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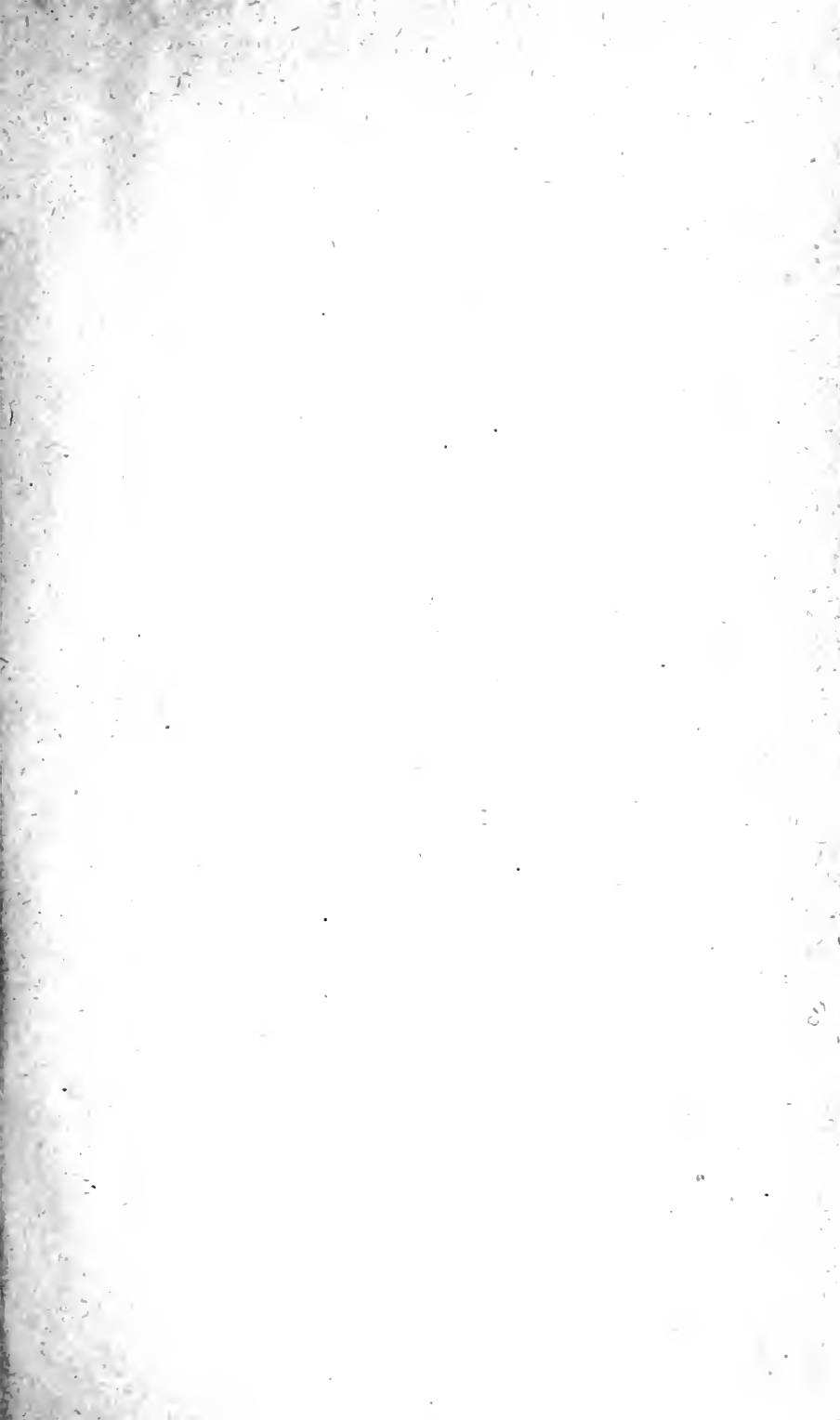
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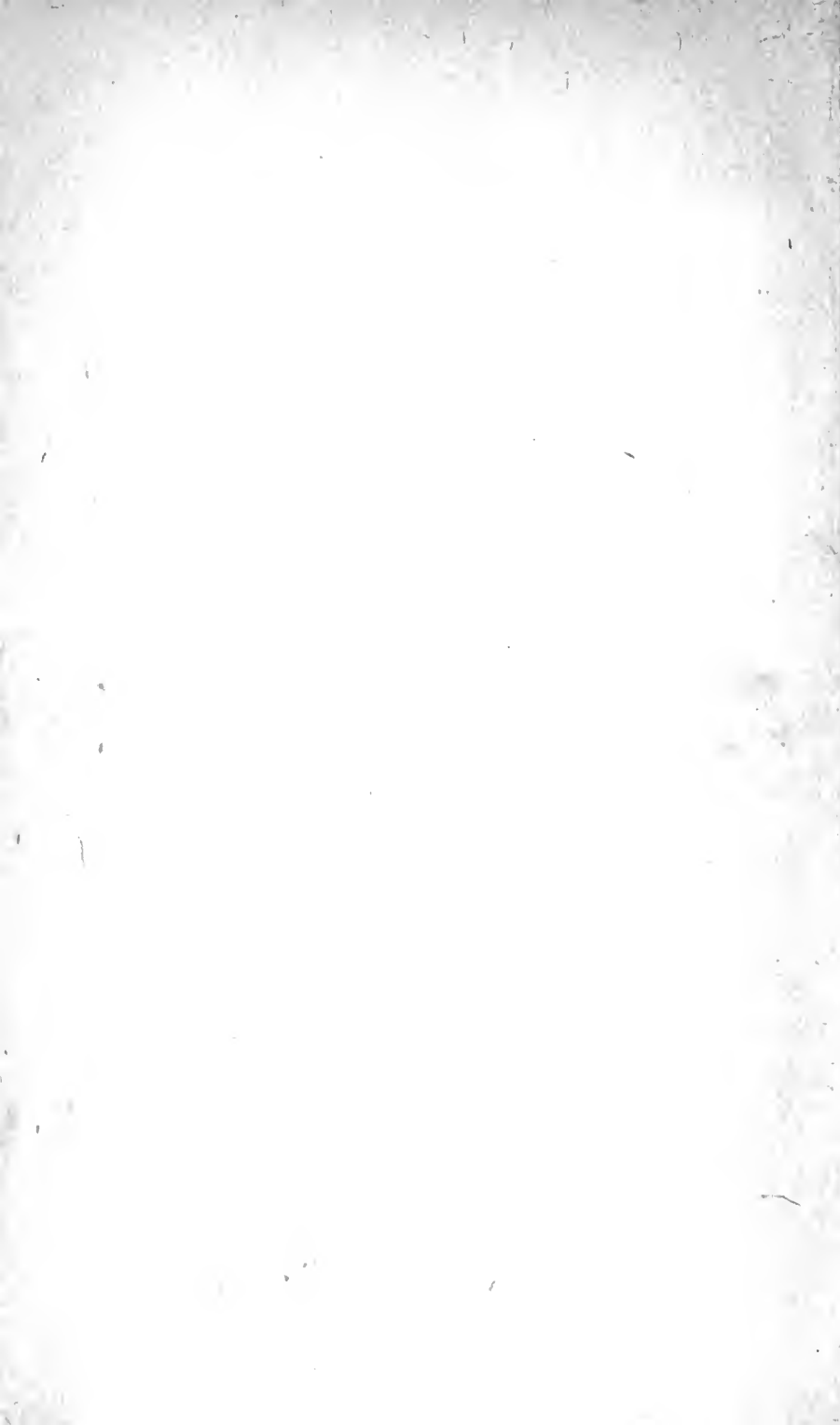
# THE DUBLIN REVIEW

Edited by Wilfrid Ward

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# THE CENTENARY OF WILLIAM GEORGE WARD\*

(MARCH 21, 1812—JULY 6, 1882).

THERE was a time, not so many years ago, when of all the names conspicuous in the Oxford Movement that of William George Ward might have seemed to be least remembered by the English public. Newman, writing his *Apologia*, deliberately passed it over. The once-famous volume, which fastened on its author a somewhat mirth-provoking Homeric epithet as "Ideal" Ward, was never reprinted after 1845. Controversies where the champion of a new Ultramontane theory joined battle with Liberal Catholics slumbered, after the Vatican Council, in the pages of this and other periodicals which had formerly been lit up by their smoky fires. The Metaphysical Society "died of too much love"; and its achievements were so purely negative that they left not a line of record. John Stuart Mill, with his *Logic* and his philosophy of experience, gave place to a deeper psychology or a bolder Monism; and the arguments by which Ward refuted him in the day of his power, though they must play their part so long as thought is assailed by sceptics, were overlooked amid the brilliancies of a showier style, as when Mr Balfour sought to establish the *Foundations of Belief*. Neither in the Oxford Movement nor the Catholic Revival did this undeniably keen intellect, with its great driving force, win the acknowledgment it deserved.

Later contributions to biographical literature changed all this. Mozley's *Reminiscences* and Dean Stanley's Essay in the *Edinburgh Review* on the Oxford School reminded the world that Ward had once been a power in Oxford: and Dean Church and Mr Wilfrid Ward,

\*As William George Ward was for fifteen years proprietor and editor of this REVIEW it seems fitting that the centenary of his birth should be marked by some pages devoted to his memory—and few now living could write of him with closer knowledge than Canon William Barry.  
—EDITOR.

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both qualified by intimate acquaintance to write on the subject, have made known to the third and fourth generation how remarkable a man, in some respects how unique, "Ideal" Ward had been. The life-stories of our English Cardinals since 1850 could not be told without bringing on the stage a character whose opinions and policy counted for much, as helping or thwarting the course of events, during five and twenty of those years. Oxford took pride in the man whom her Convocation had degraded. The Church in England is not likely to forget now a teacher so independent and original that his defence of Theism and Free Will has been selected by Mr Mallock as a test of the whole philosophy to which these truths belong. He is a grand historic figure in the annals of St Edmund's College. To THE DUBLIN REVIEW he is something more—its second founder, its most illustrious name after that of Cardinal Wiseman, and an editor who stamped upon it his own impression as perhaps no editor of an English quarterly ever did, or none but Lord Jeffrey on the *Edinburgh*. These are sufficient reasons why, during the centenary of his birth, we should attempt a slight sketch of W. G. Ward's personality and accomplishments in the pages of this Magazine.

Although Mr Ward took orders in the Church of England, he could never, even while an Anglican, believe himself to be a priest; and of the qualities which that office demands he was, by his own admission, entirely destitute. We may look upon him, therefore, as always a layman, but a layman of the type exemplified in Sir Thomas More, to whom religion is the one supreme interest of life. From the moment when he perceived that truth was to be found in the creed of Christendom, Ward shaped and directed all his conduct as became a defender of the faith once delivered to the saints. He is to be reckoned with men of the most unlike dispositions and endowments, but on this principle unanimous—men, especially, who came up when the French Revolution had compelled the Church to adapt her apologetics to circumstances which were without a parallel in her own antecedents. Such were



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Chateaubriand, Joseph de Maistre, Bonald, Friedrich Schlegel, Count Stolberg, Görres, among French and German Catholic writers; such was, in a later period, Montalembert, or the American Brownson, or Louis Veuillot. It will be noted that Schlegel, Stolberg, and Brownson, like Ward himself, were converts from Protestantism. But Chateaubriand, as well as Veuillot, had lapsed into irreligion; and there is, perhaps, a meaning of great import in the fact that these modern knights of Holy Church were called out to protect her by an aggressive movement, which threw upon them the burden of repelling it. They were all, by destiny if not by temper, men of war from their youth. Joseph de Maistre supplies the instance no less than the pattern which was to find its absolute form, though animated by a very different enthusiasm, in the *Paroles d'un Croyant* of Lamennais.

This exceedingly well-marked school of literature includes the romantic prose or poetry of Chateaubriand, the earliest Victor Hugo, Manzoni, Novalis, Brentano, Werner. In J. de Maistre we are taught a political philosophy which has exercised the widest influence over Latin Catholic ideas of Church and State. In F. Schlegel a deep suggestive handling of principles was applied to national drama, to history, to life as a whole. For Brownson and Ward a remorseless logic, the instrument of minds in which poetry never awakened an echo, stood at their disposal to urge conclusions on reluctant spirits by sheer force, and that in questions the most delicate. Veuillot, the *gamin* of Paris, or, as it was said, the Catholic Gavroche, took journalism for his weapon, and with it slew thousands of unbelieving Philistines. From the first publication of de Maistre in 1796 to the Vatican Council of 1870 these were orthodox leaders outside the ranks of the clergy.\* They wrote some masterpieces; but their chief enterprise, in which they succeeded, was to set Catholics in array, with a clear-cut outline, against the hosts of what was termed the Revolution.

A very acute, though hostile, view of the great Catholic

\* Werner and Lamennais, of course, were priests.

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movement in question has been put forward by George Brandes, the well-known Danish critic, writing on "Main Currents of Literature in the Nineteenth Century."\* He sums it up as Reaction and Romanticism. The principle at stake was authority; and its content was "inherited tradition," declared to be the source of knowledge, wisdom, order, religion. The appeal to sentiment we hear in Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Hugo. The necessity of social order affords to Joseph de Maistre premisses on which he builds up a theocratic system, where the Pope is supreme over kings and peoples. Bonald in one department, Lamennais in another, substituted the tradition of the past for that evolution towards the future which had inspired Utopias during the eighteenth century, and produced the Jacobin disciples of Rousseau. Perhaps we might draw the antithesis at its sharpest by saying that, whereas champions of the Revolution proclaimed the social contract issuing from the "Rights of Man," thinkers like these went back to the Divine Covenant, and derived all the benefits of society from the "Rights of God." Let us observe, at the same time, that French rhetoricians (who have no genius for middle and reconciling terms) would be sure to present as if it were history, whereas it was only system, their absolute view on either side, with consequences unhappily visible in revolutions and counter-revolutions, from both of which the world was to suffer.

Englishmen do not take readily to speculations of this high-flying sort; and Oxford between 1820 and 1845 remained, in the judgement of those who knew it well, provincial as compared with Paris or Berlin. Mark Pattison, who came up in 1832, considers that the so-called "Noetics," although "distinctly the product of the French Revolution," had very little acquaintance with "the philosophical movement which was taking place on the Continent; they were imbued neither with Kant nor with Rousseau." Much less did the Tractarians explore

\* Brandes, *The Romantic School in Germany: The Reaction in France*, Eng. Tr. 1902-3.

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that "darkness visible," or fix the lines by which they were divided from Goethe, from Hegel, or from Schleiermacher. They began their opposition to the Noetics by going back to Laud and the Carolinian divines. They busied themselves with Church history rather than with problems of thought. And even in history their aim was controversial. No doubt, as Pattison remarks of himself, to many a Puritan who fell under Newman's influence, "the idea of the Church was a widening of the horizon which stirred up the spirit and filled it with enthusiasm." But to pass on, until "the notion of the Church expanded beyond the limits of the Anglican communion," was a bold enterprise; and to see the Catholic Church in fact, as ecumenical by its very nature and therefore one throughout the world, England included, would be possible only to a man who had no Anglican prejudices, who conceived of religion as transcending country, colour, and local associations; who judged of the past by the present; and who sought a guide among the living, rather than in dead books which could not yield up their sense without an interpreter. This man was William George Ward.

Not Newman? the reader may ask in astonishment. I reply, certainly not Newman, if we are to take his own evidence in the *Apologia*. For he tells us, "the question of the position of the Pope, whether as the centre of unity or as the source of jurisdiction, did not come into my thoughts at all." So far was the Tractarian leader from a simplified view such as we may express in the alternatives, "Rome or not Rome," that he felt only embarrassment when the dilemma was forced upon him; and he disliked intensely the logic "administered" to his unwilling lips by so devoted and persistent a cupbearer. Ward, who was educated at Winchester, and turned loose in Oxford at a critical moment, began his career as a thinking subject with sceptical inquiries, which proved disastrous to his friend Arthur Hugh Clough, but the source of which lay in his own most piercing power of analysis. With a jocose frankness which no one ever mistook for pride, he said of himself that he had the intellect of an archangel. If we may

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venture to judge in matters a little beyond us, that witness was true. There appeared to be no problem in pure mathematics, or in the comparison of mere ideas, with which W. G. Ward could not grapple. The logic of numbers or of being, so long as it did not suffer a concrete application, came easy to him; therefore ideals, as such, were his peculiar delight.

Now, it has often been remarked that the Catholic Church is happy in presenting these pure ideas, for example, of saintly heroism and the hidden life towards God, with a fascination as well as a completeness all her own. The most concrete institution celebrated by history, she is likewise the most ideal. When once this ardent lover of truth, spiritual and supernatural, had caught a glimpse of the heavenly vision, he could not be disobedient to it. Imagine, therefore, how quickly he must have seen through a political device like the Church of England, showing in all its parts the traces of compromise between warring creeds, Puritans against "antiquarians," Calvinists entrenched in the Articles, and Laudians taking refuge in the Prayer Book. Ward's chemical test of the mingled, not to say discordant, elements was decisive. He applied to them the Catholic idea of a perfect religious life. There could be no mistaking what it was, for both parties at the Reformation and since had joined issue on this very contention—the one accepting, the other rejecting, monasticism, in which its complete expression had been sought. Not history, nor Canon Law, nor social order, but this Inward Life, ascetic, unworldly, the pure creation of divine grace, became Ward's *articulus stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiae*. That it was fatal to the Establishment, who could doubt?

Hence Cardinal Newman's expression, written to Mr Wilfrid Ward so recently as 1885, may be justified. "Your father," he says, "was never a High Churchman, never a Tractarian, never a Puseyite, never a Newmanite." While the Oxford leaders took up an old and well-worn topic, the question of "schism," exactly where in 1688 it had been dropped, this new-comer broke into the pro-

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blem, essentially modern as he stated it, of the supernatural as a vital experience. Thereby we learn from the *Apologia* these younger men "cut into the original movement at an angle, fell across its line of thought, and then set about turning that line in their own direction." But Ward, not Oakeley, was the pioneer of an attempt which had neither sense nor attraction for Pusey, and which disconcerted Newman, clinging still to the *Via Media*. One might argue about "Antiquity" till the Day of Doom; but Rome was something real and actual; the "Ideal" that filled Ward's imagination could be seen as a present power, across the English Channel. From books and academic disputes the Oxford movement was violently flung upon life and out of its bearings in a couple of years by one man's energetic, nay Socratic, questionings of the soul within it.

Tokens had not been wanting in an earlier stage that whoever set about restoring the Catholic saint's ways and practices in the English Church, would be drawn from mere scholarship towards the living example of Rome. Hurrell Froude's *Remains*, which bore witness to that endeavour, went far beyond Newman's *Prophetical Office* in their whole outlook, and largely superseded its inferences. They let many into the secret of Catholic sanctity, which even the sermons at St Mary's did not venture to delineate as it had been always known to the Fathers, whom in doctrine Newman accepted for his guides. Three years after Froude passed from the scene Ward took up a similar but more determined attitude. He was delighted with Froude's self-revelations; like him, he detested the Reformers, and for the same reason, their unbelieving irreverence where the great Christian mysteries clashed with their private views. Froude, however, was not a profound, although a brilliant, mind; his reserve and fastidious taste would have kept him in the background, even if he had not died young. When Ward joined the Movement, in an Oxford still curiously secluded, where every man knew his fellow, the event was noised abroad by the neophyte himself, who had no

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reserve, and could never practise reticence on any subject.

Ward was, emphatically, a "character" in days when the crowd which now threatens to revolutionize our old Universities had not begun to overflow them. The strange combination of qualities in this *enfant terrible* of the later Movement has been often described. Had the Muse of Comedy, a little provoked by the parsonic dryness of Tracts and Anti-Tracts (like the bones in the prophet's vision they were very dry), resolved on playing with the whole thing ironically, it is hard to see what better she could have done than by sending Ward into the midst of it. In his own person he united the most amazing contradictions. Suffering from chronic bad health and a melancholy that never left him, this large, awkward figure of a man had fine features, bright eyes, a smile at once arch and very winning, a musical voice of great power, and a mighty laugh. He was bored by sermons and edified by the opera. He could not hate any mortal; but his gift of irritating those with whom he did not agree was lifelong and inexhaustible. Quick to see a joke, especially against himself, he had no misgiving when the language he felt bound to employ was even grotesquely wanting in tact, or so extravagant as to defeat its own purpose. The form of his thought, we may say, was paradox, but he could not enter into moods of which he had no experience; and the infinitely delicate shadings of Newman's composition were lost upon him. I have sometimes reflected on the portrait of such a man, drawn by Horace, as not altogether unlike the Ward whom Oxford smiled at while admiring his mental prowess and the charm of his conversation:

rideri possit eo quod  
Rusticius tonso toga defluit et male latus  
In pede calceus hæret; at est bonus ut melior vir  
Non alius quisquam, at tibi amicus, at ingenium ingens  
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.\*

He was Newman's gadfly, the driving-wheel of the

\* *Satires*, I, 3, 30.

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Movement, a challenge to Heads of Houses; and he so contrived matters that the Tractarian "'45" became a tragi-comedy, made unforgettable by Ward's "degradation," and his marriage. Jowett has likened him to Falstaff for his essentially jovial appearance and un-failing good-humour, to Socrates for his redoubtable skill in cross-examination, from which not even the cautious Scotsman, A. C. Tait, could escape with victory. These were his characteristics to the end. His interrogative "Because?" compelled the unwilling victim backwards or forwards on a steep gradient, where to slip was catastrophe, but to stand still impossible. "Or it might so happen," writes Newman, recalling not without amusement such a situation, "that my head got simply confused by the very strength of the logic which was administered to me, and thus I gave my sanction to conclusions which were not really mine." If the great captain himself was urged onwards after this fashion by his first lieutenant, what shall we say of the rank and file? At any rate, the two determining epochs of the Oxford school—1841, which saw Tract 90 condemned, and 1845, when the *Ideal of a Christian Church* underwent even a more damaging sentence—must be for ever associated with W. G. Ward, whose action precipitated both crises. And the compelling force on either occasion was the magic name of Rome.

The longer we contemplate these incidents, the more extraordinary they will appear. Ward's reasoning seemed to have brought the University on its knees before the Catholic Church. Now, that Rome was to be always in the wrong, never anything but apologetic and on the defensive, while Oxford, "pure and Apostolic," was plying her with objections that she could not meet—this was the received idea and custom of the Anglican schools, from the day when Master Doctor Jewel screamed his loud defiance to Popery at Paul's Cross. But that the Thirty-nine Articles should make lowly obeisance to the Council of Trent; that by subtle "evasions," "non-natural" senses, distinctions between the singular and plural of the

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detestable word "Mass"; nay, by reference to Homilies hitherto deemed anti-Papal, and to "Catholic" tradition instead of Protestant private judgement—that by "pestilent glosses" like these the Church of Hooker, Andrews, and St Charles the Martyr should be smuggled out of court uncondemned—who had ever seen such a transformation? Was the Council of Trent, in other words the Pope, to lay down the meaning of the most formal document issued by the National Church? In that case the Reformation was undone.

Of course it would be ludicrous to deny that, apart from Newman's intuition of a vast religious change coming over men's minds, the Oxford "second Reformation," which cast away so much of the first, would never have taken its actual shape. Moreover, he was bound sooner or later to comment on the Articles, if he would maintain his original view of Anglicanism as standing midway between Rome and Geneva. Historically, indeed, the fact is otherwise. Stanley pointed out, and the decisions of the last seventy years have proved again and again, that the English Church is neither High, nor Low, but Broad. It is, in J. A. Froude's well warranted phrase, "a latitudinarian experiment, a contrivance to enable men of opposing creeds to live together without shedding each other's blood."\* The *Via Media* was a dogmatic illusion which Ward effectually shattered. To him Tract 90 owed its existence. And the anathemas hurled at Tract 90 by the Bench of Bishops were among the most potent causes of Newman's secession. From the Catholic point of view, Ward's argument did but translate into the vernacular that commanding passage of St Irenæus which requires every local church to agree with the Roman because of its primacy. Englishmen might break into fury against Ward, so soon as they perceived—and they were made to perceive it in 1845—that he was calling on them to "sue humbly" at the Chair of Peter for pardon and reconciliation. But Newman's mode of interpreting the Articles they scouted as "Jesuitism."

\* *History of England*, ix, 338.



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After he withdrew to Littlemore his old theory fell into oblivion. The "Romanizing" party, dominated by Ward, looked on to corporate reunion, in which the Holy See should dictate its own terms. The real Anglicans, Keble and Pusey, never contemplated a surrender without conditions, even when they chivalrously defended the more extreme of their friends from Hawkins, Symons, and the persecuting Heads of Houses, who took on themselves the function of judges, as if they had been appointed inquisitors of heretical pravity. Ward's *Ideal*, brought to the bar on that day of whirling snowstorms, February 13, 1845, was rejected of the University by public vote; and, while involving the loss of its author's academic degrees, it proved to be the death of the Oxford Movement. The Anglicans stayed, the "Romanizers" went out. To remain was to confess that High, Low, and Broad, might claim with equal justice a home in the Establishment where they had lived together since 1559. To go out was the logical conclusion incumbent on those who had identified the true life of religion with Roman ideas and Catholic practices.

W. G. Ward, as will be manifest from the preceding, did not found his submission upon a theory of development. If such was Newman's way into the Church, it was not his disciple's. Theories of development suppose an acquaintance with a multitude of events in the past, and a critical faculty, to which at no time would this most ingenuous of mortals pretend. Newman himself professes no more than to answer a "specious objection," which lay in his path towards Catholicism, by an hypothesis directed to its removal. The grounds of his conversion were not hypothetical but certain. However, not even with development as a supposition was Ward concerned.

It is important to be clear on this matter; for it brings to a point the contrast between two orders of mind which, enjoying the same certitude of faith and equally loyal to authority, have ever dwelt within the Communion of Saints. Their respective tendencies may be illustrated in the writings of Petavius and Bossuet—the one, as became

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an historian of dogma, collating and harmonizing schools of thought by which the definitions binding on the faithful were elaborated; the other, with no less reason, upholding the *Semper Eadem* against the variations of Protestantism. Bossuet discerned in the Church of his time that which it had been throughout the ages; Petavius, taking the present for his rule and test of belief, could not pass over in silence the "specious objections" derived from conflicts or obscurities of which history kept the remembrance. When Newman and Ward had both submitted to the living voice of Rome, these differences were not done away. The master was by temperament critical, the disciple absolute. To Ward the genesis and evolution of ideas or institutions did not signify in comparison with their spiritual value. They were Catholic; that was enough. He wanted present guidance which, in his Oxford days, had been given him at St Mary's. But now he had come into the Universal Church; and it is no fancy of ours but a key to all his later action, when we affirm that he obeyed the Holy Father's intimations henceforth, as he had once obeyed the slightest hints of John Henry Newman.

Poverty and neglect seemed to be Ward's prospects in life when he quitted Oxford. "We are glad to welcome you," said Dr Griffiths, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, "of course we have no work for you." One is reminded of the message from the beleaguered French town, *Tout va bien, le pain manque*. But Ward came into a great estate in the Isle of Wight, and converts very soon made work for themselves—and for the "old" Catholics, whom they perplexed or even scandalized by their "unseasonable reflections," their freedom from convention, their activities, and their crusading ardour. In ten years they had transformed this little corner of the vineyard from an enchanted sleeping ground to a battlefield. They fought with Anglicans, with other Catholics, and among themselves. The great Cardinal at Westminster could not hold them in hand; Newman, whom they all consulted but none of them except his close personal friends

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would obey, was quoted in different senses, charged with faults committed by men whom he was doing his best to restrain, and desperately hurt in his reputation at Rome by those who had been of his household or his party in former days. It is only now that we can measure the full extent of a calamity, from the effects of which English Catholics suffered until almost all who were its responsible authors had left the stage. False positions, unfounded rumours, estrangements, delations, lifelong misunderstandings, throw a deep gloom over this period, which might have been a glorious springtide, coming after the wintry years of persecution. But, as Newman foresaw, it turned out to be an English spring, "of bright promise and budding hopes, yet withal of keen blasts, and cold showers, and sudden storms."

Writing now as calm and modest lookers-on at this high action, we feel bound to say that among the storm-compellers Ward, more than any other, was he that unchained the winds. Like Newman at the Catholic University in Dublin, Ward, as professor of theology at St Edmund's College, found himself in a position which nothing but exceptional genius could explain or justify. The respective situations corresponded to divergent views in the men, who seemed to have exchanged parts. The unrivalled Oxford preacher had become, as it were, a tutor; the Fellow of Balliol was teaching dogmatics to ecclesiastical students, while himself a married man who frequented the theatre. There was yet a more serious opposition coming to the surface. The problem of mixed education, which Rome had endeavoured to resolve by setting up the Irish University, was turning into the larger problem of a liberal education altogether. It was a question, once more, of ideals; and Ward, to whom religion directly handled, exclusively kept in view as the sole interest of mankind, was all in all, could not imagine why Newman should deal with culture as if it were an end in itself. That in these considerations a most momentous inquiry is opened, who will deny? How is civilization, modern or ancient, related to the Gospel? The claims of art, of literature, of science,

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of economics, of the political order, what is their value where Christianity reigns? If ever there was need of a Concordat, surely it is here. And Newman, who never would encourage mixed education for Catholics, had clearly seized the elements of which a reconciliation was desirable. He had given to the pursuit of culture orthodox safeguards, leading Mark Pattison to describe him as "the only philosophical exponent in our language" of the Catholic university system.\* But his critic at St Edmund's took another and hardly a more excellent way.

To Newman it appeared, as to the Fathers of Trent, that ecclesiastical training could not be absolutely the same as that of youths destined for the world. But in Ward's eyes between seminary and university, since both were Christian institutions, no such difference ought to be admitted. This view, however, did not make for enlargement of clerical studies so much as for the restriction of lay freedom; and it was exaggerated by the Abbé Gaume in France to the almost total exclusion from Catholic schools of the Greek and Roman classics. Behind a controversy over methods of education there now loomed up the question which has passionately interested the whole nineteenth century and which is still with us: of so-called "free science," of "scientific history," of "art for art's sake," of the Index of forbidden books and the authority of Roman Congregations. English Catholics broke into vehement discussions of which the foci, to speak in metaphor, were Rome and Munich. The collisions of heavenly bodies are accompanied with flame and heat; neither did these fail during the troubled period under our notice. But in time controversies, even among Catholics, die away; and assuredly we have no intention of fighting over again the battles which ensued. How they went, with what alarms and skirmishes and pitched encounters, may it not be read at large in the biographies of Ward, Manning, Vaughan, and Newman, in the essays and correspondence of Lord Acton, in the files of this REVIEW, of the *Rambler* and the *Home and Foreign*?

\* *Sermons*, p. 123.

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It was not a campaign on the grand scale, but rather a series of "affairs" which took place at a distance from the centre, having no decisive bearing on the struggle abroad between Rome and the Revolution. As we now sum them up, the results were mainly disastrous. English Catholic youth suffered for thirty years by exclusion from the national universities. The tide of unbelief, running at its height from the appearance of Darwin's book in 1858, received no check at Catholic hands until our home-quarrels had lost their intensity. Newman was reduced to silence; and there were those who thanked God that he had given up writing. When Cardinal Wiseman died, in February, 1865, twenty years since the Oxford Movement ended with Ward's "degradation," Catholic philosophy and literature showed by lamentable deficiencies how much these internecine wars, *nullos habitura triumphos*, had cost them. However, the *Apologia* made amends for the *Opus Magnum* in defence of orthodoxy which Newman was not destined to compose, although he had begun it.

I cannot but think that W. G. Ward's peculiar temper was the main disturbing element in so grievous a Tragedy of Errors. His ideals were very noble; his devotion to the Holy See, his freedom from private ambition, beyond all praise. Like Faber, Manning and Vaughan, with whom he acted and who relied in turn on him, Ward felt that religion alone mattered, and that it was in danger from that secular spirit of which we have seen the frightful consequences, and shall see many more. But could he ever dream that so unworldly a mind as Newman's would give way before the rulers of this darkness? Yet he did, as his correspondence not obscurely hinted, when he saw that the vivacities of free lances like Capes and Simpson, or the too sanguine Liberalism of Sir John Acton, were not instantly denounced from the Birmingham Oratory. The programme of the *Rambler*, he thought, was irreligious; yet Newman made no sign. Here, then, we arrive at the crossways from which paths, never more to meet, diverged, carrying the master and his old disciple in

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opposite directions. Ward lost Newman. He was thrown back on his own judgement and became, as he said with inimitable *naïveté* and truth, "an intellectual orphan." He took over THE DUBLIN REVIEW, gave it a momentum and a distinct individuality rare at any time in periodical literature, but now employed it to counteract the tendencies of the *Home and Foreign*, whose learning Ward could not rival but held to be suspect. Without interest, and therefore without insight, where history and criticism were concerned, his one method of dealing with such intricate problems was to bring down upon those who studied them the heavy hand of authority. But even this he exaggerated in his too logical fashion. Father Ryder wittily compared his idea of Papal infallibility to the "golden touch" of Midas—a brilliant but embarrassing gift. And Honorius in the domain of dogma, Galileo in that of science, and the Great Schism of the West in that of history, were demonstration plain that the Church had never been committed to a view so simple. When Roman experts were consulted, they smiled and shook their heads. The system of daily *ex cathedra* pronouncements was not in accord with practice or tradition. Ward was more Papal than the Holy See.

Newman had fallen under suspicion by his article, delated to Propaganda, "On Consulting the Faithful in Matters of Doctrine." He meant no more than to illustrate the well-known Catholic rule which appeals for support of the *quod semper, quod ubique* to the *sensus fidelium*. But, by the strange conditions of the age, he was destined to suffer from a new application of the principle which he invoked. Ward and Veuillot were laymen; Chateaubriand was a Minister of State, de Maistre an ambassador; yet the earlier writers had shaped and inspired apologetics since the French Revolution, and the later professed to speak as representing the obligatory beliefs of Christians. The *sensus fidelium* uttered its voice in the *Univers* and THE DUBLIN REVIEW. Journalism took on itself the task of mediating between Pope and people. Veuillot lectured the French bishops. Ward, who was all

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deference to Bishops, yet maintained that any layman of average ability could interpret for himself the Encyclicals and other Letters of Pius IX. Newman marked the change. "In all times," he wrote to H. Wilberforce, "the debates in the Schools have been furious. . . . What is extraordinary is that the battle should pass from the Schools (which, alas! are not) to Newspapers and Reviews, and to lay combatants, with an appeal to the private judgement of all readers." This, he said, was a deplorable evil. Bishop Dupanloup censured it from his place in the person of Veillot. And it is not unfair to observe that the tone of these able editors, including Brownson, was quite as peremptory as that of the most pugnacious theologians, although not one had taken lessons in the Schools. Newman told Ward, "You are making a Church within the Church"; Dupanloup termed Veillot the "accuser of his brethren"; and Newman once more laid down his own principle, "I detest any dogmatism where the Church has not clearly spoken." To Ward every document which the Holy Father subscribed, even letters of compliment to private persons, was "the Church speaking." But the Holy Father did not affirm that all these utterances were dogmatic, much less infallible; and those excellent clergy and laity who respected them for what they were, but did not set them on a level with Conciliar decrees, waxed wrathful when they found themselves accused of "material mortal sin" because they declined these impetuous judgements. Such journalism, it was felt, would speedily become the most irresponsible of tyrannies. But Ward's "robust and aggressive" intellect was blind to the danger.

It was a confused, enigmatic time which we, who have seen the solution of its riddles given by 1870, cannot easily imagine as it dawned on the eyes of contemporaries. But now that in diaries and correspondence their most secret thoughts are laid bare, it will be admitted that Newman's attitude towards the "violent ultra party" was absolutely correct. He had never written, since his conversion, upon theological subjects. Neither did he suggest or con-

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trol those provoking articles in the *Rambler* for which he incurred sharp censure from Manning and Ward. He said nothing about the Temporal Power until his Bishop required the clergy to instruct their people on Catholic duties to the Holy See; and what he then preached may be read in his *Occasional Sermons*; it is by no means out of date. When the *Apologia* gave him an opening, with perfect grace and wisdom he laid down a theory of the Church's teaching power, its direct and indirect jurisdiction, and the part which Rome has played in the development of doctrine, that should have satisfied his most inveterate opponents. He would never go with a party "which exalts opinions into dogmas, and has it principally at heart to destroy every school of thought but its own." And, as he once admirably summed up his position, Ward was "not the spokesman for the *orbis terrarum*." At the close of their long and chequered relations, Ward wrote to him, "Your chief charge against me is that 'I make my own belief the measure of the belief of others.' As these words stand, they do not convey to me any definite idea." Precisely, and there was the secret of an estrangement which otherwise need never have been. Ward, a private person, neither bishop nor trained theologian, was narrowing, under pain of sin too, and with public reprobation of those who differed from him, the liberty of other men at least as competent as he could be to judge of their own obligations. He had gone so far as to put Manning on his guard against Newman, in a letter addressed to the new Archbishop on the day of his consecration. The words are too painful to quote; they made their impression at York Place; they were echoed in the Vatican; and Mgr Talbot declared that the great Oratorian was "the most dangerous man in England." These are sad memories; will they also serve as a warning against the violence of party-spirit by the shame which we cannot but feel in recalling them?

But what was happening so to set men's hearts on fire? I have cited the observations of an outside critic, George Brandes, who qualified the Catholic Movement from



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Chateaubriand to Lamartine as Reaction under the guise of Romanticism. Now it would appear that these two forces were falling asunder, and that Reaction, pure and simple, had been made the order of the day. When Montalembert's oration at Malines, pleading for a "Free Church in a Free State," was refuted by Ward in a vehement DUBLIN article, printed and read, though not published; when Döllinger's Lectures on the Temporal Power were taken by the Nuncio to be an indictment of Rome; when the same historian's opening speech at the Munich Congress was condemned in the Brief of Pius IX; when Gioberti had died in exile, and his "new Guelfs" were becoming enthusiastic supporters of the House of Savoy which had invaded and annexed Papal territories; when Lamennais, Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, were names of anathema to Catholics; when Lacordaire had sunk into his grave, worn out by defeated hopes, and Newman lay "under a cloud," how little seemed to be left of the picturesque adventure on which, starting from both sides of the Rhine, these men had set out to reconcile the old faith with freedom, science and liberal education! Romanticism had given place to the stern warfare which filled those ten years between 1860 and 1870, destined to be for ever memorable as the last of Gallicanism and of the Temporal Power in its ancient form.

Ward, on the vantage-ground of the "historic DUBLIN REVIEW," certainly made a sensation, as well as enemies right and left, by his trenchant assaults on all whom he branded as "minimizers"—a deadly epithet, incapable of definition and, therefore, according to his own logic, to be used with the utmost caution. It was really equivalent to a general charge of disloyalty during the crisis which had fallen upon the Holy See. And the charge was made good by "tyrannous *ipse dixit*"—Newman's fierce rejoinder cannot be omitted—by "stating truths in their most paradoxical form" and by "stretching principles till they were close upon snapping." Father Ryder in 1867 attacked the *Idealism in Theology* which he attributed to Ward, coming out, as his superior pleasantly phrased it, "in

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the character of a young chivalrous rebel," and with humorous allusions to his large antagonist's personality which were taken in such good part that the combatants were made in some sort friends. But Ryder's fine judgement and apt theological quotations gave a staggering blow to the assumption by which the DUBLIN editor construed all Roman documents. It was simply not true that these, however strongly worded for the effective preservation of the faith under circumstances, were always irreformable decrees. Even the preambles to Canons themselves admittedly dogmatic, as at Trent, and much less doctrinal instructions in Encyclical Letters, did not claim to be technically *ex cathedra*. Prevalent opinions in regard to points of history or metaphysics might be "safe" without being true. And while "the Pope's words always need interpretation," that is not the business of private individuals, but of authorities and of time.

It could not be doubtful whose was the clear mind to which Ryder owed his luminous principles and "good generalship." W. G. Ward's phalanx turned savagely on Newman; a "formidable conspiracy," as he called it, had long been acting to his detriment; now a "reign of denunciation" set in. He was forbidden to go to Oxford; an anonymous letter in the *Weekly Register* declared that he had lost the confidence of the Holy See; and Ward refused to sign the Address which a number of the chief English laymen sent to Edgbaston. Mr Renouf, in October of this agitated year, projected with Newman's approval a pamphlet on the case of Pope Honorius, which appeared in 1868. Ward attempted an answer. He allowed that Honorius taught officially, and taught a doctrine which countenanced heresy, but still, as all Catholics were bound to hold, he was not teaching *ex cathedra*. What did these admissions come to? If there could be such a portent in the seventh century, why not in the seventeenth, or any other? Between them Ryder and Renouf had swept away Ward's contention that no careful investigation was needed to ascertain when the Pope did or did not speak

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irreformably. Newman pointed out the general principle that has at all times guided theologians; it is the "analogy of the Faith," the *nihil innovetur nisi quod traditum est* of Pope Stephen, by which Rome's various decisions are to be adjusted. Ward himself, of course, knew the principle; in conversation he was fond of alluding to the remarkable seeming antinomies which we find between the earlier and later pronouncements, equally binding as they are on Catholics, in the mysterious subject of grace and free-will. Had he shown as much discrimination touching modern problems, how different would have been the story of English Catholicism after 1850!

His special theory, weakened by these criticisms, which Dupanloup enforced from another point of view, did not survive the Vatican Council. He maintained then and afterwards that it was the "extent" rather than the "subject" of infallibility which signified to the world. But on that extent the Council threw no fresh light. In 1874 Newman's loyal defence of Catholic doctrine against W. E. Gladstone met with applause on every side; and, though he spoke severely of Ward's policy, the magnanimous spirit, shining through obstructions, that no one could overlook in that strangely compounded character, led to a reconciliation between them and both laid up their weapons. We need not imagine, however, that Newman's entrance into the Sacred College in 1879 was a matter of rejoicing to Ward. He never altered his opinion of the School of Munich or of Liberal Catholicism. Had he lived to see the younger generation admitted to Oxford and Cambridge by Leo XIII at the request of his own most intimate friend, Cardinal Vaughan, it would have sorely tried him. The Temporal Power was no more. The Gallicans were extinct. The successor of Pius IX was pursuing a course of distinguished moderation, restoring the philosophy of St Thomas in the Schools, surrounding himself with Cardinals like Newman and Haynald, who had once been kept far from the Vati-

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can. It was time to quit the field of battle. At the age of seventy W. G. Ward had outlived his day and done his duty.

All along, in the midst of debates on Canon Law and Roman politics, for which he was fitted neither by training nor by temperament, Ward gave the keenest attention to that question of the age, since known as Agnosticism. By an ironical turn, of which he was hardly conscious, the attitude he assumed towards the common School philosophy on this problem was quite as revolutionary as that of men whom he criticized without mercy was on other points. His language, mingled of contempt and despair, when he spoke of the treatises and arguments in use, would have startled the Roman College; and, so far as I know, he never wavered in his rejection of them. His ethics, founded on conscience and a Moral Law which justified itself antecedently to the Divine Free Will, furnished the corner-stone of his Theism. He was at one with Newman (although their expressions differed) in maintaining that this ethical demonstration was necessary and supreme, if we would defend our primary religious beliefs. But Ward's appeal to "intuitions" as giving us the axioms and postulates of a real philosophy, was in accordance with Catholic principle and much less liable to be misunderstood than Newman's language about "assumptions." How triumphantly Ward met and overthrew J. S. Mill, in the decisive encounter where the association-philosophy was defeated once for all, and with it every doctrine of mere Phenomenism, candid students know, but the sceptics of our day should be made to learn. Mill did, in fact, yield where his line was broken, not seeing that the campaign was thereby ended. The writings, also, of Kleutgen, a scholastic and a Jesuit, whose authority in Rome was great, served to establish Ward's essential agreement with St Thomas on the positive side. Yet again, these original and most convincing proofs, which no Kantian *Critique of Pure Reason* will destroy, are awaiting recognition in our text-books. The agnostic is still a power in the land. We may well question whether

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much that is called "Modernism," with its curious resemblance to the celebrated "Critique," would have infected many of its victims, had Ward's doctrine of intuitions—which is, at last, that of Aristotle and the Angelic Doctor—been sufficiently taught and clearly illustrated by those who have it in charge to adapt Catholic philosophy to the needs of this time.

