immediate row was about. It is still open for modern men to take sides with King or Parliament—if any man now believes in either.

The second kind of ill-comprehended controversy is more curious. It is that in which everybody quotes and recalls the controversy, but nobody (in the general sense) has the faintest notion of what it was. We should

An Agnostic Defeat

think it odd if a man cherished the chivalric memory of Agincourt, but had never heard of the French or English. Yet there are cases exactly similar: in England the cause of the Jesuits and Jansenists is in just that position. Thousands have heard of Pascal and his utter rightness; of the Jesuits and their utter wrongness. But what they were discussing, no ordinary English gentleman knows. I asked a huge hall full of ordinary and extraordinary English gentlemen (it was at Cambridge), and nobody knew. To take a cruder case; in a humorous work lately published by Messrs Horton and Hocking, it is stated that Scotch Calvinists who signed the Covenant "unfurled the flag of freedom." These two writers may have unfurled the flag, but they certainly have not unfurled the document. The Covenant explains, with admirable lucidity, that its whole object is the forcible suppression of all heresy, schism, and false doctrine. One might just as well say that Bonner unfurled the flag of freedom. This is the second kind: controversies that people are proud of, because they have forgotten all about them, and even what they were about.

But there is a third kind, more silent and in a way more sinister. There have been (I am more and more convinced) quarrels which were really important and dramatic, but which have been quietly dropped out of history, for an evident and even brazen reason. They have been dropped out because in those controversies the unpopular person had the best of it. I am more and more convinced of the fact, that the history of controversy, more than any other kind of history, has been falsified by frantic omission and slanderous silence. Whenever a controversialist was "going the way the world is going" (to quote the snobbish ideal of Matthew Arnold), his victories are commemorated with a trophy. But if a man fights a losing fight—then he is never forgiven if he does not lose. If he has the bad taste to get the victory when Fate (otherwise known as Fashion) has already begun to weep iron tears over his sure defeat—then it shall not be forgiven him. He has

An Agnostic Defeat

done an awful thing: he has avoided the unavoidable. His trophy is always razed, and his battle-field forgotten.

I came across this case, a case of that impersonal caprice whereby one debate is remembered and another forgotten among the many wars of Huxley. For some reason or other his one controversy with Mr Gladstone about the Gadarene Swine has jumped into a journalistic immortality, and is still a matter of popular quotation and comment. Perhaps it was vaguely felt that there was something funny about pigs, or funny about devils, or funny about Mr Gladstone. Perhaps the miracle was mixed up in British minds with the Irish question; for it was their intelligent habit to conceive the Irish people as comic pigs committing suicide on the advice of fiends. Perhaps they had some yet cloudier conception that Mr Gladstone would conduct this argument, like all others, with a large chopper; whatever be the hook that has caught in the public memory, the memory of this one quarrel remains. In point of fact, though the controversy contains some of the best of Huxley's writings, and by no means the best of Gladstone's, it is increasingly doubtful whether Huxley here chose the best position for giving his agnosticism permanence. He professed the wish to separate the Christian ideal, as something plainly pure and eternal, from ancient demonology, as something plainly ludicrous and lost. But the subsequent developments of scepticism have been along lines very different and perhaps far less wholesome. Huxley defied the modern world to dispute common morals; but it has disputed them. He quoted the great phrase of Micah: "He hath shown thee, O man, that which is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justice and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." He thought (being himself a healthy man) that this could not be doubted. But it has been doubted, not indeed by healthy men, but certainly by able and influential ones. "Does anyone think," wrote Huxley, "that the march of science can ever show that justice

An Agnostic Defeat

is worthless, or that mercy is unloveable?" One would think not: but it has shown that, to many very prominent people. Mr George Moore did say that justice was worthless; Nietzsche did say that mercy was unloveable. But while these people cut themselves loose from common ethics, they were still pursued by uncommon experiences; Mr Moore speaks of being sent to Ireland by a will not his own; and Nietzsche, since he believed in the Superman, could obviously believe in anything.

Thus, obviously, Huxley fails on both sides. The Christian ethics he thought indisputable, are disputed. The Christian supernaturalism, which he thought unnecessary, is so necessary that it has reappeared as heathen supernaturalism. In English literature at this moment there is much more demonology than theology. During any dinner or daily walk to-day one may meet an intelligent man who believes in diabolic possession, without believing in Christianity. One in every five or six of the novels which a novel-reviewer has to open, is a compound of mad animality and mad spirituality; greedy and unclean as to the body, pitiless and panic-stricken as to the soul. No one who has really read such books will doubt the failure of Huxley's distinction. Modern thought has only lost the Saviour; it has kept the devils and the swine.

Now, suppose that I asked an average educated Englishman of my own generation, brought up in our agnostic atmosphere and Darwinian tradition, why Huxley and his Gadarene controversy are thus remembered, in what their yet arresting quality consists: he would probably answer somewhat as follows. "The controversy is important because it was the one great battle between rigid theology and relentless science. Huxley was the most acute and clear-headed rationalist of his day; against him appeared, as the champion of orthodoxy, an eloquent and brilliant statesman, traditional in temper and fervent in piety; but all his mellow scholarship and splendid language warred in vain against the disinterested and deadly logic of the scientist;

An Agnostic Defeat

because the truth is great, and must prevail. Though fought on the narrow field of Gadara, it was the decisive battle, the beginning of the age of reason."

Suppose he said this; and suppose that I answered, as I should answer, thus: The whole of your picture of the period and the personalities is false. Huxley was not a frigid and faultless logician, certainly not the great logician of his time. Huxley was much more of a man of letters than a man of science. His style (which was always admirable) influenced his thought, as it does with artists; his instincts and prejudices (which were generally manly and honourable) were constantly in him the motives of blind choice or impatient indifference. He would constantly throw over a scientific method upon an ethical impulse. He felt a more or less virile dislike of the moral smell of Spiritualism; and for the mere fun of expressing this dislike, he surrendered the whole theory of natural investigation. He said he would not take any trouble to hear the talk of curates and old women in the next town; and could do as well without the twaddle talked by the table-rappers. It may have been common sense; but it was not science. The conversation of curates and old women is as witty as the conversation of fossils; even that of crystals is not much more sparkling. The whole case for investigating fossils or crystals is that we must not leave a stone unturned in searching for truth. Once admit that a phenomenon can escape from all investigation by being a bore; and the Missing Link escapes for ever; for though he is missing, he certainly is not missed. Huxley's brilliant essays abound in these breezy and sincere inconsistencies; and, moreover, he often relied on a mere spirited dance of diction as much as Ruskin himself. When someone accused him of thus rhetorically recommending his thought, he replied that "gilding refined gold" was less futile in his view, "than plastering the fair face of Truth with that pestilent cosmetic, rhetoric." I think the face is pretty thoroughly plastered there; and very well plastered too. Never before, surely, was a man

An Agnostic Defeat

so rhetorical in maintaining that he was not rhetorical.

Moreover, though Huxley was always a fighter, it is by no means true that he was always a victor. It is most emphatically not true that cold reason was always on his side, and mere eloquence and mysticism on the other side. In the veritable history of the nineteenth century (I should say to my imaginary young friend) better logicians than Huxley asked him harder questions than he ever asked anybody: questions he could not answer. It is very rare in controversy that anyone cannot answer. That is what is meant by saying that no one is converted by argument: it only means that no one is silenced by it. Only in very rare cases, sometimes separated by centuries, is a controversialist really run through the brain as a duellist is run through the body. The heart can be pricked like a bladder; but the head can be kicked about like a football; it is only very, very rarely that it bursts. Yet in this case (I would continue to my eager listener) the modern head, the great agnostic brain, burst like a bombshell. In other words, very few controversialists have ever been really proved wrong. Among the very few was Huxley.

Let us take the small and special case to which I have already referred. Huxley, along with Mill and many older, and perhaps greater, men, attached himself to what was wrongly called the Experience Philosophy. Without attempting in this article (which is a mere study of the two intellectual types) to expound this philosophy with precision, I can easily expound it with essential fairness. It can be expounded in the two words of its title: The Experience Philosophy. It denied that there are (as countless sages, from Plato to Kant, say that there are) primary perceptions and authoritative acts of the mind itself. It said that every real fact was a fact proved by our own consciousness; it said that every generalization, however large and limpid and universal, was but a careful summary of such facts. The only things we can obtain directly are experiences.

An Agnostic Defeat

We can only obtain ideals, modes of thought, theories of evidence, indirectly. We may have, quite rationally, a general attitude towards gin, or cats, or cathedrals; but this attitude is derived from cathedrals, and cats, and gin. There can be no attitude towards them before they exist. However high and holy is the cathedral you build, you build it out of its bricks and stones; it consists of its materials. So (as men like Mill and Huxley would argue) however general and just be our ethical or religious ideal, it still consists of our experiences, and nothing else but our experiences. We cannot trust any other mental process except experience.

Then (to speak figuratively) there was a silence; and then a clear and amiable voice was heard asking this question: "But experience depends upon memory. Why do you believe in memory?" The silence that followed that was longer; for the question has never been answered. I do not mean that nobody wrote or said anything more on the subject; as I have said, the head can outlast the heart; and the tongue and pen can go on working long after the brain has struck work. But no one has ever answered the question without surrendering the whole agnostic philosophy of experience. We all do wake up in our cradles with an attitude of confidence in the course of our experiences, which is, in its nature, anterior to those experiences. The assumption that what is in memory was in experience, is not an experience. It is an assumption. Faith in the past is not an experience; it is a faith.

The clear and amiable voice which asked this question was that of "Ideal" Ward, of the Oxford Movement and the Roman Conversion; who is now remembered chiefly as a champion of what people call obscurantism. Huxley, who (being a good judge of men) both admired and trusted him, once made a joke about Ward having a stake for heretics in his back garden. That joke is probably known more widely, and taken more seriously, than all their serious debates. The same sort of people who can only remember about Huxley a miracle which

An Agnostic Defeat

he regarded as a legend, can only remember about Ward, a phrase which he took as a joke. Why hearty levities of this kind are ever discussed seriously afterwards must be a mystery to any man who has had any friends; but they are so discussed—about W. G. Ward as about Dr Johnson. The present writer, nevertheless, who has no other intention than the description of two controversial characters, and the curious public estimate of them, must strongly emphasize that one of them, W. G. Ward, was regarded as obscurantist. His voice was popularly supposed to come out of a kind of dungeon, where he was imprisoned by the Pope. Still his question was heard, through whatever obscuration of scuttling rats and clanking chains, and it seemed to be saying: "Experience depends on memory. Therefore memory cannot depend on experience. Why do you believe in memory?" I will not here dwell on the answers attempted by the older and more mellow rationalists; partly because they were not, in the upshot, worth dwelling on. Mill, as far as I can see, seems to have simply surrendered the point, and then dared the mystics to come a step farther. But Huxley, the man of the artistic temperament, is the man with whom I have sympathy. He seems to have been prompt and pugnacious as ever; to have been early in the breach. He said, in substance: "I believe in memory, because I have so often experienced its reliability."

Now, when he said that, there ought to have been a crash and reverberation through all the market-places of mankind; as if some colossal god had fallen down. Huxley was a very great man; it is not often that a great man falls flat on his face. I need not labour the point; it is plain enough. That Huxley ever, even once, experienced the reliability of memory could only be known to him—as Ward pointed out in reply—by memory itself. And obviously one cannot prove the truthfulness of memory by assuming it. Experience of the triumph of memory is, at this moment, memory. It is not experience. Once grant that yesterday was a dream, and

An Agnostic Defeat

you cannot depend on its entire agreement with the day before yesterday; which may be a dream too. In short, here was one of the very few cases in history in which a great sceptic received, in equal fight, an answer he could not answer.

Now, why is this, popularly speaking, a little forgotten fight, and the wrangle about the Gadarene Swine a great remembered one? Not because the subject was insignificant, or even unpopular. People talk in trains and trams about remembering and forgetting far more frequently (to say the least of it) than they talk about keeping pigs, or being directly influenced by demons. And, broadly, it must be less dramatic to discuss whether one old miracle happened, than to discuss whether anything ever happened. Not because the opponent was inferior; for though Ward could not have made the Midlothian campaign or the great speeches on Ireland, he was much brighter and clearer than Gladstone in this particular trend of controversy.

No; the reason is primarily that which I suggested at the beginning: the same very simple reason which makes most English people more familiar with the Battle of Waterloo than with the Battle of Fontenoy. Agnosticism is now not only a fashion, but a convention; and, like all conventional things, it preserves the memory of its triumphs, and not of its mistakes. But the cause is at once deeper and somewhat less general than this. The agnosticism now fashionable is of a very special sort; and Huxley exactly suits it. It is agnostic, but it cannot be called rationalist; it depends largely, as Huxley did, upon more or less wholesome habits of mind, and more or less generous associations of ideas; it is strongly affected by the atmosphere of the arts. Under all its intellectual pretentiousness it is, if not a surrender, at least a renunciation. It is not so much a refusal to believe as a refusal to think. Huxley is not the Wise Man of the stoics, but he is rather the Wise Man of the Pragmatists, incredulous of what he considers superstition, but also impatient of what he considers

An Agnostic Defeat

sophistry. There are some things which, as a sensible man, he will not believe. But there are other things which, as a healthy man, he will not doubt. Of whatever there is in the modern vagueness that is really kindly, sensible, instructive, appreciative, humorous, understanding the art of life—of whatever remains good in the late Victorian vagueness, the highest expression was Huxley.

But the sort of mental fog through which Huxley looms larger than life is exactly the sort of fog in which a man like Ward is invisible. For he appears to stand for exactly the opposite mental attitude to that of our comfortable chaos. He was an extremist; but he was an extremist in the rational, as well as the religious, direction. While he affirmed the dogmas of the believer with an apocalyptic absoluteness worthy of a pontifical throne, he also asked the questions of the sceptic with a ferocious clarity which might have landed weaker minded people in a padded cell. We talk of extremes meeting; and there is a sense in which Ward looked for the truth in the place where extremes meet. Like Huxley, he could possess a rational method with a religious ideal; but unlike Huxley, he did not mix them up. He had two strings to his bow; but he pulled both the logical string and the dogmatic string to the utmost—short of breaking the bow. He had two roads homewards; but they would only meet if either were followed absolutely as far as they would go. According to him, we may say authority and enquiry were reconcilable—but only if they were very overwhelming authority and very far-reaching enquiry. It is only by accepting all the Church's pronouncements that he can actually be forced to admit that reason is right and reliable. And it is only by pursuing the matter out to the last crumbling cliff of scepticism that he can really show that memory is reliable and right.

He is an ultramontane in a special sense; in that his pilgrimage, like the path in a fairy tale did truly lead him "over the hills and far away." I am not concerned

An Agnostic Defeat

with how far this mental character, or that of Huxley, is acceptable to the reader or to myself. I only remark that the posture of the times places this kind of character for the present at an enormous disadvantage. Men have too much intellectual vanity to understand his submission, and at the same time too much intellectual levity to test all the links of his logic. Ward could think; but Huxley could write; and this age is much more influenced by art than by thought. True thought, like the sword in some Eastern story, because of its very sharpness it is to us as invisible as a hair.

G. K. CHESTERTON

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.

MR BERNARD HOLLAND has in his *Life of the Duke of Devonshire* (Longmans & Co. 32s. net) executed an extremely difficult task as well as it could be done. There is a special difficulty in writing of a man whose own powers of self-expression are very limited. We get but little of the very marked character of the late Duke in his letters. Or perhaps, as the very absence of the reflective and analytic qualities is part of that character, the letters illustrate it by their very deficiencies. Nevertheless those deficiencies are necessarily a drawback to the biographer in his task.

Our political leaders do not indeed as a general rule afford at all the same material for a biography of the highest interest as do our great men of letters and our great ecclesiastics. The politicians have things very much their own way during their lifetime, but it is otherwise after death. True, history is told in their written lives, but the interest of a biography largely consists in the psychological analysis of its subject, and for this there is far more material where the gift of self-expression has been remarkable. As we now write we have before us a shelf full of biographies, and none of those we should pull down by preference to amuse a vacant hour are the lives of politicians. The biographies of Dean Stanley, Jowett, Walter Scott, Cardinal Vaughan, Cardinal Manning, Carlyle—to take them in the order in which they stand on the shelf—are all extremely attractive. On the other hand Lord Stanhope's *William Pitt*, Morley's *Gladstone*, and Lord Selborne's *Autobiographical Memoirs*, though excellent books, are far less of human documents than those we have named. And if Trevelyan's *Macaulay* and Robert Lord Lytton's *Letters*, which stand in the same shelf, form an apparent exception, it must be

Some Recent Books

remembered that both men were men of letters as well as politicians.

The Duke of Devonshire's case, then, is only a striking instance of a general rule. The materials for a thoroughly living picture of the man are clearly not available. But once this is admitted, we have nothing but praise for Mr Holland's book, which is admirably executed from beginning to end.

A very large space in the second volume is devoted to the story of the Tariff Reform Movement of 1903, of which, indeed, Mr Holland's work is likely to remain the authoritative and definitive record. This story is quite thrilling, and presents—we should add—a great deal of that very psychological interest which we have been carping enough to desiderate in political biographies as a rule. But the psychology is not entirely concerned with the Duke himself.

The three principal *dramatis personæ* are Mr Balfour, the philosopher, Mr Chamberlain, the eager and somewhat intemperate apostle, obsessed by one idea, and the Duke himself, the embodiment of practical English moderation and common-sense, as little in sympathy with Mr Balfour's subtle speculations as with Mr Chamberlain's heated and one-sided orations.

The present writer is convinced that had the tactics employed in bringing forward Tariff Reform been different from what they were, the Duke and Mr Balfour would have entirely agreed. If instead of discussing Tariff Reform in general, Mr Balfour had put forward some specific proposal we do not believe that what Mr Balfour himself held after careful examination to be wise and practicable would have been rejected by the Duke. But instead of this Mr Chamberlain flourished the flag of Protection, which was to the Duke as a red rag to a bull, and Mr Balfour discussed subtle economic theories which the Duke did not understand. Indeed, all along the Duke's views were practical, and to treat them as theoretical led to misconception. The Duke had, as Mr Chamberlain somewhat bitterly reminded

Life of the Duke of Devonshire

him, entirely concurred in Sir Michael Hicks Beach's is. duty on corn. In Mr Chamberlain's eyes this represented "a great policy" (II. 356). In the Duke's eyes it was nothing of the kind, but only a practical measure which, though inconsistent with extreme Cobdenism, was likely to work well enough. To draw out the economic theory which the tax represented was wholly alien to his temperament. The Duke's assent did not indicate, as Mr Chamberlain thought, acquiescence in a general policy, or, as Mr Balfour perhaps imagined, a reasoned economic theory. When Mr Balfour did, in a masterly letter, explain his own general theory, the Duke's remarks in criticism were as futile as his practical views were sensible.

Mr Balfour in the course of his letter wrote as follows:

My own view, perhaps, can be put most clearly by drawing a comparison between my theories upon fiscal questions and my theories upon social questions. The old Free Traders were consistent advocates of the *laissez faire* principle in both departments of policy. Their advocacy of Free Trade and their objection to factory legislation largely sprang from the same root principle—the principle of *laissez faire* and individualism. The movement of thought and the pressure of events have compelled us (in my opinion rightly compelled us) to abandon these principles in their extreme form. But this does not mean that either you or I are Socialists. It *does* mean that we now feel bound to consider many proposals on their merits which the Manchester School of sixty years since would summarily have dismissed on (what they called) "principle." . . .

Just as I am not a Socialist, so I am not a Protectionist; and as in the case of social reform, so in the case of fiscal reform, I think that the mere fact of our increasing largely the number of "open" questions, makes it more than ever necessary to approach their consideration in a spirit of cautious moderation.

The Duke's extremely bald comment runs as follows:

I suppose the critical decision will have to be taken on Monday, and the Prime Minister's compromise seems to me the most impossible course of all. I am completely puzzled and distracted by all the arguments pro and con Free Trade and Protection;

Some Recent Books

but, whichever of them is right, I cannot think that something which is neither, but a little of both, can be right.

Yet so able a free-trader as J. S. Mill was for many years an advocate of temporary protection for certain industries, and in point of fact the Shilling Duty on corn itself which the Duke had accepted, was just the thin end of the wedge for introducing that very policy of Mr Balfour which is in the above criticism so contemptuously set aside.

The Duke was essentially a practical man, capable of forming the most just opinion on a concrete measure before him, but very slow to enter into, or apprehend, the bearing of theoretic statements apart from their concrete application. How much the whole triangular duel was a matter of temperament is yet further illustrated by a very remarkable letter of Mr Chamberlain to the Duke, dated September 28, 1903, in which he writes as follows:—

I thought you were with me in principle when I raised this question, and had I known that you were so little prepared for it, I should have delayed, and perhaps even abandoned, its advocacy.

A difference of programme, even between the Duke and Mr Chamberlain, was then not inevitable, still less between the Duke and Mr Balfour. Yet in temperament the men were so different that when once the controversy was started they succeeded in misunderstanding one another and breaking up the party to which they were all three devoted. Mr Balfour accepted Mr Chamberlain's principles, but pleaded for full discussion before they were applied. Here was the dialectical method congenial to the philosopher. But the apostle must needs be up and doing, and must forthwith translate the principles into action. Hence Mr Chamberlain had a drastic set of proposals by the winter which scared Mr Balfour as a leap in the dark—as drafted hastily, and without an adequate scientific examination of a difficult problem. The Duke, supremely distrustful of mere

Death

theory, and calling out for a practical programme, when confronted on the one hand with the drastic proposals of Mr Chamberlain, and on the other with the philosophic doubts of Mr Balfour, ended by breaking away from both.

There is no portion of Mr Holland's interesting book which holds the attention more closely than this highly significant and important chapter of modern political history.

W. W.

M. MAETERLINCK has recently been losing his vocation; and unless he is very careful, he will lose it altogether. So long as he confined himself either to minute observation on the one extreme, or to large, vague and exquisite symbolism on the other—to the life of the bee or to the visionary powers of the blind—so long, that is to say, as he was content to be suggestive and delicate on matters that demanded such a medium and were capable of nothing more—he compelled and stimulated the attention of thousands. His characteristic, and therefore his most powerful, attitude is to stand beside us like a friendly and charming companion, to point out this or that tint or outline, and then to say: "Do you notice that? Now, what do you make of it?" But these are his limitations—to see a little further below the surface than most people, and to express his vision in beautiful language and with really exquisite tact; or, rather, not exactly to express his vision, but to encourage our own. He lives by suggestiveness, by aroma, by colour; he loses himself and his charm when he ventures upon statement and form and outline; the tinted mists roll away—and there is nothing particular behind them. One does not fell forests or scale mountains by the help of one's finger-tips. Only very ephemeral facts can be adequately represented by what Robert Browning once called "carved cherry-stones." M. Maeterlinck's book on *Death* (Methuen. 3s. 6d. pp. 128.) marks one of his unfortunate choices. It was preceded by his play, the "Blue Bird"—in which, it

Some Recent Books

will be remembered, the doctrine of immortality is made to depend primarily, not even upon belief in it, but rather upon an artistic and tender fancy concerning it; and in *Death* he presents this poetry of his under the guise of Philosophy. The result is amazingly unsatisfactory. Of course he says some most beautiful things; again and again the interest of the reader is brought to an almost acutely painful point; it seems—so elusively sweet is the scent that fills these pages, so tender, and, in a sense, so brave, the delicate music of his wedded words and ideas—as if some great Truth were approaching; and then, at the very instant of disclosure, all is empty, and again, from an infinite distance, sounds the growing melody once more. . . . And this impression is given not because the reader is dull or unable to appreciate the value of symbolism; it is because M. Maeterlinck does not seem to understand that in symbolism there must be something to symbolize; that there must be real ideas, or an adequate reason for accounting for their absence; and he seems, not merely to have neither, but to believe that he has both. He professes to supply reasons for his gentle guesses, and to indicate why it is impossible to do more than guess. Certainly his book may help people to die gracefully and exquisitely, but certainly not to die “well”—unless there is nothing greater than artistic expression and a consciousness of it. “Outside the religions,” he says with astonishing *naïveté*, “there are four imaginable solutions, and no more: total annihilation; survival with our consciousness of to-day; survival without any sort of consciousness; lastly, survival with universal consciousness different from that which we possess in this world.” It is, of course, to the fourth solution that he himself inclines, fortified by the hypothetical axiom that, if he is right, this must mean “a delicious spring-time, an unequalled music, a divine light.” Unknown, perhaps to himself, he rejects all real moral responsibility; and with that rejection he overlooks even the possibility that this life exists largely for the education of character (at the most he

Adrian Savage

would, probably, speak of a "moulding" of character), and the result is one of appalling dreariness and fruitlessness both as regards this world and the next. Of the reality of life here, of its absorbing interest therefore regarded in itself, of its equally inevitable eternal issues, he seems to make no account. He appears to be able to conceive of no personal survival "devoid of senses," yet "similar to that which derived from our sensibility all that gave it life." To such a labyrinth of limitations does the Maeterlinckian philosophy bring us. Its author had better run into the garden again and play. . . .

B.

ADRIAN SAVAGE (Hutchinson. 6s.) believed the beautiful Gabrielle "to be, either by fate or by choice, essentially a *Belle au Bois Dormant*, and, further, believed himself to be the princely adventurer designed by Providence for the far from disagreeable duty of waking her up." He discerned wonderful, unsounded depths within her. "Her recondite beauty . . . challenged his imagination with the excitement of something hidden."

Gabrielle St Leger also discerned untested possibilities in herself. A young, and by no means heart-broken widow, living in Paris, she longed for opportunities of expansion and of self-expression. But unhappily she did not agree with Adrian as to the part assigned to him by Providence. She tried to conceal from herself that she really loved him, for she was determined to "live her own life," and not to lose her independence by a second marriage. "I do not care," she said, "to read again that which I have already read . . . I want to go forward, to learn a new science, rather than to repeat discredited fables." She spoke thus to an elderly confidante, Miss Anastasia Beauchamp, an original and pathetic woman whose sympathies were with Adrian. This outspoken lady told Gabrielle that she was still "very much a baby, stretching out soft eager fingers towards any and every untried thing which sparkles, or jiggets,

Some Recent Books

or rattles." Later Anastasia counselled Adrian Savage himself on the task that confronted him.

"A woman of so much temperament and so much intelligence as Gabrielle St Leger," she warned him, "must of necessity be the child of the age in which she lives, in touch with the spirit of it. Her eyes are turned towards the future; and the strange, unrestful wind, the wind of Modernity, which blows from out the future is upon her face. This is the influence you have to battle against . . . nothing less than the spirit of the age, the spirit of Modernity."

The character of Adrian Savage is charmingly drawn. Half French, half English, he is of an artistic temperament, but without any trying subtleties of character; he is frank and charming. He knows his own mind, and therefore gets what he wants in the end, in spite of the complications in his path. Not least among these is his sudden call to England to settle legal matters for his orphaned cousins, hitherto strangers to him.

The least attractive, though not perhaps the least clever half of the book is connected with these English cousins, Joanna and Margaret Smyrthwaite. At first they seem shadowy beings to Adrian, for they have been crushed by a tyrannical father and by the dead-weight of the principles he has instilled into them. His death leaving them heiresses, they are free, like Gabrielle St Leger, to live their own lives. And Margaret, who is in reality by no means a shadow, is easily disposed of. She chooses to marry a local "bounder" and reign supreme in a small seaside town. Her sister, Joanna, is a clever but very painful study. "Northern, joyless, uncertain in faith, burdened by scruples, prey to a misplaced intellectualism," she is little short of repulsive to Adrian, whom she adores. He tries to conceal his feeling towards her, with fatal success, for she becomes persuaded that he, too, is in love with her. She "watches his every movement with the fixed intentness, the beatified idiocy of those who dote." At last comes the revelation of his indifference, conveyed to her fantas-

The French Ideal

tically in a kind of trance, and she kills herself. The reader cannot but be glad when the book is rid of her joyless presence.

Some of the minor characters in *Adrian Savage* are brilliantly drawn. Challoner, who marries Margaret Smyrthwaite, is a triumph of unattractiveness; burly, uneducated, grasping and mean, he is the embodiment of smug self-satisfaction and is intensely alive in all his repulsiveness. The most fantastic character in the story is René Dax, the mad little French artist, whose imagination alternately revels in, and recoils from, its own grotesque creations; he gives a "quaintly pathetic effect, with his small, tired face, great domed head and bulging forehead." Of course he is detestable, but he has a positive genius for exciting pity.

Adrian Savage is full of atmosphere; the atmosphere of Gabrielle's rose-red and canvas-coloured room, of the English country-house, stern and yet commonplace; the atmosphere of René Dax's grotesque studio and of Anastasia Beauchamp's reception room. Indeed, a young American remarks towards the close of the book: "There is too much atmosphere over here. I have a notion my moral system needs toning up; and I believe our bright American climate might help me some, if I took a spell of it." O.

"FOUR French Idealists" would have been a better name than *The French Ideal* (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) for the too brilliant essays of Madame Duclaux. The dedication at once reveals the weakness of the title, for in it the essays receive the following description: "Pascal the Pragmatist, Fénelon the Theosophist, Buffon the Naturalist, Lamartine the Romantic." Nor does the author, in her constant insistence on the contrast between the ideals of these four great men, seem to be conscious that four contrasted ideals can hardly be fused under the title, *The French Ideal*. An inclination to a rash giving of names is characteristic of Mdme Duclaux.

Some Recent Books

Happily, having baptized Pascal a Pragmatist, she does not spoil the most interesting essay of the four by attempting to prove that he was one. Of the making of books about Pascal there seems to be no end. But for knowledge of the man himself nothing can ever be more satisfying than the terribly simple sketch of M^{de} de Périer. M^{de} Duclaux, while giving an admirable account of Pascal's environment, his house, his friends, and his studies, does not allow the figure in that exquisite *Récit d'une Sœur* to be overweighted. A gorgeous but over-heavy frame was given to Pascal by Lord St Cyres, whose rather inhuman book supplies M^{de} Duclaux with much interesting material.

But even in the essay on Pascal M^{de} Duclaux falls into the snare of too facile divisions and marked contrasts, while in the essay on Fénelon she is still more unrestrained. There is one division running through the book that is given in crude hard lines; it is the contrast between the mystic's selfless love of God and the quest of salvation. For what to Pascal, who wrote *Oubli du monde et de tout hormis Dieu*, and what to Bossuet, was salvation, but entire union with God, and what was Heaven but the Beatific Vision?

And if it be untrue to suppose that Pascal wished for any Heaven, any salvation, but the possession of God, it is also untrue to make a violent contrast between the love of God in Fénelon and in Bossuet. "On va même jusqu'à prétendre," writes Père Brémond, "que Bossuet aurait attendu jusqu'à près de 70 ans pour apprendre, Fénelon aidant, à sentir et à goûter Dieu." Père Brémond gives a most interesting account of their fundamental unity. But this to many is extremely puzzling in view of the volumes of polemic, the bitter accusations, the lifelong separations to which the quarrel between them gave rise. The controversy is a very subtle and difficult one, and if indeed Bossuet were in the right in thought he was in the wrong in temper and tone. It was, no doubt, the personal defects of nearly every one concerned in the affair that make it extremely difficult for a non-

The French Ideal

Catholic historian to see what they were fighting each other about.

Madame Duclaux gives one the impression that Madame Guyon and her friends were immensely pre-occupied with the romance of their own spiritual life. Is it too much to say that they were more occupied with the beauty and chivalry of their own self-immolation than they were with God Himself? This is not, of course, intended of Fénelon, but it is impossible not to rejoice in an exile which saved him from the companionship of the pious *coterie* of which Madame Guyon was the centre. From her first appearance on the scene, when she fainted at the sight of Fénelon and had to be restored by two Duchesses, it is only human to wish that she would retire to a life of contemplation at a greater distance from the Court.

If Madame Duclaux is a bold godmother to Pascal she is a cruel one to Fénelon. How did he deserve to be christened "Fénelon the Theosophist"? Madame Duclaux vouchsafes only one explanation when she sums up the ideas of the Guyon group with her misleading facility:

No commandments; one prayer three words long, *Fiat voluntas tua!* (Thy will be done); and one belief: that faith leads us blindly upwards to absorption in the perfect Unity—that is God. Such was the Nirvana of these seventeenth-century Theosophists. It was not a personal delight that they expected in their Divine Abyss, it was the sense of dissolution in the Deity.

"No commandments"! Poor Fénelon, and again poor mystics! for, see how they are treated in another passage, which must be quoted, as it is a striking instance of what too much reading and too little thinking may produce. It is the fashion just now to patronise the mystics. What can be done to save them from such friends as Madame Duclaux?

The importance of sin is diminished to the mystic who half believes that Evil (which lies outside the Eternal Essence) has no real existence, deeming our faults mere phenomena, mists which

Some Recent Books

disappear at sunrise. Our errors of omission and commission seem things of small importance to the soul which longs (as Madame Guyon says in her *Torrents Spirituels*) to enter the presence of the Deity, and behold Him as He was before the creation of the world and man.

And this no doubt is a dangerous doctrine, which may seem to abolish Morality (there is indeed little connexion between faith and morality), but it is the instinctive doctrine of saints. The Penitent Thief and Mary Magdalene bear witness thereunto.

S.

IN the preface to his very interesting book (*Body and Mind*. Methuen and Co. London. 1911. Price 10s. 6d. net) Dr McDougall apologizes for the attitude which he is about to take up, since he believes that "to many minds it must appear nothing short of a scandal that anyone occupying a position in an academy of learning, other than a Roman Catholic seminary, should in this twentieth century defend the old-world notion of the soul of man" (p. xi). In so apologizing he pays a rather remarkable compliment to our seminaries, since it would appear that there, and there alone, has been constantly upheld the very view which he sets himself to assert and prove in the book under consideration. We may at once say that *Body and Mind* is a book which is worthy of the serious consideration of every person whose interests lie in the direction of philosophical speculation. Dr McDougall stands forth as the champion of Animism against Materialism. We use his own term in speaking of Animism, though we admit that we are not enamoured of that title since it has become so closely associated with Dr Tylor's well-known theory respecting the origin of the belief in the soul as to have practically lost any other common significance. Dr McDougall agrees with Tylor in regard to the theory just named. It is a point which might well endure argument, but which cannot be argued within the space possible for this notice. Dr McDougall, at any rate, chooses the word Animism to connote a belief in the soul, and we are obliged to confess that we know of no word, not open to the criticism of ambiguity, to suggest to

Body and Mind

him in its place. The first part of his discussion, and a lengthy part, is devoted to a consideration of the various views which have been held as to the existence of a soul and its relation to the body and as to the materialistic explanation of matter. He handles epiphenomenalism, parallelism, monism, all the "isms" which philosophers have dealt in as substitutes to "the old-world notion" which we have always held and which our author now asserts to be the most consonant with the facts as now in evidence. After this historical section he proceeds to show how all the other theories break down, and finally adduces a number of arguments which seem to him (and will probably seem to many others) "overwhelmingly strong reasons for accepting, as the best working hypothesis of the psycho-physical relation, the animistic horn of the dilemma" (p. 357). In the course of this discussion the chief criticism which we care to make is that the views of the Scholastics on the subject are perhaps a little perfunctorily treated, but the discussion in any case is a lengthy one, and the author no doubt has been quite right in dealing mainly with opponents of the view which he upholds. Considerable interest will be taken in the very restrained and careful discussion of the evidence afforded by the publications of the S.P.R. as to which his conclusion is that the results hitherto achieved by "psychical research" have "established the occurrence of phenomena which cannot be reconciled with the mechanistic scheme of things" (p. 350).

In the admirable Summary and Conclusion which terminate the book the author deals with the nature of the soul and describes James' views as absolutely "perverse," not, we think, too hard a word when his extraordinary attitude towards the facts, even as he himself saw them, is remembered.

Dr McDougall says that the soul has neither extension, ponderability nor mass, and in so speaking agrees with the Scholastic doctrine that it is an unextended immaterial substance. He will not adopt this definition himself because he disagrees with the Scholastic meaning of the

Some Recent Books

word "substance," and here is another point which would afford opportunity for an interesting discussion did space permit. The soul "possesses or is the sum of definite capacities for psychical activity and psycho-physical interaction," and the chief of these are then enumerated. It may exercise extensive vegetative functions; it may play a part in heredity and have a place in the scheme of organic evolution. According to his view, then, "not only conscious thinking, but also morphogenesis, heredity and evolution are psycho-physical phenomena" (p. 379).

We are quite conscious that we have been able to give but the barest sketch of the interesting chapters of this book, and we have not even space to deal with the discussion as to the dual character of memory which we had marked for special notice, but we hope that enough has been said to send many readers to the book itself, for that has been our wish and intention. B.C.A.W.

TO some of us Mr Cook's *Life of Ruskin* (By E. T. Cook. George Allen. 21s. net.) is the renewal of a peculiar kind of joy that we had known in our youth, a joy obscured by the dingy prose of business and the stress of difficult problems. When we first read Ruskin our eyes were new opened to the book of nature, and with joyful reverence we watched the changing complexion of the sunset cloud or laboriously traced the veins of a leaf. We clung to truth of detail with the scrupulous care of a novice saying his office, and we detested the theory of selection from nature that found classical expression in Sir Joshua Reynolds's discourses. The love of nature Ruskin inspired was as intensely ethical, and perhaps more Christian than Wordsworth's love of nature. We were so happy under Ruskin's influence because we felt ourselves good as well as clever. There was joy and peace in the atmosphere he created, and there was excitement, too, for was he not out against the false gods of the day, against debased classicism and sickly sentimentality?

Life of Ruskin

And now, with dimming eyes, the story of his own life may be read, given fully and admirably, if in almost too much detail, by Mr Cook. It was, perhaps, inevitable that Ruskin's life should be written in too much detail, for it was not possible to be his disciple without acquiring a scrupulous regard to detail. It is plain now that the man who gave us so much joy suffered much himself and made others suffer much also.

The first thing that strikes the reader of this book is that, by the laws of Eugenics, Ruskin ought never to have existed at all. His grandfather was mad, his parents were first cousins. Therefore, according to the creed of a Eugenist, Ruskin ought never to have been born. Then comes his education, and that, according to all wise people, was utterly wrong. Over development in the home circle, and intense parental fondness and pride, were never counteracted by life at school. He was an only child, and he never left his father's and mother's society for more than a few hours at a time. When he went to Oxford his mother went there too! Every evening he left Christ Church to spend several hours with his mother. He was not allowed to ride, for fear that he might be thrown, or to row, lest he might fall into the water. He was under a tutelage to his father that is apparent when he was over fifty, and to which few youths would submit. But it is very clear that we owe a vast debt of gratitude to the parents of John Ruskin. First of all, absurd as were their mistakes, were they not right, on the whole, in keeping that curiously delicate plant in a hot house? It is very questionable whether he would ever have come to man's years if he had had the rough-and-tumble life of the ordinary schoolboy. And later on, when they still pursued him with a care for which he bitterly reproached his father, not long before the old man's death, had they not reason to know on how slight a thread depended the balance of his mind? They succeeded in rearing their exotic of genius, they made life soft to him; gave him wealth, leisure, and a sober luxury. But they gave, too, the direction of his

Some Recent Books

genius and the means of developing it. "He had seen before he was twelve all the high-roads, and most of the cross-roads of England and Wales, and the greater part of lowland Scotland; every castle in Scotland, England, and Wales, from Stirling to Dover, and every abbey from Dunkeld to St Frideswide's." The record of their journeys in Europe for his benefit is at that date quite astonishing. What other wine merchant ever gave his son such an education? Two reproaches John Ruskin made to his father: first, that he had not been allowed to rough it; and secondly—amazing reproach—that he who had lavished art treasures upon him had not bought him a certain Turner that might have given him infinite joy. But may it not be that that letter which saddens us now was little more to old Ruskin than the babbling of the spoilt boy, whose mind was already uncontrollably irritable if not yet unhinged. That letter must have hurt, but it is possible to hope that it gave no poisoned wound. Must not his father have recognized that it was by the devoted love of his parents that this frail, delicately poised mind had been saved and guarded so that the flame of its genius was able to burn keen, pure, and illuminating for crowds of human beings. And even for John Ruskin himself, were there not amazing joys, exquisite weeks and months spent in incessant earnest industry with the crowning delights of a genius that has the gift of most exquisite self-expression? His was a life with tragic elements in it, but in spite of mental pain and disease it was a life in which happiness surely predominated? It is not cruel to say that the pain was worth while on account of the joy he gave to the world, because God, in His mercy, allowed him a full participation in that joy himself.

S.

HISTORY could not easily be made more dramatic than it is in Mr G. M. Trevelyan's *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy*. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.) The events of the last phase of Garibaldi's career were thrilling both in themselves and in their consequences, and Mr Trevelyan has had the advantage of conversing

Garibaldi

with many of those who took an active part in them. He has, moreover, made the most of his materials by skilful arrangement. He has very wisely told the story directly and continuously, while at the same time giving to the studious ample opportunity of verifying and amplifying what they read, in numerous appendices and a bibliography of 24 pages. The maps are especially clear and well arranged.

First he describes the political state of Europe; the corruption and rottenness of Naples under the Bourbons; the complication of difficulties that beset Cavour. We see this extraordinary man deluding every one—his own king included—making use of every conceivable means to encompass his one end. His motto, that of Danton, “*Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre.*” While giving soft words to Napoleon III and pretending to negotiate an alliance with Francis of Naples, he was secretly encouraging the despatch of thousands of volunteers to the Revolutionists in Sicily. We are first conscious of the personality of Garibaldi, which dominates the whole book, as of a loadstone drawing to itself every element of Piedmontese society. Patricians and peasants, women and boys, clamoured to be sent to him, although his service was repaid with as much hardship as fighting, and with scarcely any food or payment at all. At last we accompany Medici’s transports to Sicily, Garibaldi and War. Cavour henceforth is not seen; he plays the part of Zeus in the Greek epics, influencing now kindly, now unkindly, the events with which the heroes have to contend.

Of the fearful hazards of the struggle, and of the way in which battles were won, contrary to all the known rules of war, we can give no idea in a short review. If impossible odds are to be overcome impossible risks must be taken. At Milazzo, for instance, Garibaldi’s method was to stand well exposed to fire at some spot by which the next detachment would have to enter the battle, and to speak, almost in a whisper, some word of encouragement to his young soldiers, of whom many

Some Recent Books

were hearing bullets for the first time in their lives. In the race to Naples, when a hostile army had to be checked at all costs, the General and his Staff would rush days ahead of their troops in order to do it, and such was Garibaldi's luck and personal influence, that he was always successful.

It is to the lasting shame of Victor Emmanuel that when he met the Dictator after the successful achievement of his great enterprise he should have been prevailed upon, by the private jealousy of his own Generals, in defiance of the advice of Cavour to give him such a doubtful welcome. The nobility of Garibaldi's character was never more conspicuously displayed than in the generous way in which he submitted to be dismissed, and even to be officially insulted with his whole army by the man to whom he had just made the present of a new kingdom. In all his fighting, Garibaldi's one aim was ever the making of a united Italy, with its capital at Rome. His two cardinal principles were: The will of the people must be obeyed, and civil war between the patriotic parties must be avoided at all costs. He was too simple-minded to be a good administrator, and it was noted of him by Lord Tennyson: "that in worldly matters he had the divine stupidity of a hero." As Dictator he took ten francs a day for his civil list, and he said once to Alexandre Dumas: "If I were rich I would do like you. I would have a yacht." Dumas was much moved, for he had just seen him sign a cheque for half a million francs of public money. In the end he refused all rewards, and retired to Caprera to recommence his simple life of a farmer.

The political history is, throughout, extremely interesting, particularly that part which reveals for the first time some remarkable facts concerning the help given to the cause of Italian Unity by Lord John Russell. Garibaldi had at all times many English helpers, from Jessie White Mario, and Peard, one of his ablest lieutenants, down to holiday-makers and deserters from English warships.

Tante

Mr Trevelyan has wisely said little about the religious side of the conflict. Catholicism to him is a corrupt mediæval superstition, and his attitude is the not uncommon one that confuses entirely the personality of the spiritual Head of the Church with that of the Sovereign of the Papal States. His amazement at the zeal of the Pope's Irish soldiers, and his ingenuous question: "What did it profit the peasant of Connaught that the vine-dressers of Umbria should remain enslaved and without fatherland?" shows how little he understands the difficulties that centred round the dual character of the Bishop of Rome.

E.S.H.

ONE of the most memorable things ever said by Ruskin was that there is no finish in art but "added truth." It is this finish, the constant addition of true detail that is the most marked characteristic of Anne Sedgwick's last and perhaps best novel, *Tante* (Arnold. 6s.). Too often a well conceived study of character is blurred or confused by inconsistent suggestions, or it is sacrificed to the exigencies of the plot. In *Tante* there are no such blemishes. Madame von Marwitz is absolutely and painfully convincing. She is not a monster of every vice; she can be told about without the book being anything but excellent reading. But she is a monstrous human being, bred up and fed on flattery, utterly insincere, a gorgeous hypocrite and hideously cruel. The way in which her real, her half-real, and her wholly feigned feelings are made to fit into each other and subserve the aims of her egotism, is supremely skilful. Nor is it only in the analysis of character that Anne Sedgwick shows her art. The scenes suggested to the eye are also exquisite. Karen the little heroine, the Norse girl, makes delightful pictures, while those of Madame von Marwitz herself are often really gorgeous. "Les Solitudes," its garden, its atmosphere are full of light and air. The passage that seems to be the most conveniently quotable as an instance of the truth, skill and power of

Some Recent Books

the writer is the following—a word picture of the portrait of the great Tante by Sargent:

She sat, turning from the piano, her knees crossed, one arm crossed over them, the other resting along the edge of the keyboard. The head dropped slightly and the eyes looked out just below the spectator's eyes, so that in poise and glance it recalled somewhat Michael Angelo's Lorenzo de' Medici. And something that Gregory had felt in her from the first, and that had roused in him dim hostilities and ironies, was now more fully revealed. The artist seemed to have looked through the soft mask of the woman's flesh, through the disturbing and compelling forces of her own consciousness to the very structure and anatomy of her character. Atavistic, subconscious revelations were in the face. . . . The languors, the feverish indolences, the caprice of generations of Spanish exiles were there, and the ambiguity, the fierceness of Slav industry. And, subtly interwoven, were the marks of her public life upon her. The face, so moulded to indifference, was yet so aware of observation, so adjusted to it, so insatiable of it, that, sitting there, absorbed and brooding, lovely with her looped pearls and diamonds, her silver broideries and silken fringes, she was a product of the public, a creature reared on adulation, breathing it in softly, peacefully, as the white flowers beside her breathed in light and air. Her craftsmanship, her genius, though indicated, were submerged in this pervasive quality of an indifference based securely on the ever present consciousness that none could be indifferent to her. And more than the passive acceptance and security was indicated. Strange, sleeping potentialities lurked in the face; as at the turn of the kaleidoscope, Gregory would fancy it suddenly transformed, by some hostile touch, some menace, to a savage violence and rapacity.

And yet, perhaps, the first part of this quotation might give a false impression of the story, for it is a little, just a little, too laboured and almost too clever. "Atavistic," for instance, is not quite characteristic of the author, nor are "languors" and "indolences" in the plural characteristic of her direct clear work. But onward from the words "The face is moulded to indifference" nothing could surely be better.

In the background, behind all Tante's other victims, behind Karen, torn between two loyalties and obstinately

The Ballad of the White Horse

adhering to the wrong one, and Gregory with his cold daylight perceptions, his deep love and his fine and mistaken self restraint, and behind the inimitable, intelligent toady Miss Scrotton, is the supremely original picture of the greatest victim of them all—Mrs Talcott. Mrs Talcott the “faithful Tallie,” whom the world carelessly credits with intense devotion to the great genius, Madame von Marwitz, and who all the while is the only person who knows her through and through. Tallie has sacrificed her life to the child she brought up without illusion; she cannot in her old age cut herself off from Tante, and she cannot hope for any change in the corrupt nature, whose depths she has sounded to her own great anguish.

In the exceeding crowd of new books that is upon us it becomes an interesting question whether a hurried and sated public will discern the remarkable qualities of one of the very best novels published during the past year. S.

IN the preface to *The Ballad of the White Horse* Mr Chesterton says that the ballad does not profess to be historical: it does not profess accuracy of detail, but uses the popular legends that seem to hold the spirit of the time. Such a use of legend should surely carry us back more truly to “the days of old” than the very bare bones that are left when all the scientific historians have picked them. Mr Chesterton in his verse seems indeed to have caught the very spirit of a mediæval ballad that sings of Christendom contesting every step against the pagan barbarian—the spirit of the *Chanson de Roland*—for he sees the England of King Alfred as Roland’s France in the light of the Cross against all the forces that made for its uprooting:

Lady by one light only
We look from Alfred’s eyes,
We know he saw athwart the wreck
The sign that hangs about your neck,
Where one more than Melchizedek
Is dead and never dies.

Some Recent Books

The Roman, the Celt and the Saxon strive together in this contest against heathendom, and there is the sense of the tremendous issues that hang on a conflict in which is no ultimate defeat, as, after the vision at Athelney, Alfred rallies his scattered forces again and yet again,

To break and be broken God knows when,
But I have seen for whom.

Vividly is the sense brought home to us of despair threatening the world if the heathen sweep over it: the very earth seems moved as in the great mourning for the death of Roland. Yet through defeat on defeat we see how

The men signed of the Cross of Christ
Go gaily in the dark.

While it is on the victorious heathens themselves that the deep despair really lies:

On you is fallen the shadow
And not upon the Name,
Though we scatter and though we fly,
And you hang over us like the sky,
You are more tired of victory
Than we are tired of shame.

The battle of Ethadune itself is "merveilleuse et pesante," and Mr Chesterton makes us hear the very clash of arms and see Guthrum

Waste the world in vain,
Because man hath not other power,
Save that in dealing death for dower
He may forget it for an hour,
To remember it again.

But Eldred, the heavy farmer, who has brought his men to Alfred's aid, fights, thinking only of the peace to come:

But while he moved like a massacre,
He murmured as in sleep,
And his words were all of low hedges,
And little fields and sheep.

* * * *

The Ballad of the White Horse

Spoke some stiff piece of childish prayer,
Dull as the distant chimes
That thanked our God for good eating,
And corn and quiet times.

Till on the helm of a high chief
Fell shatteringly his brand,
And the helm broke and the bone broke,
And the sword broke in his hand.

To choose the finest verses in a poem of such sustained beauty would almost mean to copy the whole ballad. Yet it would be easier to quote at length than to find words "fair and fit" for welcoming so great an event in the world of literature as the appearance of the *White Horse*.

Great as the poem is in its pictorial power of narrative and in the ringing music of its verse, it is not alone the beauty and vividness of the subject in his hands that have made Mr Chesterton "shake up the dust of thanes like thunder."

In the ballad is to be read the author's philosophy as truly as in his prose analyses of it, and from Alfred's England he turns with a sigh to:

These days, like deserts, when
Pride and a little scratching pen
Have split and dried the hearts of men.

In narratives that suppose the author to be living in a past age prophecy of the future is nearly always inartistic, and in the present instance it is a question whether Alfred's dream is perfect art, beautiful as the verses are. Though in it the King sees the horror of the future as the author sees the evil of the present, he seems to see no way to meet it or to mend the "broken heart in the breast of the world," no way to drive out

That undying heathen
That is sadder than the sea.

Yet there comes to us through Alfred's dream the message that his vision brought to him to "go gaily in the

Some Recent Books

dark," and "though the sky grows darker yet, And the sea rises higher" to hold fast "Joy without a cause, Yea faith without a hope."
M. W.

TURKEY and *Its People*, by Sir Edwin Pears (Methuen. 12s. 6d.). There is no country, not even Austria or the United States, where the population is as heterogeneous as it is in Turkey, and Sir Edwin's book suffers a little from this want of unity in his subject. It is well, however, that we should realize the amazing complexity of racial, traditional and religious differences which prevails in the Sultan's dominions, and forbids any immediate adoption of European political systems. Sir Edwin has had immediate experience of those racial differences in their most terrible form, but perhaps he has devoted too much space to "atrocities." The facts are horrible enough, but there is a danger that they may absorb too much of the reader's attention and blind him to other sides of the Oriental character. It is inconceivable, for instance, that the rank and file of any Western army should have shown the self-restraint which the Turkish troops displayed when Constantinople was for days at their mercy in April, 1909. Nor does Sir Edwin always allow for the provocation which the Turks received. He describes the execution of the Patriarch in 1822, and the massacre of Chios, but he says nothing of the Greek massacres in the Morca, where practically the whole Moslem population was wiped out, often with every ghastly circumstance of treachery, lust, and deliberate butchery. Islam has not got a monopoly of atrocities. It is difficult also to believe that the Patriarch was not implicated in the Heteireia, the secret society which had prepared the insurrection.

It is pleasant to turn from these horrors to less sensational topics, and especially to the Mohammedan sects and the Mohammedan "modernism," about which Sir Edwin speaks with such authority. It is rare indeed in English books on Turkey to find an account of the Bektashi dervishes or of those mysterious little bodies

Vladimir Soloviev

which still seem to keep up the relics of a Christian liturgy. Islam is not, in reality, that simple and uniform system that superficially it seems to be, and among the more educated Turks who refuse to bow the knee to the freethought and freemasonry imported from Paris, some form of Unitarianism may be developed, in which the Prophet will sink more and more into the historic background. The half-sceptical, half-friar Bektashi are especially interesting at the present moment, as they form a link between the educated leaders of Young Turkey and the simple soldiers, on whom the success of the movement ultimately rests. History has once more repeated itself, and the old alliance between the Bektashi and the Janissaries seems to have been renewed in a modern form. Though the enthusiastic philo-Turk may find Sir Edwin Pears too judicious, the mere occidental will find much to interest him in this book and much to enlighten him.

F.F.U.

VLADIMIR SOLOVIEV is a name little, if at all, known in England—but it is one that is constantly on the lips of all thoughtful Russians. In France, too, it is well known, for when the enlightened philosophy of Soloviev made him unpopular with the authorities in Russia, Paris harboured him for many years, and his book *La Russie et l'Église universelle* was written in French and published in France, the opinions expressed in it being such as could never have been printed at all in Russia under the “yes” of the Holy Synod.