That which lends an interest so lively to the opinions and the personality of "Ideal Ward," is the apparent contradiction but real unity in him of principles at once Tory and Liberal. They answered to the strength and the weakness, both marked and the one reacting on the other, of an intellect which was clear as crystal when its proper objects were presented before it, and a temperament highly nervous, melancholy, subject to fears, and apprehensive of remote dangers imagined as close at hand. His mental vigour led him to cast aside hereditary beliefs and traditional arguments. But his timidity in action demanded a guide; and the guide once chosen, no Tory Cavalier could outdo Ward in his devotion to the leader he was bent on following. In the Oxford period his boast was *Credo in Newmannum*. When he became a Catholic this absolute reliance was transferred to the Holy See, personified in Pius IX. Not the Church in history but the actual Pontiff gave him that sense of security without which his faith would lack definiteness. Now all Catholics acknowledge their obedience to St Peter's successor; but he is a ruler and a teacher of the Church as a whole, not a spiritual director who has the care of souls one by one. Endeavouring to get from him this particular guidance, Ward subjected the Roman documents, drawn up in a style of their own, upon a technical system and by precedent, to a strain which they were never meant to bear. The "Syllabus" of condemned propositions, though manifestly an index, was interpreted as if a creed. The voluminous Encyclicals of the Holy Father must be always infallible judgements. The free-flowing Allocutions, so engaging in their personal eloquence, must every one be handled as though St Leo were instructing by their means

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the Council of Chalcedon how to define dogma. Such a theory, so unpractical, so new and dangerous, waited to be overthrown at the first assault. Life is too complex to admit of the particular direction in detail which it would involve. But Ward, who in this point will remind us of Dr Johnson, was ever seeking it.

On the other hand, his rejection of the *Via Media*, his submission to the Roman Church as a living authority, and his philosophy of mental and moral intuitions, were acts of a clear-sighted understanding, not due to fears and apprehensions, but to the same sovereign reason which has given to mankind an inductive or experimental assurance that life is more than a dream. As timidity was the source of his exaggerations, so courage, regardless of consequences, was the inspiring motive of those great assents, concrete in their bearing, but firmly set upon necessary universal truths, which made W. G. Ward a Theist and a Catholic. His mistakes are matter of history; but these acquisitions he has left to us—a vision of the Church, not as a memory or an antique, but as here and now speaking to all men; a method of silencing the sceptic by compelling him to see primary truths with his own intellect; a way into the realm of Ethical Law by conscience guiding and judging; and the singular pathos which hangs about a life touched with brilliant rays of comedy, with suffering, and with a warmth of benevolence unquenched by years of polemics, or by the misunderstanding that cost him his dearest friend, the St John of the nineteenth century.

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# THE ENTAIL: AN APPRECIATION

**R**EALLY great reputations have a vitality which enables them to survive that on which they were originally grounded.

Thus Johnson's was assured by his written works long before Boswell had given the man himself and his talk to all the world; but, though Johnson's reputation has suffered no diminution, the number of those who now read the works themselves is probably not great. Miss Jenkyns preferred them to Dickens, but, then, she would neither read Dickens nor listen when Captain Brown—"poor, dear, deluded man"—would try to read him aloud to her; and of the very many who prefer Dickens to Johnson there are few who ever read even *Rasselas*, and, if possible, fewer still who have read *London*, or *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. It makes no difference: Johnson is as famous as when people were praising and quoting both of those majestic works, and his fame is not confined to the immense, and not decreasing, number of those to whom Boswell is ever dear, nor to that, perhaps, less numerous body who still read and delight in the doctor's own *Tour to the Hebrides*. Swift, who took care never to go to the Hebrides, and had no Boswell, is still a giant among the giants of literature, and few there be who read him. And yet the vigorous life of his fame is not to be explained by the mere fact that very great writers have taken him for theme. That he failed to extort a bishopric from Queen Anne can hardly surprise us; he did not fail in exacting from his contemporaries a fame so over-topping that it is little attenuated now, though more than two centuries and a half have passed since *sæva indignatio* ceased to tear his angry heart.

Johnson, we may believe, was greater than anything he wrote; Swift's writing was as great as himself, and would suffice for his portrait if we had no other. It does him no injustice; and almost anything a biographer might

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say of him would seem unjust were not his work there to sanction it.

Fear should cast out perfect love, and it would not appear difficult to have feared Johnson; nevertheless, he was loved, and is loved by many now. Swift one could only fear, and he is fearful still. His hatred of mankind was sincere, and he made no exception in his own favour. The only tribute he asked of men was their admiration and their hate, and it is hard to refuse him either.

Almost all fame carries with it admiration, and almost all admiration includes some touch of affection. Swift's huge, but not inflated, fame has never been warmed by any such touch. It is the phenomenon of an intellect untempered by humanity, the apparition of an armed head, without a heart, or even a stomach, to make it human. And it is not littleed by neglect, any more than was Swift himself.

What is true of him, and of Johnson, is true of many others, of Bacon for one. His fame is much wider than the circle of his readers, and may be greater than all he wrote. It weathers even the silly storm stirred about his name in a teacup by the lady with the frightful name who extorts from him a blushing admission of his having "written Shakespeare." Oddly enough, it has not yet been discovered that Virgil was the real author of the *Divine Comedy*, the manuscript of which Dante basely converted to his own mediaeval uses, and made the vehicle of local and personal animosities. "If and when" the twentieth century shall ever have worked out its own plentiful fooleries it may have leisure for the discovery: that *enfant terrible* is at present too deeply engaged upon original matter.

If one may back-skip so far to such trivial purpose, Sappho affords a fine instance of great fame surviving that on which it must have been based: though her undoubted claims on the score of personal impropriety will keep it alive during the present age at least. Meanwhile, let it rest on a piece.

Richardson's reputation stands on too much: the



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pedestal is by far too big for the statue: and he would, for me, be all the more welcome to it if it stood on a great deal less—I do not say the less the better, but much less would have been much better. If Johnson had not made up his mind that Richardson was moral and Fielding was not, the former novelist might have been less illustrious and posterity been as much entertained. All the same Richardson could undoubtedly have written a good novel or so if he had chosen other themes and kept his characters less under his own thumb. The *Bookseller* and the *Prig in Boots* would have done for titles, and the treatment should have been autobiographical; all the correspondence between his characters should have been committed to the flames, and when his heroines wallowed in reflections his great gifts of decorum should have forbidden him to look on. If there were humbugs in his time Richardson must ere this have had to answer for it. Fielding was certainly not a humbug, and he was anything rather than a prig; neither did he think of posing as one in the interests of the public. He did not pose at all, nor did Tom Jones, who might, on occasion, have behaved like somebody else without damage to his character. He was not a modest young man, but he was, at any rate, free from the prurient modesty of Richardson's young women; and he might have been better than he was if Fielding had perceived anything amiss in him. Fielding, I imagine, could have made him much worse and have thought no worse of him. No one doubts that Fielding deserves his fame, but what we may doubt is that the number of his readers bears any proportion to it.

The same may be said of those whose fame is, as it should be, immensely greater. Macaulay, no doubt, could learn *Paradise Lost* by heart while he was shaving, and would read it again after tea in spite of knowing it by heart; but there is too much reason to fear that few now read that august epic of damnation, while all treasure Milton's fame as a national possession, and it is as great as ever, though it is exceptional to see *Paradise Lost* in the hands of them who go down to the earth in tubes or

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occupy their business in motor-'buses. It would probably be as great as ever even if *Comus* and *Lycidas* and the *Ode on the Nativity* had never been written, as they will forever be read with an amaze of admiration and delight.

Dante is much greater than Milton, as much greater as the *Divine Comedy* is greater than *Paradise Lost*, and his fame is greater even in England, yet there are not ten Englishmen who ever read ten cantos of the *Inferno*, even in a translation, for ten thousand who have read *Lycidas* and have read it with a personal joy not dictated by mere submission to criticism or convention. Dante's fame, and his right to it, they do take on trust, with a just, though in them eccentric, admission of the principle of authority.

That is what all we have written comes to—the fame of the great is independent of the knowledge of the little: and greater than the proofs of it that some of the great themselves have given. In some cases the reputation may have been overstrained: in the best it is justified by the men themselves, whose visible, or legible, work was only a part of themselves, and must have been less than they. Of course, all great fame is not that of letters, but the realm of letters is, on the whole, less contentious than those other realms in which the great bear sway. Even such as are great themselves do not always esteem correctly the greatness of others: Macaulay, for instance, never dreamed that Newman was a greater man than himself, not because he placed himself too high but because he placed Newman almost nowhere: the single fact that the Oratorian was one was enough to throw him, for Macaulay, into a false perspective. Theology was to Macaulay a dead language and the only one that bored him.

Carlyle over-esteemed Mirabeau, and no doubt Heine under-estimated Wellington, as almost all Wellington's countrymen and contemporaries under-estimated Napoleon. Whether Napoleon himself had a just appreciation of Wellington we can hardly decide, for he did not always pronounce the same judgement, and he said what he chose to say without any special reference to what he thought.

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Burke was a greater orator than any speech of his would of itself prove, and his fame outlives his oratory, of which little is now read by anyone, and nothing by the vast majority of those who hold him famous.

Some reputations have been posthumous, not as merely surviving the vogue of that which created them, but in a much rarer and more surprising sense—as actually coming to birth after the death of those who, at last, achieved them. One instance is that of Chatterton, a more recent instance that of Emily Brontë. In her lifetime it never seems to have occurred to anyone that she was even equal to her sister, than whom she was immeasurably greater; by many it was urged that Charlotte must have been the real author of *Wuthering Heights*, which she was totally incapable of writing; and that *Jane Eyre* was Charlotte Brontë's greatest work was assumed as being without question by those who imagined she had written *Wuthering Heights* also. The same estimate of the two books held ground for more than a generation after Emily Brontë's death: among many it holds ground still; nevertheless the astounding greatness of her work is now being more and more perceived, and her fame is surely, if slowly, coming to its own.

Johnson thought *Tristram Shandy* odd, and said that on that account it would not live: to an early Victorian public *Wuthering Heights* may have appeared odd and uncouth, too. That public considered *Jane Eyre* improper, and of doubtful morality; but it recognized that the work was one of genius—the incomparably higher genius of *Wuthering Heights* escaped it altogether.

*Tristram Shandy* is odd enough, but its oddity is the author's whim, and it has in it qualities that other odd books wholly lack. Peacock was as odd as Sterne, but his oddity is about all he has; at all events it smothers all else there might have been. *Crazy Castle* and *Headlong Hall* are as exotic to this world as the *Voyage to Laputa*, and no dazzle of brilliance can save them from being almost tedious and barely readable. If Johnson could have handled them he might have "looked them over," in a

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sense not Mr Tappertit's, but he would not have read them.

*Tristram Shandy*, besides being odd, is unique; *Wuthering Heights* is more than unique: it stands not only alone but aloof, in an isolation that is as tragic as itself, more tragic than its amazing creator. In *Tristram Shandy* there is not a breath of passion, *Wuthering Heights* is all passion, and without one touch of that which our novelists of to-day mean by it. Heathcliff is as free from animalism as Lucifer himself.

There are passages in Balzac's *Père Goriot* that can remind us of nothing short of *King Lear*: there is not a passage in *Wuthering Heights* that suggests a parallel with anything in any other book ever written. Perhaps that is why it appeared, to those who saw its birth, still-born. It is a mania of criticism to ferret out family likenesses. "This book in its best chapters reminds us of Thackeray in his worst." "The writer's wit proves him to have read Dickens when Dickens was straining after it." "*Kenelm Chillingly* is a sincere flattery of *Richard Feveril*." "*Robert Elsmere* is the result of a lady's indigestion of *John Inglesant*"—and so following.

As there was no acknowledged masterpiece with which *Wuthering Heights* could be compared, it did not, for a long time, seem advisable to recognize it as a masterpiece at all.

One posthumous reputation is even yet unborn, though still longer overdue than was that of Emily Brontë. John Galt was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, nearly forty years before the birth of Emily Brontë, and he died nearly ten years before her. His fame, when it arrives, will not rest on his epic poem of *The Battle of Largs*, which no one will ever read again and which he had the sense to want no one to read. It will rest on three of his prose works, whereof only two are now read at all, and those two but little, and of which that which is neglected altogether is by far the best. Besides these three he wrote, first, his *Letters from the Levant*, which were noted at the time and are worth attention now, and eight pieces of fiction: *Sir*

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*Andrew Wylie, The Provost, The Steamboat, Ringan Gilhaize, The Spaewife, The Omen, Rothelan, and The Last of the Lairds.* They are not only readable still, but are very worthy of being read. They are not so good but what they might be improved, and their author himself could have improved them, and made them not merely good but excellent. They have a shrewd wit, and many characters that deserve a fuller and less hurried presentment. When Galt wishes to be weird he may be too Ossianic, but he does not fail; when he is content to be quaint his success, even in these eight tales, is very great.

But no one to whom Galt is unknown should begin with them, lest his real claims should be undervalued. Anyone who has learned the value of his best work will be glad that they exist, and glad to turn to them—if he can find them, for copies of Galt's books are not too easily come by.

His three longest books are his three best, which is not always the case with great writers of fiction. George Eliot's shortest was also her most perfect, and her longest is among her most imperfect, though it is not her least good. Mrs Gaskell's shortest work has a perfection that sets it by itself and makes it hard to realize that the rest, with all their high merit, were by the same author.

John Galt's three long books were *The Ayrshire Legatees, The Annals of the Parish,* and *The Entail,* which we have arranged in the order of their appearance.

The first has the demerit of being written in a series of letters, like *Humphrey Clinker*, and in it the young man's letters are, like the young man's in *Humphrey Clinker*, the least entertaining. For my part I hate tales so told. *Redgauntlet* suffers from it, and so does even *Guy Mannering*, though in the latter book Scott indulges his characters less, and snatches the pen out of their hands with less ceremony.

But most of the letters in *The Ayrshire Legatees* are uncommonly amusing: Mrs Pringle's are funnier than Miss Bramble's, and of Miss Bramble's we have not nearly enough in *Humphrey Clinker*. Dr Pringle has no counterpart in "M. Bramble," and he never persecutes us with essays. The doctor really wrote letters, and it was no

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wonder the Kirk Session of Garnock read them aloud in full *sederunt* : they were not often, we may fancy, so well entertained. As for the doctor's daughter she is, at all events, better company than Mr Bramble's niece.

To give extracts, or pick out specimens, from the letters in *The Ayrshire Legatees* must be a very inadequate way of trying to give any just idea of their excellence as a whole. No one, to whom Miss Austen was unknown, would arrive at any fair estimate of her singular perfection by reading any extract shorter than an entire chapter, and only a whole chapter of *Cranford* would be of any use as a specimen. The more equal to itself a book is throughout the less does it lend itself to brief quotation : little slips of allusion are for the intimate not for the stranger. To attempt extracts from *The Ayrshire Legatees* is the less necessary that the book was reprinted some years ago by the Macmillans with delightful illustrations by Mr Charles Brock. Did not his age (or his lack of it) forbid, one would say he must have known Mrs Glibbans, Mr Micklewham and the Pringles.

But with *The Entail*, by far Galt's greatest work, the case is altogether different : no reprint of the book has appeared for many years, and copies of it are rarely met with. There is no other excuse for the neglect of it. How so fine a work of a very peculiar genius should have fallen out of all notice, and out of almost all remembrance, it is hard to say, and cannot be lightly accounted for by merely saying that contemporary taste is bad. There must be a "reading" public with very bad taste or there would be no market for what is, perhaps, most saleable in latter-day fiction ; but there must be another reading public with a more healthy appetite, or it would never pay the publishers to reproduce, as they are doing, in large quantities nearly every novel that ranks in any way as a classic.

When *The Entail* appeared it was not passed over in silence, though it appeared when the world might almost fairly have pleaded the excuse of preoccupation : Sir Walter Scott had taken novel-readers by storm, and was still holding the field against all comers. He himself read

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*The Entail* thrice, and Byron, whose taste was not identical with his, also read it three times within a few months of its publication. Of one of its characters he said to Lord Blessington, "The portraiture of Leddy Grippy is, perhaps, the most complete and original that has been added to the female gallery since the days of Shakespeare." Lord Jeffrey, whose praise was seldom so impulsive as Byron's blame, and never so cordially profuse as Scott's praise, spoke and wrote of the new book in terms that were, from him, those of high eulogy.

"Christopher North," himself now less universally remembered than he would have liked to foresee, reviewed *The Entail* in *Blackwood* soon after it appeared, and arrived at the judgement that Galt was "inferior only to two living writers of fictitious narratives—to him whom we need not name, and to Miss Edgeworth."

It will readily be taken for granted that anything of Galt's must be inferior to anything of Scott's or of Miss Edgeworth's by those who have never read *The Entail*, and only know their Scott and their Edgeworth as George Eliot's auctioneer knew Latin, that is "he had a sense of understanding Latin generally, his comprehension of any particular Latin" not being ready. But it might puzzle them to tell us in which of their books either Sir Walter or Maria did better than Galt, what he did in *The Entail*. We take leave to think that on his own ground Galt was not beaten by Scott, Miss Edgeworth or anybody else. To say that he excelled them in the line he chose for himself is not to belittle them in theirs, nor does it imply that he was their equal, much less their superior: Scott was immeasurably greater than Galt as a romanticist, as he was also immeasurably greater than Miss Edgeworth. It is not in romance that she excelled, but in graphic and spontaneous preservation of queer, fresh, and extraordinarily living characters—some of irresistible comedy, and a few of quite poignant pathos. Sir Walter tells a far better tale, and had many more tales to tell, but those who love him best love him less for the tales than for the folk with whom he has peopled them.

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Galt was not a romanticist of a high order, but, in *The Entail* especially, though by no means in *The Entail* only, he created and kept in vivid, consistent life a great number of characters as original, striking and real as any in the whole rich treasury of the Waverleys, or any in *Castle Rackrent* and *The Absentee*. They were not borrowed from Scott or from Miss Edgeworth, nor suggested by them, or by any other of Galt's predecessors or contemporaries.

Sir Walter never thought of Leddy Grippy, nor of Watty: had he thought of them he could not have improved them. Scott is fond of lawyers, good and bad; the lawyers, good and bad, in *The Entail*, are as characteristic and, at least, as real and convincing as any in all Scott. In *The Entail* there is one bore, and in her the fell disease takes the Ossianic form, than which none could be conceived more fatal. Norna of the Fitful Head had it, though in her the malady had become chronic in the last stages of cure. But Mrs Eadie is the only bore in *The Entail*, and we suspect Galt put her in out of deference to a now fortunately obsolete fashion. Writers much nearer our own time have also bored the public by not realizing how soon a "phase of contemporary thought" becomes a tiresome reminiscence of discarded folly or affectation. We have admitted that Galt as a weaver of romance does not rank specially high; nevertheless there is a romance in *The Entail*, though not of the conventional pattern. It is not the romance of period, or circumstance, or apparatus, but the romance of a fixed idea, and that idea possesses a man who would appear repulsive to any sort of romantic handling. He is not handsome, nor is he, in any sense, noble; his surroundings are mean, and he is mean; no glamour of stirring times sheds upon him a glow that lay outside himself. There is no pathos of a lost cause ennobling ignorance, no venturing all in a tragic gamble for a forlorn hope that the readers know all along to have been forlorn and hopeless.

Claud Walkinshaw was wholly unlovable as he was entirely selfish, but his selfishness was not of a common



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sort. He was a money-grubber, and the greed of money made him shamelessly unjust and intolerably cruel; nevertheless he wanted, for himself, neither the pleasures money can buy, nor the mere possession of the shining yellow friends themselves. He only wanted wealth to spend it, but there was only one thing on which he could bear to spend it.

His grandfather was a laird of reduced fortune, to whose family for many generations certain lands had belonged. The last remnant of the ancient patrimony he lost by trying to make a fortune in the Darien scheme. At the same time he lost his only son whom he had sent out in one of the company's ships. The grandson, Claud Walkinshaw, "was scarcely a year old when his father sailed, and his mother died of a broken heart on hearing that her husband, with many of his companions, had perished of disease or famine among the swamps of the mosquito shore. The Kittlestonheugh estate was soon after sold, and the laird, with Claud, retired into Glasgow, where he rented the upper part of a back house in Aird's Close, in the Drygate. The only servant whom, in this altered state he could afford to retain, or rather the only one that he could not get rid of, owing to her age and infirmities, was Maudge Dobbie, who, in her youth, was bairnswoman to his son. She had been upwards of forty years in the servitude of his house; and the situation she had filled to the father of Claud did not tend to diminish the kindness with which she regarded the child, especially when, by the ruin of her master, there was none but herself to attend him. . . . The solitary old laird had not long been settled in his sequestered and humble town retreat, when a change became visible both in his appearance and manners. He had formerly been bustling, vigorous, hearty and social; but, from the first account of the death of his son, and the ruin of his fortune, he grew thoughtful and sedentary, shunned the approach of strangers, and retired from the visits of his friends. Sometimes he sat for whole days without speaking, and without even noticing the kitten-like gambols of his grandson; at

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others he would fondle over the child, and caress him with more than a grandfather's affection; again, he would peevishly brush the boy away as he clasped his knees, and hurry out of the house with short and agitated steps. His respectable portliness disappeared; his clothes began to hang loosely upon him; his colour fled; his face withered; and his legs wasted into mere shanks. Before the end of the first twelve months he was either unwilling or unable to move unassisted from the old armchair, in which he sat from morning to night, with his grey head drooping over his breast; and one evening, when Maudge went to assist him to undress, she found he had been for some time dead. After the funeral Maudge removed with the penniless orphan to a garret-room in the Saltmarket, where she endeavoured to earn for him and for herself the humble aliment of meal and salt by working stockings. In this condition she remained for some time, pinched with poverty, but still patient with her lot, and preserving, nevertheless, a neat and decent exterior. It was only in the calm of the Sabbath evenings that she indulged in the luxury of a view of the country; and her usual walk on these occasions, with Claud in her hand, was along the brow of Whitehill, which she perhaps preferred because it afforded her a distant view of the scenes of her happier days; and while she pointed out to Claud the hills and lands of his forefathers, she exhorted him to make it his constant endeavour to redeem them. . . ."

Every other lesson the faithful, good woman tried to teach was coldly learned and little remembered: that one lesson became the motive-power of the boy's life. As a mere child of eleven years old he started pedlar, and grew up "shy and gabby," frugal, miserly, laborious and prudent: by the time he was a young man he could have kept his old nurse in decent comfort, but he was too eagerly saving and left her alone and unvisited. The kind woman, rich then but herself in fallen fortunes now, who had equipped his pack long ago, would inquire if he gave Maudge any of his winnings, but the old, bed-ridden, dying foster-mother could only say,

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“I hope, poor lad, he has more sense than to think o’ the like o’ me. Isna he striving to make a conquest of the lands of his forefathers? Ye ken he’s come o’ gentle blood, and I am nae better than his servan’,” then would she turn herself to the wall and implore the Father of Mercies to prosper his honest endeavours, and that he might ne’er be troubled in his industry with any thought about such a burden as it had pleased heaven to make her to the world.

So old Maudge died, alone and unhelped by the lad who had never known any other mother; but he throve and put money together till at last as a young man he was able to settle himself in Glasgow as a cloth-merchant, and in this trade he prospered too, so that after some years he was able to buy back the farm of Grippy, part of the old estate of Kittlestonheugh. Adjoining the lands of Grippy lay those of Plealands, whose laird had an only child, Miss Girzy Hypel, who was not so specially attractive as to have been exactly pestered by the importunities of lovers. When her father gave her to understand that he and the laird of Grippy had decided she should become leddy of that ilk she had no objection, and in due course she was married to Claud, and bore him three sons and a daughter. In due course also the laird of Plealands died, entailing that property on his daughter’s second son, Watty, which he did because he did not think Charlie, her eldest, would be allowed by Claud to change the name of Walkinshaw for that of Hypel. But as it turned out there was such a flaw in the deed as enabled Watty to have the lands and keep his father’s name. Charlie married for love, a girl of good birth and breeding, but penniless, and old Claud secretly disinherited him by a deed of entail of his own—the entail that gives its name to the book. The laird’s mixture of motives in this act of cruelty and injustice are given with singular power and insight. His eldest son’s marriage had bitterly angered and disappointed him, but it was not out of mere rancour or revenge that he cheated him of the inheritance: what he could not resist was the temptation to bind together the lands of Grippy and Plealands, to which he could add

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those of Kilmarkeckle by marrying Watty to Betty Bodle, the only child of the laird of that ilk. The scheme was all the more alluring that he saw his way to an exchange of Watty's own estate of Plealands for another bit of old Walkinshaw property—the Divethill. If Claud could be said to love anyone, he loved his eldest son, the manly, handsome, generous-hearted Charlie; and for poor Watty, more than half daft, he had less than a father's natural affection; but no human affection could weigh against the laird's life-longing—which was that there might be again a Walkinshaw of Kittlestonheugh.

On the way home from the lawyer's office where the entail had been executed, neither Charlie nor Watty understanding aught of its purport, "the old man held no communion with Watty, but now and then rebuked him for hallooing at birds in the hedges, or chasing butterflies, a sport so unbecoming his years," for Watty was a strapping young man, big and well-favoured had there been the steady light of reason on his comely face.

In their way they had occasion to pass the end of the path which led to Kirmarkeckle, where Miss Bodle, the heiress, resided with her father, and the laird resolved to put that business in train at once.

"Watty," he said to his son, "gae thy ways hame by thyself, and tell thy mither I'm gaun up to the Kilmarkeckle to hae some discourse wi' Mr Bodle, so that she needna weary if I dinna come hame to my dinner."

"Ye had better come hame," said Watty, "for there's a sheep's head in the pat wi' a cuff o' the neck like ony Glasgow bailie's:—Ye'll no get the like o't at Kilmarkeckle, where the kail's sae thin that every pile o' barley runs roun' the dish bobbing and bidding gude-day to its neighbour."

Claud had turned into the footpath from the main road, but there was something in this speech which did more than provoke his displeasure; and he said aloud, with an air of profound dread, "I hope the Lord can forgie me for what I hae done for this fool."

Watty remembered that the Leddy o' Grippy, his

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mother, had warned him to sign no papers, and he had signed only for the guinea his father had promised him; he began now, with obstreperous sobs and wails, to weep and cry, "My father and our Charlie hae fastened on me the black bargain o' a law-plea to wrang me o' auld daddy's mailing."

For Claud had not dared to tell even his wife of the iniquity he proposed against their eldest son, though Charlie was not the leddy's favourite—indeed, so far, she had been taking Watty's part against his father's "mislikening."

Knowing whom he had really cozened Claud was for a few moments overpowered by a sense of shame and dread: the idiotcy of the heir he had made had never so horribly disgusted him before: it seemed as if the hand of heaven had fallen more heavily on him.

The old man sat down on a low dry-stone wall by the wayside and confessed, with clasped hands and bitter tears, "that he doubted he had committed a great sin."

It was but a brief glint of repentance. Hearing someone approaching, he lifted his stick and moved on towards Kilmarkeckle. Before he had gone many paces a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he looked round. It was Watty with his hat folded together in his hand.

"Father," said the fool, "I hae caught a muckle bumbee; will ye help me haud it till I take out the honey blob?"

"I'll go hame, Watty. I'll go hame" was the only answer Claud made in an accent of extreme sorrow. "I'll go hame. I daur do nae mair this day."

And he went back with Watty as far as the main road, where, having again recovered his self-possession, he said:

"I'm dafter than thee to gang on in this fool gait; go, as I bade thee, hame and tell thy mother no to look for me to dinner: for I'll aiblins bide wi' Kilmarkeckle."

And he went to Kilmarkeckle and arranged the preliminaries of Watty's marriage with Betty Bodle. Kilmarkeckle was willing and the young woman was not shy. Shyness was no part of her character—nor timidity.

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When the Grippy bull broke the fence and bore down upon the Kilmarkeckle bull, who but she rushed forth with a flail to prevent the combat?

Nor did Watty dislike the notion of marrying and setting up house, as he supposed, on his own account at the Plealands. Here is the first chapter of his wooing: being taken by his father to ingratiate himself with his destined bride, Kilmarkeckle proposed to leave the young people alone.

“We’ll leave you to yoursel’s,” said Kilmarkeckle jocularly, “and, Watty, be brisk wi’ her, lad; she can thole a touzle, I’se warrant.”

This exhortation had, however, no immediate effect; for Walter, from the moment she made her appearance, looked awkward and shamefaced, swinging his hat between his legs, with his eyes fixed on the brazen head of the tongs, which were placed upright astraddle in front of the grate; but every now and then he peeped at her from the corner of his eye with a queer and luscious glance, which, while it amused, deterred her for some time from addressing him. Diffidence, however, had nothing to do with the character of Miss Betty Bodle, and a feeling of conscious superiority soon overcame the slight embarrassment which arose from the novelty of her situation.

Observing the perplexity of her lover, she suddenly started from her seat, and advancing briskly towards him, touched him on the shoulder, saying:

“Watty, I say Watty, what’s your will wi’ me?”

“Nothing” was the reply, while he looked up knowingly in her face.

“What are ye fear’t for? I ken what ye’re come about,” said she, “my father has tell’t me.”

At these encouraging words he leaped from his chair with an alacrity unusual to his character, and attempted to take her in his arms; but she nimbly escaped from his clasp, giving him, at the same time, a smart slap on the cheek.

“That’s no fair, Betty Bodle,” cried the lover, rubbing his cheek and looking somewhat offended and afraid.

“Then what gart you meddle with me?” replied the bouncing girl, with a laughing bravery that soon re-invigorated his love.

“I’m sure I was na’ gaun to do you ony harm,” was the reply “—no, sure as death, Betty, I would rather cut my finger than do you ony scaith, for I like you weel—I canna tell you how weel;

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but, if ye'll tak' me, I'll mak' you the leddy o' the Plealands in a giffy," he took her by the hand, looking, however, away from her, as if he was not aware of what he had done. . . . Miss Betty was the first to break silence.

"Weel, Watty," said she, "what are ye going to say to me?"

"Na, its your turn to speak noo. I hae spoken my mind, Betty Bodle. Eh, this is a bonny hand; and what a sony arm ye hae. I could amaist bite your cheek, Betty Bodle, I could."

"Gude preserve me, Watty, ye're like a wud dog."

She pushed him away with such vigour that he collapsed into her father's chair.

"I redde ye, Watty, keep your distance. Man and wife's man and wife; but I'm only Betty Bodle and ye're but Watty Walkinshaw."

"Od, Betty" (rubbing his elbow that he had hurt in his fall), "ye're desperate strong, woman; and what were ye the waur o' a bit slaik o' a kiss? Howsever, my bonny dawty, we'll no cast out for a' that; for if ye'll just marry me, and I'm sure ye'll no get anybody that can like you half so weel, I'll do anything ye bid me; as sure as death I will—there's my hand, Betty Bodle, I will; and I'll buy you the bravest satin gown in a' Glasgow, wi' far bigger flowers on't than any ane in a' Mrs. Bailie Nicol Jarvie's aught; and we'll live in the Plealands House, and do naething frae dawn to dark but shoo ane another on a swing between the twa trees on the green; and I'll be as kind to you, Betty Bodle, as I can be, and buy you likewise a side-saddle, and a pony to ride on; and when the winter comes, sowing the land wi' hailstones to grow frost and snaw, we'll sit cosily at the chimley-lug, and I'll read you a chapter o' the Bible, or aiblins Patie and Roger—as sure's death I will, Betty Bodle."

They were duly and soon married, and the description of their wedding neither Smollett nor Scott could have bettered; but Watty's wedded bliss was short-lived. Not a year was gone by when one evening, as Claud sat on his wonted bench outside the house of Grippy he saw Walter coming. There was something unwonted in his appearance and gestures.

At one moment he rushed forward several steps, with a strange wildness of air. He would then stop and wring his hands, gaze upward, as if he wondered at some extraordinary phenomenon in the sky; but seeing nothing, he dropped his hands, and, at his

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ordinary pace came slowly up the hill. When he came within a few paces of the bench, he halted, and looked with such an open and innocent sadness, that even the heart of his father throbbed with pity, and was melted to a degree of softness and compassion.

“What’s the matter wi’ thee, Watty?” said he with unusual kindness. The poor natural, however, made no reply, but continued to gaze at him with the same inexpressible simplicity of grief.

“Hast t’ou lost anything, Watty?”

“I dinna ken,” was the answer, followed by a burst of tears.

“Surely something dreadfu’ has befallen the lad,” said Claud to himself, alarmed at the astonishment of sorrow with which his faculties seemed to be bound up.

“Canst t’ou no tell me what has happened, Watty?”

In about the space of half a minute Walter moved his eyes slowly round, as if he saw and followed something which filled him with awe and dread. He then suddenly checked himself and said: “It’s naething—she’s no there.”

“Sit down beside me, Watty, sit down beside me, and compose thyself?”

Walter did as he was bidden, and stretching out his feet, hung forward in such a posture of extreme listlessness and helpless despondency, that all power of action appeared to be withdrawn.

Claud rose, and believing he was only under the influence of some of those silly passions to which he was occasionally subject, moved to go away, when Watty looked up, and said:

“Father, Betty Bodle’s dead—my Betty Bodle’s dead!”

“Dead!” said Claud, thunderstruck.

“Ay, father, she’s dead! My Betty Bodle’s dead!”

“Dost t’ou ken what t’ou’s saying?” But Walter, without attending to the question, repeated with an accent of tenderness still more simple and touching:

“My Betty Bodle’s dead! She’s awa’ up aboon the skies yon’er, and left me a wee wee baby”; in saying which he again burst into tears, and rising hastily from the bench, ran wildly back towards the Divethill House.

The old man followed and found poor Betty Bodle had indeed died—in giving birth to a *daughter*, and to her the Divethill must belong, so that the reunited Kittlestoneheugh property must again be divided. Already the old man was scheming how to get the better of the Providence



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that seemed against his plans. Watty was pliant and must marry again, and have a son. But Watty's pliancy was changed to a witless obstinacy. He was henceforth fiercely suspicious of the rights of his "wee Betty Bodle." At first he sat by his dead wife, with hands folded and head drooping.

He made no answer to any question; but as often as he heard the infant's cry, he looked towards the bed, and said with an accent of indescribable sadness "My Betty Bodle!"

When the coffin arrived, his mother wished him to leave the room, apprehensive, from the profound grief in which he was plunged, that he might break out into some extravagances of passion, but he refused; and, when it was brought in, he assisted with singular tranquillity in the ceremonial of the coffining. But when the lid was lifted, and placed over the body, and the carpenter was preparing to fasten it down for ever, he shuddered for a moment from head to foot, and, raising it with his left hand, he took a last look at the face, removing the veil with his right, and touching the cheek as if he had hoped still to feel some ember of life: but it was cold and stiff.

"She's clay noo," said he. "There's nane o' my Betty Bodle here."

And he turned away with a careless air, as if he had no further interest in the scene. From that moment his artless affections took another direction. He immediately quitted the death-room, and, going to the nursery where the infant lay asleep in the nurse's lap, he contemplated it for some time, and then, with a cheerful and happy look and tone, said, "It's a wee Betty Bodle, and it's my Betty Bodle noo." He would not leave his baby, and when they bade him dress and make ready to perform the husband's customary part in the funeral he refused to quit the child or take any part in the burial.

"I canna understan'," said he, "what for a' this fykerie's about a lump o' yird. Sho'el't until a hole, and no fash me."

"It's your wife, my lad," said the Leddy, "ye'll surely never

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refuse to carry her head in a gudemanlike manner to the Kirk-yard."

"Na, na, mother, Betty Bodle's my wife; yon clod in the black kist is but her auld boddice; and when she flang it off, she put on this bony wee new cleiding o' clay" said he pointing to the baby. . . .

"What's t'ou doing there like a hussy fellow?" said Claud. "Rise and get on thy mournings, and behave wiselike, and leave the bairn to the women."

"It's my bairn," replied Watty, "and ye hae naething, father, to do wi't. Will I no tak' care o' my ain baby—my bonny wee Betty Bodle?"

"Do as I bid thee, or I'll maybe gar thee fin' the weight o' my staff," said his father sharply. . . . the widower looked him steadily in the face and said.

"I'm a father noo; it would be an awfu' thing for a decent grey-headed man like you, father, to strike the head o' a motherless family."

"There's a judgement in this;" cried Claud, "and if there's power in the law o' Scotland, I'll gar thee rue sic dourness. Get up, I say, and put on thy mournings, or I'll hae thee cognost and sent to Bedlam."

"I'm sure I look for nae mair at your hands, father" replied Walter simply "for my mither has often tel't me, when ye hae been sitting sour and sulky in the nook, that ye wouldna begrudge crowns and pounds to make me *compos mentis* for the benefit o' Charlie."

Every pulse in the veins of Claud stood still at this stroke, and he staggered, overwhelmed with shame, remorse and indignation, into a seat.

The reader needs not to be reminded that the wretched father had beggared his first-born altogether and given his inheritance to this poor natural. Charlie had a son and a daughter of his own now, though Watty had a daughter only. Geordie, Claud's third son, married too, and after the birth of a daughter his wife fell into a sickly state, and no other issue could reasonably be expected of his marriage. Claud's daughter also married, to the laird of Dirdumwhalme, and had a son. And now perhaps we should see exactly how the Entailer had settled his estates.

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They were, then, entailed in the first instance on Watty, his second son, and his heirs male; then on Geordie, the third son, and his heirs male; then upon the heirs male of Charlie, his eldest son; and, finally, failing all these, on the heir general of his daughter Margaret.

Now the ledly o' Grippy began match-making in her own mind, as her husband was always doing; but, alas! their schemes by no means tallied—hers was that Margaret's son should, when he was grown up, marry Watty's daughter, whereas Claud hoped that by the marriage of Charlie's son with Watty's daughter the estates might still be kept together in the hands of a Walkinshaw.

Meanwhile Charlie was in debt and tried to borrow the not very grievous sum of two hundred pounds to put himself right again. He went to Mr Keelevin, the honest lawyer, who had drawn the Entail, and had drawn it with vehement and solemn expostulation, and saw, probably, no great difficulty in raising so modest a sum on his prospects as eldest son and heir of an increasingly wealthy father. It was only now that he learned he had no prospects—and within a few weeks he was dead, broken in heart and hope. While he was dying Mr Keelevin went out to the Grippy and attacked the old laird again, himself sick and sorry now. The entail could not be altered, but Claud had "lying siller" in plenty, and the kind lawyer was strongly determined to do all he could to force him to make out of it all possible compensation to his disinherited first-born.

The Leddy, still ignorant of Charlie's disinheritance, was equally resolved to secure a settlement in money for herself. Watty was only resolved on one thing—to sign no paper whatever lest he might injure his wee Betty Bodle.

The news of Charlie's death brought Claud at last to a dour and desperate repentance. For his fatherless grandchildren he did make up his mind to do all possible; but Claud's own days were numbered. He was already marked for death on the day when he laid his first-born in the grave. A day or two later Mr Keelevin appeared at the Grippy

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with the papers, but the laird was speechless, though fully conscious and eagerly willing to sign them. Doctor and leddy had been summoned, but the former declared Claud's case hopeless. The latter arrived, drenched to the skin, from visiting her son's widow in Glasgow. And now, rushing in, she found the lawyer with his papers, looking everywhere for ink and pens.

"What's wrong noo?" she cried. "What new judgement has befallen us? Whatna fearfu' image is that that's making a' this rippet for the cheatrie instruments o' pen and ink, when a dying man's at his last gasp?"

"Mrs Walkinshaw," said the lawyer, "for heaven's sake be quiet. Your gudeman kens very weel what I hae read to him. It's a provision for Mrs Charles and her orphans."

"But is there no likewise a provision for me in't?" cried the ledly. . . . "Ye's get neither pen nor ink here, Mr Keelevin, till my rights are cognost in a record o' sederunt and session."

"Hush!" exclaimed the doctor. All was silent, and every eye turned on the patient, whose countenance was again hideously convulsed. A troubled groan struggled and heaved for a moment in his breast, and was followed by a short quivering through his whole frame.

"It's all over," said the doctor.

When the laird's funeral was over Geordie, selfish and cool as he was, did try to persuade Watty into making some provision for their elder brother's widow and orphans.

But Walter was inexorable.

"If my father," said he, "did sic' a wicked thing to Charlie as ye a' say, what for would ye hae me to do as ill and as wrang to my ain bairn? Isna wee Betty Bodle my first-born, and, by course o' nature and law she has a right to a' I hae; what for then would ye hae me to mak' away wi' anything that pertains to her? I'll no' be guilty o' any sic' sin."

Geordie urged that their father had, in fact, intended to provide for his daughter-in-law and grandchildren, that it was but a chance the bond of provision was not signed.

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"Ye may say sae, Geordie," retorted Watty, "in your cracks at the yarn-club o'er the punch-bowl, but I think it was the will o' Providence; for, had it been ordain't that Bell and her weans were to get a part o' father's gear they would hae gotten't: but ye saw the Lord took him to Abraham's bosom before the bond was signed, which was a clear proof and testimony to me that it doesna stand wi' the pleasure o' heaven that she should get onything. She'll get nothing frae me."

The leddy, in all the pomp of her new weeds, who was at the table, with the tenth chapter of Nehemiah open before her, here interposed:

"Wheesht, wheest, Watty, and dinna blaspheme," said she, "and no be ou'erly condumacious—'whosoever giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'"

"That," said Watty, "is what I canna comprehend; for the Lord has no need to borrow. He can mak' a world o' gold for the poor folk if he likes: and if he keeps them in poortith, he has his ain reasons for't."

"Ah! Weel I wat," exclaimed the leddy pathetically, "noo I find to my cost that my cousin, Ringan Gilhaise . . . had the rights o't when he plead my father's will on account of thy concos montis."

This gave a hint to the wily Geordie, who began thenceforth to feel his way to a setting aside of his brother, as an idiot, in which case he, as next heir of entail, would have the management of the estates. Poor Watty gave him chance enough. His wee Betty Bodle, a premature and sickly child, presently dwindled out of life, and Watty stole his elder brother's little girl and dressed her in his own bairn's clothes, calling her his third Betty Bodle. And the leddy was now against him, for he would give her no money for house or board, and he had brought his brother's widow and her son to live at the Grippy—telling her that, since she was finer bred than his mother, she had better manage things and be leddy, as he had no wife of his own. When the young widow perceived that plots were afoot against her benefactor she bade him go and tell Mr Keelevin and take his counsel.

"She has acted a true friend's part," said the lawyer. "And

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I would advise you, Mr Walter, to keep out of harm's way, and no gang in the gate o' the gleds as ye ca' them."

"Hae ye ony ark or crannie, Mr Keelevin, where a body might den himsel' till they're out o' the gate and away?" cried Walter timidly, and looking anxiously round the room.

"Ye shouldna' speak sic havers, Mr Walter, but conduct yourself mair like a man," said his legal friend grievously, "... tak' my advice and speak till them as little as possible."

"I'll no say ae word—I'll be a dumbie. I'll sit as quiet as ony ane o' the images afore Bailie Glasford's house. King William himsel', on his bell-metal horse at the Cross, is a popular preacher, Mr Keelevin, compared to what I'll be."

It was too true. There was to be a legal inquiry into Watty's mental capacity. Of the first day's proceedings when other witnesses were examined we need say nothing here. Nothing very materially adverse was elicited against the poor young man's sanity.

Next day Watty appeared, dressed in his best, handsome, and only showing a reasonable anxiety and interest.

"You are Mr Walkinshaw, I believe," said the adverse counsel, Mr Threeper, when Watty had come forward as bidden and made his slow and profound bow to sheriff and jury.

"I believe I am," said Watty timidly.

"What are you, Mr Walkinshaw?"

"A man, sir; my mother and brother want to mak' me a daft ane."

"How do you suspect them of any such intentions?"

"Because, ye see I'm here. I wouldna' hae been here but for that."

"Then you do not think you are a daft man?"

"Nobody thinks himsel' daft. I daresay ye think ye're just as wise as me."

A roar of laughter shook the court, and Threeper blushed and was disconcerted; but he soon resumed tartly:

"Upon my word, Mr Walkinshaw, you have a good opinion of yourself. I should like to know for what reason."

"That's a droll question to speer at a man," said Walter; "a poll-parrot thinks weel o' itsel', which is but a feathered creature, and short o' the capacity o' man by twa hands."

Mr Keelevin trembled and grew pale; and the advocate, recovering full possession of his assurance, proceeded:

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“And so ye think, Mr Walkinshaw, that the two hands make all the difference between a man and a parrot?”

“No, no, sir,” replied Watty, “I dinna think that—for ye ken the beast has feathers.”

“And why have not men feathers?”

“That’s no a right question, sir, to put to the like o’ me, a weak human creature;—ye should ask their Maker,” said Walter gravely.

The advocate was again repulsed; . . . George sat shivering from head to foot: a buzz of satisfaction pervaded the whole court.

“Well, but not to meddle with such mysteries,” said Mr Threeper, assuming a jocular tone, “I suppose you think yourself a very clever fellow?”

“At some things,” replied Walter modestly, “but I dinna like to make a roos o’ mysel’.”

“And pray now, Mr Walkinshaw, may I ask what do you think you do best?”

“Man! an’ ye could see how I can sup curds and cream—there’s no ane in a’ the house can ding me.”

The sincerity and exultation with which this was expressed convulsed the court, and threw the advocate completely on his beam ends. However, he soon righted, and proceeded:

“I don’t doubt your ability in that way, Mr Walkinshaw; and I daresay you can play a capital knife and fork.”

“I’m better at the spoon,” replied Walter, laughing.

“Well, I must confess you are a devilish clever fellow.”

“Mair sae, I’m thinking, than ye thought, sir. But noo, since,” continued Walter, “ye hae speert sae many questions at me, will ye answer one yoursel’?”

“O, I can have no possible objection to do that, Mr Walkinshaw.”

“Then,” said Walter, “how muckle are ye to get frae my brother for this job?”

Again the court was convulsed, and the questioner again disconcerted.

“I suspect, brother Threeper,” said the sheriff, “that you are in the wrong box.”

“I suspect so, too,” replied the advocate, laughing; but, addressing himself again to Walter, he said:

“You have been married, Mr Walkinshaw?”

“Ay, auld Doctor Denholm married me to Betty Bodle.”

“And pray where is she?”

“Her mortal remains, as the headstone says, lie in the Kirk-yard.”

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The countenance of Mr Keelevin became pale and anxious. George and his counsel exchanged smiles of gratulation.

"You had a daughter," said the advocate, looking knowingly to the jury, who sat listening with greedy ears.

"I had," said Walter, and glanced anxiously towards his agent.

"And what became of your daughter?"

No answer was immediately given. Walter hung his head and seemed troubled; he sighed deeply, and again turned his eye inquiringly to Mr Keelevin. Almost every one present sympathised with his emotion, and ascribed it to parental sorrow.

"I say," resumed the advocate, "what became of your daughter?"

"I canna answer that question."

The simple accent in which this was uttered interested all in his favour still more and more.

"Is she dead?" said the pertinacious Mr Threeper.

"Folk said sae; and what everybody says maun be true."

"Then you don't, of your own knowledge, know the fact?"

"Before I can answer that, I would like to ken what a fact is."

The counsel shifted his ground, without noticing the question, and said:

"But I understand, Mr Walkinshaw, you have still a child that you call Betty Bodle."

"And what business hae ye wi' that?" said the natural, offended; "I never saw sic a stock o' impudence as ye hae in my life."

"I did not mean to offend you, Mr Walkinshaw; I was only anxious, for the ends of justice, to know if you consider the child you call Betty Bodle as your daughter?"

"I'm sure," replied Walter, "that the ends o' justice would be muckle better served an' ye would hae done wi' your speering."

"It is, I must confess, strange that I cannot get a direct answer from you, Mr Walkinshaw. Surely, as a parent you should know your child!" exclaimed the advocate, peevishly.

"An' I was a mother ye might say sae."

Mr Threeper began to feel that hitherto he had made no impression. After conferring with George's agent he resumed:

"I do not wish, Mr Walkinshaw, to harass your feelings; but I am not satisfied with the answer you have given respecting your child. . . . Is the little girl that lives with you your daughter?"

"I dinna like to gie you any satisfaction on that head; for Mr Keelevin said ye would bother me if I did."

"Ah! have I caught you at last?"



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A murmur of disappointment ran through all the court, and Walter looked around coweringly and afraid.

“So, Mr Keelevin has primed you, has he? He has instructed you what to say?”

“No,” said the poor natural, “he instructed me to say nothing.”

“Then why did he tell you that I would bother you?”

“I dinna ken; speer at himsel’; there he sits.”

“No, sir! I ask you,” said the advocate, grandly.

“I’m wearied, Mr Keelevin,” said Walter, helplessly, as he looked towards his disconsolate agent. “May I no come away?”

The honest lawyer gave a deep sigh; to which all the spectators sympathizingly responded.

“Mr Walkinshaw,” said the sheriff, “don’t be alarmed—we are all friendly disposed towards you; but it is necessary for the satisfaction of the jury, that you should tell us what you think respecting the child that lives with you.”

Walter smiled and said, “I hae nae objection to converse wi’ a weel-bred gentleman like you; but that barking terrier in the wig, I can thole him no longer.”

“Well, then, is the little girl your daughter?”

“’Deed is she—my ain dochter.”

“How can that be, when, as you acknowledged, everybody said your dochter was dead?”

“But I kent better mysel’—my bairn and dochter, ye see, sir, was lang a weakly baby, aye bleating like a lambie that has lost its mother; and she dwined and dwindled, and moaned and grew sleepy, sleepy, and then she closed her wee bonny een and lay still; and I sat beside her three days and three nights, watching her a’ the time, never lifting my een frae her face, that was as sweet to look on as a gowan in a lown May morning. But, I kenna how it came to pass—I thought, as I looked at her, that she was changed, and there began to come a kirkyard smell frae the bed, that was just as if the hand o’ nature was wishing me to gae away; and then I saw, wi’ the eye o’ my heart, that my brother’s wee Mary was grown my wee Betty Bodle, and so I gaed and brought her hame in my arms, and she is noo my dochter. But my mother has gaen on at me like a randy ever sin’ syne, and wants me to put away my ain bairn, which I will never, never do. No, sir, I’ll stand by her, and guard her, though fifty mothers, and fifty times fifty brother Geordies were to flyte at me frae morning to night.”

One of the jury here interposed, and asked several questions rela-

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tive to the management of the estates; by the answers to which it appeared, not only that Walter had never taken any charge whatever, but that he was totally ignorant of business, and even of the most ordinary money transactions. The jury then turned and laid their heads together; the legal gentlemen spoke across the table, and Walter was evidently alarmed at the bustle. In the course of two or three minutes, the foreman returned a verdict of fatuity. The poor laird shuddered, and, looking at the sheriff, said, in an accent of simplicity that melted every heart, "Am I found guilty? O surely, sir, ye'll no hang me, for I couldna help it."

If any trial-scene in fiction is more simply touching than this, more life-like and less strained, I can only say I do not know where to find it.

But if poor Watty is the most pathetic figure in *The Entail*, his mother, the leddy, is the most entertaining and the most eccentric. It is only after Watty's "trial" that she appears in all her glory. Already there have been inimitable scenes between her and her husband, her and Watty, her and Geordie; but her full peony-bloom is reserved for the second half of this wonderful book, of which we have dealt only with the first. If we are to deal with her at all it must clearly be in another paper.

JOHN AYSCOUGH

# The STORY of the ABBE de SALAMON DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR

Mémoires inédits de l'internonce à Paris pendant la Révolution 1790-1801, par l'Abbé Bridier, du clergé de Paris.

Correspondance secrète de l'Abbé de Salamon, chargé des affaires du St Siège pendant la Révolution, avec le Cardinal de Zelada 1791-92, publiée par le Vte. de Richemont.

Paris révolutionnaire, le massacre des prêtres, par G. Lenotre.

Un Couvent de religieuses anglaises à Paris 1634-1884, par l'Abbé Cédoz.

Avignon et le Comtat Venaissin, par André Hallays.

**E**VEN during the worst years of the Reign of Terror, when the guillotine was at work in the chief towns in France, and the faithful priests, who rejected the schismatical oath, were in hiding at home or in exile abroad, the connexion between the persecuted French Church and the Holy See was never broken off.

In face of almost insuperable difficulties, a harassed and outlawed Papal envoy contrived to keep in touch with Rome, and his letters to Cardinal de Zelada, Secretary of State to Pius VI, are couched in ambiguous language that reminds us of the correspondence of our English Vicars Apostolic, when the penal laws were still in force.

Curiously enough, the details of the part played by M. de Salamon, the Papal representative, were unknown till within the last few years, when this picturesque episode of Church history was revealed in an unexpected manner to a French priest, l'Abbé Bridier, who was studying in Rome. One day he received the visit of an Italian lawyer M. Bosi. On behalf of a noble, but impoverished family, whose name he was forbidden to betray, M. Bosi offered to sell to the Abbé an Italian manuscript copy of the unedited Memoirs of M. de Salamon, who had filled the post of Papal envoy in

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Paris during the Revolution of 1789. The original narrative was written in French at the request of a French lady, Madame de Villeneuve,\* but it was never published and has probably been lost; the Italian translation was presented by M. de Salamon to a family under whose roof he was a welcome guest; it filled four tiny volumes, and bore the author's attestation and signature. The descendants of M. de Salamon's hosts were now willing to part with the manuscript, which possessed special interest in the eyes of French students of history; but the very picturesqueness of the tale at first made M. Bridier doubt its veracity. Having ascertained that M. de Salamon's identity and adventures were confirmed by many contemporary narratives, he bought the manuscript and published it in French. It created some sensation in literary and religious circles, and its authenticity received further confirmation when, some years later, the Vte de Richemont discovered, in the archives of the Vatican, M. de Salamon's correspondence with Cardinal de Zelada, Secretary of State, under Pius VI.

The personality of M. de Salamon gives much charm and piquancy to his Memoirs. He was, by temperament, neither ascetic nor heroic, and his impressionable Southern nature, his love of comfort, his enjoyment of a good meal, his dread of pain and of death, present a curious, almost humorous, contrast to his tragic surroundings. Yet he filled his part creditably and remained faithful to the dictates of his conscience at a time when fidelity meant almost certain death; had he been more perfect he might have been less interesting as a study of character. Being what he is, thoroughly true to the Pope, his temporal and spiritual sovereign, bright tempered and gracious, courteous and amiable, somewhat of a "gourmet," but irresistibly loveable with his affectionate and grateful nature, he soon becomes as popular with his twentieth-century

\* Laure de Ségur, Baronne de Villeneuve, was the daughter of the Comte de Ségur, Master of the ceremonies of the Court of Napoleon I. She died in 1812 at the age of thirty-four.

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readers as he was with his friends more than a hundred years ago. For this easy-going, observant and quick-witted Southerner had a gift for making friends, and his popularity served him in good stead during the dangerous days of the Terror.

His fidelity to the Pope was a tradition inherited from his family; he was born on October 22, 1759, at Carpentras, a little town that lies off the main line from Paris to Marseilles. When I saw it first, on a spring evening, Carpentras presented a delightful picture. It stands at the foot of the Mont Ventoux, that, even in March, is capped with snow; around the city extends a green plain, watered by canals and rivulets, where the silver olive trees and the pink almond trees in full bloom combined to create a vivid, yet delicate, scheme of colouring. The town has all the characteristic charm of Provence, with its big plane trees, splashing fountains and narrow, winding, picturesque streets. The Church of St Siffrein, the Cathedral of Carpentras, was many times destroyed and as many times rebuilt, and the unusual name of its patron saint was often given to children, who, like our hero, were born beneath its shadow. To English readers Carpentras is associated with Cardinal Pole, a frequent visitor to the then bishop of the place, Mgr Sadolet, and Catholics in general will remember that, like Avignon, its important neighbour, it belonged to the Popes till the French Revolution. Indeed, even more than the "Avignonnais," the "Carpentrassiens" clung to the indulgent and generous government of the Holy See; and when, in 1791, they were annexed by their imperious neighbour, the French Republic, their reluctance to acquiesce was severely punished by their new masters.

Louis Siffrein de Salamon belonged to an honourable family; his father, François de Salamon, was "first consul" of his native city, a local dignity that, like much else, was abolished when Carpentras became French; Anne Eysseri, his mother, was the daughter of a well-known printer, of Italian origin.

François de Salamon had two sons: Alphonse, Baron

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de Salamon, who was born in 1747, and Louis Siffrein, who was thirteen years younger than his brother, and who appears, according to the custom of the day, to have been directed from his childhood upwards towards an ecclesiastical career.

At the age of eighteen, we find him at the flourishing University of Avignon, where he took his degree as a "docteur en droit," for, although a future churchman, he, like many of his contemporaries, combined the study of law with that of theology. When only twenty-two he was ordained priest and made a canon of Avignon; Pius VI willingly gave him the necessary dispensations, graciously adding that he treated his young "protégé" "like a prince or a nuncio"—"more principum et nuntiorum."

By a special privilege, the inhabitants of the "Comtat" were permitted, although they were the Pope's subjects, to serve under the Kings of France as if they had been Frenchmen born; thus it happened that Louis de Salamon, in 1785, bought a place of "conseiller clerc" at the Paris Parliament and entered upon a legal career that the Revolution was to cut short. In his fine portrait, now at the Calvet Museum at Avignon, he wears the dress of a magistrate: the flowing black robe with wide sleeves. The face is characteristic: bright, intelligent, with speaking eyes; and the carefully powdered hair reminds us of the importance that, even in the tragic moments of his life, our hero attached to his "coiffure." M. de Salamon had pleasant manners, a sunny temper, and a keen sense of humour; he was interested in the politics of the day and a good judge of character. The fact of his being a born subject of the Pope gave him a certain influence at the Court of Rome, and, as far back as 1786, the year after his arrival in Paris, he corresponded regularly with Cardinal de Zelada, Secretary of State to Pius VI. He was a good letter writer, and his picturesque and sensible accounts of current events were evidently much appreciated.

Thus it happened that when the Papal nuncio, Mgr

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Dugnani, was forced to leave Paris in May, 1791, young Abbé de Salamon was, almost as a matter of course, selected to become the unofficial, but authorized, representative of the Holy See.

The persecuted Church of France needed more than ever the guiding hand of its supreme Head, and, at this juncture, the Pope and his minister naturally remembered the "Abbé," whose insight into men and things had often struck them, and, with his own hand, Pius VI wrote to give him instructions as to what was now expected of him.

The political situation of the French Monarchy was highly precarious when, in 1791, M. de Salamon took up his duties, and the optimistic spirits who had believed in the advent of a golden age were being rudely awakened from their day-dreams.

The Abbé's letters give a vivid picture of Paris at this momentous crisis; no wonder that they delighted his correspondents. With them he was accustomed to send a quantity of pamphlets, newspapers and political caricatures, that brought the Pope and his minister into touch with the fervid atmosphere in which their envoy moved. "Pius VI was very curious," says our Abbé; "he asked me to send him even the caricatures of himself." "The caricatures that you took the trouble to send us," writes Cardinal de Zelada, "amused my friends; they also amused his majesty's aunts,\* to whom I sent them."

"It must be confessed," he writes again on August 3, 1791, "that you are an admirable correspondent. The variety, number and accuracy of the details that you give us, no less than your logical and judicious comments, deserve the Holy Father's entire satisfaction and highest praise. You will have the proof of this in an answer that the Pope will send you himself, probably to-day."

The Abbé de Salamon's graphic descriptions, couched in language so different from the somewhat formal phrases in use at the Roman Court, must have opened vistas

\* Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire, daughters of Louis XV, who fled from France in 1790 and took refuge in Rome. Madame Victoire died at Trieste in 1799; her sister in 1800.

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of unsuspected dramas to the churchmen, to whom they were sent: "I do not read your letters," says Zelada, "I devour them." The Abbé had the soul of a twentieth century reporter; he did not wait at home in dignified retirement for news to be brought to him. Dressed in shabby clothes, with a wide-brimmed hat that concealed his features, he went out into the streets where the crowd was greatest, gathering news here and there, and feeling, so to speak, the pulse of the excited people. He sauntered along the galleries of the Palais Royal or loitered in the neighbourhood of the "cafés," where the revolutionary orators made their speeches, and when he came home, full of the vivid impressions just received, he wrote off the letters, where the moods of the moment were faithfully pictured. He also attended the "Assemblée," and even the clubs, carefully noting the symptoms of the approaching Revolution, and he was no less assiduous in his visits to the Tuileries, where the royal family, in spite of a semblance of state, was in reality captive in the hands of the mob. M. de Salamon's sympathies were with the conservative or extreme party; he detested La Fayette, Necker, Madame de Staël and, in general, all those whom he regarded as encouraging revolution on the pretext of Reform. This keen-witted Southerner was an acute observer rather than a deep thinker; moreover, he was young, only thirty, and was naturally impatient of concessions or half measures. It is amusing to find him solving the terribly complex questions of the day by the simple formula that "Things ought to be put back as they were before 1789, except that abuses might be reformed." He frankly owns that "half measures frighten him," and, given the circumstances, he was probably right from a conservative standpoint.

Although our hero's letters deal chiefly with politics, he also touches on many ecclesiastical questions, and a certain number of priests and bishops who formed his "Council," assisted him with their advice. Under pretence of "taking chocolate" they used to meet in his rooms, there to discuss thorny problems connected with



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the schismatical oath that was required by the Government from the clergy.

The majority of the French priests had decided to reject the oath, but different views were held regarding the less obvious aspects of so grave a question, and M. de Salamon, as the representative of the Holy See, had a delicate part to play. His sense of right kept him from yielding to the dangerous tendencies of certain prelates, who, from timidity, or else from their latent Gallican opinions, were inclined to condone the robbery of Church property and to accept the instructions that came from Rome with hesitation and reserve. At the same time, his good temper and tact made him universally popular, and helped to carry him safely over the pitfalls that strewn his path.

Although the general tone of his letters was disquieting, his resourcefulness and sense of humour occasionally amused his Roman correspondents. On March 19, 1792, Pius VI issued a Brief, in which he informed the priests and Bishops, who had taken the oath of "la Constitution civile du clergé," that if they had not made their submission at a given date they would incur excommunication. Our Abbé would have preferred the sentence of condemnation to have been issued then and there, however, his duty was to convey the Brief safely to those whom it concerned and this was no easy matter, for the Government had decided to seize and suppress it. The Papal envoy was equal to the occasion; one day in April, 1791, he went in his ecclesiastical dress, to the "hotel des diligences," which was full of travellers, courriers, boxes and parcels, that had just arrived from the provinces or from abroad. He inquired if a parcel had come from Lyons, addressed to the deputy of les Ardennes. At the magic word "deputy," the chief official came forward, hat in hand, requesting the Abbé's orders and anxious to make room for him. "All the parcels were thrown aside till mine was found," continues our hero. . . . "I quickly got into a carriage, my parcel under my arm, laughing inwardly at the way in which I had acted

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my part." The famous parcel contained six copies of the Pope's Brief, which that same evening were placed in the hands of the Archbishops of Bourges, Toulouse, Arles, Cambrai, Rouen and Albi. The incident tickled M. de Salamon's sense of humour: "How Europe would laugh," he writes, "if it knew that the Pope's Brief came to Paris, through the channel of the national Assembly, under cover to one of its members."

The glimpses that his letters give us of the royal family are pathetic, especially when we remember that out of the five royal personages who were then living at the Tuileries, three were to die on the scaffold before four years had passed.

The Princess Elisabeth,\* as courageous as she was holy, clear-sighted, dignified and self sacrificing, won his enthusiastic admiration. When he returns from his weekly visits to her, his tone is one of unqualified approval. She had refused to leave her brother in his hour of peril, but had no illusions as to the fate that awaited her family, and her high spirit rebelled against the useless concessions that formed part of the policy of the Court. The secret of her calmness and fortitude, lay in her religious faith and entire resignation; and the Pope, interested by M. de Salamon's eulogiums of the princess, often sent her messages expressing his fatherly solicitude and sympathy.

Although the general interests of the Church absorbed most of his time and attention, our hero kept a keen watch on the affairs of his native "Comtat." Partly by force, partly by fraud, Avignon, Carpentras and the rest of the Papal possessions were wrenched from their lawful sovereign by the revolutionists. At Avignon, they could count on the support of a strong party of turbulent spirits, but Carpentras was more loyal, a fact that M. de Salamon notices with patriotic pride: "The news from Avignon is bad, that from Carpentras is more consoling," he writes on August 29, 1791.

As was inevitable, the feeble resistance of the "Com-

\* Elisabeth Marie Helène, sister of Louis XVI, born 1764, died on the scaffold May 8, 1794.

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tat " was speedily overpowered, and the Pope's possessions were annexed to France. Our hero's brother took service under the new masters, a fact that aroused M. de Salamon's wrath: " From that day I broke off all communication with him, though it was a drawback to my interests, as he often helped me with money in times of difficulty . . . but I hold to my principles, even when my brother is concerned."

Both the Pope and his Secretary of State fully appreciated their envoy's zeal, activity and absolute devotion. On October 5, 1791, the latter writes: " You are an indefatigable, attentive and painstaking correspondent, worthy of the greatest praise; you are exactly what we want under present circumstances." A month later, he says: " You know so well how to enter into the Holy Father's views that you deserve his special favour."

Cardinal de Zelada fully realized the perilous situation of the Papal envoy; to the crime of being an " aristocrat," he added the no less heinous offence of being one of those priests who had not taken the schismatical oath. In a letter, written on June 6, 1792, the prelate expressed his anxiety concerning his correspondent's " alarming condition "; between this letter and another, dated September 28, our hero was to pass through some of the tragic experiences that are related in the Memoirs, so unexpectedly placed in Abbé Bridier's hands.

The first chapter of these curious reminiscences is somewhat pompously called " My martyrdom "; it relates the writer's adventures on the second and third of September, 1792, when he was brought face to face with a hideous death and saved by the devotion of his servant.

At that time M. de Salamon lived in the " Cour des Fontaines," close to the Palais Royal. His household consisted of Madame Blanchet, who had been thirty years in his mother's service, her son, aged fourteen, and a young manservant. Blanchet is the real heroine of the Memoirs; she could neither read, nor write, but she was sensible, quick witted and full of resource. Her devotion to her master, whom she had known from his childhood, was all

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absorbing; he owed his life to her exertions, and her services in this respect were substantially recognized by Pope Pius VI.

In the night of August 27, the little household was roused by loud knocking, and five men, wearing tricolour scarves, followed by twenty others, fully armed, invaded the apartment: the Abbé was in bed. "We know that you are the Pope's minister," they said; "give us your correspondence." M. de Salamon replied with seeming carelessness that they were free to search for a correspondence, to which, he added, "I attach so little importance that I sometimes use it to light a fire when I warm my clean shirts before putting them on."

After a search that proved on the whole uninteresting, the Abbé was told to get up and dress. He obeyed and left the house surrounded by his captors, who called out as they escorted him through the streets: "Here is the Pope's minister, the 'calotin,' 'birettino.'" Blanchet dissolved in tears, her son and the young manservant followed at a distance.

At the Hotel de Ville, the prisoner was received with the ominous words: "Here comes a miscreant for the guillotine," to which he replied with fine irony: "This, then, is the language of a people that calls itself free!"

From the Hotel de Ville, he was conveyed to the "Mairie," thence he was led to a spacious garret, where a large number of priests were detained. The arrival of the "Pope's minister" caused a certain sensation among them, but, while M. de Salamon was exchanging greetings with his new friends, his attention was attracted by a piteous voice on the other side of the locked door: "Monsieur," cried Blanchet, who had kept her master in sight, "come and speak to me, what do you wish me to do?" Our hero replied with becoming dignity: "I wish you to keep quiet, I am here with persons of my own condition and am quite content. . . . Go home and make me some chocolate, bring it to me with some peaches and a bottle of lemonade," and he adds, with the child-like frankness that, throughout the

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Memoirs, commands the reader's indulgence: "I was then as punctual in taking my chocolate as in saying my breviary; indeed rather more so, for I own to my shame, that I sometimes forgot to say my whole office, owing to my occupations." He also told Blanchet to bring him his dressing things: "From my youth I loved cleanliness," he adds, "I always shaved and arranged my hair on rising and I never failed to do this, even in prison, except once, under the Directoire." Graver matters also called for his attention and he explained to his faithful servant that if a "basket" came for him, she was to take it to a friend, whom he described, tell him to eat the contents and to write a letter of thanks; this meant: "letters from Rome may come, take them to my friend, tell him to send a courier to inform the Pope of my arrest."

In spite of his light-hearted philosophy, and of a certain inborn dignity that made him conceal his fears, M. de Salamon owns that he was "plunged in a deep reverie," from which his companions sought to rouse him. The hero and leader of the little band of prisoners, most of whom were to be hacked to pieces by the mob before many days were over, was an old man of eighty, the "Curé" of St Jean en Grève, a church that no longer exists; he was over six feet high, and the roof of the garret being very low, he could not stand upright. But neither physical discomfort nor the prospect of a cruel death, could dim the old priest's cheerfulness; he was always "amiable, gay, quite jovial, and used to try and make me laugh," says M. de Salamon; "although a most holy man, he was very amusing, this proves that God prefers a bright and cordial form of piety to an austerity that appears to censure others. He used to tell us droll stories . . . that made me laugh till I was quite ill, in spite of all the motives I had to make me sad. . . . Sometimes, he went on till one in the morning and I had to say: 'this is enough, Monsieur le Curé, now let us sleep.' With all his fun he did not forget 'le bon Dieu,' for at four every morning, he was on his knees, at his prayers, and as soon as it was daylight he began his office."

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M. de Salamon had a keen appreciation of heroism in others, but he frankly confesses that he had no vocation to be a martyr: "I did not desire martyrdom and I own that I did not think enough of preparing for death. I tried to use my presence of mind to save my life . . . I think," he adds, "that God has forgiven me for being frightened; for, since those days, I have been able to be of use to the Pope and to render some small service to the Church."

Our Papal envoy's spirits rose considerably when the jailer brought him a basket, in which Blanchet had packed a cup of excellent soup, some meat, a few peaches and a knife and fork. He generously divided his provisions with a miserably dressed cleric, who was ravenously devouring a crust of dry bread. "I know from your charity that you are the worthy minister of the common Father of the faithful," said the grateful priest, kissing the hands of his benefactor.

On September 1, the prisoners were informed by Manuel,\* one of the revolutionary leaders, that they would be, later in the day, removed from their ill-ventilated and overcrowded garret to another prison. Some of them rejoiced at the news; not so our Abbé, who aptly remarked that being "transferred to another prison" did not mean being set free, and, in fact to many prisoners the change meant death at the hands of the mob. He was aroused from his melancholy thoughts by the visit of an old priest, whom the jailer allowed to enter. This messenger brought him the greetings of the Archbishop of Arles† and of the Bishops of Beauvais and of Saintes, who were detained at the prison "des Carmes." Communications with Rome being cut off, they wished, at any rate, to confer with the Holy Father's representative and to consult him on the

\*Manuel, one of the instigators of the massacres of September 2, 1792; born 1751, beheaded 1793.

† Jean du Lau, Archbishop of Arles. Pierre and François de la Rochefoucauld, Bishops of Saintes and Beauvais, were brutally murdered at "les Carmes" on September 2, 1792.

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subject of a new oath, called the "serment liberté égalité," which was distinct from the schismatical oath, called the "Constitution civile du clergé," that Rome had declared to be unlawful. M. de Salamon, who detested half measures, replied that the Pope would surely not approve of this oath and that, for his part, he was determined to refuse it. He was clearly much pleased at the three bishops' deferential attitude, and sent them a long-winded and complimentary message.

After this visit, came one from Blanchet, who was not allowed to enter, but, through the closed door, she informed her master that people in the streets were much excited against the clergy. Reports had been spread to the effect that the priests were in league with the allied armies, who were marching on Paris, and the infuriated and terrified Parisians were now ripe for any crime. "Be comforted," answered M. de Salamon to his faithful housekeeper: "I must share the fate of the good people I am with here. If I die, I give you all that is in my house——" "What do I care for your things if I lose you?" cried the faithful servant.

When, that same night, sixty-three priests, among whom was our hero, were removed from the garret, Blanchet and her boy stood close to the carriages that were ready to convey the prisoners to "l'Abbaye." "Where are you going?" asked the poor soul; the Abbé, probably to conceal his feelings, owns that he answered her "dryly": "Do not shake my courage by your tears. I do not know where we are going; follow the carriage if you can."

On arriving at the Abbey of "St Germain des Près," which was then used as a prison, the priests were turned into a bare room, and the condition of our hero, who was overcome by fever and emotion, seems to have moved one of the jailers to pity; the man led him into another apartment, where mattresses were spread on the ground; a negro soldier made room for the newcomer, who was cordially greeted by a fellow countryman, Abbé Vitali, from Carpentras. Next morning, Blanchet's voice was heard out-

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side, asking for orders; during those days of suspense she scarcely ate or slept, ever ready to minister to her master's wants. He now directed her to go and see Torné, the schismatical Bishop of Bourges, to whom he had rendered some services in the past; and, in the meantime, he exchanged remarks with his fellow prisoners. Many of these were officers, and one, an old man, asked our Abbé to help him to prepare his answers if he was brought before the judge. He had been arrested on August 10, among the defenders of the Tuileries palace. "Well," promptly replied the Papal envoy, "you must say just the contrary, and explain that, being very old, you are in the habit of daily taking a quiet walk, during which you were arrested by mistake." After spending some hours among these new surroundings, M. de Salamon rejoined his former companions, the priests, whom he found assembled in a bare, big, dirty room, which, at his suggestion, they proceeded to sweep. No one remembered that it was Sunday except, owns our Abbé, "a holier priest than I was, the good old Curé of St Jean en Grève, who said: 'Messieurs, it is Sunday, we shall neither be able to say or to hear Mass, so let us kneel down during the time that a Mass would last and pray,'"

a proposition to which all present gladly acceded. At twelve o'clock faithful Blanchet brought more provisions and, although he owns that he was "very anxious," her master carefully notes the contents of the basket: "Soup, radishes, beef that was 'tender,' a 'fat' chicken, artichokes with pepper—my favourite dish—beautiful peaches and a bottle of wine." Again the good woman expressed her fears at the disturbed condition of the streets, where bands of Marseillais were holding forth against the "curés." M. de Salamon, impressed by Blanchet's gloomy forebodings, was amazed to see his companions settle down to their mid-day meal with apparent unconcern. "Good God! how content they seem!" he thought, but at almost the same moment the jailer opened the door: "The people are marching on the prisons to murder the prisoners!" he cried, and the diners'



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cheerfulness turned into indescribable confusion. They walked to and fro, seeking in vain to ascertain what was going on outside. Our Abbé noticed that, whereas an elderly magistrate was shaking from head to foot, two young Franciscans were joyfully preparing for death. "Oh, monsieur," said the youngest, "I would be proud to die for the faith, but I am only a sub-deacon, so I am much afraid that they will not kill me." "I own that these words made me blush," candidly confesses the Papal envoy; "I felt ashamed of myself when I discovered thoughts so noble in a young man at a time when myself I felt so differently."

The prisoners, who now believed that their last hour had come, begged the Curé of St Jean en Grève to give them absolution "in articulo mortis"; the old man replied that they had time to prepare for death in a manner more conformable to the spirit of the Church, and he advised the priests to hear each other's confessions. M. de Salamon owns that he was at first too much stupefied and benumbed to move from the corner where he had taken refuge; at last, however, he threw himself at the feet of the curé, who heard his confession. After this, while all present, priests and laymen, were on their knees, the brave old man, standing up, repeated the acts of faith, hope and charity, and gave them absolution "in articulo mortis"; then, turning to our hero: "I am a great sinner," he said, "I beg you, who are the representative of the Vicar of Christ, to give me absolution with the same simplicity that I showed when I absolved you." In his agitation, and perhaps from want of practice, Abbé de Salamon had forgotten the required formula; however, after a few minutes' reflection, he was able to satisfy his companion's desire.

The scene was a striking one. Standing up in the midst of the frightened prisoners, the old curé continued to lead the prayers: he began the petitions for the dying, and when he pronounced the words: "Depart from this world, Christian souls," many of those present shed tears. This agonizing suspense lasted till nightfall. The pri-

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soners knew that the priests who were detained at the "Carmes" close by had been murdered that afternoon, and they had every reason to expect a similar fate. Towards ten or eleven at night, the mob tried to break into the room where they were detained, and Abbé de Salamon and some of his companions jumped out of the window into a court, where, however, they were speedily discovered. Our hero protested that he was innocent of any crime, but a man, whose hands were red with blood, hurried him along a garden into a long, low room, where a mock tribunal was sitting. A brilliant moonlight lit up the scene, and the contrast between the beauty of the heavens and the horror of the earth struck the prisoner: "Una bella luna che illuminava tanti forfanti," says the manuscript.

Although thoroughly frightened, M. de Salamon had sufficient presence of mind to ensconce himself in a corner, where he hoped to pass unnoticed. One by one, his companions were dragged before the mock tribunal, and, according to the judge's whim, either set free or murdered. The Curé of St Jean en Gréve was among the latter; he walked slowly into the room. "Didst thou take the oath?" he was asked. "No, I did not take it," was the quiet answer. He was immediately struck down, stabbed, and dragged by his feet into the court outside.

"I trembled from head to foot," says our Abbé, "my knees were bent. . . . I murmured to myself, while my eyes were filled with tears: 'Great saint, happy old man, pray for me. . . . May I die as calmly, sweetly and resignedly as you!'" Other priests followed; they were asked the same question, gave the same answer, and were butchered in the same fashion; not one consented to take the oath. "I had become almost insensible," continues M. de Salamon; "I only thought of myself, although, by the light of the torches that lit up the scene, I witnessed the murder of my companions. . . . I confess, to my shame, that, in spite of the pressing danger . . . . I was not completely absorbed in God, nor was I resigned to die. On the contrary, I kept turning over in

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my mind how I could avoid the frightful end that awaited me. . . . It is true that I repeated the Pater and Ave Maria and the act of contrition, but without the intense feeling that the approach of death should inspire."

As the tragic atmosphere seemed to wrap him more closely, the Papal envoy adds: "God gave me back my fervour, and I murmured with sincere devotion, in a half audible voice: 'My God, I see now that I must die. If I have done nothing to deserve heaven, put it down to the impetuosity of my youth—*fougue de la jeunesse*—and not to any want of faith and religion. You know that I love you, that my intentions have always been good, that I never spoke against your holy religion, that I tried to help the poor, to practise charity, the virtue that pleases you best; have pity on me. . . . Virgin Mary . . . who art our help in danger, give me strength to die bravely in torments, the mere thought of which makes me tremble.'"

This impromptu prayer, which is, at the same time, a kind of confession, throws a curious light upon our Abbé's state of mind and upon his personality as a priest. Its very sincerity disarms criticism, but it would have been perhaps more appropriate on the lips of an ordinary, even lukewarm, Catholic layman than on those of an ecclesiastic.

At last, when it was already broad daylight, M. de Salamon's turn came; with quick wit, he managed to avoid the crucial question, "Hast thou taken the oath?" which, as he had decided to answer "No," meant certain death. Before the so-called president of the tribunal had time to put the question, he boldly launched out into a long story, which was, he owns, "half false, half true"; his object was to prove that he had done nothing to deserve imprisonment, and, carefully ignoring his priesthood, he stated that he was a member of the Paris Parliament and a lawyer; he also boldly quoted as his friends several well-known revolutionary deputies, among whom was the famous Torné, to whom Blanchet had made her desperate appeal on behalf of her master. So skilfully did he manœuvre, avoiding dangerous points and mixing

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truth with fiction, that the sleepy judges decided that his judgement must be put off for the present. Without having committed himself in any way, by the sheer force of his boldness and loquacity, he saved his life for the time being and was sent into another room, where, overcome by the strain, this impressionable Southerner burst into tears. A "cup of coffee with cream" which he was able to procure restored his strength and his spirits and, when he appeared before a second tribunal, he had recovered his presence of mind.

At last, on the Wednesday evening, September 5, our Abbé was set free, and he then discovered that he owed his life to his old servant's tenacious and fearless activity. She had the courage to inspect all the dead bodies that were heaped outside the Abbey door, and when she was assured that her master was not among them she decided to save him at all costs. She immediately went to seek the men who were likely to help her; in the street she met a M. Sergent, whom she knew was all powerful, and, throwing herself at his feet, she cried, "Give me back my master, the best of men, who provides my child and myself with our daily bread." The women of the quarter, having joined their expostulations to hers, Sergent turned to them: "You know her master?" he asked. "Of course we do," they answered; "he is a good man, not proud, ready to oblige; he never harmed anyone." Sergent promised that, if still alive, M. de Salamon should be spared, and that same evening he sent a reassuring message to Blanchet.

Besides Sergent, Blanchet attacked the schismatical priest Torné, of whom we have spoken. She met him in the Tuileries gardens, and, seizing him by the collar of his coat, "Come along and save your old friend," she cried; "you need not say that you will come later, you must come now; I shall not let you go." Torné, "for fear of a scene," followed somewhat unwillingly. As they went along Blanchet, who had eyes as well as a tongue, noticed that he bowed to a passer-by. "Who is that man?" she asked. "One of my fellow deputies." This was enough.

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Blanchet took hold of the stranger. "Come along, Monsieur, and help us in a good cause." Flanked by her two companions, on whom she kept a tight hold, she proceeded to "l'Abbaye" and had the joy of being present when her master was set free.

The Abbé's first care was to write an account of his adventures to Pius VI, who replied by an affectionate letter; but, as the Reign of Terror increased in horror, correspondence with Rome became more and more difficult. Nothing daunted, M. de Salamon concealed his real meaning under revolutionary language so that, if the letters fell into the hands of enemies, they would compromise no one. "Per Bacco," he writes on one occasion, "long live the Republic! Those miscreants, the Austrians, have destroyed many of our brave patriots! . . ." His humour amused, while it alarmed, the Pope. "His Holiness is always afraid," writes Zelada, "that his 'petit Jacobin' should fall into the hands of his bloodthirsty enemies." Trusting to his envoy's zeal and devotion, Pius VI now gave him the privileges of a Vicar Apostolic for the whole of France. They were confirmed by Pius VII, and ceased only in 1801, when Mgr Caprara was sent as legate to Paris. Even Blanchet was not overlooked by the Court of Rome, and received three thousand francs as a small recognition of her services.

M. de Salamon seems to have been left in peace during some months after this hairbreadth escape, but the Revolution had now gained the day, and it was scarcely possible that he should escape detection at a time when tyranny reigned supreme. The prisons were filled to overflowing, the guillotine was in daily use; under the most futile pretences men and women of every rank were arrested and executed.

Three years before, in 1790, the members of the Paris Parliament, of whom our hero was one, had drawn up a petition to the king, in which they protested against the encroachments of the revolutionary party. The document was now put into the hands of the Government by a servant of one of the magistrates.

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In consequence, all the men whose names figured on the paper were immediately arrested and eventually executed. Alone, M. de Salamon was saved by Blanchet's wit; he was dining with a friend in the île St Louis, when the good woman appeared; she informed him that a search was being made for him and that he must, on no account, return to the "Cour des Fontaines." Our Abbé owns that the news "took away his appetite." Towards evening he made his way to the house of a rich widow, Madame Dellebart, who lived near the Porte St Martin, with her daughter, an ex-nun, and trusty servants. To her he told his story. "Well, my dear friend," said the good woman, "you shall stay here." Next morning "this kind lady sent me some excellent coffee and cream in a small silver coffee pot," relates the fugitive, who, in the most poignant hours of his life, could find solace in creature comforts. He spent some days under this kindly roof, and Blanchet, who visited him almost daily, kept him informed of the search made for him, but one day the faithful servant failed to appear, and it was discovered that she had been taken to prison. Only at the end of a fortnight did her master ascertain that she was at the English Convent of the rue des Fossés St Victor, which was now used as a prison; her boy had been separated from her and had just died of meningitis, calling in vain on his mother and his master.

M. de Salamon spared no pains to make his faithful housekeeper some returns for her devoted service. Being a marked man, he dared not visit her, but, through some of his friends, he sent her provisions and money.

We shall return to Blanchet at a later date; for the present her life in prison was not more trying than her masters' wandering existence. Suspicious looking men having made inquiries about him at Mme Dellebart's, he left her house, and made his way to the Bois de Boulogne, which in those days was a thick forest, extending from Passy to the river. In happier times M. de Salamon had been a frequent visitor at the house of one of his friends, M. de Rosambo, who lived near Bagatelle; the high-roads and

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bye-ways of the "Bois" were therefore well known to him and he soon discovered an empty barn, where the inhabitants of Auteuil used to dance on Sundays. Here, after making a couch with straw and dead leaves, he lay down to sleep. This rough shelter became his home for some time to come; in the daytime, he sometimes ventured to return to Paris, but he more frequently wandered through the Bois, to the woods of St Cloud and Meudon. Once, he found a man cutting grass; something in the unknown's manner gave him confidence and they began to talk. The wanderer was, like M. de Salamon, a fugitive priest, named M. Joli; he had been a canon of Ste Geneviève and now led a miserable life, only eating once a day, and spending his time in the depths of the woods to avoid imprisonment. The two discussed different ecclesiastical questions, and M. Joli applied to the Papal Nuncio for certain permissions and dispensations on behalf of his colleagues. M. de Salamon also met two other priests; M. le Moyne, Vicar-general of Chalon, and M. le Girard, and with them and M. Joli he formed a council. "I was charged," he says, "by the Pope with all the ecclesiastical affairs of the kingdom, and having in my hands, so to speak, the fullness of his power, I greatly needed assistance. I always rejoiced that I trusted these priests for they were judicious counsellors." Their meetings took place in some remote corner of the Bois, "thus God," he adds, "gave us means to serve him even in the most difficult times." For three months our Papal envoy led this wandering life; the excellent dinners cooked by Blanchet, the "fat" chickens and "potage Borghèse" were things of the past, but although he made no secret of his enjoyment of a good meal when he could get it, M. de Salamon's sunny temper was proof against material privations. He lived chiefly on potatoes, which he used to buy from an old beggar woman at Boulogne-sur-Seine, close to the wood. Once a week he went to see Madame Dellebart, whose "excellent café à la crème" was now doubly welcome, but he only ventured to go near her house when the streets were empty.