For the idea for which Soloviev lived and worked was the submission of the Russian Orthodox Church to Papal Government. He maintained that there was no real schism in Russia, but only a great misunderstanding. The Christianity of the Russian people, as manifested in the faith of the peasants and in their religious life, he claimed to be perfectly in union with the Catholic Church. If this unity was unhappily negative and inactive it was because the chains of a secular government bound the Church in Russia to a dying and disintegrating corpse. He speaks of the idolatry of a nation-

Some Recent Books

alism which makes a people adore their own image, instead of the supreme and universal Divinity.

Père Michel d'Herbigny, S.J., has made an interesting study of Soloviev's philosophy (*Vladimir Soloviev. Par Michel d'Herbigny. Beauchesne et Cie. 3 fr. 50 c.*), but we must quarrel at once with his title, "Un Newman Russe." If any comparison can be made with Soloviev's attitude, we should say it is rather that of the extreme High Church Party. For Soloviev, unlike Newman, who submitted to Rome when he acknowledged her claims, refrained from becoming a Catholic, thinking he could work better for unity within the erring system he was born into. The evidence produced by Père d'Herbigny for Soloviev's secret reception at the end of his life into the Church of Rome of the Eastern Rite is new, and, though not altogether convincing, of great importance. The fact that, except for one book *La Russie et l'Église universelle*, which was written in French, Soloviev's work is entirely in Russian makes it unlikely that he will ever be well known outside his own country. But there is no question that his writing is exercising an increasing influence on those of his own countrymen, who seeing the total divorce between the atheistic spirit of the revolutionary party and the deeply religious faith of the Russian peasant, feel that some governing influence, other than that of the corrupt Holy Synod, is imperative for the regeneration of Russia. C. B.

TRUE painting of life and nature, delicate touches of humour and character, an indefinable leisurely charm of atmosphere: all these qualities *Hurdcott* (John Ayscough. Chatto and Windus. 6s.) possesses. And besides these is to be found analysis of deep thought and feeling, given delicately, leisurely, like the rest of the book and like John Ayscough's work at its best.

The ennobling influence of a love that seems to him that feels it

Hurdcott

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow

is finely pictured. From the first moment of meeting his "Princesse Lointaine" the meaning of life is changed for the shepherd:

They talked little. Hurdcott was proud of the strange chance that had given him to her for guide, and knew that somehow this night's privilege would change him.

Already he was ashamed of himself: of being what he was, what he had been. The empty downs, under the serene chill light of the moon, spoke to him with a voice he had never before heard; and in their silent loveliness reproached him. Of that which we discern as life they were void, and yet life now first began to reveal itself to him, as he, mute like them, walked beside the lady who had trusted herself, nobly as he thought, to his leading.

Till now life had meant nothing for him but a trivial succession of objectless labour and mean pleasures: a silly seeking for excitement that had never stirred the surface even of his existence: a heedless passing of time, that he, like his betters, had called killing it, whereas he suddenly divined that it would kill him and survive him.

He perceived that life has a noble meaning, an inexorable purpose. The significance he could by no means yet fathom, the purpose he must learn. Without warning or preface, he found himself face to face with a mystery he had never suspected, and wrapped about in a silken mesh that he would not believe tangled.

It is a pity that the author, not content with convincing us of Consuelo's love for Hurdcott when she goes to him in the prison, should resort to the unworthy trick of equalizing them by the revelation of the shepherd's noble birth. For, indeed, the love which had further exalted a noble character had with no artificial aid already made them peers.

To Basil, the other man whom her life touched closely, Consuelo held a revealing quality. The study of the young Buddhist is of great interest. Basil is at first roused from a contemplation turned within by the "Red Mist" of love, and grows at last, through that love, out of himself into

Some Recent Books

something far higher, far deeper, than he had dreamt. And, even when he seemed to think of her only, Consuelo knew that this must be. "How could I be God's thief!" she cried, in a low voice of perfect tenderness and sincerity. "You are not your own, and you could not give me yourself or try to give, without cheating something greater than yourself. In the Red Mist the sun of your life would be choked." And so Consuelo helped him to the highest Christian vision, "Car lorsqu' on eut un rêve on n'en prend pas un moindre." M.W.

THERE is no doubt that at the present day many people believe that Christianity has constantly to withstand the attacks made on her by science. If it be an exaggeration to say that it is a common idea that science has disproved Christianity, still there are many thoughtful people who, while disagreeing themselves, find it hard to understand why most of the great leaders of science should be convinced that there is no God, and that we have no spiritual existence. In reality these people are making difficulties which do not exist. Men of science differ among themselves just as other men do, but rather than say that science, on the whole, is hostile to a belief in God, it is truer to say that it greatly confirms it.

In *Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist* (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net) Dr Dwight says that he has given us "some simple considerations on the subject." Simple they are, indeed, in the sense that every one should be able to understand them without difficulty, and, in fact, the great merit of the book lies in this, that everything is expressed so tersely and so clearly that it strikes us with a force unknown to the complex arguments of the ordinary pseudo-philosophical biologist. In the first place the author distinguishes between science and "sham science," and therefore it is satisfactory for us to be assured of the amplex of his own qualifications, by the fact that he was for twenty-seven years Parkman Professor of Anatomy at the University of Harvard.

Thoughts of an Anatomist

He points out how so many of those who go abroad disseminating false, and often absurd doctrines, have no real knowledge of the subjects of which they treat. How others, who have knowledge, do not make a fair use of it, but conceal that part which would tell against their own theories. Haeckel, for instance, is convicted of actually falsifying his diagrams.

The views of evolutionists of every type, from Mendel and Lamarck to Professor T. H. Morgan, are touched upon, and how much more convincing is Father Wassmann, who says: "The principle of the theory of evolution is the only one which supplies us with a natural explanation of these phenomena, and therefore we accept it. But to what extent are we to accept it? *Just as far as its application is supported by actual proofs,*" to Weismann, who has the amazing cynicism to write: "We must assume natural selection to be the principle of the explanation of metamorphoses, because all other apparent principles of explanation fail us, and it is inconceivable that there should be yet another capable of explaining the adaptation of organisms *without assuming the help of a principle of design.*" (Italics Weismann's.)

Such a man may well invoke the aid of his microscopic *ids*, with their thousands of imaginary *determinants*, each of which, though invisibly small, is yet, he tells us, made up of still smaller *biophors*! Of Darwinism Dr Dwight says: "We have now the remarkable spectacle that just when scientific men are of accord that there is no part of the Darwinian system that is of any very great influence, and that, as a whole, the theory is not only unproved, but impossible, the ignorant, half-educated masses have acquired the idea that it is to be accepted as a fundamental fact." The present reviewer, however, is inclined to believe that even the "half-educated masses" are now beginning to realize that Darwinism as a whole has been discredited.

The author next proves the necessity of the existence of God, and of design and plan in the universe. He explains the fundamental and unbridgeable difference

Some Recent Books

between the living and non-living, and discusses the problems of the nature and descent of man. He then, in chapters, which although more technical are often very amusing, exposes the weakness of the arguments drawn from anomalies, reversions and adaptations, by facts gathered in the course of his life-long experience in the dissecting-rooms. His final conclusion is that the soul of man can by no possible means have been evolved from a lower form, and that, on Darwinian principles, the evolution of his body can be but a case of the survival of the unfittest. He says that we cannot refuse the evidence of some, of perhaps more than one system of evolution, but this evolution cannot be purposeless. It is due to an internal directing force: the vital principle infused by God.

The author of *Christianity and the leaders of Modern Science* (Herder. 6s. net.) does not attempt as much as Dr Dwight. He tells us that he has in no way tried to argue the cause of Belief *versus* Unbelief; his subject is purely to disprove the notion that Christianity and Science are irreconcilable. He says: "We have made no attempt to deny that many scientists of the first eminence can be called up on the side of unbelief. We set out simply to show that there is no justification for writing of 'science' as intrinsically and necessarily hostile to religion, and that the alleged unanimity of scientists on the matter simply does not exist." The book is, in fact, a collection of the testimony borne to the truth of religion by many of the greatest men of science of the nineteenth century. We shall here touch on two of the most vital points, the origin of life and the constitution of matter. With regard to the former, no less a man than Lord Kelvin has written:

It is impossible to understand either the beginning or the continuance of life without an over-ruling creative power. . . . The only contribution of dynamics to theoretical biology is absolute negation of automatic commencement or automatic maintenance of life. (Again) Sir John Herschel objected to the doctrine of natural selection that it was too much like the Laputan method of making books, and that it did not sufficiently take

Leaders of Modern Science

into account a continually guiding and controlling intelligence. (And finally he tells us): Do not be afraid of being free-thinkers! If you think strongly enough you will be forced by science to the belief in God, which is the foundation of all religion. Science is not antagonistic but helpful to religion.

Great stress is rightly laid on the evidence of Volta, Ampère and Clerk Maxwell, for these men, with their mighty intellects, made a special study of the arguments both for and against Christian belief. As a result, we read that Volta was a most fervent Catholic, and that he recalled to his faith a dying Freethinker, for whom he wrote a Profession of Faith, which is as beautiful as it is convincing. Ozanam, who lived with Ampère for some time, tells us that at the end of a long scientific discussion, "Ampère would take his broad brow between his hands, and cry out: 'How great God is, Ozanam, how great God is! All our knowledge is absolutely nothing.'" In the same way Maxwell—who insisted that the only possible atomic theory is that the atoms were created by God—once said to a friend: "Old chap, I have read up many queer religions; there is nothing like the old thing after all." And, "I have looked into most philosophical systems, and I have seen that none will work without a God."

We have not space here to deal with others quoted; Lamarck, Liebig, and Pasteur; Faraday, Cauchy, Gauss; Lord Rayleigh, Sir G. Stokes, and many more. In fact, the only criticism that we should like to make is that perhaps too many names are included. They all add to the cumulative evidence, and as a work of reference, the book should be most valuable, but it would be more easily read, and to many people more convincing, if only the most familiar names were mentioned.

To conclude: what, then, is the cause of this mistaken idea that science is a foe to religion? The answer is fashion and novelty. No one would trouble to listen to a man who suddenly got up and proclaimed that he had proved the truth of that Christianity with which we are all familiar; but the curious flock in crowds to

Some Recent Books

hear preachers who put forth new and fascinating theories about Creation, Life, and Religion, and too often the listeners have not brains or learning enough to know whether they are being instructed or duped.

E.S.H.

MR ARNOLD BENNETT'S latest novel *Hilda Lessways* (By Arnold Bennett. Methuen. 6s.) should, from the mere point of view of the story, have been published before *Clayhanger*, to which it is the sequel; for not only are many of the events told in the earlier volume recapitulated in the new novel, but in *Clayhanger* we are taken up to a much later date in the lives of the two than in *Hilda Lessways*. In the new volume Hilda is explained. Her personality, which in *Clayhanger* is shadowy, and, as it were, sketched, becomes distinct. One does not love Hilda very much, as one does love Edwin Clayhanger, but one understands her, and feels on very friendly and human terms with her.

It is delightful to find oneself again in the warm, cheerful atmosphere of the Orgreave family in the second half of the book. The first half is all undiscovered country, and the picture of Hilda's mother, and their life together, is a typical piece of Mr Bennett's writing. It is quite admirable. The book is in his best vein, and ranks, without question, with the *Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger*. But it is strange that those passages which, having been told in *Clayhanger*, from Edwin's point of view, are here recapitulated from Hilda's, have a sense of flatness about them. Whether it is simply that the gilt of novelty is off the gingerbread, or whether Mr Bennett himself came to the re-writing of certain situations with a stale, and therefore less vivid, pen, it is difficult to judge. The scene in the printing shop, however, must be excepted from this criticism, for this passage is more luminous and more coherent in *Hilda Lessways* than in *Clayhanger*. Another year seems a long time to wait for the promised third volume of the trilogy, for though one wonders what there can be

Christian Biography

left to say about the pair, one has not a shadow of a doubt it will be every bit as full of absorbing interest as the others.

C. B.

TWENTY years have passed since the publication of the great *Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects and Doctrines*, under the joint editorship of Dr Wace and the late Dr William Smith. Dr Wace has now judged the time ripe for a shorter and cheaper edition of this work, in order that a much wider circle of clergy and laity may profit by its great stores of learning and scholarship. This *Dictionary of Christian Biography and Literature* (Murray. 1 vol. 21s.) differs from the original work mainly in being confined to the first six centuries instead of covering eight (the article on the Venerable Bede being included as an exception) and in the exclusion of a large number of less known and less important names; whereas, for instance, possessors of the previous work were able to gather information concerning no fewer than 596 Johns, readers of this edition are restricted to the small number of nineteen.

But, since the volume contains in all 894 articles, it still remains comprehensive enough for all ordinary purposes. What will strike the Catholic reader more, perhaps, than anything else is the anti-Roman and Protestant point of view apparent in so many places. This is seen almost at the beginning of the Preface, wherein we are told that the first six centuries have a special interest as the "formative and authoritative period of the Church's history," and as exhibiting, according to the approved teaching of English divines, "in doctrine as well as in practice, subject to Holy Scripture, the standards of primitive Christianity."

The same kind of thing recurs in nearly all those articles wherein have to be considered the relations of local churches to Rome, or where any specially Catholic points of doctrine call for attention. Thus, the article on St Cyprian treats of the famous "Petrine" passages in his *De Unitate Ecclesie* and the so-called interpolations, as if

Some Recent Books

Dom Chapman's solution of this knotty point had never been offered and generally approved, the writer being thus unhampered in making out a good case for the Anglican position and free to indulge in some rather self-satisfied criticism of Catholic methods of interpretation. It is true that this article, which is by the late Archbishop Benson, is allowed to stand as it was written, because it is one of the "unique masterpieces of patristic and historical study," which "have a permanent value as appreciations of great characters and moments of Church history and literature, by scholars and divines who have never been surpassed, and will hardly be equalled again in English sacred learning" (Preface).

The sentiment which has led to the retention of such articles in their original form deserves, indeed, respect, but should certainly not be allowed to override the claims of modern scholarship, which demands, at least, the insertion of a note in order to bring the article into line with the results of recent research, and to remedy so glaring a defect.

The Protestant bias is also manifest in the rendering of the much discussed "Roman Church passage" in St Irenæus, and its treatment is altogether old-fashioned and inadequate.

Again, the wonderfully "Catholic" sacramental teaching of St Cyril of Jerusalem is not accorded just appreciation. But perhaps the most unsatisfactory and unscholarly article is Dr Gore's contribution on St Leo I. To a very large extent it is a piece of special pleading against Roman claims, it does but grudging justice to the Pontiff's character, due evidently to a signal want of sympathy, and it consistently attempts to belittle the significance of the honours paid to him by his contemporaries. The same point of view is seen in many other articles, e.g. the "materializing theology" of St Ambrose on the sacraments (p. 21), the condemnation of St Jerome in his controversy with Vigilantius, "the only one in which he was entirely wrong" (p. 467), the misleading account of Origen's Eucharistic teaching (though his witness to

Marquise de la Rochejaquelein

Penance is fully acknowledged), the Bishop of Exeter's extraordinary misunderstanding of St Augustine's estimate of Rome, and his summing up of the same doctor's teaching on Grace and Predestination. Very good articles, however, are those on St Justin, St Cyril of Alexandria, St Athanasius, St Benedict, Julian the Apostate, John the Presbyter (written and printed probably before the appearance of Dom Chapman's monograph), the two SS. Gregory, of Nyssa and Nazianzum, St Basil, Origen (with the exception already pointed out), Bede, Athenagoras, as well as those on Pelagianism, and the other great heresies.

In these much insight is shown, a great deal of learning, and at times a most gratifying sympathy, but the bibliography is often most defective. As a storehouse of facts this volume will be of immense service, but in all matters directly affecting Catholicism the deductions and conclusions must be received with caution and controlled with care.

B.V.M.

WHILE the causes of the French Revolution were gradual and subtle, the revolt of La Vendée was spontaneous, called forth by the desecration of religion and the outraging of the monarchy. The Vendéans "fought for opinion, for sentiment, from despair, and not from calculation. There was no end in view, not even a positive hope, and the first successes surpassed the expectations they had conceived."*

The Life of the Marquise de la Rochejaquelein (By the Hon. Mrs Maxwell Scott. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net) is full of the romantic and terrible atmosphere of La Vendée, and of the bitter sufferings of Victorine de la Rochejaquelein, who experienced some of the greatest horrors of the rising. Her first husband was M. de Lescure, the Vendean hero. Mrs Maxwell Scott quotes long and very touching passages from Victorine's memoirs. They reveal a noble and very charming character, the more courageous on account of its extreme sensitiveness.

* *Memoirs of Mme de la Rochejaquelein.*

Some Recent Books

We have one instance, before the Vendean revolt, of the power which terror could gain on her mind. On the day of the massacre of the *Champs Elysées*, when she and her husband were trying to escape through a howling, drunken mob, armed with pikes, "I had so utterly lost my head," she writes, "that I went along, calling out '*Vivent les Sans Culottes; illuminez, cassez les vitres,*' repeating mechanically the vociferations I had heard. M. de Lescure could not calm or stop me." But during the horrors of La Vendée she showed wonderful nerve. She collected forces for de Lescure, and harangued them, exhorting them to courage; she followed him amidst deadly peril, so as to be near him and nurse his wounds; she was calm and helpful in constant danger of death.

Never were women more valiant than in the war of La Vendée. Some of the peasant girls actually fought in battle. Among these we find Jeanne Robin, of Courlay, who insisted on following de Lescure, saying, "I shall always be nearer the *Blues* than you are." She was mortally wounded, and was married to her *fiancé* on the battle-field, when dying. At the battle of Torfon the peasant women drove back some faint-hearted Vendeans who would have fled; pelting them with sticks and stones, they cried, "We are worth more than you; we are not afraid," and the men went back to fight. The day ended in victory.

Charming portraits are given of the chief Vendean leaders, particularly of the gallant young Henri de la Rochejaquelein. The account of de Lescure's death is very touching.

It is the story of the war in La Vendée that absorbs most of the book, though the heroine was still very young when peace was made. It was by her mother's wish that Victorine married a second time. At first she refused to do so, "until the day when I first met M. Louis de la Rochejaquelein (Henri's brother) in Poitou. By marrying him I felt I should still be a Vendéenne, we should unite two names that ought not to be separated."

Catholic Encyclopædia

The end of the book tells of further sorrow and bereavement, but the troubles of Victorine's life are too many to enumerate here. We get a glimpse, however, of a peaceful old age, in a word-portrait by Cardinal Pié. "While she told her delicious stories," he writes, "which kept her family enthralled, she did not neglect her knitting, or at most, in the heat of her narrative, she would thrust her needle through her thick, white hair, only to begin her work again a moment later." O.

A SENSE of responsibility to the readers of THE DUBLIN REVIEW and of loyalty to the engagement of its editor have carried the reviewer through the task of bringing his account of the *Catholic Encyclopædia* up to the eleventh volume. A minute review of five thick volumes is beyond the limits necessarily imposed upon the writer; for all that, an attempt will be made to present the leading features of the recent issues. The volumes, each containing 800 pages, are the following:—Vol. VII (*Gregory XII—Infallibility*); Vol. VIII (*Infancy—Lapparent*); Vol. IX (*Lafröde—Mass [Liturgy] 1910*); Vol. X (*Mass, Music of—Newman*); Vol. XI (*New-Mexico—Philip*) 1911. Some 250 writers have co-operated in the production of each volume, many of whom hold the first rank, while others occupy positions of distinction in their several departments; a few names may serve as specimens: A. Aldásy (Budapest), writes on Hungary; C. J. Alvarez (Cuba), on Havanna; J. Hontheim (Valkenburg, Holland), on Heaven and Hell; G. Surbled (Paris), on Hypnotism, etc.; B. C. A. Windle (Cork University), on Mendel; A. J. Maas (Woodstock, Maryland), on Hexameron and Pentateuch; V. Cathrein (Holland), on Law; A. Von Loehr (Vienna), on Numismatics; A. Vermeersch (Louvain), on Religions; J. A. Ryan (St Paul, Minnesota), on social subjects; superiors or other competent authorities, among whom are many women, inform us about their respective religious congregations. The contributors who have done so much commendable work in previous volumes still continue their

Some Recent Books

labours with unabated zeal; among these we have U. Benigni, for Italian matters; A. Boudinhon (Institut Catholique, Paris), for canon law; Dom J. Chapman (Erdington), for ancient writers and heresies; J. Mooney (Washington), for the many Indian tribes which occur in the present series; J. Kirsch (Fribourg), for numerous historical articles; and G. Goyau (Paris), for French subjects.

The illustrations are, throughout, carefully chosen and clearly produced; as instances may be mentioned the articles on Heraldry, Hungary, India, Manuscripts, Mosaics, Neumes, Numismatics, Oxford, Paleography, Panama, Paris.

Subjects of primary importance are treated comprehensively, and are divided in such a manner as greatly to assist the reader. The Hierarchy of the early ages takes up forty-six columns, then come Incarnation, Infallibility, Law (embracing canon law, natural law, civil law, international law, Roman law); Liturgy and the Mozarabic Rite. Marriage is an opportune and satisfying contribution by J. A. Ryan, H. Thurston, A. Lehmkuhl and others. Mass is divided among a number of writers under the divisions of Liturgy, Music, Nuptial, Sacrifice and "Bequests for" in different countries. Miracles forms a useful study, dealing with the question from the points of view of Scripture, philosophy and controversy. It might have been well to have included in the bibliography Van Weddingen's monograph *De Miraculo*, perhaps the best complete text on the subject, and also the two carefully written books by Dr Boissarie, *Lourdes, Histoire Médicale*, and *L'Œuvre de Lourdes*, 1907. Mission and its derivatives take in a wide field of research—Missionary Congregations, Missionaries of the present day (including a general account of Indian Missions in Canada, the United States and Mexico, and Parochial Missions), altogether a treatise of some thirty-seven pages. The delicate and difficult subject of Modernism is safe in the hands of A. Vermeersch. Dom Huddleston (Downside) tells the reader most that he will require to know about monasteries in general;

Catholic Encyclopædia

F. J. Bacchus (Birmingham), informs him about early Eastern Monasticism, and Dom Huddleston completes the sketch with a section on Western Monasticism. To this, however, must be added the accounts of the Double Monasteries and of the suppression of the monastic institutions in different countries, concluding appropriately with an article by Abbot Gasquet on the suppression of the English monasteries. E. Jacquier (Lyons University), is entrusted with St Matthew, J. McRory (Maynooth), with St Mark; St Paul, the Apostle, by F. Prat (Brussels), is a full and well balanced essay, which will prove useful to the clergy as well as to the lay reader.

Passing over the articles on Merit, Original Sin and Penance, it must be observed that Pentateuch, by A. J. Maas, is quite what is desired in an Encyclopædia—a presentation of the subject, comprehensive in structure, expository, with a summary of the main issues between the higher critics and Catholic interpreters. Paganism, by C. C. Martindale (St Beuno's), is a first-rate, learned and all-round study of the pagan world in its religious and social aspects. The history of the early heresies is adequately furnished for the purposes of a book of general reference in the articles on Iconoclasts, Monophysites, Monothelites, Montanists, Nestorians and Pelagians. One of the notable features of the section under review and at the same time one of the longest independent articles, is the admirable study on History by J. Kirsch—a contribution of unusual interest and value. It opens with an illuminative description of the nature and aims of Church history. It then proceeds to deal with its sources, and under the heading of "auxilia" gives a number of suggestive paragraphs, concluding with a lengthy section which is taken up with the principal Church historians, Catholic and non-Catholic of different periods and countries.

The subject of the Middle Ages, being too vast for even a group of writers, the editors insert a short paragraph, pointing out in how many separate articles in

Some Recent Books

various portions of the *Encyclopædia* the subject has been sufficiently provided for. Among the special articles of an historical character within the compass of these volumes are Masonry, Medicine (by L. Sendfelder, teacher of the history of medicine in the University of Vienna), an important study of considerable length. Legends, secular and religious, are contributions in many ways to be welcomed. Pathology, in addition to its intrinsic merits, will prove of use to the clergy; but the section relating to the obsession of ideas might have been expanded with advantage, and a reference given to *A. Eymieu, Gouvernement de Soi-même*, Perrin, Paris, 1909, where the subject is fully treated. The outline of the Guilds in different countries will serve as a good introduction to further reading. Homes, Hospices, Hospitallers, Hospitals and Leper-houses, we must reluctantly dismiss. The sections on Penal Times in the United Kingdom and in the English-speaking districts of America are well arranged and distinctly useful. Canon Barry's monograph on the Oxford Movement is both fresh in style and rich in details. Of four special articles—Latin in the Church, Hymnody, Library and Painting—nothing more may be said here than that they will each and all prove not only a delight, but also a source of inspiration to the reader. Probably the longest contribution in the five volumes is that on Periodical Literature. With a general introduction from the editors, a number of experts give their accounts of Catholic periodical literature in their respective countries. Needless to say, their interest is of the keenest; but it must be added that they reveal much that calls for serious consideration.

Philosophical topics are discussed rather for the benefit of the lay reader than the specialist. Dr Turner (Washington), gives us Monism, and also a readable article on Metaphysics. The ever-recurring questions about Ideas, Immortality, Life, Metempsychosis, and Mind have been answered by M. Maher (Stonyhurst); Dr Aveling (London), deals with Matter, and the article on Psycho-

Catholic Encyclopædia

physical-parallelism, by L. J. Walker (St Beuno's), shows how complete is the editorial programme.

Biography must form a large and alluring portion of an Encyclopædia dealing with things human. Four names stand out prominently in these volumes under our present survey—Ignatius of Loyola, by J. H. Pollen; Luther, a close study of nineteen pages, chiefly from Protestant sources; Newman, a compressed and brightly written article by Canon Barry; and lastly, Origen, a clear and full article by F. Prat. Among familiar names we meet with Gury, Hardouin, Harper (a short and judicious appreciation), Moroni, Lessius (a good sketch), Liberatore (one still more satisfying). The notice of D. Palmieri would have been a gem but for the omission of all reference to his charming personality. Passaglia, though fairly complete, will disappoint his few surviving pupils by neglecting to mention his remarkable power as a lecturer. Günther, a lengthy and learned article, will prove a useful aid to the study of a now almost forgotten controversy; and the same may be said of Hermes. Hefele, Hergenrother, Hettinger and Molitor will please the reader, but the notice of Hurter is too short, too dry, and omits, by the way, the date of his death. Le Camus, Abbé Hogan, Mivart, Monsignor Molloy, Coventry Patmore, and Pugin will be scanned eagerly by a large number. Huysmans is a model of what a short sketch should be; J. F. Millet, the painter of "The Angelus," is an enthusiastic portrait. Mendel is by Dr Windle, and the Medici could have been done by none better than by E. G. Gardner.

When it is remembered that one turns to an Encyclopædia as an unfailing source of information within its scope, a reviewer will be pardoned for drawing attention to incidental flaws. In the article on Patron Saints, Vol. XI, p. 563, col. 2, line 35, Oxford should be substituted for Abingdon. The Litany of the Sacred Heart, as now approved, has many features of interest, and might have been referred to in an article on Litanies. Numbers leaves us with a craving for more light, which

Some Recent Books

will probably be supplied under Symbolism. The article on the Antiphons omits from its bibliography the interesting monograph published some years ago by Mr Everard Green. The brief notice of Oostacker ought, one would think, to have related the fact of the celebrated cure of Peter Rudder. Ordeal is an attractive article, but in only one instance is a favourable result mentioned, which is the more strange, as the practice subsisted for so many centuries. Under Orphanages the reader would desire more information concerning the early centuries, and some definite statistics for the Middle Ages. The article on Novenas omits the papal novena in preparation for Pentecost. But these are small matters. The work, begun so courageously, has so far been carried on with brilliant success.

H.P.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS, 1911

THE publications issued by the Catholic Truth Society during 1911 have been as varied and as numerous as those of previous years. Special attention has been given to the various aspects of the Rationalist and Socialist movements.

The series of *Lectures on the History of Religions* has, so far as the present series is concerned, been brought to a conclusion by the issue of the fifth volume, which contains lectures on the Religions of Primitive Races and on the Religions of Japan, on Theosophy, and on Christian Science; the final essay on "The Cults and Christianity," by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., is in some respects the most important, as it is the longest, of the series. The five volumes are not only useful, written as they are by competent scholars, under careful editorship, but are also very cheap—eighteenpence each. Father Martindale also contributes the first of a series of studies in history and dogma, taking for his subject *The Virgin Birth and the Gospel of the Infancy*. The same writer's essay on *Anti-Christian Literature* shows very clearly the need of an active campaign against various rationalistic forces, especially the Rationalist Press Association. Mr A. E. Proctor, in *What Men of Science say about God and Religion*, adduces evidence showing that the popular notion that science and belief are incompatible is inaccurate. This position is being more fully established in a series of pamphlets on Catholic Men of Science, edited by the President of Cork University, Dr Windle, F.R.S.,

C.T.S Publications

of which some will be in print before this notice appears; Dr Windle has also undertaken a shilling volume in which the various theories which are roughly comprehended under the title of "Darwinism" will be examined from a Catholic standpoint.

Among books dealing with social subjects, the half-crown volume on *The Social Value of the Gospel* claims the first place. This has been translated under the supervision and editorship of Mgr Parkinson, Rector of Oscott College, from the French of the Abbé Garriguet, who is widely known in France for his writings on social matters. The object of the book is to show the principles which underlie the teaching of the Gospels, and to demonstrate that these have exercised an immense influence on the destinies, even the material destinies, of mankind. *The Catholic Social Year Book*, now in its second year, is a record of social work in England during 1910; the record is mainly that of lay undertakings, but the volume also contains essays by competent authorities on various aspects of Catholic study and action. The series of penny pamphlets issued by the C. T. S. in connexion with the Catholic Social Guild has received several additions, the most notable being a translation of Cardinal Mercier's important pastoral letter on *The Duties of Conjugal Life*. The Bishop of Northampton writes on *The Church and Social Reformers*; the Rev. C. D. Plater, S.J., on *Social Work on leaving School*, a pendant to his former paper on *Social Work in School*; and Mrs Philip Gibbs on the general principles of *Catholic Social Work*. In the same direction is the paper by the Rev. W. Macmahon, S.J., dealing with *Bebel's Libel on Woman*. In the volume entitled *A Pilgrim of Eternity*, described as "The Story of a Unitarian Minister," the Rev. Dr Hitchcock brings together a series of essays dealing with various intellectual and social problems in a manner in which sympathy is combined with literary charm.

The necessary, if tedious, task of dealing with popular and current misrepresentations and misunderstandings of Catholic belief and practice is undertaken by the Rev. J. Keating, S.J., who has brought together in a second volume of *The Antidote* a number of such corrections which have from time to time appeared in *The Month*. This and the former series should be very useful to Catholics who are called upon to take part in local controversies. Of the same character is a fourth series of *Protestant Fictions Exposed*. Other contributions to this class of controversy are Father Keating's papers on *The Press, The Church, and Portugal*, and *The Fear of Rome*—comments on Messrs. Horton and Hocking's much-advertised work, *Shall Rome Reconquer England*; Mr Britten's examination of *A True Story of a Nun*, and Provost Holder's analysis of a popular Protestant tract called *The Adventures of a Bible*. The difficulties involved in the Anglican position are put in a clear and forcible manner by Father Hugh Pope, O.P., in a pamphlet entitled *Can I stay where I am?* and an Anglican difficulty is removed by Father Sydney Smith, S.J., in his essay on *Communion in one Kind*. A favourite Protestant

Some Recent Books

misinterpretation of prophecy is dealt with by Dr Hitchcock in *The Beasts and the Little Horn*. The useful *Doctrinal Letters*, addressed by Bishop Ullathorne to Lady Chatterton in connexion with her conversion, have been extracted from her biography, and form a very attractive little volume. Mgr Benson's essay on *Catholicism and the Future* may be mentioned here.

The most important addition to the Society's publications on spiritual subjects is the half-crown volume of *Daily Readings from St Francis de Sales*. Many of the readings have not hitherto been published in English, and the selection has been made with much care. Under this head may be mentioned Father Joseph Rickaby's little volume, *How I made my Retreat*, prepared more specially for use by those who frequent the retreats lately established for working men; *The Prayer of Simplicity*, a chapter from *The Graces of Interior Prayer*, by P re Poulain, edited by the Abbot of Downside, who contributes a preface; *Why must I Suffer?: a Talk with the Toilers*, by Mother Mary Loyola; and a little volume containing *A Hundred Meditations*. Other penny devotional publications are a little book on *Watching before the Blessed Sacrament*; *Thoughts on our Blessed Lady*, compiled by Mrs Maxwell Scott; *Who is Saint Joseph?* a reprint of Cardinal Vaughan's little manual; Bishop Hedley's pastoral on *Religious Instruction*; and five of Newman's *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*. The penny Scriptural series has been increased by *The Second Epistle to the Corinthians*, with notes by Canon M'Intyre.

A new and enlarged edition of Father Thurston's volume on the true history and meaning of *The Coronation Ceremonial* was prepared for the ceremony which took place at Westminster in June. Mr Milburn gives an account of *The Restored Hierarchy*; and Mother Philippa gives the history in a form which is popular rather than critical, of *The Saints of the Mass*. One or two biographies and a sketch of *The Dominican Order*, by Father Bede Jarrett, O.P.—the first of a new series on the Religious Orders—complete the output for the year, with the exception of the volume of stories of mission life in China by Miss Alice Dease, called *Chinese Lanterns*.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S SENSITIVENESS

THERE is one feature in the temperament of Cardinal Newman which is very obvious to a reader of his correspondence, and somewhat special. I refer to his extraordinarily sensitive nature, with certain defects of temper which were allied with it. His biographer was naturally somewhat anxious as to the result of publishing in his written life, as he has done quite frankly, documents in which this side of his nature is apparent. With hardly an exception, however, the critics of his work have treated such symptoms with reverence, glancing only slightly at the defects of great qualities in a man of genius. And if the biographer desires now to offer some words of explanation, it is quite as much in reply to the objections he himself felt at the outset to making public some documents which were specially intimate and personal, as in consequence of anything said by others.

It has been generally recognized, and notably in the very appreciative review contributed by Father Sidney Smith to the *Month*, that the somewhat exacting conditions of modern biography may have demanded revelations not in themselves necessary for an adequate Life of the Cardinal. That such conditions are to be reckoned with I do not deny. But there were in Cardinal Newman's case strong additional reasons which made a frank and full delineation of his personality an absolute necessity, if his biography was to be written at all. A selection of letters, full of wise counsel and conveying to the reader that sweet gravity and mellow wisdom which personal intercourse with the great Oratorian conveyed, might indeed have been published, leaving untouched the aspect above referred to;—but not a biography. It is not merely that any biography must depict the personality of its subject, but in Newman's case the personality affects features of the life-story which are in many cases unconnected with it. Even in describing Newman's views and mental

Cardinal Newman's

outlook and the actual events of his career the sensitive personality of the man must be studied intimately in order to give a true and intelligible account. Individual letters do not always convey his views truly. The mood and the circumstances, both of the writer and of the recipient of a letter, are necessary factors in its interpretation. Never was a man in whose nature the different elements were more closely knit together. The expression of his views sometimes needs the personal equation for its translation into terms of the views themselves; and these views, even when printed for all to read, are still impregnated with the writer's personality.

Let us consider this last point first,—the personal element in relation to his speculative views even in their published expression. The intellectual side of a man's mentality may often—as in the case of some of the great schoolmen—be almost completely separated from his spiritual side and from his literary or poetic gifts. St Thomas Aquinas was the author of the *Lauda Sion*, and of the beautiful office in the breviary for the Feast of Corpus Christi. But the poetry and spiritual exultation which are so apparent in these writings are quite absent from the dry statements of the arguments against each thesis given in his *Summa Theologiae* under the well-known formula "videtur quod," or the luminous and dispassionate replies of the "respondeo dicendum." With Newman it was otherwise. The personal touch on the mind of his readers, which makes them aware of the prophet, the poet and man of letters in the philosopher, is never absent. The subtlest essays he ever wrote on the difficulties which the rationalistic movement of the day presents against faith in the supernatural were sermons, and may be read in the volume of discourses "on the theory of religious belief" preached before the University of Oxford. They are masterpieces of literary style and they contain arresting images which speak as much of the poet as of the philosopher. Newman's own personality and spiritual perceptions hold a large place in these discourses. His own consciousness of this fact is suggested by

Sensitiveness

the very title of one of the most striking of their number on "Personal influence as a means of propagating religious truth." In another of these sermons, "Love the safeguard of Faith against Superstition," we have again the personal note introduced into an intellectual argument. The theory of "implicit reasoning," which is the keynote of these sermons, is avowedly the delineation of the action of a sensitive personality, with profoundly religious aims, directed and informed by the conscience, in reaching and holding to religious truth. And this theory was later on developed at a great length in the "Grammar of Assent" in its account of the "illative sense." The account is based on the writer's analysis of his own spontaneous reasoning. Here we have at once, in a sphere which seems at first sight concerned more than any other with dry intellect, the presence in action of the whole man who was at once prophet, poet and artist.

Once more, to speak still of this directly intellectual sphere of his work, Newman's peculiar personality breaks down the common contrast between the often adventurous representative of intellectual interests and the cautious protector of spiritual interests. We are accustomed, in reading of the controversies of the 'sixties, to think of Dollinger and the Munich School, of Lord Acton and his friend in England, as the great upholders of the interests of historical scholarship, of science, of philosophical thought within the Church. The Pastors of the Catholic people stand forth in contrast as full of tender consideration for the souls of men. Not by intellect alone they urge does the Christian people thrive. Why should men be scared and their faith shaken by the discussion of perplexing problems; why should the simplicity of their traditionary ways of thought be invaded? The point of view of the Pastor of the flock is thus popularly opposed to that of the scholar or thinker. But in Newman the two standpoints were united. It was precisely his tender consideration for the souls of men deeply desirous to hold the Christian faith and yet keenly alive to the difficulties which are familiar to the thinking minds among

Cardinal Newman's

his contemporaries, which prompted him in his most intellectual essays. His philosophy of faith never took the form of a dry-as-dust disquisition. It was a directly pastoral work. He could not admit that only the ignorant and the simple needed tender consideration for their spiritual interests. Such consideration was needed also by the men of thought and the men of learning to whom religious faith was as deep a need as it was to the simple. And in a sense their needs were the more important—for they were pioneers, and represented the necessities of the future. Thus it is impossible to deal with Newman's written words even on philosophy or on history, in their bearing on revealed religion, apart from the profoundly personal view of the situation which inspired them and limited their scope. What hasty critics have sometimes set down as his intellectual limitations were often the limitations imposed by the law of charity. He would not go beyond the practical need of those whom he strove to help, in order to satisfy an intellectual curiosity which was not really urgent.

We find in this predominance of the personal element the source of his strength and of his weakness in some of the actual theories he set forth. *Cor ad cor loquitur* was the motto he chose as a Cardinal, and his choice betrayed a true perception of his own genius. That a finely wrought and sensitive nature could convey to other like natures far more than could be put adequately into words was a fact on which he constantly insisted. Logical formulæ are a very inadequate record of the reasoning of the human mind. The whole man reasons; his affections and his imagination, and his conscience, and his actual experience playing their part as well as logical powers. Other faculties supply the material for logic to work on. No one ever conveyed this great truth more cogently than Newman. The great General who rapidly takes in a strategical situation, foresees the movements of the enemy and anticipates them, and chooses the psychological moment for a great counter move, is guided by faculties far more subtle and more multiform than formal

Sensitiveness

logic can keep pace with or adequately compass. So too with the man of insight in other departments of action. In some measure the reasoning of such men is typical of the reasoning of all thoughtful minds in the urgent affairs of life. The "illative sense" is the phrase he used for that subtle power of the mind to take in and appraise the significance of relevant considerations. It sums up the complex of faculties utilized. Most men have this power in their measure, and he shows clearly that, much as men may differ in their capacity, everyone has a power of reasoning far deeper and wider in its reach than is represented by the logic he has at his command. Informal reasoning includes many premises which elude the logical analyst. This fact is often a valuable refutation of the criticisms of the acute logician on convictions which really rest on grounds much more profound,—though they may be unexpressed,—than what the critic takes account of. Yet, on the other hand, the theory has its weakness as well as its strength. If imagination and affection stretch out tentacles far beyond the reach of the logical *formula*, and if these tentacles seize on many profound truths, they may also, at times, lead the mind astray. In the hands of genius their action may be almost unerring. But not so with ordinary men. Yet that action passes to a region in which adequate verification is impossible. Therefore Newman's theory, though profound and largely new, was incomplete.

It was probably Newman's own extraordinarily acute perceptions which made him press the theory beyond the point at which it holds for ordinary men; and we have in this abnormal acuteness of perception in most various departments a chief characteristic of the man, and the root of that "sensitiveness" which is named at the head of this article. His taste for wine was so delicate, though he drank it sparingly, that he chose the wines for the Oriel cellars. His musical ear was keen, and music such an intense delight to him that when he played Beethoven's quartets on the violin, after an interval of some twelve years, he broke down and

Cardinal Newman's

sobbed aloud, unable to go on. His sensitiveness to smell is apparent in a well-known passage in *Loss and Gain*.

This extraordinary physical sensitiveness was the counterpart to his sensitive intellectual perceptions (if the phrase may be allowed), and to his spiritual perceptions. In this latter sphere his sensitiveness gave an insight which, to the believer, was almost miraculously true; yet to the unbeliever his "intuitions" appeared to be the suggestions of a morbid fancy. Here was a peculiarity which caused one of his deepest personal trials and one which occupied a significant place in his history. He saw with almost a prophet's eye the issue of trains of thought which were leading men unconsciously to a denial of Christian faith and even of a belief in God. Yet the hold of his spiritual nature on the Unseen World was so close that while he keenly realized the reasonings which were affecting men so strongly in the direction of unbelief, they had no such effect on himself. He was thus in a sense isolated intellectually from both parties—from the believers and unbelievers alike. He realized the mind of an Agnostic and the force of the reasons which affected it to a degree which alienated the sympathy of the orthodox who could not tolerate the notion that unfaith was so plausible. Yet his profound conviction of supernatural truth made him completely out of sympathy with the unbelievers with whose thoughts he was, nevertheless, in closest and most understanding touch. These deepest problems of his life had, therefore, to be dealt with in almost total isolation. He seemed to one side to give away too much, and to the other to be withheld by what was in their eyes mere sentiment, from conceding enough. The charge against him was the inevitable one where incommunicable personality plays so large a part. For there can be no adequate external test of the validity of its conclusions. The question will ever arise, Is this or that conviction due to the insight of genius or to the aberration of a highly imaginative mind? That charge was answered against him in many instances by both camps. The unbelievers saw in him a superstitious mind which they found it hard to reconcile with

Sensitiveness

unquestionable symptoms of intellectual insight and depth. The average Christian theologian regarded his admissions as to the force of agnostic reasoning and the melancholy anticipations of the growth of the infidel movement in the world of thought, as the suggestions of a morbid fancy, or as signs of a dangerous tendency to religious liberalism.

It would be easy to show that what I have said above in regard to the part played by a sensitive and unique personality in Newman's treatment of the Philosophy of Faith has its parallel in other fields of thought.

But if his sensitive personality enters generally into his intellectual views its place is yet more prominent and its quality more precise in the story of the events of his career. It was the source at once of his great achievement and of his failure, of his greatest joys in life and his greatest suffering. It was the personal magnetism due to this highly wrought nature and delicate perceptions which was in great part the secret of his power at Oxford—a magnetism felt in daily intercourse, which is often quite absent in those whose power is publicly exercised, as Newman's was, from the pulpit. It needs a close analysis of his personality to understand the gift which enabled him to love each friend almost as though he were the only one. This issued in the almost unparalleled sentiment of loyalty which was formulated by members of the Oxford School as *Credo in Newmannum*. But Newman's faculty of deep personal love, and of winning devoted loyalty cannot be truly represented by giving only one side of its manifestations. Gratitude for loyalty went with resentment where loyalty was broken; yearning love for those who were "faithful and true" went with a certain slowness to forgive what appeared to him to be personal unfaithfulness. Again the years passed as a spiritual leader among the men to whom he was at the same time a most intimate and familiar personal friend, years in which, as Mr Froude has told us, his every word was treasured as an "intellectual diamond" inevitably made the fact of his leadership almost like a part of the course of nature. If he seems and was to some extent self-

Cardinal Newman's

centred in the times that followed, that was but the recognition of a state of things of long standing, of an acknowledged fact in the society in which he so long lived, to ignore which would be profoundly unreal. No doubt from first to last those outside the group which felt the spell of the magician had something of a sneer both for the worship of his followers and for the leadership inevitably conscious of its own power. That sneer is likely to reappear now that the story is told. But it represents the view of an outsider. Anyhow, the position of which I speak, with the personal qualities it involved, is an essential part of the life of the man.

But then again while his sensitiveness was thus bound up with his triumphs it was also an essential part of the discipline of trial under which he suffered for so many years after he joined the Catholic Church. His sensitiveness was the medium of purgative trial and the test of his resolute sanctity. He trod the path of duty at a cost not known to rougher natures, and persons who remember those days tell us that, profoundly though he suffered, he was in speech quite uncomplaining at the successive events which seemed to thwart all the aims he most cared for in life. Bishop Ullathorne once wrote that he appeared to be living under "a dispensation of mortification," but one who was a severe critic of Newman's, and long lived with him, once said to the present writer that if Newman had a special claim to be accounted a saint it was the uncomplaining resignation with which he took successive and crushing disappointments which appeared to destroy the usefulness of his life. If the biographer has now let the world know, in the words addressed to intimate friends, something of what he suffered, it has been necessary in order that the full degree of chastening trial should be understood. But the reader must not forget that such complaints were comparatively few and private. Before the world at large he was silent and resigned. The extraordinary sensitiveness of his nature and his feeling in regard to his mission in life as a leader of men must be borne in mind that the story of these trials may be understood in

Sensitiveness

their real significance. It was a nature which suffered tenfold from its own exceptional capacity of suffering.

Moreover, this temperament, so unlike that of a man of action, was partly responsible for some failures which reacted on it and further intensified its suffering. And if the story of the difficulties he experienced at the hands of Dr Cullen, Cardinal Wiseman and others, were told without even a minute description of the temperament of the hero of the tale and the share of that temperament in causing the events which tried it, his opponents might seem to be almost monsters in human form. The difficulties with Dr Cullen, the story of the offered bishopric and its withdrawal, the translation of the Bible and its abandonment, the scheme for an Oratory at Oxford, and the secret instruction from Propaganda against Newman's own residence in the University City,—all these events, if set down without a most careful analysis of the part played in them by Newman's sensitive nature, would involve the gravest charges against eminent and good men. In every case a certain want in Newman of the rough fibre and insistence of a successful man of action or a man of the world played a part in his failure. We may feel, indeed, that he was very hardly used, but we see also the point of view of those who ministered to his failure, and trace, in part at least, to circumstances and to Newman's own nature what was certainly something of a tragedy. The bishopric episode was clearly due in the first instance to the impulsive action of Cardinal Wiseman, who ought not to have made the suggestion without the full and deliberate concurrence of the Irish Episcopate. When, however, Newman's elevation had been publicly promised and announced, a man of the world in Newman's position would unquestionably have declined to proceed in his work unless the indignity done to him by its withdrawal was cancelled. In the whole Oxford scheme a more practical man would have seen the hopelessness of taking a line which militated in effect strongly against the avowed policy of Rome and of the English hierarchy against "mixed education." An understanding with Dr Manning

Cardinal Newman's

was, as Cardinal de Luca pointed out to Newman's friends, when they pleaded his cause in Rome, an essential preliminary. In both cases Newman was unquestionably very hardly treated, but probably in neither would events have turned out quite as they did had he had the gifts of a man of action, and had he not been handicapped by that peculiar sensitiveness to which he owed so much of his joy as of his suffering. Again, in the projected translation of the Bible, had he possessed something of Archbishop Kenrick's *sang froid* we should now have had our new version of the Bible as the Americans have theirs. But resentment at the inconsiderate action of Cardinal Wiseman,—who was, however, as we know from other sources, ill and preoccupied,—and the inaction which, in Newman's case, was not inconsistent with resentment,—nay, was often caused by resentment—put an end to the whole project. Here again, as in the case of the bishopric, the sensitive nature suffered profoundly but made no sign. All these years afterwards we know what he went through, but at the time he was silent. In both cases had he then and there vehemently protested, in all probability the grievance would have been removed.

But it may be said—granted that the personal element must, for the reasons above indicated, be dwelt on to a considerable extent, there remains the question of degree. Could it not have been indicated in general terms, and intimate documents written with no thought of publication have been omitted? The reply is that the man's nature was so complex and so subtle that the biographer dared not trust to such a summary. A subjective estimate must always be open to dispute. The documents must speak for themselves, for in some places they appear to present almost insoluble contradictions. An account could have been written of the Oxford scheme of 1865, illustrated by authentic documents, which would have given the impression that Newman never wished to go to Oxford, and was simply relieved when his mission thither was abandoned. Another account could have been written showing him almost broken-hearted when that mission

Sensitiveness

was prevented. Letters could be given in which he seems to think that the authorities had on grounds of consistency and commonsense no choice but to put an end to the scheme ; and other letters in which their action is severely criticized. He might be represented by his own letters as distressed and annoyed beyond measure at having to help in the conduct of the *Rambler* and as out of sympathy with its conductors. He might have been represented by other letters as considering it the most important work within his reach, undertaken in conjunction with men with whom on the whole he keenly sympathized. His attitude towards the Vatican Council appears in the letter he wrote about it to Dr Bloxam, to be predominantly one of joy at the prospect. In other letters we see his dismay at the tone and action of some of its chief promoters. To analyse the excessively subtle distinctions which reconcile these apparently opposite accounts, as well as the changes of mood and phases of thought which further explain apparent contradictions, would be a difficult, perhaps an impossible, task. At best it would be the biographer's personal interpretation open to vigorous criticism from those who habitually choose one aspect or another of Newman's attitude of mind as representing the real man. Personally I think that a profound consistency of view is apparent under all the subtle variations of mood and the interaction of his estimates of different aspects of each case. But obviously a field of endless controversy would be opened up by any theory on the subject—or by any personal estimate of the outcome. Only the record of his own self-revelations at different times and to different persons could possibly meet the case and have the necessary quality of objective fact. The publication of documents telling only this way or only that way would have been unfair. It is one of those cases in which the situation is so complex and subtle, that nothing but the truth minutely told will meet the case. The result of substantial suppression would have issued in a series of uncomfortable and partial explanations elicited in reply to successive criticisms—explanations which would have

Cardinal Newman's

borne to the eye of the attentive reader incontestable marks of uncandour; and it must have ended in everything coming out. In such a case, emphatically principle and expedience point in the same direction, and honesty is the best policy. To tell the truth at once is an intelligible and dignified course, and though some may criticize, most will respect it. To have the truth wormed out gradually, because evidences are detected that it is being cloaked, is a gradual process in the course of which both the biographer and his subject suffer many things of which not the greatest is a loss of dignity. This was, at all events, the conclusion to which the writer of *Cardinal Newman's Life* was led after a protracted study of the material before him. A less closely knit nature or a simpler nature than Newman's might have been otherwise dealt with. Some biographies can be truthful without being intimate or psychologically minute. But in Newman apparent contradictions form a part of the consistent whole to be exhibited; and it is only his most intimate revelations which give the clue to the real state of mind of which partial aspects so often appear to be simply inconsistent.

I will only add in conclusion that while the faithful and accurate delineation of Newman's personality, with its very peculiar forms of sensitiveness, was necessary to the picture of his genius and of his life, I was aware that even a few false strokes might, as in the case of a painting, turn a reverently executed likeness into a caricature. And such strokes might easily be added by a clumsy or hostile critic in reviewing the book. The lines which determine the expression of a face are often few and slight—and pathetic sadness may be changed to sneering bitterness by a stroke of the pencil.

There are many obvious occasions for such a travesty of my picture of Newman, but I will mention one which is, perhaps, not among the most obvious. A subtle view held by Newman, or a view presenting different aspects, of which one is dwelt on in moods of joy, another in moods of depression, may by an illnatured or unperceiving critic be misrepresented as the changeableness of an egotistic

Sensitiveness

mind which takes one view when vanity is hurt, another when it is gratified. Thus when Newman speaks on his elevation to the Cardinalate of his gratitude to the Irish people during his University campaign in Dublin, his language has been in fact by one journalist contrasted with his earlier complaints of the difficulties in Ireland which made his University scheme unsuccessful, and the contrast has been explained in the way just indicated. Yet the reader of the book itself will see in the contemporary letters, including those to the Irish Bishops at the time of his resignation, just that note of heartfelt gratitude to the Irish which is apparent in the address of 1879. Two Bishops are excepted—Dr McHale and Dr Cullen. And these two were certainly not acquitted in 1879. Personally he respected them both. But he held their action to be largely responsible for a failure which wasted years of his life. He was sad in 1857 and spoke of the causes of his sadness. He was happy in 1879 and ready to dwell on all happy thoughts. But not even a grain of inconsistency is to be found in the documents of these different dates in relation to this special point. Indeed, in this case, as in those above referred to—the Oxford Oratory scheme and the conduct of the *Rambler*—nothing is more remarkable than the consistency of view underlying variations of feeling and the recognition of opposite aspects of the same situation.

Considering the opportunity afforded to the perverse critic by such a picture as I have given, of making serious misrepresentations by means of touches of untruth in themselves slight, the biographer has been deeply impressed by the fact that in hardly a single instance has this opportunity been used by the English press. Reverence for the great Cardinal, and, perhaps also some chivalrous feeling as to the special unfairness of defacing a picture which has taken many years in the painting, have saved the work from such unworthy treatment.

WILFRID WARD

MILNER AND HIS AGE

- (1) *The Eve of Catholic Emancipation*. By Mgr Bernard Ward, F.R.Hist.S., President of St Edmund's College. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1911.
- (2) *The History of Catholic Emancipation (1771-1820)*. By W. J. Amherst, S.J. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul. 1886. And other Works.