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At last he made up his mind, at all risks, to hire a room at Passy, which in those days was a village, distinct from Paris, instead of being, as it is now, merely a suburb of the city. This made Passy a comparatively safe refuge, if, indeed, any part of France could be called safe in 1794.

His miserable room was in a house that belonged to a "patriot," whose rampant democracy and regular attendance at the revolutionary meetings was a kind of protection to his lodgers, all of whom were, like our Abbé, "aristocrates" in disguise. The first sight of his new abode appalled M. de Salamon. "I expected to find a poor room," he says, "but I confess that my heart sank when I saw the place where I was to be lodged." However, with the smiling philosophy that carried him over worse difficulties, he assured his hostess, a sharp tempered "citoyenne," that he was "satisfied" with his quarters and, before taking possession, he went to inform Mme Dellebart of his new address. This good woman insisted on giving him sheets, which his lodging house-keeper declined to provide; in them she wrapped sugar, coffee, shirts, towels and a bottle of wine. Staggering under the weight of the huge parcel, M. de Salamon started on foot from the Porte St Martin to distant Passy. It was a dark night, he was unused to carrying loads, and he owns that his tears fell fast as he dragged himself and his burden up the steep slopes of Chaillot. His hostess, Mme Grandin, received him with scant favour: "You look like a beggar," she cried, "and are covered with mud." M. de Salamon wisely bore her roughness with his accustomed sweet temper; his politeness seems, in the end, to have won her good graces, for she reproached him, he tells us, with "living like a savage," and invited him to spend the evenings in her "salon."

At that particular crisis of his history, M. de Salamon's greatest trouble was his extreme poverty. Probably, out of pride, he did not inform Mme Dellebart of his penury, and he invented first one pretence and then another to gain time. He told the barber at Passy that he had forgotten his purse at home and his rapacious and cross-



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grained hostess that he had left his money in Paris. His personal charm must have been great, for, although the Grandins knew he was a "noble," their republican prejudices were not proof against his good humour. At last he was informed that a sum of money had been put at his disposal by the Court of Rome, but it was impossible to send it to him direct and he received a letter from Switzerland, bidding him seek an old woman, called Marianne, who served as a go-between. It was with some difficulty that our Abbé discovered her whereabouts. but Marianne's appearance at once reassured him, she "lived only for God," and among the horrors of the Reign of Terror, she sought to serve and help others. Although he was now able to pay his way, our hero's troubles were far from over. One day his hostess informed him that the revolutionary committee of the place was searching for a certain Abbé, of noble birth, who had been a magistrate. "I am done for," thought the outlaw, but he inquired with apparent unconcern: "And have they found him, Madame?" "No," she replied, but our hero thought it safer to fly to the "Bois," where he owns to having passed "a terrible night." He had another fright a few days later; in the April of that tragic year, 1794, he had spent the day wandering about the woods of Meudon, where the beauty of the early spring must have contrasted with his anxious thoughts. On his way back, he stopped at a "café" and asked for a glass of beer. A man rushed in: "All the members of the Parliament are being judged," he cried, "only that miscreant Salamon is wanting!" "I seized my hat," continues our hero, "paid for my beer, and hurried back to Passy; I fled like the wind." The next day, in the depths of the wood, near Bagatelle, he met one of his friends who informed him that all his former colleagues had perished on the scaffold, and that he himself had been condemned to death "par contumace."

From that day M. de Salamon seldom left the wood either day or night. "I imagined," he writes, "that all those whom I met could read on my forehead that I had

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been condemned to death, and would denounce me," One night he was startled by the shrill cries of two women, who came across him in the dark: "Keep silence," he exclaimed, "from me you have nothing to fear," and, after a few minutes' conversation, he discovered that they, like himself, were hiding to avoid being arrested.

These ladies were the Baronne de Courville and her daughter, aged nineteen; the former, in spite of the hideous fear that haunted her steps, "used to laugh for the merest trifle," says our Abbé.

The two women made friends with M. de Salamon. "You are certainly a man of good birth," they remarked tentatively, but he prudently kept silence as to his name and calling. He accepted however, for a few days, their offer of a room in their apartments in Paris, the loan of an Italian novel to distract his thoughts and, even more willingly, their invitation to partake of "an excellent turkey." However, he continued to live more in the Bois than under a roof, but in the long run, he owns that he "felt sorry never to taste any soup," so he bought a tiny stove and a saucepan, easy to carry, and from the market woman at Passy he laid in a stock of vegetables: "I used then," he continues, "to find a lonely spot in the Bois, light a fire and make a soup that cost me very little, and was excellent . . . later on I bought a bottle to put oil in and I made salad, a dish that I love."

The execution of Robespierre and his colleagues on July 28, 1794, put an end to the Reign of Terror and our Abbé's first thought when he emerged from his hiding place was for Blanchet. He wrote an eloquent letter to the men in power relating the hardships she had endured, and thus brought about her deliverance. As soon as she was free the faithful servant lost no time in making her way to the Bois de Boulogne, where she knew that her master spent his days; she scoured the wood till she met him near the Ranelagh, close to Passy, where tall houses now rise above the trees. With a self control, remarkable in this uncultured woman, she did not at

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first venture to approach him, fearing thereby to attract attention; it was hard for those who had gone through the Reign of Terror, when a word, a look, or a gesture sent men to the guillotine, to grasp the fact that its worst horrors were over! M. de Salomon having reassured her, she drew near and slipped three hundred francs into his hand; it was the money she had earned in prison, where she washed and ironed the linen of the great ladies, her fellow sufferers.

Blanchet's experiences, since she parted from her master, had been severe enough to test the highest courage. At first, she was kept in solitary confinement, but her worst trial was the perpetual questioning that she had to parry regarding her master. The threats of her jailers never drew from her a single word that could, in any way, injure him, but at times her patience gave way and she exclaimed in her Provencal dialect: "Well, yes, I know quite well where he is, but *you* shall never know it. He must live long enough to see you and your friends hanged!"

Blanchet was finally removed to what was called under the Reign of Terror "la Prison des Anglaises," the English Convent of the Augustinian nuns, in the rue des Fossés St Victor,\* which was now used as a prison where one hundred and thirty women of every social station were detained. The English nuns were confined in a separate building, where they continued to say their office and to observe their rule as best they could. Mrs Blount, sister to Mother Canning, one of the nuns, her two daughters and a few other English ladies shared the life of the community.

Among the French prisoners were many well-known women, the Marquise de Chatellux, *née* Plunkett, a former

\* The English Canonesses of St Augustin were founded in Paris in 1634, by Lettice Mary Tredway, who had been trained to religious life at the Monastery of Notre Dame de Beaulieu, near Douai. From 1634 to 1790 their community and their school were filled with members of the old Catholic families of England, and the exiled Stuarts were frequent visitors at the Convent. After the Revolution they were able to re-enter into possession of their property and to resume their work.

## Story of the Abbé de Salamon

pupil of the English nuns, the Marquise de Mirabeau, mother of the famous orator, Marie Aurore de Francueil, a grandmother of "Georges Sand," Madame de Montmorency, Abbess of Montmartre, etc. With these high-born ladies were actresses, workwomen, and servants like Blanchet, who seems at first to have been somewhat looked down upon by the haughty dames; but one day a doctor, M. Guastaldi, a native of Carpentras like herself, recognized her: "You have a treasure in this house!" he exclaimed, addressing the prisoners, "Blanchet is the most estimable of women." From that day, Blanchet became a general favourite, and the ladies who, says M. de Salamon, "gardaient leur coquetterie" even in prison, enlisted her services to wash and iron their linen. She asked a good price for her work and was thus able to save three hundred francs to give her master.

M. de Salamon's most tragic adventures came to an end with the Reign of Terror, but he had not done with the prisons of Paris. In 1796, under the Government of the Directoire, he was again arrested and accused of "corresponding with the enemies of the State." This time, Blanchet was imprisoned as his accomplice. There was not much to choose between the dungeons of the Terror and those of the Directoire, but the guillotine was no longer in daily use and, though our Abbé narrowly escaped being executed as a spy, he was allowed this time to defend himself, which he did to good purpose. The trials he had endured seem to have had a bracing effect on our hero's sunny, but superficial nature. He defended himself with much courage, boldly protesting that he had a right to correspond with the "head of his religion," even if his spiritual chief happened to be at variance with the French Government on political matters. He asked for no favour for himself, but begged that his old servant, "who being ignorant of his affairs could not, in justice, be held in any way responsible for his acts," should be set free, and when Blanchet was eventually released, his delight made him forget "to be afraid" for himself.

In 1797 he was brought to trial and he made a vigorous

## during the Reign of Terror

and able defence: he proved that he was no spy, but a "friend of the Pope's," and that this was not a criminal offence. His attitude was loyal, gentlemanly and firm; his good temper was unimpaired by his long imprisonment, and though his favourite "cup of chocolate" still holds an important place in his life, the tone of his narrative at this crisis is on the whole dignified and manly.

Blanchet lived till 1805, and during an illness that lasted months was tended night and day by her master; he brought a priest to her and spared nothing to help her, soul and body. A few minutes before the end he noticed that she was looking steadily at him. "What do you want?" he asked. "I should like to embrace you before I die," she said. "Well, dear friend, embrace me. Why did you not say so before?" and, soothed by this filial caress, the old housekeeper breathed her last.

In 1801, on the arrival of Mgr Caprara as Nuncio in Paris, M. de Salamon became "administrateur" for certain dioceses of Normandy. In 1815 he went to Rome, and in 1820 became Bishop of St Flour, a picturesque little town situated among the mountains of Auvergne.

Here the Abbé of the Reign of Terror proved himself a zealous and capable bishop. He gave the direction of his seminary to the Lazarists and spent his private fortune in benefiting the charitable institutions of his diocese.

He died on June 11, 1829, and, another proof that his self-complacency was only skin deep, desired to be buried as a pauper. His tomb is now forgotten, but an inscription at the Grand Seminaire records the memory of its "illustrious benefactor."

BARBARA DE COURSON

# THE "TITANIC'S" DEAD

ONE voice went up from the dying ship,  
One quivering moan as each soul did slip  
From the husk of its earth-bound clod;  
The priests that prayed,  
The wife that stayed,  
And sinners brave  
Who died to save,  
With the same last breath  
They all sank to their death,  
For love of man and of God:

Kyrie Eleison!

When the veil is rent from eternity  
A thousand years seem as yesterday  
And human lives but a span;  
Yet the soul mounts high  
In the flash of an eye,  
And, with cast-off clay  
Sin may drop away,  
Thy dead shall arise,  
Saved by sacrifice,  
Through love of God and of man.

Kyrie Eleison!

MARIA LONGWORTH STORER

# THE FUTURISTS

IT was Coventry Patmore, I think, who, in trying to find the secret of his own beautiful art, declared that it was in the right equipoise of law and liberty. And this would appear to be the quest involved in every problem of the hour. How shall we strike a due balance between the objective and the subjective elements in life? Law represents objective standards. Liberty represents deliberate movement within the limits of those standards. Law connotes the static ideas which liberty takes in hand and transmutes into the dynamics of life. Ignore the objective standards, and the subjective liberty deteriorates into licence. Leave out of consideration the static ideas which are the common property of humanity, and then dynamic liberty loses all its activity. It preys upon its own vitals and thus issues in a process of corruption.

The splash which has been made by the school of Futurist painters is a striking example of this process of corruption. True, we had been suffering long from the oppression of the other extreme. Frith's "Derby Day" might be named as an instance in which the painter's brush had usurped the function of a half-guinea Kodak. There was neither thought, love nor emotion in the picture, nothing of the personality of the artist. Then came the master Corot and redeemed us from the oppression. He did strike a fair balance between the tree which he saw and his interpretation of it. Unfortunately the new idea was seized upon by a horde of lesser men and by them run to death. The Impressionists worked out to the Post-impressionists, and they in turn to their ultimate absurdity, the Futurists.

The productions are like a picture-book illustrating certain philosophic tendencies. St Thomas had stated once and for ever the general principles. The human *ego* is the starting-point of philosophy. I am sure of my own identity. When I blow my nose I am certain that I am not blowing somebody else's nose. Starting from myself I can recognize an outward world. Things really are what they

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normally appear to be. When I put my teeth into a juicy peach I am certain that I am not putting them into a tennis ball. In course of time Emmanuel Kant muddled these sources of reality. He shut himself up within himself. The senses only revealed to us phenomena. Of the *noumenon* or thing in itself we could know absolutely nothing. This led to the pessimism of Schopenhauer. If there was no reality there was no use in trying to live a decent life. Then came the logic of events in Nietzsche. Reason was but a device to enslave morality. Morality as well as reason must be flung to the winds. As Kant muddled the sources of thought so did Nietzsche muddle the sources of morality. His doctrine was quite clear: Let a man follow his dominant impulse and do just what he likes. Obviously such a process must end in chaos. How shall we come out of it? Professor Bergson proposes "Creative Evolution." The free will, carrying forward all the past life of a man, creates the future. But upon what plan? Bergson has no use for finalism, and consequently leaves us precisely in the same chaos as Nietzsche. He has no use even for a clear idea. Everything, both in the real and the ideal worlds, in stone, in brute, in man and in God, is in a state of becoming. Nothing is static. All is dynamic.

Fortunately a prophet has arisen who has seen and foreseen both the petrification of mere statics and the chaos of mere dynamics. John Henry Newman, with his doctrine of the Illative Sense, has shown us the fine equipoise between objective evidence and subjective evaluation, between authority and autonomy, between law and liberty. It is in the light of this doctrine that we shall examine the latest phase of decadent art. The Futurists have been charged with taking their inspiration and thought from Bergson. This they repudiate. Whether, however, they have borrowed from him or not, certain it is that their work is the offspring of the same spirit as his, the exaggeration of subjective moods at the expense of objective evidence.

Let us take a glance at a few of the pictures which were



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recently exhibited at the Sackville Gallery in London. The first that meets the eye as one enters the room looks like a piece of linoleum with sham blocks of wood for pattern. The pattern dwindles down from left to right, ending partly like a piece of plaid shawl and partly like a smudge. It is by Russolo and is entitled "Rebellion." By simply looking at the picture one could never have guessed that it meant that. In this, as in all others of the Futurist school, you have to be told what it means. These converging straight lines represent the collision of two forces, that of the revolutionary element made up of enthusiasm and red lyricism against the force of inertia and reactionary resistance of tradition. You wonder how these lines could possibly represent such forces except by a convention between the painter and the onlooker. But already, even at the beginning, you have made a fatal mistake. The force of inertia and reactionary resistance of tradition is not represented at all. Only the enthusiasm and red lyricism are expressed. They produce vibratory waves, and these are uttered by the angles of the converging lines. If this does not convey to you the idea of rebellion, you are asked to notice that the perspective of the houses is destroyed. The blocks across the lines are the houses. If that does not help you, then you are told to imagine a boxer bent double by receiving a blow in the wind. Red lyricism thus overcomes the reactionary resistance of tradition.

Somewhat more intelligible is the canvas on which "The Street Enters the House." I do not mean that the picture itself is intelligible. It is not. But what the painter says in the catalogue is intelligible. You open a window and you see a person on a balcony. He sees the whole street, up and down. You think of all that you have seen in the street—the crowds, the balconies, the horses, the flowers and the gas lamps. You wonder what the man on the balcony may be thinking. Then you put the man, the balcony, yourself, the street and the man's thoughts into your picture. It is a synthesis of *what you see* and of *what you remember*. It is the dynamic sensation of the moment.

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Then one may linger for a moment over "Leave-taking." That, first of all, looks like the tresses of a giantess's hair, some clouds, some waves and some boxes, all slightly mixed. It is supposed to express not only concrete but also abstract sensations. You are obliged to use your own wits in order to discover what an abstract sensation is. The concrete and abstract sensations are translated into force lines and rhythms in quasi-musical harmony. Boccioni, the painter of this picture, unlike Russolo the painter of "Rebellion," considers that force is better represented by curves than by angles. Moreover, these undulating lines speak music as well as force. Then, to complete the illusion, there is an occasional C or crotchet or plain-chant diamond to suggest chords and harmony. The prominent features of leave-taking are not shown by embracing and handkerchief-waving and writing-soon, but by the number of the engine, by its profile in the upper part of the picture, and by its wind-cutting boiler in the centre.

"Travelling Impressions" gives the sensations of the artist's journey from his native house to Paris. It is as if he had used the cinematograph apparatus, but instead of afterwards arranging the films contiguously, he had placed them each on the top of the other. Then this mix-up of lines is converted into a blur in order that the proportions and values may be rendered in accordance with the emotion and mentality of the painter.

"The Rising City" is preferred by everybody. After so much confusion it affords a little relief, inasmuch as there is some slight proportion between it and its official description. At first it looks like huge swirls of colour surmounted by a few small factory chimneys. On closer inspection the swirls of colour are seen to be horses' heads. The giant horses symbolize the growth and the desperate labour of the great city. The chimneys represent the result of this labour.

This slender phase of clarity, however, is more than counteracted by the next picture, which is called "Woman and Absinthe." The criticism is now classic which charged

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a certain painter with throwing his brush at a canvas and calling it a picture. Even that would have been more intelligible than "Woman and Absinthe." Carrà describes his work as "the diverse plastic aspects of a woman seen in her quantitative complexity." It may be that a strong dose of absinthe enables an artist to see forms in this perspective and to transfer his impressions on to canvas. The distinguished alienist, Dr Theodore Hyslop, himself also a painter, declares that many of the morbid types of art which one now sees arise from the use of intoxicants, more particularly absinthe. Sooner or later it destroys the sense of proportion and taste.

The following description of Severini's "Pan-pan Dance at the Monico" tends to confirm the medical opinion. It is the interpretation of one of the crowd before the picture, one who evidently had neither artistic nor philosophical axe to grind. "My first impression is that of a tessellated pavement. But then there is no design in it, and so I conclude it must be meant to be a patchwork quilt. Yet, no! There is evidently something which the artist is driving at and which I cannot see. I know, it is a jig-saw puzzle wrongly fitted together. But then if it were only that they would never exhibit it in London. So I half-close one eye, I try to make my mind a blank, and I sway my head slightly from side to side. There! I have it. It is the gaudy, hot, ill-ventilated, noisy, rowdy café after dinner, and after I have had more champagne than I have been accustomed to. I suppose this is more or less the meaning of the artist."

So, too, with Carrà's "Funeral of the Anarchist Galli." The leading motive of this picture is undoubtedly the anarchy of Hell. Whether or not Carrà imagined Galli to be there, he has certainly given us a good composition of place for the confusion of Hell. Perhaps Wierz, with his "Napoleon in Hell," may have given us the most terrible representations of the particular torments. But it is to Carrà that we must go for a suggestion of that ultimate ugliness wrought by the sense of loss of substantial beauty.

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What the Futurists say about themselves is more illuminative, although it does rather give them away. They are all Italians. The leader is a poet, Signor Marinetti. He gives inspiration to five painters—Boccioni, Carrà and Russolo of Milan, Balla of Rome, and Severini of Paris. They profess to have a following of some 32,000 adherents in Italy alone, recruited mostly among University students, artists, men of letters, and musicians. They have fought for their cause on the platform, in the streets, and in the law courts. Marinetti has written a Futurist novel, for which he has undergone eight weeks' imprisonment.

Of course, these young men are alive and living in the present. With all their efforts they cannot thrust themselves forth, body and soul, into the future. Constrained by this limitation, they have recourse to Nietzsche. Force and violence are their ruling thoughts. Thus Marinetti writes: "We shall sing of the love of danger, the habit of energy and boldness. Literature has hitherto glorified thoughtful immobility, ecstasy and sleep; we shall extol aggressive movement, feverish insomnia, the double quick step, the somersault, the box on the ear, the fist-cuff. There is no more beauty except in strife. We wish to glorify War—the only health-giver of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive arm of the Anarchist, the beautiful Ideas that kill, the contempt for woman. We wish to destroy the museums, the libraries, to fight against moralism, feminism and all opportunistic and utilitarian meannesses. We shall sing of the great crowds in the excitement of labour, pleasure or rebellion; of the multi-coloured and polyphonic surf of revolutions in modern capital cities; of the nocturnal vibration of arsenals and workshops beneath their violent electric moons; of factories suspended from the clouds by their strings of smoke; of bridges leaping like gymnasts over the diabolical cutlery of sunbathed rivers; of broad-chested locomotives prancing on rails, like huge steel horses bridled with long tubes. . . ." All that is borrowed from Nietzsche, except the mixed metaphors, which are the poet's own.

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“It is in Italy,” he goes on, “that we launch this manifesto of violence, destructive and incendiary, by which we this day found Futurism, because we would deliver Italy from its canker of professors, archæologists, cicerones and antiquarians. What can one find in an old picture unless it be the painful contortions of the artist striving to break the bars that stand in the way of his desire to express completely his dream? To admire an old picture is to pour our sensitiveness into a funeral urn, instead of carrying it forward in violent gushes of creation and action.” Here he passes from Nietzsche to Bergson. The oldest amongst them is but thirty. They have thus ten years to accomplish their task. Then, we suppose, by the law of creative evolution, others, younger and more valiant, will come and throw them into the basket like useless manuscripts. Yet their heart, so they say, does not feel the slightest weariness, because it is fed with fire, hatred and speed. They stand upon the summit of the world and cast their challenge to the stars.

The principle of “futurism” or “becoming” as opposed to “present” and “being,” places them in absolute opposition to their brother decadents of France. The post-impressionists, the synthetists and the cubists are to be admired in so far as they have despised commercialism and hated academism. But in so far as they have continued to paint objects motionless and frozen, in so far as they have portrayed the static aspects of nature, in so far as they have respected the traditions of Poussin, Ingres and Corot, or in so far as they have shown any attachment to the past, they are anathema. Nay, the French school is merely a display of masked academism. It is a return to the academy, for instance, to declare that the subject, in painting, is of perfectly insignificant value. There can be no painting, so the Futurist declaims, without the starting-point of an absolutely modern sensation. *Painting* indeed and *sensation* are two inseparable words. Braque, Derain and Le Fauconnier are almost as absurd as Raphael, Titian and Veronese. It is simply an act of mental cowardice to paint from a posing model. Nothing ought to be painted except the latest sensation of the artist, or,

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better still, that sensation which he forbodes he may have when he comes to the middle of next week.

Moreover, since the sensation of the artist is the first and last of all things, not only will men and brutes be alive in the pictures, but also chairs and tables. Inanimate objects will display by their lines calmness or frenzy, sadness or gaiety. Every object reveals by its lines a tendency to decompose itself. The process of decomposition, however, depends not on the fixed laws of chemistry working in the object, but on the emotions of the onlooker. If the artist wishes to intensify the emotions of those who look at his picture he paints it so that they shall be within it, in the centre of it rather than outside it. Further, the onlooker must not be satisfied with the sensations conveyed to him from the painter through the picture. He must work up his own frenzy or sadness, combine it with the frenzy or sadness of the chair or table, and believe that he is thus rendering the highest interpretation of nature.

Music, too, has a place amongst the futurist arts. Wagner has now merely an archæological interest. The *leit-motif*, say, for instance, of the "Ride of the Valkyries" is fully developed and determined. It represents a static idea. Therefore it must be abandoned. The motive should not be fully expressed, but only suggested. Or if a motive perchance does get down on paper or out of a trombone, somehow it must be intersected with one or more other motives. Nor must these be given in their entirety, but only partially, say the initial, central or final notes. The intention is not to express a given melody but rather the vibrating intervals between its component parts.

All this may seem very idiotic to folk of the older fashion. But then the Futurist expressly asks that his public should entirely forget their intellectual culture. In order to understand the new æsthetic sensations, one must not assimilate the art but deliver one's self up to it. By "understanding" the Futurist really means "feeling." There are indeed in some of the pictures spots, lines and zones of colour which are deliberately meant not to

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correspond with any reality, but which are said to follow the law of the artist's interior mathematics, to be a musical preparation and enhancement of the emotion of the spectator.

Nay, the Futurist looks upon the name of "Madman" as a title of honour. Their poet, Marinetti, lately gave a lecture in London, in the course of which he recited a poem called "Song of Madmen." On this point, however, the school is not true to its principles. "Madman" is a static idea. Nietzsche was a madman, and his friends took care of him. Bergson is not a madman, but scientists of the stamp of Ray Lankester are beginning to talk of his illusions. If the Futurists were really true to themselves each would put himself into a category by himself. One would be a cross between a decadent kangaroo and a recessive split infinitive. Another would be Friday afternoon developing into a pair of trousers. A third might be the shiver left behind after the impact between a snark and a phenomenon. And so on.

The dislocation between every idea and its corresponding reality is indeed an explicit aim of the Futurists. Lest I should seem to exaggerate, let me quote again from one of their manifestoes. "All," they say, "is conventional in art. Nothing is absolute in painting. What was truth for the painters of yesterday is but a falsehood to-day. We declare, for instance, that a portrait must not be like the sitter, and that the painter carries in himself the landscapes which he would fix upon his canvas. To paint a human figure you must not paint it; you must render the whole of its surrounding atmosphere. Space no longer exists: the street pavement, soaked by rain beneath the glare of electric lamps, becomes immensely deep and gapes to the very centre of the earth. Thousands of miles divide us from the sun; yet the house in front of us fits into the solar disc. Who can still believe in the opacity of bodies, since our sharpened and multiplied sensitiveness has already penetrated the obscure manifestations of the medium? Why should we forget in our creations the doubled power of our sight, capable of giving results

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analogous to those of the X-rays? . . . . Our renovated consciousness does not permit us to look upon man as the centre of universal life. The suffering of a man is of the same interest to us as the suffering of an electric lamp, which, with spasmodic starts, shrieks out the most heart-rending expressions of colour."

The fallacy must now be fairly obvious. It is that which troubles every lunatic in the asylums and out of them, namely, that things are something different from what they normally appear to be. If the human mind cannot penetrate appearances and come to realities, then is there nothing left for it to feed upon but merely subjective sensations. Curiously enough, the Post-impressionists stumbled into the other extreme. In the catalogue of their collection at the Grafton Gallery they were said to paint the Thing-in-Itself, not the appearance nor yet an emotion, but the abstract universal idea. The attempt at such a contradiction could, of course, only result in a blurred picture of a vague sensation. There is a certain amount of method, however, in the madness of the Futurists. Sensation being extended and in movement, and ideas being nothing but sensation, ideas must be in a state of flux. But the method only leads deeper and deeper into the realms of lunacy. If ideas have no fixed value, then is it quite impossible to correlate and synthesize them. He who is John Smith to-day may be Julius Cæsar to-morrow and Pontius Pilate the day after. You and I agree to go to the Academy next Wednesday, and when we turn up, behold! it will be neither of us.

Although a man may fling away the logic of thought, he cannot fling away the logic of facts. The Futurist may declare that all is force and movement, yet he must take his *stand* on the summit of the world. He sees labour seething with rebellion, but it is a *state* of rebellion. He puts paint on his canvas, but puts it so that it will *stick* on the canvas. And here he comes face to face with his weakness. He doubts whether he has found his right medium of expression, and he suggests that possibly electric reflectors will be the ultimate medium of the Futurist



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painter. But even then the reflectors and the wires will have to be fixed to something.

It is this logic of facts, too, which shows that the movement is a danger to society. When a man has renounced the guidance of reason he must, perforce, renounce morality. "Nothing is immoral in our eyes," says the Futurist manifesto. Individual research has swept away the unchanging obscurities of dogma. So also must science deliver painting from academic tradition. There is nothing immoral in painting the nude. Like adultery in literature, it has merely become nauseous and tedious. It is only the monotony of the nude against which they fight. If the beauties of a Futurist picture are to be understood, the soul, forsooth, must be purified; the eye must be freed from its veil of atavism and culture. When that result has been obtained then no more brown tints will be seen beneath our skin. We shall discover "that yellow shines forth in our flesh, that red blazes, and that green, blue and violet dance upon it with untold charms, voluptuous and caressing."

This cult of sensation must inevitably lead to the cult of the hideous. When reason has been ignored, and the norm of conduct thereby been destroyed, there is no difference between morality and immorality. The indulgence and expression of every sensation is equally right and good. But then those sensations which are morally good soon become dull through over-indulgence. Then recourse is had to those which, though physically good, are morally bad. These in turn lose their keenness and fail to give pleasure. The once healthy instinct becomes so perverse and morbid that it seeks pain rather than pleasure, the hideous rather than the beautiful.

Whilst insisting on the mad and degenerate tendency of the Futurist movement, regarding it rather as a symptom of a wider and deeper disease than as a disease in itself, we need not take it too seriously or get alarmed about it. There is more of the naughty passionate child in these artists than of the madman. They have not the blind self-confidence of the madman, for they expect to be for-

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gotten in ten years' time. All children occasionally have that feeling of tragic fury at being under control, at being mere children. The Futurists have the same rage at being mere *creatures*. They will not seek the power of secondary creation from that Power which alone has the primary and essential creation. They will owe nothing either to man or to God, no inheritance from the past. They will be as gods creating out of themselves alone. The calm observer sees in them but a handful of boys, inflamed by sheer passion, smashing themselves against the one lasting and unbreakable reality, the reality of the spirit.

The treatment of the disease does not consist merely in emphasizing the value of static ideas. That, indeed, would lead to the fallacy of the other extreme, namely, the petrification of life. It consists also in a recognition of the dynamic element in thought. Thought is not merely logic. It is also psychology. In every judgement that is not merely a platitude there is an act of the will choosing one set of reasons rather than another. The doctrine of the illative sense gives due weight to explicit evidence and the formal syllogism, but it also takes into account implicit evidence and informal syllogisms, utilizing living mental habits in order to focus all the available evidence. It is quite pathetic at this time of day to read how Dr Meynell floundered in his attempt to help Newman with the *Grammar of Assent*. He was simply unequal to the occasion. He boggled at the word "instinct." It savoured to him of pure sensation. He could not see that it could be rightly used to describe a mental habit, nor does he seem to have known that St Thomas did actually so use it. Newman, however, courageously left him, went on alone, and independently arrived at the same conclusion as St Thomas did six centuries previously.

Now we can boldly recognize that whilst ideas can be clear and static, yet they can enter into combination with each other, interpenetrate each other, correct each other. We can see that whilst each simple idea retains its own entity yet it can take part in the movement for the formation of new entities. When the mind uses all its

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living ideas, explicit in the form of conscious evidence or implicit in the form of rich enthymemes, then it makes a judgement according to what Newman called the illative sense and what St Thomas\* called the habit of wisdom. After all, there was a secret bond between Newman and Aquinas. Both had burrowed in the same mine for their foundation principle. Both had chosen the same leading idea, namely, the *phronesis* of Aristotle.

What is true of thought in this respect is also true of art, for art is but the translation of thought into work. There must be a recognition of the static as well as of the dynamic element of the process. A stream of consciousness cannot possibly be reproduced on canvas, for the simple reason that consciousness is alive and canvas and paint are dead. But it can be symbolized by static form and colour. The dynamic must, as it were, be caught on the wing, captured, checked, rendered static for purposes of observation, reflection and analysis. The Futurists were right in their endeavour to express the totality of a psychological state. They were wrong, however, in not recognizing that there should be a certain amount of order, domination and subordination amongst the constituents of that state. They were in such a hurry that they had no time to summarize. The illative sense is of very little use to a man whose erudition is in his head like a salad. No, modern art needs to make a fresh start; and the starting-point is Corot. He is the Newman of painting. He gives an utterance which takes account of values. The fact value is static, whilst the spirit value is dynamic. If we want the fact value rendering dynamically then the medium must be the cinematograph, not the artist's canvas.

THOMAS J. GERRARD

\* *Summa*, p. I, qu. lxxix, art. 10, ad 3m.

# LEO XIII & ANGLICAN ORDERS

Leo XIII and Anglican Orders. By Viscount Halifax. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1912.

THE deeply touching volume in which Lord Halifax records his campaign on behalf of the reunion of the Church of England with the Holy See will be read widely and with a sympathetic interest which will, if I mistake not, be shared by the majority of its Catholic readers. I think that, little as members of the Catholic and Roman Church in England will think that Lord Halifax's scheme was ever really practicable, their recognition of the noble ideal which prompted the movement and of the utter sincerity of its promoters has become more general in our own time than it was fifteen years ago.

The present writer had at the time more sympathy with the movement than many of his co-religionists, perhaps partly because his own antecedents and friendships with members of the Church of England led him to form (rightly or wrongly) a more favourable estimate than they had formed of the beneficent influence of the remarkable Anglo-Catholic revival of our time. The question which from the first presented itself to his mind when reunion was discussed in 1894 was: Will our treatment of the suggestion be such as to help on the Catholic revival in the Church of England towards its normal completion, namely, the realization of the ideal of one Catholic Church—or will it be such as may give the movement a directly anti-Roman colour? For this seemed a probable consequence of its being treated unsympathetically by Rome. There was a strong Roman section in the High Church party and a strong anti-Roman section, and a considerable mass of opinion which might easily be moved in either direction. It appeared to me that the discussion which had been raised might be treated among ourselves either so as to bring large numbers nearer to Rome or so

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as to turn them away from all thought of Rome. That actual reunion could seriously be regarded as a possibility in the present state of theological opinion in England I never thought. As Bishop Brownlow, who took much the same view as I did, once said to me, "We are all agreed that, so far as the ecclesiastical politics of our own day are concerned, reunion is a dream. The question is whether it is a helpful dream which should be encouraged and may lead some day to good results, or a pernicious one from which we should ruthlessly and insistently awaken people."

The Bishop, like myself, took the former view. But both of us fully recognized the necessity of precluding false hopes among the more sanguine Anglicans. There could be no excuse for our encouraging the idea that Rome could possibly agree to reunion on equal terms. I do not think that this was really the point on which such Catholics as Dr Brownlow and myself differed from those who were less sympathetic to the movement. I think the real difference was that we had a more unhesitating belief in the value of the movement and of the sincerity of the great bulk of its representatives—a sincerity quite compatible with a certain intellectual inconsistency. We estimated it by its life rather than by its logic. Therefore our sympathy was not a mere dictate of charity but rested on hearty conviction. We had none of the suspiciousness, or the kind of caste feeling against the Anglican body which came natural to some hereditary Catholics even when they strove to be sympathetic. Those among ourselves with whom I most agreed saw in the Anglican movement a path which might lead ultimately to Rome, though the path was long and its Roman *terminus* was not visible except to the far-sighted. The idea that those Anglicans who held all Catholic doctrine were, because they did not recognize the supremacy of the Holy See, as far from the Catholic Church as low Churchmen or Dissenters was to me unthinkable. It was also unthinkable that the development of the religious life among Anglicans on Catholic lines was almost useless—nay, was pos

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sibly a snare of the devil—because their separation from the visible unity of the Church continued. No doubt a personal acquaintance with members of the Church of England, and the recollection of my father's account of his own state of mind down to 1845, had their share in determining my attitude.

It is clear that between those who half suspected that the whole movement was a wile of the evil one to keep people out of the Catholic and Roman Church, and those who thought it a providential road which would bring many nearer to the Church, there was inevitably a wide difference as to the treatment which would be wisest. Attempts at sympathy and politeness as a matter of duty to some extent cloaked an ingrained suspiciousness in some cases. But this meant an artificial strain. *Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.* I think at bottom the people among us with whom I disagreed, while they succeeded in excepting individual Anglicans from their suspicions, had a somewhat hostile feeling in regard to the main body: and this affected their judgment far more than they knew. In my own case, inability to sympathize was the exception. Here and there I did feel a want of candour and straightforwardness of mind, but on the whole those who represented the Catholic movement in the Established Church seemed to me to be treading the most hopeful road towards the restoration of the influence of the Catholic Church in England. Doubtless some who would have taken the great step that Newman took if Catholic doctrine and devotion were disallowed in the Church of England were kept where they were born in consequence of the movement and its toleration in the Established Church. The movement did in this sense keep some outside the visible communion of the Church. But to regard this as a wile of the devil argued the devil to be very stupid. It was rather like Lamb's story about burning villages in order to get roast pork. It was from the devil's point of view a very destructive and unintelligent method of gaining his ends. If ninety-nine were brought to the

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gates of Rome by the movement and one held back, Rome was likely in the end to be the gainer and not the loser.

Also I thought the failure among us to appreciate the significance or even the fact of a corporate movement slowly approaching Rome went with a failure to appreciate the earlier corporate movement away from Rome in the sixteenth century. The breach of Henry VIII with the Holy See was not a sudden and complete apostasy, but a movement the goal of which was not at first quite clear. Blessed Thomas More took time to appreciate the Roman question and Bishop Tunstall, a thorough Catholic at heart, was years before he could make up his mind that to allow the King's supremacy was to break with the Catholic Church. A return towards Rome among Anglicans was likely to be gradual as departure from Rome had been gradual.

Then, moreover, the historical precedent on which Cardinal Newman had long relied as an Anglican, of the period after Nicaea during which so many episcopal Sees were occupied by Arian and semi-Arian bishops, and a laity and clergy in external communion with these heretical Bishops had remained Catholic at heart, seemed to me to be insufficiently realized as a fact of history by some of our own controversialists. There was a certain resemblance in this to the existing state of the Church of England. And if this were not realized among us it was easy to postulate bad faith just because our own view of the Anglican position made it seem so far more irrational and without precedent than it really was.

Those with whom I agreed were naturally less anxious for immediate conversions from a position in which we recognized so much that was good, just as one would be less anxious to convert a Protestant without delay than an atheist. And we hoped in the future for a far more important movement than a few individual conversions would bring if a large body were led onwards towards Rome. But, moreover, while individual conversions would have resulted from Protestant intolerance in the Established Church, hostility among us to the movement,

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though it might bring a few, would probably (I feared) turn away more. If this was the case, hostility, even from the point of view of individuals, was to be deprecated. At the same time the Church of England was still, obviously as a whole, Protestant, and the most that could be achieved was, as I have said, to deepen the desire for unity, and to fix the course of the very considerable existing Catholic movement in its pale in a Romeward direction and avoid what would divert it into an anti-Roman channel.

I could put together from this volume a number of sentences showing that Lord Halifax at moments largely recognized all these considerations, which appealed to me as fixing the nature of the policy which would do most good, and limiting its possible immediate results. Yet I am inclined to ascribe the check of the movement towards Rome, which the condemnation of Anglican orders brought about largely—indeed mainly—to the fact that his sanguine feelings were apt to give others the impression that he regarded some of his hopes as already existing realities. Abbé Portal accepted Lord Halifax's sanguine picture without the Englishman's sub-conscious knowledge of the facts that were inconsistent with it. Rome was led by Abbé Portal to look for immediate results of which there was not the faintest chance. The reaction in Rome when this was made clear to the Holy See by Cardinal Vaughan, led the authorities to think that the Cardinal who had, on the more important matters of fact, and on the immediate prospect to be looked for, proved more nearly right than Abbé Portal, was likely also to be right as to the best policy to be pursued and the ultimate prospect. In Abbé Portal's case "things seen were mightier than things heard." He was told, no doubt, of the prevalence of Protestant views in the Church of England; but he constantly saw the Anglo-Catholic churches and religious houses. What he saw, in company with an enthusiast like Lord Halifax, made a profound impression on him, and no foreigner could believe what Englishmen knew by living so near it—that one Church can in our country



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contain two religions directly opposed to one another on the matters which caused the convulsions of the sixteenth century. Abbé Portal again could not believe that the language held by those friends of Lord Halifax whom he met had as little relation to practicable steps towards immediate reunion as in fact it had. He came to me one day in great excitement to say that Bishop Creighton had told him he believed in the infallibility of the Pope.\* The Pickwickian sense in which the Bishop's words required to be interpreted was not done justice to by the Abbé.

In point of fact, however plausibly the Catholic view of the Church of England may be defended on paper from its origin and constitution, the traces in the actual Established Church of a predominantly Protestant corporation are so recent that the "urgency of visible facts" makes the explanation a constant paradox to persons who see those facts, and other paradoxes may seem truisms to Anglicans for whom this paradox has become familiar and normal. The sense of paradox and of strained interpretations thus becomes permanently dulled. The group of extreme High Churchmen pass their own lives in such a completely Catholic atmosphere, and identify that atmosphere so entirely as a matter of principle with what the Church of England is by right, that what it is in fact is naturally enough often forgotten. When unpleasant facts are perforce remembered they are submitted to a non-natural interpretation.

The result is a constant duality in thoughts concerning the Church of England, which is one thing in theory, another in fact. Thus, while Lord Halifax distinctly says that neither he nor Abbé Portal supposed that "reunion was an immediate possibility," he hardly realizes the ambiguity of the sentence which means different things according as the High Church dream or the reality interprets it. The equivocation underlying this phrase was never cleared up in Rome, and the Abbé was not the man to clear it up. To him the High Church ideal

\* This must be what is referred to at p. 119.

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was realized. He never saw the Protestant facts at all: while he had constantly at hand, while in England, both the ideal Church of England, which lived in the dreams, the hopes and the memories of Lord Halifax's friends, and its actual realization on a large scale among the living heirs of the Oxford Movement.

The sanguine view of Abbé Portal therefore depicted negotiations between the Churches, which might, indeed, take time, but had a direct relation to the avowed object—the reunion of England with Rome—that reunion being desired on both sides. This was quite clearly the view which Leo XIII derived from Abbé Portal's representations. "You really think," he asks of the Abbé, "that union with the Anglicans is possible?" So little distant did the Pope think the prospect, that he raised as a possible objection the fact "that Crispi and the Italian Government might make difficulties, to which the Abbé said he thought the English would think very little of what Crispi or the Italian Government might think on such a subject" (p. 121). The real facts were, it need not be said, quite unlike this picture. A friendly interchange of sentiments between England and Rome, the expression on both sides of a desire for the reunion of Christendom, might—probably would—in the opinion of those with whom the present writer most agreed) have had a good moral effect and deepened the wish for unity in those who already had it. The Pope's letter, *Ad Anglos*, published in April, 1895, had in point of fact a good effect. Had the line of policy it represented been continued it would probably have brought a small section of Anglicans by degrees very near to Rome and diminished anti-Roman prejudices in many more. Its tendency must have been in the direction of making the whole country less hostile to Rome. The substitution of reordination *sub conditione* for absolute reordination would have told in the same direction. No doubt there would have been a Protestant protest—important for Rome to note. But good rather than harm would (according to this view of the matter) have been done. And in such a possible

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future contingency as disestablishment it is conceivable that the favourable change of attitude might have led to a large secession to communion with the Holy See on the part of a party which had already so closely approximated to our position and was desirous of union. Moreover, I cannot but think that increased friendliness between the two Churches would have enlarged the views of Catholic controversialists and enabled them to appreciate a point of view which appears to them at present simply unintelligible and yet is actual. This also would have made a corporate movement far easier where circumstances brought it into the region of practical politics.

But the hopes of Rome had been raised to a pitch far beyond this. And when Cardinal Vaughan told the Pope that his hopes were illusory the Pope was very greatly disappointed and at first incredulous. When he became convinced that the Cardinal was right he became little disposed to attend further to the views of Abbé Portal, who had (as he considered) misled him. Finding the Cardinal right on one point, he was doubtless inclined to accept his whole view of the situation—a view which, I venture to think, was based largely on a want of familiarity with the actual men concerned. The expectation of immediate visible results which had been raised at Rome when in reality such results were not to be looked for from any line of policy could not be in a moment dispelled. If Rome could not (as Abbé Portal's news had suggested) capture the Anglican Church as a corporation by conciliation, Cardinal Vaughan seemed to look for a large gain of individual Anglicans by the opposite course. The Collegio Beda in Rome was founded by him at this time for the special benefit of convert clergymen. Rome—it was now evident—could not say with any hope of effect, "Your orders will do—come on to us: you are so near us that it is only a step." But the Cardinal seemed to look for considerable results if Rome said on the contrary, "Your orders are false. You are so far from us that if you want to have anything Catholic about you you must come over to Rome."

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Those with whom the present writer sympathized held neither of those views to be the true one. We looked neither for an immediate corporate movement or for numerous individual conversions. Was it not possible (we asked) to be sympathetic and yet to face the actual facts? I suppose that the kind of policy Bishop Brownlow desired might be expressed by addressing the reunionists somewhat as follows: "You are on a good road. We believe that it leads to Rome, though you may not see this. We will raise no possible obstacle to your course. If you think you have a case for your orders we will look into it; and if you make an arguable case reordination shall be conditional and not as at present unconditional. But you already know our present position—we shall probably have to leave things on this head where they have always been. You are nearer to us than your forefathers of the eighteenth century just as the schismatics of Henry VIII were nearer to us than those Calvinists who succeeded them. Any concession we can make consistently with the constitution of the Church we will make. But you do not realize the absolute necessity of visible communion and submission to the Holy See in order to belong to the one polity of the visible Catholic Church." This line of advice, whether wise or unwise, hardly seems to have been considered. That the substance of Rome's decision would, in any case, after full investigation have been different from what it was I do not suggest. But the policy of issuing an explicit and strongly-worded condemnation is a different matter. It is in this step that it appeared to me (as my correspondence with Lord Halifax shows) that Cardinal Vaughan's opinion very strongly influenced the Holy See.

If the above view of the case be true, it follows that both Cardinal Vaughan and Archbishop Benson played a wise and useful part in their witness to the real facts of the case. But both of them also helped to defeat such a policy of conciliation as was really possible. Perhaps both as practical men took no account of a movement of minds which had little immediate relation with practical eccle-

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siastical politics. Such things might be left (they might say) to the dreamers or the philosophers. And the Cardinal, from his suspicion that many Anglicans were not in good faith, was pricked by his own conscience not to let them alone. He thought that many were only waiting for a wholesome shock to bring them over to the visible Catholic Church, and doubtless believed that the Bull which condemned the Anglican orders in the forcible language of denunciation, which is in such matters the *stylus curiae*, would administer the shock desired and at once drive many Anglicans into the Church. His diagnosis proved wrong, and it brought very few.

One difficulty attending the advocacy of such a view as I have just indicated was this: that it was hailed by Anglicans as implying closer agreement with them than it really did. The habit of mind amongst Anglican reunionists which made it possible for them to see in the existing Church of England a real part of the Catholic Church was one which coloured facts very deeply with wishes, and those in whose eyes the few surviving relics of Catholic faith in the Established Church assumed such proportions as to make her appear wholly Catholic, readily saw in the sympathy which some of us had for the desires of the reunionists a belief on our part in reunion between England and Rome as a matter of practical politics. That Lord Halifax was disposed so to interpret my own attitude I gather now for the first time from the note he appends to the *memorandum* printed in his book in which I state my view, though that *memorandum* quotes my own contemporary words printed in 1895 in the *Nineteenth Century*. Those words, moreover, were not isolated. Constantly, in the course of our correspondence, I showed that my immediate hope did not extend beyond increasing the wish for unity, and at the very outset I pointed out that the acceptance of the Vatican decrees was essential to reunion—which certainly was a decisive fact, so far as the immediate prospect was concerned. I should have been yet more insistent but that I understood Lord Halifax himself frequently to say

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that he did not himself look for more in the immediate future than I did. The hopes indulged in Rome did not correspond to what I took to be Lord Halifax's own serious anticipations. And their existence was mainly due to the fact that Abbé Portal (as I saw all along) could not realize what only an Englishman can realize, the extraordinary nature of the English Church, which contains parties whose doctrines are diametrically opposed, and in which the most effective zeal and enterprise is represented by a party which was numerically a small minority and held views which the large mass rejected with derision. This remains true, in spite of the fact that such a doctrine as the Apostolical Succession has so greatly spread in the last forty years that it is probably now held by a majority in the Church of England. In spite of this fact the Catholic views and practices which so profoundly impressed Abbé Portal during his visit to England were those only of a very small section even of the party known as the High Church party. I spoke to the Abbé more than once on this subject, and wrote to Lord Halifax to urge him to do the same. But the Abbé never really took the facts in. I am sure he described things to Leo XIII and to Cardinal Rampolla as he saw them himself. And, indeed, the actual facts he could quote would doubtless appear quite decisive to any one who supposed that any kind of unity of belief existed in the Church of England.

So limited were my own hopes as to immediate results that I thought it quite likely (as my letters show) that I should get men like Cardinal Vaughan and the Duke of Norfolk to see things as I did. My letters to Lord Halifax were rapidly written and with no thought of their ever being made public; but Lord Halifax has most kindly sent me copies and allowed me to print them. They give, I think, a coherent view of the situation and substantiate what I have set down in my *memorandum* printed in Lord Halifax's volume. I will add that, as time advanced, I saw that the desire for reunion was less widely extended than I had at first hoped, so that I came to look for even

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less in the way of immediate results than I did when the subject was first broached.

I proceed to set down such brief extracts from these letters as will suffice to illustrate the view they exhibit, giving in each case the date of writing.

MR WILFRID WARD TO LORD HALIFAX:

August 25, 1894

You will think it a paradox, but I believe that the Vatican Council will be found to have really made our wishes *more* and not *less* practicable. The old schemes of reunion of which I am reading so much now in Wiseman's papers, went on the hypothesis that nothing beyond the letter of the decrees of Trent need form the basis of agreement. This would never have been practicable. But now it is plain that the Vatican decrees, although doubtless, interpreted as signifying *far* less than is commonly supposed,\* must stand, though those who feel with you may think the position harder, we have nevertheless a real and not an imaginary basis of union.

Oct. 9, 1894

I lunched with the Cardinal on Saturday and I really think he agrees or is coming to agree with me in *theory* though he will always from a sort of mannerism, be liable to say what may irritate. Still this will diminish. I saw nothing in his last letter to the *Times* which *ought* to give offence. Irritation caused by his maintaining his own views is, of course, inevitable.

Oct. 15, 1894

I think the Duke [of Norfolk] really does go some way, perhaps the whole way with me in my view of things, and this may in the long run prove important. But as you know I am not sanguine *at present* as to more than increased *desire* for reunion.

Oct. 15, 1894

I quite agree with you that as far as we can see the Catholicising of the Church of England is the only road to the Conversion of England as a whole, though even if this succeeds to the utmost England will never be *Catholic* again. Doubt in one form or another has grown so enormously, and no Church can ever again hold the position which the Catholic Church held in the Middle Ages.

\* Later on I explain this by saying, that Dupanloup's interpretation rather than Cardinal Manning's is likely ultimately to prevail.

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Materialism necessarily increases with increased education and you cannot, even if you wished it, *uneducate* again. But an enormous increase of Catholicism may come if Catholic sentiments advance as much in the next twenty years as in the past twenty years, and the work of Catholicising public opinion is of course *in one way* done *far* more efficiently by you than it is by us, because *we* cannot stop short in our advocacy of tenets for which the public mind is not yet prepared. I daresay it is partly this which makes the *Times* angry with you.

October 23, 1894

No real good can be done to the cause we have at heart—namely, the ultimate recognition of Papal authority by a large body of Anglicans—by any step based upon a misconception in Rome as to public opinion in England, and as to the state of opinion among English Churchmen generally. I feel sure you will agree with me in this. Apart from this the more mutual sympathy and the truer understanding of one another's position we can develop the better “selon moi.”

November 13, 1894

I fear my last letter to Abbé Portal will not have pleased him; but I am sure it was a necessary letter to write—I will tell you about it when we meet. He really does not know the state of public opinion in England.

November 17, 1894

I have felt all along in a difficulty [as to the discussions on Anglican Orders] because I am *sure* that Rome will never do more than say that Abbé Duchesne's view is *tenable*; so that conditional *re-ordination* is sure to be necessary. Also I can't feel *sanguine* about the result of a direct *rapprochement* with Rome in view of the strong Protestant feeling of the country (Protestant as against Rome). *But* if anything could be done, as you think, which would increase the disposition on both sides to be thoroughly fair to each other—and it *needs* increasing on *both sides*—I should be too delighted. But for this purpose the more we can act together the better; and I think that now the Cardinal will wish as an *amende* for the past, i.e. the Toledo Letter, to do what he can.

November 17, 1894

I want also to tell you of my correspondence with the Abbé [Portal]. I have endeavoured as far as possible to put your and the Abbé's standpoint before the Cardinal and the Cardinal's before the Abbé. I am afraid the Abbé will not have quite thanked me for urging on him that he is too sanguine and that both he and Rome



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must realise the great preponderance of Anti-Roman feeling if they are to act with any effect. I am sure, and you agreed with me I remember, that this is necessary. Otherwise the whole thing is merely playing at a state of things which does not exist. I know *you* realise this, and *you* know the difficulties among your own people. Then, too, there is the feeling among our people, which the great preponderance of Protestantism among you in the past gives much justification to. Great prudence and circumspection and the absence of angry passions are essential if any good is to be done.

It is curious how history repeats itself. I am trying to do now what Cardinal Wiseman had to do in 1839-45—to get English Catholics to realise that there *is* a Catholic history in the Established Church.

The following refers to the proposal that the Holy Father should write a letter to the Anglican Archbishops, as Lord Halifax suggested, expressing a desire for the unity of Christendom.

November 23, 1894

I am disposed to think that *if* the Pope, understanding the true proportions of the various schools of thought within the Church of England, *wished* to do something of this kind, and if a sufficiently warm response were secured beforehand, some good might come of it. But you must remember that Rome has practically treated Anglican orders as null and void in the past, so he cannot speak as your draft makes him. I am afraid also that at the present stage at least he could not address the Archbishops in any way implying that they were on a different footing from, say the Bishop of Jerusalem appointed in '43. But this could no doubt be veiled so as not to give offence. If your Archbishops were as anxious as the Pope is I should feel hopeful of *something*. But at present I don't see my way through difficulties which could only be surmounted by a strong wish on both sides. This is a mere first impression. I will write more definitely shortly. Let us pray for good will on all sides and a simple wish for truth. I certainly think some step more possible than I did before I saw the papers; though, of course, it can only amount to very little in the present stage of public feeling. I know you will understand and approve my writing thus frankly.

What occurs to me about the "orders" is that the Pope might intimate that as he understood that evidence has recently been adduced showing that Anglicans have departed less than has been supposed from Catholic usage in the matter of orders, he should

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be very glad as a sign of good will to hear this evidence from their theologians, and to appoint a Committee to co-operate with them. I may be wrong in this; but it seems to me that that might be quite possible, if he knew beforehand that his offer would be accepted.

December 13, 1894

My own impression is that the Archbishops feel in a difficult position, and that you will not really get what you wish from them, less from any want of good will than from their knowledge of the strength of the Anti-Roman feeling in your Church. This is, alas! the great difficulty, that only a small section wishes for reunion. I confess I don't see how this is to be got over in *any* action that may be taken.

December 14, 1894

I do detect a very strong Anti-Roman feeling still, which shows how few Anglicans in any real sense wish for reunion, and if this is so nothing can be done. Hutton is right in his article in the current *Spectator*. There were two tendencies in the Oxford movement. To those with one tendency the Catholic Church is the *great fact*. And I think it is to *you*. But it is not so to the great mass. It is only an idea, and they hardly even care for its realisation, though they like some of the sentiments and doctrines which have been associated with it. I cannot help feeling this.

December 21, 1894

I had two hours' talk with the Cardinal. I think it is likely that some approach *will* be made to England, but whether to the Archbishop of Canterbury or not is another question. I don't much think from his [the Archbishop's] letter to you that he would like to receive it, and I doubt from what the Cardinal says whether the Pope will think it will be wise to make it. The Cardinal thinks not, and I am inclined to agree. But whatever form the Pope's letter takes, I trust it may be so worded as to do good. The Cardinal would have been very glad to have talked it over with you. I should not be surprised if you heard from him. The Pope has asked him to bring documents on Anglican orders. The Cardinal knew all about Portal's visit, as I understand from the Vatican itself.

I am to draw up a *memorandum* on the state of Anglican feeling towards the papacy, which I must do as well as I can. What I feel is that it is so various. You, Gore,\* and the Salisburys,† seem to me very different from each other in your *feeling* towards papacy.

\* Now Bishop of Oxford.

† The family of the late Lord and Lady Salisbury.

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January 8, 1895

Some day when I have time to write fully you will perhaps let me say where I think that your view of the case suggests questions of which I cannot see the solution on your own lines. I have a very deep feeling as to the necessity of our all concentrating ourselves, as you say, on the great primary truths which are essential to the relations between God and the soul, and working shoulder to shoulder against the great evils of the time. I always felt in deep accord with Dean Church in discussing *these* questions.

But I am disposed to think that this line of thought, which is *most* essential at present, may be allowed to obscure the reality of the idea of the unity of the Church and of the authority of the Church, which, even if not at the present moment the most immediate and anxious questions, are a portion of the Divine constitution of things, and *might* again stand before the world as the necessary means of preserving those very elementary truths of which you speak. . . . I should say that your view with all its *prima facie* force and (in many ways practical utility) will either do away with such a Church as excommunicated Donatists, Nestorians and Monophysites *or* will lead towards Rome. There seem to me to be in it two inconsistent trains of thought which will not permanently fuse. . . .

. . . . One cannot forget that as a matter of history it was exactly the *minutiae* of dogma which the Church would *not* sacrifice in order to gain unity—witness the semi-Arians and Monophysites. Yet I agree with you that it is the essentials that we must now battle for, and not the *minutiae*. Therefore I am led to distinguish very sharply between *practice* and the *ideal* recognised. And the only reconciliation is to be found in *authority* which can afford to concentrate immediate attention on the immediately practical, without renouncing what once was and again might be practical, but it is for the moment not so for the many.

February 20, 1895

I don't deny that a good many have a *vague wish* for unity. What I feel is that few have your sort of feeling that the Church of England is in a false position in its isolation—and nothing short of this will give a chance amid so many difficulties.

February 24, 1895

They don't really feel that their Catholic position is anomalous without reunion, but they speak vaguely about wishing for union or "peace." This is really a very insufficient feeling to bring the

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question into practical politics, considering its immense difficulties. Peace may come much more easily by our agreeing to differ, than by endeavouring to fuse elements, many of which naturally react upon each other in the way of explosion. I say this in sorrow. The Archbishop of York sent me a message through Basil Levett which I interpreted much in the same sense.

St Edmund's College,  
Old Hall, Ware.

March 1, 1895

Our people here (and some of them are really able) are much struck by your address. . . .

Of course in saying all this, as you know, I speak from rather a different point of view from yours. I am *not* sanguine about reunion; but what is said, I think, is that on the one hand you have stated your own position with a consideration for the point of view of our people which makes them *far* more inclined to understand you and do justice to you; and at the same time you have drawn the attention of Anglicans to the urgency of union with the Apostolic See, once the idea of the Catholic Church is realised, in a manner which even if they think you go too far, will not irritate them. Thus, indirectly, you suggest to them that there *is* a strength in our position which cannot be ignored, and you help both sides to understand each other better. Indeed it is this sight of two points of view which is, I think, the triumph of the speech.

April 27, 1895

The Encyclical\* so far as I can hear has done *good*. I don't think the Pope *could* have alluded to concessions unless the question were far more *actual* than it is. I have seen about a dozen articles on it and they are all respectful.

May 1, 1895

I will say no more until we meet, except that I don't think there is any great difference between the Cardinal and the Pope. Undoubtedly the Pope at first thought the Cardinal was not conciliatory enough, owing to what Portal had told him. But later on I fancy he changed about this. The Cardinal is in *absolute* sympathy with every bit of the Encyclical.

May 12, 1895

I had a talk with the Duke at Norfolk House on Wednesday, and told him a good deal of what you said to me. I think that on the general line to be pursued you may be sure that all his influence

\* The Pope's letter, *Ad Anglos*, which I wrongly speak of as an Encyclical.

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with the Cardinal will be on the side of conciliation, and especially the avoidance of all that can irritate. On this he is most emphatic. I am not going to write on the Encyclical at present. I don't see that I can say anything that could do good. But I am brewing a paper on the right attitude of various religious bodies towards each other which may come to something.

October 15, 1895

Since writing this I have re-read your address. I like its tone and spirit extremely, and it confirms me in what I have already said. *If* the Church of England, or even a large proportion of it, went as far as you do, I *should* have hope; but mutual explanations, though they bring forth such hopeful views as yours, also bring to light the fact that such views are not those even of a considerable section of High Churchmen. I have found this in many cases quite lately. . . . I have a paper for the next *Nineteenth Century* in which I bring out my views.\* I advocate *rapprochement* and explanation to the furthest extent, but I can't see my way to much more.

October 20, 1895

The *actual position* advocated in Canon Everest's book seems to me the most difficult of all forms of Anglicanism. If Rome has patently and obviously fallen into superstition and the Papal claims are obviously on the whole inventions, I can conceive a case for maintaining that no Communion has the notes of the visible Church. But if a mere exaggeration in the application of the claims of a primacy admitted to be divine, were allowed to be sufficient reason for *separation* from the communion of what is admitted to be the Catholic Church, how could the Church have ever existed? One may work within the Church against exaggerations; as many theologians have effectually protested against the right once claimed by the Popes to dethrone kings. But if local Churches had always taken it upon themselves to separate from the Holy See because they considered that to be an exaggeration which the Holy See considered a lawful development, the Catholic Church could never have become a fact.

October 31, 1895

I hope you will agree with much of my article in the *Nineteenth Century*. My own opinion is that the line I take up logically follows from what you have yourself admitted, and that in the present state of things you do not really hope for more than I do.

There appears to me (if I may say so) to be a kind of *double*

\* The Rigidity of Rome, November, 1895.

# Leo XIII and Anglican Orders

*entendre* in your very valuable speeches, a good deal being unconsciously based on the supposition that the existing Church of England is made up of men like yourself and Riley\* and other portions referring to and facing existing facts. In my article I deal with what seems to me to be the *real facts* of the case. But you will incidentally see what I mean in the explanation I shall write.

June 21, 1896

While I agree with you that the Pope's [Pius V] action may have been ill judged, and while I can fancy myself opposed to the extreme Roman party of the Jesuits had I lived in those days, the Bull [*Regnans in Excelsis*] also brings before me how *notorious* the adoption of the Protestant cause by England was. That the Pope exceeded his powers in touching Elizabeth's temporal authority one may concede; but that he was justified in saying explicitly that all who abetted her action in Protestantizing England were cut off from the Catholic Church seems to me equally clear. No real unity can exist, as Lacordaire has said, unless an ascertainable authority has the right to *exclude* from unity. This has been recognized from the beginning of the Church, and it appears to me that any other conception of organic union makes unity a mere word, or very little more. Alliance there may be for great objects; but to speak of a Catholic Church which may include at once Dissenters and the Greek schismatics shows to me how completely the old idea of an exclusive Church, one in doctrine and organization, has passed away. The Church never asked for reunion with the tracts of Arian, and Monophysite countries, except on the condition of their accepting the defined doctrine.

June 21, 1896

I fear you will think I grow more and more cut-and-dried in my views. But I see more and more clearly on the one hand mutual kindness and understanding and co-operation are the most desirable to remove misconceptions: and that, on the other, these have no actual *relation* with reunion, but are only the removal of obstacles (many of which were in your case removed long ago, but which with most Anglicans still exist), to gaining a clear idea as to what is meant by there being one Catholic Church. Once this idea is gained, I would be in favour of great breadth and much concession in practical matters, but no real step can be taken in the matter of reunion until it is gained by many.

\* Mr Athelstan Riley.

# Leo XIII and Anglican Orders

After the appearance of the Bull in which Anglican Orders were condemned I wrote the letter quoted in Lord Halifax's pages. But I supplemented it by two others which I will here set down.

October 25, 1896

I was glad to get your letter, but sorry to be confirmed in the feeling I had after mine had gone, that I had not written as I should have wished to. The fact is that I could say many things in which we should strongly agree; but just at this moment, after the Pope has taken such definite action, I feel it difficult to write to you in detail on such things because of the general tension. For the moment there is a marked divergence, and we on our side must in loyalty recognize and accept the line taken by the supreme authority. I therefore find it easier to dwell on that side of the decision which naturally commends itself to me than on those lines of English Catholic policy with which the Bull will be in some minds associated, and on which I am very much at variance with many of our controversialists—and which indeed I deeply deplore. Yet I felt when I had sent the letter that the moment had not been well chosen for what must seem like controversy.

However, as you have not quite taken my meaning, I will briefly endeavour to re-state what I meant. It is that the change of rite was to my mind clearly made by men who largely sympathized with a thoroughly Protestant movement. As von Hügel said to me yesterday (before I had got your letter which I found here) "to throw down altars and break altar stones was a strange way of expressing that the sacrifice was impetratory and not propitiatory." There was in the air a movement against the "Romish superstitions" as to the priesthood and the mass, quite allowing that there were also those who wished to retain the priesthood, the *degree* of heretical intention present among those who made the new rite was to my mind at least enough to make it suspicious. Here comes in my point about the difference in our view of the "Catholic Church." If a national Church *had* the right to judge the Roman rite and change it on *doctrinal grounds* and at the same to reject the papal supremacy, thereby cutting itself off in the opinion of the rest of the Church from fellowship with it, I can conceive its being maintained that Providence protected the new rite, as part of proceedings largely justifiable and good, in spite of the suspicious intentions of some of its framers. But if the National Church by its schism ceased to be part of the Catholic Church (as we hold) the intrinsic improbability of the new rite

# Leo XIII and Anglican Orders

being valid remains with nothing to balance it. Indeed the act of schism is additional evidence that there was no sensitive wish in making up the new rite "to do what the Church does," taking the Church in *our* sense. The eighth section of the Bull seems to me important in this connexion. You will remember that my first point here is the rock on which Newman and Keble split from Pusey in 1837. Newman said no one could look history in the face and maintain as Pusey did that the Reformers were Catholic in intention as a body. In Tract 90 he left the question open, but kept to his own view. Of course none of us are bound by all the arguments in the Bull. To me it suggests several lines of argument, and that suggested in the 8th clause appealed to me most.

I am disposed to think that a few months hence the whole subject will be more easily discussed, as you must truly say the heart has to be considered as well as the head. The act of issuing the Bull is quite distinct from its nature. It has the effect of a blow, and *that* effect must pass before we can talk things over to purpose. . . . But for this result I blame very much some of our people who have for months been writing and speaking in a way which jars at every turn on the feelings of English Churchmen. The Bull is interpreted by many in the light of their words and acts.

I wish indeed that we had a Wiseman among us. I have a letter of my father's to Wiseman saying that he and Newman might never have come to Rome had it not been for Wiseman's way of putting things. The other writers on our side simply put them off.

October 28, 1896

I must have expressed myself very badly if you read me as saying that you personally would be proved *indifferent* as to reunion if you now gave up efforts for it. No one could for a moment question that you have been eager for it.

But I have felt all along (and said it to you before now) that a wish for *peace* has by itself no tendency to what the Catholic Church has always regarded as the only union she cares for. It would have helped *peace* if she had accepted the compromise of the semi-Arians. They could unanswerably shew that the language of early fathers *was* semi-Arian. But the Church replied that such language though *before* the thinking out of the controversy it might bear an orthodox sense, *now* involved the rejection of the language which the Church had selected as unequivocal—the phrase *ὁμοούσιον*. Heresy had *always* in one form or another appealed to primitive teaching which the Church is alleged later



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on to have corrupted. In the sixteenth century Reformation the nature of priesthood and sacraments were among the special doctrines thus tampered with, the plea being (as usual) a return to primitive teaching on these subjects. The Church refused compromise here, as she did with the semi-Arians. Cranmer fell short of the Puritan view, as semi-Arians fell short of Arians. He did not deny the whole (Roman) Catholic teaching on the subjects in question, but only a part. To compare a return to the devotions of the primitive Church (as in the case of St Philip Neri) to a renewal of the old story of changing the doctrine of the Church under the plea of returning to primitive doctrine is to my mind simply misleading.

The wish for "peace" in the sense of compromise with Papists and Dissenters alike (as I wrote to you in the summer) seems to me latitudinarian. It means treating the widest dogmatic difference as of no account. It is a plausible position—but *only* (surely) to one who rejects the whole of the Church's attitude on dogma.

I have all along felt that only the sense that to join the Roman Catholic Church is a duty can lead to anything. I quite understand the view that a corporate movement (of some sort) is desirable. I agree that a certain line on our part may bring many nearer Rome, and that much which has lately been said throws them back. I can understand that in the present state of irritation it is of no use speaking to many of reunion with Rome. But the fact that an adverse decision on the orders should lead to this result is fresh evidence to me that very few had the conception of reunion as a duty which alone could make it effective. It shows that the desire was in many cases only that vague aspiration after union which is directly opposed to the Church's method of "proceeding"—in Lacordaire's words—"by exclusion." If the Church of England is to decide on its own orders (and the doctrines embodied by the Reformers in the new rite) against the decision of the Church at large, what becomes of the power of exclusion? It is taking up an independent position which if taken up by the other Churches (to use your own phraseology) would in a moment break up the Catholic Church into pieces.

This is all then that I meant—that if this decision puts an end to the endeavour after reunion, that endeavour will be shewn to imply on the part of those who give it up, not a wish for reunion in the sense in which we understand it, but a wish to get as near Rome as is possible consistently with maintaining the status of the

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Church of England, and a desire that Rome should meet that Church half way by allowing Anglican orders.

Such a wish, though it might be the *prelude* to a more effective wish, has in itself (to my mind) no relation to any kind of reunion which the Catholic Church has ever desired.

This is the position I maintained in my *Rigidity of Rome*, and I always understood you *personally* as holding that it *is* a duty on the part of the Anglican body to seek reunion with the Catholic Church in communion with the Apostolic see, though you held that an individual should not seek it as things now are: for he might frustrate by such precipitate action the return to Catholic unity of those less advanced Anglicans who did not yet view the matter in the same light. But perhaps I have not exactly got hold of your position in this matter.

This is rather a bald letter, but I felt it called for by your second letter, as I had evidently not made my meaning clear.

I see now a tendency in all Anglicans to draw together, nor from *one* point of view do I regret it, as I think it is making Low Churchmen more just to inherited Catholic doctrines. But its being so strong in your (High Church) people seems to show how much stronger their affection for the Church of England is than their sense that there is a Catholic Church in fact, as well as in name—so at least it strikes me. But I don't think I expected anything else.

I think now more in the way of common understanding will be done by common interests than by discussing the sixteenth century.

It is *most* curious, as you will see in Wiseman's Life, how history repeats itself. Every feature in the recent controversy appears in [The Life of] Wiseman—the tone of the *Tablet*, the regret of wider Catholics, the Anglican wish for Reunion, the sympathetic response to it as a *feeling* by the moderate Catholics though with qualifications, Rome's initial encouragement, Rome's final explanation that no Anglican claims can be allowed.

One final word. What has been the outcome, it will be asked, of Lord Halifax's gallant enterprise? Was anything accomplished, or was it sheer failure? Was the cause of such union as is possible between us and those he represents helped or hindered? At first sight it would appear from what has been said above that the irritation caused among his friends by the Papal Bull pronouncing the orders of

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English clergymen to be invalid would be likely to turn away many who were looking Romewards from all thought of Rome. And certainly that was its effect at the moment. Among Anglicans the Roman Movement was no doubt for a time checked and even thrown back. But another result must be borne in mind in thinking about ultimate consequences. While Lord Halifax's friends felt chilled and rebuffed, I think that his own earnestness has had a very substantial effect in winning sympathy among English Catholics. As I hinted at the beginning of this article, they have come to view his party with a more understanding sympathy and greater disposition to recognize the good work it is effecting, since their attention was drawn to Lord Halifax's campaign in 1895. The spirit manifested in Leo XIII's letter *Ad Anglos* is, I think, much more general among us English Catholics now than it was twenty years ago. And if the time ever comes when the extreme High Church party finds its position in the Established Church so difficult that it is led to approach us with a strong wish for reunion, they are likely to be met half way by a general good will, which must be an important factor in bringing about a favourable result. The attitude of Cardinal Wiseman towards the Oxford party of the 'forties is on the increase among us in respect of their successors, and if anything is ever actually achieved in consequence of these more favourable conditions it should be remembered that these conditions are in a large measure due to Lord Halifax's devoted pursuit of an enterprise, which was, in the form in which he conceived it, impracticable.

WILFRID WARD

# The PRETERNATURAL in EARLY IRISH POETRY

THE study of early Irish literature, whether professedly historical or romantic, is of that of a world possessed with preternatural beliefs. As it has been very well put by Miss Eleanor Hull in her work on Irish Literature:\*

Everywhere in the literature which the old Gael has produced we find the mingling of the actual and the purely imaginative; in his serious annals and historical tracts he surprises us by the perpetual intrusion of fairy lore, or by the gravely historic importance which he attaches to the genealogies and wars and settlements of the gods; his legal decisions and ancient lores have "a thread of poetry thrown round them," and his official verse contains the geography, the genealogies, and the historical traditions of Ireland. . . . The accounts of Brian Boru, early in the eleventh century, are tinged with fairy belief, just as are the tales of Conaire Mor at the beginning of the Christian era; nor, when Dr Geoffrey Keating comes to compile a connected history of Ireland in the seventeenth century, does he show much desire to sift the real from the unreal."

In the two great groups of Irish romantic tales, those of the Red Branch Knights and those of Finn Mac-Cumhal and his heroic companions, while there is no doubt an underlying historical basis of fact, kinship with the gods involving supernatural powers, and then companionship with the heroes and heroines of the De Danann race who had passed into fairylands across the seas or under them and the earth, are treated as naturally as they are in associations of a similar kind in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The heroic warfare of the early Irish Gaelic warriors, their martial equipment and their mode of life ring true to the descriptions by Cæsar, Livy, and Tacitus of the Britons and Gauls with whom the Irish

\* *A Text-Book of Irish Literature*. By Eleanor Hull (M. H. Gill and Sons, Dublin).

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chieftains were contemporary, according to the traditional dates of these cycles of early Irish romance.

Yet while the Red Branch heroes claimed descent from the Tuatha De Danann gods, and the preternatural feats of Cuchulain and his companions were said to be due to this divine connexion, their attitude towards these ancestral gods was too intimate to admit of acts of worship towards them. The relations between these gods and heroes resemble those that subsisted between the heroes of early Greece and their gods in the Trojan war, and not only do the gods take sides for or against Cuchulain, as the Greek gods did for or against Achilles, but we even find the De Danann divinities seeking the aid of the Irish heroes when engaged in conflicts with one another.

As suggested, the relation between the defeated De Danann gods, when they have passed into fairyland, and the Fenian heroes is of a still more intimate kind. These gods, turned fairies, engage the Fenian heroes in their wars with one another, spirit them off under a spell of magic mist into underground palaces, from which they are released by mortal brother warriors, befriend them when pursued by their enemies, or by the glamour of their fairy women draw them for awhile into Tir nan Oge, the land of perpetual youth.

As Mr Stopford Brooke writes in his fine introduction to his son-in-law, Mr T. W. Rolleston's *High Deeds of Finn*:

These were the invisible lands and peoples of the Irish imagination; and they live in and out of many of the stories. Cuchulain is lured into a fairy land, and lives for more than a year in love with Fand, Mananan's wife. Into another fairy land, through zones of mist, Cormac, as is told here, was lured by Mananan, who now has left the sea to play on the land. Oisín flies with Niam over the sea to the Island of Eternal Youth. Etain, out of the immortal land, is born into an Irish girl and reclaimed and carried back to her native shore by Midir, a prince of the Fairy Host. Ethne, whose story also is here, has lived for all her youth in the court of Angus, deep in the hill beside the rushing of the Boyne.

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Observe the intimate description of this fairy cavalcade, not of pigmy warriors, but of powerful, heroic fairy princes as they pass before Laegaire (Laery) Mac Crimthainn when he visits the Fairy Realm of Mag Mell. They might be the fiercest of Norse warriors devastating the Irish coasts, but for the arts that endear them to the Gael, music and poetry and their kindred skill at chess playing. Clearly they are of the stock of the De Dananns, who, upon the Milesian invasion, descended into Fairyland. I here versify, in old Irish measure, the prose rendering of the lyric in the *Book of Leinster*, a M.S. of the twelfth century, made by Professor Kuno Meyer:

## THE FAIRY HOST.

Pure white the shields their arms upbear,  
With silver emblems rare o'er-cast;  
Amid blue glittering blades they go,  
The horns they blow are loud of blast.

In well-instructed ranks of war  
Before their Chief they proudly pace;  
Cœrulean spears o'er every crest—  
A curly-tressed, pale-visaged race.

Beneath the flame of their attack,  
Bare and black turns every coast;  
With such a terror to the fight  
Flashes that mighty vengeful host.

Small wonder that their strength is great,  
Since royal in estate are all,  
Each Hero's head a lion's fell—  
A golden yellow mane lets fall.

Comely and smooth their bodies are,  
Their eyes the starry blue eclipse;  
The pure white crystal of their teeth  
Laughs out beneath their thin red lips.

Good are they at man-slaying feats,  
Melodious over meats and ale;

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Of woven verse they wield the spell,  
At chess-craft they excel the Gael.

More, a Munster Princess, was carried off by the fairy host in her youth; but escaped from them and became the wife of Cathal, King of Cashel. Afterwards her sister was similarly abducted, but was rescued by More, who recognized her by her singing, and thus advises her how she may free herself from the spells of the Sidh (Shee):

Little sister, whom the Fay  
Hides away within his Doon,\*  
Deep below yon tufted fern,  
Oh, list and learn my magic tune!

Long ago, when snared like thee  
By the Shee, my harp and I  
O'er them wove the slumber spell,  
Warbling well its lullaby.

Till with dreamy smiles they sank,  
Rank on rank, before the strain;  
Then I rose from out the rath  
And found my path to earth again.

Little sister, to my woe  
Hid below among the Shee,  
List, and learn my magic tune,  
That it full soon may succour thee.

The beautiful old air to which "More of Cloyne" is sung is of the sleep-disposing kind, under which lullabies and fairy music are classed. It formed the third of the three Musical Feats, or three styles of playing, which gave the dignity of Ollamh, or Doctor of Music, to the ancient professors of the harp, and whose origin is given in this weird old Folk Tale.

Lugh, the King of the Tuatha de Danann and the Daghada, their great chief and Druid, and Ogma, their

\* A fortified residence.

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bravest champion, followed the Fomorians and their leader from the battle-field of Moytura, because they had carried off the Daghdá's harp, Uaithne by name.

The pursuers reached the banquet house of the Fomorian chiefs and there found Breas, the son of Elathan, and Elathan, the son of Delbath, and also the Daghdá's harp hanging upon the wall. This was the harp in which its music was spellbound so that it would not answer when summoned until the Daghdá evoked it, when he said, "Come Durdabla, come Coircethair-cuir (the two names of the harp) . . ." The harp came forth from the wall then and killed nine persons in its passage. And it came to the Daghdá, and he played for them the three musical feats which give distinction to a harper, namely, the *Goltree* which, from its melting plaintiveness, caused crying, the *Gentree*, which, from its merriment, caused laughter, and the *Soontree*, which, from its deep murmuring, caused sleep.

He played them the *Goltree*, till their women cried tears, he played them the *Gentree* until their women and youths burst into laughter; he played them the *Soontree* until the entire host fell asleep. It was through that sleep that they, the three champions, escaped from those Fomorians who were desirous to slay them.

Observe the dignified bearing of the Fomorian champions who held back their tears and laughter when their women and young folk gave way to them, and could only be won from their fell purpose by the fairy music of the De Danann harp.

Dr George Petrie in his *Ancient Music of Ireland* prints a wonderful old fairy lullaby, sung to a Gaelic poem, of which Eugene O'Curry writes: "This rare and remarkable poem contains . . . more of authentic fairy fact and doctrine than, with some few exceptions, has been ever before published in Ireland."

Here is a prose rendering of the original.

O Woman below on the brink of the stream. Sho hoo lo!  
Do you understand the cause of my wailing? Sho hoo lo!



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A year and this day I was whipt off my palfrey. Sho hoo lo!  
And was carried into Lios-an-Chnocain. Sho hoo lo! Sho-heen,  
Sho hoo lo!

There is here my beautiful great house. Sho hoo lo!  
Abundant is new ale there and old ale. Sho hoo lo!  
Abundant is yellow honey and bee's wax there. Sho hoo lo!  
Many is the old man tightly bound there. Sho hoo lo! Sho-  
heen, etc.

Many is the curling brown-haired boy there. Sho hoo lo!  
Many is the yellow-haired comely girl there. Sho hoo lo!  
There are twelve women bearing sons there. Sho hoo lo!  
And as many more are there beside them. Sho hoo lo! Sho-  
heen, etc.

Say to my husband to come to-morrow. Sho hoo lo!  
With the wax candle in the centre of his palm. Sho hoo lo!  
And in his hand to bring a black-hafted knife. Sho hoo lo!  
And beat the first horse out of the gap. Soo hoo lo! Sho-heen, etc.

To pluck the herb that's in the door of the *fort*. Sho hoo lo!  
With trust in God that I would go home with him. Sho hoo lo!  
Or if he does not come within that time. Sho hoo lo!  
That I will be queen over all these women. Sho hoo lo! Sho-  
heen, etc.

“The incident here clearly narrated,” writes O'Curry, “was believed at all times to be of frequent occurrence. It was for the last sixteen hundred years, at least, and is still, as firmly believed in as any fact in the history of this country—that the Tuatha de Danann, after their overthrow by the Milesians, had gone to reside in their hills and ancient forts, or in their dwellings on lakes and rivers—that they were in possession of a mortal immortality—and that they had the power to carry off from the visible world men and women in a living state, but sometimes under the semblance of death.

The persons taken off were generally beautiful infants, wanted for those in the hill who had no children, fine young women, before marriage and often on the day of marriage, for the young men of the hills who had been invisibly feasting on their growing beauties—perhaps from childhood; young men, in the same way,

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for the languishing damsels of fairyland; fresh, well-looking nurses for their nurseries. . . .”

This poem refers to all the classes of abducted persons—abducted young men now grown old, comely young men and maidens and married women, like the speaker, needed for nurses. She describes a period before wine and whiskey were in use, and therefore more than three hundred years past, in Irish of, at any rate, the fifteenth century. By her own account she was snatched from her palfrey, and must, therefore, have been a woman of consequence. She sees from within Lios-an-Chnocain, or the Fort of the Hillock, a neighbour, perhaps, washing clothes by the brink of the stream which runs past the fort, and, in the intervals of her hush-cries to her fairy nurseling, she gives instructions to her friend how to secure her freedom.

The bit of wax candle which her husband was to carry in the centre of his palm would be, no doubt, a candle blessed on Candlemas Day, and the black-hafted knife was the only mortal weapon feared by the fairies.

Its use, as called for in the poem, was to strike the leading horse of the woman's fairy chariot when she left the fort the following day, and thus render her visible to her rescuing husband, who was then to possess himself of the herb that grew at the fort door, whose magical properties would guard her from recapture by the fairies.

The next early Irish poem which I present in English verse, is taken from Professor Kuno Meyer's *Fianaigeacht* a hitherto unedited collection of Fenian poems and tales, and probably belongs to the ninth century. The original is a very remarkable poem, both from the historical and preternatural point of view.

## THE TRYST AFTER DEATH.

Fothad Canann, the leader of a Connaught warrior band, had carried off the wife of King Alill, of Munster, with her consent. The outraged husband pursued them and a fierce battle was fought, in which Fothad and Alill fell by each other's hands

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The lovers had engaged to meet in the evening after the battle. Faithful to his word, the spirit of the slain warrior kept the tryst and thus addressed his paramour:

Hush, Woman! Do not speak to me;  
My thoughts are not with thee to-night.  
They glance again and yet again  
Among the slain at Féic fight.

Who'd find my bloody corpse must grope  
Upon the slope of Double Brink;  
My head unwashed is in the hands  
Of bands who ne'er from slaughter shrink.

Dark Folly is that tryster's guide  
Who Death's black tryst aside would set;  
To keep the tryst at Claragh made  
The living and the dead are met.

Unhappy journey! Evil doom  
Had marked my tomb on Féic field,  
And pledged me in that fateful strife  
To foreign foes my life to yield.

Not I alone from Wisdom's way  
Have gone astray, by Passion led;  
Yet though for thee to death I came,  
I put no blame on thy bright head.

Full wretched is our meeting here  
In grief and fear, O hapless one!  
Yet had we known it should be thus,  
Not hard for us our sin to shun.

The proud-faced, grey-horsed warrior band  
At my command fought faithful on;  
Till all their wondrous wood of spears  
Beneath Death's shears to earth had gone.

Had they but lived, their valour bright  
To-night had well avenged their lord.  
And had not Death my purpose changed,  
I had avenged them with my sword.

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Theirs was a lithe and blithesome force,  
Till man and horse lay on the mould.  
The great, green forest hath received  
And overleaved the champions bold.

The sword of Domnall drank red dew,  
The Lugh of hosts,\* accoutred well,  
Before him in the River Ford  
By Death's award slim Comgal fell.

The three fierce Flanns, the Owens three,  
From sea to sea six outlaws famed—  
Each with his single hand slew four,  
No coward's portion thus they claimed.

Swift charged Cu-Domna, singling out,  
With gleesome shout, his name-sake dread.  
Down the Hill of Conflict rolled,  
Lies Flann, the Little, cold and dead.

Beside him in his bloody bed  
Six foes death-spiced by Flann are sleeping—  
Though *we* esteemed them feeble ones—  
The chaff of Mughirne's Son's red reaping.

Red Falvey, how your spear-strings' play  
Amid the fray made manhood melt;  
Forchorb, the Radiant, on his foes  
Seven murderous blows, outleaping, dealt.

Twelve warriors in the battle brunt  
Front to front against me stood.  
Yet now of all the twelve are left  
But corses cleft and bathed in blood.

Then I and Alill, Owen's son,  
To shun each other's arms were loath.  
With drooping sword and lowered shield,  
Still stood the field to view us both.

Oh, then we too exchanged our spears,  
Heroic peers, with such dread art,

\* A De Danann hero and God.

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I pierced him to the very brain,  
He me again unto the heart.

Abide not on the battle-plain  
Among the slain in terror's toils;  
Shun ghostly converse; home with speed  
Bear thou my meed of manly spoils.

All know that I was never seen,  
Oh, Queen, apparelled as a boor,  
But crimson-cloaked, with tunic white,  
And belt of silver, bright and pure.

A five-edged spear, a lance of trust,  
Of many slaying thrust I bore;  
A shield five-circled, bronze its boss,—  
Firm oaths across its midst they swore.

My silver cup, a shining gem,  
Its glittering stem will flash to thee;  
Gold ring and bracelets, famed afar,  
By Nia Nar brought over sea.

Then Cailte's brooch, a pin of luck,  
Though small, a buckle of price untold;  
Two little silver heads are bound  
Deftly around its head of gold.