PAGE by page, the story of Catholics in England since the reign of Elizabeth is coming to be written from authentic documents, with candour and judgement. For two hundred years it is a chronicle of decline tending towards extinction; but when the nineteenth century opens there is a change. In Mgr Ward's picturesque language, the "dawn of the Catholic Revival" has already broken upon this poor discredited remnant, and it will usher in the day of their emancipation. But to them, as to other down-trodden minorities all over Europe, that change came unexpectedly, without any strong effort or manifestation of genius on their part, and as a chapter in the movement called democratic, which had put into the hand of Napoleon a sword and a consular sceptre, making him supreme over Church and State. By this great tidal wave, as it advanced upon the shores of ancient monarchies, institutions were submerged, laws swept away, and governments compelled to take new ground. When Consalvi signed the Concordat with Bonaparte, when Pius VII crowned him as a second Charlemagne in Notre Dame, and when the ghost of the Holy Roman Empire flitted before the clarion-note of the Gallic chanticleer, it was evident to all men that equality at law, in a social order founded on freedom instead of privilege, had supplanted feudalism. Henceforth, charters granted to special descriptions of men, as by grace and favour from a ruling authority which they had not themselves voted into its place, were doomed to become obsolete. This the Americans well understood; the French proclaimed it, but were slow to act upon it, as they are to the present hour. In England, which carries its revolutions

Milner and his Age

forward by "due course of law," the idea of equality was disguised, and its triumph delayed, thanks chiefly to the great houses, the "Venetian oligarchy," entrenched in Parliament, in the Established Church, in the Universities, the Army and Navy, and the administration.

There was, however, one purely democratic force in the British Islands, of which it is true to say that it owed its existence to the oligarchy. By proscription and the all-encompassing penal laws, Irish Catholics, deprived of their hereditary leaders, without University training, thrown back on a clergy recruited from the people, and having none but Protestants to speak for them at College Green or Westminster, were driven to create as their national expression independent organs, and these they defended passionately against Dublin Castle. Irish Catholics held that their priests and bishops represented politically the flocks which they guided along the paths of religion; the hierarchy was at once ruler and mouthpiece of the genuine Irish nation, discrowned by the Act of Union which had not emancipated a single soul, despite ministerial promises. Democracy and the old Faith were thus allied from the year 1800 to pull down the unreformed system in and out of Parliament. First the privileges of an exclusive Church were to be assailed; and when thereby an Irish national party had broken its way into the House of Commons, it did not need the sagacity of an O'Connell to foresee that, on every occasion when popular measures were brought in, the Irish would swell the Liberal vote. Such has been the movement of legislation for eighty years past. In a remarkable speech delivered by a member of the Dublin Parliament, George Knox, during the final debates on the Union in 1800, it was prophesied that "a discontented and unguided Ireland might one day become, in the English-speaking world, as formidable a source and centre of aggressive Jacobinism as France had been on the Continent." Lecky, who reports this violent language, goes on to observe, "He who has traced the part which Irish Jacobinism has played during the last generations in those English-speaking nations

Milner and his Age

on which the future of the world most largely depends; who has examined the principles and precedents it has introduced into legislation; the influence it has exercised on public life and morals, may well doubt whether the prediction of Knox was even an exaggeration.”*

But O’Connell, who led Catholic Ireland to victory, was no Jacobin. During the campaigns of well-nigh forty years he advocated moral force alone; and on that principle he broke with the Young Ireland party, which had inherited through John Mitchell a revolutionary bias. Democracy is one thing, Jacobinism another. It remains, however, manifest that a population which has been levelled by the exile or apostasy of its clan-chieftains and most of its nobles, cannot but display the phenomena that have in America resulted from a process, not indeed the same, but equally implying the divorce of the lower and middle class from aristocracy. In the one case proscription, in the other emigration, both due to the action of a State Church, have created the avenging consequences, political and religious, which neither persecutors nor persecuted foresaw. American democracy and Irish Nationalism can be traced by a sure inference to Archbishop Laud, to the violated treaty of Limerick, and to the Anglican Establishment in these countries, which would not suffer Puritans or Catholics to obey their conscience in peace.

Ireland, then, had kept its faith, its hierarchy, and its Catholic people, who were now growing into millions, pledged by force of circumstances to the modern movement in politics, and capable of advancing it at home and abroad, if their representatives were allowed a voice in Parliament. Times were changed since Dean Swift wrote in 1738 that he had always held Irish Papists to be “as inconsiderable as the women and children,” as “mere hewers of wood and drawers of water,” as “out of all capacity of doing any mischief, if they were ever so well inclined.” They had found such a leader as is not given to a nation “once in a thousand years,” the most formidable

* *Hist. of Ireland*, v. 387.

Milner and his Age

of agitators, relying on the power of the word and the meeting of multitudes. Their bishops were their own, chosen by the native clergy. The foreign influences which might have qualified a patriotism now becoming definitely aware of itself as something for which to live and die, had been shattered by the French Revolution. A new force was to claim its place in the sun, a people to spring up unconquered from the soil on which during a melancholy eighteenth century it lay prostrate. And the form of its collective exertion was the old Roman creed brought by St Patrick from Mediterranean isles.

English Catholics in the year 1800 had a different story to tell. Hierarchy they did not possess, but only Vicars Apostolic such as are sent to the heathen. They were not a people, but a handful left over from ages of persecution which had done their deadly work—a few peers, some five hundred families of a certain rank, less than two hundred thousand all summed up, and over wide spaces not a vestige of their presence. The Church in England was little more than a company of chaplains attached to these well-known houses, and fed at the tables of their patrons. Except in London and Lancashire a populous mission was hardly to be found. The Catholic gentleman, educated abroad, was often a scholar and had fine manners; but none among his own class could be more haughtily conservative, and with few exceptions he was impenetrable to new ideas. When he gave up the cause of the Stuarts he simply transferred his devotion to the House of Hanover. He had never been what is now called an Ultramontane. Even James II was a Gallican of the type Louis Quatorze; and the later axiom, “a Free Church in a Free State,” would have sounded incomprehensible in the ears of men who, apart from their religion, desired no change in the English Constitution, who adored Burke and hated Bonaparte above their fellows. These old English Catholics wished merely to win back their proper place in the world to which they belonged by ancestry, titles, and estates. A Church really independent of the State they had never contemplated. They petitioned for bishops who

Milner and his Age

should be ordinaries; but if the Government would endow them it might also claim a share in selecting them. Emancipation, from this point of view, would leave the recognized principles of Church and State intact.

But to Irish Catholics, a liberation so devised, by which the Crown should interfere to choose or to reject their bishops, would have seemed a worse than Cromwellian conquest, and the surrender of the last shred of independence. Here, then, we arrive at the tragic situation created by an attempt which was made again and again to resolve this double problem by a single solution, and that the one agreeable to the old English families. They failed in their efforts. They were happily defeated by the strong current of opinion which compelled O'Connell to move forward on its crest, while it swept aside for ever the endowments and the vetoes coupled by statesmen with schemes of emancipation, and not at first decisively rejected in high ecclesiastical conferences. O'Connell in Dublin, Milner in London—these are the men of renown who secured for the new world of the future a free Catholic Church, untrammelled by engagements with secular ministries, self-governed because neither established nor endowed. The war of religious independence was fought and won, not without extraordinary vicissitudes, in the first twenty years of the nineteenth century. It is the subject which Mgr Ward handles on its English side, in these admirably composed chapters. He is concerned with much else that I shall not enlarge upon, though it will repay careful study and gives more than once the first authentic information we possess touching persons and events in a confused period. His researches in the Westminster archives, at the English College, Rome, and at Propaganda, his quotations from Irish and other documents, lend to the work of which these volumes are the main portion an authority not less than original. He completes or corrects the narratives of Husenbeth and Amherst, nay, of Milner; but his unflinching judgement, his freedom from a partisan tone, can scarcely be appreciated as they deserve, except by

Milner and his Age

those who have become familiar with pamphlets and "Orthodox Journals" now happily out of print. Monsignor Ward is not an apologist; neither is he an arrogant critic of the illustrious dead. He writes history, and that will be his praise.

His theme, I say, is a tragic one, fruitful in misunderstandings, with good men arrayed against each other, party spirit running high, and a legacy of controverted questions bequeathed even to our generation. Queen Elizabeth called Mary Stuart "the daughter of debate, who discords still doth sow;" we may define Milner as "the father of debate," from his entrance on the public scene until near his exit forty-eight years after, when he sank down paralysed. Milner (born 1752, died 1826), whom Cardinal Newman, perhaps, termed the "English Athanasius," while he certainly acknowledged him as "the champion of God's ark in an evil time," and the "principal luminary" of the period now under review, was a great man, whether we judge him by the work which he did or by the zeal and energy which he flung into it. His unique and often isolated position brings into relief a character as primitive as it was rugged, English to the core, and obstinately fixed in whatever attitude he assumed. It was his misfortune that, in the everlasting hurly-burly of which he became the centre, no fellow-Catholic, bishop, priest, or layman, could persuade him to suspect ever so faintly that he might in some things be mistaken. To his own apprehension he never changed and his opinions were dogmas of the faith.

Like all strong combatants, the force which he threw into his quarrels seemed to Milner a guarantee and plain evidence that right was on his side. To refine, to distinguish, to allow for the light and shade of language as employed by various minds, he would have taken to be paltering with truth and incompatible with honesty. This man's temperament furnished the premises of all his reasoning, so that he never could be defeated except by letting him alone. But how to let such a fiery spirit alone, who felt with apostolic ardour solicitude for all the

Milner and his Age

Churches, who was ready at a moment's warning to challenge his brother prelates in their own province, and who turned silence itself into a charge that he required them to meet? As we shall see, the Fabian tactics of Dr. Poynter—"that incomparable bishop," according to a Roman estimate—cost the southern dignitary his reputation, which the documents now set before us cannot but avenge, although late in the day. Milner was the one man of genius among these Vicars Apostolic, and far superior to any English layman whom he encountered; but he made a desolation about him by acts and words so impetuously misguided that, even in a just cause, our sympathy for his principles is at war with our compassion for those whom he trampled on.

Milner belongs to the John Bull tradition of which Samuel Johnson affords the perfect instance. We may observe, by the way, that in both cases a certain hereditary strain has been detected which weighed heavily upon them. Johnson suffered from the King's evil; Milner's father died insane. It was that circumstance, apparently, which led the Catholic divine to give up his original name of Miller. But, apart from these influences (whatever may have been their tendency), in men of such a disposition there is wanting the power of self-criticism; they make no attempt to leap away from their own shadow. They are dogmatists, who will have the world echo what they say or be roundly anathematized if it hesitates. "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig," exclaimed Johnson to Sir Adam Ferguson, who happened to differ from him on a political topic. Milner did not shrink from imputing to his mitred brethren motives of pecuniary self-regard which would have been disgraceful, and he carried his accusations to Rome. With him, as indeed with O'Connell (but in O'Connell it was mere Four Courts rhetoric), to be personal in the most unpleasant language, where an opponent was concerned, came as the first weapon of assault, to be handled unsparingly. That very suave and scholarly man, Dr Weedall, smilingly granted that Milner "undervalued the little etiquettes of society," which Johnson

Milner and his Age

also did on too many occasions. But in the volumes before us, quoting, as they do, Milner's public and private utterances, addressed to his equals or to the world at large, it is not in courtesy alone that he leaves much to be desired; he misunderstands and imputes motives with a reckless impatience, which degenerates more than once into contumely and satire that we hasten to forget in the remembrance of his grander qualities. The highest compliment we can pay him is that of Talleyrand to Napoleon, "What a pity that so great a man should have been so ill brought up!"

Not a diplomatist, or capable of hiding his thoughts, and flushed with the well-deserved chastisement which, as deputy of the Vicars Apostolic, he had inflicted on Charles Butler's "Catholic Committee" of 1791, Milner aspired to be himself a bishop, nay, if it were possible, Primate among these bishops, whom he judged painfully deficient in wisdom and firmness. Once and again his name was sent up for the Midland District, only to be put aside as displeasing to the English laity. In a strange letter (Oct. 26, 1802) directed to Sir J. C. Hippisley, the rejected candidate dwells on his exclusion with amazing bitterness against the "Court of Rome." Next year, thanks to an old opponent, Cardinal Erskine, he had his wish fulfilled so far as to be made V.A. of the Midlands; while Dr Poynter, the President of St Edmund's College, became coadjutor in London to Bishop Douglass. The new prelates were consecrated within a week of each other (May 22 and 29, 1803) and Milner preached a glowing sermon on peace at Dr Poynter's installation, but made ready without delay for war. His design was to get himself translated from the obscure and distant province, where he had no national duties, to London, as coadjutor with right of succession. Dr Troy of Dublin and Dr Moylan of Cork zealously seconded his efforts at Propaganda. But the London clergy united with their Bishops in repelling his advances; before these events Dr Douglass had broken off correspondence with Milner; and the elements of twenty years' misunderstandings were drawn to a focus.

Milner and his Age

It was a complicated state of things, in which the Midland prelate held and exercised powers, official no less than personal, too great for the average or even mediocre authorities whom he daunted successfully to withstand. As agent of the thirty Irish bishops he was master of thirty legions, entitled to invade London when he chose, and a sort of informal legate from them approved by the Holy See. Quick to discern the signs of the times, he noted how the Irish Catholics, "without any revolution or other visible cause," had risen "to the first rank of importance," so that "the fortune of the whole British Empire depends on theirs." He was emphatically a defender of Pius VII in that moment of crisis, when, by an act never paralleled since or before, the Pope abolished and new-created the French hierarchy. Those who submitted to the Concordat, and they formed a large majority among the exiles in England, hastened back across the Channel. True to its anti-Papal tradition, the House of Bourbon protested. Thirty-seven bishops, out of eighty surviving from the *ancien régime*, declined to give up their titles; and of these fourteen were resident in the Vicariate of London. Their nominal chief, Dillon, Archbishop of Narbonne, exercised little influence; but the Bishop of St Pol de Léon, who supplied his deficiencies, had a small following among the French clergy and a more considerable one among the lay emigrants still in this country. Their spokesman was the Abbé Blanchard, a most intemperate writer, who did not hesitate to brand Pius VII as a "material heretic." In the war of pamphlets a certain Abbé de Trevaux got himself involved with Blanchard; and Milner, from an early stage, conceived that the London Bishops were slow to put down these rebels, and had actually become *fautores schismatis incipientes*. When we add that, by the *History of Winchester* and the *Letters to a Prebendary*, his reputation as a master of English, an antiquarian, and a controversial champion, stood high before the public, it will appear that he was equal, single-handed, to any squadrons which could be marshalled against him. By way of showing what manner

Milner and his Age

of man he seemed, and of what an inflexible courage, take the following indictment from De Quincey's biographical sketch of Samuel Parr : " Finally, let us remember this ; Milner, the papist of Winchester, had the audacity publicly to denounce Porteous, Bishop of London, as a bigot and falsifier of facts ; Bishop Hoadly and Bishop Shipley as Socinians ; Halifax, Bishop of Durham, as a papist (thus literally applying to Dr Halifax the very identical aspersion which he had himself wiped off from Bishop Butler in his edition of that prelate's works) ; Dr Rennell as a knave ; and the Bishops Barrington, Watson, Benson, and Sparke, as insincere believers in the Protestant faith."*

We now grasp the situation, which exhibits a certain neatness and dramatic propriety, while Irish, French, and Roman actors step out from the wings on a stage where the English company is performing its own little play. Between Milner and Poynter the opposition was exquisitely complete. The new London coadjutor has been termed by Father Amherst " pliant and amiable." He was, in fact, though an accomplished theologian, canonist, and scholar, a man of the world as compared with his rival. He spoke and wrote Latin, French, and Italian. He was attached to the old English families ; and he endeavoured, by courtesy and forbearance, to heal the long dissension which had grown up since the " Blue Book controversy " between many of the lay leaders and the clergy. With regard to the French exiles, the position of an English Vicar Apostolic in London was delicate. To Dr Poynter it seemed that they could be managed with prudence through their own bishops ; and he felt no desire to aggravate the chances of rebellion by taking too peremptory measures. In common with his chief and the other Vicars Apostolic he resented Milner's interference, declined his leadership, but was determined never openly to quarrel with him. It was, in Mgr Ward's opinion, a " self-restraint bordering on heroism " which Dr Poynter displayed in thus keeping silence under sharp attacks repeated year after year. He

* De Quincey, *Works*, v. III.

Milner and his Age

left in writing memorials that now do him great credit; and though Charles Butler published the famous *Epistola Apologetica*, which Dr Poynter at last submitted to Rome, the publication took place without his knowledge or consent, and much to his annoyance.

Milner, we allow then, had faults enough to make him characteristic and interesting, as a hero should be. What is more, he began the great business of the Veto with an almost fatal mistake, to retrieve which was his supreme achievement, as alone it would give him a place in history. While other Englishmen, lay or clerical, maintained the position from which they started, Milner, as if an instinct were driving him forward, moved on to the open field where at length statesmen are compelled to recognize the Church as an independent society, and must leave it to govern itself. Why did Milner aim so pertinaciously at the London Vicariate? He has left the reason on record, like the unsophisticated genius that he was. He designed, if once in this commanding station, to purchase enfranchisement for English Catholics and an entrance for English and Irish alike into the Legislature, by granting a royal Veto, though not positive still effective, in the appointment of our Bishops. So little did he know, when he moved from Winchester to Wolverhampton, the part which Providence had assigned him.

Now, in 1799, just after the rebellion and massacres in Ireland, that figure of ill-omen, Lord Castlereagh, had proposed to the Irish Bishops such a veto, coupling it with the old *Tibi dabo*, an endowment from the State for all ecclesiastics. This vague but insidious plan found acceptance in Dublin (Jan. 1799) at the hands of ten of those prelates, including the four metropolitans, who had met as trustees of Maynooth College. Their elaborate Resolutions were not made public, owing to the collapse of the entire scheme of emancipation, resisted by George III, until 1808. John O'Connell described them as the work of a "terrified little coterie of Irish prelates;" and Milner in 1820 took much the same view. But in 1807 the Irish authorities whom he consulted were not

Milner and his Age

terrified; they, nevertheless, told him (and he was willing to endorse their opinion), "We cannot allow the Ministry to choose our Bishops, but we will choose none whom they object to"—which is the absolute definition of a Veto. Neither is it possible to doubt that men like Archbishop Troy would have welcomed an establishment for the clergy, on terms analogous with what they knew to be permitted by the Holy See in Protestant Prussia. That a novel order of things was beginning they did not realize. Milner, too, dreamt their dream; but he was destined to a rude awakening before many months had passed.

On one point, however, he required no lesson. He saw and loudly affirmed that emancipation would be carried by the Irish, not by the English, Catholics. That which as yet was hidden from his eyes O'Connell with a nation at his back made clear in due time. The democratic constitution, when it came to be established, would justify emancipation as a right, not as a privilege, of Catholic subjects because they were entitled to it, therefore not purchasable on exchange or bargaining. The Irish claimed to send into Parliament representatives who shared their faith, because political rights and duties were founded on the needs of society, irrespective of differences in religion which could not be overcome in this latter-day world. Burke had laid down these premises with his transcendent common-sense.* By such reasoning the Test and Corporation Acts were swept away; disabilities of Nonconformists, Jews, and Freethinkers, on the score of their non-adherence to the Anglican Establishment, could not, in the long run, be maintained. Bishop Warburton had argued for the alliance between Church and State, with some kind of Test Act. In a volume which Macaulay has refuted, the same position was afterwards eloquently asserted by W. E. Gladstone, who did not in visions of the night behold himself disestablishing the Protestant Church of Ireland. We shall do well to bear in mind that the question for a politician is a practical one,

* See his "Letter to William Smith" in *Works*, vi, 53-56, and to R. Burke, *ibid.* 65.

Milner and his Age

depending on the extent of those very differences which have sprung up since the Middle Ages, into whose origin he need not inquire. It was, at all events, undeniable, as Lingard pointed out by and by in answer to Sir J. C. Hippisley's arguments, that where the State bestowed no stipends it could not pretend to determine who should be the officials of a Church not endowed. When the alternatives were laid before Irish Catholics, they resolved with one voice to keep their religion free from this secular domination, and, as they had hitherto done, to support it themselves. Their conduct would have won the approval of Burke, who, in three short sentences, went to the root of the matter. "We sometimes hear," he wrote to his son Richard, "of a Protestant *religion*, frequently of a Protestant *interest*. We hear of the latter the most frequently, because it has a positive meaning. The other has none."*

Emancipation was a standing problem, with crises and agonies of discussion, for just upon thirty years. In 1808 Milner, acting for the Irish Bishops during one of these moments, was required by Mr Ponsonby, leader of the Opposition, to say what power they would attribute in future episcopal nominations to the Crown. He should have answered warily or not at all. But with headlong speed, and before consulting those whom he represented, the Agent drew up and sent to Mr Ponsonby a scheme of apparently indefinite Veto, to which, he said, "the Catholic prelates of Ireland" would "cheerfully agree." The debate in Parliament opened on May 25, 1808, with a speech from Grattan, who always supported Emancipation; but now he brought forward this "negative power" as a counterpoise to "Bonaparte," at that time the Pope's master, and so virtually of Catholics, even of those serving under the British flag. It is remarkable that Grattan "held out the prospect that the Protestant and Catholic Churches would become as one, with the King at the head." This delusion, or the hope of wholesale conversion from Popery to the Establishment, was widely pretended; even so sharp-sighted a prophet as Alexander

* *Works*, vi, 69.

Milner and his Age

Knox, secretary of Lord Castlereagh, entertains it in his Letters. The Catholic revival came upon that generation like a thief in the night ; for who could imagine such forces latent in a Church that during one hundred and fifty years had undergone defeats without number, and was now apparently dying ?

It was Mr Ponsonby, however, who declared on Milner's authority that a " real and effective " nomination would be conceded to the Crown by the Irish Bishops as a " security " of loyal allegiance. Lord Grenville in the Upper House quoted him to the like intent, and though Milner's *Supplementary Memoirs*, written in 1820, deny that peer's statement, it is corroborated by his own and other evidence, as well as by Charles Butler. The debate ended in a majority of eighty-seven adverse to Grattan's motion ; yet, says Butler, it was considered to have gained the Catholic cause, thanks to this concession of the Veto. Not so did the Vicars Apostolic believe ; and if the Archbishops of Dublin and Tuam assured Milner that his " manner of acting," and the Veto itself, would be ratified by their colleagues, they little anticipated the rising storm in which clergy and laity were immediately swept towards the opposite quarter of the compass. Milner privately circulated his *Letter to a Parish Priest*—who was, in fact, Dr Moylan, Bishop of Cork—and therein " mooted " or defended this new royal prerogative. With prompt courage he appeared in Ireland as its advocate, and scoured the country. He was violently attacked in the newspapers, and of course rejoined with no less vigour. But the Irish Bishops, while showing him every consideration, passed their famous Resolutions in Dublin (Sept. 14-16, 1808), by which any change in the mode of nomination was declared inexpedient. Popular abuse did not spare the " hired emissary of the Minister " who had betrayed his trust ; a Dublin mob burnt him in effigy ; and he came back feeling that the " common people in Ireland " were " mad upon the subject ; that the Bishops had been forced to yield to their prejudices " ; yet hoping still that some form of Veto might be agreed upon.

Milner and his Age

Such was the first act of the tragedy, by which Milner had contrived to put himself in the wrong with all parties. He had even misread his own character, made as it was for resistance, not for compromise. But the new "Catholic Board," set up in May, 1808, gave him the opportunity which he must have coveted, of showing that his principles were not a jot less Papal than in 1791. He hated Charles Butler with a perfect hatred, never felt towards him by that singularly devout, though Erastian-minded, lawyer; and wherever laymen came into conference there, as it seemed to the Midland prelate, Butler would revive the spirit of the Oath and Protestation long ago condemned by himself. Milner, accordingly, in Sept., 1809, warned Bishop Douglass to prepare against "the renewal of the Veto in its worst form" by this dangerous Board, of which he had become a reluctant member. His mind was not the same as when Ponsonby quoted him in the House of Commons. Unwittingly he had suffered conversion. To cut himself loose from a troublesome entanglement he retracted his *Letter to a Parish Priest*, but he joined in the Board's Petition to Parliament in 1809, which was extensively signed. His former correspondent, Sir J. C. Hippisley, precipitated a crisis by now circulating proposals not only for a Veto but for the so-called Exequatur, by which Papal documents would be subject to the King's countersign. The price always offered was endowment of Bishops and clergy. Ireland at once broke into a seething agitation. The private negotiations which went on between the English Catholic Board and the Government were suspected, and Dr Troy wrote to Mr Jerningham, the secretary, "The opposition to it [the Veto] is so great that were I or any of our Prelates to advocate it we would be considered as apostates from our faith." Dr Gibson, from Durham, expressed his fears of "mischief or dissension," at the meeting appointed in London to consider what should be done. He was a true prophet. When the Board assembled on February 1, 1810, it had been made acquainted with Lord Grenville's letter to the Earl of Fingall, which insisted on the "inviolable

Milner and his Age

maintenance" of the Church Established, and "in the Crown an effectual negative on the appointment of your Bishops." Lord Grenville thought all this might be done "consistently with the strictest adherence on your part to your religious tenets," adding "were it otherwise I should indeed despair."

Wisdom after the event is proverbial; yet, as regards Catholic negotiations of this kind with Government, Burke had put his Irish countrymen on their guard years before. We cannot but marvel that so acute a mind as Butler's should not have detected in Lord Grenville's letter, coming as a sequel to Sir J. C. Hippisley's audacious plan, a snare and a provocation not to be touched even in passing. That these Catholic gentlemen had made no protest when Grattan and Ponsonby fell into such extraordinary language as we have heard from them, appears to betoken a resolve that Emancipation was worth buying at any cost, short of apostasy. Now the day had come to bid as high as possible. By the Fifth Resolution at this meeting Catholics were to express "their grateful concurrence" in any arrangement which would secure the objects mentioned in Lord Grenville's letter, but "consistently with the strictest adherence on their part to the tenets and discipline of the Roman Catholic religion." Was this a lawful compromise, or a surrender of principle? That was the question.

Milner had come up to town on January 30, 1810, had called on the two London Bishops, and had found them determined not to accept the Resolution in its original and looser form. He was invited to an historic dinner by Lord Stourton, where, with excitement and a burst of emotion, he argued against the Veto lurking behind the proposed words, pointed out the fatal consequences of acting before advice could be sought from Ireland, and refused to sign under these circumstances. But he left the impression that he would not dissuade others from doing so. His mind was really made up; and it was only the peculiar want of self-control to which he was liable on critical occasions that betrayed him into language somewhat in-

Milner and his Age

coherent. This we may reckon a venial fault. His conduct showed no trace of hesitation.

The meeting, attended by about one hundred gentlemen and three Bishops—Poynter, Collingridge, and Milner—came off at the St Alban's Tavern (as we might now say, the Westminster Palace Hotel). A previous accidental conference between Dr Douglass and the two prelates just mentioned, from which Milner was necessarily absent, had led to their approval of the amended Resolution among themselves; but they determined to wait before accepting it officially until the Vicars Apostolic might all act together. At the meeting, therefore, no Bishop voted for it. Milner had learnt from his episcopal brethren the result of their hasty deliberations, and was requested to confer with them on the morrow. He now implored the assembly to delay, so that he might receive instructions from the Irish Bishops. But Lord Stourton refused in words unluckily chosen, and the Resolution was carried. When, as procedure demanded, it became a petition, the result may be told in Father Amherst's language, "Having assured Milner they would not sign it; having appointed the following day to discuss it; without any further communication with Milner, Drs Poynter and Collingridge signed the Fifth Resolution. It was taken to Dr Douglass, who also affixed his signature. When Dr Gibson arrived in town, he also signed it." Milner published his *Elucidation of the Veto* a few weeks later. His judgement in 1820 on the Resolution was that it "separated the Irish from the English Catholics, divided the last-mentioned among themselves, carried discord into the bosom of the sanctuary, distressed the See Apostolic beyond description, and at length brought forth the persecuting and schismatical Bill of 1813."

Its effects in Ireland were momentous. The whole nation rose up to denounce their false English allies, who had trafficked with Ministers to impose the Veto upon both kingdoms by subtlety and intrigue. The Bishops in Dublin (February 24–26, 1810) came to six Resolutions, afterwards expanded into sixteen, by which they rebuked

Milner and his Age

laymen for meddling with doctrine and discipline, renewed their protest against any "security" being asked of them except the oath of allegiance, rejected a State provision for the clergy, and threw themselves upon the generosity of their flocks. O'Connell was now Secretary of the Catholic Committee. In March, at a great meeting, they utterly cast from them every notion of control by Government over spiritual appointments. In April the *Elucidations* of Milner came out. He formally withdrew all his previous writings in favour of the Veto and called it an attempt at downright schism. In November Archbishop Troy gave the view of his colleagues in an epistle to Dr Poynter, which contains, perhaps, the clearest and most forcible indictment ever drawn against the Fifth Resolution, considered as a matter of religious policy. To the Irish Bishops it appeared that Lord Grenville's letter had been adopted to thwart them by the English prelates, under lay instigation, and that it implied an interference from secular and Protestant officials which the Irish Episcopate was determined never to admit. Their Seventeenth Resolution had praised Milner's "Apostolic firmness," displayed at the meeting of February 1, 1810, on their behalf. Next year, in the autumn of 1811, the breach thus opened was enlarged almost to a denial of intercourse between the Irish Church and the three English Bishops, in consequence of the unhappy French disputes which were connected with Blanchard and de Trevaux.

Our present volumes are dignified by a judicial impartiality of the rarest kind, as by the modest refusal to apportion blame or eulogy in questions so liable to be misunderstood. Of the Fifth Resolution, which, in itself or its consequences, laid waste the Church and divided Milner from his English mitred brethren as long as he lived, it is possible to take more than one view. The Vicars Apostolic who had subscribed to it would never give it up. They asserted it over and over again; while Cardinal Litta declared that formally it was not indefensible. We may term this the pure legal aspect, by which Dr Poynter justified his adhesion, though he also relied upon the

Milner and his Age

asseverations of Lord Grey that no Veto was intended. But antecedents and persons determine the true meaning of such documents rather than the words themselves or even the assurances of their framers. The Veto had become a test and a party flag. Milner, who dreaded lest he should a second time be burnt in effigy, stated the vital issue; to Irish Catholics, he said, the independence of their prelacy was the "only remaining monument, as they called it, of their national freedom." At St Alban's Tavern Irish aspirations were pointedly set aside. "Grateful concurrence," promised to the Anglican Ministry of George III, was refused, said Milner, to a devoted Catholic people. The hierarchy of Ireland agreed with him; and history will take note of their judgement. Lord Grenville was certainly defeated; but so was Grattan. The question awaited O'Connell's master-hand.

A period of severe tension followed. The English laymen shut their doors in Milner's face, and solemnly disowned his "political action." His brother Bishops exchanged with him a bitter correspondence, in which they were imperious and he was violent and personal. The next great controversy sprang up over Canning's well-meant but ill-conceived measure of 1813. There was still a Catholic Board. Charles Butler had drafted by request of Grattan and Ponsonby a Relief Bill; and the House of Commons had voted by 186 against 119 to abolish all our disabilities, not without "security" for Crown and Establishment, on March 9 of this year. On April 30 the Relief Bill was introduced. It was read a second time on May 13, and contained neither Veto nor Exequatur, but only an oath binding the clergy to loyal proceedings. Canning, however, circulated clauses by which, in brief, a lay Catholic commission was to "advise" on the election of Bishops and to "inspect" documents from Rome. An amended copy joined the London Vicars Apostolic to the English, and the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin to the Irish, commission. Butler was answerable for the language of these novel and inconsistent clauses; their authors were Canning and Lord Castlereagh.

Milner and his Age

There was no time to be lost, and Milner on May 19, 1813, "hastened to London in his most militant attitude." Dr Poynter, who had now succeeded to Dr Douglass, evaded meeting him and was too ill for exertion—an unfortunate circumstance. The Midland prelate issued his *Brief Memorial*, "a sound and forcible piece of argument," fatal to Canning's clauses, on the Saturday preceding the debate, which was to take place on Monday. The Catholic Board answered with a flyleaf, written probably by C. Butler, in which the Legislature was urged to proceed, "regardless of interference of unaccredited individuals." After vehement discussions on the Monday morning, Drs Poynter and Collingridge declined to interpose. The House met in Committee on the afternoon; the Speaker, Abbott, founding himself on the opposition of Milner and Archbishop Troy, proposed a wrecking amendment to the Bill, and it was carried by four votes. The Bill was then abandoned. These things came to pass on May 24, 1813. Five days after, at Lord Shrewsbury's house in Stanhope Street, Milner was expelled with heated words and threatening gestures from the Catholic Board. He left them with a farewell which has been variously reported, "I thank God, gentlemen, that you cannot exclude me from the kingdom of Heaven." But in the postscript to his *Brief Memorial* he had called them "false brethren," and this they never could forgive. On the same day thanks were solemnly given by the assembled Irish Bishops, whose pastoral against the Bill had been issued at the moment of its destruction, to their "vigilant, incorruptible agent, the powerful and unwearied champion of the Catholic religion." O'Connell, in a highly-coloured speech, carried a like vote at one of his "aggregate meetings" on June 15. Both parties were exasperated by these long dissensions. Nothing remained but an appeal to Rome.

Before it was taken, however, the English and Scotch Vicars Apostolic met informally at Durham, in October, 1813, with a view to fresh legislation, and on the instance of the Catholic Board. To this, which he branded as a mere

Milner and his Age

“conciliabulum” or irregular synod, Milner was not invited. The other English prelates had given up all hopes of a reconciliation with their formidable brother; one, at least, would not meet him. They issued their pastorals severally, taking their stand on the Fifth Resolution, but declining to accept the late dangerous clauses. Milner replied with a fierce “Encyclical,” attacking his colleagues, above all Dr Poynter, who sent him privately a courteous but severe remonstrance. From the London Vicariate a petition for guidance had been already despatched to the Holy See. It was answered by the Quarantotti Rescript.

But who was Quarantotti? This somewhat ludicrous name and the legends that clustered round it have given an undignified air to the transaction which it recalls. Seldom had the Roman Curia fallen into such disorder as during the five years of Pius VII’s sequestration from his Cardinals and the Eternal City. In 1813 not a single member of the Sacred College was left in Rome. Mgr Quarantotti, a man of eighty, learned in the law, and of no mean descent, was permitted by Napoleon to act as Vice-Prefect of Propaganda, while his chief, Cardinal di Pietro, had been detained with the Holy Father at Fontainebleau. It seems obvious to remark, as Milner did, and as the event proved, that an official of this kind was qualified only to carry forward routine business, certainly not to inaugurate decisions of supreme moment and lasting consequence. He knew nothing of England or its constitution; but was naturally zealous to win from so mighty a world-power as much as could be gained for the Holy See by ample concessions. And the agent of the English Bishops, Mr Paul Macpherson, Rector of the Scots College, had completely taken his measure. To represent Milner as ambitious, truculent, and unstable, was always possible, though misleading. To charge Dr Troy with undue meddling at home and abroad, occasion might seem to be given by various incidents, and especially by the altercations over the Abbé de Trevaux. The Vice-Prefect reprimanded both of these prelates in

Milner and his Age

official letters. They answered with vehemence; and the whole Irish Episcopate signed Dr Troy's rejoinder (Nov. 12, 1813).

But Milner was alarmed. Letters, partly mistranslated, from Dr Poynter, had been laid before Mgr Quarantotti, whose want of acquaintance with facts may be judged from this, that he did not apparently know there was a Prince Regent of Great Britain. Guided by Mr Paul Macpherson's "Observations," the "unsuspecting good old man," as Milner calls him, sent two Rescripts, one touching the proposed Bill, the other a petition for England's interest in the Pope's restoration, to the London Vicar Apostolic. Of the second Rescript nothing came. The first, which Dr Poynter made public while despatching it to his colleagues and to Dr Troy, created a furious tempest in Ireland. For it appeared to grant the whole of Mr Canning's clauses—the Lay Commission, Veto, and Exequatur. Once more popular feeling, often crudely expressed, made acquiescence on the part of the Irish Bishops impossible, even had they intended it, which was far from the truth. A counter-appeal to Rome was determined upon. Milner had already set out on his journey *ad limina*. He was to act on their behalf, and Dr Murray, coadjutor of Dublin, was to be joined with him. Dr Poynter had gone to Paris in the hope of recovering for the English Colleges abroad what the Revolution had seized. He, also, would betake himself to the Eternal City. Pius VII made his triumphal entry on May 24, the Feast of our Lady Help of Christians. The Napoleonic Era was ended, all but the episode of Waterloo and the exile at St Helena.

And, riding with his saddle-bags in the midst of the allied armies, Russian, Prussian, Austrian, English, from Boulogne to Parma, the stout Bishop Milner made his way to the scene of another warfare, less picturesque, but not less fateful—this, too, as we have said, a War of Independence. He found the Holy Father in the Quirinal, and a Milanese, Cardinal Litta, ruling at Propaganda. The contest was now fully engaged. We are at length in

Milner and his Age

possession of all its chances and changes. It is clear that Dr Poynter and his friends were satisfied to welcome the Rescript, with its consequences; and that its confirmation by the Pope was their first intention. The address which was drawn up by the Catholic Board on June 17, is conclusive evidence for the laity; while the Bishops' letter of June 25 to the new Prefect of Propaganda states unreservedly that "this Rescript meets and removes all our difficulties." We may say, therefore, "Habemus confidentes"; the Bill of 1813 was to become law, and Catholics would accept it "with a just and grateful mind." What Catholics? it may well be asked. Not the Irish, who were boiling over with resentment; not Milner and the thousands who had signed addresses of congratulation to him when only the Fifth Resolution was in dispute. Would Dr Poynter, with his episcopal colleagues, would the English Board, urge on the Pope, just free from captivity and under deep obligations to the British Government, that he should risk misunderstandings such as threatened in Ireland, where the Rescript was called "detestable," and O'Connell, at the altar-rails of Clarendon Street Chapel, would soon be uttering his defiance to political intimidation from whatever quarter? But such must have been the effect of their appeal had the Holy See not adopted a different course; and here Milner showed the more excellent way.

Not that his known antecedents or his manner of conducting negotiations gave him authority in Rome. Quite the contrary. It was whispered that the Holy Father described him as a firebrand. He gained a strong influence over Cardinal Litta; but there were thoughts of persuading him to resign his Vicariate and of keeping him permanently out of England. Dr Poynter came on the scene, and his tact, his courtesy, his replies to inaccurate statements from the other side, produced a favourable impression. The Quarantotti Rescript was withdrawn. Meanwhile Consalvi had been received in London; he made terms with Castlereagh at Vienna which were suspected by O'Connell and vigorously censured in

Milner and his Age

speeches like those to which we have alluded. Negotiations were cut short by Napoleon's return from Elba in March, 1815. The Pope fled before Murat's army to Genoa. The Curia followed him; so did the English Vicars Apostolic. On April 20 the letter which Pius VII approved and Cardinal Litta signed, was drawn up. On April 26 copies were delivered to Dr Poynter. It concluded the long quarrel by refusing to admit an Exequatur on any conditions. It suggested that when Emancipation was granted some kind of Veto not liable to abuse might be allowed. The letter was an "interim injunction"; but it remains the last word of the Holy See on this difficult subject.

In the game of politics a decision so indecisive would be called a stalemate. Milner gloried outwardly, but chafed inwardly. There was a renewal of unpleasant speeches and protests in Ireland, although, as the "Genoese Letter" was not given publicity, the agitation died away. The Irish Bishops declared against the Veto "at all times and under all circumstances." They sent a fresh deputation to Pius VII. He answered kindly, pointed to the Church's tradition in dealing with governments, and left matters as they were. The stalemate gave O'Connell his opportunity. Years, indeed, went by without advancing the Catholic cause. But when the "Liberator" took it up again, he demanded emancipation without conditions; and he won the game in spite of Peel and Wellington.

Thus Milner triumphed after all. His simple dilemma, that "a Bishop is either loyal or not loyal," combined with the saying of Charles James Fox that "action, not principles, is the concern of government," gives us a working formula, better adapted to democratic and cosmopolitan societies than the machinery of quasi-dogmatic oaths and guarantees, imposed by mere politicians. The cause then succeeded; for it is not imaginable that in any new country, or in the social order which is rapidly assimilating to itself more ancient constitutions, a Minister of State will appoint ministers of religion. The Catholic Board was attempting an anachronism; the Vicars

Milner and his Age

Apostolic who followed its lead were neither prophets nor political philosophers, though earnest and pious men; they lived in the present and had no vision of the years to come when, as Challoner said, there would be "a new people." We can watch this idea dawning on the Irish bishops, invading the spirit of Milner, and at last putting to flight protocols, guarantees, royal Placets, the whole tribe of *Premunire* and *Exequatur*, which had enslaved the Church ever since lawyers meddled with it and kings were beguiled by their Erastian strain. America led by the famous "Amendment" of 1791, which left churches to the support of their adherents; but Ireland had set an example to America during centuries of persecution; for the Irish "titular" bishops were not established or endowed, and they ruled by right divine, not by Cæsar's appointment. Milner, acting in London as their ambassador, was like Benjamin Franklin, sent from a new world to teach the old what was meant by freedom.

And so his cause overcame. But the man suffered for the unruly and too often unchristian terms with which he had assailed Catholics not less worthy than himself, but only not so enlightened. He underwent rebuke, sharp and stern, from Cardinal Litta. He was condemned in a manner to silence in his old age by Cardinal Fontana, with a threat of deposition should he not obey. His persistence in ripping up quarrels long since forgotten can scarcely be ascribed to anything but a haunting obsession. In the natural course, when we see past events in their perspective, the men whom he entreated roughly win our sympathies, and Milner tends to lose them. Dr Poynter's forbearance now gives him the air of an injured saint; even Charles Butler was manifestly the sport of Milner's impetuous fancy on more than one occasion, and he requires to be heard in his own defence. These things are all true. Nevertheless, when we write about Milner and his heroic life, we must conclude as George Eliot does concerning one whom, in a certain fierce idealism, he resembled—I mean Savonarola. "It was the fashion of old," we read in her Florentine story, "when an ox was

Milner and his Age

led out for sacrifice to Jupiter, to chalk the dark spots, and give the offering a false show of unblemished whiteness. Let us fling away the chalk and boldly say—the victim is spotted, but it is not, therefore, in vain that his mighty heart is laid on the altar of man's highest hopes."

Be it so. Yet the more pleasing qualities, the meekness and silence under provocation of his antagonist in London, ought not to go without their meed of praise. St Edmund's College, over which Dr Poynter ruled to the satisfaction of his subjects for long years, and in the chapel of which he reposes, may well keep his memory green; whilst he is a link in the succession of the Vicars Apostolic not unworthy to be named with Challoner for his gentle spirit. Thus we may grant to him also the laurel of victory. In the words of the Greek poet who best renders our feeling as we conclude this mingled story, both are conquerors:

Νικᾶ δ'ὁ πρῶτος καὶ τελευταῖος δραμών.

WILLIAM BARRY

ENGLISH CARDINALS SINCE THE REFORMATION

ON that grey Sunday afternoon—now three months past—when in the winter twilight Westminster Cathedral awaited the return of the Roman purple, there suddenly fell one of those great silences that are always so full of suggestion. The chanting of Vespers had drawn to a close, and the densely-packed crowds remained in hushed expectancy looking for the coming of the new Cardinal. The silence of a great crowd is always an arresting force, but in these dim and sombre surroundings it made special appeal. Overhead towered the great domes of air, those wonderful spaces that are one of the chief glories of the Cathedral. In this great church the atmospheric beauties of London, rich in misty, opalescent lights, have been christianized; for the architect knew how to seize them and compel into the service of God all their mystery and all their wonder. And thus, for those few silent minutes after Vespers, these two great forces made themselves felt—the vast, empty spaces above, and the hushed crowd below. It was then that the influence of the occasion asserted itself, and grew more powerful than any sermon.

A writer there present sat dreaming of the last occasion before the Reformation on which an Englishman received the Cardinal's hat in this land; and next day, in the columns of his journal, he contrasted the investiture of Thomas Wolsey in Westminster Abbey with the welcome-awaiting Cardinal Bourne in his Cathedral. Yet to a modern Catholic the flamboyant figure of Wolsey and his predecessors from Breakspear to Morton seem strangely distant as compared with those who come after. In our Cathedral they would have seemed—not alien, for they, too, were Catholic and Roman—but out of touch, remote, their mediæval splendours ill according with our history of blood and suffering, and loss of all for Christ's sake, and gradual recovery, and restoring

English Cardinals

all things in Him. Better able to understand our joy on this occasion, heightened as it is by the memory of past trials, would be that line of prelates, beginning with him of Rochester, who have borne the same high dignity during the evil times and after. So, turning from Wolsey's pomp, it seemed the better part to see as in vision a procession of those later princely figures pass through the silence, as though to welcome him who was about to come amongst us, the most recent of those to whom it has been given to wear the flaming red that at once betokens the burning love of seraphim and the blood of martyrs.

This symbolism glows with life and actuality when we remember that the first of this pageant of Cardinals was a martyr in deed as well as in desire. Blessed John Fisher stands at the parting of the ways. His early life had belonged to the age which closed the story of mediæval England; his martyrdom came to him as the gift of the new epoch. Thus he belongs by right both to the old hierarchy and to the new martyrs. The Cardinal's hat, which was never to be placed upon his head, has in his case received rather than given honour; for in him it is encircled with the aureole of beatification.

Next to the Cardinal of Rochester comes the gracious figure of Reginald Pole. He, too, belonged by right both to the old world and the new. His life was spent in combating the revolt against the Church, and in forwarding at Trent and elsewhere the cause of the true reform; setting himself with wide sympathy to remedy the disorders of the new upheaval. But though he was a man of action, engaged hand to hand with the pressing problems of his age, he was himself the son of the past by ancestry and training, traditions, sympathies and convictions. The royal blood of England was in his veins, for he was a descendant of Edward III, and through him, remotely but indubitably, of a long line of royal ancestors reaching back to dim days of Egbert and the Saxon kings. When Mary set about her work of restoration, it was her good fortune to find at hand a man so splendidly fitted by

English Cardinals

nature and grace to fill the primatial chair of Canterbury. It was his tragedy to be involved in her failure. Everything in his early career had been of promise—the King's favour restoring his mother and her children to honour; the fullest scope for the gratification of his studious tastes at Oxford, Padua and Paris; academic successes and personal popularity; the friendship of such men as Bembo, Contarini, Erasmus and More. Besides great natural ability, cultivated by intercourse with such chosen spirits, he possessed the natural charm which wins friends, a great capacity for deep affection, and a faculty for beautiful and intimate friendship. When called upon to choose between Pope and King in 1536, he made the decision by which the rest of his life was devoted to the service of the Church. Paul III had seen in this gifted personality a powerful force to aid in the work of internal reform, and with this object in view he raised Pole to the cardinalate in the same year. His preliminary service on the commission of reform was but the prelude to the greater things of Trent, in which he took a leading part as one of the papal legates. For a moment—in the conclave of 1549—it looked as though he was destined for a higher office yet, but the occasion passed, and Julius III ascended the papal throne. Four years later Pole's great opportunity had arrived. The accession of Mary in 1553 had given England once more a Catholic sovereign, and one who, above all, was anxious to restore the ancient faith.

So Pole came as legate to London. If the wishes of Katherine of Arragon, of his own mother, the martyred Countess of Salisbury, and, indeed, of many others, had been of avail, he would long since have been Queen Mary's husband, and might have come to London even as King Consort. But the fatal Spanish marriage had been accomplished, so Pole came as legate of the Pope to absolve King and Queen, Parliament and nation from the guilt of schism, and to restore England to communion with the Holy See. Behind the ceremonial there lay a great constructive work to be accomplished, if the union

since the Reformation

were to last ; for much had been overthrown, and it was necessary to rebuild from the foundation. But the time was all too short and the hindrances too many. Not without reluctance he accepted the vacant throne of Canterbury. Till this moment he had shrunk from the spiritual responsibility of the priesthood. Now he was ordained priest, consecrated Archbishop, and installed as Primate of all England. Had his large-minded wisdom and broad charity been afforded twenty years to work in, and the support of a sovereign less unsympathetic and unfortunate than Mary, he might have succeeded in retaining England in the old obedience. But two brief years of troubled effort could not suffice. He lost the confidence of the stern Paul IV, and saw himself set aside as legate, thwarted and mistrusted. And when the Queen was on her death-bed, he, too, lay dying ; so together they passed away, leaving the work begun but not consolidated, to be utterly undone by Elizabeth within a few short months.

And close following upon Pole comes the well-nigh unknown figure of Cardinal Peyto, his features scarcely discernible to us in the twilight of history. Raised up by the higher powers to be an unwilling rival to Pole, he was too old and weary to have any heart left in him for such a conflict. Yet in himself William Peyto was a good and earnest man, ready and fit to do his own work. His boyhood had been spent in the quieter times of the fifteenth century, amid the surroundings of a Warwickshire home of good standing, his father being Edward Peyto of Chesterton, his mother one of the Throckmortons of Coughton. Both Oxford and Cambridge had a share in his education before he finally entered the Franciscan order. Holiness and ability combined to distinguish him, and in after years he comes into prominence first as confessor to the youthful Princess Mary, and then as Provincial of the Franciscans. Being a bold man, he preached against the divorce to the King's own face, and though he escaped scatheless on that Easter day of 1532, his refusal to punish the friar who subsequently

English Cardinals

defended him brought him into disfavour. Arrest followed, and then long years of exile in the Low Countries, where he still busied himself in English affairs, fearless, quick of temper, indiscreet, yet, as his enemies admitted, "one who could not flatter." Then for a time he disappeared, to be heard of finally at Rome, where he attracted the notice of the Pope, who in 1547 gave him the bishopric of Salisbury, which he could never claim till Mary became queen, and then he knew himself too old. Gladly he sought refuge in his old convent at Greenwich, which the Queen had restored, and would willingly enough have ended his days there in calm obscurity. But at this moment, Paul IV, not forgetting ancient theological divergences on the subject of justification, withdrew his confidence from Pole, and, adopting a harsh and hostile attitude, determined to supersede him as legate. Remembering only Peyto's headlong honesty in past times, and not knowing that old age was weakening his mental powers, the Pope suddenly, in the consistory of June, 1557, created him Cardinal and appointed him legate. Prompt protest against this action was made by England, but without result ; so that the Queen, who was a Tudor after all, point-blank refused to admit into the land the messenger who brought the cardinal's hat and brief. No one deprecated this unwelcome dignity more urgently than the aged friar himself, who, without any act on his part, found himself the innocent opponent of Queen and Government, and the object of derision and ill usage from the London street mob. Too old and feeble to do anything at all, he shrank into still deeper obscurity, so that not even the place or date of his death are known for certain. He was still living in October, 1558, a month before the Queen and Cardinal died, and "the rest is silence."

As Pole and Peyto pass beyond our gaze we realize that they had been concerned to restore the old order while it was still possible to save it. The task of the next English Cardinal was to adapt himself to altered circumstances, and to lay the foundation on which the new order

since the Reformation

might be built ; and God had fitted him nobly for the task. For William Allen was of faithful Lancashire stock, and had devoted his life to study at Oxford, where Oriel claims him as the first of her two great Cardinals. Thus, when he lost his position as Principal of St Mary's Hall, rather than deny the Pope's supremacy, he was able to carry with him the best traditions of Oxford to Douay, where other expatriated English scholars sought refuge and set their mark on the newly-founded university there. At first he did not realize the trend of his new work. Hoping that yet another turn of fortune would give England a Catholic ruler once more, he set himself to provide for that wished-for day by training up a body of learned priests, who, when the opportunity came, should return as apostles and teachers to restore the faith. But the years rolled on, and a new, great, and pressing need made itself felt. For the old priests were dying out, and there were none to replace them. So Allen widened the scope of his newly-founded English college, and, while maintaining the tradition of high scholarship there, devoted it primarily to the task of training missionaries, who, in defiance of death, torture and captivity, would venture to England for the saving of souls. And as the ancient hierarchy passed slowly away in prison, or in exile, he by the sheer force of personality acquired a new authority, a primacy undefined indeed, nor ever sanctioned formally, but recognized spontaneously by all, by Catholics in England, by exiles over seas, by the Pope and the Roman Court itself. It was a spiritual jurisdiction over the hearts and minds of men, granted by common consent, so powerful that, while he lived, no code of rules other than his will was needed for his colleges, while his presence was enough to end all disagreements and quell dissension. His power far transcended all his actual ecclesiastical preferment, the presidency of the Pontifical College at Douay, the canonry at Rheims—where his portrait is still preserved in the *évêché*—or that archbishopric of Mechlin, which he never actually filled. Lastly, it received the highest sanction when, in

English Cardinals

1587, Pope Sixtus V raised him to the cardinalate. None the less, it was an abnormal position, and one that required his special genius to support, as was painfully perceived when he was dead, and none could be found to fill his place. But neither this great power, worthily exercised though it was, nor his less happy political efforts, would have made his memory live among English Catholics as it does, had it not been for his work in restoring the secular clergy. By this he became a new Abraham, father of a mighty nation ; and all who have come after have built on his foundations. First the Vicars-Apostolic, then the Archbishops and Bishops of the Hierarchy have profited by his labours. And if his gentle spirit looked down on Westminster when the latest of English Cardinals knelt in prayer before the great high altar there, he beheld one who claims spiritual descent from him on a double title, as having been in turn a son of both the colleges* that claim lineal descent from Douay, and perpetuate its work in this land.