My draught-board, no mere treasure stake,  
Is thine to take without offence;  
Noble blood its bright rim dyes,  
Lady, it lies not far from hence.

While searching for that treasure prized,  
Be thou advised thy speech to spare.  
Earth never knew beneath the sun  
A gift more wonderfully fair.

One half its pieces yellow gold,  
White bronze of mould are all the rest;  
Its woof of pearls a peerless frame  
By every smith of fame confessed.

# The Preternatural in

The piece-bag—'tis a tale of tales—

Its rim with golden scales enwrought.

Its maker left a lock on it

Whose secret no want-wit hath caught.

Small is the casket and four-square,

Of coils of rare red gold its face,

The hundreth ounce of white bronze fine

Was weighed to line that matchless case.

O'er sea the red gold coil firm-wrought

Dinoll brought, a goldsmith nice;

Of its all-glittering clasps one even

Is fixed at seven bondwomen's price.

Tradition tells the treasure is

A masterpiece of Turvey's skill;

In the rich reign of Art the Good

His cattle would a cantred\* fill.

No goldsmith at his glittering trade

A wonder made of brighter worth;

No royal jewel that outdid

Its glory hath been hid in earth.

If thou appraise its price with skill,

Want shall thy children ne'er attack;

If thou keep safe this gem of mine,

No heir of thine shall ever lack.

There are around us everywhere

Great spoils to share of famous luck;

Yet horribly at entrails grim

The Morrigan's dim fingers pluck.

Upon a spear-edge sharp alit,

With savage wit she urged us on.

Many the spoils she washes; dread

The laughter of Red Morrigan.

Her horrid mane abroad is flung,

That heart's well strung that shrinks not back.

\* A large acreage of land.

# Early Irish Poetry

Yet though to us she is so near,  
Let no weak fear thy heart attack.

At dawn I part from all that's human,  
To join, O woman, the warrior band.  
Delay not! Homeward urge thy flight;  
The end of night is nigh at hand.

Unto all time each ghostly rann  
Of Fothad Canann shall remain,  
My speech with thee reach every breast,  
If my bequest I but obtain.

Since many to my grave will come,  
Raise thou for me a tomb far-seen.  
Such trouble for thy true love's sake  
Wilt thou not undertake, O Queen?

My corse from thee must earthward pass,  
My soul, alas! to torturing fire.  
Save worship of Heaven's Lord of lords  
All earth affords but folly dire.

I hear the dusky ousel's song,  
To greet the faithful throng, outpour;  
My voice, my shape turn spectral weak—  
Hush, woman, speak to me no more.

The relations between the phantom lover and his paramour are here very finely and delicately described. The Queen does not appear to be terrified by his appearance in the first instance, and is about to address him passionately, but, like Protesilaus, when permitted to appear to Laodamia, he gravely repels her affection, deploras the madness of their passion, and yet forgives her for her share in it. He proudly tells her of the details of the battle in which hero after hero fell, until he and her husband, King Alill of Munster, encountered one another and perished at each other's hands. Again growing considerate for her, he warns her of the dangers of the battlefield, and above all cautions her against the haunting

## The Preternatural in

spirit of the Morrigan, one of the Battle goddesses or demons of the Gael. Of these there were three weird sisters, Anann or Ana, Bove or Bauv, and Macha, all malignant beings. "In an ancient glossary quoted by Stokes," writes Dr Joyce in his *Social History of Ireland*, "Macha's mast-food is said to be the heads of men slain in battle." The accounts of these battle furies are somewhat confused, but they were all called Morrigan and Bauv. Morrigan, means great queen; Bauv did not appear, as a rule, in queenly shape, but as a carrion crow fluttering over the heads of the combatants. Bauv was the war goddess among the ancient Gauls from whom her legend was brought to Ireland. Strangely enough, not many years ago, a small pillar stone was found in France with an interesting votive inscription upon it, addressed to this goddess under the name of Cathu (Irish Cath = battle) bodvae (the Irish Bauv).

Fothad Canann goes on to tell the queen where his special accoutrements, weapons, and treasures of jewelry are to be found on the battlefield, and he enters into a curiously close description of his draught-board, a very masterpiece of art. He ends his conversation by promising that she shall be famous to all time for these ghostly *ranns* or verses addressed to her, if she will raise him a worthy tomb—a far-seeing monument, for the sake of her love to him. There follows a final Christian touch, not improbably one of those Monkish interpolations, introduced at the close of Pagan poems in order to justify their circulation, but contradicted by the phantom's previous statement, that he was returning not to the fires of Purgatory, but to the companionship of the warrior band.

We have dealt with cases of reincarnation as described in the old Pagan Irish poems. Here is an instance of a kindred character, but not one of transmigration of soul. This remarkable poem, of which a translation follows, refers to the rejuvenations of an old Irish princess, more fortunate than Tithonus, who received the fateful gift of immortality only to wither slowly in the arms of the God-



# Early Irish Poetry

dess Aurora. This princess, on the contrary, was dowered with seven periods of youth and so, during her Pagan period, was wedded to one prince of the Gael after another. The poem, uttered by her, expresses, however, in the language of the late tenth century her misery when she finds that her youth is to be renewed no more, and her final position is thus quaintly described in the prose introduction to this lament of the old woman of Beare, or Beara, from which "The O'Sullivan Bear" takes his title, and round whose shores the British fleet anchors in the great harbour of Berehaven.

## THE LAMENT OF THE OLD WOMAN OF BEARE.\*

The reason why she was called the Old Woman of Beare was that she had fifty foster children in Beare. She had seven periods of youth, one after another, so that every man who had lived with her came to die of old age, and her grandsons and great grandsons were tribes and races. For a hundred years she wore the veil which Cummin had blessed upon her head. Thereupon old age and infirmity came upon her. 'Tis then she said:

Ebb-tide to me as of the sea;  
Reproaches free old age o'ertake;  
Full limbs and bosom favours follow,  
The lean and hollow they forsake.

The Beldame I of Beare confessed,  
Who once went dressed in garments fine;  
Ill Fortune's miserable mock,  
Not even a cast off smock is mine.

At riches now girls' eyes grow bright,  
Not at the sight of heroes bold;  
But when *we* lived, ah then, ah then,  
We gave our love to men, not gold.

Swift chariots glancing in the sun,  
Swift steeds that won the bright award—  
Their day of plenty hath gone by,  
My blessings lie with their dead lord.

\* Founded on Professor Kuno Meyer's prose version of this tenth century Irish poem. The introductory words are his translation from the early Irish.

# The Preternatural in

My body bends its bitter load  
Towards the abode ordained for all,  
And when He deems my days are done,  
Then let God's Son my soul recall.

My arms, if now their shape is seen,  
Are bony, lean, discoloured things;  
Yet once they fondled soft and warm,  
Form after form of gallant kings.

To-day, alas, when they are seen,  
They are such lean, long skeletons,  
'Twere folly now to cast their wrecks  
Around the necks of fair kings' sons.

When maidens hail the Beltane bright  
With footsteps light and laughter sweet,  
Then unto me a withered crone  
The loud lament alone is meet.

No sheep are for my bridals slain,  
None now are fain for converse kind;  
My locks of gold, turned leaden pale,  
Lie hid a wretched veil behind.

I do not deem it ill at all,  
A mean white veil should thrall them so;  
With ribbons gay they once were dressed  
Above the good ale's festal flow.

The Stone of Kings on Femer fair,  
Great Roman's Chair\* in Bregon's bound—  
'Tis long since storms upon them prey,  
Their masters' tombs decay around.

The Great Sea's waters talk aloud,  
Winter arises proud and grey;  
Oh, Fermuid, mighty son of Mugh,†  
I shall not meet with you to-day.

\* Inauguration stones, or stone chairs, on which the candidate king or prince stood to receive the wand of office, "a straight white wand, a symbol of authority and also an emblem of what his conduct and judicial decisions should be—straight and without a stain."—Dr Joyce, *Social History of Ireland*, Book I, p. 46.

† One of her princely lovers.

# Early Irish Poetry

I know what they are doing now;  
They row and row and row across  
The rustling reeds of Alma's Ford—  
Death-cold each Lord, alas, my loss!

'Tis, "Oh my God! and Ochonee!"  
To-day to me, whate'er my fate,  
Even in the sun my cloak I wear;  
Time shall not now repair my state.

Youth's summer sweet in which we were  
And Autumn fair I too have spent;  
But Winter's overwhelming brow  
Is o'er me now in anger bent.

Amen! So be it! Woe is me!  
Each acorn from its tree takes flight;  
After the banquet's joyful gleam,  
Can I esteem a prayer-house bright?

I had my day with kings indeed,  
Rich wine and mead would wet my lip,  
But all among the shrivelled hags  
Whey-water now in rags I sip.

Upon my cloak my locks stream white,  
My head is light, my memory numb;  
Through cheek and chin grey bristles grow,  
A beldame lo! I am become.

Seven flood-waves over me were cast,  
Six ebb-tides passed into my blood;  
Too well I know, too well indeed,  
The seventh ebb will lead no flood.

The flood-wave never more shall stir  
With laughing whirr my kitchen now.  
Many my comrades in the gloom,  
But Death's black doom is on each brow.

Isles of the Sea to you 'tis sweet  
Again to greet the flooding brine;  
After my seventh ebb I know  
Time's joyous flow shall not be mine.

# The Preternatural in

The smallest place that meets my eyes  
I cannot recognise aright.  
What was in flood with flowing store  
Is all in ebb before my sight.

Miss Hull reminds us, when dealing with the literature of vision, of Cæsar's statement in Book VI, chapter 15, of the Gaelic War, that "one of the chief convictions which the Druids of Gaul desired to instil, is that souls do not perish, but pass, after death, from one body to another; and they think this is the greatest incentive to valour, as it leads men to despise the fear of death." Undoubtedly there is much evidence in early Irish mythology of transmigration from form to form, thus the De Danann hero-god, Lugh, was re-born in Cuchulain, and Diarmuid is a reincarnation in Ossianic times of Angus the De Danann love-god, whose "love spot" or beauty fascinated all women.

There is this difference, however, between the teaching of the Gaulish Druids as observed by Cæsar and that contained in early Irish Druidic influences. There was no belief in a life beyond the grave in ancient pagan Ireland. As Miss Hull puts it:

The mortals who went into Magh Mell, or the Irish pagan Elysium, did not go there by means of, or after death, they went as visitors, who could at will return again to earth. The distinction is essential. Until after the introduction of Christian teaching, the idea of a life after death seems to have been non-existent. It is quite different when we come to the late dialogues between Oisín and St Patrick, which makes up a large portion of the Ossianic poetical literature. Though anti-Christian in tone, Oisín has so far adopted the standpoint of the Saint that he admits the continued existence of Fionn and his warriors after death, the point of contention between them being where and under what circumstances this existence is carried on. Such a line of argument would have been impossible in pre-Christian times, when the idea of a future existence had not yet been conceived of."

Manannan Mac Lir, himself the son of a Celtic sea

# Early Irish Poetry

deity, after whom the ocean is sometimes called the Plain of Lir—and who probably is the shadowy origin of Shakespeare's King Lear—was the King of the Land of Promise of Sorcha ("clearness"), or Magh Mell the "Honey Plain." Thither Bran, who is connected with Manannan in the oversea voyage myths, sails under the influence of a beautiful princess who describes the marvellous land in the delightful strains of which an original verse translation is subjoined. This passage appears as a poem contained in the prose tale called *The Voyage of Bran Son of Febal to the Land of the Living*. The whole of the tale and interspersed poems have been published under the editorship of Professor Kuno Meyer, by David Nutt. It was probably first written down early in the eighth, perhaps late in the seventh century.

## THE ISLES OF THE HAPPY.

Once when Bran, son of Feval, was with his warriors in his royal fort, they suddenly saw a woman in strange raiment upon the floor of the house. No one knew whence she had come or how she had entered, for the ramparts were closed. Then she sang these quatrains to Bran while all the host were listening:

A branch I bear from Evin's apple trees  
Whose shape agrees with Erin's orchard spray;  
Yet never could her branches best belauded  
Such crystal-gaued bud and bloom display.

There is a distant Isle, deep sunk in shadows,  
Sea horses round its meadows flash and flee;  
Full fair the course, white-swelling waves enfold it,  
Four pedestals uphold it o'er the sea.

All eyes' delight, that Plain of Silver glorious,  
Whereon victorious hosts with joy engage,  
Swift coracle and chariot keen contending,  
A race unending run from age to age.

White the bronze pillars that this Fairy Curragh,\*  
The Centuries thorough, coruscating prop.  
Through all the World the fairest land of any  
Is this whereon the many blossoms drop.

\* Plain, as the Curragh of Kildare.

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And in its midst an Ancient Tree forth flowers,  
Whence to the Hours beauteous birds outchime,  
In harmony of song, with fluttering feather,  
They hail together each new birth of Time.

And through the Isle smile all glad shades of colour,  
No hue of dolour mars its beauty lone.  
'Tis Silver Cloud Land that we ever name it,  
And joy and music claim it for their own.

Not here are cruel guile or loud resentment,  
But calm contentment, fresh and fruitful cheer;  
Not here loud force or dissonance distressful,  
But music melting blissful on the ear.

No grief, no gloom, no death, no mortal sickness,  
Nor any weakness our sure strength can bound;  
These are the signs that grace the race of Evin.  
Beneath what other heaven are they found?

Then mayhap Silver Land shall meet thy vision,  
Where sea gems for division leap to land.  
The monstrous Deep against the steep is dashing;  
His mane's hoar lashing whitens all the strand.

Great wealth is his and bright-hued treasure-showers,  
Who links his hours, Land of Peace, with thine.  
To strains of sweetest music is he listening,  
He drains from glistening cups the choicest wine.

Pure golden chariots on the Sea Plain fleeting  
Give joyful greeting to the golden Sun;  
Pure silver chariots on the Plain of Sporting,  
With chariots of pure bronze consorting, run.

Swift steeds are on the sward there, golden yellow,  
While crimson steeds to fellow them are seen;  
And some with coats of sleek far-shining azure  
Stretch at full measure o'er the racing green.

A Hero fair, from out the dawn's faint blooming,  
Rides forth, illuming level shore and flood;  
The white and seaward plain he sets in motion,  
He stirs the ocean into burning blood.

# Early Irish Poetry

A host across the clear blue sea comes rowing,  
Their prowess showing, till they touch the shore;  
Thence seek the Shining Stone\* where Music's measure  
Prolongs the pleasure of the pulsing oar.

It sings a strain to all the host assembled;  
That strain untired has trembled through all time!  
It swells with such sweet choruses unnumbered,  
Decay and Death have slumbered since its chime.

Evna, of many shapes, beside the waters,  
Thy thousand daughters many-hued to see—  
How far soe'er or near the circling spaces  
Of sea and sand to their bright faces be—

If even one approach the music thrilling  
Of wood-birds trilling to thy Land of Bliss,  
Straightway the beauteous band is all resorting  
Unto the Plain of Sporting, where he is.

Thus happiness with wealth is o'er us stealing,  
And laughter pealing forth from every hill.  
Yea! through the Land of Peace at every Season  
Pure Joy and Reason are companions still.

Through all the Isle's unchanging summer hours  
There showers and showers a stream of silver bright;  
A pure white cliff that from the breast of Evin  
Mounts up to Heaven thus assures her light.

Thrice fifty distant Isles of fame to Westward,  
Seaward or coastward in the ocean lie;  
Larger those Isles by twice or thrice than Erin,  
And many marvels therein meet the eye.

Long ages hence a Wondrous Child and Holy,  
Yet in estate most lowly shall have birth;  
Seed of a Woman, yet whose Mate knows no man—  
To rule the thousand thousands of the earth.

His sway is ceaseless; 'twas His love all-seeing  
That Earth's vast being wrought with perfect skill.

\* An Irish vocal Memnon.

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All worlds are His; for all His kindness cares;  
But woe to all gainsayers of His Will.

The stainless heavens beneath His Hands unfolded,  
He moulded Man as free of mortal stain.  
And even now Earth's sin-struck sons and daughters  
His Living Waters can make whole again.

Not unto all of you is this my message  
Of marvellous presage at this hour revealed.  
Let Bran but listen from Earth's concourse crowded  
Unto the shrouded wisdom there concealed.

Upon a couch of langour lie not sunken,  
Beware lest drunkenness becloud thy speech!  
Put forth, O Bran, across the far clear waters,  
And Evin's daughters haply thou may'st reach.

It will be seen at the end of this poem that Christian influences were being obtruded upon Pagan thought. Everything points to a pre-Christian origin of this tale. But St Patrick and his successors evidently enjoyed these old pagan tales, realizing their beauty and the nobility of thought which often characterizes them, and pressing them into the service of the Church by means of such interpolated passages as the above poem contains.

As a matter of fact the Pagan over-sea voyage idea was so deeply rooted in the Irish mind that the Monkish writers readily took it over and converted it to their own purposes, and we thus pass on to semi-Christian visions, such as the well-known "Voyage of Maelduin," which Tennyson, at my suggestion, made his own, after studying the first complete English version of it given by Dr Joyce in his *Old Celtic Romances*. Other voyages of the kind are "The Navigation of the Sons of O'Corra," and the "Voyage of Snedgus and Mac Riagla." The legend of St Brendan as told in Irish literature, differs both from the Latin version and those of France and Germany. Matthew Arnold's poem



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is based on these foreign versions and introduces the incident of Judas Iscariot being allowed out of Hell for one day in the year, owing to an act of humanity when on earth. The following curious hymn of St Philip, which must be my last poetical example of early Irish Vision Literature, is an instance of the influence of pre-Christian Wonderland. I have translated it from the *Liber Hymnorum*, edited by Professor Atkinson and Bishop Bernard:

## THE HYMN OF ST PHILIP

From the Early Irish

Philip the Apostle holy

At an Aonach\* once was telling  
Of the immortal birds and shapely  
Afar in Inis Eidheand dwelling.

East of Africa abiding

They perform a labour pleasant;  
Unto earth has come no colour  
That on their pinions is not present.

Since the fourth Creation morning

When their God from dust outdrew them,  
Not one plume has from them perished,  
And not one bird been added to them.

Seven fair streams with all their channels

Pierce the plains wherethrough they flutter,  
Round whose banks the birds go feeding,  
Then soar thanksgiving songs to utter.

Midnight is their hour apportioned,

When on magic coursers mounted  
Through the starry skies they circle,  
To chants of angel choirs uncounted.

Of the foremost birds the burthen

Most melodiously unfolded  
Tells of all the works of wonder  
God wrought before the world He moulded.

\* A fair or open air assembly.

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Then a sweet crowd heavenward lifted,  
When the nocturn bells are pealing,  
Chants His purposes predestined  
Until the Day of Doom's revealing.

Next a flock whose thoughts are blessed  
Under twilight's curls dim sweeping  
Hymn God's wondrous words of Judgment  
When his Court of Doom is keeping.

One and forty on a hundred  
And a thousand, without lying,  
Was their number, joined to virtue,  
Put upon each bird-flock flying.

Who these faultless birds should hearken,  
Thus their strains of rapture linking,  
For the very transport of it,  
Unto death would straight be sinking.

Pray for us, O mighty Mary!  
When earth's bonds no more are binding  
That these birds our souls may solace,  
In the Land of Philip's finding.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

## SOME RECENT STRIKES

A DECLARATION of civil war needs very strong reasons for its justification. There is, however, a limit beyond which any party cannot allow its rights to be disregarded. Hence if such a party labours under very grave abuses and has failed to obtain redress by peaceable means, it may be justified in declaring war on its oppressors. So it is with a strike. A strike is a case of civil war between the two parties which make up any industrial concern—the employers and the employed. Of course, industrial disagreements, like so many others, can be caused by a misunderstanding, and in such cases both sides may be equally to blame. More often, however, the fault will be found to lie mainly or entirely with one or other of the contending parties. Either the masters have been treating their men harshly in the matter of wages or conditions of work, and have refused all peaceful petitions for redress, or else the men have realized that their employers are not in a position to refuse any demands that they may choose to make, and therefore they are striking so as to get what they can by main force.

In the first case—provided their grievances are of adequate importance—the men are justified in their action. If they can get justice in no other way they are perfectly right to try to obtain it by employing the only force at their command—that of a strike. Moreover, a just strike more often than not succeeds. We are of opinion that, if the truth could be known, the majority of the unsuccessful strikes of the past few decades would be found to have failed because it was simply not possible for the masters to grant the men's demands. An industry cannot bear more than a certain burden. Wages must always depend greatly upon the relation between demand and supply in regard to the finished production, no less than in regard to the labour itself. In consequence, if workers are being poorly paid for their work it is very often because their employers are receiving a poor price for the articles manufactured.

## Some Recent Strikes

We do not say this because we hold that masters as a class are much more reasonable than their workmen. If the employers on their side realize that, owing to poverty, lack of leaders, bad organization, etc., the labourers will be unable to resist them, it is to be feared that they will only too often refuse to accede to just demands. Therefore it has occasionally happened that some of the most just strikes have failed most signally. Quite recently, for instance, the tailors had a much more reasonable case than had the colliers or dockmen. In the generality of cases, however—those in which both sides are well equipped for the struggle—the employers will give what satisfaction they can for the simple reason that it would not pay them to do otherwise. Unjust refusal on their part of what they could afford to give would be too dangerous. The men, encouraged by the consciousness of the justice of their cause, would soon make their case known, and public opinion, always more inclined to enlist itself on the side of the poor and weak, would—reinforced, perhaps, by an Act of Parliament—be too strong for the masters. Of course, we all know that the employing class, with the wealth and influence at its command, has often obscured issues and delayed the carriage of justice, but on a point affecting them so vitally the mass of the people will not be denied. With their present-day opportunities of making their power felt, it is certain that they will sooner or later get their will.

A class of strike which does not fall easily into either of the two categories that we have described, is the common one which is due purely to the labourer's ignorance of economic effects. He does not realize that a general rise in prices means a corresponding rise in the price of living, and that so it may be ultimately of no advantage to him.

The second case—that of the workers taking advantage of their employer's inability to resist them to get as much as they can by force—is exactly comparable to the action of a monopolizing Trust in unduly inflating prices. It is a "corner" in labour. The injustice of making money by this means is the same that was preached against in mediaeval times in the case of usury. I may sell what is

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mine, not what is another's. If I am asked to dispose of, for instance, some food, when I am myself on the verge of starvation, I am justified in exacting a high price because of the special inconvenience which the sale will occasion to me. If, on the other hand, I have plenty of food and a starving man wishes to buy a portion of it, I have no right to make capital out of *his* need by charging him a fancy figure. In these days of the simple commercial maxim "get what you can," this distinction is seldom remembered. It is, however, clearly brought out in the case of a "corner." So also if a man—or a class of men—is fighting to secure something to which he is justly entitled, he will not, as a rule, stop short at this, but will strive to gain anything, over and above, that he can. In the case of strikes, however, with their formulated lists of demands, the guiding motive is generally fairly clear.

It is not proposed here to enter into the details of the recent strikes in England, as the Editor hopes to deal with the question more thoroughly in a future number. We shall content ourselves with noting the main characteristics of the three big strikes—those of the railwaymen, the coal miners, and the transport workers in the Port of London—and indicating the *progress* of the ruling motives in each case.

Generally speaking, the demands have been—increased wages, easier hours, and recognition by the employers of the men's unions.

As regards the railway strike, many of the men's grievances were real enough. On a railway wages vary very greatly. The porters on the "booking-hall staff" at a large station make a very good living indeed out of their tips. Other men, however, who have to do exactly similar work and live in London on twenty-two to twenty-six shillings a week, or small station-masters, whose very responsible position is remunerated with only thirty shillings a week, are by no means too well paid. Shunters, again, have one of the most dangerous employments in England. Railwaymen also often have to work

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very late at night and on Sundays. Taking these considerations into account, it is clear that (whether or not the definite demands made were in themselves fair) there was plenty of room for reasonable grievance. If the well-paid men believed that some of their fellows were being unjustly treated they showed commendable self-sacrifice and *esprit-de-corps* in throwing in their lot with them in a general strike.

In the first instance, the directors of the companies flatly refused to meet the strikers. Then—through pressure brought to bear on them by the Government for political reasons—they consented to negotiate, and they made substantial concessions in the matter of wages and hours of work. This they were enabled to do by the pledge given them by the Government of permission to raise their rates. The demand of the men for recognition of their Unions was rejected unconditionally.

A word now as to the coal strike—and here the writer speaks with the general knowledge of one who has lived for a considerable time in South Derbyshire, and is familiar with the working of a mine, and with the manner of life of a collier. This strike resolved itself into a question purely of increase of wages. The sympathy which it evoked we may say at once, was almost entirely due to misplaced sentiment. People who knew little or nothing about the miner pitied him working at his “dirty and dangerous trade,” and execrated the millionaire colliery owner who refused him a “living wage.” All this is entirely beside the point. The work of coal-cutting is hard and often dangerous, but it is not the hardest, the most unpleasant, or the most dangerous kind of work done in England. Those who doubt the last point need only refer to the statistics of the Board of Trade. If they do, they will find, in addition, that colliers are a very healthy class, being exceptionally free from tubercular disease. Moreover, if unpleasant and dangerous, the work was, even before the strike, correspondingly highly paid, and all talk of a “living” wage is so much rubbish. Under favourable circumstances, many a stall-holder, or “butty man,” did

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not go down at under a sovereign for a shift of eight hours, and less skilled colliers were making thirty to forty shillings a week, with only four days' work. That the earnings of many were diminished by the Eight Hours Act of 1908 the miners have their own leaders to thank.

To return, however, to the question of the avowed motive of the strike, the men's contention was that in the course of their work they came at times to "abnormal places." Such are places where the coal is very hard, or is mixed with dirt and stone, or where a great deal of propping is required. In such places the miner's earnings will fall and may even for a time almost disappear. The getting of coal may also be hindered by absence of tubs, defective machinery, and other accidents. On account of this the men claimed that, though paid by piece-work, they should have a right to a *minimum* wage for a day's work. As a matter of fact, the mine owners were generally agreed that compensation was due to men working in such places, but the payment of a minimum wage presented great difficulties from an administrative point of view. The skill and industry of the workers varies very much, and it is impossible to supervise them.\* The masters granted the principle of a minimum day's wage, but put forward on their side a claim for a minimum day's work. On the rock of the actual figures the negotiations came to grief. Mr Asquith, wishing, for the welfare of the whole country, to put an end to the strike, brought in a Bill to make the payment of a minimum daily wage compulsory. Just at that time, however, it became evident that the strike was beginning to collapse of its own weight. His fears diminished, and also influenced by the differences between the amounts claimed in different parts of the country, he refused to fix any definite figure, but left this

\* One of the employers' representatives on the original conference admitted to me very shortly afterwards that the demand for a minimum wage ought never to have been entertained. The employers—as in the case of the railway strike—were influenced by their fear of the consequences to the nation of a protracted struggle. As a matter of fact, had they taken a firm line from the very outset, the strike would probably have collapsed much sooner than it did.

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to be settled by the Joint Boards, which were to be set up in each district.

Although the men's demand for compensation for work done in abnormal places was, in its nature, quite just, it is questionable whether in actual practice they were not already more than sufficiently compensated by the amount that they earned in the ordinary places. If manner of living is any test, the amount of money that the collier appears to have at his disposal, and the amount of holidays that he can afford to take, make him among the most prosperous of manual labourers. Be that as it may, the coal strike was a strike of men, comparatively prosperous, with the sole object of getting more money. This is why it was in some places referred to as "the selfish strike." It failed, as did that of the railway men, because, contrary to the men's expectations, the country was able to exist without them.

If we turn to the proclamations of the strike leaders, it becomes impossible to resist the conclusion that this strike was essentially one of the "corner" description. Their boast was that the country would be brought to its knees by want of coal. Railways would cease running, factories close down, private individuals freeze. In the later stages the argument which determined the ballots against resuming work was "Vote with us, and make the strike a success." The men cannot greatly be blamed. Believing their leaders' assertion that by striking they would permanently get much higher wages, and that in staying out they were standing by their fellows and bravely upholding their cause, they could hardly have been expected to act differently. Although, however, some of the surface-men, who are paid by time, were discontented, the bulk of the actual coal-getters—the men who got all the notice and all the sympathy—had no wish to strike. Ultimately they returned to work in defiance of their leaders' express commands.

In nearly all the strikes that have taken place in England during the last two years a great point of contention has been the demand made by the men that the masters



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should formally recognize their Unions, and the ensuing preposterous stipulation that employers of labour should bind themselves to engage no man who did not belong to the union of his particular trade.

This absurdity has reached its culminating-point in the strike at the Port of London. The facts as contained in Sir Edward Clarke's Report are as follows: On discovering that in the employ of the Mercantile Lighterage Company, was James Thomas, sixty-one years of age, who was not a member of the Amalgamated Society of Lightermen, on May 1 three of his fellow employés refused to work with him. A demand for the man's dismissal being ignored, on May 16 all the firm's men were called out by the unions. Five days later a general strike was declared of all the transport workers in the Port of London. Now, at the time of writing (June 17) this has been extended to all ports in the United Kingdom. The case has thus been put by an able writer. He quotes Mr Brookbank, chairman of the Dock Committee of the Port of London, as saying "that the Port Authority has never distinguished between unionists and non-unionists," and he then continues:

Quite so—and that is why there is a strike, and why all the river-side Unions are in a conspiracy to try and starve London. Their whole point is that the employers ought to and must distinguish. Until they do that, how can they be in a position to deny to James Thomas and his like the right to earn their daily bread? That is the whole object of the strike—to establish the great principle that no non-unionist shall be allowed to sell his labour as he pleases, or to work for his daily bread on any terms whatever. The traffic of the Port of London is at a standstill; and the thing in issue is whether James Thomas, not being a member of the Amalgamated Society of Lightermen, shall be allowed to live. Because he is not a member of that Society it is contended that he is unfit for employment in the Port of London, and ought to be prohibited from offering work for bread.

Other demands have been added to this one, but they have not aroused nearly such strong feeling as the objec-

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tion to non-unionist labour; and it was the above case which caused the strike.

The excuse for the strike is that James Thomas, an old man of sixty-one, ought not to have been allowed to work. On this point Sir Edward Clarke's report is decisive. "It appears to me," he says, "that the charge of breach of agreement against the employers in respect of the employment of James Thomas wholly fails, and is based on a misapprehension of the effect of the agreement of August 19, and must have been made in forgetfulness of the assurances given at the conference of July 25 and 26." In other words, the Unions have sprung a new demand on the employers, and to justify themselves have made a charge of bad faith for which there is no justification.\*

The desire of the organizers of labour that their unions should include every single workman, and thus be absolutely representative, is in itself a perfectly legitimate aspiration, but it gives them no conceivable right to order the employers to do their organizing for them, by compelling men to join who do not wish to do so. Not only did they do this but they virtually asked the Government to help them by putting pressure on the employers, and the Government appear to have gone a considerable way to meet their wishes. The Port Authority, however, have pointed out that to impose such conditions on non-unionists would be contrary to their statutory obligations.

If the strike of the coal-getters was called a selfish strike, what name does this one deserve? It is not a strike for the redress of grievances, nor in the main for increase of pay (though the matter of wages is touched upon in some of the later demands). It is a strike for an end not merely selfish, but in itself irrational and wrong. It is an attack on that elementary liberty—the right of a free man to offer his labour on his own terms, and of another free man to accept it as and how he chooses. Those who interfere with the free sale of labour maintain that they do so for the ultimate good of those they would control; they rarely openly

\* *The Tablet*, June 8.

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deny the labourer's right to take what wages he thinks fit, but such is in effect the result of their conduct. Mr Gosling, in his replies to Sir Edward Clarke, maintained that when a majority of the men had made an agreement with a majority of the masters, every one should be forced to abide by it; that no one "ought to be allowed to get out of it by saying, 'I was not there, and I was not a party to the agreement.'" Can worse tyranny be imagined?

A significant illustration of how this principle is being put into practice is furnished by the following paragraph in a daily paper:

The Dockers' Union at Swansea stated last evening that no ballot of the men would be held, and that any man working at the docks to-day would be a "black-leg." \*

There was a time when a King could, in specially critical circumstances, raise an army by proclaiming that any man who failed to join would be held *nithing* (or worthless—a deadly insult). It is to be hoped that this power is not to be revived in favour of a Trade Union.

In the strikes which we have been considering—and also in many others—one element has been constantly present which is so grave as to deserve separate treatment. It is this: the Trade Unions will not abide by their promises. The railwaymen broke a previous agreement when they went on strike. The miners of South Wales and Scotland similarly broke others which should have held good for several years more. †

\* *The Times*, June 12.

† Contract breaking in mines is of daily occurrence. When a miner is engaged he forms a contract to give a fortnight's notice before absenting himself from work, and his employer must likewise give a fortnight's notice before dismissing him. In practice, any manager who unjustly refuses to employ a man is sued at once. If he in his turn sues a miner for absenting himself without notice, the whole pit is stopped by the union so long as the man is in prison. This was told me by the manager of a big pit, and he added that the average number of days per week that each man attended the pit was 3·7.

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The case of the transport workers, however, is particularly flagrant in this respect. On July 27, 1911, an agreement, known as the Devonport agreement, was arrived at by a conference, over which Lord Devonport presided, and which represented the employers, the Port of London Authority and the National Transport Federation. The Port of London Authority, on which two direct representatives of the workmen—Mr Gosling and Mr Orbell—have seats, had taken steps voluntarily and without pressure to meet the requirements of the Transport Workers' Federation in a friendly way, and succeeded in doing so, not only for their own men, but also for those employed by other Port interests. The resulting agreement was signed by the present strike leaders, submitted by them for ratification to a mass meeting and duly confirmed. And yet, two days later, these leaders, intoxicated by a general strike ferment and successes elsewhere, called out the men on strike. When their aberration had passed off, the agreement was once more confirmed. As to the question of the employment of non-union labour, even if the strike leaders do interpret in a way of their own the agreement reached at the Devonport Conference, how can they reconcile their present demand with the statements which they made on that occasion, thus quoted in Sir Edward Clarke's report:

Mr Potter: May I ask a question to help me to consider these matters? Do I understand Mr Tillet to mean by what he said that he desires, or makes it a stipulation, that the shipowner is not to employ any men who are not unionists?

Mr Ben Tillet: No. Whatever the men do, whether they are unionists or non-unionists, they are free agents, that is our card.

Mr Gosling: That is made clear in our note.

The Chairman: They do not come and say you shall only employ Union men. On the other hand, they say you are not to insist on a certain class of men carrying your Federation ticket. You want a fair field and no favour.

Mr Gosling: That is it.

Mr Ben Tillet: The workman is a free agent.

Mr Havelock Wilson: It must be quite well understood that we

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are going to do our level best to get every man into the Union, but we are not going to say to you, Mr Potter, that you must not employ any man but a Union man. We shall see that every man gets into the Union, and shall use every means to bring that about.

The moral of all this is that the promise of a Trade Union is worthless. Until by some change it becomes trustworthy "collective bargaining" can have no meaning. For a contract to be worth making it must have some sanction. In many cases the sanction is that of honour: the contracting parties can mutually trust one another to keep their word. If this idea of honour disappears, another sanction has to be invoked—that of penalizing any breach of faith. If the contract is not one whose infringement is punishable by law, it is usual to stipulate in the document the penalties which non-observance will entail—*e.g.* a builder undertakes to erect a house by a certain date; if the house is not ready by the day specified, he agrees to pay a fine of so much per week until it is finished. Now the position of the Trade Unions on this point has long been a subject of contention. The Taff Vale decision of 1901 first made it clear that they were not entirely irresponsible. The Union funds were declared liable for legal wrongs committed by Union officials. This dictate of elementary justice was, however, revoked by the Trades Dispute Act of 1906, and now no Trade Union can be sued for any legal wrong committed in furtherance of a trade dispute. At the same time the employers' associations were placed in a like position of irresponsibility. Doubtless in some cases there are still ways of punishing an erring official in his own person, but even the principle of personal liability (and, of course, of personal freedom) has received a most damaging blow in the legalizing of "peaceful" picketing.

It is clear that this state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue indefinitely. It is useless for the employers to enter into agreements with the Unions, if they know beforehand that the latter intend to break them as soon as they see a chance of gaining anything by so doing. Does

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anyone doubt that, given a promising opportunity, the coal miners or the transport workers will immediately declare another strike irrespective of their "agreements" of this year? If the Joint Boards do not give them as much as they expect, will the miners consent to be bound by them? \* Besides, if the unions act in this way, the employers, whose associations, be it remembered, are also immune from liability, will be provoked to do the same. If they do, the last state of industry in England will indeed be worse than the first.

In short, some form of sanction of the contracts between the employers of labour and the Trade Unions is imperative. A valuable suggestion was made in a letter to *The Times* by Mr Day, the editor of the *Shoe and Leather Record*. This letter explained how peace had been secured in the boot trade for the last seventeen years. The boot-makers were shrewd enough to perceive that the inviolability of their union could be a disability as well as a privilege. To remedy this they agreed that each side—employers and workmen—should set aside a given sum out of which damages should be paid for any breach of contract. The principle of this agreement is, of course, in direct opposition to that of the Trades Dispute Act, but that its justice has been recognized by the Government is shown by the announcement that the Chancellor of the Exchequer made in the House of Commons on June 6, that "the transport workers are prepared to accept a Joint Conciliation Board if it is set up, and are willing to deposit a monetary guarantee for the carrying out of agreements under such Board, if the employers will do the same." The Government are to be congratulated, not only on their honesty in admitting the wisdom of Mr Day's suggestion, but still more on their success in inducing the workmen's representatives to consent to furnish any monetary guarantee at all. A serious objection to the proposed Joint Board, however, is that the Port

\* Since the above was written the papers have announced that in several pits the miners have refused to work "owing to dissatisfaction with the minimum wage award."

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Authority—which would have to be represented on it—is a statutory corporation. As it says in its official report published on June 11:

That a Public Authority should be asked to make monetary deposits as an earnest of its good faith to observe agreements with its workmen, without the faintest justification for so doing is, apart from such a course being in the opinion of the Authority *ultra vires*, to seek to establish a condition of affairs that circumstances do not warrant or justify.

Is there not a still simpler way of ensuring the sanctity of contracts between employers and Trade Unions? Instead of being carefully placed without the law, why should they not both be placed *within* the law? In the case of breach of very many contracts, such as those of ordinary buying and selling, redress can be obtained in the Courts of Justice. Why should not the same be possible with regard to industrial agreements? If legislation could be introduced to enable such agreements to be drawn up before a properly constituted legal authority, then those who broke them could be punished by law. The institution of legal damages has been the instrument which has brought peace into many departments of life, and it has been strongly urged that it would go far to do the same in the case of industrial disputes. If both sides knew that they would be compelled to abide rigidly by their undertakings, they would be unlikely to enter upon them without adequate prospect of being able to do so. Moreover, when once a settlement had been arrived at, peace would be ensured for a definite period of time.

It is not, of course, contended that the securing of the inviolability of contracts would of itself put an end to strikes. There can, however, be no question but that it would greatly diminish their number by lessening the ease with which they can be entered upon at present.

Finally, there is the somewhat delicate question of "agitators." We would not confine this description necessarily to the leaders of the workmen, but it is on that side that they are mainly to be found, owing to the

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obvious fact that there is greater scope for agitation among large numbers of uneducated men than among the comparatively fewer and better educated employers.

Reasons have been suggested in the course of this article for believing that in some of the recent English strikes the bulk of the men have not been individually in favour of refusing to work—that they have, in fact, more or less blindly done what their leaders commanded. Such power can, in the hands of irresponsible men, be very dangerous. It will be remembered that the great railway strike in France of two years ago was brought to an end by the action of the French Government in summarily arresting those who were directing it. Without having recourse to such arbitrary methods, it would seem necessary for Parliament to enact that when the leaders' commands entail the breaking of solemnly agreed-upon contracts, those who issue them shall be held responsible. Were the contracts in question given the legal sanction that we advocate, incitement to break them—on the part of either masters or men—could be made punishable as conspiracy to break the law. Legislation of this type could not be considered oppressive, as it would merely consist in enforcing and safeguarding the system, described above, which, founded on a voluntary basis, has in the one industry succeeded so well.

STEPHEN HARDING

Since the above article was written, Mr Asquith has stated in the House of Commons that the chief difficulty in the way of friendly relations between masters and men is the want of effective methods for securing the due observance of industrial agreements by both sides. He declared that he heartily endorsed the following resolution of the Industrial Committee: "The Industrial Council is of opinion that the question of the maintenance of industrial agreements is of the highest importance to employers and trade unions and workpeople generally, and it would welcome an immediate inquiry into the matter." (EDITOR.)



# MUSIC & LITERATURE: THE WORK OF ROBERT SCHUMANN

THE reproach is sometimes cast against musicians that, as a class, they lack interest in things literary. The writer must not be supposed to admit the charge if he contends that, even if established, it would be in despite of a constellation of brilliant exceptions. One recalls at once, for instance, the case of Robert Schumann, whose centenary was so recently celebrated—he was born June 8, 1810. For Schumann not only applied to music, more than any other one composer, a movement which had its origin among the poets—that of romanticism—but did the work of a Hercules in raising the level, literary and musical, of criticism. Indeed, the slight coolness which at one time threatened the friendship between Schumann and his contemporary, Mendelssohn, was due to the insatiable devotion of the former to the quill. It is somewhat remarkable that so highly educated a man as the composer of “Elijah” was, and especially so gifted a letter-writer, should have thought it *infra dig.* of a composer to have anything to do with foolscap. Yet so it was!

To a musician the words “Schumann” and “romance” almost mean the same thing. Scarcely less a poet than a musician; the avowed enemy of the commonplace and trivial; as keen in his search for fairyland as an Arctic explorer is for the Pole; thwarted, persistent, successful, and supremely happy in his love and marriage; and dying an almost tragic death, the word “romance” is not more appropriate to the work than the life of the composer of “Paradise and the Peri.”

Yet clearly marked as his destiny appears to those who can look back on his life-work, he was slow in recognizing it himself.

Anything more incompatible with his supremely poetic soul; his rhapsodic tendency, conspicuous even in his

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prose writing; his impatience of mere precedent, than a life devoted to the law it would be difficult to imagine. Yet it took two years to convince him—or, perhaps, one should say to enable him to convince his mother, a widow—that he was not to conduct cases but concerts!

Eventually, however, nature prevailed; he abandoned his legal studies in the University of Leipzig and devoted himself wholly to the study of music, under the guidance of Friedrich Wieck. Even then it was not as a composer and writer on music that he looked forward to spending his life, but as a pianoforte virtuoso. Only the disablement of a finger—as fortunate for the world as at the time it seemed unfortunate to him—diverted his energies into the channel of composition and musical literature. And it was while living as apprentice with Wieck that his third tardiness in recognizing his route on the map of life occurred. For six years he had known his instructor's daughter, Clara Wieck, a pianist as gifted as he had himself hoped to become, before he awoke to the fact that music was not the only bond between them. But if he had entertained Cupid unawares he at least made up for it by closely barring the doors against his escape!

Clara Wieck's father would not hear of the match. The reason is assumed to have been the insufficiency of Schumann's means. But Schumann was not wholly dependent on his professional earnings: he had 500 thalers a year from private property; yet when, two years later, his earnings as a composer having greatly increased, he again asked for Clara's hand her father's consent was refused even more pointedly than before. One thing alone made Schumann pause: his bride-elect was decorated with various titles of honour from the Courts at which she had played. Not long, however, could this inequality be claimed, for in 1840 the University of Jena conferred on Schumann the title of Doctor of Philosophy. Still the father was obdurate. Schumann therefore invoked the law, and, after nearly a year's wrangling, the Court decreed the father's objections to be trivial and dispensed with the legal necessity for his consent. The result was one

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of the happiest marriages recorded in the annals of art. Besides their genius, both husband and wife had simple domestic tastes. The first four years were spent in profound retirement, interrupted only by one or two concert tours. They lived for each other and for their children. He created and wrote for his wife, and in accordance with her temperament. She looked upon it as her highest privilege to give to the world the most perfect interpretation of his works. Like the wife of a certain great statesman, she also warded off all disturbing or injurious impressions from his sensitive soul, which day by day became more irritable.

The deep joy of Schumann's married life produced the direct result of a great acceleration in his artistic progress. His most beautiful works in the larger forms: his symphonies, the celebrated quintet for pianoforte and strings—perhaps his most famous work—his "Paradise and the Peri," all followed within a year or two of his marriage. At this time his faculties were as clear as his imagination was rich, with the result that he was a very fast worker. Thus, though he had not previously given much attention to chamber music, his three quartets, written in 1842, were composed within a month, and the last two movements of the third quartet took him only a day each!

It was not only, however, in the quality and rapidity of his work that his wife's influence told so strongly for good on Schumann. Fond of quiet and retirement, he loved his domestic hearth almost to excess. A distaste for the public life demanded by his professional interests grew upon him.

"How unwilling I am to move out of my quiet round," he wrote to a friend, "you must not expect me to tell you. I cannot think of it without the greatest annoyance." Probably no one but his wife could have overcome his reluctance to undertake a Russian tour, and she only did it by threatening that if he did not go she would go without him! Yet when once started on the tour Schumann enjoyed himself, and the enterprise proved an important factor in popularizing his compositions.

Schumann is not one of the most easily understood or

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popular of composers. His meaning does not always lie on the surface: indeed, it is admitted that he not infrequently failed to express it fully: he strives to say something which will not come. This is one explanation of his exceptional fondness for poetic titles to his pieces: he cannot express himself saved to a mind previously attuned to the message he has to deliver. He wrote few catchy melodies: the hackneyed "Merry Peasant," his "Slumber Song," and "Träumerei," with possibly a song or two, form the Schumann repertoire of the man who judges music by whether he can whistle it! The composer of "Paradise and the Peri" was never trivial, never commonplace; his most striking characteristic was originality and romanticism; he showed an extraordinary faculty for blending classical forms and modern feeling.

But these are not the qualities which make most readily for popularity. And rapidly as its strong national element led to the acceptance of Schumann's music in the land of its birth, his compositions gained recognition but slowly in other countries. His was a text which depended greatly on the preacher, and appreciation would have come more slowly still—perhaps not at all—but for the interpretive insight, the executive ability, and the intense missionary enthusiasm of his wife—perhaps the most gifted of all women pianists. The Russian tour was a case in point. The enthusiasm with which his compositions were received in Mitaw, Riga, Petersburg and Moscow was a tribute not only to the prophet's message but to the interpreter's rendering. This missionary zeal—home and foreign—Madame Schumann kept up not only during her husband's short lifetime—he died when only forty-six—but to the end of her own, forty years later.

Schumann shares with Wagner the honour of being the most didactic of the great composers. This was not a late development thrust upon him by circumstances. As early as his twenty-fourth year he felt the shallowness and insufficiency of existing musical criticism, and his own mission as a reformer and teacher.

Schumann's literary work was not less a result of his

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romanticism than was the etherealism of his music. He was spurred to it by the triviality and shallowness which, despite the but recent deaths of Weber, Beethoven and Schubert, characterized the taste of his generation. Not only so, but his anger was whetted by the incompetence and utter want of discrimination of contemporary musical criticism—"honey-daubing," he called it. Hence the establishment, at the early age already mentioned, of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, which he edited for ten years. And just as romanticism led to the poetic titles which he gave to so many of his pieces, so it led to his creation of a number of imaginary characters: "Florestan," "Eusebius," "Raro," and "Chiara"—the latter representing his wife. These he regarded as forming the *Davidsbundler*, or slayers of Philistines—a league of friends of art who held views in common. By this device he gave a dramatic touch and apparent variety of view to a statement of opinion which in reality was almost wholly his own. Unlike Wagner, his literary work was not an exposition of his compositions, rather his compositions were written as an exemplification of the principles laid down in his articles and criticisms. He wrote before his greater works were composed.

Even in his death the romantic element supervened, though it had to overcome the tragic. For though, through a mental affliction, he endeavoured to prepay the debt of nature by throwing himself into the Rhine, boatmen rescued him, and after spending two years in an asylum, he died in his wife's arms on July 29, 1856.

CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS

## THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS OF 1912

THE Catholic party in Belgium has been in power for twenty-eight years. Through good and bad fortune, with now increased, now decreased majorities, it has retained the confidence of the electors throughout this long space of time. The recent elections of June 2 have still further strengthened its position, and considerably swelled the number of its adherents in the Chamber, so that it is difficult to see how it can be defeated for many years to come.

This is undoubtedly a remarkable phenomenon, and one which cannot fail to attract widespread attention. That the same party should succeed, without changing one of its main lines of policy, in guiding the affairs of a nation for more than a quarter of a century is in itself a rare and, I should say, an unparalleled occurrence. That the country thus governed should be one of the most progressive, the most free and the most industrial of the Continent, one situated on the frontiers of several mighty nations and feeling the effect of all the political reactions of Europe, is still more surprising. But in the eyes of many people the problem becomes almost a paradox when they realize that this party is a *Catholic* party, frankly describing itself as such—one which will not deny a single conviction in the presence of irreligious or indifferentist adversaries, which has to contend with a powerfully organized socialistic party, and which has to grapple with the numerous novel and complex questions arising out of the life of modern democracies.

The very continuance of the success of the Catholics in Belgium furnishes a clue to the explanation of this apparent paradox. It is evident that their policy, continuously approved by the body of the electorate, must correspond to some deep and lasting phase of public opinion, to some fundamental need of the national temperament. And it is in fact in this constant coincidence between their pro-

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gramme and their actions on the one hand, and the essentially moderate and religious character of the Belgian people on the other, that is to be found the secret of their long tenure of office.

It will be easy to show that the history of the recent elections does but confirm this view.

In order to understand the exact position of the parties at the time of the elections, and to form a just estimate of the importance of the results, it will be useful to consider briefly the form of government since 1884, and to say a word about the Belgian electoral system. The conclusion which we have just expressed will be found to be a logical outcome.

When returned to power in 1884, the Catholics found the country in a state of moral disturbance and financial embarrassment. The preceding Liberal Ministry of 1879 had made itself violently unpopular by its educational policy, which had divided the country into two hostile camps, by its vexatious and violent proceedings, by the increase of the taxes and the National Debt, and by the sinister blows which it had dealt at the electoral body, already, in all conscience, sufficiently limited. M. Burnaert one of the most respected leaders of the Catholic party, defined the programme of the new Government in a few striking words: "We shall surprise the world," he said, "by our moderation." This promise was religiously kept. Peace was re-established in the schools, vexatious interference ceased, and since then, under the ægis of one of the most liberal constitutions of Europe, no one has had to complain seriously of being in any way molested on account of his religious opinions. Financial stability was restored without any increase of direct taxation, the Budget has never had to declare a deficit, and the sum of the surplus has to-day reached a figure of more than 280,000,000 francs.

Except for a few indirect taxes of but slight importance, but one commodity—alcohol—received an increased fiscal burden, and the result has been that the consumption per head has in fact fallen from 10 to 5.69 litres. Agriculture, under the encouragement of a special

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Ministry, newly constituted, underwent a marked revival, and the history of the successful efforts made in this department would be worth writing for its own sake. After the revolutionary disturbances of 1886, when the burning of the factories brought home to us in a brutal fashion the question of social reform, an elaborate industrial inquiry brought forth the germs of a social legislation which the creation of a Ministry of Labour proceeded to co-ordinate and put into practice. This legislation comprises a number of provisions based on the idea of protection for the workman against the abuses of capital, and of liberty for him encouraged and upheld by subsidies from the State. I shall confine myself to citing, from among a host of others, the law on accidents to labourers; that of old-age pensions; that which guarantees miners a pension of 360 francs; that which fixes a maximum number of working hours in the coal pits; that of Sunday rest; and the law devised to bring about a marvellous development of thrift, and to foster the institution of friendly societies and the erection of improved workmen's dwellings.

But that is not all. New enterprises of every kind, the undertaking of important public works, the creation of new seaports, the improvement of those already existing, the development of the railways and light railways, the improvement of the roads transformed the economic machinery of the nation, and gave such a stimulus to commerce and industry that to-day the total trade per head in Belgium amounts to 1,029 francs (in Great Britain it is 511, in France 341, in Germany 317).

Side by side with this surely remarkable progress, which has been duly recognized by foreign observers, we would place certain large political questions, whose solution changed the whole current of national policy. Such a one in particular was the reform of the Constitution, which had remained unchanged since 1831, and certain of whose articles had, in 1894, to be modified so as to allow of an extension of the suffrage. The number of electors was thus increased from 126,419 in 1884 to 1,721,755 in



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1912. Such also was the taking over, in 1908, of the Congo, which gave to Belgium a colony whose extent is equal to eighty times her own territory, and whose capacity for development is incalculable. Yet another was the recasting of the method of recruiting for the army, which replaced the system of drawing of lots and substitution by that whereby each family is obliged to send one son, and one only, to serve under the colours.

The above is a brief sketch of the action, or, to speak in Belgian political language, the balance, standing to the credit of the Catholic Government since 1884. Let us see now what are the electoral weapons principally in use. It is necessary to dwell for a moment on this point if it is only to make clear the reason why the majority recently acquired by the Government—one of sixteen votes—is looked upon in Belgium as of the greatest importance.

The electoral body, since the reform of 1894, has consisted of electors who have one, two, or three votes. The basis of the system is universal suffrage: every citizen of twenty-eight years of age, domiciled for at least a year in the same "commune" has one vote. Additional votes, which may never be more than two in number, are conferred by the holding of certain situations, the possession of a certain amount of property—by no means large—or of a presumed intellectual capacity. Every man, in particular, who is married, or a widower with children, and is thirty-five years of age, has, on payment of a consideration of five francs an additional vote. The constitution of the body which elects the Senate differs only in the age necessary, which is thirty. The Chamber of Representatives comprised 166 members. This figure is fixed by the number of the population, there being one representative to every 40,000 people. This is why every ten years, after a fresh census, the number of representatives is raised. At the recent elections in particular, this number was increased, as a result of the census of 1910, by twenty representatives, making a total of 186. The number of the Senate is equal to half that of the representatives, with the addition of a few senators, not elected directly, but nominated by the

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Provincial Councils. It is of interest to note that, as the majority of the Provincial Councils (six out of nine) belonged to the Catholic party, it was practically impossible for the elections to destroy the Catholic majority in the Senate. Be that as it may, owing to the increase in the number of seats both in the Chamber and in the Senate, it was considered advisable not to adhere to the normal rule, which prescribes that only half these assemblies should be re-elected at a time. The King made use of his right of dissolution, and the appeal, in regard to both assemblies, was made to the whole country. It was therefore as complete and as general as was possible, especially when one remembers that in Belgium the vote is obligatory on the electors, and that nowhere else is the secrecy of that vote so perfectly assured.

The Belgian electoral districts are extremely variable in extent, and very unequally populated. Their existence is founded on tradition, and the political parties have never dared to tamper with it, for fear of being accused of making divisions to their own profit. In consequence of this there is the greatest diversity in the number of representatives who are elected by each "arrondissement." Thus, for example, the "arrondissement" of Brussels has a right to twenty-six representatives, that of Antwerp to eight, that of Liège to thirteen, that of Arlon to three, etc. The injustice which this would seem to cause is, however, only apparent, because the number of seats is always proportioned in each "arrondissement" to every 40,000 inhabitants. Moreover—and this is of capital importance—the mandates are not distributed *according to the chances of the system of majorities*, but *according to the principle of proportional representation*. If at Brussels, for example, a party gains one more than half the total number of votes, it does not thereby annex twenty-six seats, in such a way that a single vote would of itself have returned to the Chamber twenty-six deputies of the same way of thinking. *The seats are always distributed among the different parties in proportion to the number of votes which they have gained in a given electoral district.* Thus at Brussels the Catholics

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secured 150,052 votes and 12 seats, the Liberals 104,761 votes and eight seats, the Socialists 72,865 votes and 6 seats. It is clear, therefore, that a considerable number of votes must be won over for a seat to be captured from the opposite party : this number varies with local circumstances from 10,000 to 12,000. Now the Catholic majority in the Chamber amounted, before the elections, to six votes. It is now sixteen, and this enables us to realize the importance of the Government's victory and the true significance of its newly gained majority.

We have tried to describe the field of battle as clearly as possible. Let us now take a look at the position of the opposing forces on the eve of the struggle and at some of the principal incidents of the contest.

About the middle of 1911, the position of the Catholic party seemed to the general public to be insecure enough. Twenty-eight years of power make a burden which is always difficult to carry. However great may be the services which have been rendered to the country—and we have shown that in this case they have been eminent—public opinion will always compare that which has been accomplished with that which it desires, and as these desires ever constitute an ideal, it is but too easy to contrast them favourably with reality. Moreover, it is not possible to govern without disappointing many ambitions, thwarting many interests, and arousing a vast amount of ingratitude and still more envy. In addition to this, the love of power becomes aggravated almost to a disease when the Opposition has been kept at a safe distance for a length of time equal to the political life of a man.

The elections of 1910 had reduced the majority from eight votes to six, and certain symptoms of hesitation had been noticeable in Catholic circles after the military reform, which was at variance with ideas long advocated by the bulk of the party. For all that, almost complete concord had been restored, when the speech from the Throne of 1910 announced that an Educational Bill, which had been long clamoured for, was to be brought in. This Bill, which insisted upon the prohibition of labour for children

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under the age of fourteen, and upon compulsory education, established as corollaries the giving of professional instruction, and the complete freedom of the father of the family in the choice of schools, either secular or denominational. This liberty is guaranteed by a system of subsidies, which is carried into practice by a process known by the name of "*bon scolaire*." Catholic public opinion cordially welcomed these measures, but the Opposition found in them a pretext for letting loose the forces of agitation and strife in Parliament and throughout the country. The rules of procedure gave scope for violent and prolonged obstruction, in connexion with which there was carried on an exceedingly noisy, if not very serious campaign in the Press and at public meetings. It was at this juncture that political incidents, on which it is unnecessary to dilate, obliged the Schollaert Cabinet to hand the King its resignation (June 8, 1911).

The Opposition hailed this as a triumph for its efforts, and as a sure augury of its victory in the elections of 1912, while the Catholic party was momentarily disconcerted.

The demoralization, however, did not last. A new Cabinet, under the leadership of M. de Brocqueville, largely composed—as in the case of M. de Brocqueville himself—of members of the previous Ministry, came into power, and the declaration which it made to the Chamber announced no change whatever in the Catholic policy. The projected Education Bill, in particular, was not withdrawn, but remained where Parliamentary procedure had left it. The Government declared that it considered the scheme to be unimpeachable in its object, but capable of amendment in its practical details.

The Catholics, moreover, rallied promptly. As early as August 27, 1911, an imposing public demonstration collected in the streets of Louvain more than 80,000 people, who came to applaud the late Premier, M. Schollaert, and the cause of educational reform. In Parliament the representatives of the Right rallied to the Government with complete confidence, and with a unanimity rendered necessary by the extreme smallness of the majority. M. de

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Brocqueville realized all the hopes which had been centred in him. His able and prudent guidance quickly reassured his troops, without giving any advantage to his adversaries, while his personal qualities gained him the sympathy even of these. There is no doubt that the Parliamentary struggles were extremely sharp during the year which preceded the decisive contest. One had, however, the impression that the attack was led with more spirit, and even with more fury, than skill, by men whose hope of seizing the power rendered them insensible to all idea of a wise and reasoned policy. Some of the debates were actually disastrous for the Opposition. Thus, M. Vandervelde, the leader of the Socialists, in a question relating to the affairs of the Congo, made use of the most cruel and insulting expressions with regard to the Catholic Belgian missionaries. All that he achieved was to disgust the opinion of Catholics and of impartial colonials. Another acrimonious debate revealed the designs of the Opposition with regard to subsidies to friendly societies. These numerous and flourishing institutions comprise an important fraction of the world of artisans and tradespeople. The Opposition did not content itself with criticizing violently the grants made to these corporations by the Government; it announced the abolition of such grants in the case of any friendly society which was not strictly neutral. This constituted wanton persecution of a considerable section of the electorate. In strange contradiction of accepted tradition, the Opposition did not, on the eve of the elections, open any general debate on the policy of the different parties. Many people inferred that the Liberals and Socialists declined the risk of being forced to reveal, in the course of a public discussion, the ideas that were at the back of their minds.

The Government programme, on the other hand, was expounded by the Prime Minister, a few days before the poll, on May 30, 1912, at a great meeting held at Brussels, amid the most exuberant Catholic enthusiasm. M. de Brocqueville there gave an account of the work accomplished by his Ministry, and declared his intention of

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remaining faithful to the moderate policy of his predecessors. He sharply criticized the coalition of Liberals and Socialists, and broadly outlined his scheme of educational reform. He concluded his speech with these words :

J'ai dit à la chambre que nous voulions gérer la chose politique au profit de la nation toute entière, entourer la vie publique de tous les citoyens de toutes les garanties, servir le pays avec le souci de ses grands intérêts nationaux. . . . Nous demeurerons demain ce que nous étions hier, ce que nous sommes aujourd'hui : un parti fort, mais modéré, un parti ouvert à tous les progrès comme à toutes les bonnes volontés.

How shall we now define the respective positions of the other great parties, that is to say, the Liberal party and the Socialist party? That of the Christian-Democrats, which numbers but two members in the new Chamber, need not be taken into consideration.

To start with the Socialists. They constitute an essentially class party: one which seeks to assure the predominance of the working class by the suppression of the class of capitalists. The basis of this conception is drawn from the philosophy of Karl Marx. Quite recently M. Vandervelde, one of the Socialist leaders whose word carries most weight, depicted with forcible clearness the collectivist ideal of his party. "The only way," he said, "of bringing about the disappearance of those two scandals, the man who will not work, and the man out of employment who cannot work, . . . is that, in general, the instruments of labour, and the means of production, which to-day belong to private companies, should be socialized and become collective property, and so belong to all men instead of to a few." In actual practice, however, the Belgian Socialists have adapted themselves very well indeed to capitalist institutions, and their principal power lies in their co-operative societies, and even joint stock companies, which unite the interests of their members. In politics the Socialists are entirely true to the revolutionary character of their opinions, and the cry of "Vive

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la Commune !” is one of their greatest favourites. They want universal suffrage, without distinction of sex, for all classes (age to be twenty-one, length of residence six months), that is to say, one man one vote, for, in spite of the terms of their programme, it is not very clear what they think of woman suffrage. They want primary instruction to be entire, gratuitous, *secular* and compulsory, at the expense of the State, and with the board of the pupils provided by the public bodies. They demand the abolition of the Senate, and the suppression of standing armies, with the organization of the nation in arms on a temporary basis. Finally, they wish for the abolition of the hereditary principle, and the establishment of a Republic. They make great parade of respecting the religious convictions of all men, at any rate, as a private matter; but as the Catholic religion is, in their eyes, one of the firmest supports of capitalism, they do not refrain from fighting the one in order to cast down the other. Their newspapers are filled with attacks on priests and religious orders; secular first communions are organized in their *Maisons du Peuple*, and “À bas les couvents !” was their principal war-cry in the battle of the elections.

They are among the foremost opponents of an educational reform based on the granting of subsidies to denominational schools, and their conception of educational neutrality is much more radical than that of the Liberals, in that they declare that it is not the province of the school to teach capitalism, monarchism, militarism, or colonialism. Their formula is “L’église hors de l’école,” and “l’état, c’est à dire l’état bourgeois, monarchique, militariste, impérialiste, hors de l’école.” The Socialist party made its entry into the Chamber of Representatives in 1894, and before the elections it numbered thirty-five members. It has introduced Parliamentary customs of unprecedented violence, and it does not stop short even of street agitation and general strikes as means of securing the triumph of its aspirations.

The Liberal is an ancient historical party in Belgium, and is divided by scarcely perceptible shades of feeling

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into a progressive section, and a more moderate one which used to be called "doctrinaire." Originally its fundamental ideas were what would be described in England as Cobdenite, nationalist, monarchical and anticlerical, that is to say, strongly opposed to all religious intervention in public life. Led by statesmen of great ability, the Liberals have governed Belgium on several occasions, notably from 1857 to 1870, and from 1878 to 1884, and it is only fair to acknowledge that in several departments their administration has been very beneficial to the country. But by degrees the axis of the party has changed its direction. Its Cobdenism has somewhat weakened, at least in speeches, though this has nowise lessened its nationalistic tendencies. Its anti-clericalism has been but accentuated, to such an extent as now to assume in many Liberals a frankly anti-religious aspect. It represents a whole gamut of opinions of every shade, from those of the "bourgeois," moderate, Conservative, and Catholic in belief and in practice, but entirely mistrustful of the "curés" and full of prejudice against the ecclesiastical party, to those of the theorist philosopher, professor of a University, or professional politician, avowed antagonist of the Church of Rome, and, in fact, of all definite creeds. It poses as the champion of individualism and order against the Socialists, and as the champion of the civil power against the Catholics. Its actual programme of government, however, is not easily defined, as to all questions on the subject the Liberals have been content to answer that it is negative, and is confined to the overthrowing of the Catholics and the capturing of power. Naturally, they were among the keenest antagonists of the educational reform proposed by M. Schollaert, and they are now opposing with equal energy the scheme propounded by M. de Brocqueville. They pretend to see in it nothing but a gigantic concession to the convents, and their antagonism to the religious orders is on this point given free rein.

The last few years have witnessed a phenomenon of vital importance in the history of recent elections: it is the formation of a political coalition of Liberals and Socialists,



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so as to succeed in overthrowing the Ministry. This is known as the *Cartel*. The first effects were seen in the case of the electoral question. The Socialists have never ceased from combating the principle of the plural vote, because they consider it to be essentially unfair, and because they imagine that universal suffrage in its purest form will be of much greater help to them in realizing their Utopias. The Liberals, whom the extension of the franchise had nearly excluded from the Chamber in 1894, and whom proportional representation had brought back in 1900 (in 1911 their number was forty-four), have no love for the present system because they have an idea that it is largely responsible for the preservation of the Catholic majority. They expected to find in this question a common ground of agreement with the Socialists, from whom everything seemed to divide them, and by a series of successive surrenders of principle came to the point of demanding the revision of the Constitution, and the adoption of absolutely universal suffrage at the age of twenty-five, or even of twenty-one. "On the principle of universal suffrage," declared a Liberal leader at Liège, "there is agreement between the Socialists and ourselves." The violent opposition to the Education Bill, and the anti-clericalism common to both parties gave a second point of contact, and one soon saw, first in isolated cases and then more generally—especially at the "élections communales" of October, 1911—the names of Liberals and Socialists appearing side by side on the same electoral list. In this way the Catholics had as opponents, not two parties, one of which was monarchical and moderate, and the other republican and revolutionary, but a single group which united two absolutely opposite tendencies on the common ground of manhood suffrage. It was thus that in the recent elections, the *Cartel* was organized in twenty-five out of thirty "arrondissements."

The Liberal calculations were characterized by a rather ingenuous Machiavellism. Their supreme end was the conquest of power, and by adding together the votes received at the previous polls by the two parties which had

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united, they concluded that they were certain of driving out the Catholics. They forgot that electors do not add together like figures. As to the future Government, they did not trouble very much about it, and they were not at all fond of having to explain it. They obviously counted on the support in future Chambers of the votes of the Catholics in all executive measures, and on the votes of the Socialists in all that were anti-Catholic. They hoped, by means of this system of trimming, to escape the difficulties which might be expected to accrue from the heterogeneous character of a majority made up of Liberals and Socialists in almost equal numbers.

Thus, an ill-assorted coalition, founded on anti-clericalism and the policy of universal suffrage, whose administrative incapacity was almost a certainty, found itself confronted with the compact body of Catholics, united by a programme accepted by all, and strengthened by a long experience in public business.

It is interesting to inquire where it is that the various parties recruit the bulk of their electoral forces. The Socialists rely almost entirely on the industrial classes of labour, while the agricultural classes escape them. Their adherents are enrolled in a network of organizations, cooperative societies, syndicates, etc., who enforce the party discipline. The Liberals, on the contrary, have no hold at all on the populace. Their individualistic and free-trade tendencies have hindered them from getting into touch with them, and from founding social institutions of any importance. Their supporters are drawn especially from the "bourgeoisie" of the towns. As to the Catholics, they are the friends not only of the country people, for whom they have instituted innumerable charitable works, but also of the artisans banded in the syndicates which they have created, and of the shopkeepers, in whom they have always taken an active interest.

Under such conditions the electoral campaign, properly so-called, took place. It lasted more than two months, and was in full swing from the first moment that the Chamber rose, that is to say, May 3.

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The electoral struggle in Belgium is not directed to the bringing of voters to the poll. The law provides for this by making the vote compulsory, and the number of abstentions is insignificant. The main business, therefore, is to convince those who are hostile or indifferent, and to encourage one's own friends. The propaganda is extremely active, and is carried on by all known methods: by meetings (for debate or otherwise), by lectures, by the scattering broadcast of pamphlets, by the creation of newspapers for the need of the moment, by personal canvassing, posters, etc. In some districts they have even inaugurated a system of persuasion by cinematograph. The candidates, helped by numerous friends, struggle to out-rival each other in their exertions, taking the platform several times a day, scouring their electoral districts in motor cars, going everywhere so as to rouse the convictions of their supporters, and to crush their opponents with their arguments.

It would be idle to recount all the incidents of the battle. We shall confine ourselves to drawing attention to a few of the points which gave rise to the most heated discussion. The worst crime of which the Ministry was accused was its old age. Twenty-eight years of power was too much; it was a monopoly. The Catholics must give way to others, and bring to an end the oppression of the same party continuing indefinitely in power. Other grievances were of an economic and financial nature. The Catholics were accused of having brought down the Government stock three per cent by the issue of numerous loans; it was alleged that the number of these had been recklessly increased so as to provide for expenditure on luxuries, and so as to conceal the deficit of the ordinary Budget. They were blamed for the rise in the price of provisions and for the increasing cost of living. In political matters there was outcry especially against the proposed educational reform, destined, it was said, to disturb the peace of men's consciences; the Catholics were accused of calumniating the national schools, and, above all, of wishing to give 20,000,000 francs to the convents, on

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the pretext of remunerating the denominational teachers. The war waged on the religious houses was characteristic of this election. The walls were covered with posters representing each province of the country, and showing—for that matter strangely fancifully and inaccurately—the religious houses which existed therein. Other posters displayed a picture of a rubicund monk seated before a table laden with good cheer. The cry, “À bas les couvents !” became almost as common as the usual one of “À bas la calotte !”

It is not hard to guess the answer of the Catholics to these accusations. Twenty-eight years of national prosperity under one Government is, they said, a reason for keeping to it; it is not upon promises but upon deeds that you must judge, and our deeds are there to guarantee the future. Besides, to whom should the power be given up? Into the hands of a powerless Coalition? That would indeed be madness. The depreciation of the Government stock, they added, is not a phenomenon peculiar to Belgium. All the Government stocks of Europe have gone down as a result of certain universal economic conditions. As for the increase in the National Debt, they drew attention to the fact that in Belgium this debt is devoted almost exclusively to the perfecting of the economic machinery of the country, and that it is balanced by equal assets—especially the immense system of railways owned by the State. They pointed out also that it is a mistake to believe that the debt is used for useless expenditure, or for the concealment of deficits in the Budget. One need only calculate whether, after deduction has been made for the income derived from public works, the annual charge per head for the National Debt is increasing instead of diminishing. And this is an hypothesis which it is quite impossible to prove.

The high cost of living is clearly due to general causes over which the Government has no control. Actually, the cost of living has increased at a slower rate in Belgium than in other countries.

There remains the question of education. The Catholics

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contended that the obligation of sending his children to school necessarily entailed that the father of the family should have free choice of what school to send them to, and consequently the right of not having to pay more than another man on account of his choice. From this there necessarily devolves upon the State the duty of subsidizing the denominational schools, if the father should prefer these. The twenty millions for the convents are a foolish myth founded on perfectly arbitrary reckonings, which one can defy anyone to verify seriously. Religious houses in Belgium have no privileges whatever. According to the civil code, they stand on the same footing as the masonic lodges, and every one knows and appreciates the immense value of their services in every department. The calumnies heaped upon them have, for that matter, but slight effect in a country where there is hardly a family which does not count a monk or a nun amongst its members.

But the Catholics insisted, above all, on the dangers which the coming into power of the *Cartel* would cause to the peace and prosperity of the country. The electoral manifesto of the Catholic candidates in Brussels said: "It is certainly a party which claims to be the party of order and of monarchy, but it is one which rushes into alliance with men who either proclaim openly their revolutionary and republican principles, or who advocate an advance on the same lines which can only end in joint action. We have not given to the public the demoralizing spectacle of a coalition which unites side by side those whose duty it is to preserve order in the capital and those who cry 'Vive la Commune !' in the Chamber. We refuse to present the grotesque sight of men who persist in describing as reformed Socialists those who contemptuously declare their impenitence, and who try to purchase from them by repeated concessions a conversion which never comes."

The electors were not deaf to this appeal. The calculations of the Liberals proved faulty on a vital point. The moderate wing of their army, disgusted by the anti-clerical violence, and fearful of the results of a "cartelliste"

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victory, did not follow the general staff, but retreated on to the Catholic centre and proceeded to swell its ranks. The Catholics, banded together for the defence of their religious principles, held and fortified their position. The "cartellistes" saw the numbers of their adherents shrink on all sides.

The actual figures are of the highest significance in this respect. The newly created seats were twenty in number. It was expected that the Catholics would gain ten, and their opponents ten, which would leave matters as they were before, with the majority standing at six. It is needless to say that the hopes of the Liberals went far beyond this: they anticipated at least equality between the parties in the Chamber. In the outcome the Catholics carried off eleven of the new seats, and in addition captured from the *Cartel* five which it already held. On the other hand, they lost one seat themselves. The result was the gaining of a majority of sixteen votes in the Chamber, which includes henceforth 101 Catholics (instead of 86), 44 Liberals (as before), 39 Socialists (instead of 35), and 2 Christian-Democrats (instead of 1).

The number of electors who voted for the different parties speaks for itself. In the whole country the Catholics received 1,344,449 votes, the *Cartel* 1,246,425, that is to say, a difference of 103,024 in favour of the Catholics. The total majority of the Catholics in the whole country according to the two previous elections hardly amounted to 16,000 votes.

I shall confine myself to two more figures. At Brussels the Catholic vote was increased by 17,502, at Antwerp by 10,378. The *Cartel* lost 2,282 at Nivelles, 1,014 at Antwerp.

These are the facts. What conclusion are we to draw from them?

The conclusion is threefold. First of all, the country, far from disavowing the policy of the Government, has given it an expression of confidence which it had hardly hoped for, and far from allowing itself to be frightened by the prospect of educational reform—which was the

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stake played for—contemplates this event without the slightest misgiving.

Next, the *Cartel* has dismembered the Liberal party, which has seen the secession of an important unit of those of its troops which had hitherto been most faithful.

Finally, the Catholic party has become still more representative of all those who love order and moderation, since it has seen electors turn to it, who no longer find exponents of their ideals in the ranks of the Liberal party. The Catholics have understood the lesson of the situation perfectly. For that matter, they have already been practising it for a long time. On the morrow of the second of June, one of the Ministers repeated at Brussels the words of M. Burnaert of 1884: "We shall astound the world by our moderation," and the Prime Minister, M. de Brocqueville, added on the same day:

Nous voulons gouverner pour le pays et non pas dans l'intérêt d'une faction ou d'une coterie. Le pays l'a compris; c'est pour cela qu'il est avec nous; c'est pour cela que le cartel vient d'essuyer une défaite cruelle, une défaite sans précédent. Nous savons quels devoirs nous impose le succès, ce que le pays veut, ce qu'il attend de nous.

LEON DE LANTSHEERE

## SOME RECENT BOOKS

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

THE personality of James Butler looks forth from this masterly book (*The Life of the First Duke of Ormonde*. By Lady Burghclere. Murray. 28s. net) as clearly as his brave, blue eyes look from the canvas in the National Portrait Gallery. But the work is more than the study of an individual, however sympathetic; it is the picture of an age and a country, rendered with a clarity of insight, a power of interpretation worthy of all praise. Intimate comprehension of an historical character is apt to mean the adoption of that character's point of view, with all the consequent prejudices and passions; many of the best biographies in the language have been marred by this limitation. From this danger Lady Burghclere has marvellously escaped; her admiration for Ormonde does not blind her to the shortcomings of the cause and King he served, and she has a very noteworthy breadth of understanding and sympathy for the irreconcilable ideals and opposing leaders of that complex time.

Perhaps, after all, wide-mindedness should be easier to the biographer of Ormonde than of many a more headlong hero. Ardent Royalist though he was, born of a race of loyalists, his was never the chimerical enthusiasm of a Lord Digby or the self-deceiving fervour of a Glamorgan. Sane and balanced in an age of desperate extremes, tolerant in a time of fanatical zeal, disinterested amid the personal ambitions of too many of his fellow Royalists, Ormonde stands forth a figure of rare and noble dignity, his graver virtues lightened by his kindly, quizzical sense of humour: a light which never forsook him even in the darkest days.

To follow the career of James Butler means to thread the intricate ways of Irish history. He began his political career under the great Thomas Wentworth, Earl of



# Life of First Duke of Ormonde

Strafford: began it significantly by a flash of gallant independence which roused the anger of the dominant Lord Deputy, and a retort full of gay and ready wit which won his liking. The friendship thus begun endured through good days and evil. It was under Wentworth that Ormonde learned his first political and military lessons, learned, too, to take up Wentworth's enthusiasm for his newly founded Irish linen trade: a boon which has endured where so many more soaring schemes have crumbled into nothingness.

Sharp upon Strafford's fall came the horror of the Irish Rebellion, and from that time onward Ormonde was confronted with the difficulties of a man who seeks after a wider loyalty than is the fashion of his day. Utterly and passionately devoted to the King, his heart yet felt the miseries of his country, and he did not fling himself into the civil strife with any unthinking joy. He sums up his position with a touch of rueful humour, observing that his relationship with many of the noted Irish Catholics did not save him amid the universal ruin nor cause the bullets to fly further from him than from another man, while, on the other hand, neither his losses for and his services to the King, nor his Protestant religion could protect him against suspicion as the kinsman of so many rebels.

Whilst I have the honour of serving the King in the place I do [he concludes], I will go on constantly, neither sparing the rebel because he is my kinsman, or was my friend, nor yet will I one jot the more sharpen my sword against him to satisfy anybody but myself in the faithful performance of my charge, wherein I will by the help of God do what becomes an honest man.

In this spirit Ormonde did his work, first as Commander-in-Chief and then as Lord-Lieutenant, loyally striving to bring order out of chaos, facing the revolted Catholics and invading Puritans, practising wise conciliation and concession and upholding the standard of the King in unshaken loyalty. Lady Burghclere gives a most

## Some Recent Books

living picture of that time of confused struggles; shows us the "mere Irish" gathering to obey the summons of the bigoted Nuncio, Rinuccine, or to raise the war-cry of Owen Roe O'Neill; the hard-beset loyalists fighting and negotiating in a desperate and futile hope of winning Ireland to the help of the King. Then the devastating march of Cromwell, trampling out opposition in slaughter. Religion there fought with many weapons and under many banners, and there were few found to echo Ormonde's simple faith.

I cannot believe the Merciful God hath so limited his salvation as passionate and interested men have done.

Used in a special sense and case, the words might pass for the creed of James Butler's life.

Ormonde's years of service ended in failure, exile, well-nigh beggary; but, at least, he had nobly redeemed his promise to go on as an honest man. Followed the long heart-sick waiting for the day when the King should enjoy his own again: a time of deterioration, in which even Ormonde stooped from his lofty code of honour to connect himself with one of the plots for the assassination of Cromwell—Cromwell, the arch regicide, who, in the Cavaliers' judgement, had put himself outside the protection as above the power of law.

The Restoration must have brought to James Butler keen triumph and long disillusion. It was a hard thing for an "honest man" to serve Charles II, and Ormonde was sore beset in his efforts for sovereign and country. Ireland was in a state of complicated misery, wasted by war, burdened and bewildered by the plantations which wrought her so much woe, and by the disputed titles arising out of forfeiture and grants. It is impossible in a brief review even to suggest the fullness and intricacies of Lady Burghclere's task, but it can be said that she has performed it superbly. Her book will be invaluable to students of Ireland's economic, racial and religious problems in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

## Conservatism

Yet, when all is said, it is to Ormonde himself that the imagination returns: Ormonde in the years of disaster, or, again, in the mocking brilliance of the Restoration Court, a presence of somewhat disdainful dignity among the Buckinghams and Rochesters. Loyal to King and faith, generous and gracious to those about him—his love for his noble son Ossory is one of the romances of kinship—as ready with quip or jest as with service and sacrifice, he is a good companion to summon from the past. It is, perhaps, fanatics who cut their names deepest in men's memory. The curse of Cromwell still lies heavy on Irish earth, and the throbbing keen for Owen Roe has not yet died from Irish air. Ormonde is less vividly remembered, yet it would be well for his country in any hour of need if she could call James Butler to her aid. D. G. McC.

**L**ORD HUGH CECIL'S little volume on *Conservatism* (Williams and Norgate. Price 1s.), in spite of its modest size and pretensions is written with so much care and thought as to deserve fuller notice than can be accorded to it in a short review. We hope to return to it later on. The book appears to us to be far more than a work on party politics. In the present condition of social and industrial unrest the careful application of the principles of progress and of conservatism is a matter of the greatest practical importance, and Lord Hugh approaches this task in the spirit, and with much of the impartiality, of a philosopher, basing his work largely on the later political philosophy of Edmund Burke. He calls attention to the extraordinary foresight shown by Burke, who, writing in 1790, saw so clearly the inevitable outcome of the principles of '89, which were afterwards realized in the Terror and the Napoleonic Empire.

Modern conservatism—except for the Imperialism which it came later on to include—is, Lord Hugh Cecil points out, an outcome of the reaction against triumphant Jacobinism. It, therefore, has inevitably a close relation to Burke's philosophy, which was aimed at averting that very disease. The key to Burke's view of

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human society is that he regarded it as an organism. An organism has always something mysterious about its laws, which express the only partially-disclosed mind of Nature. This mystery is absent from a mechanism, which owes its existence to the knowledge of him who makes it—a man like ourselves. Here our knowledge may be complete and scientific. In the case of an organism, on the contrary, we must be content with an empirical and partial knowledge of its laws. We cannot reason *a priori*, as we can in the case of mechanism. Frequent experiment and the argument from analogy must take the place of over-confident logical reasoning. “By preserving the method of Nature in the conduct of the State” (Burke writes), “in what we improve we are never wholly new—in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided, not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy.”

It is by careful investigation of how things actually work in the inevitable and often unpleasant and unjust conditions of the actual world we live in, that we gradually ascertain the best practicable application of the conservative and progressive principles, respectively, to existing problems.

Lord Hugh Cecil's work is divided into two parts. The most important division of the first part contains his analysis of the political philosophy of Burke. The second part consists of five chapters dealing respectively with Religion and Politics, Property and Taxation, the State and the Individual, Foreign and Imperial Affairs, and the Parliamentary Constitution, and a conclusion giving a summary of results. W. W.

**G**EORGE MEREDITH in his classical essay “On the Idea of Comedy and of the Uses of the Comic Spirit” (which naturally rises to the mind when dealing with a book of the kind under review), and many another writer has endeavoured to seize the meaning of those

# Laughter

elusive ideas, comedy, the comic spirit, wit, humour and laughter. Last of all M. Henri Bergson (*Laughter*. Translated by C. Brereton and F. Rothwell. Macmillan. London. 1911. Price 3s. 6d.), has essayed the task and, like everything else from his pen, the book is one which will compel the attention and admiration of its readers whether they wholly agree with its author or not. As for the translation, it is so excellent that the reader is only reminded that he is reading a translation from the French by the fact that the instances are almost entirely (and quite naturally) drawn from French sources, such as the plays of Molière and Labiche.

The comic spirit does not exist outside the pale of what is strictly human (p. 3). Man has been defined as "an animal which laughs"; he might also be defined as an animal which is laughed at, for if we laugh at anything else, it is because of some resemblance to, or connexion with, the idea of man and his ways. Is there any, and if so what, logic in laughter? This is the problem of the book. Those who have studied M. Bergson's philosophy will not need to be told of his view as to the fundamental conflict between matter and the spirit. This philosophy pervades his present book. "In every human form it sees the effort of a soul which is shaping matter, a soul which is infinitely supple and perpetually in motion, subject to no law of gravitation, for it is not the earth which attracts it. This soul imparts a portion of its winged lightness to the body it animates: the immateriality which thus passes into matter is what is called gracefulness. Matter, however, is obstinate and resists" (p. 28). Now, if matter gets the better, so to speak, of spirit, and dulls the outward life of the soul, a comic effect is the result. "The attitudes, gestures and movements of the human body are laughable in exact proportion as that body reminds us of a mere machine" (p. 29). In fact, the definition "something mechanical encrusted on the living" (p. 37), is one which recurs time and again as a formula which may be taken as one at least of the formulæ applicable to the

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comic spirit. The conflict between matter and spirit and the effect of the even temporary victory of the former is again summed up by the writer (p. 69). "Any arrangement of acts and events is comic which gives us, in a single combination, the illusion of life and the distinct impression of a mechanical arrangement," and this he proceeds to exemplify from "Jack-in-the-box" and other children's toys. From this basal point he goes on to consider the methods of light comedy, three processes "which might be called *repetition, inversion, and reciprocal interference of series*" (p. 89). Further he examines the comic in words, after having dealt with the comic in situation, and finds there, too, the same processes in essence.

The third section deals with the comic in character. It contains some of the finest and most interesting passages in the book, and we may specially call attention to that upon the object of art (too long for quotation here, alas!) as a splendid piece of literature and a most piercing and arresting piece of analysis. The same criticism might be made of the analysis of the comic type of character, which must be deep-rooted yet superficial, invisible to its owner but visible to everybody else, considerate for itself but troublesome to others, immediately repressible "tamen usque recurret," inseparable from, though insufferable to, social life, capable of being tacked on to all the vices and even to a good many of the virtues. Let us try and fuse all these qualities together into one mould. We shall have lost our trouble, for the mixture exists ready-made for us, and it is named vanity. And laughter is its corrective. "Being intended to humiliate, it must make a painful impression on the person against whom it is directed. By laughter, society avenges itself for the liberties taken with it. It would fail in its object if it bore the stamp of sympathy or kindness" (p. 197). B. C. A. W.