When Allen died in 1594 there came a time of confusion and distress, with little in the way of ecclesiastical rule, except the constant fatherly care of the Popes. Nor was there any accepted policy, but only discussions and quarrels as to policy, and make-shift expedients which came to nothing. Meanwhile, the Tudors had passed, and the Stuarts had come, and the crown of England had fallen and been restored before the next English Cardinal appeared. Philip Howard, "the Cardinal of Norfolk," was of that noble and ancient house to which the English Catholics have owed, and do still owe, so much. Like Pole, he was of royal descent ; like Peyto, he was a friar, but he came in the white habit of St Dominic, not in Franciscan garb, and he was the first of the three cardinals that London has given to the Church, the second being John Henry Newman, the third Francis Bourne. He came into prominence in connexion with the proposed restoration of episcopal jurisdiction in England. The experiment had already been

* Ushaw and St Edmund's.

since the Reformation

tried once. In 1623 Dr William Bishop had been appointed as Vicar Apostolic of England, but, after one brief, successful year, had died, being succeeded by Dr Richard Smith, who, after four or five unsuccessful years, had withdrawn to Paris, where he lived for another quarter of a century, a mere shadow of authority, though an authentic source of jurisdiction. On his death in 1655 began an anarchic period. Spiritual faculties were obtained in almost haphazard way from the Cardinal Protector of England, or the Presidents of the Pontifical Colleges, or from the dean and chapter ; but the chapter was not too well assured of its own position, as it received only doubtful, or at best tacit, recognition from Rome. The majority of its members, too, became suspected of "Blackloism," which meant unsound views on certain theological points and the obedience due to the State. Confusion increased, and there were practical difficulties as to Confirmation and obtaining the Holy Oils. By the time of the Restoration there was practical consensus of opinion that a bishop was necessary, but the question then arose where was he to be found? Several petitions for a bishop had reached the Holy See, and successive envoys came *incognito* to gain information as to the position of affairs. Agretti, in 1669, and Airoldi, in 1670, came, saw, and reported. The Internuncio at Paris, who at that time was the intermediary between the Holy See and the English Catholics, had already recommended the Queen's almoner, Philip Howard, as the most suitable man. His illustrious descent and influence with the King would render him acceptable to the Court. Being neither Jesuit nor secular, he would be well qualified for healing outstanding differences ; he was not an adherent of the chapter, and was beyond all suspicion of Blackloism ; though not a man of profound erudition he had sufficient learning, while his exemplary life and gracious manner would render him acceptable to all. The Internuncio pressed his appointment the more strongly as the Chapter had its own plan, carefully designed to further its own interests. The Chapter desired a bishop

English Cardinals

with ordinary jurisdiction, and not a Vicar Apostolic, whose immediate dependence on the Pope made him independent of the "capitulars." A step in this direction seemed feasible when Richard Russell, himself a member of the Chapter, became bishop-elect of Portalegre, in Portugal. The Chapter planned to bring him to England as Chaplain to the Queen, Catherine of Braganza, and then to arrange for his resignation of the Portuguese See, and his appointment as head and superior of the clergy of England. His position would be the easier, as the Queen's marriage settlement had provided that her head chaplain should be a bishop.

The Internuncio, supported by the ambassadors of Spain, Portugal, and Venice, prevailed, and in 1672 Philip Howard was appointed Vicar Apostolic of all England. The briefs duly reached the Internuncio's hands, but there they rested; for King Charles II protested strongly against Howard's appointment, alleging that he was not competent for so high an office. It may well be doubted whether this was the real reason, but the King's pleasure was enough, and the Holy See followed the more prudent course. But though Philip Howard was never consecrated bishop, the Pope reserved for him the higher dignity, and in the consistory of May, 1675, created him Cardinal.

Hitherto we have dwelt on the circumstances rather than the man, yet his story is of interest in itself. After an English boyhood at home, he was entered as a fellow-commoner of St John's College, Cambridge, but the Civil War caused him to be carried abroad while still a boy. There his vocation to the religious life asserted itself, and in 1645, when sixteen years old, he entered the Dominican house at Cremona. Never was vocation more severely tried. His grandfather, the Earl of Arundel, furious at the lad's determination, sought the help of the Cardinal Protector of England and other cardinals. By their influence the novice was forcibly removed to Milan, where he proved staunch, and convinced the Cardinal Archbishop that his vocation was true. The

since the Reformation

family, still angry, carried the matter to the Pope himself, who remitted it to the Congregation of Propaganda. Brought to Rome, the boy was transferred to the care of the Oratorians, only to convince them in turn that his call was from God. The Pope at length, after a personal interview with him, gave him permission to be professed. As a friar he was ever filled with special zeal for the conversion of England, and gave practical proof of this by establishing the college for English youths attached to the Dominican priory of Bornhem, which he founded. After the Restoration he was much at the English Court, his advice being frequently sought by Charles II, and in 1662 he became head chaplain and afterwards Lord Almoner to the newly-married Queen. The Protestant outcry which in 1672 followed his share in promoting the royal declaration of toleration for liberty of conscience, raised such a storm against him that he withdrew once more to Bornhem. There he was dwelling when he was summoned to receive the Cardinal's hat in Antwerp Cathedral. The rest of his life was given to Rome, where he has left a memorial of himself in the venerable English college in the *via di Monserrato*, which was rebuilt under his direction, and in his adjoining palace, now fitly enough the Collegio Beda for English students. His work for England never ceased, his counsels being ever on the moderate side ; but his unavailing efforts could not prevent the tragedy of James II, and he lived to see new ruin fall upon Catholic hopes. Five years after the Revolution, on June 17, 1694, our "white Cardinal" died.

The next stately personage to pass before us need not hold our attention long. Henry Benedict Mary Clement Stuart, Duke of York, son of an uncrowned king, and exiled prince of the blood royal, was himself the kindest and perhaps the worthiest of his unhappy line. He never forgot the fatherland which he had never seen, but in truth his long blameless life was aloof from England and her interests. Cardinal at the age of twenty-two, after a boyhood spent in foreign Courts, amid the refined surroundings of a not unpleasant exile, he proved himself an

English Cardinals

earnest, devout man, capable of wise administration in the various offices he held at the Papal Court. Had the rising of '45 succeeded, and his father regained the English crown, he might have played a useful part in England with much advantage to the Church. But as events shaped themselves, he could do nothing more for our country than evince a kindly, remote interest in the English Catholics ; and through sixty years of Cardinalate, from 1747 till his death in 1807, his name hardly occurs in the pages of our ecclesiastical history. As Cardinal bishop of Albano he won a more enduring memory, and accomplished more lasting work than is denoted by the unreal title, "Cardinal of York," or the ghostly royal style to which, as the last of his direct line, he succeeded. "Henry IX, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith" is the inscription on that pathetic medal of 1788, and even to him it was but a legend in every sense. Doubtless he had been created Cardinal because he was of royal blood, but his integrity and whole-hearted service of the Church might well have raised him to the purple on his own merits. When disasters and revolution came upon Rome, he, as an old man, faced poverty and hardship with truly royal dignity and courage. When prosperity was restored he knew how to make a truly royal recognition of the timely aid which George IV had afforded him in the day of his trouble. So he passed out of history with a more precious possession in his real virtues than in his phantom crowns.

For an instant the clear-cut feature of Charles Cardinal Erskine look forth at us from the turmoil of the Napoleonic upheaval. But as a member of the noble house of Mar and Kellie he belongs to Scotland, as by his life and labours he belonged to Rome. One distinguished embassy to London has won him a place in our history, and a constant interest in the affairs of English Catholics may win him a place in their gratitude, but not entitle them to claim him as their own.

A typically English figure fills the gap when in 1830 a Dorsetshire squire, a widower and father of a married

since the Reformation

daughter, entered the Sacred College in the person of Thomas Cardinal Weld. The son of one who was reckoned one of the richest gentlemen in England, and himself the head of an ancient and honoured family, his social position among Catholics was of the highest. His own sterling worth and independence of character gave him added influence. Having been born in 1773, he was already forty-eight years of age when, after his wife's death, he was ordained priest at Paris. Nothing in his previous life had at first sight suggested high ecclesiastical preferment. He had been a country magistrate, occupied with his estate and the interests of sport. But his fellow Catholics knew and appreciated his deep and manly piety, and the generous charity with which he had succoured the French exiles, especially the religious communities who had been driven from France by the Revolution, so that few believed that he would be allowed to remain for long as a simple priest working on the Chelsea mission. Five years passed in this sacred but obscure routine, and then the Vicar Apostolic of Upper Canada obtained his appointment as his coadjutor. He was consecrated Bishop of Amycla, at Old Hall, in 1826, but was never able to make the journey to Canada, partly because of failing health, and partly because the business of the vicariate required his presence in Europe. At length he was called to Rome, and on May 25, 1830, he was created Cardinal. Wiseman afterwards wrote of this as a "new and unexpected occurrence," and the mere fact of the Cardinal's former marriage, and the presence in Rome of his daughter, Lady Clifford, may well have seemed startling to some; but the situation was aptly summed up in the happy phrase, "the Cardinal of the Seven Sacraments," and there the wonder rested. For seven years Cardinal Weld lived in *curia*, occupying apartments in the Odescalchi Palace, which were soon famed as a centre of charity, hospitality, and benevolence. It was in these rooms that Cardinal Wiseman, as rector of the Collegio Inglese, delivered to an audience, which included many distinguished *savants*, his lectures on the connexion between science and re-

English Cardinals

ligion. Wiseman has testified to the fact that "he soon acquired considerable influence in the congregations or departments of ecclesiastical affairs to which he was attached," and, as was natural, he took the keenest interest in English affairs. And if he took with him into the Sacred College some of the characteristic traits of the old-fashioned English squire, a certain tenacity of opinion and assertiveness of manner, this was all of a piece with his straightforward and sterling force of character.

An Englishman of quite a different type was Charles Januarius Acton, who, shortly after Weld's death, was called to the sacred purple. Though he was born at Naples, where his father, Sir John Acton, had been engaged in the Neapolitan service, being Prime Minister as well as Commander-in-Chief of the Land and Sea Forces, yet he himself was by training English. His education, curiously enough, was largely in Protestant hands. Difficulties about religion led, indeed, to his removal from Westminster School; but he was entrusted to Protestant teachers till he became an undergraduate at Magdalene College, Cambridge. Yet he had from early boyhood resolved to devote his life to the priesthood, and from Cambridge he went directly to the *Academia Ecclesiastica* at Rome. This opened to him a career in diplomacy, and he passed from one success to another. As attaché to the Papal Nunciature at Paris, vice-legate of Bologna, assistant-judge in Rome, and secretary to the Congregation for the maintenance of religious discipline, he proved his fitness till, early in January, 1837, he was promoted to the high office of Auditor to the Apostolic Chamber. A brilliant lawyer, with a profound knowledge of his subject and a sound judgement, he made his mark in the Roman courts, and won the confidence of the Pope, who was accustomed to say that his opinions on ecclesiastical affairs were so clear that he never had occasion to read anything of his twice over. Created Cardinal *in petto* in 1839, he was proclaimed on January 24, 1842, with the title of Santa Maria della Pace, having just entered his fortieth year. Success did not affect a singularly beauti-

since the Reformation

ful character, and though his natural joyous humour was something restrained by the weight of responsibility, his sweetness of temper, gentleness and humility distinguished him to the last. His charities were so great that, in relieving the necessities of others, he sometimes experienced want himself; but his health, never strong, was not equal to the demands he made on it, and in 1847 he returned to his native city of Naples to die. He was but forty-four when he closed a life in which clear-sighted genius, and a gracious and beautiful personality were united in a way that posterity will not willingly forget.

During three centuries—from 1550 to 1850—England counted seven cardinals. In the sixty-one years that followed she has welcomed six. But round their names memories crowd too thickly for brief utterance. The splendid figure of Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman, recalling at so many points of his character and life-work the great prelates of the Middle Ages, takes his place at the head of a new line, intimately and for ever associated with the See of Westminster, and they enter as by right their own Cathedral; but there is no need to recall bare outlines of a story which is still on the lips of men. It is enough to repeat over their names as they pass:—Henry Edward Manning, that great and illustrious churchman, the “People’s Cardinal,” statesman and democrat; Edward Howard, the soldier Cardinal, whose name, and race, and Roman life recall his kinsman Philip; John Henry Newman, whose genius belongs to the English people, who came to the purple out of the valley of darkness, and who, being dead, still speaketh, “heart to heart”; and Herbert Vaughan, whose humility and penance underlay the magnificence that made of him a deed-doer, who knew how “to love and serve” the heathen, and who built the Cathedral in which we dream of these dead princes of the Church.

Then, as it were suddenly, we are awakened by a trumpet-call, and the clanging of a great bell, and the acclamations of a multitude without, as the chant of the Church

English Cardinals

goes up to welcome the latest of the English Cardinals entering on his inheritance.

Surely it is not fanciful to think of those dead cardinals, who have preferred the duties before the honours of their high office, and among whom no unworthy name is to be found, as present in the spirit, because their work survives and is here to be continued by their heir. In five different centuries they have laboured, each bringing his own character and talents to bear on difficulties and problems which have varied from age to age ; but, diverse in many respects, they were all at one in single-hearted devotion to the City of God. And the memory of those whom we have been recalling, as well as those whom there is yet no need to recall, is the high inspiration that descends as of right to their latest successor.

EDWIN BURTON

LAFCADIO HEARN

The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. Edited by Elizabeth Bisland. London: Constable.

THE new volume of Lafcadio Hearn's Japanese Letters helps to complete our knowledge of him. It lets us look again, and more in detail, at his mind and soul, and watch there for a while the strangest of processes—an attempt at the remoulding of personality consciously and deliberately carried on. For that is one of the most remarkable things Lafcadio Hearn did. His delicate skill in the weaving of rainbow-tinted, prismatically-gleaming prose, his close observation and marvellously sympathetic reflection of the life of Japan, is hardly more valuable or more remarkable to us now, than the strange experiment he carried out upon himself. To bring about something very like a re-incarnation, by force of will, and within the limits of a life, to do it consciously and deliberately. Who else ever made such a plan?

We find in his letters the account of this experiment, an extraordinarily detailed and unrestrained and continued record of the process, in all its stages, in all its failure and success. Perhaps the whole situation was never better summed up than in the simple, half comprehending words of his little Japanese wife: "Indeed he loved Japan with his whole heart, but his sincere love for Japan was not very well understood by Japanese." That has the whole story in it. With the new volume to enlarge our knowledge, we can follow him closely, from the first golden days at Matsue, to the busier and less rapturous time at Kamamoto. Even then hope was strong, and letters many. As years passed, and brought failing health and growing anxieties, hope burnt low; and the record becomes scantier and scantier, the letters fewer and fewer, as we come near the end.

Hearn's way of dealing with himself as an artist, had always been on lines that led up to the final experiment. He was extremely self-conscious and deliberate in the matter. When he went to New Orleans in 1880, it was

Lafcadio Hearn

partly, no doubt, from a physical craving for tropical sunshine, partly because there was an opening for him there in journalistic work, but most of all, it would seem, because he felt the desire to give artistic expression to the life of a decaying civilization, and because it seemed to him to be a suggestive and stimulating milieu for the artist in him. He said to a friend afterwards: "It was your description of the sunlight and melodies and fragrance, and all the delights with which the south appeals to the senses that determined me."

Between New Orleans, Martinique and some of the other West Indian Islands, he lived nearly as long as he did in Japan. In 1880 he wrote: "I see beauty here all around me, a strange, tropical, intoxicating beauty. I consider it my artistic duty to let myself be absorbed into this new life, and study its form, and colour, and passion." A few years later he has had enough of that, and perhaps a little too much: "I'm sick of Creole romance—it nearly cost me my life," he says; nevertheless the goal of his literary efforts has gradually become clear to him. "It has long been my aim to create something in English fiction, analogous to that warmth of colour and richness of imagery peculiar to Latin literature." Hearn falls to worshipping Theophile Gautier, and to imitating him, with very odd effects upon his style, as, for example, in *Stray Leaves from Strange Literature*.

"Terraces, fretted by magical chisels, rose heavenward, tier upon tier, until their summit seemed but the fleecyness of summer clouds; arches towered upon arches, pink marble gates yawned like the mouths of slumbering bayaderes, crenellated walls, edged with embroidery of inlaid gold, surrounded gardens deep as forests, domes rounded like breasts made pearly curves against the blue."

That is how Lafcadio Hearn tried to reproduce Gautier's jewelwork in English, not altogether with success, as the reader will feel. Such overwhelming luxuriance, and unrestrained heaping of epithets, is not what goes to the makings of the "enamels and cameos" of

Lafcadio Hearn

literature. But the New Orleans life was an apprenticeship for what came after, and to the last, the life of the tropics delighted his imagination, as not yet even Japan could do.

During the first year in the East, while everything was still seen *couleur de rose*, he writes: "Pretty to talk of my 'pen of fire'—I've lost it. Well, the fact is, it's no use here. There isn't any fire here. It is all soft, dreamy quiet, pale, faint, gentle, hazy, vapoury, visionary, a land where lotus is a common article of diet, and where there is scarcely any real summer. Even the seasons are feeble ghostly things. Please don't imagine that there are any tropics here. Ah, the tropics, they still pull at my heart strings." But the tropics lay behind him. There he had practised the art of soaking his personality in exotic surroundings, of re-making and re-flavouring himself, as it were. He carried thence permanent enrichment, in a quickened art sense, and in the warmth of imagination that lingered ever after, a memory of more generous suns, that still glowed in him under the dimmer skies of Japan.

With all his heart-felt worship of Gautier, with all his effort to do in English what Gautier had done in French, even Gautier did not help to mould Hearn's life as Pierre Loti did.

There can hardly be a doubt, that his plans of life were in part at least, shaped by Loti's influence. In 1884 we find him saying of a journey he had made among the West Indian Islands, that its purpose "was largely inspired by the new style of Pierre Loti, the young marine officer, who is certainly the most original of living French novelists." He sets himself to possess all Loti's works, he corresponds with him, he recommends him and lends him to all his friends, he refers to him incessantly, and with ever increasing delight. In 1893 there came a mood of disillusion. He begins to fear that Loti's genius "must expire, with that natural blunting of the nerves which comes with the passing of youth," and later, he thinks he discerns the fulfilment of that prophecy in *Fantôme d'Orient*. But that passes, and very near the end of his life, we find him saying: "Sometime ago, when I was

Lafcadio Hearn

afraid that I might die, one of my prospective regrets was that I might not be able to read *L'Inde sans les Anglais*." Hearn can defend Loti's art against objectors with happy insight—

"Drop the shell of the man, the outer husk on which the vices are mere lichen growths, and within glows the marvellous subtle luminous soul of the Latin race—of Latin art, of Latin love of life, and youth, and all things beautiful. . . . of course I do not mean to say that art wholly based on nervous susceptibility is the ultimate art. It cannot be. But we need it. The spiritual the moral the aspirational, is based on the physical."

Beyond a doubt, Loti's methods of self-cultivation influenced Hearn's own—but, even in noting the resemblance, we can feel how vital the differences are. Hearn never lost sight of Loti's limitations, sometimes he felt a little scornful of them. Loti's observation was on the surface. Hearn's own aim was to go below it.

Where Loti stooped just to wet his lips, at the fountains of life and love, in the lands he visited, Lafcadio Hearn must needs drink deeply and often. By degrees he found out how much harder his experiment was than Loti's. By degrees he realized that, bewildered by the multiplicity of flavours, it was almost impossible for him to keep that certainty of perception with which Loti could taste the perfect quality of the moment. He may say in a moment of impatience: "The nearest approach to soul in French books, is an extreme sensual refinement," but he never fails to recognize, that Loti, within his limitations, always feels and perceives, with an inimitable delicate sympathy, that is not to be surpassed. He cannot always get away from Loti; such a passage as the following, about his Japanese wife, is in the very note of Loti's kind of perception.

"Yes; Japanese women are all children of course. They perceive every possible shade of thought, vexation, doubt or pleasure—as it passes over the face, and they know all you do not tell them. If you are unhappy about anything, then they say: 'I will pray to the Kami

Lafcadio Hearn

'Sama for my Lord,' and they light a little lamp, and clap their hands, and pray. And the ancient gods hearken unto them, and the heart of the foreign barbarian is therewith lightened, and made luminous with sunshine. And he orders the merchants of curious textures to bring their goods to the house, which they do, piling them up like mountains, and there is such choice that the pleasure of the purchase is dampened, by the sense of inability to buy everything in the world. And the merchants departing, leave behind them dreams in little Japanese brains of beautiful things to be bought next year."

That is very Loti-like. Its playfulness has just that surface touch, that sometimes vexed Hearn's soul, when he recognized it in the Frenchman. It is rather amusing to contrast this, with Mrs Hearn's quaintly worded account of a shopping excursion. She says :

"He always chose the best and excellent quality of any kind of things, so in purchasing my dress he often ordered according to his taste. Sometimes he was like an innocent child. One summer we went to a store, selling cloth for a bathing cloth, which I wear in summer time. The man showed us various kinds of designs, all of which he was so very fond, and bought. I said that we need not so many kinds. He said, 'but think of that. Only one yen and a half a piece. Please put on various kinds of dress, which only to see is pleasant to me.' He bought some thirty pieces, to the amazement of the store people." Though, in spite of himself, Hearn is found sometimes looking at his little wife, and at the life around him with Loti's eyes, there can be no doubt that he entered on his marriage in a spirit very far removed from any such Loti-like intention as "Madame Chrysanthème" has enshrined for us.

Hearn meant the relationship to be a permanent and serious one from the first, and for some years his whole anxiety and preoccupation was to secure the strict legality of his marriage, both according to Japanese and English law. Yet, for all its pretty tenderness, the relationship seems, even to the end, to have been an exotic and fragmentary one. We feel it so in the handful of letters

Lafcadio Hearn

to his wife that are included in the new volume. They are very charming, playful and loving, full of pretty details about the children and their doings, but all written as to another child. There is hardly a trace in them of the Lafcadio Hearn we know in his books or in his other correspondence. Pretty as the letters are, they carry a certain sense of unreality. They represent so entirely an adaptation of himself to a small pretty child-life, not his own, never his own, and it is not the child playing with toys, but the grown-up condescending to them.

He had never wished to educate his wife, or to Westernize her mind, and, as we read, it becomes evident how thoroughly he had succeeded in keeping her outside his whole intellectual life. "It doesn't make a man any happier to have an intellectual wife," he writes, not long after his marriage, and perhaps that is quite true, when other intellectual companionship is open to the man, but such was not Hearn's case.

A few years after his marriage, when a visit to Western friends at Tokio had given him opportunities of companionship for a little while, we get a glimpse, in what he says, of his terrible loneliness. "My ghostly part was really too hungry for such an experience The unspeakable absence of comprehension is a veritable torture. . . . The idea of returning to the life of Japan, is a growing terror to be overcome."

His feelings fluctuated constantly, but, after all, the intimate charm of his home-life never lost its spell for him. It was pretty, tender, consoling, if never satisfying.

He writes later: "Another day, and I was in touch with England again. How small suddenly my little Japan became, how lonesome, what a joy to feel the West. . . . Then I stopped thinking. For I saw my home, and the lights of its household gods, and my boy reaching out his little hands to me, and all the simple charm and love of old Japan. And the fairy world seized my soul again, very softly and sweetly, as a child might catch a butterfly."

Loti never felt such a tie pulling at his heartstrings, its tenderness and its strength were not possible for him, who

Lafcadio Hearn

always tasted the bitterness of the last kiss even in the rapture of the first, who always so well fore-knew the end.

With his exquisite instinct he knew or divined *almost* everything, but not just that.

When we read of Hearn's early tastes and inclinations, in literature and self expression, and compare them with the conditions to which he deliberately chose to conform himself when he entered Japanese life, we ask with a feeling of bewilderment, what led him to that particular choice? Why Japan, rather than some tropical, passionate land of sunshine and colour.

When first we met him in the letters, Théophile Gautier, as we have seen, is the god of his idolatry. He feels that "the beauty of exotic verse seems to take us by the throat, with the strangulation of pleasure." At that time he held that "All the great poems of the world are but so many necklaces of word jewellery for the throat of the Venus Urania, and all history is illuminated by the Eternal Feminine, even as the world's circle in Egyptian mythology is irradiated by Neith, curving her luminous woman's body from horizon to horizon." In going to Japan and making his life there, he placed himself in an intellectual atmosphere, where such a point of view was undreamed of, where imagination and sentiment, had laid no transforming touch on the life of the senses. At first, this racial divergence fascinated him. The letters of the early years in Japan show an unceasing effort to adjust himself to the unwonted standpoint, to understand it fully, and to explain it to himself and others.

It allured him strangely. It may have seemed to him to promise a sort of rest, that the passion-troubled life of the West had never given him. He tells us, "'Teacher,' cry my students, 'why are English novels all about love and marriage? That seems to us very strange.' They say 'strange.' They think 'indecent.' Then I try to explain." The whole plan of family life, as the Japanese understand it, was a kindred subject, closely related to that explanation. Writing to Ellwood Kendrick in 1893, he sums up the family relationships of the East.

Lafcadio Hearn

“To an Oriental it seems utterly monstrous, that grown-up children should not live with their father, mother, and grandparents, and support and love them, more than their own children, wives or husbands. It seems to him sheer wickedness, that a man should not love his mother-in-law, or that he should love his own wife, even half as well as his own father or mother. . . . His wife is not . . . of the blood of the ancestors. How *can* he love her like his own parents?”

About the same time, Hearn mentions, not quite without dismay, but with a perceptible touch of admiration too, an episode that occurred in a neighbouring village. A peasant killed his wife, in order to oblige his mother with a bit of fresh human liver, that remedy having been prescribed for the failing eyesight of the elder woman by a conjuror or medicine man of local repute. Hearn thought that was carrying the system rather far, certainly; yet in his enthusiasm he half suspects that in the question of family relationships the Oriental is right.

He entered, in his own person, into the frame-work of Japanese society—became the adopted son of his wife's parents, supporting them and living with them, exactly as a Japanese would have done.

Soon after his arrival in Japan he had wished that he might be reincarnated in some Japanese baby, so that he “could see and feel the world as beautifully as a Japanese brain does.” His deliberate aim was “To adopt Japanese life without reserves, its costumes, its diet, its life upon the floor, its interminable small etiquette. . . . I think it is only by this way, in the course of years, that I can get at the Kokoro of the common people, which is my whole aim, the religious and emotional home life.” Not merely to taste and touch as Loti did, but to go deeper, to bring his Western mind to bear sympathetically on the innermost secrets of the race-problem.

The wish to view one civilization through the medium of another, to taste flavours by contrast, to bring the enrichment of one kind of life to bear on the inter-

Lafcadio Hearn

pretation of another, was a long cherished literary ideal with him. "A book on Latin life, studied through polytheistic feeling," was one of his projects. And in the early days he hoped greatly.

And Japan made its mark upon him. By degrees a tinge of ascetic or Puritan feeling, contrasting quaintly with the Old Adam in him, began to show itself. We catch hints of it here and there, in oddly varied directions. The prose stories of William Morris, the evening dress of the Western woman, French comic papers—he mentions all these things at different times, as having become distasteful to him, and he is rather amused with himself when he finds it so. That is apparently how, in one odd, indirect way, Japan influenced his mind; not transforming it after her own likeness by any means, but deflecting it from its habitual working, in one special direction.

As the years pass by, gradually, slowly, intermittently, we see the tide of discouragement creeping in. It has its checks and pauses, but it gains ground. It begins in a kind of instinctive shrinking from just those surface, racial characteristics which had seemed so attractive at first. In early days he has felt, that "To speak before a Japanese audience is delightful. One look at all the placid, smiling faces, reassures the most shrinking soul at once." Later on we find him saying, "I looked at all those passive Oriental faces, and my courage began to ooze away." And again he records: "After having been for three years shaved in religious silence, by a being with a face like Buddha, I felt (the other day) a sort of regret for the American barber, who parts his hair down the middle, and insists on telling you all about his girl." The sense of not understanding, of being an outsider, which had seemed quite natural and inevitable at first, deepened and increased, instead of being dispelled by familiarity. Before long he began to distrust the conclusions arrived at in his first book about Japan. He consulted a Japanese friend who answered coolly, "If you described your own feelings, the book will be in that sense true. But if you write about Japanese character, of course you will be

Lafcadio Hearn

mistaken. You do not know it, indeed I do not believe you can ever learn it." Eight years later, in the year of his death, Hearn wrote and italicised: "*I have learned about Japan, only enough to convince me that I know nothing about Japan.*" How many moods, how many ups and downs, lay between those two sayings.

We learn about his disillusion chiefly from the letters. There he gave himself free rein, and we have full and even (we are sometimes inclined to think) exaggerated records of every fit of disappointment, every revulsion of feeling. In his books, his deliberate artistic creations, there is no such unrestrained self-revelation, but, reading them, as we cannot help doing now, in the light of the letters, we can trace the working of his mind. In *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, he gives the impression of his first golden days, spent in the primitive country at Matsue, where the old faiths and the old customs still prevailed. He is brimming over with almost unqualified delight. Four years later he says: "To-day I spent an hour in reading over part of the notes taken on my first arrival, and during the first six months of 1890. Result—I asked myself: 'How came you to go so absolutely mad?' It was much the same kind of madness as the first love of a boy." We cannot regret that he has recorded the charm and wonder of those first months imperishably for us. They represent exquisitely what was at least a very important mental experience of his own.

His interest in the new world around him, in the religions, and in the customs, which were all, as he presently discovered, part of the religions, was insatiable. Almost every letter in those early years is full of inquiries, and eager narratives of observation and discovery. Every detail of domestic life, every legend, excites his curiosity, his wonder, his delight. He never wearies of his subject.

As he begins to doubt of his success in entering into the soul of this Eastern people, his mind turns more and more to their older fairy-tales and stories of ghost and goblin. ("I believe in ghosts, though I disbelieve in

Lafcadio Hearn

souls," he mentions, parenthetically, in one letter.) The old legends were less alien to him than he was beginning to feel the Japan of to-day to be.

Hearn's Buddhist stories had influenced him profoundly, and had flavoured all his thoughts. He begins, after a while, to interpret his beloved Herbert Spencer, in mystical Buddhistic senses that would have caused that philosopher a good deal of surprise. But in his later books Hearn often, even in discussing things Japanese, falls into abstract thought, and dreams and wonders in a universal way that has relation to the human mind and soul, generally speaking, not especially to Japan. His first absorption in her is gone. In *Exotics and Retrospections*, he deliberately turns back from Japan in the retrospective studies; and, for a little space, dwells in the world of his own earlier mind.

By degrees even the fairy tales began to disappoint him sometimes. He found the poetry, much indeed of all the art, to be a thing of suggestions, of fore-shadowings and hints, never carried out to what the Western mind could feel to be completion or accomplishment. "After all," he cried, "what is there large in Japan except Fuji and the ranges. What has man made . . . what does he think . . . what does he feel that is large. How very small his imaginations are. . . . To-day, what is his tendency? To make everything that he adopts small—philosophy, sciences, material, arts, machinery; everything is . . . diminished for Lilliput." When he says: "The new Japan has a heart as hollow and bitter as a dried lemon," we know that the words are the outbreak of some sudden, half-pettish vexation, but beneath that there lay a very profound distaste to the Japan he saw in the making, the Westernized Japan, which seemed to him to be throwing over-board "its whole moral experience of the past." But doubts and repulsions, that went deeper than the mere aspects of the changing, modernizing Japan, were growing in his mind. In 1893 he had written to a Japanese friend: "Indeed I think the great difficulty of mutual comprehension between the Japanese

Lafcadio Hearn

and the English, is chiefly due to the predominance of a *feminine idea* in our language, our art, and our whole conception of nature. Therefore the Oriental can see aspects of nature to which we remain blind."

We have seen how the Egyptian fable of the goddess Neith pleased his imagination in the old days in the tropics. At first in Japan, in spite of himself and against his temperament, the "predominance of the feminine idea" had come to seem to him a weakness, perhaps a debasement. He had never been very sure about it, but the Japanese standpoint had, as we have seen, allured him, if only by way of contrast.

Later, in spite of the involuntary tinge of Puritanism that had come upon him, we find him of opinion that the absence of the Latin ideal of art in the race "is a serious defect rather than a merit, and is very probably connected with the absence of the musical sense and the capacity for abstract reasoning," and again: "The Puritanism of intellect is cultivated to the gain of certain degrees of power, but also to the hardening of character"; and he says this, be it remembered, when his own instincts were becoming almost ascetic. The birth of his son had tended to change his outlook by degrees, giving him a certain feeling of respect for convention, safety, social order—all the things he would at one time have held in some measure of contempt. He began by saying: "The little man will wear sandals and dress like a Japanese, and become a good little Buddhist, if he lives long enough. He will not have to go to church, and listen to stupid sermons, and be perpetually tormented by absent conventions. He will have what I never had as a child, natural, physical freedom." In 1903 he says of the boy: "The spirit of him is altogether gentle, a being entirely innocent of evil. What chance for him in such a world as Japan?"

In that first-born child his affections centred. The others were Japanese in appearance and apparently in nature, and he willingly consigned them to Japanese life. There is little mention in the letters, even of the boy

Lafcadio Hearn

next in age. But, for that precious eldest son it was another matter, and he craved Western education for him. The boy's future was evidently the torturing anxiety of his later years, and the experiment of "Japanization" for himself had given him no desire to practise it upon his son, even about the time when his own re-making had borne its most remarkable fruits in the writing of *Kokoro*.

In that book Hearn surely reached the high-water mark of his literary work. His style had matured and become well nigh perfect in its subtle music, its delicate cadence and rhythm, its soft, radiant colouring. And though the book is sad, it is still alive with ardent, delighted admiration for what is noble and self-sacrificing in Japanese character, and beautiful in Japanese life. The profound dissatisfaction of the last years does not over-cloud it, nor the confident optimism of the earlier time, discount its value. There is little mention of it in the letters, yet *Kokoro* is perhaps the most completely satisfying book he ever wrote.

The impression the later years leave with us is increasingly sad. The letters change in tone and become fewer in number. The new volume only brings us four years on our way—Hearn's happiest and most hopeful years, on the whole, in spite of temporary discouragements and vexations. As time passes there is noticeably less and less about Japanese life; the old curiosity and eagerness of research has died away. His mind is often pre-occupied with personal anxieties and details, almost to the exclusion of larger thoughts. He is more and more dissatisfied with his position, and there is a restless tendency to make plans for visits to Europe or America. He does not much believe in those plans himself, even as temporary moves; and he never seriously contemplates leaving Japan except for a time. From the date of his marriage, he had always recognized that he was settled for life in his wife's country, though he may dream sometimes of going further afield in search of new literary material. In the earlier and happier days he was

Lafcadio Hearn

content, because "the Japanese are still the best people in the world to live among," and to the end he never really thought otherwise, however his own mental relation to them might disappoint him. His dread of the busy, cruel, industrial life of the West, remained like a nightmare to him, and when he feels homesick, he says, laughingly, that it is only "as homesick as it is lawful for a Japanese citizen to feel." But the letters got fewer each year. We are given two for 1900, only one for the following year, and quite a few pages hold the rest up to 1904, when he died.

The impress of a painful sense of restriction is upon his last book, *Japan: an Interpretation*. He had girded himself up wearily for a last effort, almost as if he knew it would be the last; a full summing up of all that failure and disappointment, as well as love and sympathy, had taught him. In this book he seems to have acquired what he had called years before, "the supreme artistic quality, self-restraint," in an almost painful degree. There are no more "purple patches," there are very few coloured words and jewelled phrases, such as he used to love.

The language is severely simple, perfectly clear, direct, and unadorned. His wife has said that it seemed to him the hardest of all his books to write, and failing health and mental depression and anxiety may well have made it so. All Hearn's artistic work was produced with painful effort, but in any of his other books we can feel the artist's joy in his creation. Even in this last he was too truly an artist to allow the effort to appear, but there is no impression of joy. The opening chapter on "Strangeness and Charm," is touched with an indescribable sadness, as it tells of the first delight of the traveller in Japan: "Remember that all here is enchantment, that you have fallen under the spell of the dead, that the lights, and the colours, and the voices, must fade away at last into emptiness and silence."

He remembers vividly the wonder of his own delight, he even knows that "some chance happening" can call it up again, and renew it in him for the moment. "In

Lafcadio Hearn

those remoter districts . . . the charm of the old existence lingers and amazes," but, he adds, "the sociologist will realize "that between those minds and the mind of his own epoch, no kinship of thought, no community of sentiment, no sympathy whatever, could exist—that the separating gulf was not to be measured by thousands of leagues, but only by thousands of years, that the psychological interval was as hopeless as the distance from planet to planet."

But here is the pathos of the situation. After his fourteen years' effort to understand, he finds that the recognition of failure is his best qualification for his task. He carefully collects together all that research and study can tell him, all that daily observation has made familiar to him, all the outer aspects of the life that he has spent, the years in learning, and also, very simply, he records his inability to do more or to go further.

"Buddha would never let me into his Paradise, because I can't understand."

Having written that book he died, and it remains the last word of his literary achievement—rather a sad last word, yet not unfitly marking the end of his strangest of experiments, the experiment of re-making a personality. If the Lord Buddha did not receive him into his paradise, he was at least accepted into Buddhist holy ground, where he rests now, amidst the sanctities of the faith that meant most to him while he lived, and in a land that never ceases, though in words strange to Western ears, to raise in its own way the world-wide appeal :

"Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine."

HOLY GROUND

O WOMAN, how the sacrosanct
Keys of the Holy Places ye
To them have yielded, all unthanked,
Who enter in unworthily;

Whose tongues with blasphemies prevail
Against the lilies of the shrine,
Who raze the porch and rend the veil,
And make your mysteries undivine!

You to the sacrilegious foe
Betray the inaccessible gate;
Yourselves in laughing dances go
Over your ramparts desecrate.

Even unclean aliens like to these
With one chaste word you could astound
From your insulted sanctuaries:
"Avaunt, profane, 'tis holy ground!"

For no man, so uncouth or proud,
(Such sacred reverence guards the place)
Would venture speech even over-loud,
Save by the sanctioning priestess' grace.

O Lady, if the keys God gave
Into thy consecrating hand
Thou keptst but at thy girdle: rave
Who would, thy house should safely stand;

And all the good make pilgrimage
Thither; and climbing higher and higher,
From age to every sequent age
Draw nigher to thee, sweet, and nigher!

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

THE CHANGES IN INDIA AND AFTER

THE epoch-making changes in the system of Indian administration were announced by the King-Emperor at the close of the Durbar, which was held at Delhi on December 12 last, in the following words :

We are privileged to announce to our people that on the advice of our ministers; and after consultation with our Governor-General-in-Council, we have decided upon the transfer of the seat of the Government of India from Calcutta to Delhi, and simultaneously as a consequence of that transfer, the creation, at as early a date as possible, of a Governorship for the Presidency of Bengal, of a new Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, administering the areas of Behar, Chota Nagpur and Orissa, and of a Chief Commissionership of Assam, with such administrative changes and redistribution of boundaries as our Governor-General-in-Council, with the approval of our Secretary of State for India in Council may, in due course, determine.

The exact relation of these changes to each other is fully explained in the despatch of the Government of India of August 25 last to the Secretary of State, which appears to have initiated the whole scheme of administrative readjustment. From the tenor of the despatch, it would appear that the Government of India regarded the transfer of the head-quarters of the Supreme Government to Delhi as the keystone of the new arrangements. But the change of capital would not of itself entail any interference with the system of administration in the two Bengals and Assam. There is, in fact, a disposition among all classes of His Majesty's subjects in India to regard the sequence of the changes outlined in the despatch as somewhat inverted and illogical, and to treat the changes in Bengal as the kernel of the new policy. At all events, if the necessity for the modification or annulment of the Partition of Bengal be once admitted, the other changes would appear to follow as corollaries.

The Changes in India

I propose, therefore, first to discuss briefly the event which is known as the Partition of Bengal.

For some years prior to 1905, the congestion of the administrative machine in the province of Bengal had attracted considerable attention; the population, according to the census of 1901, was seventy-eight millions, and this vast aggregate of human beings was ruled by a Lieutenant-Governor without the aid of an Executive Council; his subjects comprized a medley of races, religions and castes: Bengalis, Ooriyas, Aborigines, Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians. Theory demanded that the head of the province should supervise closely every branch of the complicated administrative machine, and at the same time keep in touch with the varying and multitudinous interests of the races committed to his charge; in practice this was out of the question.

The administration of the districts or sub-divisions of the province was carried on under similar conditions.

The most elementary considerations of political wisdom suggested the necessity of some change in the interests of efficient government; more particularly it was necessary to devise a remedy for what Earl Curzon described in a recent speech in the House of Lords as "the scandalous maladministration" which prevailed in the Eastern province.

It is a moot point whether the remedy applied, the subdivision of the province into an Eastern and a Western portion, was suggested by Earl Curzon himself or not; it is certain, however, that he sanctioned the measure, and the Partition of Bengal is therefore usually associated with his name. The arrangements made in 1905 were as follows: The Eastern portion, with the addition of Assam, which was then administered by a Chief Commissioner, was erected into a new province under a Lieutenant-Governor, with Dacca as its headquarters, while the Western portion, which retained its old status, continued to be administered by a Lieutenant-Governor from Calcutta. After the Partition, the province of Bengal consisted of four main provincial subdivisions: Behar,

and After

Chota Nagpur, Orissa, and the Bengali-speaking districts situated to the South and West of the main stream of the Ganges; the districts to the North and East of this stream were incorporated with Assam to form the new province, which was subsequently known as Eastern Bengal and Assam.

In Bengal, as thus constituted, the inhabitants of Behar, Orissa, and Chota Nagpur greatly outnumbered the Bengalis; the vernacular language of Behar is Hindi, the language of Orissa is Uriya, and the people of Chota Nagpur speak either a dialect of Hindi, or one or other of three or four Dravidian or Kolarian languages; the vast majority of the inhabitants included in the province are Hindus, but there is a considerable sprinkling of Mohammedans, Animists, and Christians, the latter two being congregated chiefly in Chota Nagpur.

In Eastern Bengal proper, the universal language is Bengali; the majority of the population are Mohammedans, descendants of the Mogul conquerors, or Bengali converts to Mohammedanism. The inhabitants of Assam consist of a medley of races; the true Assamese are akin to the Bengalis, and speak a language which may almost be classed as a dialect of Bengali; the Mongoloid tribes and races, the Garos, the Khasis, and the Nagas, who inhabit the hill tracts, speak a variety of tongues, not even remotely connected with Bengali or Assamese.

Thus old Bengal consisted of a congeries of races, tribes and religions. So great, indeed, are the diversities in interests and differences in civilization of these various races—the Aryan Hindus have a civilization dating back some thousands of years, while the Kolarian and Mongoloid races have hardly yet emerged from barbarism—that the impartial observer may well be inclined to wonder at the unwisdom of those who proclaimed from the housetops that the experiment of the Partition was a settled fact for all time, which it was necessary to maintain in the interests of our Imperial prestige, and which did not admit of modification even in the light of experience. The arrangement of 1905 resulted, indeed, in the erection

The Changes in India

of two separate administrative units suitable as regards area and extent of population for administration by a Lieutenant-Governor; but it satisfied scarcely any other criterion, and it disregarded or ignored altogether historical associations and linguistic affinities. The Bengalis, who were by far the most numerous and the most advanced of the races affected, were divided between two separate administrations, and they resented the obliteration of the old historic province of Bengal proper by an artificial arrangement, which appeared to have been designed with the single idea of administrative convenience. A section of the Bengalis entertained the belief that this scheme of administration was in reality intended to destroy their predominance in the Lower Provinces, and that it had been carried through on the principle *divide et impera*; and this belief helped to swell the tide of resentment.

Prior to the enlargement of the Legislative Councils in 1905, the grievances of the Bengalis were to a large extent sentimental. The enlargement of the powers of the Local Legislative Councils has, however, altered the situation in a manner that is decidedly adverse to the Bengalis. The Councils have now important functions to perform, and it is likely that their powers will be further extended in the near future. The Bengali representatives on the Councils find themselves outnumbered in both provinces, in Eastern Bengal and Assam by the representatives of the Mohammedans and the Assamese, and in Bengal by the representatives of the Beharis, the Ooriyas, and the inhabitants of Chota Nagpur. They cannot exercise, therefore, a predominating influence in either division of the historic province to which they have given their name. It is impossible to gainsay the fact that their numbers, wealth, and intelligence entitle them, if not to predominance, at least to an approximate equality of influence with the Mohammedans, who are about equal to them numerically; but they are debarred from exercising in the Legislative Councils the same influence as the Mohammedans, for the reasons already assigned.

and After

Their grievance has, therefore, in the words of the Government despatch of August 25 last, become "one of undeniable reality."

Thus the change in the scope of the Legislative Councils and the closer association of the Indian representatives with the officials in the government of the country—events which were not foreseen in 1905—clearly necessitated the re-consideration of the Partition; by themselves they, indeed, constituted a sufficient reason for its modification or even for its cancellation.

But it is also futile to ignore the fact that the Partition led to an agitation which was unprecedented in the history of Bengal. Its course was marked by boycotting, outrages, and incipient revolt, and, after five or six years of turmoil, the Government of India concede that various circumstances have forced upon them the conviction that "the bitterness of feeling engendered by the Partition of Bengal is very widespread and unyielding, and that we are by no means at the end of the troubles which have followed upon that measure."

The discontent was widespread, not merely in the two Bengals; it reacted on the inhabitants of the other provinces, and the Partition was undoubtedly the primary cause of the high tension which has marked the trend of political events in India for some years. It is a mere commonplace to assert that civilized Governments cannot yield to outrage or sedition, without endangering the security and stability of the State, and it may be at once conceded that this is especially true in the case of a Government situated as the British Government in India. But to argue that every administrative experiment in the sphere of Indian Government—and the Partition of Bengal must be regarded as such—is not liable to alteration or modification, because a large section of the Indian people demand or desire a change, and that it is unwise, or even dangerous, to yield in any case, is equivalent to proclaiming that the administration is either infallible or tyrannical: infallible, if it is contended that every administrative expedient is necessarily for the

The Changes in India

best; tyrannical, if it is contended that, even where experience shows that the measure was mistaken, our prestige will not permit us to make a change. As a matter of fact, this extreme theory of prestige has no historical basis. The Government of India and the Local Governments have in the past frequently yielded to public opinion, and reversed their policy. The British rulers of India cannot, indeed, afford to yield to clamour; nor must they mistake the shouts of a few for the wishes of the many; but neither can they afford to contemn or disregard the sentiments or the national aspirations of large sections of the Indian people any more than they can afford to contemn or disregard their religious susceptibilities, which are, so to speak, protected by statute.

The Partition of Bengal has proved an open sore, and, as it was possible to devise other arrangements equally feasible as a solution of the administrative congestion, and in other respects free from the defects that caused its failure, it was a bold stroke of statesmanship to admit the mistake that has been made, and to rescind the arrangements of 1905. A great civilized Government does not really suffer a loss of prestige by repairing an error, and the candid supporters of the Partition must, at all events, admit that the results of the measure fell woefully short of expectations, that the strength of the opposition to it was under-estimated, and that it put an unwonted strain on the working of the whole administrative machine. There was, it is true, unrest in Bengal before the Partition; but it was the Partition, nevertheless, which gave the sedition-mongers their chance. They exploited the resentment caused by it to undermine the very foundations of British rule, and the discontent, which was before confined to a few, became general among large sections of educated Bengalis. The reunion of the two Bengals removes a potent weapon from the hands of the irreconcilables; and for this reason also it must tend to the consolidation of British rule.

The central fact of the new arrangements is the reuni-

and After

fication of the Bengali-speaking districts of the two existing provinces and the formation of a compact, and largely homogeneous, province of Bengal under a Governor-in-Council. The other arrangements follow as a corollary. Assam is too remote in any case to be administered from Calcutta, and it therefore reverts to its former status as a frontier province under a Chief Commissioner. The three remaining sub-provinces, Behar, Chota Nagpur, and Orissa are erected into a new province under a Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, with Patna as head-quarters. The cancellation of the Partition and the re-unification of the Bengali divisions of the two provinces satisfy the aspirations of the Bengalis, while the inhabitants of Behar, Orissa, and Chota Nagpur are also well pleased with an arrangement which will relieve them of their more pushful neighbours, and permit them to develop freely on their own national lines. There will be no longer any difficulty in giving practical effect to the cries, which have been so often heard of late, "Behar for the Beharis," and "Orissa for the Ooriyas." Though the new province, without the Bengalis, will be still far from homogeneous, the three races who reside within its borders have no complaints to make on that score; they recognize that smaller provincial units are at present outside the range of practical politics, and it is universally felt that it is a great advantage to have a local government at Patna, which will now have time to devote to the special needs of the three sub-provinces.

These changes have been, in fact, received with general enthusiasm, throughout all parts of the area affected, by all classes of the community, with the possible exception of the Mohammedans of Eastern Bengal. The latter settled down contentedly under the Partition from the first, and it must be admitted that that arrangement brought solid benefits in its train, as far as they were concerned. They received a larger share of official patronage than before; the Bengalis no longer monopolized the lion's share of new appointments; and the special needs of the Eastern districts, where the administrative

The Changes in India

machine was peculiarly congested, received the attention of a local government on the spot.

The attitude adopted by the great Mohammedan community to the present reform is, however, not one of opposition; they appear to agree that the annulment of the Partition was a necessity, but they are concerned that the interests of the Mohammedan community, which is more backward, less wealthy, and less influential than the Hindus, shall not be jeopardized or injuriously affected by the change; they apprehend that the dispensation of the loaves and fishes of official patronage may be again diverted to their disadvantage, that Dacca will relapse into the quiet and humdrum existence of a provincial town, and that the influence of the Bengali Hindus will preponderate in the Councils of the Presidency of Bengal.

The Mohammedans, however, have so far no reason to expect that their interests will be overlooked. They will retain the special representation which they already possess in the Legislative Council; Dacca will be the second capital of the Presidency, and they will be, in respect of numbers, in a position of approximate numerical equality with the Hindus. The trend of feeling amongst leading Mohammedans is best illustrated by the representations addressed to the Viceroy at Dacca towards the end of January by the Committee of the Central Mohammedan Association. The Committee made no demur to the reunion of the two Bengals, but requested that practical measures might be taken to safeguard the interests of Mohammedans, and to give effect to the pledge made in the now famous Government despatch of August 25 last, that "a settlement to be satisfactory and conclusive must duly safeguard the interests of the Mohammedans of Eastern Bengal and generally conciliate Mohammedan sentiment." They express alarm that, in the absence of very definite safeguards, owing to the disparity between their community and the Hindus in respect of education, wealth, and influence, the interests of the Mohammedans will be swamped in the Legislative

and After

Councils, and the District and Local Boards, and that they will not receive their proportional share of official patronage and of the provincial grants in aid of education. The definite suggestions brought forward for consideration by the Committee with a view to obviating these dangers are as follows :

1. That at least half of the Indian representatives on the Legislative Council should be Mohammedans.

2. That the numbers of the Moslem and Hindu representatives on the District Boards, Local Boards, and Municipalities should always be in proportion to the numerical strength of the Mohammedans and Hindu population in each district, sub-division, and Municipality.

3. That the distribution of State patronage in all departments and offices between the two communities should be regulated by the same standard of numerical strength.

4. That the allotments of provincial grants for education shall be distributed in equal shares for Hindus and Mohammedans, and the local grants made by the District Boards and Municipalities for purposes of education shall be distributed between the two communities in proportion to their numerical strength in the localities concerned.

The character of these demands illustrates the complexity of the questions which beset the path of the Indian administrator. The area to be included within the Presidency of Bengal is inhabited by a people the vast majority of whom belong to the same Aryan or semi-Aryan Bengali race. They are, however, divided in allegiance between two religious communities, and it is the desire of one if not both of these communities to make religious belief a criterion for the distribution of State grants, and for the division of all State appointments. The bond of race is entirely disregarded. Whatever form the safeguards may take, it is certain that the pledge given to the Mohammedans will be redeemed, and that their interests will

The Changes in India

not be adversely affected by the reunion of the two provinces.

The transfer of the head-quarters of the Indian Government from Calcutta to Delhi is being made on geographical, constitutional, and historical grounds. Theoretically, the head-quarters of the Indian Government ought to be located at some central place, easily accessible to the local administrations and the native States. Calcutta evidently does not satisfy this requirement. It is nearer than Delhi to Assam, Burma, Madras, and the two great Southern States of Mysore and Hyderabad; but Delhi is far more central for three-fourths of India, and is especially accessible to the rulers of the great feudatory States of Northern and Central India. It is not as central as some other cities which might have been selected, but, in other respects, its claims are easily pre-eminent.

The constitutional argument in favour of the transfer is the necessity or desirability of freeing the central Government from its provincial environment. The additional powers which the Imperial Council is called upon to exercise under the Councils Act of 1909 were a fresh incentive, and, in the words of the Government of India despatch, rendered the removal of the capital from Calcutta "practically imperative." The location of the head-quarters of the Indian Government in a city with such powerful local interests as Calcutta tended to make the Viceroy and the members of his Council peculiarly sensitive to Calcutta opinion and to the views of the Bengal Government. The location of the head-quarters of Government at Calcutta has, however, been always in practice confined to a period of five or six months every year; during the hot weather it is located at Simla. If the Bengali lawyers, the Calcutta merchants, and the Local Government of Bengal had special facilities for impressing their views on the Governor-in-Council during one period of the year, their influence must have been, to some extent, counteracted by the different atmosphere of Simla. However that may be, it seems likely that the

and After

danger of partiality has been exaggerated. But, rightly or wrongly, the other great centres of population were jealous of the influence of Calcutta, and the representatives of less favoured provinces viewed with suspicion the exceptional position of Bengal. For this reason alone—as these local jealousies are natural enough, and are not always unfounded—the change to Delhi has become increasingly desirable. The transfer has been received with acclamation by the whole of India, except Bengal, and Calcutta has been left signally alone to plead for what is universally regarded in other quarters as its own sectional interests.

The Bengalis have received a *quid pro quo* for the transfer in the annulment of the Partition; they recognize that they cannot have a united Presidency of Bengal with Calcutta as head-quarters and yet expect to retain that city as the head-quarters of the Supreme Government; they prefer the Presidency, and are, therefore, resigned to the exodus of the Indian Government.

The objections of the Calcutta commercial community appear to be more deep-seated. The Bengal Chamber of Commerce, a very representative body, has, for instance, decided to appoint a Committee to draft a protest against the manner in which the transfer was decided on, and the expenditure involved.

The Madras Mail, in commenting on this, emphasizes the isolation of Calcutta in the following words :

We believe that the general view outside Calcutta is that the transfer of the Capital to Delhi is wise, and so far as the Bengal Chamber's protest may be directed against the change itself, and not the manner of making it, no general support can be expected.

In any case the decision to move to Delhi is irrevocable.

The Madras Mail expresses the view which prevails throughout the whole of India, except Calcutta.

We have seen in recent years how the mutual jealousies of the various states included within the Commonwealth of Australia led to the decision to build an official capital of the Commonwealth at Yass-Canberra. The Indian

The Changes in India

Government faced with a similar problem do not propose to build a new capital, but to go back to Delhi, which is the historic capital.

Delhi is by nearly all Indians regarded as the fittest place for the official capital of the Empire; it is not the seat of a local government, nor is it a city with powerful sectional interests of its own, and there is no danger, therefore, that it will exercise any undue influence on Imperial policy.

This brings me to the question of the historical fitness of Delhi to be the capital of the British Empire in India. The answer to the question whether Delhi or Calcutta has historically the best claim to be regarded as the capital must depend on the answer to the further question—whether we should regard ourselves primarily as the trustees of the Indian peoples in the government of India, or as the representatives of purely British interests, and especially of British trade. In the former case, we must, apart from considerations of mere expediency, give due weight to the historical associations and traditions of the people of Hindustan. It is quite true that Calcutta has historical associations, but they are almost all connected with the struggles of the early British settlers, and the development of our rule in Bengal. Calcutta was founded in 1690 by one Job Charnock, a servant of the East India Company. At a period when Delhi was the capital of one of the largest empires in the world, its site was a swamp, with a few desolate huts situated here and there upon the marshes. Job Charnock, with a single view to the trading operations of the East India Company, selected it as a suitable spot for the foundation of a factory. The settlement expanded rapidly, and Calcutta is to-day one of the greatest monuments in the East to the courage and enterprise of the British race. It was natural enough that the trading company, which ruled India so long, should continue to regard Calcutta as the most suitable capital of the territory which its servants ruled. With the abolition of the Company, the extension of British dominion in the North and West

and After

right up to the limits of the Hindu Kush and the Himalayas, and the consolidation of British rule throughout the peninsula, the circumstances which made Calcutta the most suitable capital have passed away. The British people and the Government of India regard themselves in the first place as the trustees of the people of India, and to the latter Delhi is the historic capital of Hindustan, though Calcutta is its premier commercial city. We have indeed more than once recognized this distinction. Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India on January 1, 1877, on the historic ridge overlooking Delhi; Delhi was selected by Earl Curzon as the most fitting place for the Great Durbar which was held to commemorate the accession of Edward VII; and it was of course the site of the Durbar of December 12 last. On none of these occasions was there any serious opposition to this recognition of its historical primacy.

Although there is nothing in its locality particularly attractive, it is a city of great antiquity, and ranked for a lengthy period of time as easily the first city of Hindustan. It has historical or sacred associations for the two great divisions of the Indian people, the Hindus and the Mohammedans; in the minds of the Hindus, it is connected with the sacred legends, which are recorded in the Mahabarata; long before the Mohammedan invasions, it was known under the Hindu appellation of Indraprastha, and was a city of great fame and magnitude, the centre of a Hindu monarchy which for a while claimed the first place in Northern India. Kuttub Uddin took possession of it from the Hindu princes in 1193, and commenced the series of Afghan or Pathan princes, who reigned until the invasion of Baber.

It was captured in 1525 by Sultan Baber, who founded there what has since been called the Mogul Empire. Since that date, Delhi has undergone many vicissitudes of fortune, and has been the scene of the greatest splendours of the Mogul Empire. In the reign of Aurungzebe (1658-1707), its population was estimated at two millions; after his death the period of decay began,

The Changes in India

and the population steadily declined. It was pillaged by the Mahrattas and the Rohillas, and the person of the Mogul Emperor became, in the decay of the Empire, the prize of contending factions, until the British, under Lord Lake, took possession of the city in 1803. From that date, the King of Delhi and Mogul Emperor became a pensioner dependent on the bounty of the British conquerors of the country. So great, however, was the conservatism of the people of India and their reverence for royal authority, that they still persisted in regarding the King of Delhi as the fountain of honour, if not of power, and Delhi as the capital of Hindustan. "Notwithstanding its comparatively reduced condition," says Hamilton in 1828, "a feeling is still prevalent all over India that the power possessing Delhi and the King's person is virtually ruler of Hindustan, and under this impression many independent states have repeatedly applied to be received as subjects and tributaries, complaining of the refusal as a dereliction of duty on the part of the British Government."*

For the same reason, the possession of Delhi gave the mutineers in 1857 an historic rallying centre, which the British strained every nerve to wrest from their grasp at the earliest possible date. When Delhi fell, the struggle of the mutiny had lost its dramatic interest, and we had morally re-established our title to rule the whole of India. That these traditions regarding Delhi have been perpetuated to our time, we have ourselves acknowledged; and that they exert a powerful influence on the chiefs and people of Hindustan, few who have lived in India will venture to deny.

With regard to the material results of the transfer, there is no likelihood that Calcutta will suffer any diminution of its trade. The comment made by the Bengal Chamber of Commerce on the proposal to partition the old province of Bengal that "in their opinion no change in the seat of administration will divert trade from its natural channels," is as valid to-day as it was in 1905. In fact, it has

*Hamilton's *East-India Gazeteer*, vol. i, p. 499.

and After

been justified by experience. The only results will be, as far as Calcutta is concerned: a few local firms will, perhaps, suffer some losses; the city will decline in social dignity owing to the departure of the Viceregal Court; and house rents, which are more exorbitant in Calcutta than almost any other city in the East, will undergo a moderate slump.

It is believed in some quarters that the extravagant demands of Calcutta landlords have hastened the exodus to Delhi, and the landlords are not receiving any sympathy from other sections of the community.

There is one further aspect of the transfer which calls for some remarks, namely, the strategic position of Delhi as the new capital. It is pointed out that so great an authority as the Duke of Wellington was, in 1844, opposed on strategic grounds to the transfer of the seat of Government from Calcutta to one of the cities higher up. It is symptomatic of the weakness of the case in favour of Calcutta that its advocates are obliged to rake up this old argument. The fact is that since the days of the Duke of Wellington the military position in India has been completely revolutionized. In 1844, the Punjab was held by the Sikhs, the greatest and most virile military power with whom we have had to contend for supremacy in India; it was then felt that a struggle for supremacy was inevitable sooner or later, and to locate the capital at Delhi, almost within the gates of the enemy, was to court disaster. The Punjab was annexed in 1847, and the British frontier has since been pushed up to the line of the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush. The reforms carried out by Lord Kitchener in recent years involved the redistribution of the various units of the Indian army and their transfer to points situated along or near the frontier. Delhi is, therefore, now defended practically by the full strength of our armies, and, before an enemy can hope to capture or to hold it, he must first defeat our main forces in the field. With regard to the argument that as long as the capital of India remains on the sea, "the might and majesty of the British navy are at her call," it is sufficient

The Changes in India

to state that, in all human probability, the contest for supremacy in Hindustan, if a conflict occurs, will be fought out in the plains of Upper India, or near the frontier, amongst the military race of the North and North-West. The arrangements made by Lord Kitchener involve that assumption. The power that is strong enough to wrest Delhi, Agra, or Meerut from our grasp, will be probably strong enough to invest Calcutta also. Dreadnoughts cannot be transported to the Himalayas, and it is extremely doubtful whether ships of war could make their way up the Hooghly to Calcutta, a distance of 100 miles from the sea, in the face of a victorious enemy, powerful enough, under modern conditions, to wrest Upper India from our grasp. If accessibility to our ultimate base, the United Kingdom, is to be the main criterion, then Bombay is obviously the most suitable site for the capital, as it is five or six days' journey nearer to England than Calcutta.

There remains no substantial objection to the transfer but the cost. The move will entail the expenditure of some four millions sterling. All of this, however, will not be unproductive, and there will be compensations, such as the receipts from the sale of Government lands no longer required in Calcutta, and the rise in the value of Government lands in the vicinity of Delhi. On the whole, as the transfer would have become absolutely imperative sooner or later, the expenditure must be held to be justified.

The administrative changes proclaimed by the King-Emperor at Delhi synchronize with the adumbration by the Government of India of a policy of devolution, which is thus described in their despatch of August 25 last :

The maintenance of British rule in India depends on the ultimate supremacy of the Governor-General-in-Council, and the Indian Councils' Act of 1909 itself bears testimony to the impossibility of allowing matters of vital concern to be decided by a majority of non-official votes in the Imperial Legislative Council. Nevertheless, it is certain that, in the course of time, the just demands of India for a larger share in the Government of the

and After

country will have to be satisfied, and the question will be how this devolution of power can be conceded without impairing the supreme authority of the Governor-General-in-Council. The only possible solution of the difficulty would appear to be gradually to give the Provinces a larger measure of self-government, until at last India would consist of a number of administrations, autonomous in all provincial affairs, with the Government of India above them all, and possessing power to interfere in cases of misgovernment, but ordinarily restricting their functions to matters of Imperial concern.

The non-official members of the Provincial Legislative Councils, nearly all of whom are Indians, are in a majority; in the Imperial Legislative Council, the non-officials are in a minority. The latter Council still retains, under the Councils Act of 1909, a power of veto in all controversial matters of consequence, and on the official majority in the Imperial Council, therefore, the supremacy of British rule in India ultimately depends. While it is proposed to maintain the predominance of the official majority in the Indian Legislative Council, it is now fully conceded that we must continue to travel along the road of devolution, until each province shall become autonomous in all provincial affairs.

The manner in which it is proposed to effect this object is already becoming apparent. Decentralization is the first reform to be carried through. Already a Bill has been introduced by the legal member in the Imperial Legislative Council, which provides for the delegation of certain executive powers and duties on the Local Governments. This is undoubtedly a move in the right direction. This delegation or devolution of powers, as the legal member pointed out in the speech with which he introduced the Bill, has, on the one hand, been forced upon us by the increasing complexity of the administration, while, on the other, the result will be to improve the administration by bringing the executive into closer touch with local conditions. The executive actions of the Local Government and of local officials are subject to criticism in the Provincial Legislative Councils; the

The Changes in India

executive are, therefore, to some extent, indirectly subordinate to these Councils, but there is as yet no direct control, or even responsibility. The Councils possess, besides, other very important powers; the non-official members are now strong enough to prevent the passing of new legislative enactments, and when the Decentralization Bill becomes law, it seems likely that, subject to certain exceptions, they will also have the power to initiate legislation. The conferment of additional powers on the provincial executives will, at all events, under existing conditions, result in bringing a greater proportion of executive acts within the scope of effective and public criticism.

It may be asked, why the powers of the non-official members of the Legislative Councils are still so limited in scope. The answer, it is to be feared, must be that India is not yet ripe for representative government. The non-official members represent only a very limited electorate, namely, the educated and more wealthy section of the community; they are elected on a very restricted franchise, and they can hardly be said to represent at all the backbone of the Indian people, the great mass of cultivators or raiyats, who comprise over two hundred millions of the population. Before, therefore, their powers can be so extended as to give them effective control of the machine of government, it will be necessary to broaden the basis of the franchise, and give the masses of the people a real share in the government of the country. Here the administrator is confronted with a dilemma, and we are brought back to the bed-rock of the Indian question. Only one in twenty of the whole population is literate, and the cultivators or raiyats take no interest in public affairs and, indeed, in hardly any other affairs, outside the limits of their own villages; public affairs have never been any concern of theirs, and they as yet evince no desire to leave the traditional path; they have no leaders, and no organization; even in districts where agrarian strife between the landlords and the raiyats exists, the discontent or trouble is usually treated

and After

as a purely local matter, which the local officials have to settle as best they can.

Thus, the concession of even a remote equivalent of the British Parliamentary franchise to the masses of the Indian people is at present unthinkable.

It is doubly unfortunate, in such circumstances, that the interests of the peasants and the landowners are more antagonistic, and their relations frequently more embittered, than in almost any part of Europe. The influence of the landowners already preponderates in the Legislative Councils of most provinces, as far as the non-official element is concerned, while the cultivators are as a rule practically unrepresented, save, by a curious anomaly, where members of the bureaucratic or official classes make their cause their own. If, therefore, the whole of the Indian people, and not merely a section of them, are to be the ultimate beneficiaries of the system of government which we have introduced, the danger of a further and extensive devolution of powers in the Legislative Councils, until the basis of election is greatly enlarged, or entirely reconstructed, is at once apparent. If the finances of India admitted of the experiment, the extension of a simple, but compulsory scheme of elementary education would, no doubt, hasten the advent of this reform; as matters stand at present, the danger is that a too rapid devolution of power may result in the weighting of the scales against the inarticulate and helpless masses of India.

The immediate effect of the King's visit has been to allay the discontent excited throughout Bengal by the Partition, and to demonstrate the in-born loyalty of all classes of Indians to the Throne. The manifestations in Calcutta and Bengal, which might have been assumed to have been the least loyal part of India, were thus described by the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, in his first public utterance after the departure of the King :

I have been in many big capitals on State occasions, and have never witnessed any enthusiasm comparable to what I saw in

The Changes in India

Calcutta. The personal sovereignty of the King-Emperor was invested with a new significance in the eyes of the Indians, and I cannot help feeling that the Royal visit has infused a new spirit of confidence and hope into the minds of all the people of Calcutta and Bengal, which will bear fruit a thousand fold, and which heralds the dawn of a new era of peace and progress, and has already dispersed the clouds of suspicion and unrest that have darkened the horizon during the last few years.

The significance of such phenomena is not to be gainsaid, and there need be no hesitation in accepting the verdict of Lord MacDonnell that "the changes have turned the whole current of native feeling from unrest and discontent to peace and loyalty."

DARWIN AND THE THEORY OF NATURAL SELECTION

IN no case is the philosophical rule that terms must first be defined before argument can be entered upon more valuable, indeed essential, than in the case of what is called, though often incorrectly, Darwinism. As has been pointed out time and again, there are three or four conceptions included under this name, only one of which really merits the appellation. The idea which first rises to the mind of the ordinary person when Darwinism is mentioned is that of transformism—or the derivation of one species of living things from some other species, putting the doctrine in its crudest possible form for the purpose of easy recognition. Of this theory Darwin neither was nor ever claimed to be the parent. Apart from the long list of non-Catholic authors cited in the various books and articles dealing with Darwin's predecessors, there are also, as Mivart* and Wasmann,† have shown, a number of Catholic authorities, including St Augustine, St Thomas Aquinas, Suarez, Cornelius á Lapide and that very distinguished Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher (who first suggested the germ-origin of disease), who have alluded with approval to a transformistic explanation of nature as we know it. What Darwin really did was, in the first place, to suggest a method, or methods, by means of which he thought transformation might have taken place; and, secondly, and still more importantly, to make the theory of transformation popular.

“To the end of time, if the question be asked, ‘Who taught people to believe in Evolution?’ the answer must be that it was Mr Darwin. This is true, and it is hard to see what palm of higher praise can be awarded to any philosopher.” So writes one of Darwin's most serious

* *Genesis of Species*, pp. 303 et seq.

† *Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution*, p. 276 and Note.

Darwin and the Theory

critics and opponents.* Transformism, then, is not Darwinism, though Darwin was a transformist.

In the next place, there is the monistic philosophy, often called Darwinism, and trumpeted as such by little (and usually misleading) manuals and by Haeckel in his much-lauded but scientifically discredited philosophical works. "We should never have reached this supreme general conception" (of the so-called "all-embracing 'Law of Substance'")† "if Charles Darwin—a 'monistic philosopher' in the true sense of the word—had not prepared the way by his theory of descent by natural selection, and crowned the great work of his life by the association of this theory with a naturalistic anthropology."‡ After this blast of the Haeckelian horn, it may be well to listen to the words on the same subject of another man of science, Professor Dwight: "We have now the remarkable spectacle that, just when many scientific men are of accord that there is no part of the Darwinian system that is of any very great influence, and that as a whole the theory is not only unproved but impossible, the ignorant, half-educated masses have acquired the idea that it is to be accepted as a fundamental fact. Moreover, it is not to them an academic question of biology, but, as the matter has been presented to them, it is a system: to wit, the monistic system, of philosophy. Thus presented it undeniably is fatal, not only to all revealed religion, but to any system of morals founded on a supernatural basis."§ It is perhaps worth while

* Samuel Butler, *Evolution, Old and New*, Preface to 2nd ed. (1882).

† For a criticism of which see Sir Oliver Lodge's *Life and Matter*. "He writes (i.e., Haeckel) in so forcible and positive and determined a fashion from the vantage ground of scientific knowledge, that he exerts an undue influence on the uncultured amongst his readers, and causes them to fancy that only benighted fools or credulous dupes can really disagree with the historical criticisms, the speculative opinions and philosophical, or perhaps unphilosophical, conjectures thus powerfully set forth," op. cit., p. 135.

‡ Article in *Darwin and Modern Science*, p. 151.

§ *Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist*, p. 6. By Thomas Dwight, M.D., LL.D., Parkman Professor of Anatomy at Harvard.

of Natural Selection

noting that Darwin himself never claimed the position of a "monistic philosopher." No doubt he grew more agnostic as the years of his life rolled by, but to the end of that life he never expunged from its pages the well-known passage with which the *Origin of Species* terminates, though he modified that passage in his first draft, and again, in a very remarkable manner, in the second edition. Here is the passage itself: "There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally created by the Creator into a few forms *or into one*; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved."* Now as to the alterations made, which are not uninteresting. In the first place, the words which we have italicized were added in pencil in the first draft, showing that Darwin was at that time, at least, hesitating between a monophyletic and a polyphyletic theory; and, in the next place, the words "by the Creator" were introduced in the second edition.†

It is obvious that it is unfair to Darwin to hide the monistic derivations which some have made from his works under the ægis of his name.

There is another aspect of Darwin's life-work which might be much more fairly spoken of as Darwinism, though, as a fact, few, if any, would speak of it in that way, and that is the great mass of positive contributions to science which must ever remain an abiding honour to his name. Of such are his works connected with the Voyage of the "Beagle," the Volcanic Islands, the Monograph on the Cirripedes, the fascinating volumes on Orchids, Climbing Plants, Earthworms and the like. These are works which excite much less popular interest than his more theoretical treatises, for the reason that they are mostly related to positive science, and only in

* *Origin of Species* (6th ed.), p. 429.

† *The Foundation of the Origin of Species*, p. 254, Note, and p. 53.

Darwin and the Theory

a minor degree to philosophical theory. When Driesch* proclaims that Darwinism "is a matter of history, like that other curiosity of our century, Hegel's philosophy," and continues that "both are variations on the theme, 'How to take in a whole generation,' and neither is very likely to give ages to come a high opinion of the latter part of our century," or when he states that "for men of clear intellect, Darwinism has long been dead"; when Dennert entitles a treatise, "Vom Sterbelager des Darwinismus," these writers are in no way alluding to the group of works of which mention has just been made. These rather violent and, in the present writer's opinion, exaggerated statements have been quoted in order to exhibit the antipodes of scientific opinion to the attitude assumed by Haeckel, Weismann and their schools. What the first-named writers are alluding to is to Darwinism proper, namely, the Theory of Natural Selection and the other minor theories associated with Darwin's attempt to explain the mechanism of transformation. It is to the first and most important of these that we must now turn our attention. When doing so, it is above all things important to recall to one's mind the title-page of the book in which Darwin's views were first given to the world. It is probable that many, if not most, persons suppose that the title of the book is the *Origin of Species, tout court*, but what it really is may here be set down: *The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life*. This title contains two phrases, "fatal phrases which have become almost household words,"† as Professor Morgan puts it, viz., "Natural Selection" and "The Struggle for Life," phrases of which everybody has heard, the latter having even passed into Parisian argot. The object of the present article is to take stock of the present

* The quotations are from the *Biologisches Zentralblatt*, the first 1896, p. 355; the second 1902, p. 182.

† *Evolution and Adaptation*, p. 107. The reader in search of a detailed criticism of Darwinian views by an acknowledged scientific authority may be referred to this work. (Macmillan, 1903.)

of Natural Selection

state of scientific opinion as to Natural Selection, and this may best be effected by composing a catena of quotations from recognized scientific authorities, connected by such amount of running commentary as may seem useful to bind the words of others into a compact bundle.

Darwin's theses were, firstly, that variations do occur; secondly, that "variations useful in some way to each being in the great and complex battle of life" occur also and "in the course of many successive generations"; and, finally, that if these do occur, "can we doubt (remembering that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive) that individuals having any advantage, however slight, over others, would have the best chance of surviving and of procreating their kind?"

It would be travelling far beyond the scope of this article to attempt any account of the history of the reception of this theory. All the educated world knows about it, and all can learn about it in numberless biographies and other works. It is the state of present-day opinion with which we are concerned, and such opinions may be segregated into three groups. There are those who firmly adhere to the Darwinian view in all its pristine glory. Amongst these may first be cited the distinguished co-emitter of the theory, A. R. Wallace. "Whatever other causes have been at work, Natural Selection is supreme, to an extent which even Darwin himself hesitated to claim for it."†

Then there is Lankester, who, in his Presidential Address to the British Association in 1906, committed himself to the statement that "in looking back over twenty-five years, it seems to me that we must say that the conclusions of Darwin as to the origin of species by the survival of selected races in the struggle for existence are more firmly established than ever."

Then, in the same group, we find, of course, the name

* *Origin of Species*, etc. (6th ed.), from which all quotations in this article are taken, p. 63.

† *Darwinism* (1889), p. 444. See also his latest work, *The World of Life* (1911), pp. 124 et seq., and especially the instructive instance on pp. 127-8.

Darwin and the Theory

of Weismann, and to his statements some small amount of space must be devoted. His latest pronouncements have been made in an article in the volume published by the University of Cambridge at the Darwin Centenary.* When he says "that selection is a factor, and a very powerful factor, in the evolution of organisms can no longer be doubted" (p. 61), he is going further than all scientific men would go, as will be seen by later quotations, but unquestionably he would find many, even of moderate views, very nearly, if not quite, in agreement with him. But when he proceeds to state that "the principle of selection solved the riddle as to how what was purposive could conceivably be brought about without the intervention of a directing power, the riddle which animate nature presents to our intelligence at every turn, and in face of which the mind of a Kant could find no way out, for he regarded a solution of it as not to be hoped for" (p. 21), one is entitled to ask whether he has ever heard of the series of difficulties enumerated, for example, by Driesch, and later on to be dealt with more fully and, if so, how he proposes to get over these difficulties by the aid of selection. The real explanation of Weismann's attitude appears, not for the first time by the way, in another part of the same article, where, after admitting that "we cannot bring formal proofs of it (selection) *in detail*," he goes on to say that "*we must accept it because the phenomena of evolution and adaptation must have a natural basis and because it is the only possible explanation of them*" (p. 61; the italicized words are so printed by the author). It is now nearly twenty years ago since Weismann's controversy with Herbert Spencer on the All-Sufficiency of Natural Selection. In the course of that discussion Weismann very clearly explained why he believed in natural selection, and we must leave it to our readers to decide whether the grounds upon which he founded his belief were solid and unassailable. "We must assume," he wrote,† "natural

* *Darwin and Modern Science.*

† *Contemporary Review* (1893), italics again the author's.

of Natural Selection

selection to be the principle of the explanation of the metamorphoses, because all other apparent principles of explanation fail us, and it is inconceivable that there should be another capable of explaining the adaptation of organisms *without assuming the help of a principle of design.*" This is an excellent example of the *parti pris* of that dogmatic Darwinism against which Driesch very properly protests, pointing out that whilst Darwin himself was anything but dogmatic, Darwinism is dogmatism in one of its purest forms.

It must be perfectly clear to any candid student that arguments based upon foundations such as this are not worth the paper they are written on until it can be proved, as in fact all must admit that it never can be proved, that a principle of design is demonstrably non-existent.

In opposition to the opinions just dealt with are those of a very large and, it would certainly seem, increasing number of scientific men of the very highest standing. Those who are desirous of making a more detailed study of their opinions may be referred to a very useful work, to which the writer of the present article wishes to make his own acknowledgments.* Professor Kellog, of Leland Stanford (jun.) University, who is the author of this book, belongs to the school of Plate, whose apologia for Darwinism is described by Driesch as "scarcely more than a funeral oration in accordance with the principle, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" From this it will be understood that Professor Kellog is in no way bigoted against Darwinism, though it can scarcely be said that his attitude towards religion could be described in the same way. At any rate his book, if only on account of the careful digests of the literature given as an appendix to each chapter, is one of very great value to any person working at higher biological problems, and we now proceed to exemplify that fact by making some quotations from it, premising that Professor Kellog, whether he approves of them or not, is very fair in his representa-

* *Darwinism To-Day* (1907).

Darwin and the Theory

tion of all opinions expressed by persons worthy of consideration in scientific studies. We may profitably commence by considering in a general way the kind of scientific opinion which at present shows itself more or less antagonistic to Darwinian views, before we deal particularly with the more prominent opponents and their opinions. "There has been," Professor Kellog writes, "from the day of the close of the first great battle to the present moment a steady and cumulating stream of scientific criticism of the Darwinian selection theories. In the last few years it has, as already mentioned in the preface and introductory chapter of this book, reached such proportions, such strength and extent, as to begin to make itself apparent outside of strictly biological and naturo-philosophical circles. Such older biologists and natural philosophers as von Baer, von Kölliker, Virchow, Nägeli, Wigand and Hartmann, and such others writing in the nineties and in the present century as von Sachs, Eimer, Delage, Haacke, Kassowitz, Cope, Haberlandt, Henslow, Goette, Wolff, Driesch, Packard, Morgan, Jaeckel, Steinmann, Korschinsky and de Vries are examples which show the distinctly ponderable character of the anti-Darwinian ranks. Perhaps these names mean little to the general reader; let me translate them into the professors of zoology, of botany, of palæontology and of pathology in the universities of Berlin, Paris, Vienna, Strasburg, Tübingen, Amsterdam, Columbia University, etc." (p. 26). These opponents do not, however, stand on one common platform. Some of them wholly deny that natural selection has any kind of influence in or capacity for the formation of species. These are at the opposite pole of scientific thought to a man like Weismann, who practically regards natural selection as being all-powerful in this respect.

To this, the second of the three groups alluded to a few lines above, must be added the third class, which consists of men who, whilst not denying that natural selection has an influence, perhaps even a potent influence, in the formation of species, require the acceptance of

of Natural Selection

stringent limitations of that power. These altogether deny its all-powerfulness, though they do not deny its powerfulness.

According to Professor Kellog, the palæontologists, as a whole, must be classed with the root-and-branch opponents, if it be true, as he says—and his evidence, as has been pointed out, is not biased against natural selection—that this important group of scientific men “believe practically as a united body, that variation has followed fixed lines through the ages; that there has been no such unrestricted and utterly free play of variational vagary as the Darwinian natural selection theory presupposes” (p. 33). To these may be added two very eminent botanists, Nägeli, who “believes that animals and plants would have developed about as they have, even had no struggle for existence taken place, and the climatic and geologic conditions and changes been quite different from what they have been” (p. 273); and, still further in opposition to the neo-Darwinian position, Korschinsky, a Russian, who holds that “the struggle for existence, and the selection that goes hand in hand with it, constitute a factor which limits new forms and hinders further variation, and is, therefore, in no way favourable to the origin of new forms. It is a factor inimical to evolution” (p. 335).

So much for the two poles of opinion: Weismann is quite sure that natural selection can do everything, because, if it cannot, one must believe in a Divine Guide; Nägeli thinks that natural selection can do nothing, and, it may be parenthetically remarked, has put forward a theory of orthogenesis, which depends upon “a principle of progressive development (Vervollkommungsprinzip), a something inherent in the organic world which makes each organism in itself a force or factor making towards specialization, adaptation, that is, towards progressive evolution” (p. 278); whilst Korschinsky, whose theory of evolution is very similar to that just described, will have nothing at all to do with natural selection as a factor in progressive evolution, since he regards it as a

Darwin and the Theory

hindrance instead of an assistance. It would certainly, however, be true to say that by far the greater number of those whose names are included in Kellog's list, given above, hold the middle opinion. Nor would it be going too far, we think, to say that the majority of biologists would agree with Fr Wasmann* that natural selection is "indispensable as a subsidiary factor, but only a *factor*," and with Bateson† that "by the arbitrament of natural selection all must succeed or fall," but that its scope "is closely limited by the laws of variation."

It is closely limited by the laws of variation. In what directions is it limited? What actually can it do? What cannot it do? All these are questions which have been discussed again and again by men of science ever since the Theory of Natural Selection first saw the light. It will be quite worth while devoting a few minutes to the consideration of this point, since it leads up to and controls the next step of the argument in which we are engaged.

"Natural Selection may explain the survival of the fittest, but it cannot explain the arrival of the fittest!" (p. 89). Thus neatly summed up by a friend of Kellog's, the question might almost be left. But it will be well to particularize. Driesch, in his masterly lectures, given under the Gifford Trust, and a fit companion of the admirable courses in that series by Professor Ward and by Lord Haldane, criticizes most carefully the claims of natural selection, and tells his auditors that‡ "it always acts negatively only, never positively. And, therefore, it can 'explain'—if you will allow me to make use of this ambiguous word—it can 'explain' only why certain types of organic specifications, imaginable *a priori*, do *not* actually exist, but it never explains at all the existence of the specifications of animal and vegetable forms that are actually found. In speaking of an 'explanation' of the origin of the living specific forms by natural selection, one therefore confuses the sufficient reason for the non-

* *The Problem of Evolution*, p. 42.

† Mendel's *Principles of Heredity*, p. 289.

‡ Driesch, *Science and Philosophy of the Organism*, p. 262.

of Natural Selection

existence of what there is not, with the sufficient reason for the existence of what there is." And, again, "that dogmatic Darwinism has been found to be unable to explain every kind of mutual adaptations, e.g., those existing between plants and insects; that it can never account for the origin of those properties that are indifferent to the life of their bearer, being mere features of organization as an arrangement of parts; that it fails in the face of all portions of organization which are composed of many different parts—like the eye—and nevertheless are functional units in any passive or active way; and that last, not least, it has been found to be quite inadequate to explain the first origin of all newly formed constituents of organization, even if they are not indifferent: for how could any rudiment of an organ, which is not functioning at all, not only be useful to its bearer, but be useful in such a degree as to decide about life or death."* Finally, as regards the views of the powerful writer from whom the last two quotations have been made: "It is altogether impossible to account for the restitutive power of organisms by the simple means of fluctuating variation and natural selection in the struggle for existence. Here we have the logical *experimentum crucis* of Darwinism."† It seems more than a little difficult to understand how, save on the Nelsonic principle of applying the telescope to the blind eye, such a claim as that quoted above, that the riddle of existence is solved by natural selection, can be made in the face of such difficulties as those enumerated in the last two quotations, and often urged during the years which have passed since Darwinism first took the field. Let us, however, look a little further into the views of the middle or moderate school of thought. Bateson, the champion of Mendelism, and one of the first biologists in England, states that "to begin with, we must relegate Selection to its proper place. Selection permits the viable to continue, and decides that the non-viable shall perish; just as the temperature

* Driesch, *Science and Philosophy of the Organism*, p. 266.

† Driesch, *Science and Philosophy of the Organism*, p. 267.

Darwin and the Theory

of our atmosphere decides that no liquid carbon shall be found on the face of the earth: but we do not suppose that the form of the diamond has been gradually achieved by a process of Selection. So, again, as the course of descent branches in the successive generations, Selection determines along which branch Evolution shall proceed, but it does not decide what novelties that branch shall bring forth. ‘*La Nature contient le fonds de toutes ces variétés, mais le hasard ou l’art les mettent en œuvre,*’ as Maupertuis most truly said.”*

And, finally, as far as this point is concerned, the matter is summed up by de Vries, the Professor of Botany in Amsterdam and the author of the most recent work on Mutation: “Natural Selection acts as a sieve; it does not single out the best variations, but it simply destroys the larger number of those which are, from some cause or another, unfit for their present environment. In this way it keeps the strains up to the required standard, and, in special circumstances, may even improve them.”†

So far, then, for the main outlines of the theory. The quotations given abundantly prove at least one point, namely, that scientific opinion to-day is anything but unanimous as to what natural selection can do, or even whether it can do anything at all. It remains to examine certain subsidiary problems arising out of the doctrine, and here again we shall take pains to point out what recent writers have said on each problem as it arises. First of all, then, it is clear that if natural selection is a sieve, it must have something to sift—that is to say, there must be such things as variations to be operated upon. We need not linger over this point, for no one doubts that variations do occur, though, as we shall shortly see, there is considerable difference of opinion as to the kind of variations which really count in connexion with natural selection. The real question is how these variations come about; that is the question of questions in Biology—in fact, as Samuel Butler most

* *Darwin and Modern Science*, p. 96.

† *Darwin and Modern Science*, p. 70.

of Natural Selection

acutely observed, "To me it seems that the 'Origin of Variation,' whatever it is, is the only true 'Origin of Species.' "*

It seems ridiculous to suppose that natural selection can actually cause the variations on which it is to operate, yet the claims of some of its supporters go as far as that. Such claims were actually made during the lifetime of Darwin and repudiated by him in the following passage: "Several writers have misapprehended or objected to the term natural selection. Some have even imagined that natural selection induces variability, whereas it implies only the preservation of such variations as arise and are beneficial to the being under its conditions of life. †

If natural selection cannot cause the variations, can any other external agent cause them? Here we are brought face to face with the great question of the inheritance of acquired conditions, with which it would be quite impossible to deal in this article. ‡ It must suffice to say very briefly that it is as certain as anything can be that mutilations are not inherited; that there is little valid evidence for the inheritance of conditions otherwise acquired, but that there is some evidence that change of environment, extending over a number of generations, may cause the fixation of an acquired variation.

Further, it may, we think, be fairly said that the small amount of positive evidence on this matter does not in any way account for the variations which we know to arise so frequently in the various living things which we see around us. In fact, the impossibility of accounting for these variations by external influences, and the desperate desire to have nothing to do with anything which could savour of a Creative Influence, are the real origin of the

* *Life and Habit*, p. 263 (1910 ed.).

† *Origin of Species*, p. 63.

‡ For some account of this matter and of Weismann's views thereon, readers may be referred to an article by the present writer in this REVIEW for April, 1906.

Darwin and the Theory

mass of unproved and admittedly unprovable assumptions, culminating in his *Biophoridæ*, which have been put forward by Weismann, and of which some consideration will be found in the present writer's article, alluded to in the footnote. This confession of failure, for that is what it amounts to, to account for variations by external agents is very striking and, in our opinion, conclusive. If external agents fail to account for variation, and it is yet clear that variation does occur, then it follows that the changes must be caused by some internal factor. Weismann constructed his complicated edifice of "determinants," "ids," "biophores" and the rest to avoid assuming the principle of design and to provide a "natural" explanation of the internal factor; but, though no one can say that these things do not exist, since they are admitted by their author to be invisible, neither can any person say that they do exist, and as science has only to do with what can be demonstrated, it is clear that, until they are demonstrated, they can have nothing to do with science or science with them.

An internal, inherent force, an "entelechy" (to use Driesch's Aristotelean term), is therefore being postulated to-day by many men of science besides the distinguished writer whose name has just been quoted, and whose excellent series of Gifford lectures are worthy of the most careful study by all persons interested in the higher problems of biology. Nägeli and Korschinsky, as we have seen, not to speak of a number of others, believe that evolution is due to immanent factors in the living cell or the living organism, that these forces work along definite lines and that they cause the variations which we know to occur.* In general terms, the orthogenetic theory may be summed up in the words of Korschinsky, as quoted by Kellog: "In order to explain the origin of higher forms out of lower, it is necessary to assume in the organism a special tendency towards

* In the present writer's work, *What is Life?* (Sands and Co.) will be found some account of the support for a vitalistic explanation of life given by men of science.

of Natural Selection

progress." Or, again, it may be given in the words of Henslow*: "The origin of Variations in Structure (upon which alone species are based) is due to an inherent power within the plant, by means of which it responds to the direct action of changed conditions of life." Unpalatable as it undoubtedly is to biologists of the type of Weismann and Plate, and in fact all the adherents of the pure materialistic school, there can be no doubt that vitalistic views are daily gaining ground, and that some such vitalistic explanation as those just cited does fit in with and explain the facts as no chemico-physical theory of the day does. Of course, it may be said that such a theory can no more be demonstrated by the microscope than can Weismann's Biophores. But the two things are not in *pari materiâ*. Weismann's imaginary objects, if they existed, would be actual particles of matter and, therefore, might conceivably be demonstrated by some instrument of powers at present unknown to science—at any rate ought to be theoretically capable of ocular demonstration. Until, therefore, they are demonstrated, they cannot be said to have come within the cognizance of science. The "entelechy," the "vital" or "bathmic force," or whatever else one may care to style it—the inherent power—is not a material object like a bead of protoplasm, although it may be associated with that bead, and the arguments which may be used concerning it are of quite a different order from those which can be used about the "biophores."

It is open to the opponents of this view to say that the vitalistic hypothesis is unprovable, and that we can know nothing about the matter, and that, in fact, is the attitude of despair assumed by some, at least, of them. Those who believe that the existence of such a force is capable of proof by adequate arguments will find ample corroboration of their view in the closely argued pages of Driesch's work just alluded to.

Returning to the variations which occur in the world of nature, we shall find that some of these are small and

* *The Heredity of Acquired Characters in Plants* (1908), p. 6.

Darwin and the Theory

some greater—that is to say, that the departures from what may be considered to be the normal type of the form in question are slight or are considerable. Much controversy rages at present as to whether both kinds of variation may be inherited and, if not, which of the two affords the means of transformation or evolution. Darwin himself seems to have pinned his faith to the smaller changes, though there is some ambiguity in his works on the subject, and consequently some difference of opinion amongst his present-day commentators as to his real meaning.*

On the other hand, de Vriest† has put forward a theory which had been tentatively advanced by some previous writers, that whilst the minor changes swing backwards and forwards like a pendulum across the mean, no real advance occurs through them. In his opinion, it is only the greater variations, which he calls Mutations, which really count. These occur suddenly; at periods and not continuously; and hence are discontinuous, and thus in harmony with nature, which, as we see it, is also clearly discontinuous. This theory is at present the subject of a very active discussion, and cannot in any way be said to be decided one way or the other.

From what has been said it will clearly be seen that there has been a very remarkable change in scientific opinion during the past twenty-five years, and that that change of opinion, though many would be very loath to admit it, has been away from the materialistic pole and towards its antipodes—the old explanations of Christian philosophy. Further still, some men of science whose minds have not previously been turned in that direction are obviously on the road to the discovery of a Plan and an Author and Guider of Nature. How this is coming about may be judged by a number of utterances, of which one, now to be quoted, by Professor Bateson, one of the most distinguished, as

* On this point, see *Darwin and Modern Science*, pp. 70, 71.

† See his work, *Species and Varieties* (1905), of which an account by the present writer will be found in this REVIEW for April, 1907.

of Natural Selection

he is certainly one of the most open-minded of modern biologists, is certainly very remarkable.*

“With the experimental proof that variation consists largely in the unpacking and repacking of an original complexity, it is not so certain as we might like to think”—(May one interrupt the Professor for one moment to ask why, when we are discussing scientific problems, we “might like to think” anything, and why in any case might we not like to think that Creation has a Creator and Lord?)—“it is not so certain as we might like to think that the order of these events is not predetermined. For instance, the original ‘pack’ may have been made in such a way that at the n th division of the germ-cells of a sweet pea a colour-factor might be dropped, and that at the $n + n$ th division the hooded variety be given off, and so on. I see no ground whatever for holding such a view, but in fairness the possibility should not be forgotten, and in the light of modern research it scarcely looks so absurdly improbable as before.” Now, with all reverence, be it said, if there is a Pack, it would seem to follow that there must have been a Pack Maker. In the course of the discussion which followed the series of lectures given by Fr Wasmann in Berlin, a series which created so much interest on the Continent, and of which the reverberations reached even to the English papers, Professor Plate committed himself to the statement that “if there are laws of nature, it is only logical to admit that there is a lawgiver.”† The excellent Jesuit congratulates himself on this admission, but surely it is a truism, if not actually a platitude—a statement which can only be denied by a direct dislocation of the intellect. At any rate, we may certainly claim as incontrovertible that, if there is a power which has been put into living things which causes them to vary, and, still more, if it causes them so to vary that the result is a constant progress towards a definite goal, that power must have been infused, and that course, with its goal, foreseen and

* *Darwin and Modern Science*, p. 101.

† Wasmann, *Problem of Evolution*, p. 108.

Darwin and Natural Selection

foreordained by a Supreme intelligence. Plate thinks that we can know nothing of the "lawgiver." That is another question; it is something nowadays to have His existence admitted. Let us gather together some of the opinions and deductions which, as we have seen, are held to-day by various not insignificant men of science. There is the opinion that the changes which produce evolution originate from within, and not from without. There is the further opinion that these internal changes are the result of an inherent tendency, a power urging and guiding the organism along the path of progress. There is the view that this path of progress is pre-determined. There is the view that the changes which really count are sudden, considerable and discontinuous. Finally, there is the view that these sudden and considerable changes take place, not constantly, but at certain epochs in the history of a species: discontinuity in time as well as discontinuity in variation. Professor Poulton, who does not, as we gather from his writings, believe in any such internal force, admits or pleads—whichever is the right word to use—that "the idea of evolution under the compulsion of an internal force residing in the idioplasm is in essence but little removed from special creation."* It must be admitted that if we set together the various theories above enumerated, they form a coherent whole, and that that whole expresses in other words what might with considerable accuracy be described as a series of special creations, since the Lawgiver whose existence has to be postulated in order that the system may work is, whatever periphrase may be used, the God whom we reverence as the Creator of all things.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

* *Darwin and the "Origin,"* p. 20.

THE DESTINY OF CHINA

I. NATIONAL CHARACTER

TO-DAY, the traveller can see very much the same China that co-existed with Ninevah and Babylon, and has for centuries survived the successive convulsions which have shaken the West. To-morrow, or at any rate the near future, will witness such another transformation as has taken place in Japan during the last forty years.

In endeavouring to see into the future, there is one consideration which must not be disregarded. The adoption of modern inventions, of foreign ideas of government and habits of organization, cannot, in any material degree, affect the innate characteristics of a race. In many respects the metamorphosis will only be a superficial one.

The Chinese trace their descent from a man who has been identified with Noah himself. After the Deluge, he is said to have left the valley of the Euphrates, crossed the plateaux of Central Asia, and descended into the fertile valley of the Yangtse. Here he found the country inhabited by a wild nomad race to whom the patriarch brought the enlightenment of Arabia. He became the founder of the Chinese nation, the pioneer of that civilization which for four thousand years has held its undeviating course, totally independent of the civilizations of the West.

The Chinese and European races are completely out of sympathy with one another. To the Western mind the Chinaman is an enigma. His vices are magnified; his virtues are either lost or misconstrued. The effect of climate upon character has yet to be adequately illustrated and explained. There are certain characteristics which are remarkably consistent throughout the Chinese Empire; and yet Southern China lies south of the Tropic of Cancer, and the climate of Shangtung is not unlike that of certain parts of Canada. The European is unable to distinguish any marked difference between a Chinese and a Manchu, and yet a Chinese will tell you that a Manchu is "a man of

The Destiny of China

different heart." The Chinese and Manchu races are not so far removed that they cannot discern and deprecate the faults of one another, and this is ample ground in itself for mutual hatred. In the opinion of the Chinese, a Manchu is an inferior type of man, but the "foreign devil" is something so incomprehensible as to furnish no basis for comparison with themselves.

There are two ideas, to begin with, which can never probably be inter-communicable—the Chinese conception of "face" and the European notion of "sympathy." The meaning of "face" is but imperfectly suggested when we say that the Chinaman regards himself as a kind of peg in a moral cribbage board. Offer him a present, pay him a material compliment, permit yourself to be maltreated and abused if you are his debtor, and he "gains face"—that is to say, he is moved up a hole on the cribbage board. On the other hand, punish him, justly or unjustly, prove him guilty or in the wrong, and he "loses face." So far in China "face" has been a purely individual concern. With the China of the future, enfranchised and constitutional, there will be such a thing as *national* "face"—a factor that the Powers of Europe will do well to take into consideration. Then, if China loses a pawn upon the diplomatic chess-board, four hundred million people will not rest until a knight or a bishop has been taken in return.

It has been one thing for European cabinets to deal with the Manchu foreign council at Peking, it will be another to bargain with the Chinese people. For the present revolution Europe herself is indirectly responsible. If Occidental civilization is greatness, China has had greatness thrust upon her. Besides having shown the Chinese how to arm, to organize, to make railways and telegraphs, we have given them the most fundamental of the privileges we are so anxious they should share with ourselves. This is a free, outspoken, and, in some cases, seditious press. For the last twelve years, politics have been discussed and the actions of the Government criticized and called in question by the very coolies in the streets. We

The Destiny of China

have taught the Chinese to think for themselves. Hence the downfall of the Manchu Dynasty, existing solely by methods of corruption and on the strength of a conquest synchronizing with the English Civil War. China has been ruled before by Chinese monarchs. But, in the future, the Chinese will govern themselves, after the manner of the democracies of Europe, and in their relations with the world in general their national character will be of some account. For the European mind cannot fathom the intricacies of Chinese modes of thought, and European nations will be at a loss when confronted with the methods of the Chinese nation.

Just as Europe will offend by disregarding the exigencies of national "face," so there is one deficiency in the Chinese which will evoke the righteous anger of the West. That is their complete want of "sympathy." A Chinaman cannot understand sympathy; there is no such word in his language. Distress, suffering, injustice he passes by unmoved. He can feel for no one but himself and his family. Affliction, deformity, and misery, are even occasions for jest. This, in some part, explains the difficulties with which missionaries have to contend; the story of Christ fails in its main appeal. And a nation that does not scruple to trample upon the feelings of other nations is likely to have few friends.

Europeans, conscious of their superiority, and ignorant of all that is admirable in Chinese civilization and thought, will hesitate to give to China a place among the nations similar to that now occupied by Japan. Indeed, the differences between the two are more than superficial. The Japanese are versatile and responsive to the needs of the passing hour. Not only is their civilization younger, and their traditions less exact, but they are past-masters in the art of concealing their contempt. China will not so easily adapt herself, and her most valued traditions will be roughly handled west of the Urals. She has already, time and again, "lost face" to Europe. She will blame the Tartars for that; but, for the future, she will not brook mockery and contempt. When she has freed herself from

The Destiny of China

bondage, Europe will recognize a rival not to be despised, and the nations will stand aghast at her industry and physical vitality, her patience, her perseverance, and, withal, her cheerfulness and courage. What respect will Europe show for the three hundred rules of ceremony and the three thousand rules of good behaviour? What will Europe understand of the Chinese meaning of "merit"? No reformation can ever banish from this people their native culture and innate regard for the classics. Unrestricted intercourse cannot exist between nations morally and mentally at variance, and democratic China will be held in abomination, where the China of the Tartar dynasty was merely ignored. Even if East and West put forth their united endeavour to comprehend divergent modes of thought, there will remain two stumbling-blocks in the path of reconciliation—Chinese lack of "sympathy" and European misconception of the nature and meaning of "face."

II. CIVILIZATION

Confucius has said, "If you visit a foreign State, ask what the prohibitions are; if you go into a stranger's country, acquaint yourself with the manners and customs of the stranger."

This is a maxim that the foreign visitor to China might do well to commit to memory. The Englishman, who, regardless of the forms of Chinese courtesy and etiquette, offends a native sense of propriety on almost every possible occasion, does much to foment a feeling of hostility towards the "barbarian" of the West.

Surely, good manners are no more than the proper product of civilization; and he who is superciliously diverted by the fact that Chinese ceremony bears little resemblance to the corresponding customs of Europe, is less of a humorist than a fool. In the first place, he forgets that European civilization is the civilization of Greece and Rome, whereas that of China is essentially Chinese. Though there is small doubt that China owes something to Ancient Greece, and Greece owed some-

The Destiny of China

thing to China, it may be said that Chinese civilization was firmly established before even a settlement was formed on the Acropolis or Solon himself was born. The Chinese are a race of logicians who never heard of Aristotle. Their classic literature is solely indigenous, influenced from no outside source whatever. They have evolved their own forms of expression, wherein the genius of their nation dwells uncontaminated.

Seventeen hundred years before the first Roman invasion of Britain, a petition in writing was presented to the King of China. Centuries before then, the Chinese had mastered the principles of agriculture, had discovered silk, and planted the mulberry tree.

Modern geological discovery traces the origin of man to a much more remote period than that estimated by Archbishop Ussher in his seventeenth century *Chronologia Sacra*. But ancient Chinese writers have always asserted that a period considerably longer than two million years elapsed between the appearance of their earliest forefathers and the birth of Confucius in 551 B.C.

It must be generally admitted that, whatever its merits and demerits, Chinese civilization has, at least, stood the test of time. There was probably more difference between the England of George the First and that of Victoria, than between the kingdom of Che Hwang-te (246-210 B.C.) and the China of sixty years ago.

At the time of the Tsin dynasty, paper, manufactured from cotton pulp, was known throughout China, yet, it was not until a thousand years later, when the Arabs captured Samarkand, that the art of making it was conveyed to Europe. Before St Augustine set sail for the shores of Britain, and nearly nine hundred years before Caxton set up his press in the Almonry at Westminster, an Imperial Edict decreed that the Chinese classics should be printed and published throughout the realm. At an even earlier date the Chinese were acquainted with gunpowder, which they prepared from the same ingredients as it was afterwards made out of in Europe. The invention of mirrors of polished copper, mentioned in the *Odes*, is ascribed

The Destiny of China

by the Chinese themselves to so early a date as 2,500 B.C., and hair-dyes were in common use among them when England was inhabited by the barbarian who dyed his skin.

Nor was ancient China wholly without knowledge of the remainder of the globe. The Chinese from time immemorial have been largely a seafaring race. When the armies of the Mongol exacted tribute from the banks of the Dnieper, junks cruised the Pacific and the Southern Indian Ocean. If the Chinese took little from other nations, it was because other nations had little of value to offer them. In the oldest printed Chinese book in the Cambridge University Library, entitled *An Account of Strange Nations*, much that is marvellous can be found, but, on the whole, it is no more untrustworthy than the *Travels* of Sir John Mandeville, published some years later. From its pages it appears that the Chinese of that date were acquainted not only with Korea, Persia, and even Portugal, but also with Mexico, "the land where grows the aloe." Which anticipates the discovery of Columbus by more than a hundred years.

However, it is not in the province of discovery, science and invention that Far Eastern civilization is distinguished, so much as in the realms of philosophy and scholarship. To the European mind the writings of Confucius are of indifferent literary quality. This is not so with the Chinese themselves. De Quincy, it will be remembered, divided literature into two classes: the Literature of Knowledge and the Literature of Power, such works as those of history, biography, and criticism lying in the middle zone, and in some degree combining the two. The Chinese have but small respect for the Literature of Power. It has been urged that their own language, being devoid of both inflexion and grammar, does not readily adapt itself to the variety and elegance of the polysyllabic languages of Europe. This is doubtless so, as far as emphasis is concerned, for, once a Chinese word is given a different tone, its meaning is either changed or destroyed. However, language itself is but clay in the

The Destiny of China

hands of the potter ; and the language of each nation, gradually moulded by the practical necessities of both the written and the spoken word, becomes the one best suited to national character and habits of thought. If Chinese lacks the vigour and grace of the Greek and Latin tongues, it is because the Literature of Power, as exemplified in the *Iliad* or the tragedies of Shakespeare, makes absolutely no appeal to the Chinese nation. Without exception, the classics—the volumes composing the Confucian Canon—belong to the Literature of Knowledge. The Chinese are an unemotional race. Being devoid of a sense of sympathy, as we understand it, they are unable to appreciate a literature that appeals rather to the feelings than the mind. The faculties they reverence in the writer are precision, memory, judgement, accuracy of detail, and common sense ; in short, all that is embraced in the meaning of “ wisdom.”

In the face of such divergencies it is not difficult to predict that the universal adoption of European methods in China, and a general “ spring-cleaning ” of the entire political machinery, will affect in but a small degree the subjective characteristics of the most conservative race in the world. The doctrines of Confucius will not cease to be revered ; the rules of ceremony will be rigidly observed as of yore. Reformation can neither uproot the inherent instincts of a nation nor abrogate customs honoured by centuries of observance. In China, especially, political upheaval does not imply denationalization, since the Manchu system of government is heartily and repeatedly condemned in the writings of the sages themselves.

III. PATRIOTISM

No visitor to China can have failed to observe the indifference to patriotism manifested throughout the country. The average Chinaman has no thought beyond his own personal interests ; neither in private, municipal nor political matters does he for one moment consider the community. An illustration of this is the turmoil and confusion of a

The Destiny of China

typical Chinese city, wherein the comfort, health, and interests of the community are completely set at naught.

How has this state of things come to exist, and to what extent will these evils be removed by reform ?

By nature the Chinese are a law-abiding people. Moreover, they are a nation of peace-makers. Without doubt there is no race in the world normally more inclined to friendliness and moderation, despite the fact that, both individually and collectively, they are subject to fits of the most intemperate wrath. In the two books of the Five Classics which were rescued by Confucius from oblivion, as well as in the works of the sage himself, a love of order is encouraged and a generous public spirit extolled. In the halcyon days of the Chow dynasty, the Chinese were not devoid of a sense of public duty. However, the achievement of the greatest good for the greatest number entails a certain amount of co-ordination and method. It is obvious that where large communities are concerned, this co-ordination cannot be maintained without the support of laws and regulations. For two thousand years, the history of China is a tedious record of recurrent civil wars. Successive dynasties have risen and fallen. From time to time the Empire has been ruled by a monarch seriously concerned for the welfare of his people, but, for the most part, sovereigns, viceroys and prefects have utilized power mainly for selfish and mercenary ends. The teaching and wisdom of Mencius have been forgotten, by whom it was said that : "The people are the most important element in a nation ; their gods come next ; and the sovereign is the last of all." Small wonder, therefore, that every Chinaman has been taught by bitter experience to mind his own affairs. It has been clearly demonstrated to him that if he does not look after himself, no one else will. And, naturally, he is not vitally interested in the doings of a government that regards him not.

Hence it is that throughout the China of to-day there is remarkably little regard for the public good. A *laoban*, or captain of a river junk, leaves his craft, broad-

The Destiny of China

side on, across one of the narrow canals, and goes off on a three days' opium debauch. When he returns, the canal is blocked for a mile ; for three days local trade has been at a standstill. This is typical. No one complains. The Chinese are completely unaware of the value of time.

The "boy" class, employed in European households in the treaty ports, are indeed an exception. But elsewhere we see the consequences of centuries of neglect on the part of the government and its officials. When the rulers of China come to consider the necessities and requirements of the people, these evils will vanish. As it was with the railways, so it will be with a postal and telegraphic service, a police force, municipal, and district councils, and a liberal and modern system of education. The Chinese are eminently a practical people. They will not take long to recognize the benefits such innovations would bestow. The country is fully prepared for reform, and has been so for centuries. The intellectual force, the business ability, and the physical vitality, are there. China has grown callous from necessity ; she is not effete and incompetent by nature. On the contrary, the pulse of the nation beats more strongly than even that of Germany or Japan.

Nothing but the sword can replace corruption by justice, or chaos by discipline and order. And once order and justice are established, the destiny of China is opened as a scroll. No one will ever know what sums have been perverted from the Treasury of Peking. For centuries every man has been his neighbour's dupe, and the Son of Heaven himself the greatest dupe of all. At the enthronement of justice, this state of things will end, and money that has previously found its way into the pockets of the mandarins will be wisely expended upon the needed reforms.

What is wanted is that China shall have confidence in her rulers. Such a conversion cannot be brought about in a day. It is probable that not until the fourth generation will the benefit be reaped to the full. The Manchu rulers of China are the hereditary foes of the people. But,

The Destiny of China

when rulers and people alike are guided by the same instincts, actuated by the same interests, and involved in the same destiny, then, the seeds of patriotism are sown. It is one of the maxims of Confucius that a good ruler will make a good people. Mencius has said: "Get the hearts of the people, and you get the people; get the people, and you gain the Empire." In China, justice will be its own reward; and the days of the Chow dynasty, when no man had need to lock his doors of nights, will return; the Chinese will be no longer divided against themselves. The dialects will be no impediment in the way of a united China. Education will sweep all that aside. And even now, the dialects are largely confined to the coast, and the Mandarin language will carry a man throughout the length and breadth of the Empire.

The pages of the history of China tell us of patriots and heroes in the past; and to-day, there are men willing and eager to risk far more than death for the welfare of their country—men who both see and appreciate the good that the future holds in store. It is such as these who would tear off the veil that shrouds the eyes of their compatriots; for it is a veil and nothing more.

IV. INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

Since the opium war of 1840, and more especially during the last twenty years, foreign companies—for the most part French, American and English—have insisted upon forcing western methods upon the peoples and Government of China. Though the objective of these companies has been no more than personal gain, their activities have meant far more than that. While China continued undisturbed the sleep of centuries, hidden resources were developed, a vast piece of machinery—not fallen into the dilapidation of age, so much as grown rusty for want of use—was renovated and set in motion, with the inevitable result upon the balance of power and the trade of the world.

Statistics bear witness to the mineral wealth of

The Destiny of China

the provinces of Yunnan and Shan-se; the strategic and commercial advantages of the Yangste are not denied. But, even to-day, Europe is not fully conscious of the possibilities of China. As we have seen the growth and advancement of the nation have been stunted by a system well devised for the purpose. The result of this is a race of artisans living from hand to mouth, yet, according to the recognized value of skilled labour in other parts of the world, capable of accumulating riches; of poverty-stricken peasants unconscious of the wealth of their own making; of people whose enforced ignorance is the more lamentable because of the high degree of their intelligence, latent and innate. As a mechanic, the Chinaman is without a rival; he needs no word of explanation to unravel the mysteries of the steam engine or the watch. As a soldier, man for man, he is the equal of the Japanese. As a merchant he stands alone; shrewd, plodding, wide-awake, and strictly honourable in all his transactions. There is no country in the world capable of competing successfully with the Chinese in the field of labour and trade.

And yet it is only recently that the Chinese himself has been forced to recognize these facts. The rails of the Imperial Railway were laid in the teeth of the most determined opposition from both the Chinese officials and people. The former, as I have said, for reasons of their own, were fundamentally hostile to progression in any form; the latter objected on superstitious grounds alone.

In the end, however, the dollar prevailed, and immediately another difficulty cropped up—peasants finding the permanent way a convenient high-road, took to using it as such, and were frequently killed by the trains. For this, the engines were held to blame, and the railway company—for no philanthropic purpose, but to guarantee its very existence—offered compensation to the families of those killed upon the line.

This led to another, and ever greater, difficulty. The Chinese were ever a race much addicted to suicide. In spite of a marked scepticism with regard to the prospect

The Destiny of China

of a life hereafter, they meet death with stoical unconcern. High officials take poison in their yamens at the bidding of Imperial edicts. Criminals are led to execution talking pleasantly with their friends. The writer knows of a case in point, of a long string of victims to be beheaded in that terrible potter's yard that the tourist can see in Canton, one of whom asked serenely of the executioner that he might be placed at the end of the line in order to have leisure to finish his cigarette. There, enjoying his final smoke, unmoved and scarcely interested, he witnessed the death of his comrades. To the Chinese in bondage, life is no more than a series of troubles, a riddle that is barely worth the guessing; and death, the shortest and simplest solution. There are many native proverbs to that effect, of which "every man must be possessed of lice" is highly representative. Only to those who understand—as far as they are comprehensible to the Occidental mind—Chinese temperament and character, is it credible that the payment of compensation for lives lost on the railway became, to many, an immediate inducement to commit suicide. Nor were these suicides confined to the inhabitants of the northern provinces of Chili and Shangtung, but men walked hundreds of miles in order to get themselves killed that their families might thereby profit.

Thus the initial expense of the railway company became tremendous. The directors were obliged to stop payment for lives lost, and the suicides immediately ceased. By then, the peasants were reconciled to the trains, which they had formerly protested would disturb the spirits of their ancestors.

In the China that is passing away, the rivers and canals were the principal high-roads of trade. River junks, or *wupans*, carried merchandise throughout the length and breadth of the empire. The Grand Canal is, in its way, as marvellous a piece of work as the Great Wall itself. Extending, as it does, from Tientsin to the Yangtse, it is almost as long. It was constructed, in the days when pirate junks cruised the coast from Chifu to Singapore,

The Destiny of China

that the southern tributes of rice and tea might be brought in safety to the Imperial granaries of Peking, and wool, oil, furs, salt, hides and grease might be carried to the trade centres of the south. Of the waterways of old China the Grand Canal stood second only to the Yangtse, the best beloved of all the rivers of the world. Not even the Nile and Ganges, whose waters flow with so sacred and mystic a significance, are of the same commercial value as the Yangtse. The Chinese, essentially a practical people, have comparatively small regard for the unnavigable Hoang-Ho. In China most things are measured by their use.

In addition to the main rivers and canals, the Empire is criss-crossed in all directions by innumerable waterways that radiate like the threads of a spider's web upon the leading centres of trade. In former times these were the sole lines of inter-communication from city to city. In consequence of these limitations transport was inefficient and tardy; the canals were narrow and frequently blocked for days at a time. It was not long before the Chinese trader appreciated to the full the value of railroads. He found that the railway brought him, not only quicker returns, but an increased profit; and from that time forward, year by year, China has witnessed the steady construction of a modern system of railways.

In this regard the future is clear. The Chinese themselves are no longer blind to their destiny, or ignorant of the vast resources of their country. Once started on the path of progress, they will not turn back; they are far too wise for that. The time will come when the Chinese Empire can boast of railroads, and a railroad service, as magnificent as those of the United States of America; when the gold of Yunnan, in place of silver shoes, will fill the coffers of the native banks of Shanghai, and troops from Peking can be transported in a few days to the ultimate parts of Asia. The seed has been sown by foreign cupidity. The harvest will be reaped by native enterprise and labour.

C. J. L. GILSON

CHRISTIAN EDIFICES BEFORE CONSTANTINE

THE earliest of all the edifices consecrated to Christian worship was that "upper room" in Jerusalem, where our Lord had instituted the Holy Eucharist, and where, on the day of Pentecost, the Holy Ghost had come down upon the assembled Apostles. A place with such memories could not possibly be neglected, and it is without surprise, therefore, that we find that the local tradition of Jerusalem has preserved the identity of this spot. This upper room, capable as it apparently was of accommodating at least one hundred and twenty persons, became, naturally enough, the central and, perhaps, the only place of meeting of the little band of Christians in Jerusalem before the dispersion of the Apostles. They went daily to the Temple for the prayers of their nation, and returned "to break bread," *κατ' οἶκον*; not from house to house, as the English versions translate the phrase, nor even "at home," but rather "in the house"; in that house and place, that is to say, which had been originally consecrated by the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, and which now remained the normal centre of its administration. The house, lying as it did on the outskirts of Jerusalem, survived, so again tradition informs us, the destruction of the siege of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, and it was in being and preserved its essential characteristic of an upper room when St Epiphanius wrote about A.D. 380.* It is still shown, and still is an upper chamber, but is now in the hands of the infidels. Moreover, such changes have been made in the lapse of ages that it is impossible to make any certain deductions from its present form.

Outside of Jerusalem, after the first twelve years, when the Apostles were scattered over the world preaching the Gospel, we should naturally expect to find them

* *De Mens.* xiv. cf. *Cyr. Hier. Catech.* vi.

Early Christian Edifices

preserving in the main this original plan of action. The appeal was everywhere made first to the Jews; every possible use was made of the existing organization of the Jewish body; for the time of definitive separation was not yet come, and the hope was still alive that the Jewish nation as a whole might yet accept the Gospel message. But there must always in each place have been some one chosen spot where Christians could meet for their own special devotions; where, as in Jerusalem, they could "break bread in the house." We can follow the process in detail in the history of St Paul, as narrated in the Acts. The missionary work of the Church was conducted, for the most part, in the synagogues. Everywhere we find him, as soon as he arrived in a new town, going straight to the synagogue, and there delivering his message as a Jew to Jews. But at the same time we are aware that there is another kind of religious work being carried on, and this not in the synagogue, nor in any public place, but in the privacy of a convert's house. At Troas, for instance, this private assembly was held on the third floor (εἰς τὸ ὑπερώϊον, Acts xx. 6-9); at Rome St Paul sends salutations to Aquila and Priscilla "and the church that is in their house" (Rom. xvi, 5); at Colosse, it is in the house of Nymphe (Col. iv, 15); at Ephesus, besides the church in the house of Aquila (1 Cor. xvi, 19), we find that a public hall has been taken for missionary work, and St Paul disputes daily in the *schola* of one Tyrannus (Acts xix, 9).

Here, then, we have the real origin of the Christian churches of later date. Their history begins with private oratories, sheltered by the rights of private property. If we are to get any idea of these places now, it can only be by examining the general plan of a Roman house, and forming our ideas as to the most usual disposition which would be made for these purposes. Individual cases must, of course, have varied widely, but the general type was pretty constant, and from it we may gather some ideas of value.

The arrangement of a Roman house was mainly on a

Christian Edifices

single floor; though sometimes in crowded localities upper stories were added. It was entered from the street by a passage, which led into the *atrium*, the more public part of the house. From this access could be obtained to the peristyle, an inner courtyard surrounded by pillars, round which were built the private rooms of the family. At the far end of the peristyle was usually a larger chamber, the *oecus* or *tablinum*, which served as a private reception room for the owner of the house.

If we take these main features, neglecting the subsidiary arrangements, which varied in every way, we shall see that if the owner of such a house as this were called upon to make provision for Christians who had come together for worship, he would have found his premises admirably adapted for this object. The guests would naturally be admitted into the inner portion of the house, for fear of interruption. The *oecus* would be the natural place for the officiating clergy and so forth, and the peristyle would afford accommodation for a large number of worshippers. If that was the arrangement made, we can already recognize the germ of our later plans. We have the large oblong space for the ordinary worshippers, and we have also the smaller apartment, similarly oblong in form and separated from the other by an arch, which forms the chancel. It is precisely and identically the plan which is so familiar to us in the North as that of our oldest churches.

Only two oratories certainly earlier than the time of Constantine are known to exist in Rome. One of these, at Sta Prisca, was discovered in 1776, and has again been lost. We have no certain record of its shape. The other was recently found near the Via Venti Settembre, and is rectangular and apseless, with a vine patterned mosaic pavement enclosing an altar compartment with symbolic cross and fishes.*

Two passages in the *Clementine Recognitions* are of special interest. Although some of this document is to be assigned to a late date, the ground plan of it is very

* Frothingham. *Amer. Journal of Archæology*, 1903, p. 77.

before Constantine

early indeed, and of considerable value. We read in it that at Tripoli, when the Apostle Peter was there and a great number were converted through his preaching, a certain prominent citizen named Maro offered a spacious hall in his house capable of holding more than 500 persons. There was also a garden adjoining which could accommodate even more. So again at Antioch, under similar circumstances, one Theophilus, a chief noble of the place, "consecrated the great hall of his house under the name of a church," and Peter's chair was placed there.* The passages are interesting, whatever may be their exact authority, because they put before us an instance of what was undoubtedly frequently happening during the years of persecution, and constitutes a further step in the development of a church. As the number of Christians increased, and got beyond the small circle of individual friends of single proprietors, the private house obviously became unsuitable for public worship. It might be tolerated as being inevitable, on the ground that no more fixed and adequate arrangements were possible on account of persecution; but it is evident that more general accommodation would have to be provided where it was possible. So there grew up the *ecclesia domestica*, as we meet with it in the second and third centuries; a real church, though held in what was, externally, a private house. Certain houses were bought, or were handed over by their owners for the express purpose of being used as churches. Henceforth they were occupied, not by private individuals, but by the priests who served the church. Probably they still preserved the appearance of private houses, internally as well as externally, so as to avoid attracting attention, and in order to disarm all suspicion. The priests lived in the more private rooms of the house, and the peristyle and oecus, as usual, formed the church. We have several records of private houses which were turned into churches in this way. The house of Clement, one of the earliest popes, became the church which bears his name. The house of Pudens apparently bears the

* *Clem. Recogn.* iv. 6, and x. 71.

Christian Edifices

same relation to Sta Pudenziana, and that of Aquila on the Aventine to the church of Sta Prisca. In later times we find Lucina giving her home for the purpose, and it becomes the church of S. Marcello in Corso. So also in the Acts of St Cecilia, which are rather late, but based on earlier material, we are told that as the Saint lay dying she handed over her house to the Bishop that it might be made into a church. The pipes which belonged to the baths in that house may still be seen in the Church of Sta Cecilia in Trastevere.

A very curious document, which is printed in the Appendix to Vol. ix of Migne's edition of St Augustine (P. L. XLIII, p. 794), gives us an account of a domiciliary visit paid during the course of the persecution of Diocletian to such an *ecclesia domestica* as we have described, at Cirta in Africa. The Roman Magistrate Felix comes to "the house in which the Christians were wont to meet"; evidently a place which was perfectly well known; and finds there Paul the Bishop and others of the clergy. He orders the Bishop to produce the Scriptures and any other books he possessed, so as to obey the law which ordered these to be destroyed. The Bishop replied that these were in the hands of the lectors, and on being further asked to produce the lectors, answers that their names were well known to the authorities, which is not disputed. A large number of clergy, priests, deacons, subdeacons, and fossors are mentioned as being present, and an inventory was taken of the things which were produced, including two cups of gold, six of silver, six silver ewers, seven silver lamps, two candelabra with branches, seven short bronze candlesticks and eleven lamps. There was also a large quantity of clothing for both men and women, which, it has been suggested, was used by poorer Christians when they came to the agapé, after the manner of the wedding garment in the parable. Afterwards search was made in the library, but apparently there had been time to hide the books, for the cases were found empty. Then the triclinium, or dining room was searched, and here four jars and six vases were found. A large number

before Constantine

of codices were afterwards discovered by visits to other houses, and these were all destroyed. The whole document is full of interest, as showing just what was happening at the time all over the Empire.

We have seen how at Corinth, even in apostolic times, the needs of the young Christian community were such that no private house could fulfil the purpose, and a public hall or *schola* had to be acquired. It is likely enough that a similar need in other places and later times was satisfied in like fashion. These *scholae* were common enough, and served for business purposes, and for the meeting places of the various guilds or *Collegia*, of which so many existed at that period. They varied very much in size and importance, according to the number and rank of the members of the guilds who owned them. At Pompeii there are several to be seen close to the Forum, and these are simply large rooms about 50 ft. by 30 ft. They possessed, as a rule, an apse at the upper end, which served as a special place for the occupation of the president and officials. A similar arrangement was very general in the Jewish synagogues.

It was not only in the city that these *scholae* or semi-public halls existed. Most of the *collegia* had to do with burials, and accordingly they had their *scholae* in connexion with the cemeteries. Heathen examples have been found on the Via Appia, and elsewhere in Rome, and a very fine example exists at Ostia. Christians, too, had their *scholae* at the catacombs, though there is no certainty that they had any in the towns themselves. At the entrance to the cemetery of Sta Domitilla, there is a very fine example of such a Christian *schola*. It is of irregular form, and a stone bench runs all round it. Out of it opens the crypt of the *Acilii Glabriones*. De Rossi speaks of it as "a vast triclinium for a large number of guests, in a word, a *schola sodalium* similar to those of the pagan brotherhoods instituted for purposes of burial."*

Some of these *cellae* or chapels remain standing above the various cemeteries of Rome to the present day. They

* *Bull. di arch. crist.* 1865 p. 97.

Christian Edifices

seem to go back, in origin at any rate, behind the persecution of Diocletian. But, although they cannot be neglected by anyone who wishes to take into consideration all the various lines of evolution which were contributing to bring about the settled type of the Christian church, the influence of these *cellae* does not seem to have been great, and it is hardly worth our while, consequently, to pursue the subject further.

Besides the *cella* or *schola* thus constructed above ground at the cemeteries, there were chapels underground, in the catacombs themselves, generally at the shrines of the martyrs, and from these again there is much to be learnt as to the arrangements thought essential for divine worship in the earliest ages. Clearly we have to do here not with the luxuries of worship, but with the barest necessities. For the most part they are simple *cubicula*, rather larger than the others, and that is all. The famous crypt of the Popes at St Callixtus, where so many of the Popes of the third century are buried, may serve as an example. Here we have a simple rectangular chamber, with no liturgical division of any kind, at one end of which, apparently, the altar was erected. Where the conditions were so severely limited, very little could be done. The Church had to worship in these places, not indeed as she would, but as she found it possible. Their interest is extreme, but they have not much to teach us as to the course and direction of liturgical development.

There is, however, in another catacomb, that of the Via Nomentana, a much more detailed arrangement for divine worship. A chapel of some size has been formed by connecting, so as to produce a single elongated chamber, a number of the small *cubicula* which are so frequent. There are five of these altogether, three in front of, and two behind, the passage by which access is obtained. The two behind were given up to the women; we have provision for the separation of the sexes even here. The next two are similarly for the men, while the remaining one at the extreme end is for the clergy. The Bishop's throne, cut in the rock, is against the back wall, facing

before Constantine

down the chapel, and the seats for the presbyters are on either side. A portable altar, apparently, was placed in front of him. A good deal of trouble has been taken to give the whole place an architectural effect, by cutting pilasters at the side, and so forth, and places are provided for lamps. The interest of the place is great, because we see that here, in spite of the difficulties of the situation, a real attempt has been made to provide proper accommodation as it was then conceived of. We may be sure that in oratories above ground, when things were peaceable and such oratories were able to exist, all these distinctions would have been held absolutely necessary. In any reconstruction of the arrangement of such an oratory, we should have to provide separate accommodation for the two sexes, as well as a special place, well divided off from the rest of the oratory, for the Bishop and his clergy.

So far, in our search for the various elements out of which the traditional arrangement of our churches have come into existence, the structure of the Roman house has been by far the most important. The other elements, the *schola* and the subterranean crypt might almost be neglected. But in the arrangements of certain large Roman houses, there was a peculiarity which is of higher importance than anything to which we have as yet drawn attention in its influence upon the form ultimately taken by Christian churches. This is the private *basilica*, or great hall of a Roman palace, which, according to Vitruvius,* was a constant feature of these buildings, and was constructed according to the same general rules as the public basilicas which were used as law courts and exchanges. We have the remains of a private basilica of this kind in the palace of Domitian on the Palatine. It was used for giving audience to clients, and for the decision of causes which were brought before the Emperor personally, and doubtless many a Christian has stood and been judged within it. Such private basilicas differed from the oecus of an ordinary house mainly by the addition of

* Vitruvius, *De archit.* vi. v. 8.

Christian Edifices

an apse at the end, and, if this was rendered necessary because of the greater size, of pillars down each side to help to support the roof. The tablinum or oecus was an ordinary room in which the host received his guests and moved about among them. The basilica, on the contrary, was a hall to which the prince or noble went to receive his clients and to hear their causes. Hence there was a necessity for the apse to form a focus to dominate the whole, and to make a fitting place for the throne of the prince when sitting as judge.

After the peace of the church, when Christians were free to build churches as they wished, the basilica type became almost universal in the West. Christian imaginations were captured by the gift by Constantine to Pope Zephyrinus of the Lateran Palace; whose basilica became the cathedral of Rome, and set the pattern for almost all future churches in the West. But all this belongs to a later period than that which we are now discussing. Before Constantine handed over the Lateran, the basilica type of church seems to have been rare, for there cannot have been enough Christians of exalted position at any time to make the use of basilicas of this kind at all common during the ages of persecution. But we have a few instances of the use of the word, and it is not impossible that in one or two great houses in Rome or elsewhere, such basilicas were actually used for Christian worship. Their suitability for such a purpose was remarkable. The throne of the prince, situated at the farthest point of the apse, naturally lent itself for the bishop or presiding officer, and the seats of the assessors, which lined the apse on either side of the throne, were equally suitable for the assisting clergy. It is the exact arrangement which we find in the Coemeterium Ostrianum, and which became the normal arrangement of the Christian church for many centuries.

We may sum up the results of our investigations concerning the ecclesiastical buildings in use during the ages of persecution somewhat as follows : The Christians met first in private houses, and seldom had buildings of their

before Constantine

own apart from these. The usual thing when it was decided to set apart a particular building as a quasi-public oratory, was to utilize an ordinary house for the purpose, allowing the bishop or the priest, as the case might be, to live in the house. He will have passed, so far as the outside world was concerned, as an ordinary tenant, and probably used the peristyle and tablinium, or whatever other part of the house was most suitable, for the purposes of the public meeting. Accordingly, the idea of a church which was prevalent in these centuries was that of a large oblong hall, with a second and smaller oblong sanctuary separated from the great hall by an arch. Within the bounds of the empire of Constantine, in later years, this primitive ideal came to be superseded by another drawn from the basilica, but in some countries, where the Roman influence was weak in the fourth and fifth centuries, such as Ireland and Britain, and other parts of the North, the basilican type never succeeded in establishing itself. The square east end of our churches, even at the present time, preserves the memory of the earliest type of Christian church derived from the conditions of the Roman house of that period. In the East, in spite of a few basilicas here and there, the usual type of church was always founded on the square unit surmounted by a little dome.

In the later part of the third century, and the beginning of the fourth, especially in the period of comparative peace which intervened between the persecutions of Decius and Valerius, and that of Diocletian, there can be no doubt that edifices formally given over to Christian worship were rising everywhere. Eusebius would have had no motive for exaggeration, and he tells us that they were very numerous. "Who could describe," he asks, "the vast crowds of those who came daily to religious worship, or the number of churches in every town?"* The old churches, he goes on to say, had grown too small, and everywhere new and vast churches were rising up. Other testimonies are completely in accord with

* *Hist. eccl.* viii. 3.

Christian Edifices

this, and it is evident that the picture commonly drawn of the worship carried on at this period with difficulty in the depths of the catacombs and other similar places, however true it may be for the comparatively few years of active persecution, does not apply at all to the longer years of truce between Church and State. St Optatus of Milevis counted forty Christian churches at Rome at this time, and we know that in the middle of the third century, under Pope St Cornelius, Rome already possessed at least 86 priests. But of all these churches absolutely nothing remains to us. Probably they were of light construction, and it may be that they were, after all, little more than private houses, but in any case the order of Diocletian that they were all to be razed and levelled with the ground seems to have swept them all out of existence. There is scarcely a single building anywhere surviving of which we can say with certainty that it was used for Christian worship before the time of Constantine; though no doubt many are built on sites which were those of earlier churches. We remain, therefore, absolutely without any trustworthy evidence, as to the size, the shape, or the internal arrangements of these churches.*

A passage of Eusebius† brings before us vividly enough the kind of destruction that was going on everywhere under Diocletian. He is telling of the ruin of the church of Nicomedia, within sight of the Imperial palace. It was the last day of the Terminalia (the 7th of the calends of March). In obedience to the Imperial order the Roman soldiers burst into the Christian church, breaking down its gates. They searched everywhere for the image of God; so little as this, even then, was known of Christianity; burnt the books of the Scriptures and of the liturgies; and everything was given over to pillage

* From two descriptions of churches of the pre-Constantinian period which have come down to us, in the *Didascalia Apostolorum* and the *Testamentum Domini*, we should conclude that they were usually single naved or without aisles.

† *Hist. eccl.* viii. 2; cf. *De Mart. Pal.* i. 436, and *Lactantius De Mort Persec.* xii.

before Constantine

and destruction. The Emperors stood in the palace and watched what was going on. They discussed the question whether the building should be set on fire. But Diocletian was against this, he feared that the flames would spread, and that other structures would be involved. His opinion prevailed, but the building was not therefore spared. The soldiers set to work with axes and crowbars, and in a very few hours the whole was destroyed. Nothing remained to show where the church had stood, except only the foundations upon which it had been built.

Everywhere all over the empire the same tale of destruction was going on. At Circa we have already told the story of the visit of the magistrates. The destruction of the church no doubt followed, though it is not recorded. The persecutors could destroy the churches, they could not touch the ecclesiastical organization under which those churches were worked. Everywhere the hierarchic arrangement of dioceses and patriarchates survived the storm. Within each diocese, too, there must have been a detailed organization of priests and of other clergy, and this, too, continued unchanged. Rome itself was by this time minutely organized for ecclesiastical purposes, and we will bring our account of the churches of the period of persecution to an end by giving a sketch of this organization, as we find it at this period.

The earliest notice we have of such an organization is in the *Liber Pontificalis*. St Fabian (†250), we read there, "divided the regions among the deacons." There were seven deacons at Rome (the number was long preserved in that of the Cardinal Deacons of the Sacred College), and to each was assigned a "region," made up, roughly speaking, of two of the fourteen civil regions, though the arrangement allowed of certain exceptions.

Each region included a certain number of *tituli* or "titles." These were the oldest churches in the city, and of them, in the third century, there were twenty-five. The reason why this name of "title" was given to the churches is generally considered uncertain. A number of very unsatisfactory suggestions were made by Baronius,

Christian Edifices

who has been followed by most writers since. Certainly the name is exceedingly ancient, and dates from the very earliest age of the church. The present author, in another work published some twelve years ago, suggested a new derivation which seemed to him less unsatisfactory, and he would now bring it forward once again, with some additional evidence.

The word *titulus* in the Latin of the fourth century denoted, among other things, a memorial pillar, the Greek stela.

Thus, in Gen. xxviii, 18, in the Vulgate, it is used of the stone which Jacob set up, after his dream at Bethel, *erexit in titulum*, pouring oil upon it. Similarly in the *Itinera* of the early Palestine pilgrims, we find that Adamnan saw at Bethlehem the *titulus* which Jacob had set up over Rachel's grave, while an earlier pilgrim still, St Sylvia, expresses her disappointment that the *titulus* of Lot's wife was no longer visible. Apparently the use of the word in Gen. xxviii, 18 goes back behind the Vulgate to some form of the Itala, for both St Augustine and St Jerome quote the passage using this word. The only text of this portion of the Itala which survives, namely the Lyons MS., does not have the word, but says *posuerat eum stantem*.

In Rome itself the idea of a shrine of a saint, which is pretty much what the word *titulus* seems to have meant originally, naturally connected itself with the idea of an altar, through the custom of using the tombs of the saints as altars which had grown up in the catacombs. So here we find a local and derived meaning of "altar," pure and simple; denoting, apparently, a fixed altar of stone, in contradistinction to the wooden and portable altars, the use of which was rendered necessary by persecutions. Sulpicius Severus (*Hist.* i, 8), quotes the passage in Genesis, and clearly understands the word *titulus* to be simply the equivalent of "altar," for he says that Jacob promised, if he prospered, that the stone be set up, *titulum sibi domus Dei futurum* "should be the altar of a future church"; a passage which has puzzled many com-

before Constantine

mentators. Another instance of the use of the word in this sense of altar may be found in the life of St Theofrid. *Ipse ante venerandum Beati Petri titulum in oratione est prostatus*, he prostrated himself in prayer before the altar of Blessed Peter. Next it came to mean the part about the altar, the *presbytery* or sanctuary. In this sense it is used continually by Leo Marsicanus in the Chronicle of Cassino, about the eleventh century. *In Ecclesia autem titulum cum confessione sua construxit*.^{*} Here we might still take it to mean the altar, only were it not that the same writer in another place mentions that there were six long and four round windows *in titulo*, and two in the centre apse and others in the nave.† But long before this date it had acquired its final sense in Rome itself, and is used for the whole church; not, however, for every church, but for those only which possessed parochial rights.

The first person who is recorded to have instituted parishes of this kind is Pope Evaristus in the third century, but the authority is somewhat doubtful, and the earliest real authority is the Acts of the Roman Council of 499. At that time it applied to twenty-eight churches, of which almost all remain to the present time. The list is as follows: "Titulus Praxedis," Vestinae (S. Vitalis), St Cecilia, Pammachii, Byzantis (SS. John and Paul), Clementis, Julii, Calixti (Sta Maria in Trastevere), Chrysogoni, Pudentis, St Sabinae, Equitii (St Martino ai Monti), Damasi (St Lorenzo in Damaso), Matthei (now SS. Pietro and Marcellino), Aemilianae, Eusebii, Tigridis, Crescentiani (S. Sisto), Nicomedis (unknown), Cyriaci (now transferred to St Maria in Via Lata), St Susannae, Gaii, Romani (doubtful), SS. Apostolorum, Eudoxiae (St Pietro ad Vincula), Fasciolae (SS. Nereo and Achilleo), St Priscae, St Marcelli, Lucinae (St Lorenzo in Lucina), Marci, Pallacinae. The original number, before the peace of the church, was twenty-five. Three

^{*} *Vita S. Theofridi Abb.*

† *Chron. Cass.*, ii. 3; Migne *P.L.* vol. 173, p. 586.

‡ *Ib.* p. 747.

Early Christian Edifices

had been added in the fourth and fifth centuries, two of which were SS. John and Paul, and St Lorenzo in Damaso.

The first twenty-five were the original churches of the times of persecution, and, we may suppose, were for the most part at first private houses, permanently used as churches, and with duly consecrated and permanent altars. They were probably all, without exception, destroyed in the persecution of Diocletian, and rebuilt again after the peace of the Church. It may be noticed that they are all in the suburbs of Rome; at least, none are in the central part, which afterwards had so many, round the Forum. Nor are any in buildings which have been taken over from the Pagans; the time for this had not yet come, although from the same list of the signatories of the Council of 499, we see that the Deacons had their offices already in buildings of this kind—in the *Templum sacrae Urbis* (SS. Cosmas and Damian, and in the *horrea* or public barns (St Maria in Cosmedin).*

At a later date the parish organization of Rome increased largely. The remains of the old system, however, can still be traced in the College of Cardinals with their "titular" churches; not churches as is commonly supposed from which they take their titles, but rather parochial churches, of which they are, in theory, the parish priests. The deaconries survive also in like manner, and are held by the "Cardinal Deacons." Their number is, however, no longer limited to seven.

A. S. BARNES

* Cf. Duchesne, *Les titres. Mélanges de l'Ecole Fr.* 1887.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND

THE question of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland is, of all political topics, perhaps the one least considered on its merits, and the most under the influence of sentiment and passion. The wildest travesties of past history, the crudest obsessions of religious bigotry, are used by disputants on one side or on the other, perhaps with the intention, and certainly with the result of at once embittering and obscuring the issue. For English Catholics there is a special danger that the real import of the cause that is at stake may be lost amid the ravings of Orange extremists* and their echoes by ignorant orators and writers in England. It is necessary, therefore, to proclaim and to insist that the fundamental English case against Home Rule would hold good as against Scotland, would hold good as against Wales, and would hold good as against Ireland if the whole island were Catholic or were Protestant, or had been wholly perverted to Shintoism or Theosophy. Religious differences aggravate the dispute, but the dispute would remain were these differences appeased.

I do not indeed for a moment deny that the difficulties of granting Home Rule in Ireland are much greater than would be the case in Scotland, and somewhat greater than would be the case in Wales. Here again, however, it is too often forgotten that, speaking roughly and with exceptions, the religious cleavage corresponds to a racial distinction that is the elder of the two. Personally I am convinced that under modern conditions racial differences are far greater obstacles to political co-operation

* Not Sir Edward Carson, be it noted. He may, on English standards, be a violent politician, but assuredly he is no bigot in religion. It is amusing to know that bills without a printer's name have been circulated in Belfast denouncing him as a false Protestant. Whether these productions were the work of Orange fanaticism or Nationalist guile, it is hard to say.

Home Rule for Ireland

than religious differences, however acute. In Hungary, for example, under the Magyar Ascendancy, there are the strongest religious divisions, but the whole dominant race will unite as one man on the smallest provocation against the German, the Rumanian or the Slav. In the same way, an average Pole will find it far easier to work with a Slav schismatic than a German Catholic, and many of us know well that where there is a strong racial and political difference between men of the same religion, their antipathy is aggravated by the very fact of the unity of their faith.

In Ireland the division is roughly triple. As the religious division corresponds broadly to the racial, so does the racial correspond to the political. On one side, coterminous, speaking roughly, with the Celtic population, in a demand for freedom from English government, a demand varying in intensity as well as in extent. Perhaps a good deal of it—it is impossible to say—is spontaneous; but certainly much of it also is the artificial product of persistent propagandism and organization. On the other side is a minority, of Anglo-Saxon origin, to be found scattered throughout the country, but concentrated in formidable numbers in the northern province, which demands that there shall be no weakening of the governmental bonds uniting Ireland with Great Britain. That demand, naturally, has the definiteness which the other demand lacks—and on the whole it is characterized by much greater vigour; it is likely, however, that it also has been tuned up by the propagandism which is an inevitable condition of all political developments. Still, the fact remains that there is this acute feeling, and acute difference of feeling; and in its presence we are more than ever reminded of the need for dispassionate consideration of the issue.

Let us first regard the question on its political side. And here at once we have to draw a distinction, if we are to avoid the confusion into which much of the controversy has been plunged. Politics is an expression which may be used to connote either the sentiments which are more

Home Rule for Ireland

properly known as national aspirations, or the business of ordering certain governmental functions necessary to keep any society together and in comfort, and ordering them in the least oppressive and most efficient way.

With regard to the former, it is easy to feel a natural sympathy for those advocates of Home Rule who represent the aspirations, and the racial consciousness, of the Celtic people of Ireland. An Irishman is almost as distinct from an Englishman as a Frenchman or German is, and it is merely stupid to ignore the fact. Equally we must recognize the fact that the opponents of Home Rule in Ireland are the least in sympathy with the prevailing traditional spirit of the island. Here, however, it will be worth while to note a remarkable development of recent years in the attitude of the Celtic Irish towards the Anglo- and Scoto-Irish. At one time these latter were, in the eyes of the others, the foreign intruders and usurpers; to-day the Nationalist—at least of Mr O'Brien's school—is very particular to tell you that he regards them as brothers. It is not clear how far the new feeling is reciprocated, but as the Unionist Irishman also claims his share of Irish patriotism, some community of feeling is to be found at least as regards material interests in spite of the present unfraternal hostilities.

So we have the fact of distinct nationality. That is to say, a portion of the United Kingdom—or shall we say, of the British Empire—is conscious of a separate individuality for which it desires to obtain recognition. So far there is nothing to condemn. It is a family among the nations, and has its family rights. Or, to get an even more practical analogy, it is like an individual in relation to the State. It is the duty of the State to accord the fullest freedom to the individuals composing it, consistent with its own proper rights and functions. Equally, and as a continuance of the same logical sequence, it is the duty of the State,—the central governing body—to accord to racial and geographical groups of individuals within its pale the fullest freedom consistent with the welfare and safety of the whole State. There is no room, in a civilized com-

Home Rule for Ireland

munity, for two opinions concerning the imperative wisdom of this recognition of nationality; and as Ireland is a distinct nationality, asking for recognition as such, there can be no question of refusing it to her in due measure. The steam-roller policy of the Young Turks is no precedent for English Conservatives.

The British Empire is not behindhand with its duty in relation to national sentiment. The retention by Scotland of her legal system, fundamentally different from England's, is an instance near home. The specially French institutions established in French Canada form another instance. South Africa, with its Roman-Dutch law, may also be cited. Or Malta. Or India. There is no doubt that the British Empire freely and generously accords recognition to the principle of nationality.

But difficulty may arise—and in Ireland has arisen—as to the form which this recognition may take—having prudent regard to the general well-being and strength of the Empire and divergent interests within the nation which is asking for recognition. National groups do not always want the same kind of recognition. The most natural and usual desire is for complete political independence—a form of recognition which is quite impossible to give in many cases (including Ireland's), and one which, owing to serious practical drawbacks, in many cases is not asked for. Scotland gratifies her national spirit by the maintenance of her ancient institutions; Wales hers, by the general, and even official, use of her own language and separate educational system. Ireland, however, has no ancient laws to cherish; and the Irish language is, for the most part, an exotic, the grammar of which is laboriously acquired by a few ultra-patriots. But Irishmen have a natural taste for politics, and it is not surprising, therefore, that their national ambition should run in political directions. To what extent can this ambition be gratified?

It will help us to answer this difficult question if we first remind ourselves of some of the numerous directions in which Irish political feeling is already recognized. One

Home Rule for Ireland

hundred and three of the 670 members of the House of Commons of the United Kingdom represent Irish constituencies. That is a fact which everyone knows, and yet everyone seems to forget it, or to fail to appreciate what it means. But it means that the Irish citizen has a much greater individual share in the government of the British Empire than the English citizen. Ireland, with a population of 4,371,000, returns 103 members—one member for 42,437 inhabitants; England and Wales, with a population of 36,169,000 returns 495 members—one member for 73,070 inhabitants; Scotland, with a population of 4,929,000, returns 72 members—one member for 68,460 inhabitants. So Ireland has not only, through her Parliamentary representatives, a voice in the government of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, but a voice much greater proportionally than that of the other constituent parts of the United Kingdom. And, it may be added parenthetically, when Irish Nationalists compare their position with that of the self-governing Colonies, to the disadvantage of Ireland, they should not forget that these daughter states of the Empire have practically no voice in the management of the Empire outside purely domestic affairs within their own respective borders.

If it be complained that, though Ireland has a larger proportional voting power in Parliament than the rest of the United Kingdom, it is nevertheless not an actual power at all, because the number of her representatives is numerically smaller than that of the rest of the kingdom, the answer is that, as a matter of working fact, the complaint has very little basis. A substantial independent group in a legislature is always a force; the Irish Nationalist group of 82 (leaving out now the Unionist members) is an exceptionally striking example of that force. Take two recent instances out of myriads that might be cited: the passage or rejection of Mr Lloyd George's epoch-making budget of 1909-10 lay entirely in the hands of the Irish Nationalists; and it is they who, at the present moment, restrain the policy of the Government in such matters as Licensing and Education. But these are matters

Home Rule for Ireland

affecting Great Britain, rather than Ireland, it may be replied; and Ireland wants to govern herself. The rejoinder "springs to the eyes:" it is this very power of determining English legislation which gives Irishmen enormous power to govern the legislation which shall be applied to their own country. Instances of this power in practice are again legion. Let me cite just two of recent date, arising out of the measures I have quoted. The Liberal Government would doubtless like to have applied its Education Bills to Ireland, but knowing Ireland did not want them, not even an attempt was made. The Lloyd George Budget, from its nature, had to apply to the whole kingdom, but, as the new licence duties which it contained were unpopular in Ireland, substantial differences were made in the scale of the duties applicable to English and Irish licensed houses respectively, in favour of Ireland; and the burden was further eased by putting the valuation for licence duties in the two countries upon a different basis, Ireland's being much lower. Those who are clamouring for self-government for Ireland, therefore, must face the fact that, under existing arrangements, Ireland does actually to-day enjoy self-government in a remarkable degree—only it is exercised from the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, instead of from a Parliament House in Dublin.

But a large and voluble section of Irishmen say this is not enough to gratify their national instincts. They must have more self-government. How much more it is not easy to determine. Possibly the extremists who talk of an Irish Republic, completely independent of Great Britain, are an irresponsible few, who do not quite realize what they say, and their words may count for little. Still the fact has to be recognized that Home Rule is a programme of varying intensity, and that, as nothing short of virtual or formal separation would content the sentimental aspirations of some of the extremists, full satisfaction of the demand is impossible; while the varying degrees of demand, from that of the extreme separatists downwards, all of them wrapped in considerable

Home Rule for Ireland

vagueness, make it very difficult to find out how much is really wanted. All that can be said positively is that the general demand crystallizes over the establishment of a Parliament House in Dublin, with an Executive Government responsible to that Parliament. And this is chiefly a sentimental demand—except indeed on the Executive side, where it mainly represents a distinctly prosaic effort to acquire patronage and the other manifestations of power which accompany administration.

But, as I said earlier in this article, there is a distinction between politics as an expression of patriotic sentiment and politics as the business of ordering the functions of Government in the least oppressive and most efficient way; and it is this latter kind of politics which must come first in the discussion of concrete proposals such as this for the establishment of a new Parliament.

Now, here a point of view presents itself which bears very directly upon the subject; but which, so far as I am aware, has not yet entered into Home Rule discussions. Let me put it in the form of a question. Is it not an anachronism that at this time, when the Parliamentary system is being weighed in the balance, and mostly found wanting, because it is a caricature, rather than an expression, of self-government, a nation with keen political instincts has not the imagination to formulate any better way of achieving self-government than the establishment of yet another Parliament? Nowadays, the phrase, "What a pity we cannot shut Parliament up for ten years!" is heard like a universal sigh, whenever politics are being discussed. And here is a proposal for setting up another Parliament! Why? In order to swell still further the awful volume of mischievous or unnecessary legislation which nobody wants. A stream of new laws is to spring from St Stephen's Green, to flood poor Ireland, and increase, as modern legislation always does, the burden upon the taxpayer's pocket, and the bonds of restrictions of all sorts in which the modern citizen is being swathed. I refuse to believe that the average Irish business man or the average Irish peasant wants these legislative depletions of his

Home Rule for Ireland

purse or these restraints upon his freedom; for the Irishman has been very little attracted by the socialistic theories and practices of State intervention in all the affairs of life which unfortunately seem to have mildly captivated many Englishmen. He may accord a welcome to an Irish Parliament in advance, regarding it as an expression of patriotism; he will regard the matter differently when the Dublin legislators are in full working order, and are experimenting with politicians' short cuts to the millennium through Acts of Parliament.

And a word as to the rest of the United Kingdom, represented at Westminster. The plea now put forward on behalf of Home Rule by the Liberal Party is that it is necessary in order to relieve the congestion at Westminster. Sir Edward Grey, for example, in a speech a few weeks ago at Manchester, paraded a long list of modern Parliamentary functions which overcrowded the time of the House of Commons. As a fact, the House of Commons has before it much more than it can manage, with any regard to the health and convenience of its members or the adequate discussion of the various subjects submitted to it. But the fault lies in the overloading of the programme. Proposals are introduced which are not wanted by the country (which wants chiefly a rest from legislative meddling), and are often worse than merely not wanted. It is a mercy that the House of Commons has no more time, or the mountain of fantastic legislation would assume even more monstrous proportions. The establishment of subsidiary Parliaments for the express purpose of adding to the existing legislative programme is, from an English point of view, the worst aspect in which Home Rule can present itself.

To return to Ireland. It may be said, Granted the evil and danger of over-legislation to which modern Parliaments are prone, how, except by the establishment of an Irish Parliament, can you give practical expression to the desire of the Irish people to manage their own affairs? Part—the greater part—of the reply to that question I have already indicated, when showing that Ireland

Home Rule for Ireland

manages her own affairs with a fair measure of completeness to-day, from Westminster; she gets, as well as any other part of the kingdom, what she wants in the way of legislation; and she is able to reject, in a way other parts of the kingdom are not, the forcing upon her of legislation which she does not want. For the rest? Why not a Grand Committee such as the Scottish members enjoy? Why not also the Referendum? When that most desirable reform is introduced, there probably would be no objection to allowing Ireland a separate voice upon any legislative proposal referred to the people—allowing Irishmen, that is to say, to determine, by their own separate and direct votes, whether the proposed measure shall be enacted as far as Ireland is concerned. Here Irishmen would get real self-government, which they would not get by returning members to a Parliament, any more than the electors of the United Kingdom generally enjoy real self-government when they return to Parliament men whose future votes are problematical, and whose election programmes do not, save by occasional happy accident, reflect upon all subjects the individual voter's mind.

It must not be supposed that, in rejecting the proposed establishment of an Irish Parliament, Unionists are committed to the permanent and inflexible refusal of any extension of local self-government to Ireland. Indeed, literally and reasonably interpreted, they might consistently accept the canon of Irish policy enunciated by Mr Asquith himself in his Liberal League days—"the necessity of maintaining the universal, absolute, and unimpaired supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, and, subject to that condition, the policy of giving as large and as liberal a devolution of local powers and local responsibility as statesmanship can from time to time devise." But to devise a second-rate separate Parliament, at a time when the Constitution is admittedly in a state of dubious and perilous transition, is assuredly not the moment which independent statesmen would choose for subjecting Ireland to fresh experiments, for which in the nature of things there is no real or urgent need.

Home Rule for Ireland

But Nationalists, when met with the argument that a separate legislative body is not wanted in Ireland, are apt to say that they do not want an Irish Parliament for the purposes of law-making, but in order to get the executive machinery into national hands. It is not so much that they love St Stephen's Green as that they detest Dublin Castle. This argument introduces us to the financial side of Home Rule. Now, if Ireland is to control her own finances and the administration for which the money is wanted, she cannot ask England to furnish the funds. That request is a monstrous proposition, opposed alike to common sense and common justice. England at present pays, out of money raised from taxation of Englishmen, to keep Ireland going; her defence, her State social benefits, and so forth, are provided to a considerable amount out of English money. And, of course, England looks to have control. It is now proposed that Ireland should be free from that control, and yet that England should still go on paying! No wonder that the Liberals said nothing about their Home Rule proposals when canvassing the suffrages of the British electorate at the last general election! And no wonder that the Liberals have destroyed the Constitution in order to prevent this proposal from being placed before the British electorate for its acceptance or rejection before attempting to enact it. It is a proposal, in effect, for making Great Britain a tributary of Ireland; and a more shameless proposal, either for Irishmen to force upon Great Britain, or for a Government here to force upon her, it is difficult to conceive. We have heard a lot about injustices to Ireland—in the past they undoubtedly existed; but we are now in the presence of an amazing attempt to commit an injustice upon England.

That the Government should be proposing such a course reveals the straits to which it is reduced in its endeavour to satisfy the Nationalist claim, and indicates also how impracticable, if justice is to be observed, Home Rule, as at present propounded, really is. The Nationalists demand control of the purse: in their programme of

Home Rule for Ireland

virtual independence that is an essential item. But then Ireland must support herself, and to that end she must do one of two things—reduce her expenditure by some millions annually, or increase her revenue by an extra load of taxation. In the former alternative, all sorts of public services and State benefits will have to be shortened; in the latter a country already crying out because of its poverty will be crushed into deeper poverty by a more exorbitant tax-gatherer. Naturally, the Nationalist politicians do not contemplate either alternative with glee. The one means diminished patronage, diminished power, inability to engineer those new schemes of public expenditure which are the food of modern politicians, and disappointment on the part of their followers, who are bidden to a glorious feast under Home Rule, and who would find such a scanty and diminished fare when they arrived, that they would be likely to sigh for the flesh-pots of Egypt again, and would certainly cease to admire their deliverers. But their disappointment, keen though it would probably be, would be amiable welcome itself compared with their attitude if Home Rule turned out to mean a heavy increase of taxation. The peasant-farmer, now struggling into proprietorship, would be the first to turn savagely upon his deliverers; and the business community would not be encouraged to expand Ireland's prosperity. Of course it is possible to argue, and with reason, that Ireland would, as any other country would, in the long run be better off if she were to cut away the bureaucratic growth which drains her resources; but I fear that such an operation is the last thing which politicians just entering into the joy of political dominion would care to propose.

So England is to pay the piper, while Ireland calls the tune. Ireland is to enjoy the protection of the Imperial army and navy—her defence would be impossibly costly, were she quite independent; she is to be at liberty to raise what funds she conveniently can from her own resources; and as these will be inadequate to maintain

Home Rule for Ireland

the style of public life to which she has become accustomed, Great Britain is to make up the balance. That is what the financial proposals come to.

This aspect presents the crux of the problem. The financial provisions rendered impracticable both of Mr Gladstone's Bills. Elaborate, though varying, arrangements were made in each Bill to get over the difficulties involved, and the general opinion to-day regarding these proposals is that they would have proved unworkable, and landed Ireland in financial disaster. They did not attract more attention at the time because the main battle raged round the principle of Home Rule itself; but critical examination of them would have sufficed to condemn the Bills. Can it be said that the new proposals are any better calculated to command acceptance?

Home Rule, however amiably we may regard it in principle, breaks down at finance. Ireland simply cannot afford it—that is, in any shape which is at present under discussion; and Great Britain must not be called upon to make up Ireland's deficit, after separation has taken away the control by the United Kingdom—a sacrifice which England makes now as the price of control. The best of the bargain at the present time is Ireland's; for Ireland to-day gets most of what she wants, and draws more than her share out of the common fund. She is safe from bankruptcy at present, notwithstanding her poverty, for she has the credit of England behind her. Under Home Rule, on the other hand, the financial problems must in any case be complex and serious, and in spite of Great Britain's suggested contribution, they might easily work out disastrously in practice. And in all this there is no prospect of certain tangible benefit—problematical advantages here and there, perhaps; but practically merely sentimental gratification.

It is not as if England were levying tribute from Ireland: Ireland would then be right in struggling for independence; but the boot is on the other leg. It is not as though England to-day were a hard taskmaster, denying

Home Rule for Ireland

liberty to Ireland: Ireland would then be justified in striving for freedom, even at heavy risk to her financial stability. But it is not so. Ireland is as free as England, and the administration of Dublin Castle, though it doubtless has its defects, is not to-day the tyranny which it sometimes appears to heated patriotic minds. Certainly Home Rule would not add to Ireland's prosperity. No emigrating Irishman or Irish girl will stay at home because there is a Parliament in Dublin. No capitalist will bring employment to Ireland because Ireland has become quasi-independent of England. No one will lend money for public works in Ireland on more favourable terms because Ireland is withdrawn from the ambit of English credit.

I have already recounted the legislative privileges which Ireland now enjoys. But there are one or two other matters of which Irishmen would do well to remind themselves. The poverty and depopulation of Ireland have been used (though the argumentation is faulty) as a reason for granting Home Rule. But the Congested Districts Boards have relieved the acute phases of Irish poverty; the beneficent work of the Agricultural Organization Societies is, without Home Rule, doing something to wipe away the reproach; most of us think that Tariff Reform, which does not need Home Rule, will do more; a peaceful settling down of the country parts and the introduction of co-partnership in the town industries (also a matter independent of Home Rule) will do yet more. The agrarian trouble, however, was the bedrock of the old agitation for Home Rule; but that substratum has gone, with the passing of the landlord and the establishment of farmer proprietorship—the work of a Unionist Government. To glance in another direction, Ireland has been spared the miseries of the divorce laws which afflict England, thus showing that the faith of Irishmen is in no danger of being insulted and maimed by offensive laws, even without Home Rule. And the culture and patriotism of Irishmen, without offence to their faith and

Home Rule for Ireland

traditions, have now been encouraged by the establishment of an Irish University.

This last boon should be an apt reminder to Irishmen that there are other and better ways of pursuing their national ideals than the dusty road of politics: the arrangement of a governmental machine is not the only or the best manner in which a nation can express itself. So long as that governmental machine does not prevent the free exercise of men's faculties, so long as it does not strive to crush out national instincts, and turn the people to alien modes of life—and Ireland's existing political arrangements do none of these things—the national consciousness can develop itself to its fullest expression. National religion and art and literature can flourish and expand, national characteristics can display themselves to their utmost extent, national material prosperity can mount, if a hundred Irishmen go to Westminster to legislate in company with English, Welsh and Scottish colleagues, as well as if they assembled in seclusion in Dublin. The spirit of the nation may flourish, yet the structure of empire remain intact.

Far otherwise would it be were a separate Parliament set up in Dublin, or in Edinburgh, or in Cardiff. Foreign experience is all against it. Where does Mr Gladstone's example of Sweden and Norway stand now? What of the perennial violence or chicane by which government is alone made possible in Croatia, the inherent weakness of the double foundation on which the Austro-Hungarian Empire is built up? Nor do the great federations of the world afford any case for a British disruption. They represent the welding together of States previously separated and divided, the actual surrender of local powers for the strength that a central government alone can give. In Canada, Australia, South Africa, Germany, the process has been essentially the same, resulting from a consciousness of the evils of separation and a striving for unity even at a sore sacrifice of old traditions and predilections. Even so, however, the position is far from being

Home Rule for Ireland

accepted everywhere as satisfactory or final. For example, in Germany the difficulties of raising revenue are caused mainly by the reservation of rights to the several States, so that when the Imperial Government is in need of money it has a relatively narrow basis on which to levy taxation, and, accordingly, an undue pressure of burdens and revolutionary discontents are the result. Or, again, if an argument be based on these examples in favour of a federal system within the United Kingdom, can any politician conceive it possible that Irish nationalism would be content with such powers as are accorded to the Saxon Diet or the Provincial Legislation of Manitoba?

Further, the creation of separate Parliaments and executive might prove a fatal weakness in time of war or expectation of war. In 1899 the obstinacy or optimism of Mr Schreiner's government at the Cape placed our forces at a heavy disadvantage by allowing the Boers the full use of the colonial railways to supply themselves with munitions of war; while the present violent controversy over the Hungarian recruits shows in what straits the Imperial Government in Vienna might find themselves if engaged in a struggle of which Hungarian politicians disapproved. There are scores of ways in connexion with coast defence, the admission of aliens, the military use of railways, the commandeering of horses, the enrolment of volunteers or national levies in which an obstructive executive in Dublin (or Edinburgh) might play with disastrous effect into the hands of England's enemies in the event of actual or prospective war. And in this connexion be it remembered that it was the disastrous ending of the American war that was seized upon by the old Irish Protestant Parliament to demand legislative independence for themselves.

And here, having mentioned the old Irish Parliament, let me dwell for a moment on the strange tradition its memory has left. In the Nationalist version of Irish history this Parliament is ever depicted as a national heritage of Ireland, representative of the spirit of the

Home Rule for Ireland

Irish people who were foully robbed of their birthright by the machinations of Castlereagh and Pitt. In point of fact it was a close corporation of Episcopalian Protestants and was itself responsible for the penal code against Catholicism which, so far from being stimulated from England, was successively mitigated and finally all but abrogated by the pressure of English influence. The last step indeed—the admission of Catholics to Parliament—had still to be taken when the nineteenth century opened, but to take it was as much the policy of Mr Pitt as the uniting of the two Parliaments itself. Nay, Mr Pitt went further, for, foreseeing the probable fall of the Protestant Church of Ireland, he aimed at averting Disestablishment by the co-endowment of Catholicism and Presbyterianism alike. His policy as a whole was defeated by the treachery of the Lord Chancellor and the madness of the King, but the equality he aimed at, though in a different manner, had been long secured by the Acts of 1829 and 1869. Since then a vast economic revolution had been effected by the Land Act of 1903, the whole fabric of Irish Society is now inextricably bound up with English credit, and to restore the Parliament of the Eighteenth Century (whether with a Catholic or Protestant domination) would be as much to set back the course of history as to restore the old landed system, or set up the co-establishment of religion which Mr Pitt desired.

I conclude with noting the sentimental argument that Home Rule is due to Ireland because of English misgovernment in the past. I say that the only duty of governors and legislatures is to do right and justice in the present. If in Ireland to-day there were injustice and tyranny they would demand redress, even at the cost of a heavy sacrifice from English traditions or from English wealth. But when there is equity and equality throughout the land, when there is an almost amazing growth of material prosperity and content, neither conscience nor interest calls upon Englishmen to give their sanction to a perilous

Home Rule for Ireland

and probably irrevocable experiment for the sake of the memories of ancient wrongs. Nor is the essence of the case altered by the fact that the spirit which prompted those wrongs lives still in the utterance of some Irishmen in the North. These men do not govern Ireland, nor do they dictate a policy to any British party. Whether or not they would suffer injustice under an Irish Parliament is a matter on which they have a right to be heard; but whether or not they need protection the case against Home Rule remains. It is the belief of English Unionists that a United Kingdom demands a united Parliament, and still more a united Executive; and it is on the strength of that principle, and through no historic, racial or religious prejudice, that any demand for disruption, from whomsoever it may come, will be resisted to the last.

JAMES F. HOPE

NOTES OF A READER OF DICKENS

IT was said for many years, until the reversal that now befalls the sayings of many years had happened to this, that Thackeray was the unkind satirist and Dickens the kind humorist. The truth seems to be that Dickens imagined more evil people than did Thackeray, but that he had an eager faith in good ones. Nothing places him so entirely out of date as his trust in human sanctity, his love of it, his hope for it, his leap at it. He saw it in a woman's face first met, and drew it to himself in a man's hand first grasped. He looked keenly for it. And if he associated minor degrees of goodness with any kind of folly or mental ineptitude, he did not so relate sanctity; though he gave it, for companion, ignorance; and joined the two, in Joe Gargery, most tenderly. We might paraphrase, in regard to these two great authors, Dr Johnson's famous sentence: "Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures." Dickens has many scoundrels, but Thackeray has no saints. Helen Pendennis is not holy, for she is unjust and cruel; Amelia is not holy, for she is an egoist in love; Lady Castlewood is not holy, for she too is cruel; and even Lady Jane is not holy, for she is jealous; nor is Colonel Newcome holy, for he is haughty; nor Dobbin, for he turns with a taunt upon a plain sister; nor Esmond, for he squanders his best years in love for a material beauty; and these are the best of his good people. And readers have been taught to praise the work of him who makes none perfect; one does not meet perfect people in trains or at dinner, and this seemed good cause that the novelist should be praised for his moderation; it seemed to imitate the usual measure and moderation of nature.

But Charles Dickens closed with a divine purpose divinely different. He consented to the counsels of perfection. And thus he made Joe Gargery, not a man one might easily find in a forge; and Esther Summerson, not a girl one may easily meet at a dance; and Little Dorrit,

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

who does not come to do a day's sewing; not that the man and the women are inconceivable, but that they are unfortunately improbable. They are creatures created through a creating mind that worked its six days for the love of good, and never rested until the seventh, the final Sabbath. But granting that they are the counterpart, the heavenly side, of caricature, this is not to condemn them. Since when has caricature ceased to be an art good for man—an honest game between him and nature? It is a tenable opinion that frank caricature is a better incident of art than the mere exaggeration which is the more modern practice. The words mean the same thing in their origin—an overloading. But as we now generally delimit the words they differ. Caricature, when it has the grotesque inspiration, makes for laughter, and when it has the celestial, makes for admiration; in either case there is a good understanding between the author and the reader, or between the draughtsman and the spectator. We need not, for example, suppose that Ibsen sat in a room surrounded by a repeating pattern of his hair and whiskers on the wall-paper, but it makes us most exceedingly mirthful and joyous to see him thus seated in Mr Max Beerbohm's drawing; and perhaps no girl ever went through life without harbouring a thought of self, but it is very good for us all to know that such a girl was thought of by Dickens, that he loved his thought, and that she is ultimately to be traced, through Dickens, to God.

But exaggeration establishes no good understanding between the reader and the author. It is a solemn appeal to our credulity, and we are right to resent it. It is the violence of a weakling hand—the worst manner of violence. Exaggeration is conspicuous in the newer poetry, and is so far, therefore, successful, conspicuousness being its aim. But it was also the vice of Swinburne, and was the bad example he set to the generation that thought his jingles to be the finest “music.” For instance, in an early poem he intends to tell us how a man who loved a woman welcomed the sentence that condemned him to drown with her, bound, his impassioned breast against hers

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

abhorring. He might have convinced us of that welcome by one phrase of the profound exactitude of genius. But he makes his man cry out for the greatest bliss and the greatest imaginable glory to be bestowed upon the judge who pronounces the sentence. And this is merely exaggeration. One takes pleasure in rebuking the false ecstasy by a word thus prim and prosaic. The poet intended to impose upon us, and he fails; we "withdraw our attention," as Dr Johnson did when the conversation became foolish. In truth we do more, for we resent exaggeration if we care for our English language. For exaggeration writes relaxed, and not elastic, words and verses; and it is possible that the language suffers something, at least temporarily—during the life of a couple of generations, let us say—from the loss of elasticity and rebound brought about by such a strain. There should have been a Durdles to tell this Mr Sapsea that the habit of exaggerating, like that of boasting, "grows upon you."

It may be added that later poetry shows us an instance of exaggeration in the work of that major poet, Mr Lascelles Abercrombie. His violence and vehemence, his extremity, are signs not of weakness but of power; and yet once he reaches a breaking-point that power should never know. This is where his Judith holds herself to be so smirched and degraded by the proffer of a reverent love (she being devoted to one only, a dead man who had her heart) that thenceforth no bar was left to her entire self-sacrifice to the loathed enemy Holofernes. To this, too, the prim rebuke is the just one, a word for the mouth of governesses: "My dear, you exaggerate." Here is a noble poet exposing himself to be lessoned (the verb is Portia's) by a governess in a class-room.

It may be briefly said that exaggeration takes for granted some degree of imbecility in the reader, whereas caricature takes for granted a high degree of intelligence. Dickens appeals to our intelligence in all his caricature, whether heavenly, as in Joe Gargery, or impish, as in Mrs Micawber. The word that is used to reproach him is the word that does him singular honour.

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

If I may define my own devotion to Dickens, it may be stated as chiefly, though not wholly, admiration of his humour, his dramatic tragedy, and his watchfulness over inanimate things and landscape. Passages of his books that are ranged otherwise than under those characters often leave me out of the range of their appeal or else definitely offend me. And this is not for the customary reason—that Dickens could not draw a gentleman, that Dickens could not draw a lady. It matters little whether he could or not. But as a fact he did draw a gentleman, and drew him excellently well, in Cousin Feenix, as Mr Chesterton has decided. The question of the lady we may waive; if it is difficult to prove a negative, it is difficult also to present one; and to the making, or producing, or liberating, or detaching, or exalting, of the character of a lady there enter many negatives; and Dickens was an obvious and a positive man. Esther Summerson is a lady, but she is so much besides that her ladyhood does not detach itself from her sainthood and her angelhood, so as to be conspicuous—if, indeed, conspicuousness may be properly predicated of the quality of a lady. It is a conventional saying that sainthood and angelhood include this quality of the lady, but that saying is not true; a lady has a great number of negatives all her own, and also some things positive that are not at all included in goodness. However this may be—and it is not important—Dickens, the genial Dickens, makes savage sport of women. Such a company of envious dames and damsels cannot be found among the persons of the satirist Thackeray. Kate Nickleby's beauty brings upon her at first sight the enmity of her workshop companions; in the innocent pages of *Pickwick* the aunt is jealous of the niece, and the niece retorts by wounding the vanity of the aunt as keenly as she may; and so forth through early books and late. He takes for granted that the women, old and young, who are not his heroines, wage this war within the sex, being disappointed by defect of nature and fortune. Dickens is master of wit, humour, and derision; and it must be confessed that his derision is abundant, and is cast upon an

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

artificially exposed and helpless people; that is, he, a man, derides the women who miss what a man declared to be their "whole existence."

The advice which M. Rodin received in his youth from Constant—"Learn to see the other side; never look at forms only in extent; learn to see them always in relief"—is the contrary of the counsel proper for a reader of Dickens. That counsel should be, "Do not insist upon seeing the immortal figures of comedy 'in the round.' You are to be satisfied with their face value, the face of two dimensions. It is not necessary that you should seize Mr Pecksniff from beyond, and grasp the whole man and his destinies." The hypocrite is a figure dreadful and tragic, a shape of horror; and Mr Pecksniff is a hypocrite, and a bright image of heart-easing comedy. For comic fiction cannot exist without some such paradox. Without it, where would our laugh be in response to the generous genius which gives us Mr Pecksniff's parenthesis to the mention of sirens ("Pagan, I regret to say"); and the scene in which Mr Pecksniff, after a stormy domestic scene within, goes as it were accidentally to the door to admit the rich kinsman he wishes to propitiate? "Then Mr Pecksniff, gently warbling a rustic stave, put on his garden hat, seized a spade, and opened the street door, as if he thought he had, from his vineyard, heard a modest rap, but was not quite certain." The visitor had thundered at the door while outcries of family strife had been rising in the house. "It is an ancient pursuit, gardening. Primitive, my dear sir; for, if I am not mistaken, Adam was the first of the calling. My Eve, I grieve to say, is no more, sir; but' (and here he pointed to his spade, and shook his head, as if he were not cheerful without an effort) 'but I do a little bit of Adam still.' He had by this time got them into the best parlour, where the portrait by Spiller and the bust by Spoker were." And again, Mr Pecksniff, hospitable at the supper table: "'This,' he said, in allusion to the party, not the wine, 'is a Mingling that repays one for much disappointment and vexation. Let us be merry.' Here he took a captain's biscuit. 'It is

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

a poor heart that never rejoices; and our hearts are not poor. No!' With such stimulants to merriment did he beguile the time and do the honours of the table." Moreover it is a mournful thing and an inexplicable, that a man should be as mad as Mr Dick. None the less is it a happy thing for any reader to watch Mr Dick while David explains his difficulty to Traddles. Mr Dick was to be employed in copying, but King Charles the First could not be kept out of the manuscripts; "Mr Dick in the meantime looking very deferentially and seriously at Traddles, and sucking his thumb." Mr F.'s aunt, again! And Augustus Moddle, whom a great French critic most justly and accurately brooded over and shuddered at as a gloomy lunatic. Long live the logical French intellect!

It is strange—it seems to me deplorable—that Dickens himself was not content to leave his wonderful hypocrite—one who should stand imperishable in comedy—in the two dimensions of his own admirable art. After he had enjoyed his own Pecksniff, tasting him with the "strenuous tongue" of Keats's voluptuary bursting "joy's grapes against his palate fine," Dickens most unfairly gives himself the other and incompatible joy of grasping his Pecksniff in the third dimension, seizes him "in the round," horsewhips him out of all keeping, and finally kicks him out of a splendid art of fiction into a sorry art of "poetical justice," a Pecksniff not only defeated but undone.

And yet Dickens's retribution upon sinners is a less fault than his reforming them. It is truly an act denoting excessive simplicity of mind in him. He never veritably allows his responsibility as a man to lapse. Men ought to be good, or else to become good, and he does violence to his own excellent art, and yields it up to his sense of morality. Ah, can we measure by years the time between that day and this? Is the fastidious, the impartial, the sensitive novelist only the grandchild, and not the remote posterity, of Dickens, who would not leave Scrooge to his egoism, or Gradgrind to his facts, or Mercy

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

Pecksniff to her absurdity, or Dombey to his pride? Nay, who makes Micawber finally to prosper? Truly, the most unpardonable thing Dickens did in those deplorable last chapters of his was the prosperity of Mr Micawber. "Of a son, in difficulties"—the perfect Micawber nature is respected as to his origin, and then perverted as to his end. It is a pity that Mr Peggotty ever came back to England with such tidings. And our last glimpse of the emigrants had been made joyous by the sight of the young Micawbers on the eve of emigration; "every child had its own wooden spoon attached to its body by a strong line," in preparation for Bush life. And then Dickens must needs go behind the gay scenes, and tell us that all the long and untiring delight of the book was over. Mr Micawber, in the Colonies, was never again to make punch with lemons, in a crisis of his fortunes, and "resume his peeling with a desperate air"; nor to observe the expression of his friends' faces during Mrs Micawber's masterly exposition of the financial situation or of the possibilities of the coal trade; nor to eat walnuts out of a paper bag what time the die was cast and all was over. Alas! nothing was over until Mr Micawber's pecuniary liabilities were over, and the perfect comedy turned into dullness, the joyous impossibility of a figure of immortal fun into cold improbability. There are several such late or last chapters that one would gladly cut away: that of Mercy Pecksniff's pathos, for example; that of Mr Dombey's installation in his daughter's home; that which undeceives us as to Mr Boffin's antic disposition. But how true and how whole a heart it was that urged these unlucky conclusions! How shall we venture to complain? The hand that made its Pecksniff in pure wit, has it not the right to belabour him in earnest—albeit a kind of earnest that disappoints us? And Mr Dombey is Dickens's own Dombey, and he must do what he will with that finely wrought figure of pride. But there is a little irony in the fact that Dickens leaves more than one villain to his orderly fate for whom we care little either way; it is nothing to us, whom Carker never convinced, that the

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

train should catch him, nor that the man with the moustache and the nose, who did but weary us, should be crushed by the falling house. Here the end holds good in art, but the art was not good from the first. But then, again, neither does Bill Sikes experience a change of heart, nor Jonas Chuzzlewit; and the end of each is most excellently told.

George Meredith said that the most difficult thing to write in fiction was dialogue. But there is surely one thing at least as difficult—a thing so rarely well done that a mere reader might think it to be more difficult than dialogue; and that is the telling *what happened*. Something of the fatal languor and preoccupation that persist beneath all the violence of our stage—our national undramatic character—is perceptible in the narrative of our literature. The things the usual modern author says are proportionately more energetically produced than those he tells. But Dickens, being simple and dramatic and capable of one thing at a time, and that thing whole, tells us what happened with a perfect speed which has neither hurry nor delays. Those who saw him act found him a fine actor, and this we might know by reading the murder in *Oliver Twist*, the murder in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the coming of the train upon Carker, the long moment of recognition when Pip sees his guest, the convict, reveal himself in his chambers at night. The swift spirit, the hammering blow of his narrative, drive the great storm in *David Copperfield* through the poorest part of the book—Steerforth's story. There is surely no greater gale to be read of than this: from the first words, " 'Don't you think that,' I said to the coachman, ' a very remarkable sky? ' " to the end of a magnificent chapter. " Flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them. . . . There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then with an extraordinary great sound Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips The water was out over the flat country, and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers.

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the boiling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore, with towers and buildings. . . . The people came to their doors all aslant, and with streaming hair." David dreams of a cannonade, when at last he "fell—off a tower and down a precipice—into the depths of sleep." In the morning, "the wind might have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half a dozen guns out of hundreds." "It went from me with a shock, like a ball from a rifle," says David in another place, after the visit of a delirious impulse; here is the volley of departure, the shock of passion vanishing more perceptibly than it came. The tempest in *David Copperfield* combines Dickens's dramatic tragedy of narrative with his wonderful sense of sea and land. But here are landscapes in quietness: "There has been rain this afternoon, and a wintry shudder goes among the little pools in the cracked, uneven flag-stones. . . . Some of the leaves, in a timid rush, seek sanctuary within the low-arched cathedral door; but two men coming out resist them, and cast them out with their feet." The autumn leaves fall thick, "but never fast, for they come circling down with a dead lightness." Again, "Now the woods settle into great masses as if they were one profound tree." And yet again, "I held my mother in my embrace, and she held me in hers; and among the still woods in the silence of the summer day there seemed to be nothing but our two troubled minds that was not at peace."

Dickens, having the single and simple heart of a moralist, had also the simple eyes of a free intelligence, and the light heart. He gave his senses their way, and well did they serve him. Thus his eyes—and no more modern man in anxious search of "impressions" was ever so simple and so masterly: "Mr Vholes gauntly stalked to the fire, and warmed his funereal gloves." "'I thank you,' said Mr Vholes, putting out his long black sleeve, to check the ringing of the bell, 'not any.'" Mr and Mrs Tope "are

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

daintily sticking sprigs of holly into the carvings and sconces of the cathedral stalls, as if they were sticking them into the button-holes of the dean and Chapter." The two young Eurasians, brother and sister, "had a certain air upon them of hunter and huntress; yet withal a certain air of being the objects of the chase rather than the followers." This phrase lacks elegance—and Dickens is not often inelegant, as those who do not read him may be surprised to learn—but the impression is admirable; so is that which follows: "An indefinable kind of pause coming and going on their whole expression, both of face and form." Here is pure, mere impression again: "Miss Murdstone, who was busy at her writing desk, gave me her cold finger-nails." And here is vision with great dignity: "All beyond his figure was a vast dark curtain, in solemn movement towards one quarter of the heavens." With that singleness of sight—and his whole body was full of the light of it—he had also the single hearing; the scene is in the Court of Chancery on a London November day: "Leaving this address ringing in the rafters of the roof, the very little counsel drops, and the fog knows him no more." "Mr Vholes emerged into the silence he could scarcely be said to have broken, so stifled was his tone." "Within the grill-gate of the chancel, up the steps surmounted loomingly by the fast-darkening organ, white robes could be dimly seen, and one feeble voice, rising and falling in a cracked monotonous mutter, could at intervals be faintly heard . . . until the organ and the choir burst forth and drowned it in a sea of music. Then the sea fell, and the dying voice made another feeble effort; and then the sea rose high and beat its life out, and lashed the roof, and surged among the arches, and pierced the heights of the great tower; and then the sea was dry and all was still." And this is how a listener overheard men talking in the cathedral hollows: "The word 'confidence,' shattered by the echoes, but still capable of being pieced together, is uttered."

Wit, humour, derision—to each of these words we assign by custom a part in the comedy of literature; and

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

(again) those who do not read Dickens—perhaps even those who read him a little—may acclaim him as a humorist and not know him as a wit. But that writer is a wit, whatever his humour, who tells us of a member of the Tite Barnacle family who had held a sinecure office against all protest, that “he died with his drawn salary in his hand.” But let it be granted that Dickens the humorist is foremost. For we might spare the phrase just quoted rather than the one describing Traddles, (whose hair stood up), as one who looked “as though he had seen a cheerful ghost.”

A generation, between his own and the present, thought Dickens to be vulgar; if the cause of that judgement was that he wrote about people in shops, the cause is discredited now that shops are the scenes of the novelist's research. “High life” and most wretched life have now given place to the little shop and its parlour, during a year or two. But Dr Brown, the author of *Rab and his friends*, thought that Dickens committed vulgarities in his diction. “A good man was Robin” is right enough; but “He was a good man, was Robin” is not so well, and we must own that it is Dickensian; but assuredly Dickens writes such phrases as it were dramatically, playing the cockney. I know of but two words that Dickens habitually misuses; it is not worth while to quote them. But for these his English is admirable; he chooses what is good and knows what is not. A little representative collection of the bad or foolish English of his day might be made by gathering up what Dickens forbore and what he derided; for instance, Mr Micawber's portly phrase, “gratifying emotions of no common description,” and Littimer's report that “the young woman was partial to the sea.” This was the polite language of that time, as we conclude when we find it to be the language that Charlotte Brontë shook off; but before she shook it off she used it. In her first book she writes that a child had “contracted a partiality” for his toys; that a governess was “communicating instruction.” Dickens, too, had something to throw off; in his earlier books there is a certain

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

inflation—some rounded words fill the inappropriate mouth of Bill Sikes himself—but he discarded them with a splendid laugh. They are charged upon Mr Micawber in his own character as author. See him as he sits by to hear Captain Hopkins read the petition in the debtors' prison “from His Most Gracious Majesty's unfortunate subjects.” Mr Micawber listened, we read, “with a little of an author's vanity, contemplating (not severely) the spikes upon the opposite wall.” It should be remembered that when Dickens skook himself free of all that hampered his perfect genius he was not so much beloved or so much applauded as when he gave to his cordial readers matter for facile sentiment and for humour of the second order. His public were eager to be moved and to laugh, and he gave them Little Nell and Sam Weller; he loved to please them, and it is evident that he pleased himself also; Mr Micawber, Mr Pecksniff, Mrs Nickleby, Mrs Chick, Mrs Pipchin, Mr Augustus Moddle, Mrs Jellyby, Mrs Plornish, are not so famous as Sam Weller and Little Nell; nor is Traddles, whose hair looked as though he had seen a cheerful ghost.

We are told of the delight of the Japanese man in a chance finding of something strangely shaped, an asymmetry that has an accidental felicity, an interest. If he finds such a grace or disproportion—whatever the interest may be—in a stone or a twig that has caught his ambiguous eye at the road-side, he carries it to his home to place it in its irregularly happy place. Dickens seems to have had a like joy in things mis-shapen or strangely shapen, uncommon or grotesque. He saddled even his heroes—those heroes are, perhaps, his worst work, young men at once conventional and improbable—with whimsically ugly names; while his invented names are whimsically perfect: that of Vholes for the predatory silent man in black, and that of Tope for the cathedral verger. A suggestion of dark and vague flight in Vholes; something of old floors, something respectably furtive and musty, in Tope. In Dickens, the love of lurking, unusual things, human and inanimate—he wrote of his discoveries delightedly in his

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

letters—was hypertrophied; and it has its part in the simplest and the most fantastic of his humours, especially those that are due to his child-like eyesight; let us read, for example, of the rooks that seemed to attend upon Dr Strong (late of Canterbury) in his Highgate garden, “as if they had been written to about him by the Canterbury rooks and were observing him closely in consequence”; and of Master Micawber, who had a remarkable head voice—“On looking at Master Micawber again I saw that he had a certain expression of face as if his voice were behind his eyebrows;” and of Joe in his Sunday clothes, “a scarecrow in good circumstances”; and of the cook’s cousin in the Life Guards, with such long legs that “he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else;” and of Mrs Markleham, “who stared more like a figure-head intended for a ship to be called the Astonishment, than anything else I can think of.” But there is no reader who has not a thousand such exhilarating little sights in his memory of the pages of Dickens. From the gently grotesque to the fantastic run his enchanted eyes, and in Quilp and Miss Mowcher he takes his joy in the extreme of deformity; and a spontaneous combustion was an accident much to his mind.

Dickens wrote for a world that either was exceedingly “emotional,” or had the convention or tradition of great sentimental excitability. All his people, suddenly surprised, lose their presence of mind. Even when the surprise is not extraordinary their actions are wild. When Tom Pinch calls upon John Westlock in London, after no very long separation, John, welcoming him at breakfast, puts the rolls into his boots, and so forth. And this kind of distraction comes upon men and women everywhere in his books—distractions of laughter as well. All this seems artificial to-day, whereas Dickens in his best moments is the simplest, as he is the most vigilant, of men. But his public was as present to him as an actor’s audience is to the actor, and I cannot think that this immediate response was good for his art. Assuredly he is not solitary. We should not wish him to be solitary as a poet is, but we

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

may wish that now and again, even while standing applauded and acclaimed, he had appraised the applause more coolly and more justly, and within his inner mind.

Those critics who find what they call vulgarisms think they may safely go on to accuse Dickens of bad grammar. The truth is that his grammar is not only good but strong; it is far better in construction than Thackeray's, the fine ease of whose phrase sometimes exceeds and is slack. Lately, during this present centenary time, a writer averred that Dickens might not always be parsed, but that we loved him for his, etc., etc. Dickens's page is to be parsed as strictly as any man's. It is, apart from the matter of grammar, a wonderful thing that he, with his little education, should have so excellent a diction. In his exquisite use of the word "establishment" in the following phrase, we find his own perfect sense of the use of words in his own day; but in the second quotation given there is a most beautiful sign of education. "Under the weight of my wicked secret" (the little boy Pip had succoured his convict with his brother-in-law's provisions) "I pondered whether the Church would be powerful enough to shield me . . . if I divulged to that establishment." And this is the phrase that may remind us of the eighteenth century writers of prose, and among those writers of none so readily as of Bolingbroke: it occurs in that passage of Esther's life in which, having lost her beauty, she resolves to forego a love unavowed. "There was nothing to be undone; no chain for him to drag or for me to break."

If Dickens had had the education which he had not, his English could not have been better; but if he had had the *usage du monde* which as a young man he had not, there would have been a difference. He would not, for instance, have given us the preposterous scenes in *Nicholas Nickleby* in which parts are played by Lord Frederick Verisopht, Sir Mulberry Hawke, and their friends; the scene of the hero's luncheon at a restaurant and the dreadful description of the mirrors and other splendours would not have been written. It is a very little thing to forgive to him

Notes of a Reader of Dickens

whom we have to thank for—well, not perhaps for the “housefull of friends” for the gift of whom a stranger, often quoted, once blessed him in the street; we may not wish for Mr Feeder, or Major Bagstock, or Mrs Chick, or Mrs Pipchin, or Mr Augustus Moddle, or Mr F.’s aunt, or Mr Wopsle, or Mr Pumblechook, as an inmate of our homes. Lack of knowledge of the polite world is, I say, a very little thing to forgive to him whom we thank most chiefly for showing us these interesting people just named as inmates of the comedy homes that are not ours. We thank him because they are comedy homes, and could not be ours or any man’s ; that is, we thank him for his admirable art.

His death “eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.” Or else it happened that the general gaiety of nations chanced to pass into the shadow at about that time, and it seems only too evident that the public pleasures are not now so harmless as in his by-gone but unforgetten day.

ALICE MEYNELL

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.*

IF the memory of Claverhouse has been darkened beyond that of most men by calumny and bigot-bitterness, he has also had, to a marked degree, "the genius to be loved" by his defenders, and even by some who, like Scott, did not feel quite justified in defending him. His latest biographer, Mr Michael Barrington (*Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee*. Martin Secker. 30s. net) has evidently given years of research and devotion to his task, and has produced a work at once scholarly and sympathetic. The bibliography, notes and appendices prove with what indefatigable care he has drawn on every source and studied every detail connected with his hero's career; yet their testimony is scarcely needed, as the narrative itself bears witness how thoroughly the writer has identified himself with his period.

Mr Barrington clearly feels, and is probably right in feeling, that the time is past when it was necessary to rebut the insensate accusations of Macaulay. Few thinking people to-day are inclined to believe in the "bluidy Claver'se" of Covenanting legend, or to deny to the last great upholder of the Stuarts a fitting place among the heroes of lost causes. The author of "The Despot's Champion" went with minute care into the question of Claverhouse's severities towards the western Whigs of Scotland, and definitely disposed of the traditional atrocities recorded by Woodrow and his kind. As for Mr Barrington, he is less concerned to acquit "the Persecutor" of undue sternness than to emphasize the personal charm and military genius of the great Loyalist. He is at some pains to present the human side of a man who has been regarded as a mere incarnation of autocratic principles. So he dwells on Grahame's friendships and rivalries, on the little tragi-

Some Recent Books

comedy of his courtship of Helen Grahame, the heiress; a courtship in which, as he himself drily confessed, he was "in love with the Isles of Menteith," and—less sympathetically—on his surprising love-match with Jean Cochrane, the daughter of a Covenanting and rebellious house. The gentler traits of Claverhouse's character are prominent in this portrayal; his care for his soldiers—care which led him into sharp conflict with some of his most influential colleagues—his just and merciful intercession for minor offenders, and for the ignorant multitude misled by fanatical chiefs. Such qualities are not those most often associated with him, even by his admirers, who are apt to lay more stress upon his heroic valour and loyalty. Yet they were essential elements of the man, as was that fastidious purity which kept him aloof and disdainful among the self-indulgent idlers and schemers of the Restoration; as were his intense ambition and his intolerant scorn of all opposing ideals and their champions.

It must not be supposed that in seeking to humanize his hero, Mr Barrington has neglected the larger issues of his career. On the contrary, the author's dearest aim is to do justice to Dundee's military genius, which, he feels, has never been adequately estimated. The victor of Killiecrankie was, in the words of his biographer, "gifted with a rare combination of originality, daring, wit and judgment," and he proved them all in the crowded last months of his life. Mr Barrington's account of the Highland campaign is fuller and more illuminating than any previous story of it, and brings home to the reader the many-sidedness of the leader who so nearly checked the triumphant course of William of Orange. Studying Dundee's masterly letters, persuasive and ironic, to the leading Scotsmen of the day, one might be inclined to pronounce him supremely a diplomatist. Following the course of the Highland campaign, one finds him all soldier—"Dark John the Warrior," indeed—dowered with all Montrose's magnetism and courage, and with far greater capacity of discipline. Mr Barrington has set forth Dundee's

Grahame of Claverhouse

martial exploits with the precision and authority of a military expert, and his knowledge of the country has enabled him to depict with convincing definiteness the hardships and exploits of those famous marches. He acknowledges the advice and assistance of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Hutton; and, indeed, the critic seems to detect the occasional touch of the technically-trained hand. Lovers of the Highlands might wish that, in the attempt to convey an impression to modern readers, Mr Barrington had not seen fit to compare Dundee's followers to Zulus and Afghans, but this is perhaps a question of personal sympathies. What cannot be gainsaid is the thoroughness and lucidity of his narrative of the forlorn hope which ended at Killiecrankie.

It is not possible, within the limits of a brief review, to enter into historical controversy. Mr Barrington breaks a lance with Professor Terry on the subject of Dundee's last letter to the King, and has decidedly the better of the conflict. On one or two minor points—such as that of the elaborate gallows brought by the Whigs to Bothwell Brig—the critic is inclined to side with the earlier biographer.

Mr Barrington's survey of the whole period is interesting, though somewhat coloured by his own partialities. He is perhaps unduly severe on Dundee's ill-starred master, James II, since, while recognizing his earlier valiant record, he insists on judging him by the close of his career, when his failure was so largely due to hopeless physical wreck. It is not, however, as a general study of the time, but as a portrait of Dundee, that the book will claim its place, and that place will be a very distinguished one. The present volume, with its admirable index and maps and its superb illustrations, is a worthy tribute to that

“Last of Scots and last of freemen,”

with whose fall fell the old order and the house of Stuart
for ever.

D. G. McC.

Some Recent Books

PERHAPS the least satisfactory thing about Sir George Trevelyan's book (*George III and Charles Fox*. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net) is its title, which is curiously misleading so far as the present volume—the only one yet published—is concerned. The sub-title, which classifies the work as the concluding part of the author's *American Revolution*, gives a truer idea of its scope and purpose. Fox does indeed play a prominent part, but hardly more so than Burke, or indeed than Admiral Keppel, for the historian passes lightly from the political to the military and naval aspects of the time.

It is but a sombre story that Sir George tells with such admirable lucidity and charm: a story of corruption and incapacity not often equalled and never, one would hope, surpassed in English history. Yet it has its brighter side, since it shows how a handful of great statesmen, of loyal and able men of action, upheld the honour of the country in spite of the obstinacy of the King and the unworthiness of his ministers, and how bravely the people rallied in the hour of peril. The writer handles his complex and often sordid materials with a masterly ease, and the interest of his narrative is unflagging. His Whig sympathies are, of course, pronounced, but he is dealing with a period in writing of which a strong party bias is pardonable, almost inevitable. There is little to be said in favour of the policy of George III and "the King's friends": a policy which first goaded the American Colonies into rebellion and then muddled away—the word is undignified, but aptly descriptive—all possibility of success against them; which left the coasts of England bare to the assaults of France, and lowered the national prestige before all Europe. One point Sir George brings out with great effect: the fact that George III, though he blundered, was no aimless blunderer; that he kept a contemptible Ministry in office because in that Ministry he found a ready tool for his own designs. His aim was absolute power, and to accomplish that aim he—whose only claim to sovereignty lay in a Parliamentary title and the acceptance of the people—used his immense private resources as well as his control

George III and Charles Fox

of Government posts to fill Parliament with his creatures and to buy and bribe on all sides. It was a venal age—such men as Gibbon, the historian, were not above profiting by the methods they despised—and King George's tactics were, up to a point, successful.

The King [thus Sir George Trevelyan sums up the question] had the wit to see "that the forms of a free, and the ends of an arbitrary, government" might be reconciled by a course of action which avoided the outward show of despotism. Before he had been ten years on the throne he was in a fair way to succeed where Charles the First and James the Second had failed; and his policy, while less fraught with peril to the safety of the monarch, than was the policy of the Stuarts, was infinitely more demoralizing to the character of the nation.

This volume records alike the extent of the demoralization so wrought and the energy of the struggle against it. The author has a graphic touch both in his characterization of individuals and his description of events. His account, for instance, of Admiral Keppel's trial makes stirring reading, and he gives a vivid picture of the mustering of the volunteers: a picture which may be contemplated with interest at present. Part of the book is devoted to the war in America, a subject where Sir George is specially at home and which he treats with fairness and sympathy. Little that is novel can be written concerning the tragedy of Arnold's treason and André's death: but one touch of delightful and unexpected comedy is introduced in the episode of the solemn embassy sent by Washington to Anna Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield," to defend his reputation against that lady's quite incredibly bad verse.

It is difficult to criticize incomplete work, but if Sir George Trevelyan's second volume equals his first in literary charm, this book should prove a fitting conclusion to his history of the American Revolution and his studies of England in the same troublous time.

D. McC.

Some Recent Books

THE *Village Labourer: 1760-1832*. By J. L. Hammond and Beatrice Hammond. (Longmans & Co. 9s.) Few will read this work without hoping that the promise contained in the preface may be fulfilled and that the authors may, in the near future, supplement their survey of the condition of the village poor during an important period of their destinies by a similar treatment of the town-workers. Alike in matter, in style, and in method this first instalment of what promises to be a great social history is brilliantly successful. While studiously careful both in their choice of and their references to authorities, the authors do not shrink from displaying an unmistakable power of picturesque and vivid narrative. The results of their researches will doubtless interfere with many cherished convictions. When we are first taught to repeat the *Deserted Village* we are carefully reminded that the picture presented is purely imaginative. But Goldsmith was near enough to reality. Mr and Mrs Hammond now disclose to us, from material of unimpeachable authority and authenticity, a story which has hitherto been as little known as it will be unpalatable to the majority of us. It is the story of the social and economic degradation of a class (and that the largest in the country), devised by leading politicians, sanctioned by a Church, and carried out by Act of Parliament. The destruction of England's village communities has been obscured by a contemporaneous movement to which it was in some degree a contributing agency—the growth of industrial districts and the rapid absorption by them of the population. The extension of these areas has created a new England; yet the effects of the Enclosures and the Speenhamland system cannot be eradicated in a few generations. Industrial England bulks so largely in most of our modern problems that we are in danger of attaching less than its proper share of importance to the social history of the agricultural classes, from which the urban areas have been and continue to be recruited.

Besides proving of absorbing interest to all those who care to study the evolution of the English people, the present

The Village Labourer

work should be a useful antidote to many of the sceptical views now in fashion with regard to that system of representative government which has slowly matured since the conclusion of the period with which the authors are concerned. It will become clear to the reader that, following the usual course of English political development, democratic institutions owe their origin, not to the influence of theorists and philosophers, but to compelling considerations of practical expediency. This book might, indeed, be fitly termed "a study in irresponsible government." Whatever may be the defects of modern parliamentary institutions, the time is past when laws could be made, almost without opposition, for the deliberate expropriation of the poor, when a labourer could say truthfully "I had a cow and an Act of Parliament has taken it from me."

Between 1760 and 1844 some 1,554 private Acts were passed for the enclosure of the peasantry's common fields. Over 4,000,000 acres of common land, excluding waste, were so dealt with. At the beginning of the 18th century the English labourer was a member of a free village community, holding his own portions of arable and meadow land, pasturing his own animals, collecting his own fuel, owning, as often as not, his own cottage. In the quantity and variety of his food, he was better off than any peasant on the Continent; the necessaries of life with which he could not directly supply himself were cheap and readily obtainable. The commencement of the 19th century found him a landless man, deprived not only of his property but of his common rights, existing partly on a miserable wage, partly on parish relief. The same legislature which had reduced his social status and his standard of living prevented any endeavour to escape from his surroundings and to seek better conditions elsewhere than in his parish of settlement. The policy of Government had been avowedly affected by the argument that the best stimulus to the industry of the poor was the transfer of their property to the rich—and the stimulus was remorselessly applied. From a

Some Recent Books

labourer's annual wage of £22 no less than £11 was exacted in taxation. Sheer insufficiency of food often brought the villagers within the reach of the Game Laws—the outcome of the same period—which safeguarded the pastimes of the wealthy by enactments of appalling severity.

Meanwhile, the Government responsible for this state of things at home was engaged abroad in the task of “saving Europe” (including presumably the English labouring classes), from the tyrannies of France! The same period which witnessed the transition of the French peasant from a serf to a free farmer saw the degradation of the English peasant from a state of independence and moderate comfort to one of pauperism and wretchedness. Yet the latter was taught to look no nearer than Boulogne for the arch-enemy of his class and nation! To the men who successfully carried through so remarkable an imposture we must allow a certain genius for government; fortune favoured them, nevertheless, by giving them in Hodge a more docile instrument than Jacques Bonhomme.

Such, then, are the conclusions reached by the authors of this book. The English ruling caste of the old régime, to quote the final sentence, “has left bright and ample records of its life in literature, in art, in political traditions, in the display of great orations and debates, in the memories of brilliant conversation and sparkling wit; it has left dim and meagre records of the disinherited peasants that are the shadow of its wealth; of the exiled labourers that are the shadow of its pleasures; of the villages sinking in poverty and crime and shame, that are the shadow of its power and its pride.”

H. L. M.

NO student of politics can afford to ignore *The Framework of Home Rule*, by Erskine Childers (Edward Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.). It is a book of first-class importance which a thoughtful man, whatever his opinions, will read and read again with increasing admiration and delight. Mr Childers displays a justness of perspective, a con-

The Framework of Home Rule

tempt for conventional and superficial lines of argument, a sympathy and an insight, which put to shame our controversialists of every colour. The appearance of such a work by an Englishman, a well-known writer on military subjects, and an ardent Imperialist, does something to confute the cynics who think that Empire must be either a tyranny or a sham.

The earlier part of the book is devoted to a historical retrospect. "As a nation," says Mr Childers, "we have a body of experience comparable to the case of Ireland greater than that possessed by any other race in the world." Accordingly he gives us a searching analysis of British policy in the American Colonies, in Canada, Australia, South Africa, and Ireland itself, evading no difficulty and shedding on every detail the illumination of a comprehensive and co-ordinated knowledge. He contends with great power that each one of the pillars which support the structure of the Empire has been set up only amid the agitated protests of the patriotic party of the day, and that wherever there has been a danger-spot or an actual collapse the policy denominated "Unionist" has been responsible. True, Unionists now regard colonial autonomy as an axiom, but "there would be no Empire to idealize, if their Irish principles had been applied just a little longer to the oversea States." Yet it would be idle to pretend that in pursuing this course they have been misinterpreting "the will of the people." Democracies are as attached to political domination as they are incompetent to exercise it beneficially, and concessions of liberty have invariably had to be "smuggled through" by executive action without consultation of Parliament or populace. Alas! that the Irish case alone was fated to remain the shuttlecock of parties.

For that the Irish question is essentially a Colonial question is a principle which lies at the root of the author's position. It would be unfair to summarize the considerations by which he justifies his whole-hearted application of the much abused "colonial analogy." The reader must judge of their validity for himself, and in doing so must

Some Recent Books

carefully attend to Mr Childers' survey of Irish conditions both of yesterday and of to-day. In the light of the actual facts, geographical proximity may be found a less conclusive argument for the Union than it is sometimes considered. Irish representation, or even over-representation, at Westminster may appear an inadequate substitute for an Irish Parliament with an Executive responsible to it. It may be felt that, even apart from the difficulties arising out of the cumbrous machinery of Irish administration and out of Parliamentary congestion, no system which fails to make a strong appeal to Irish sentiment and reawaken a long dormant sense of public duty and regard for the common good can be expected to succeed. Irish Nationalism near the heart of the Empire may be disliked, but it is too deeply woven into the texture of the Irish mind for sensible men to ignore it. Those who put faith in "the fundamental probabilities of civil society" may rather be disposed to give it rein—to apply to the unpleasant abnormalities we are familiar with in Ireland the same corrective which has disposed of similar phenomena elsewhere, and which, *pace* Mr Childers (whose chapter on Grattan's Parliament, while containing some brilliant passages, lacks his usual breadth of view), for many years before and after 1782 worked miracles of appeasement among different creeds and classes in Ireland itself, until the influence of the French Revolution turned the course of Irish politics into new and fatal channels. If so, they will agree with Burke that "when a thing called a country is once formed in Ireland, quite other things will be done than were done while the zeal of men was turned to the interests of a Party, and while they thought those interests provided for in the distress and destruction of everything else."

The concluding chapters of the book give us a mass of important information with regard to Irish finance and discuss the various possible types of Home Rule, with special reference to financial control. Mr Childers would entrust the Irish Parliament with complete powers to raise Irish revenue and settle Irish expenditure, and would

The Framework of Home Rule

terminate at an early date any British subsidy which Ireland's manufactured insolvency renders necessary. The Government's plan is not likely to be so sweeping, but there are signs that the persistent propagandist work of the small group of men with whom Mr Childers has been associated will have its effect, and that the coming Bill will concede a degree of control over the fixing of Irish Customs and Excise duties which was not dreamt of a year ago, even by the Nationalist leaders, and which may not be wholly pleasing to the more rigid Federal theorists or the upholders of pure Gladstonian traditions. The argument for such control rests partly on the need for economic differentiation between Great Britain and Ireland, and the dangers Ireland is exposed to from British (and especially Tariff Reform) Budgets, partly on the present-day importance of a coherent and organic national system of finance, and partly on the hope of curing public extravagance and mendicancy with the medicine of financial responsibility.

It would be unfair to take leave of this notable book without reference to a more unpretentious work of which it is, to some extent, the development. *Home Rule Problems* (P. S. King and Son, 1s.) is a highly stimulating little collection of essays by different members of a committee formed last April to discuss the various aspects of the Home Rule question, and its interest is enhanced by the fact that the views of all the writers do not coincide, and that some are Irish and some English. It contains a preface by Lord Haldane, is excellently printed, and is, altogether, a capital shilling's-worth. F.M.

THE *West in the East*. By Price Collier. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.) Those who have read Mr Collier's *England and the English* will expect from him a very readable work about India, and they will not be disappointed. His traveller's tales are never wearisome, and he mingles the history of the Moguls and the Rajpoots deftly enough with the descriptions, commendable for their brevity, of the Taj and the lakes of Udaipur. The narrative is con-

Some Recent Books

stantly interrupted by speculations on the hundred and one topics which the East suggests, and the West itself is not forgotten, for from the safe vantage ground of India Mr Collier aims many a shaft at the self-sufficiency of Europe and America. The title of the book is indeed justified more by the author's restlessness of interest and manner than by his point of view. He lays stress throughout on the differences between Europe and Asia, and he is ever anxious to discourage Western solutions of Indian problems.

The result is a book full of enthusiasm for English methods of Government, full of praise of England's work in India. Nothing is forgotten, from the unobtrusive but all-embracing efficiency of the A.D.C. to the tact which keeps the peace among the hostile religions of the Indian world. Mr Collier was received with all the proverbial hospitality of the Civil Service and of the Indian princes, and he is generously appreciative of the kindness of his hosts. Perhaps it would be churlish to suggest that he is almost too grateful, and that he has shut his eyes to some of the shadows in the government of India. Like other men, the Civil servants, "laborious archangels" though Mr Collier may call them, have their faults, faults about which plenty of information can be gathered even among non-official Englishmen. The times are indeed very difficult. It is impossible to govern the Indian peoples in quite the old high-handed, high-spirited way of the Lawrences, but it is not easy to find the exact amalgam of English supremacy and Indian share in the government which the circumstances demand, nor is it easy to adopt the manner and the bearing appropriate to the situation. Mr Collier is too much of an optimist to realize how serious this question of the relations between European and Asiatic may become, and it cannot be said that his book suggests any solution. He has, however, written a very lively work, which has doubtless helped many a Durbar visitor to while away the long hours in the Red Sea. It will also have given them a good deal of useful information about India and the many nations that in-

Life & Letters of John Lingard

habit it. Those, however, who go on to Japan will not find Mr Collier so enlightening. It would have been better, probably, if the book had been confined to the country in which he is clearly most interested. F. F. U.

LIFE and Letters of John Lingard. By Martin Haile and Edwin Bonney. (Herbert and Daniel.) It is now over sixty years since Dr Lingard's death, and it is surprising that, in this age of biographies, a satisfactory life of our great Catholic historian should not long ago have been written. This substantial volume, however, while it makes up for this omission, illustrates the difficulties of the task. "The periodical burning of letters at Hornby," to which the authors refer, must have disposed of much of the correspondence which would have thrown light on Lingard's friendships, and on his literary and historical judgments. As it is, the authors have, perhaps necessarily, dwelt at some length on his share in the controversies of the Catholic Emancipation period. We find ourselves immersed once more in the problems and conflicts connected with the Cisalpine Club, with seculars and regulars, with Dr Milner and the many with whom he was not, to put it mildly, in perfect agreement. Men of principle are always likely to fight about matters of principle with more heat than men of the world, and in times of very rapid transition almost anything new may seem a matter of principle. The book before us provides some interesting evidence on the rapidity of the change during Lingard's lifetime and even during the forty years, 1811-1851, which he spent at the little village of Hornby.

When he first went there English Catholics had hardly emerged from their catacombs, and the "Peace of the Church" seemed as yet very insecure. Daily Mass was a recent innovation and music in church hardly thought of. No wonder that in the late forties the old historian was bewildered by the public display which the new converts made of their faith and devotion. But though he clung to his white cravat and refused to be "suffocated by a Roman collar," he did not let these new fashions, often

Some Recent Books

more irritating than profound changes of thought or practice, disturb his genial outlook. Indeed, Lingard's attractive character is well displayed in these pages: what the reader misses is an adequate appreciation of his position as a historian. Fortunately, we learn a good deal of his method of work and of his aims. A careful study of Lingard's place among English historians would, however, have been a valuable addition to the biography. Lord Acton has told us that history must now be written from documents rather than from chronicles, but Lingard represents the earlier transition, as far as English history is concerned, from second-hand to first-hand authorities. "Who would draw," he says, "from the troubled stream, when he may drink at the fountain head?" But his predecessors had found the troubled stream nearer their doors and did not care to face the arduous hillside. Hume, for instance, had found Burnet, who died in 1715, a satisfactory authority for the reign of Henry VIII. Lingard was not content with such slipshod work, and, though some of the authorities he used have been discarded by subsequent historians, his history remains not only the best history of England covering so long a period but a work of present value. He knew the men he was writing about so well that, even when the evidence failed him, his conjectures were generally right. They were certainly nearer the truth than many of the definite statements made by Carlyle, whom he suspected of being "a charlatan or a humbug," or by Macaulay, to whose partisan work he refused to give the name of history.

F.F.U.

"HE wrote," says Lionel Johnson of Walter Pater, "with certain literary virtues, in what theology calls the 'heroic degree' of virtue, and was obedient to 'counsels of perfection':—the right word for the right thought, the exact presentation of the exact conception, matter and manner 'kissing each other' in complete accord, and truth throughout prevailing" (*Post Liminium: Essays and Critical Papers*. By Lionel Johnson. Elkin

Essays and Critical Papers

Mathews). This has certainly been the aim of Lionel Johnson himself, followed with perhaps a greater enthusiasm for the high idea, if with less of careful art in expressing it. The essays and papers that form this volume abound in thought and enthusiasm, and the subjects range from Mysticism to Bacon and from Cant to Savonarola. They stretch over many years, and necessarily vary in value and permanence. There are in these essays two striking characteristics rare of combination—an exquisite fancy and a common sense that scorns all falsity of sentiment and silly misplaced enthusiasm.

The journal and the letters of Mdle. Bashkirtseff have won the admiration of this singular age. . . . letters of a hysterical lady's maid in point of manner, of an undisciplined female novelist in point of matter. . . . To those who know the strength and sternness of a real sorrow these pages must seem false and wretched and the liking for them a melancholy sign of disordered times.

Nor does he spare those of greater fame than Marie Bashkirtseff:

“Well,” said Mr Stevenson's Attwater to Captain Davis, “you seem to me to be a very twopenny pirate.” And to me Byron, with all his pretensions and his fame, seems a very twopenny poet and a farthing man.

Of “Octavius Pulleyn” the delicate fancy is hard to convey in one severed fragment:

So go we gently through the May morning of a dream; of winter nights we “drink tobacco” by the fire of logs in a parlour of black panel, and pore together upon the medals of Popes and Emperors. Of such sort is my Octavius; and if I weary of him in such sort, he shall presently proceed ambassador to the Hague, and send me word of tulips.

And, again, what a touch of exquisite truth lies in this word on Charlotte Brontë:

She lived a full life in her brief allotted period. Not a people-thronged, frequented life, but one passed in the almost visible

Some Recent Books

society of a few profound emotions, a few deep joys and sorrows, a few ardent aspirations and desires.

Courage and a high sense of truth joined to a rare grace of manner make this volume a possession always to be cherished. Even where we differ we read with keen enjoyment, while the more fanciful papers bear on them the mark of a poet's hand and about them hangs a fresh breath of spring.

M.W.

CRITICISM was at a low ebb in English newspapers when the *Times* Literary Supplement first made its modest *début*. The *Times* had fallen into the habit of relegating the reviews of books to any convenient moment, however long delayed, a habit that was symptomatic of general indifference on the subject. Slowly, but surely, since its unpretending start, the Supplement has made its way among thoughtful and careful readers until, for some years past, it has occupied a very important position. The creed of the knot of critics who have made it what it is may be briefly summarized as being the belief that the great cheering and sustaining lessons of literature are to be mainly sought for even by journalists not in the newest talent from the universities, or in some suddenly discovered genius of starving Bohemia, but in the acknowledged great ones in the past. Mr John Bailey's *Poets and Poetry* is a selection from his work in the Supplement from the year 1903 to 1908. It makes admirable reading: there is nothing of journalistic hurry, or journalistic allusiveness to passing topics. This thin book keeps us at the feet of the great men—learning, revering, gaining a sound taste and good literary manners.

These essays [writes Mr Bailey] represent an attempt to use the opportunity provided by the columns of a newspaper to restate some of the great primary positions in literature, and especially in English poetry. The fundamental truths that lie at the root of literary criticism, like those that occupy the same position in morals and politics, are always in danger of finding a mere acquiescence, respectful but indifferent, where they should find a

Poets and Poetry

vital and understanding acceptance. That is partly because we change and they do not. We find it troublesome to be always taking our new bearings with regard to the fixed stars of the literary firmament, and though vaguely aware that they are still in their places in the heavens, we forget them and look up to them no more. But that way danger lies. For, after all, it is by them that we have still to sail, and though a new one is now and then discovered, the old still remain on their thrones, and the map of the poetic heaven remains in its great outlines unchanged. Only we, perhaps, have got round to a new side of it and do not easily make out where we are. It has seemed to me that an occasional writer in a newspaper could hardly use his opportunities better than in making a modest attempt, for himself and any readers he may have, to look firmly again at some of these fixed stars, the most ancient heavens of literature, and try to see once more, as exactly as individual and newspaper limitations allow, where they and we stand.

This passage would be enough to show that Mr Bailey has not frequented the society of the immortals without catching their clear accents and their strong infectious common sense.

One element of pleasure that can never be wanting in reading a good volume of criticism is that of occasional disagreement. Mr Bailey does not give the reader much of this agreeable form of exercise: he is too lucid and too wise not to be singularly convincing. But it would be pleasant to ask him a few questions. Does he not undervalue *Rasselas*, and in complaining that Johnson's style is entirely wanting in lightness of touch or in swiftness ought he not to have made an exception for that beloved story, the qualities of which were no doubt partly due to the unaccustomed speed at which it was composed? Again, surely Mr Bailey is not as careful as usual when he says that it is only in *The Heart of Midlothian* that Scott can make up his mind "to bring his sheep to the shambles." Has he forgotten Fergus Mac Ivor? Does not the last speech of Fergus to Waverley show conclusively that Scott could be supreme in the true realism "of the heroics?" Delightful as are many of his remarks about Sir Walter, it does seem as if Mr Bailey hardly appreciated the greater drama in the Waverley novels.

Some Recent Books

As a test of the dramatic grouping and action in the Waverley novels, read over the death of Charles II in Macaulay or in Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, and see if the grouping, the action, the contrast of character, not imagined but chronicled by eyewitnesses, is not singularly like a chapter in Scott. Scott might have made the talk a little more and better, but he would have only put into people's mouths what we feel to have been in their minds. It must be owned that it is difficult not to be touchy on the subject of Sir Walter, and perhaps we have read more than was meant into Mr Bailey's half admissions as to the causes of a certain deformation of Scott's works. In the course of them there is one of the many admirable passages in *Poets and Poetry*:

Then there is the unlucky learning of a generation whose knowledge has altogether outgrown its mind. Everybody nowadays believes himself to possess an historical sense, and very often it seems to deprive its owner of any other. Our information has increased so much that we can no longer take Scott's mediaevalism literally as his first readers did; and our minds have grown so little that we see no more than they did that in a work of imagination accuracy in details of language or costume is a matter of very little importance. Memory has for the moment killed mind, as it so often does; and we are slow to see that the playwright or the novelist who can make his characters live can always afford to smile at the critic who discovers that they swear unborn oaths and quote authors who flourished centuries after their day. . . .

Is not that delightful?

In the immense range of literature that is taken as a hunting-ground in this short volume, nothing is happier than the essay on Shakespeare's tragedies. Mr Bailey, in this worthy appreciation of Professor Bradley's great book, shows the rare gifts of a profound literary critic. S.

THE *Mustard Tree: an Argument on behalf of the Divinity of Christ*. By O. R. Vassall Phillips, C.S.S.R. With a Preface by Mgr Benson, and an Epilogue by Hilaire Belloc. (Washbourne. 5s.) Father Vassall Phillips has amplified in this book the "conferences" which he gave some years ago to the undergraduates at Oxford and at Cambridge, and which were very much appreciated

Life of St Theresa

by the audiences to whom they were originally delivered. Reversing the usual argument from the prophecy to the fulfilment, he first states the actual facts concerning the Catholic Church as at present existing, and then proceeds to show how all this was foreseen and provided for in the words of our Lord, as recorded for us in the pages of the Gospel. The result is an extremely forcible and valuable argument for the Divinity of Christ, put in a novel and striking manner.

One would have thought that so well known a preacher as Father Vassall Phillips did not stand in any need of sponsors to introduce his work to the public, but that his name would be almost as familiar as those of the two eminent writers who supply the Preface and the Epilogue. Mr Belloc's contribution, especially, is, however, a valuable addition to the book. The book is excellently printed and got up, but the lines by which each page is surrounded have a rather irritating effect and are hardly suited to a sustained argument of this kind. They would be more suitable to a work of pure devotion. A. B.

THE story has often been told of the soldier-saint of Loyola that he loved to read tales of chivalry, and that once, being wounded and unable to get any of these romances, he began instead to read the lives of the saints. And in them, too, he found romance, and in the life of the spirit therein revealed a high adventure of chivalry. Reality if also invested with romance must appeal in the end more strongly than fancy unalloyed: and this is the charm of the *Life of St Theresa* (Life adapted from the French of a Carmelite nun. By Alice Lady Lovat. Herbert and Daniel. 10s. 6d.).

The book is a wholly real one. It tells simply, clearly, arrestingly of the contests, labours and trials undergone by St Theresa and her disciples, in the cause of the reform of the order of Carmel. And "besides all those things that are without," we are told, with the simplicity of perfect sympathy, the story of the saint's inner life. Romantic is, perhaps, too slight a word to apply to this marvellous record; yet it seems appropriate to the

Some Recent Books

heroism shown by the saint through years of darkness, toiling, as it seemed, "in immeasurable sand," and issuing at last in "the large room" of the psalmist—a consummation which in the *Castle of the Soul* Theresa herself describes: "In this soul there are no aridities, no interior sufferings, but a sweet and constant joy. If she is but inattentive for a moment to her Saviour's Presence, He Himself reveals it to her. He labours at her perfection and teaches her without the smallest disturbance in a peace so profound that it recalls to me the building of Solomon's Temple. The soul is, in truth, God's Temple, in which God and the soul enjoy each other's presence in the midst of a great silence." "Exert yourself, my daughter," she said to one of her children, long after the years of fierce suffering had passed into this peace, "to acquire great liberty of spirit. Thanks to God's grace, I possess it, and in very large measure."

She possessed, moreover, a combination of tremendous enthusiasm with a clear and unemotional judgement. A priest once praised to her the angelic piety of a girl he recommended as a postulant. The foundress replied, "You see, Father, our Lord will give her piety when she is here, and she will be taught to pray; but if she has no judgement she will never get it, and instead of being of use to the community she will be a drag upon it."

Only this disposition could have enabled her, humanly speaking, to carry out the task of the foundations, but probably she would herself have told us that nothing *humanly speaking* could have enabled her. "Theresa and three ducats," she once said, "are worth nothing. But God, Theresa and three ducats can do all."

A method too often followed in saints' lives is that of describing chapter by chapter their different virtues: "the saint's humility, his charity," and so forth. And this patchwork fashion produces only at the end a sort of lay figure of virtue suitable to a stilted allegory but with no relation to life.

But in this *Life of St Theresa* we have a picture of a living personality which we instinctively recognize as

Histoire Ecclésiastique

genuine, and the resemblance we may trace in it to other saints is not based on the author's notion of what a saint should be : it is rather the likeness of sister and brother in one great family.

M. W.

STUDENTS of theology are well acquainted with the wonderful series of dictionaries which are being issued by Letouzey and Ané of Paris. The first to begin its slow course of publication was the *Dictionnaire de la Bible*. Next followed the excellent *Dictionnaire de Théologie catholique*, full of specialized articles by good authorities, and the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie chrétienne et de liturgie*, edited by the Abbot of Farnborough, a work of ponderous learning and amazing industry. The fifth in order is to deal with Canon Law. The fourth has already begun to appear. It is the *Dictionnaire d'histoire et de géographie ecclésiastiques*, and is edited by Monsignor Baudrillart and MM. Vogt and Rouziès. Unlike the English *Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Biography*, it is not confined to the times of the Fathers, but embraces ecclesiastical history and biography up till our own day. A glance at its pages is sufficient to show that it is full of names of places and of men that few people have ever heard of. The articles are full, and are furnished with complete bibliographies. In the first *fascicule* one may notice an extremely well-written life by M. l'Abbé Vacandard of Abélard, whose exegesis had been already treated by Vigouroux in the *Dict. de la Bible*, and his theology by Portalié in the *Dict. de Théologie*. The price of all these dictionaries is only 5fr. for each part of 160 quarto pages.

C.

DENZIGER'S *Enchiridion of Positive Theology* has been for fifty years an indispensable manual for theological students. It has been lately imitated in an *Enchiridion* of the sources of early ecclesiastical history, and it is now supplemented by an *Enchiridion Patristicum*, compiled by Father J. Rouët de Journal, S. J., of Hastings (Herder, Freiburg. 1911. 887 pp. 11s. cloth). This thick but handy manual contains extracts

Some Recent Books

from Fathers and ecclesiastical writers, chosen to illustrate the whole of dogmatic theology. The amount compressed into so small a compass is astonishing. There are admirable indexes, so that every quotation which bears upon a given point can be at once looked up. The extracts are grouped according to authors, who follow each other in chronological order. No less than one hundred authors are quoted. Some of these were hardly needed. And if Arius and Pelagius are quoted, why not Priscillian or Nestorius or Severus? Why are the important commentaries of Theodore of Mopsuestia neglected? The Christian poets might have been utilized; and on chiasm Commodian and St Victorinus might have been cited. Victorinus Rhetor, Arnobius Junior, Phoebadius, Eucherius, Faustus, are less desirable; but a really astonishing omission is that of St Maximus Confessor, one of the most useful of Greek Theologians. Leontius is also absent. Sozomenos appears no less than three times as "Sozomenes." One looks in vain for certain familiar passages of St Augustine and St Chrysostom. But enough of carping; there is abundance to accept with gratitude. No serious student of theology will be able, for the future, to do without this practical and comprehensive volume. C.

A COMPENDIUM of Ecclesiastical History for the use of students is a necessary evil; it is unavoidably dry, and often almost incomprehensible. Of such books, the best is that of the late Dr Funk, a really great scholar, and it is a matter for great congratulation that his *Manual of Church History* has now appeared in English (authorized translation from the fifth German edition, by Luigi Cappadelta. Kegan Paul. 1910. 2 vols. 20s. net). The translation is too free, and sometimes (e.g. pp. 30, 66) gravely damages the meaning of the author; but it is readable, and the print is excellent. A sixth German edition, prepared by Dr Karl Bihlmeyer, Funk's successor as Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Tübingen, has now appeared (*Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte*,

Une âme bénédictine

Paderborn. 1911). The editor and his Benedictine brothers are well known as careful students, and in the new edition the bibliography has been brought up to date with a really extraordinary completeness. A number of alterations and additions have been made with judgement. It may be impossible always to agree with Dr Funk's views; but at least they are moderate and well considered. No other manual can rival this one at present.

C.

A SKETCH of the life of a young Benedictine, together with his own private notes, has reached a second edition, and deserves a few words of recommendation (*Une âme bénédictine: Dom Pie de Hemptinne*. Fourth thousand. Paris. Lethielleux. 355 pp. 3 fr. 50 c.). Born in 1880, of a truly pious family, from which he inherited a remarkable firmness of will, the subject of this memoir made his profession at Maredsous, where his uncle was then abbot, in 1899; he was ordained priest in 1903, and he died, after seven months of illness, in January, 1907. He had always edified his companions by his gaiety and his recollection; but it was only his last days, and still more the notebooks that were found after his death, which revealed his interior sanctity, till then only known to a few. The short biography is very charmingly written by his brother, also a Benedictine (another brother is a Trappist; yet another is a Franciscan). It is followed by Dom Pie's own *Aspirations et pensées*, which were written down by him in the hope of helping others. Some are very striking and admirably expressed; a few are somewhat florid, as we might expect from a boyish pen. Next comes *Le carnet du bon Dieu*, a private record seen by no human eyes until after the writer's death. It is full of most touching expressions of his love, and contains the marrow of the whole book. Last come a few spiritual letters. The important point is that the ascetical doctrine of the little work is solid and sound. Dom Pie de Hemptinne sat at the feet of a sure Master, his teacher in dogmatic

Some Recent Books

theology and his spiritual director for four years, who has adopted Belgium for his country, but is not unknown in England and Ireland. His friends will read with satisfaction what is correctly recorded on p. 49:

Qualité rare: le professeur de dogme avait le don de faire savourer les vérités révélées et d'en dégager les conclusions mystiques. Au sortir de ses leçons, on allait, malgré soi, s'agenouiller au pied du Tabernacle ou se recueillir dans le silence de la cellule. La théologie était une préparation pour la contemplation; on ne croyait pas vraiment savoir les choses, avant de les avoir digérées dans la prière.

That is the right way of studying theology. It ought to be a four years' meditation on the love of God. It was by this formation that Dom Pie de Hemptinne was taught to run in the ways of love during his short life.

C.

DR HARNACK'S account of the origin of the Church is an enlargement of his article in the *Realencyclopädie (The Constitution and Law of the Church in the First two Centuries)*. By Adolf Harnack. Translated by F. L. Pogson, M.A. Williams and Norgate. 1910. 5s. net). In contradistinction to Dr Rudolf Sohm, against whom he has a special appendix, the Berlin Professor refuses to regard the rise of ecclesiastical law and the constitution of the Church as "an apostasy from the conditions intended by Jesus himself and originally realized." Not that Harnack, any more than Sohm, regards the Church as intentionally founded by Christ. He declares that the Catholic theory, and the old Protestant doctrine also, are views which "have the whole historical development of the apostolic and post-apostolic age against them." Yet he holds that the Church was a legitimate, because a necessary, development: "The seed sown, or rather the seed and soil together, contained in germ not only a society of brethren embracing all mankind, and living in the fear of God, but also the Church, in the very form in which it has

The Early Church

developed in Catholicism, and which the latter represents as primitive." Dr Harnack has since made his position yet more plain, in a remarkable review of Monsignor Batiffol's admirable book *L'Église Naissante*. The difference between the Catholic view of the development of the Church in the first century and his own view is mainly one of detail. It is true that he draws a sharp line between the teaching of our Lord and that of His Apostles, assuming a very wide, very arbitrary and quite unaccountable difference between the Master and the disciples, and attributing to these a most wonderful initiative and inventiveness. Apart from this distinct break, there is harmonious development; and the only accusation that the Berlin Professor can bring against the ex-rector of Toulouse is that "in tracing the line of historical evolution, he has at each stage neglected the slight deviations, whose sum involves a most notable change of direction, so that instead of a curve, we have a straight line." The Catholic critic will probably reply by characterizing Harnack's treatment of detail as often arbitrary, and his descriptions of development (e.g. of episcopacy) as rather fanciful than solid. But at least the rival theories have enough common ground to be able to meet and discuss. The long essay against Sohm in this volume is much less interesting, and the appendices on the "fundamental confession of the Church," the words "Gospel," and "Word of God," are not particularly enlightening.

Mgr Batiffol's book has been already reviewed in these pages. It has now appeared in English dress (*Primitive Catholicism*. By Mgr Pierre Batiffol. Authorized translation by H. L. Brianceau, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. Longmans. xxviii. 424 pp. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net), and it is to be hoped that it will have a large sale, and still larger influence. The translation is faithful and in good English, and represents the French fifth edition. There exists no apologetic account of the first two centuries comparable to this immensely learned and thorough essay.

C.

Some Recent Books

THE general features of the subject matter and treatment are the same in vol. XII of *The Catholic Encyclopedia* (Robert Appleton Company, New York) as in the preceding volumes, though the prominence in which they occur may vary. We meet here with few biographical notices of what may be termed our local celebrities. In addition to a welcome notice of Adelaide Procter and of Fr G. Porter (whose biographer omits to mention the singular charm of his retreats to the clergy), we have M. J. Quinn, the originator of THE DUBLIN REVIEW, and Fr Rawes, the ardent promoter of devotion to the Holy Ghost. Cardinal Moran contributed the article on the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, and Fr Prout's career is sympathetically related by T. Woodlock. Among other notices of the same class to which the reader will turn instinctively are Quesnel (an illuminative article which will serve to invest with living interest the condemned propositions associated with his name), Pères Ratisbonne, Ravignan and Cardinal Pie.

From the article on Quebec we may cite a passage containing more than one object-lesson for our home politicians. "The most striking feature of the Quebec school law is the absolute liberty enjoyed by each of the two chief religious denominations of controlling its own schools agreeable to the wishes of the parents. In municipalities where they form the majority Catholics cannot interfere with the rights of Protestants, and vice versa. The school grants are even proportionally larger to the latter (the Protestant minority) than to the former" (p. 599). One of the most extensive contributions is that on Physics, viewed mainly under those broad theories which have brought it into relation with religious belief, such as planetary motion, the plurality of worlds, the Copernican system, the work of Galileo and of Descartes. Therein it will appear incidentally to the reader how complete has been the freedom enjoyed by the scientist in his own proper sphere. A lengthy article is devoted to the almost tragic history of Poland, closing with an account of the early Polish emigrants to America. The

The Catholic Encyclopedia

vast subject of philosophy was appropriately entrusted to M. de Wulf of Louvain. The question of finality, or of a *perennis philosophia*, is well discussed, and the thorny topic of the language in which philosophy may most successfully be taught, and the order in which its various sections should be taken, will give rise, it may be hoped, to serious practical reflection. As the most recent rival of the old metaphysics, Pragmatism receives satisfactory treatment, and an estimate is given of the pragmatist view of religion and of scholastic philosophy. Psychology has for its special feature the gradual evolution of the new psychology through Locke, Hume, and others, and a comparison of it with the traditional philosophy of the Schools.

Under the rubric of history we may place the elaborate article on the Friar Preachers by Père Mandonnet (the longest in the volume), which should prove a very complete source of reference on the subject of the Dominican Order. Pilgrimages supplies some account of the numerous centres of devotion, together with references to many others, and is enriched with illustrations of several of the more famous sanctuaries. In his detailed, yet condensed, study of the Renaissance Canon Barry does not spare wickedness in high places, and we rejoice to find that he has a good word to say for Erasmus. The article on Protestantism is engaged with the progress and decadence of the religion of the Reformation, while that on the Reformation itself by Mgr Kirsch (one of the very best in the volume) embraces the entire subject of the upheaval of the sixteenth century, and in a masterly manner traces the events which occasioned it, and shows with remarkable detail how it was carried through, and what were its results. The interesting sections on the Ratio Studiorum of the Jesuits, on Plain Chant, Cardinal Pole, and Prayers must be dismissed with a grateful acknowledgement. Possession by spirits is viewed chiefly under its Scriptural aspects; but it appears to us incomplete, since it contains no mention of modern instances.

In the region of theology reference may be made to Religion, which occupies many pages under its twofold

Some Recent Books

aspect of a world-wide phenomenon (C. F. Aiken) and the regular life (A. Vermeersch). Priest, Priesthood and Priests' Confraternities will assist the lay reader to understand better the nature, responsibilities and activity of the sacred ministers. Pope is a doctrinal exposition with especial reference to the attitude adopted by our Protestant brethren. Predestination is handled with care and precision by J. Pohle. Prayer is complete in its expository aspect, but one would have desired a word or two on the manner in which prayer effects its object. The article on Providence is rather overweighted with Scriptural references. Probabilism is a comprehensive and particularly lucid treatment of a vexed and difficult question.

The present volume is richer than any which have preceded it in matters affecting the social unrest of the world. Race (F. Birkner, Munich) is crowded with well-assorted information which will be useful to the student of sociology, and the full-page ethnological table will save him much pains. The concluding summary is, perhaps, a little unsatisfactory. The article on the Negro Race is bitter reading, and should therefore be looked at by all. Dr Ryan's thoughtful paper on Population will arrest the attention of social students. He deals with the different forms of Malthusianism and states with clearness and confidence the Catholic view on the question. The study of the subject of Poverty is carried through several distinct contributions. The article on Poor (Care of by the Church) is a careful study showing the principles of ecclesiastical poor relief, and controverting the views of its opponents. Poverty and Pauperism (Dr Ryan) is of considerable importance, as it is the only Catholic study of the subject we possess in English. Canada presents us with a splendid example of Christian charity. The section on the Poor in Great Britain concludes with these significant words: "The great drawback to all Catholic social efforts is, undoubtedly, the lack of intercommunication between Catholic workers in different parts . . . the Catholic Social Guild (for Catholic social study) will, many hope, eventually develop into a Catholic Institute

The Price of Unity

of Social Service for Great Britain and Ireland ” (p. 243). T. G. King contributes a brief but satisfactory account of our Poor Laws, which is of value as showing the incidence of those laws on Catholics. Capital Punishment is a little inadequate in not taking sufficiently into account the arguments of the abolitionist. Le Play is a condensed and welcome account of a great social reformer who was far in advance of his contemporaries. Physiocrats and Political Economy, though short, present a serviceable bird’s-eye view of their subjects. The Reductions of Paraguay (21 columns) is of fascinating interest, showing the formation (1609) and conduct of the semi-communistic states, and how at last, by tyranny and misrepresentation, they came to an end on the expulsion of the Jesuit Fathers (1767).
H.P.

WHAT Frenchman was it who said that “ Ce n’est que la verité qui offense ”? Whoever he was he was guilty of a half truth. To men of sober and just minds the man who says the whole truth, who does not extenuate or set down aught in malice, is likely to have a sympathetic, if not a convinced, audience. Passionate conviction, however, has not always the qualities of candour and fairness that command such a hearing. Father Maturin in *The Price of Unity* (Longmans. 3s. 6d.) is passionately candid and passionately fair. Cardinal Newman gave us the history of his mind after 1845 in one great chapter, but he did not analyse for us the immediate after effect on the character of the great crisis he then passed through. Father Maturin touches with astonishing delicacy the psychology of a man whose nature is “ raw wounded, bleeding at every pore,” not only from the wrench from old friends but from the “ old round of his religious ways which had woven itself into his life and gone deep into his soul.” Some people speak as if a convert to the Catholic Church had passed at once into the Church Triumphant and that all difficulties, all temptations, were at an end. Father Maturin brings home to us in a way singularly his own the sense of expansion and security that comes to the

Some Recent Books

convert, but with much power of convincing analysis he also makes us realize that his personality is subjected to a severe strain. He reminds us that in leaving the Anglican Church the man is breaking not with mere superstition and ignorance, but with a past which has educated him into those habits and thoughts that have been the very means of making him realize his need of the Catholic Church. How many controversialists would suppress such a passage as the following from want of candour or the fear of giving an opening to opponents!

It is a moment in life that one does not easily forget when one feels oneself compelled for the first time to criticize what one has hitherto revered as a sacred thing. It seems almost sacrilegious. It is more terrible still when the light of criticism robs it of its semblance of authority and dignity, when the voice that seemed to speak with power is found to be hesitating and uncertain and the form that once looked of royal dignity is found to be decked in borrowed splendour.

A man whose religious convictions have been deep and strong, who has loved what he has always believed to be the abode of God's House, and the place where His honour dwelleth, will not lightly believe that he has been mistaken, and when he is at last compelled to believe it, will not find it easy to obey his conscience and to arise and go hence into a strange country, whose ways he does not know and to whose people he is a stranger.

It is not merely the new life that he looks upon with fear, but the old that he dreads to leave, that which has been hitherto the home of everything in him that is deepest and highest. Yet it is the very beauty of what he is leaving that has driven him forth, the very truth of what he has believed that showed its incompleteness. The very strength of his faith in what he has had, has pointed him to something stronger, and driven him forth. The very love which was bred in him for the Catholic Church awakened the instincts which warned him that this was not his home. It was she to whom he had committed his soul in trust and confidence, who pointed him to another. The beauty and dignity of her worship, the music and rhythm of her prayers entered into his soul and for a time satisfied all its aspirations, and then awakened desires that she could not satisfy. They seemed like the memories of some other land that had once been his home and that stirred up longings that were nothing short of homesickness.

The Price of Unity

For us the moral of all this is surely that those who speak roughly and slightly of Anglican observances must often wound susceptible natures and estrange them from the true Church.

To Clovis it was said that he must adore what he had burnt and burn what he had adored. But the converted Anglican who is bent on instant destruction of all the ideas and habits of his past is in danger of destroying much that is actually cherished by the Church. Father Maturin, then, pleads for continuity of the best habits, continuity in certain thoughts and first principles, and respect for a man's past spiritual experience.

When speaking of St Paul, he gives an admirable account of the working of a mind when it is first subjected to the great influences of Catholicism. It is a joy to one who has known the crude and confused mental state of those converts who think it a duty to reject as heretical whatever was in their minds when they were honest God-fearing members of an heretical body, to read the following wonderful and eloquent description of the true mental adjustment between the old and the new:

The mind makes an effort at a synthesis. Under the influences of the new Truth many old Truths are found to open and expand. Many things that were looked upon as ultimate truths proved themselves to have been but half-truths. Many puzzling anomalies in the old beliefs are removed. Unexpected relations are discovered between paradoxes that seemed irreconcilable, and things that were clung to in spite of their apparent unreasonableness are found to have their place. Connecting links are discovered between doctrines that to all appearance had no relation to one another, and all that was unreasonable is discarded, and things that seemed meaningless are shown to have their meaning. Dislocated fragments of unconnected truths take their place and find their true interpretation, and many a doctrine or practice that seemed at first sight as if it could no longer be held, if the new Truth is to be maintained, is found on the contrary to take a higher place. And all that cannot be reconciled with the new Truth must go, but it goes, so to speak, of itself, it is pushed quietly aside without much of a jerk, or a jar, in the splendid synthesis by which all gathers around the new, central, all-combining truth and discloses its place and meaning.

Some Recent Books

In the outburst of the light that shone upon the mind of St Paul it must have seemed to him at first that the newly received doctrine of the Incarnation was irreconcilable with his old monotheistic faith, but he found on the contrary that it enriched and enlarged it. How was his mission to the Gentiles to be reconciled with the traditional belief that the Jews alone were the people of God? It would seem as if they were irreconcilable, and that one or other must be abandoned. He gives his solution in the Epistle to the Ephesians and shows how, so far from being irreconcilable, one was the complement and expansion of the other. The new Truth throws a new light upon the old, and so far from destroying it, showed that it had a power of broadening and unfolding, like a seed under the warmth and light of the sun.

There is another side to *The Price of Unity*. It was necessary for Father Maturin to state clearly his view of the position of the Church of England. It is difficult to believe that his unsparing blows can be received by the High Church party in anything but a kindly spirit after the insight and sympathy he has shown throughout in their regard.

It is hard to describe the effect produced upon the reader by the later chapters of *The Price of Unity*. They are not as well written as the earlier chapters, and it seems as if the intensity of conviction and eagerness to bring forth that conviction had made the words hurry out in some disorder. Probably the pain of the effort and the horror of giving pain caused the hand to tremble. There is not the calmness of the earlier chapters, but in both parts of the book, in dealing with the problem of the position of the Anglican Church and with the problem of a mental adjustment to the Catholic Church, there is the unassailable note of personal experience. It is very hard to touch without irreverence on what is so sacred and so intimate. It is almost impossible to express what is meant without saying that *The Price of Unity* is, in no merely literary sense, a human document that has been written in the heart's blood and stained with tears.

“This child has been in Hell,” said Goethe of himself. “This soul has been in Purgatory,” the Catholic may say

The Coward

with reverent and humble sympathy—the Catholic who is too often the careless heir of the religious wealth of all the ages, who has never known the pain of quest or of the sacrifice of human affections in exchange for the gift of divine faith. S.

THE *Coward*. By R. H. Benson (Hutchinson. 6s. net), is the subtle and painful study of a boy's temperament. Valentine Medd was cursed with a vivid imagination which made him realize danger acutely long before he had to face it. It also made him paint mental pictures of his own future prowess. But when opportunity came his nerve failed him and disgraced him in the eyes of his family, and finally in his own.

Valentine Medd came of a soldier family which looked on courage as its birthright. The Medds had no sympathy with fear or nerve failure; they were unimaginative and invariably harsh towards Val. Only two people, indeed, were in sympathy with him, his old nurse "Benty" (a really charming person) and Father Maple. When Val was in disgrace for letting his brother fight a duel in his stead, Benty, while understanding nothing, was yet sure that the boy could have done no wrong. But Father Maple both sympathized and understood, and the priest's counsel saves the boy from the despair which is engulfing him, a despair which conveys an almost horrible sense of reality to the reader, intensified as it is by Val's feverish imagination.

The other characters in the story are unattractive; they have in common the quality of extreme hardness. The whole book is a striking psychological study. It is full of vivid and often painful description. The picture of Val's death in particular leaves a terribly haunting impression, not soon to be effaced. O.

EVEN without the quotation from Maurice Barrès on the frontispiece of *Leur Vieille Maison* (Librairie Plon. fr. 3.50), it is easy to see that Reynès Monlaur is impregnated with the spirit of that distinguished author.

Some Recent Books

He has the same horror of individualism, the same clinging to family life, the same reverence for the traditions handed down from father to son, and the same belief that even the old house and the old village, the scenery, the air and the horizon that had been common to us and our grandfathers and great-grandfathers make the setting in which the truest moral life can be led, with the greatest dignity and the greatest felicity possible to man upon earth.

Les ancêtres que nous prolongeons ne nous transmettent intégralement l'héritage accumulé de leurs âmes que par la permanence de l'action terrienne. C'est en maintenant sous nos yeux l'horizon qui cerna leurs travaux, leurs félicités ou leurs ruines que nous entendrons le mieux ce qui nous est permis ou défendu.

A little grave and overweighted by theory, the story of the family who cherish *Leur Vieille Maison* is extremely touching and sympathetic. Pierre, Françoise, Arlette and their mother are exquisitely described. There is a wonderful freshness and charm in the slight love story of Arlette and Philippe, which is sadly lacking from the love element in the ordinary English novel of to-day. Curiously enough, there is something early Victorian in the atmosphere of *Leur Vieille Maison*. The school in France to which Monlaur belongs seems to have come through the experience which we are in the midst of now. They have seen the sordid results of the desperate attempts of modern novel writers each to present something more thrilling, more startling, more pessimistic than his predecessors; and they have sought refuge in the simpler, holier and nobler traditions of the best elements in ordinary Catholic French home life. Is there any hope that we, too, may turn back to homely English scenes and nobler traditions? There is a solemn peace in *Leur Vieille Maison*; but, perhaps, it lacks vitality, such as the vitality of our own earlier novelists. The calm in this, as in other French stories of the same type, is the calm of experience and of fatigue, but it is also the calm of the exile whose eyes are fixed on a distant and eternal home. S.

The Case of Richard Meynell

THERE seems to have been a consensus of opinion that the story of *The Case of Richard Meynell* (Smith and Elder. 6s.) is not a success. It is easily open to criticism, for in it, even more than in her other books, Mrs Humphry Ward has brought characters and incidents together to illustrate and teach her lesson with an intention so obvious as to be entirely wanting in literary guile. But while the working of the machinery creaks in our ears, and while every incident seems to say "Here I am ready to do my part" to illustrate the text or to help Meynell to suffer as an apostle should suffer, we cannot join in the general condemnation. There is a certain force in Mrs Humphry Ward that enables her to push her defective machine into motion; Richard Meynell is the work of a forcible, if tired, imagination. This fact may be wrong, and that detail ugly, and another phrase ludicrously offensive to the sense of the ridiculous; but as a whole it ranks higher than many and many a production that is lightly touched in and delicately edged with satire. Spiritual suffering, a yearning after truth, self-restraint, revolt, the helpless wish to aid those who will not be helped, the texture of fine souls, such things are brought home to us in Richard Meynell. This is not done by the vitality of the author's personages, for they never wholly escape from bondage to the main intention of the book, but it is done by contact with a remarkable mind tuned to fine issues.

But how about the main lesson and object of the book? Robert Elsmere gave up his orders and his living as he could not believe in the doctrines of Christianity: Richard Meynell, his spiritual descendant (who marries his daughter), claims to remain in the Church of England without those beliefs. He maintains that the Church of England should allow the people of England to enjoy the advantages of her worship and her sacraments without belief in the dogmas of Christianity. It would be, it is said, no greater a revolution than the revolution that took place at the Reformation. It would be easy to show how the liberty advocated by Mrs Humphry Ward is the logical

Some Recent Books

consequence and outcome of the Reformation. But what, as the children of the ancient faith, interests us more at this moment is to know if the situation described in the book is an actual one, and whether the movement it advocates is conceivable on a large scale. Mrs Ward does not convince us that it is. It is very difficult for Catholics to estimate the forces at work in the English Church. The High Church party is steadily on the increase, but it has of course its right and its left wings with regard to the interpretation of dogma; again, the large Low Church party combines such different elements, ranging from those who maintain the strictest standards as to scripture criticism to those who hold the laxest. But is there among all these different shades of opinion a large number who are *passionately* anxious to be as it were official members of a Christian Church whilst holding that that Church throughout its history has been simply wrong in the beliefs it has held most sacred?

We do not think that a movement on these lines is likely to inspire large masses of human beings. Can it be good tidings to all the people that Christ is not risen from the grave and that the Christian belief in the Incarnation is no longer the necessary bond that unites Christians together?

Reading the book with great anxiety to understand the claim to be Christian on the lines advocated, we could not find in it the sense of the person of our Lord. He seemed to us strangely to have evaporated. We are told of devotion to Him, but the sense of it is never conveyed to us. There is a school of thought coming to the front in which the character of Christ is no longer revered or loved. Is it conceivable that the presentation of Christianity given us in such a book as *The Case of Richard Meynell*, could resist the onslaught of such new ideas? In a short notice like this we cannot discuss the intellectual justification of believing in the miraculous element in Christianity; but one thing is made very clear to the reader by the book itself, and that is that the force of the personality of our Lord depends on the truth of His

Evolution in the Past

claims, and that if He is not adored He suffers from patronage. It is not conscious patronage that inspires this pathetic clinging to His human beauty but it is the patronage of the dreamer towards his dream, and of the cultured mind towards the exquisite character of the peasant.

“Call Christ, then, the illimitable God, or lost,” wrote Browning. And the truth of that line we think Richard Meynell would have lived to learn if his movement had spread over the length and breadth of this country. S.

IN a very interesting and admirably illustrated work (*Ancient Hunters*. Macmillan and Co. London. Price 12s. net) Professor Sollas gives a very vivid account of the Palæolithic period, illustrated by comparisons with the life of the nearest representatives of the cultures of different epochs of that period, the Tasmanians, Australians, Bushmen and Eskimo. These races, he argues, may have actually been the lineal descendants of the prehistoric tribes.

It would appear that the surviving races which represent the vanished Palæolithic hunters have succeeded one another over Europe in the order of their intelligence; each has yielded in turn to a more highly developed and a more highly gifted form of man. From what is now the focus of civilization they have, one by one, been expelled and driven to the uttermost parts of the earth; the Mousterians survive in the remotely related Australians at the Antipodes, the Solutrians are represented by the Bushmen of the southern extremity of Africa, the Magdalenians by the Eskimo on the frozen margin of the North American Continent and as well, perhaps, by the Red Indians (p. 383).

The theory which connects the Magdalenians and the Eskimo was put forward years ago by Dawkins, and has been challenged on various occasions by different writers. No doubt the writer's theories will excite controversy also, but the arguments by which they are supported are weighty and cannot lightly be set aside. Particular attention may be called to the very admirable and complete account

Some Recent Books

of the art of the Aurignacians and its similarity to that of the Bushmen. The facts here given were familiar to anthropologists from the pages of *L'Anthropologie* and the monographs of the Abbé Breuil and others, but they had not previously been made accessible to the general reader. Especial interest will be felt in the bearing of the facts detailed in this book on the question of the antiquity of man. At the present moment we have to deal with two anomalous and puzzling cases, and then a fairly considerable and complete record. The Trinil objects—often described as *Pithecanthropus erectus*—remain the puzzle that they have always been. It is not clear that all the remains belonged to the same individual; there is no sort of agreement amongst scientific men as to what kind of a creature it may have been, and the current number of *L'Anthropologie* (T. xxii, 4-5), informs us that the painstaking labours of the expedition of Mme Selenka have revealed no further traces of prehistoric man in the district where Dubois discovered these much debated bones. The second object, the Heidelberg mandible, is almost equally puzzling. It is more simian in general outline than any mandible yet discovered, but, on the other hand, the teeth are less simian than those of certain human examples of the present day. These two cases must then be left aside until further facts clear up the matter in one way or another, as new facts have cleared up the nature of the long and much debated Neanderthal skull. Recent discoveries have revealed a series of complete interments of the Mousterian period, and these and other observations elsewhere prove the existence of a race of human beings at that early period who have been named "Neanderthal," from the place of discovery of the first of their skulls. Of this race we know two very important things. First as to their position in the human scale—"it is clear that the Mousterians" (another name for the same race), "were men with big brains" (p. 158). As a matter of fact their cranial capacity was far superior to that of the Australian, and exceeded the average capacity of the modern European. Secondly, we know

Roman-British Buildings

that they believed in a future life for the soul, for the earliest interment discovered was a "ceremonial interment" with "accompanying gifts" of implements for the use of the dead man in the world of spirits. Well may the writer say "it is almost with a shock of surprise that we discover this well-known custom, and all that it implies, already in existence during the last episode of the Great Ice Age" (p. 147). Professor Sollas is quite clear that there is no kind of evidence at present available for the existence of man prior to the Great Ice Age. As to the number of years of man's existence on the earth he gives—no reasonable person would attempt to do so—no figures, but discusses the matter in a most temperate and illuminating manner at the end of his book.

We notice that Professor Sollas proposes the term "boucher" for the palæolithic implement often called a "celt" (a badly chosen word) or a "coup de poing" (a most inconvenient term). We should like to think that his suggestion will be adopted, but we have our doubts. We also notice (and agree) that he considers that the discoveries of Abbé Breuil in the Lower Eocene sands have disposed of the question of eoliths. Altogether a most interesting book.

B. C. A. W.

THE vast accumulations of knowledge with regard to the Roman remains in Britain which have been got together by many workers in different portions of the island have been gathered into two interesting volumes by Mr John Ward (*Roman-British Buildings and Earthworks* and *The Roman Era in Britain*. Methuen. London. 1911. 7s. 6d. each), and those who are in search of information concerning that important period of our history may with confidence be directed to them as to a storehouse of facts. The second is, as its name indicates, the more general and the more generally interesting, but the former fills in the interstices by dealing at length with portions of the subject touched but lightly in the latter. The only suggestion which we have

Some Recent Books

to make is this; that lists of the places where the chief objects alluded to can be seen would make desirable additions to the chapters. Such lists have found a place in some of the other volumes of the valuable series to which these belong, and have, we believe, been found useful by archæological workers. While these volumes will be found most useful by serious students, the *Book of the Roman Occupation of Britain* for the general reader has yet to be written. All the materials are waiting the coming of its author, and he will have the opportunity of making one of the most fascinating volumes which was ever written, if he does justice to the extraordinary human interest which attaches to the time when Britain formed part of the Roman Empire. There is one thing which he must do—he must saturate his mind with the story of the British occupation of India, for that is the closest parallel—and an extraordinarily close parallel it is—to the Roman occupation of Britain. He must saturate himself with the Roman remains lying all over the land and try and imagine himself back in the days when soldiers kept watch on the walls of Deva and the great series of mural fortifications which make up the wall of Hadrian, when country folk and merchants chattered in the streets of Calleva, when the wealthy provincial and his family and servants enjoyed the exquisite scenery and the pure air of the Cotswolds at his Chedworth villa. And, not least important, he must saturate himself with Mr Ward's books for his actual facts. Mix "with brains," to follow the painter's advice, and the thing is done. Let us hope it will soon be done, for its time has come.

B. C. A. W.

THE INDEX TO VOL. 150

The Titles of Articles are printed in Italics.

- A**DRIAN Savage, by Lucas Malet, *reviewed*, 179.
Agnostic Defeat, An, by G. K. Chesterton, 162.
Ancient Hunters, by Dr J. W. Sollas, *reviewed*, 421.
Anti-Clerical Policy in Portugal, by Prof. Camillo Torrend, S.J., 128.
Ayscough, John, Hurdcott, *reviewed*, 198.
- B**ALFOUR'S, Mr, *Farewell*, by Wilfrid Ward, 1.
Bailey, John, Poets and Poetry, *reviewed*, 400.
Ballad of the White Horse, The, by G. K. Chesterton, *reviewed*, 193.
Barnes, Mgr, A. S., *Christian Edifices before Constantine*, 338.
Barrington, Michael, Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, *reviewed*, 385.
Barry, Canon William, *The Fortunes of Civilization*, 86.
Milner and his Age, 230.
Batiffol, Mgr Pierre, Primitive Catholicism, *reviewed*, 409.
Bennett, Arnold, Hilda Lessways, *reviewed*, 204.
Benson, Mgr Robert Hugh, *Phantasms of the Dead*, 43.
The Coward, *reviewed*, 417.
Body and Mind, by Dr McDougall, *reviewed*, 184.
Burton, The Rev. Edwin, D.D., *English Cardinals since the Reformation*, 256.
- C**ARDINAL Newman's Sensitiveness, by Wilfrid Ward, 217.
Case of Richard Meynell, The, by Mrs Humphry Ward, *reviewed*, 419.
Catholic Encyclopædia, The, Vols VII-XI, *reviewed*, 209.
Vol. XII, *reviewed*, 410.
Catholic Truth Society Publications, *reviewed*, 214.
Chesterton, G. K., *An Agnostic Defeat*, 162.
The Ballad of the White Horse, *reviewed*, 193.
Childers, Erskine, *The Framework of Home Rule*, *reviewed*, 392.
China, The Destiny of, by C. J. L. Gilson, 325.
Christian Edifices before Constantine, by Mgr A. S. Barnes, 338.
Christianity and the Leaders of Modern Science, by the Rev. K. A. Kneller, S.J., translated by T. M. Kettle, *reviewed*, 202.
Collier, Price, *The West in the East*, *reviewed*, 395.
Cook, E. T., *The Life of Ruskin*, *reviewed*, 186.
Cornish, Mrs Warre, *An Impression of Tbackeray in his Last Years*, 12.
Coward, The, by R. H. Benson, *reviewed*, 417.
- D**ARWIN and the Theory of Natural Selection, by Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, F.R.S., 307.
Death, by Maurice Maeterlinck, *reviewed*, 177.
Devonshire, Life of the Duke of, by Bernard Holland, *reviewed*, 173.
Dictionary of Christian Biography and Literature, edited by Dr Wace, *reviewed*, 205.
Dictionnaire d'histoire et de géographie ecclésiastiques, *reviewed*, 405.
- E**ARLY Irish Religious Poetry, by Alfred Perceval Graves, 107.
Enchiridion Patristicum, compiled by Fr J. Rouët de Journal, *reviewed*, 405.
English Cardinals since the Reformation, by the Rev. Edwin Burton, D.D., 256.
- F**ORTUNES of Civilization, The, by Canon William Barry, 86.
Framework of Home Rule, The, by Erskine Childers, *reviewed*, 392.
French Ideal, The, by Madame Duclaux, *reviewed*, 181.
Funk, Dr, *Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte*, *reviewed*, 406.
Manual of Church History, translated by Luigi Cappadelta, *reviewed*, 406.

The Index

GANNON, The Rev. P. J., S.J., *The Religion of Thackeray*, 29.
Garibaldi and the Making of Italy, by G. M. Trevelyan, *reviewed*, 188.
George III and Charles Fox, by Sir George Trevelyan, *reviewed*, 388.
Gilson, C. J. L., *The Destiny of China*, 325.
Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, by Michael Barrington, *reviewed*, 385.
Graves, Arthur Perceval, *Early Irish Religious Poetry*, 107.
Grierson, Helen, *Lafcadio Hearn*, 271.

HAILE, Martin, and Edward Bonney, *Life and Letters of John Lingard*, *reviewed*, 397.
Hammond, J. L., and Beatrice, *The Village Labourer*, *reviewed*, 390.
Harnack, Adolph, *The Constitution and Law of the Church in the Two First Centuries*, translated by A. F. Pogson, *reviewed*, 408.
Herbigny, Père Michel d', Vladimir Soloviev, *reviewed*, 197.
Hilda Lessways, by Arnold Bennett, *reviewed*, 204.
Holland, Bernard, *The Life of the Duke of Devonshire*, *reviewed*, 173.
Holy Ground, a Poem, by Francis Thompson, 286.
Home Rule for Ireland, by J. Fitzalan Hope, M.P., 353.
Hope, J. Fitzalan, M.P., *Home Rule for Ireland*, 353.
Hurdcott, by John Ayscough, *reviewed*, 198.

INDIA, *The Changes in, and After*, 287.

JOHNSON, Lionel, *Post Liminium*, *reviewed*, 398.

KNELLER, The Rev. K. A., S.J., *Christianity and the Leaders of Modern Science*, *reviewed*, 202.

LAFCADIO Hearn, by Helen Grierson, 271.
Leur Vieille Maison, by Reynès Monlaur, *reviewed*, 417.
Life and Letters of John Lingard, by Martin Haile, and Edwin Bonney, *reviewed*, 397.
Lisle, Edwin de, *Under the War Cloud*, 152.
Lovat, Alice, Lady, *Life of St Theresa*, *reviewed*, 403.

MAETERLINCK, Maurice, *Death*, *reviewed*, 177.
Malet, Lucas, Adrian Savage, *reviewed*, 179.
Marquise de la Rochejaquelein, *Life of the*, by the Hon. Mrs Maxwell Scott, *reviewed*, 207.

Maturin, The Rev. B., *The Price of Unity*, *reviewed*, 413.
Maxwell Scott, The Hon. Mrs, *Life of the Marquise de la Rochejaquelein*, *reviewed*, 207.
Meynell, Alice, *Notes of a Reader of Dickens*, 370.
McDougall, Dr, *Body and Mind*, *reviewed*, 184.
Milner and his Age, by Canon William Barry, 230.
Monlaur, Reynès, *Leur Vieille Maison*, *reviewed*, 417.
Mustard Tree, *The*, by O. R. Vassall Phillips, C.S.S.R., *reviewed*, 402.

NEWMAN'S, *Cardinal, Sensitiveness*, by Wilfrid Ward, 217.
Notes of a Reader of Dickens, by Alice Meynell, 370.

PANDOLFO *Collenuccio*, a Poem, by Prof. J. S. Phillimore, 64.
Pears, Sir Edwin, *Turkey and its People*, *reviewed*, 196.
Phantasms of the Dead, by Mgr Robert Hugh Benson, 43.
Phillimore, Prof. J. S., *Pandolfo Collenuccio*, a Poem, 64.
Phillips, O. R. Vassall, C.S.S.R., *The Mustard Tree*, *reviewed*, 402.
Poets and Poetry, by John Bailey, *reviewed*, 400.
Portugal, Anti-Clerical Policy in, by Prof. Camillo Torrend, S.J., 128.

The Index

Post Liminium, by Lionel Johnson, *reviewed*, 398.
Price of Unity, The, by the Rev. B. Maturin, *reviewed*, 413.
Primitive Catholicism, by Mgr Pierre Batiffol, *reviewed*, 409.

ROMAN British Buildings and Earthworks, by John Ward, *reviewed*, 423.
Roman Era in Great Britain, The, by John Ward, *reviewed*, 423.
Rouët de Journel, Fr J., S.J., Enchiridion Patristicum, *reviewed*, 405.
Ruskin, Life of, by E. T. Cook, *reviewed*, 186.

SEDGWICK, Anne, Tante, *reviewed*, 191.
Sollas, Dr J. W., Ancient Hunters, *reviewed*, 421.
Soloviev, Vladimir, by Père Michel d'Herbigny, *reviewed*, 197.

TANTE, by Anne Sedgwick, *reviewed*, 191.
Tennyson at Freshwater, by Wilfrid Ward, 68.
Tbackeray, an Impression of his Last Years, by Mrs Warre Cornish, 12.
Theresa, St, A Life of, by Alice Lady Lovat, *reviewed*, 403.
Thompson, Francis, *Holy Ground*, a Poem, 286.
Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist, by Dr Dwight, *reviewed*, 200.
Torrend, Prof. Camillo, S.J., *Anti-Clerical Policy in Portugal*, 128.
Trevelyan, Sir George, George III and Charles Fox, *reviewed*, 388.
Trevelyan, G. M., Garibaldi and the Making of Italy, *reviewed*, 188.
Turkey and its People, by Sir Edwin Pears, *reviewed*, 196.

UNE âme bénédictine: Dom Pie de Hemptinne, *reviewed*, 407.
Under the War Cloud, by Edwin de Lisle, 152.

VILLAGE Labourer, The, by J. L. and Beatrice Hammond, *reviewed*, 390.

WACE, Dr, Dictionary of Christian Biography and Literature, *reviewed*, 205.
Ward, John, Roman British Buildings and Earthworks, *reviewed*, 423.
The Roman Era in Britain, *reviewed*, 423.

Ward, Mrs Humphry, The Case of Richard Meynell, *reviewed*, 419.

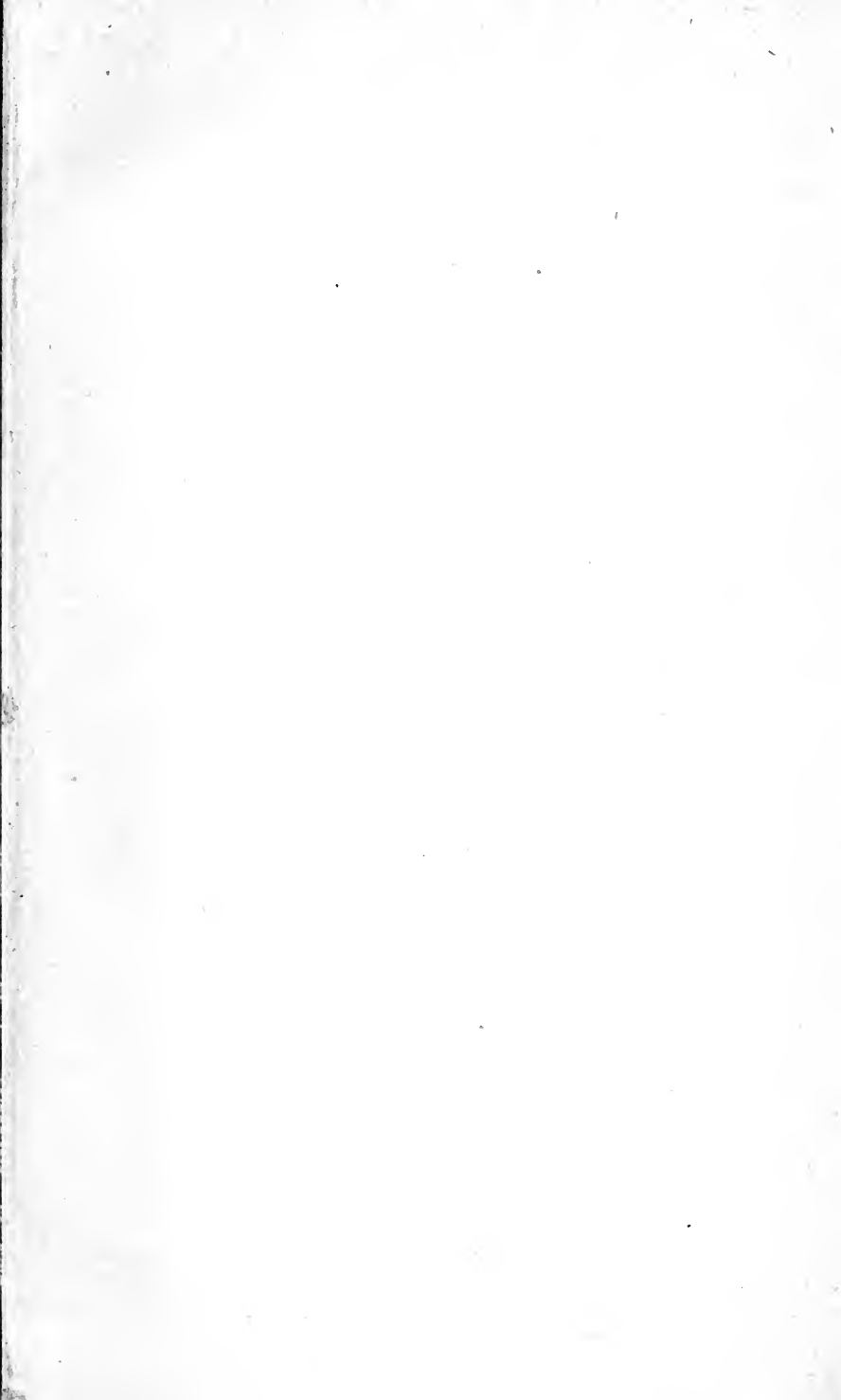
Ward, Wilfrid, *Cardinal Newman's Sensitiveness*, 217.

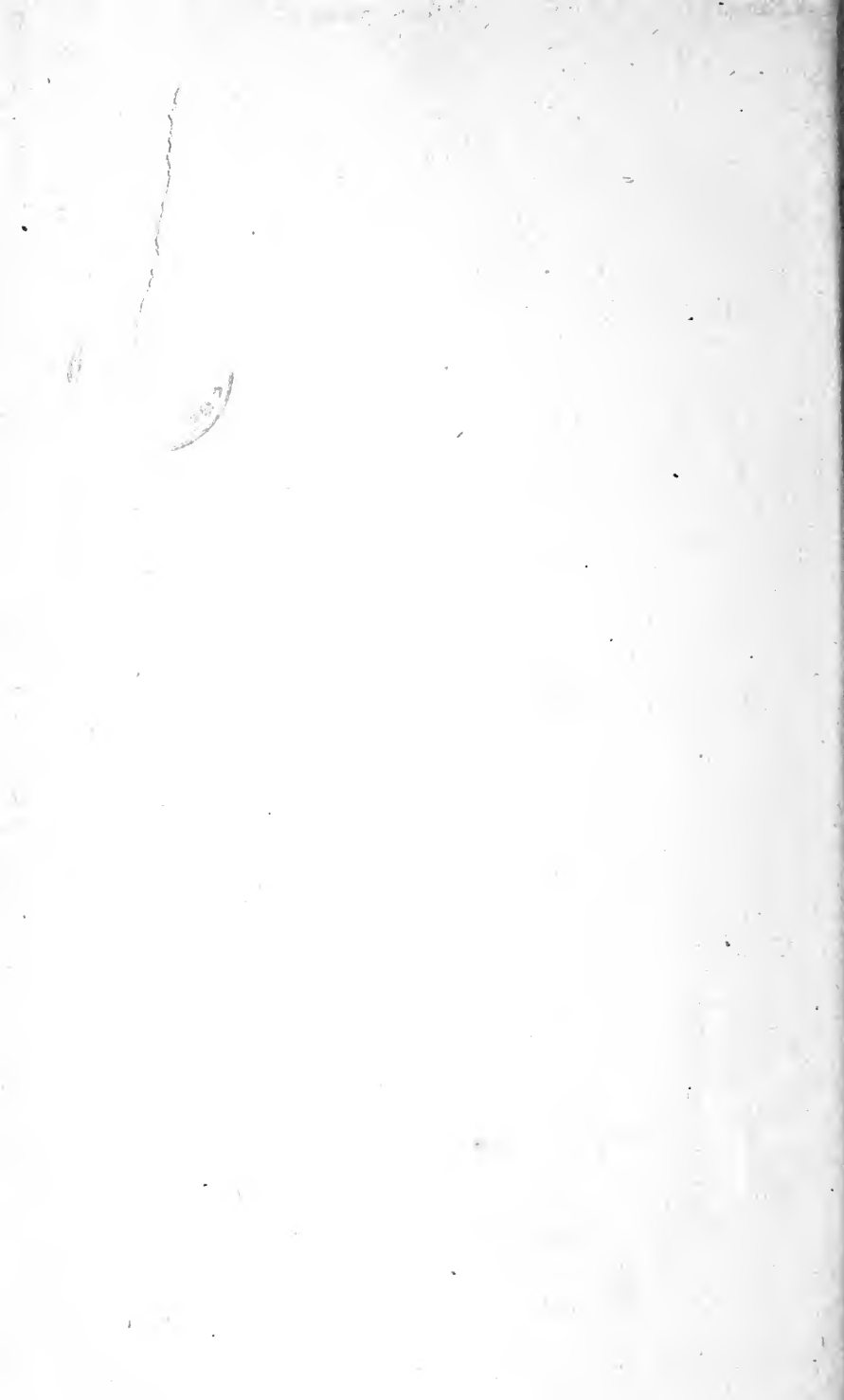
Mr Balfour's Farewell, 1.

West in the East, The, by Price Collier, *reviewed*, 395.

Windle, Sir Bertram, C. A., F.R.S., *Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection*, 307.







Does Not Circulate

AP 4 .D8 SMC

The Dublin review.

AIP-2395 (awab)