# The Fugitives

**T**HE *Fugitives*. By Margaret Fletcher. (Longmans. 1912. 6s.) "For what public," we asked a friend, "do you suppose this book was written?" "For Christian women," the answer was, "who think." Yes: but others, we hope, will read it than women, and even than Christians. But not others than those who think. For by such others the scope of the story will possibly be misjudged. Two episodes, considered in isolation, might suggest that the authoress had set out to propound what are to be called, we suppose, sex-problems. Of course, this is not so. Miss Fletcher, in choosing the *Quartier Latin* for her scene, did so that her story might the better propose the general problem, that of the modern girl who will neither vegetate, nor rebel; who is high in hopes, but not defiant; eager, but not reckless. What education should she receive? what future can she expect? what principles alone can guide her? what standards, in life's various departments, must be hers? Doubtless all this is not set out scholastically—thesis, arguments, and difficulties. But no one of these questions can fail most pertinaciously to haunt the reader "who thinks." Mr Bernard Shaw has laughed at us for talking, year after year, of the New Woman, who has grown so old. And, indeed, it is some Late Middle Victorian she has become, for soon we shall have to label these ladies like Minoan palaces in Crete. But undoubtedly there exists a new New Woman, far better balanced than those others, to be recognized and welcomed; quite certainly not to be disregarded. She is in search of education; and perhaps our educators have still their backs turned upon her.

These things Miss Fletcher treats with a firm touch, with humour, discretion, brilliancy, pathos and a wise reticence—that of modesty and true art, not of innuendo. Her men are less successful, being shadowy, save for Rudolf, who vanishes early, and the Australian, who appears late. Harrington and Mr Malcolm are, we fear, too "typal." Bleakie and the Benedictine prove, however, that Miss Fletcher's sketches can be as significant as her elaborated portraits, for instance, that of Stéphanie. C. M.

## Some Recent Books

**I**SAIAH: *a Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Isaiah*, vol. 1. Introduction, and Commentary on i.-xxvii. By the Rev. George Buchanan Gray, D.D., D.Litt., Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in Mansfield College, Oxford. 12s. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

It is not too much to say that Hebrew scholars have been waiting anxiously for the appearance of this volume. The multiplication of schemes for the disintegration of Isaiah's book suggested the possibility of reaction. But of such a return to tradition, there is no evidence in this work. On the contrary, we feel in reading it that we can hardly go much further without assuming an anonymous author for each quatrain or couplet of the original text. Dr Gray has practically formulated a "Theory of Fragments"; but as a conscientious scholar, he definitely describes that theory as only tentative. Since his attitude is such, it need not surprise us that his conclusions seldom give a sure and certain sound, and that the word "probably" is as characteristic of the commentary as the word "holy" is of the text.

Although the author frankly confesses his indebtedness to writers of his own school, and acknowledges that recent works on Isaiah are lacking neither in quality nor in quantity, yet he has "made constant use of Jerome's Commentary as a good example of patristic scholarship and exegesis, and as the source of so much that served throughout the Middle Ages and of not a little that is rightly repeated to-day."

In regard to the history of exegesis, this volume contains much that is valuable, especially as the writer has been careful to enrich this element by reference to the great exegetes of mediæval Judaism. And as we were entitled to expect, the book is also excellent in respect of versification and grammatical forms. The Introduction contains a clear and scientific account of Hebrew verse. With justifiable boldness, the author points out that parallelism is not a constant phenomenon of Hebrew poetry, and describes Lowth's "synthetic parallelism"



# Commentary on Isaiah

as in reality absence of parallelism. With great self-restraint and prudence, he forbears to afflict us with a new theory of rhythmic and strophic arrangements. On the contrary, he recognizes "considerable uncertainty or irregularity in Hebrew rhythms or metre," and holds it "doubtful whether there is more than some approximation to regularity" in some strophes. Then he holds no candle to the Musur theory. Indeed, he almost abandons the subjunctive for the indicative mood in its regard, saying of North Arabian Musur as looming dangerously on the frontier of Palestine that nothing is known of it for certain, and that it "*perhaps* has never enjoyed more than a speculative existence."

Had we space at our disposal, we should quote several of the translations as specimens of the vigorous way in which *Isaiah* ought to be translated. Indeed, nothing but a love and a knowledge of the book, that probe more surely than the author's dissecting knife, could have produced a version so felicitous. We may be allowed to copy the lines which tell of Babylon's fate (xiii, 20-22):

It shall be uninhabited for ever,  
It shall be undwelt in to all generations:  
The Arab shall not pitch tent there,  
Nor shepherds fold (their flocks) there.  
But yelpers(?) shall make their lair there,  
And their houses shall be full of shriekers;  
And there shall ostriches dwell,  
And satyrs shall dance there.  
And howling beasts shall sing in the mansions thereof,  
And jackals in the delightful palaces.  
Its time is nearly come,  
And its days shall not be prolonged.

Our dissatisfaction with the author's "Theory of Fragments" and with what we regard as his misdating of the various passages, does not blind us to the excellences of the work. Neither his documentary nor his exegetical criticism appears convincing to us; and the latter seems to fail conspicuously in Messianic passages, such as vii, II,

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and in Apocalyptic passages, such as xxiv, 21. Yet we congratulate the author on his achievement of a task exacting so much labour, scholarship and judgement. G.S.H.

**I**N *Goethe: the Man and his Character* (Eveleigh Nash, 15s.), Mr Joseph McCabe has filled a want long felt in the English-speaking world. He has given us another biography of a man who was second only to Napoleon in the history of his times, and second only to Shakespeare in the history of literature.

Wolfgang Goethe was born in 1749 at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and was saved by the presence of mind of his grandmother from an immediate exit, due to the errors of the nurse. His father, a worthy Imperial Councillor, spent his time in the austere control of his family. He gave his son, in his early years, a somewhat ambitious education, which embraced, among other things, five languages. Wolfgang, we learn, had little love for his maternal parent, though his father filled him with respect. In this the author sees no blot upon the character of the poet. We cannot agree with his opinion. From the time when Goethe left home, in 1775, until 1792, when Frankfort lay unavoidably on his route, he visited his mother once, and once only. Surely this shows great ingratitude towards one whose love for him was so noble that it embraced even the woman—scorned by the world—who was his mistress for eighteen years.

His idiosyncracies were revealed early in his life. As an instance of this we are told that his hatred of ugliness was manifested at the age of three, when, in a violent temper, he insisted on an ugly child being taken out of his presence! In his fifth year a love of the drama was kindled by the present of a toy theatre, and at six he was the author of a play. From this moment his interest in literature grew, and his father's ambition that he should become a lawyer attracted him less and less. At the University he studied—not law, as he should have done—but literature. As England glories in Nelson's departure from the path of obedience, so does Germany in that of

# Goethe

Goethe. Had he studied law as his father directed him, the world would probably have been the poorer by jewels such as *Faust* and *Werther*. His seventh year, we are informed, was marked by a departure from the religion of his mother. To what religion she belonged Mr McCabe omits to mention. Goethe "framed the creed of his life—a simple reverence for God-Nature without dogmas or priests."

Wolfgang's first serious love affair occurred when he was fourteen years old, and was with the daughter of the host of a neighbouring tavern. From that time until within a few years of his death it might almost be said that Goethe was never without an *amour*. Eighteen was the age he most favoured. Mr McCabe gives us an excellent idea of his last love affair, when he says: "Goethe remembered the Seven Years' War; Ulrike (the lady in question) was to see the outbreak of the South African War."

Goethe lived to a ripe old age, and his handsome countenance and massive frame remained youthful until near the end. A shadow was cast upon his latter days by the inevitable toll of the bell as, one by one, his friends passed away before him. He died peacefully in 1832.

The volume is full of interest and is written in a fluent style. New light is certainly thrown upon some aspects of the great man, and the chapter on his scientific attainments cannot be too highly praised. A word, too, should be said of the illustrations, some of which are admirable.

It cannot, however, be called a well-balanced book. Goethe was above all else a philosopher and a poet. One closes the book upon a sensualist. Too little space is devoted to the evolution of his literary gifts; too much to the enumeration of his *affaires de cœur*. Goethe lives by his poetry, and not by the women he loved.

D. A. L. D.

**T**HE re-organization of University education in Ireland has been deemed a fitting occasion

for an effort to produce a Review which would give publicity to

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work of a scholarly type, extending over many important branches of study and appealing to a wider circle of cultured readers than strictly specialist journals could be expected to reach. It is with this object that some University Professors and graduates have undertaken to conduct an Irish Quarterly Review, which, under the general name of *Studies*, will publish contributions in various departments of Letters, Philosophical Subjects, and Science. It will be under the editorial direction of a committee whose chairman is the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., M.A., Professor of Political Economy in University College, Dublin.

This extract from the Foreword to the first number—which appeared in March—sufficiently explains the aims of the new Review (which is published by M. H. Gill and Son at 2s. 6d. per copy). We heartily welcome the appearance of *Studies*, and congratulate the editors on their first number. The articles display sound scholarship and are well-written. The most striking to our mind is that on “The Future of Private Property,” by Prof. T. M. Kettle. The abuses that arise from private ownership, the duties that it entails, and, at the same time, the practical necessity for its existence are explained in a powerful and entertaining style, while some of the professor’s arguments against Socialism as a working creed are worth storing in one’s armoury for use in future battles. Fr H. V. Gill gives an extremely interesting account of the “Electrical Theory of Matter,” especially as it has been developed in recent years by Sir J. J. Thomson. Our only criticism of his article is that it does not distinguish quite clearly enough between “mass” and “weight.” It is, perhaps, ungracious to find fault with the beautifully written poem at the beginning of the number, but from a merely literary point of view it seems a little hard on one who has throughout his “life” had such a spotless reputation as Arthur of Britain to find himself playing the part of a treacherous thief. Very good articles are those on “Athenian Imperialism,” “Tradition in Islam,” “Hedonism,” and “The Gallican Church and the National Assembly”; while of a more purely Irish interest are “The Legend of the Hermit and the Angel,” and “The

## Studies

Development of Supreme Judicature in Ireland." Learned as is Mr A. J. Rahilly's contribution on "The Meaning of Evolution," and sound as are his conclusions, we do not consider that the argument on which he chiefly relies to disprove the mechanical hypothesis of life is convincing as it stands. He says that the mechanical world of Huxley and Descartes would be essentially reversible, and "no one can seriously conceive the universe as working backwards—chairs becoming trees, cows calves, chickens eggs . . . ." Perhaps not; but are even purely mechanical processes necessarily reversible in this sense? *If* we can imagine a reversal of causes, is the rejuvenation of a chicken more easy to conceive than that of a ruined building, or even than the collection and reintegration of the powder and fragments of an exploded shell?

There is certainly truth in much of what Fr Corcoran says about Cardinal Newman: that he was a complete stranger to the Irish people when he came to Dublin, and that he had to reconsider many of his most cherished schemes for the new University. He holds, too, that

Catholic Ireland should have a deeper sense of her indebtedness to the Newman who organized well on her behalf, than to the writer of the Discourses which set before our people an incomplete and unadjusted ideal.

Fr Corcoran, however, does not seem to have understood more than a small part of that ideal—it was not nearly so incomplete as he would have us believe. What Newman strove to secure was a University in which the pursuit of knowledge should be free. As free as possible from civic restraint, from ecclesiastical restraint, and also from that imposed by the desire for "professional skill." When, however, he preached that "liberal knowledge" was an end in itself worth attaining and that a University ought to provide the means of attaining that end, he did not thereby mean that liberal knowledge was the *only* knowledge worth acquiring, the only knowledge to be sought for from a University. His contention (and surely it is a hard one to disagree with) was that a University should be

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something more than a technical school. That provision ought there to be made for the very necessary class of *students*, of men who, whether or not they have to earn their living by means of their "professional skill," wish to acquire knowledge for its own sake.

Certainly Newman never had any idea of instituting a University which would "train for membership of the governing aristocracy and nothing else," in which "the insistent claims of a professional future could be waived aside in favour of 'liberal culture.'" He hated the idea of an indolent and useless Catholic aristocracy, and would have every man devote his life to work of some kind. He saw (as the article, indeed, quotes) at the Oratory School that in "Catholic boys the great evil is the want of a career." In fact at no time was he in any way insensible to the claims of the "sons of the poor and the moderately well-to-do"—nor, for that matter, was Oxford, nor is she now. Fr Corcoran's initial mistake is that of supposing that Oxford is "an exclusive aristocratic preserve," that it is "a leisured aristocracy in a condition of secure independence" that is "now mainly, and was then almost exclusively, provided for at the ancient Universities of England." A term's residence at either Oxford or Cambridge would show him how much he is mistaken.

*Studies* concludes with an able and comprehensive bulletin of "Recent Literature on the Relations of Soul and Body," notes on "particular subjects of more academic interest"—of which we should single out for especial notice "The Shield of Hesiod"—and some shorter reviews of serious books.

E. S. H.

**B**ALLADS and Verses of the Spiritual Life (E. Nesbit. Elkin Matthews. 4s. 6d.) is a collection of verses, not always perfect in expression, seldom rising to passion, yet always devout, always thoughtful, and sincerely religious. It is form rather than substance that is lacking; the "shape" of the poem, as a famous poet used to call it, is often by no means all that it should be, yet the authoress has chosen admirable subjects and

## Ballads and Verses

treated them adequately. She is most successful in her ballads: her verses on the "Three Kings" are poetical and profound.

Christ! lay thy hand on the angry King  
Who reigns in my breast to my undoing.

And lay Thy hand on the King who lays  
The spell of sadness on all my days,

And give the White King—my soul, Thy soul—  
Of those other Kings the high control.

That soul and spirit and sense may meet  
In adoration before Thy feet!

B.

**L**ECTURES on Poetry. By J. W. Mackail, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. (Longmans. 9s. 6d. net.) It is to be feared that Professor Mackail's latest volume will not improve the estimation in which he is held by critics and scholars. He has less to say and takes more words to say it in; the substance of each lecture but feebly supports the "stilisirung"; the language grows flaccid and colourless; and the reader is constantly aware of something in Mr Mackail which deprives his judgements of vitality, and makes his pages seem longer than they are to read. As well in the good as in the bad connotations of the term, he may with literal accuracy be called a Hellenistic Sophist; for the tone is professional, with a slight tinge of superiority, as of the magician who could vanish at will into regions where gross men cannot follow him; he is not vigorous in reasoning; and were he not a Scot one would say he was lacking in humour. In both his professorial volumes, he would make a fine victim for a clever parodist. This book resembles one which had more genius to animate it—Dr Gilbert Murray's *Rise of the Epic*—in this respect, that the method is hypnotic: once rebel and break the charm, and nothing is left. Do not allow yourself to be "suggestioned," but inspect and measure the bases of these airy structures, and you will see that most of them will not stand a breath:

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The thirteen lectures differ widely in scope: they deal with Arabian and Latin and English poetry: sometimes they philosophize, sometimes take the historic, sometimes the appreciative point of view in criticism.

It would take many pages to review each and all. We will restrict ourselves to "The Definition of Poetry" as a sample of Mr Mackail's literary æsthetics, and to "Virgil and Virgilianism" to try him as a critic. In the former of these, one regrets to find so little said in twenty-two pages of print. Are we really the wiser for learning that poetry is a "function of life"? The phrase seems to be of Hegelian vacuity. But this is not the professor's definition: the mists so far take shape that he tells us that poetry "is formally and technically patterned language." Very good, but not very new. R. L. Stevenson had hit on the word "pattern" and worked out the idea with wit and force and with the gusto of a master in the act of surprising the process of his *maestria*. A page or two of his paper on "Some formal elements of style" is worth all this lecture. Gorgias tells us more about poetry in four words than all the modern critics. Or listen to Boccaccio when he says it is *fervor quidam exquisite inveniendi et exquisite dicendi quod inveneris*. That was worth saying—perhaps even worth quoting in a lecture on the Definition of Poetry.

And now if we examine the lecture which most requires critical power to determine intricate problems of fact, historical and literary, we shall be horrified by the superficiality of the treatment. There is a literature on the *Appendix Vergiliana*, known to scholars. It is large and growing. One could not blame an amateur for not being familiar with Birt's and Vollmer's contributions and all the rest; but how can an amateur, unacquainted with the actual state of the case, judging by quite subjective impressions, help in the decision of questions of fact? The *Ciris* may or may not be by Virgil. Vollmer puts forward a close and vigorous argument in favour of Virgil's authorship, explaining the obvious objections, and relying on the proved early historical unity of the collection. Dr Mackail has read Skutsch, who has a fanciful theory that



## Lectures on Poetry

Gallus wrote the *Ciris*. Mr Mackail asserts "that the *Ciris* is the work of Gallus, to something of the same extent as the *Eclogues* are the work of Virgil." What does this mean? The argument appears to be as follows: Gallus and Virgil were friends, Coleridge and Wordsworth were friends; Coleridge and Wordsworth collaborated in *Lyrical Ballads*, therefore Virgil and Gallus collaborated. "The fact," Mr Mackail quietly observes, "with all it involves, is indisputable." His argument would equally prove that Propertius and Ovid were collaborators.

The truth is, Mr Mackail is unfitted for historical criticism; in impressionist criticism he gives many readers pleasure, but here he will mislead those who take him for a guide. He does not in the least realize the argument for the genuineness of the collection of *Carmina Minora* known to Suetonius, as a collection. And the futility of the impressionist method—as applied to the *Culex* question—is deplorable. Mr Mackail wonders if Virgil "at a time when he had matured his technique" could write like the *Culex*. But *ex hypothesi* if Virgil wrote the *Culex* at all, he wrote it in 44-43 B.C. In this, in the neglect of Lucan's *Et quantum mihi restat ad culicem?* in the reintroduction of the unattested Parthenian original for the *Moretum*—to take a few instances—far from adding one jot to critical knowledge he neglects acquired points. The prettiness, the *stil bellâtre*, does not redeem such work out of the category of the ephemeral epideictic. And the authoritative tone which may be permitted to him in points of taste is a little absurd when he uses it to give emphasis to so amateurish a treatment of expert matters. J. S. P.

**I**N his very interesting book, *Convergence in Evolution* (London. John Murray. 1911. Price 7s. 6d. net) Professor Willey deals with a group of cases gathered under the common title of Convergence in which there is a close approximation of physical characters, habit or structure between animals of different, sometimes very widely different, species. "The term convergence," he himself

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says (p. 52) "is applied to resemblances amongst animals which are not due to direct relationship or genetic affinity; in other words, which are not derived by inheritance from common ancestors, but which result from independent functional adaptation to similar ends." From a very large number of cases cited a few may be selected as examples of what is meant. The hedgehog is covered, as everybody knows, with spines, and so also is the porcupine, but one is an Insectivore, the other a Rodent. There are two kinds of Flying Fish—*Exocoetus*, which is a herring-like form, and *Dactylopterus*, which is a gurnard. These belong to quite separate families, yet both of them can pursue a limited flight in the air and both of them owe this power to the fact that their pectoral fins are elongated and expanded, a very remarkable modification which cannot be explained by any relationship between the two creatures. One last and specially striking example may be also given. It will be known to most readers of this REVIEW that Mammals are divided into Metatheria, or non-placentals, and Eutheria, or placentals. Between certain species of the two groups there is a most remarkable parallelism, as may be seen by the following table which we have adapted from Professor Willey's table and other information.

| NON-PLACENTALS. | HABIT.                     | PLACENTALS.      |
|-----------------|----------------------------|------------------|
| Dasyurinae.     | <i>Carnivorous.</i>        | Carnivora.       |
| Myrmecobiinae.  | <i>Ant-eating.</i>         | Myrmecophagidae. |
| Petaurus.       | <i>Flying.</i>             | Pteromys.        |
| Chironectes.    | <i>Swimming.</i>           | Lutra.           |
| Peramelidae.    | <i>Burrowing.</i>          | Muridae.         |
|                 | <i>(Large-eyed forms.)</i> |                  |
| Notoryctidae.   | <i>Burrowing.</i>          | Talpidae.        |
|                 | <i>(Small-eyed forms.)</i> |                  |

According to transformist views, placentals and non-placentals must have split off from one another at an early period of the history of the mammalian development, yet here we have an impressive series of parallels, and, it

# Convergence in Evolution

may be added, their impressiveness is far more obvious to a zoologist than it can possibly be to anyone only superficially familiar with the facts of the case.

Such being the nature of convergence, the reader will naturally wonder whether the author is going to offer to him any explanation of these phenomena, or lay down any of the "laws" which authors so often plume themselves on formulating. Anyone who expects this will be disappointed, for, beyond claiming what it may be supposed all must admit, that these things are due to a similar response to similar necessities (a response which we attribute to the inherent power of life imparted by the Creator), Professor Willey refuses to attempt to lay down any laws, and even glories in the fact that none can be laid down, a fact which he says is "fraught with the greatest hope for the future of morphology." He is, in our opinion, entirely right when he adds, with regard to the question of hypotheses, "In morphology everything is important except the hypothesis, although practically nothing could be done without it, since it is often the only means available for digesting an accumulation of facts" (p. 171). We have never seen the situation more neatly or more accurately summed up. This book is an excellent collection of facts, and, though its terminology will at first be found a little difficult by non-zoological readers, it can, and we hope will, be read by all persons interested in general biological and philosophical problems.

B.C.A.W.

AN everyday story about everyday people may be very dull or thoroughly absorbing; *Pension Kraus*, by Agnes Blundell (Herbert and Daniel. 6s.), is very interesting because the characters all live. We seem to have met Judith, the heroine, and most of the other people in daily life, and they all act consistently with our ideas of them.

Judith Thorngrove has early been left a widow after an unhappy marriage, and is trying to start life again in a German *pension*. Of course there is an eccentric, but inherently noble German who, after much mutual squab-

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bling, succeeds in winning her affections. One might expect all this to be very uninteresting, but Miss Blundell has made it delightful; she has, moreover, the humorous touch which prevents the most commonplace incidents from boring her readers. The Baron de Treilles, another admirer of Judith's, is most amusing with his quaint adoption of English slang, and his fears for his health, which convince him that, while he remains in the climate of London, he will awake every morning "with a bronchite or a pneumonia." The only person whom we are glad to take leave of is Georgina, Judith's sister-in-law, whose vanity is not amusing. We do not think, however, that the Baron de Treilles (whose vanity *is* amusing) would have remained so persistently insensible to her attentions. O.

THE first volume of M. Bricout's collection (*Où en est l'Histoire des Religions?* J. Bricout. Paris. 1912. Vol. II, pp. 589) has already been noticed in the DUBLIN REVIEW, and the modesty of its title commended. We can scarcely do more, or better, than offer a brief résumé of the contents of this still more important second volume. It contains a coherent account of Judaism and Christianity, and the summing-up of M. Bricout, the editor. M. Touzard is the quite unexceptionable author of the first part, and he has satisfied the most scrupulous by submitting his authoritative erudition to the criticism of MM. Mangenot and Tanquerey, the well-known exegete and theologian. With candid loyalty, M. Touzard cites with full accuracy the latest pronouncements of the Biblical Commission (on the Pentateuch, the Psalms, Isaiah); and it is interesting to see the flexibility of interpretation to which, in the judgement of these most competent experts, they lend themselves. The "Origins" of Christianity are dealt with by M. Venard under the heads of evidence, of the doctrine of Jesus Christ, of Paul, of John, with a few pages on the infant Church. Mgr Batiffol carries the Christian history on to Nicæa; M. Vacandard on to the fifteenth century; M. Bricout, from Luther to

# L'Histoire des Religions

the present day. M. Bousquet has a chapter on the Oriental schisms and the probable future of the Eastern Church. All this division is far more than a mere answer to M. S. Reinach's *Orpheus*, the already discredited caricature which proved the unintended, yet necessary, stimulus to so much good Catholic work. M. Bricout, after a brief appreciation (often in the quoted words of his several collaborators) of the non-Christian religions, of Judaism, and of Christianity, concludes easily to two certainties—the clear pre-eminence of the Judeo-Christian history over all others, and the manifest impossibility of explaining all religious phenomena alike by one naturalistic formula. Thus it becomes the easier for us to discriminate between the character and amount of good contained in Christianity (where alone the Word, in the full sense, has been made flesh), and in the non-Christian systems (which contained, we are glad with antiquity to believe, God's λόγος σπερματικός). Thus, too, we dare to examine fearlessly the growth and development of the Divine seed which has been so variously implanted in our human soil. And the laws that are revealed by God's action in the past encourage us to discern by faith and hope, but also by the humbler instruments of our intelligence, the advances and the triumphs of the future. C. M.

THE scrupulous care with which the new and typical edition of the works of Thomas à Kempis (*Thomæ Hemerken à Kempis Opera Omnia*. Edidit M. J. Pohl. Vol. 1. 1910. pp. viii, 592. With 10 photographs of manuscripts. 6s. Herder. London) is being produced has resulted in a delay of several years in the appearance of Vol. 1, the fifth in order of publication, and which has only just been sent for notice. A general account of the edition and of the first three volumes published will be found in Vol. cxxxv of the DUBLIN, page 446. A subsequent volume was noticed in Oct. 1905, p. 198. The critical information in the present volume concerning manuscripts, printed editions and collateral works, far exceeds that contained in any already issued. The textual

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criticism is extraordinarily minute, and should prove a source of lively interest and admiration to the expert. A less exacting reader will be content with the 346 pages of the devout author's own words, which comprise five distinct treatises: I, *De paupertate, humilitate et patientia*; II, *De vera compunctione cordis*; III, *Sermones ad fratres*; IV, *Epistola ad quemdam cellarium*, a delightful and lengthy instruction on the way of combining the active and contemplative duties of life; V, *The soliloquium animae*. The classic writings of Thomas à Kempis are outside the field of criticism. They are their own commendation to the student and the devout. It remains only to add that the vertical oblong form of the edition is pleasant to handle, while type, printing and paper are as perfect as anything need be that is not to be classed in the category of an *édition de luxe*.

H. P.

THE love of art, the sympathy and admiration for the well-done, with some critics seems to be so acute as to deaden their imaginative power. To anyone who realizes the story of *Ethan Frome* (Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 3s. 6d. net) in all its intensity of horror it would seem impossible that it should have been called, as it has been called, a "delightful possession" for the readers of novels. Surely to the ordinary mind it can be little more than a well-described nightmare? Ethan Frome is a farmer in Starkfield, Massachusetts, whose land is miserably impoverished. He has married a sickly, self-absorbed invalid who will not, or cannot, understand the difficulties of his life. There is something acutely hideous in the personality of this woman. Every line describing her is cut in the picture as if by some corrosive acid. Into the lives of Ethan and Zeena Frome, Mattie, a penniless cousin of Zeena's, has been thrown by circumstances. Mattie is Zeena's domestic help: a lovely, inefficient, sweet-natured young girl. The hungry longing for joy in Ethan, the slow-dawning suspicions of Zeena are terrible. Ethan is modest and has some undefined moral sense, which may or may not be chiefly supported by his fear of Zeena. There is nothing of French realism in Mrs Wharton's treatment

## Ethan Frome

of the situation; she draws from it the minimum of joy and the maximum of misery for all three of the people involved, and yet the impression left, if not immoral, is distinctly un-moral.

Zeena dismisses Mattie as inefficient to run the work of the house, while she is to have what in another class would be called a "rest cure." Ethan pleads in vain, and Mattie bows to inexorable fate when she tells Ethan that if Zeena "says it to-night she will say it to-morrow." Ethan drives Mattie to the station and, urged by her, they both make a most unconvincing attempt at suicide together by driving their sledge into a tree. As might have been anticipated, they are not killed, but they survive, Ethan maimed and lame, Mattie with spinal disease. Zeena spends the rest of her life in waiting on them both.

As in a nightmare, the worst moment is at the end, when, in an impulse of confidence, a village neighbour concludes the story thus:

She took off her spectacles again, leaned toward me across the bead-work table-cover, and went on with lowered voice: "There was one day, about a week after the accident, when they all thought Mattie couldn't live. Well, I say it's a pity she *did*. I said it right out to our minister once, and he was shocked at me. Only he wasn't with me that morning when she first came to. . . . And I say, if she'd ha' died, Ethan might ha' lived; and the way they are now, I don't see's there's much difference between the Fromes up at the farm and the Fromes down in the graveyard; 'cept that down there they're all quiet, and the women have got to hold their tongues."

What is wrong with this amazing little book? Setting aside the gross improbability of the attempted suicide, it may be described, from an artistic point of view, as almost faultless. But, while it may seem faultless to the intellect, to the heart of the ordinary reader *Ethan Frome* is profoundly false. It is an idyll of horror, a dream of misery untouched by light, a luxury of pessimism which is unendurable to the healthy-minded, because the healthy-minded have an imagination fresh enough to realize the fullness of this horror, undistracted by æsthetic satisfaction.

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THE reviewer of a story for boys like Mr Garrold's (*The Black Brotherhood and Some of its Sisters*. Macdonald and Evans. 1912. 5s.) is always expected to say whether it is amusing and whether it has a moral. It is, and it has: several morals in fact, if such a thing is possible; though the morals are not preached (least of all by the boy characters), but will escape the reader's consciousness, beneath which they will have sunk, until they reappear in the shape of instincts. As for the adventure, and the humour, and the realism, they are what Mr Garrold's earlier books led us to expect. No father can hesitate to give his boy this book: the boy's delight will go too deep, often, even for laughter; the father, when he reads it, will constantly catch himself chuckling. And here, we may surmise, is the rare quality of the book. It makes you realize, in yourself and in others, what you had but dimly suspected hitherto; it throws into vivid meaning the undifferentiated memories of years: so accurate is the discernment and so irresistible the sympathy of the author, who writes about the Black Brothers "because I liked them"—best of reasons, which many were too vain to admit. And in this, we may own, lies a great part of the book's literary value. It is, however, still more valuable for its infinitely modest insinuation of many of the problems which occur to anyone who would fain see character established and developed in boys, little or big; in the words of one of our best authorized contemporaries, "to read this book helps one to understand one's own son better," and that will react upon all one's principles of home and school education. It is impossible but that this should modify our practice. Since Mr Garrold is capable, by writing about small boys at school, of stimulating us to such wide-branching meditations, we most earnestly beg him to take into serious consideration the writing of a story for, and of, young men who have but just left school, and have entered that mysterious after-school atmosphere for which, too often, they are so singularly unprepared. C.M.



## St Augustine & African Church

IT is difficult to gather precisely the object which Dr Sparrow Simpson had in view in writing a short history of Donatism under the title of *St Augustine and African Church Divisions* (Longmans. 1910. 154 pp. 3s. 6d. net). It is not intended to throw any new light on the subject, though it is written carefully and from good authorities. The points chiefly emphasized are three: First, the agreement on both sides of the controversy on the necessity of the Visible Unity of the Church; a fact which is rather awkward for Dr Simpson and the Church of England. Secondly, he tries to diminish the effect of the appeals by St Optatus and St Augustine to the position of Rome as the centre of unity and authority; he hurries over and misinterprets some, and omits the rest. It is a pity that such a clever writer should not take a broader view of St Augustine's relations with Rome, and those of his whole period. Thirdly, Dr Simpson enlarges upon the arguments with which St Augustine supported the persecution of the Donatists by the secular power, and he concludes his book by noticing how the African saint's authority was invoked by Bossuet to justify the coercion of the Huguenots, adding, as the concluding words of his book, that among Catholics the right to employ coercion "is still advocated by leading authorities." I suppose most Catholic authorities would agree that in a wholly Catholic country it might be the duty of a Catholic Government to prevent the teaching of heresy or irreligion; I question whether many would go further than this. But it is odd that Dr Simpson does not remember that both before and after the time when Bossuet was preaching, the Anglican Church was savagely persecuting Puritan and Catholic alike, and without St Augustine's authority, and without pretending to have the justification of the exclusive possession of the absolute Truth, or to be the one and undivided and infallible Church of Christ. There is no principle on which persecution by Protestants can be justified. Anglicans have fortunately renounced the persecuting temper. And to-day they even suffer somewhat at the hands of those Protestants who have not moved near to the Catholic faith and charity.

C.

## Some Recent Books

MANY have been the attempts to picture the appearances afforded by living things at various periods of the long history of the globe, and Mr Knipe's book (*Evolution in the Past*. London. Herbert and Daniel. 1912. 12s. 6d. net) is the latest effort in this direction. As to the beginnings of things Mr Knipe takes up a modest and reasonable attitude of nescience. He admits that science has no knowledge of how life originated, nor how, having originated, it obtained the power to vary, without which power evolution, as it is commonly understood, could not have taken place. Further, he is careful to point out that the chronology prefixed to his work is of a wholly conjectural character. Mr Knipe passes under review, in his handsomely printed and profusely illustrated work, the various periods of geological history, and indicates the forms which were to be found in each. Moreover, he illustrates his descriptions by a number of reconstructions of extinct creatures from the brush, for the most part, of Miss Alice B. Woodward. Allowing for the permissible artistic licence which must be given to such efforts, we have no more to say about most of them than they will give a very vivid and not inaccurate idea to those not deeply versed in science of the appearances of the fauna and flora of those bygone days. It is when we come to the representations of Pithecanthropus and primitive man that we find some reason to quarrel with both the artist and the writer.

Of Pithecanthropus no more than a fragment of a skull, a femur and teeth have been found, and, as these were at some distance from one another, there is no positive evidence that all the objects belonged to the same individual. It is not unlikely, and that is the most we can say. Further, a recent expedition, after a very careful search in the part of Java from which these examples came, has found no more objects attributable to Pithecanthropus and no implements of any sort.

Miss Woodward's restoration of Pithecanthropus is, therefore, built up on singularly little evidence. Further, Mr Knipe's view that man must have existed at this period because he made coliths is seriously discredited by

## Evolution in the Past

the most recent observations on those so-called implements, which are, it may now be pretty certainly concluded, purely natural objects. No one can doubt this who has perused the Abbé Breuil's paper in *L'Anthropologie* (1910, p. 385), and it may be added that this view receives the very weighty support of Professor Sollas in his *Ancient Hunters*, recently published, and noticed in this REVIEW.

Whether Pithecanthropus existed or not, and whether he was in any way like Miss Woodward's picture, there is very little doubt that her representation of Homo Mousteriensis is a gross libel on that remote ancestor of ours. Of him we do possess quite enough remains to form a very fair idea of what he was like. He was not a handsome person, according to our ideas; in fact he probably resembled not a little the Australian of recent times, but that he was the microcephalic creature here represented is certainly not true. In cranial capacity the Mousterian man was far superior to the Australian, "and even, it would appear, to the European, whose average capacity is not above 1550 cc." So says Professor Sollas, whose opinion on the matter is final, and he adds, "Cranial capacity is a measure of the volume of the brain, and thus it is clear that the Mousterians were men with big brains." We might have argued that they were not destitute of brains from their skill in working flint implements even if we had never found their skulls. Further, we know this about them, from the existence of "accompanying gifts" in their interments, that they believed in a future existence and made provision for the needs of their dead in it in like manner to primitive men in all parts of the world. The frontispiece represents another kind of primitive man of a reasonable kind, but we must protest against such pictures as that of Homo Mousteriensis, which, with all allowance for artistic licence, do not give any fair idea of what the man of that time looked like. For another thing, it is a pure assumption to represent him with a hair-clad body. He seldom represented himself, but when he did he gave no indication of a hairy coat, as he did, for example, in his sketch of the mammoth.

B.C.A.W.

## CHRONICLE OF RECENT NEW TESTAMENT WORKS

A few words were said in this Chronicle last year about Harnack's latest contribution to the Synoptic question (*Neue Untersuchungen zur Apostelgeschichte und zur Abfassungszeit der Synoptischen Evangelien*. Leipzig. 1911, 114 pp. M. 3.80; and English translation, *The date of the Acts and of the Synoptic Gospels*, by Adolf Harnack, translated by the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson. Williams and Norgate. 1911. 162 pp. 5s. net). It is of very great significance, since this great scholar at last supports with all his ingenuity and all his influence the early date for the Acts which he had suggested with some diffidence in his preceding volume. His first two chapters are devoted to reinforcing his former arguments for the Lucan authorship of the Acts and for its unity. Some of these considerations will seem odd enough to Catholic readers; but they have their use as arguments against Liberals from a Liberal standpoint. Next follows a very impressive proof that the Acts of the Apostles must have been written by St Luke at the date at which they conclude, the second year of St Paul's imprisonment in Rome. It follows from this that St Luke's Gospel is earlier still, and that its sources (St Mark and "Q") are yet older. Harnack suggests that, as St Mark was at Rome with St Paul (Coloss. iv., 10; Philem. 24), he may have communicated to St Luke the first draft of his Gospel, which he had not yet published. Harnack accepts the view that St Irenaeus cannot be made to say that St Mark published his Gospel after the death of St Peter and St Paul. For St Matthew he insists upon a date either shortly before or shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem.

The German professor is still convinced that he is leaving room for many layers of tradition and large developments of legend between our Lord's Ascension and the composition of the Synoptic Gospels. He is not frightened by improbabilities: for example, he holds very strongly that St Luke wrote the first two chapters of his Gospel while living with St Paul; yet he also holds that St Paul "of course" did not believe in the virgin birth of our Lord. Again, he holds St Luke's account of our Lord's conception and birth to be legendary, yet he thinks it certain that St Luke, in the first years of the 'sixties, believed that he related it on the authority of the Blessed Virgin herself. The comment is interesting:

The stories [in Luke i-ii] are essentially homogeneous in character. The circle whence they proceed had a profound veneration for Mary, and placed her by the side of her Son in a position of importance. Such feelings do not arise of themselves; they must go back to the impression made by Mary herself (p. 155).

I have slightly modified Mr Wilkinson's translation. Harnack writes with his habitual healthy contempt for his brother critics and their arbitrary conclusions:

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If the Acts of the Apostles had been the only work of its author that we possessed—if, that is, the Gospel had not also come down to us—the verdict concerning his acquaintance with the Gospel history would probably have run somewhat as follows: "This man knew practically nothing more of the Gospel history than what he learned through *Christological dogma*; at all events he stood quite outside the stream of synoptic tradition, for the only saying of our Lord that he records is not to be found in the synoptic gospels; the few instances in which he coincides with this tradition need not, by any means, have been derived from this tradition; on the whole, the Acts of the Apostles is a proof that the memory of Jesus, the actual person, apart from the Christological doctrines that had gathered round Him, was at that time almost entirely extinct; indeed, the book suggests the question: Did Jesus really live at all? for, if in an historical account of the thirty years immediately succeeding His death so little is said of Him beyond what belongs to the sphere of dogma, it is no longer easy to imagine that Jesus really existed; adherents, who call themselves 'disciples' of a man whose words and teaching they scarcely ever summon to their recollection, stand under the suspicion that He whom they follow is no leader of flesh and blood, but simply a phantom creation of dogma." So people would probably have judged; for they now say much the same in the case of St Paul. Fortunately, the author of the Acts has also written a "Gospel," and accordingly the whole train of this argument is upset (pp. 116-7).

The great Commentary on St Mark by Père Lagrange has already taken its place among standard works, though it appeared after the last Chronicle was written (*Évangile selon Saint Marc*. Par le P. M.-J. Lagrange, O.P. Paris. Gabalda. 1911. Large 8vo. 456 pp. 15 fr.). The weakest part of this fine work is its first chapter, on the tradition concerning St Mark and his Gospel. The learned Dominican follows the usual mis-translation of the famous passage of St Irenaeus, so as to make that Father place the writing of St Mark's Gospel after the deaths of St Peter and St Paul. As P. Lagrange holds the view, which is now common among Catholic as well as Protestant scholars, that St Mark's Gospel is the earliest of our four Greek Gospels, he necessarily thrusts the date of St Matthew, St Luke, and Acts down to a yet later period.

The commentary itself is not a theological one nor a devotional one, but critical and apologetic, and from this point of view it is singularly complete. It supplies detailed and careful replies to liberal critics, more especially to the vagaries of Loisy, who is still esteemed a critic in France. Some kind of refutation of liberal views may be easy enough in most cases; for German "liberal critics" are rarely distinguished by learning, acumen, or even common sense. But to be as skilful and successful as P. Lagrange is a triumph. His own discussions of difficult questions of harmony or exegesis are clear, sober and illuminating. On every important

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point he gives a special excursus. It need scarcely be said that on the geography of the Holy Land and on Oriental customs he is very full and exceedingly interesting; for he writes as one who knows, and not at second hand. His scholarship is really good, and he is as well informed on the latest studies of Scriptural Greek as he is on Hebrew and Aramaic forms and derivations. To an English reader it might seem difficult, after Dr Swete's excellent commentary, to write anew on St Mark, but Père Lagrange is longer and more complete, as well as more polemical. Indeed it would be difficult to find an exposition of any book which is as thorough and successful from so many diverse points of view as this solid and pondered volume.

A short study of the Homilies of St Cyril of Alexandria on St Luke is of interest for the history of exegesis (*Die Lukas-Homilien des St Cyrill von Alex.* Von Adolf Rucker. Breslau. Goerlich. 1911. 103 pp. M. 3.20). St Cyril as an expositor is chiefly known by his allegorical exposition of the Pentateuch, and by a commentary on St John published in 428. Dr Rucker points out that the homilies on St Luke are later, since they presuppose the controversy with Nestorius; and it is interesting to note that they are far less Alexandrian and allegorizing than the earlier works. We even find St Cyril refusing to interpret a parable as an allegory, and adhering to the general meaning. Only three of these homilies are extant in Greek, but most of them have been printed in Syriac. Dr Rucker gives in an appendix a few Syriac fragments hitherto unpublished.

The new exposition of the first epistle to the Corinthians in the *International Critical Commentary* was begun by Dr Robertson, Bishop of Exeter, and completed by Dr Alfred Plummer. It is naturally distinguished by exact and careful scholarship. The notes on textual points are very good. The philological notes are admirable. The general scope and sequence of the sense are well given in paraphrases. The comments on the sense do not show insight. They are shallow, and St Paul is made out rather a moderate and humdrum person. Here is an amusing example: exact scholarship obliged the authors to render 1 Cor. ix, 27, by "I bruise my body black and blue and lead it along as a bondservant." But the explanation is this: "It is perhaps too much to say that St Paul regards his body as an antagonist. Rather, it is something which becomes a bad master, if it is not made to be a good servant. It is like the horses in a chariot race, which must be kept well in hand by whip and rein, if the prize is to be secured." A perfectly true comment. But how characteristic the change of metaphor: whip and bridle for ὑπωπιάζειν "to give a man one in the eye"! St Paul must not be an ascetic; he thinks it convenient "in the present distress" for some Christians to remain bachelors, but we must not be sure he would give the same advice in the twentieth century. We gather that the apostle's ideal was a comfortable country rectory, with a carriage and pair. The theological position is "Low Church." Thrice over we are treated to long quotations from Anglican

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divines of the nineteenth century, describing a practically Zwinglian view of the benefit of Holy Communion. Since there is no Real Presence, Dr Plummer is not unnaturally puzzled by "the insoluble problem what it is the wicked receive." Insoluble, indeed, on such premises—unless Dr Plummer will boldly say, plain bread and wine, with no grace. Yet he rightly feels that St Paul implies more than this by "eating and drinking condemnation."

It is noticeable that the learned authors refer almost exclusively to English books, or German books which have been translated into English. In the bibliographical list, I observe only one Catholic commentary, that of Maier; and against it is the single word "Roman," which is here used, as it was by the Arians of the fifth century, to mean "Catholic." At least Cornely's lengthy exposition might have been consulted with advantage.

A Commentary on Hebrews by Dr E. C. Wickham, Dean of Lincoln, in the Westminster Commentaries, is a plain explanation for intelligent English readers (Methuen. 1910. xliv, 144 pp. 6s.). It does not aim at being precisely devotional, and it avoids being learned, but admirably gives the logical sequence of this carefully reasoned Epistle. The notes are clear, scholarly, and sensible.

Dr Percy Gardner has studied *The Religious Experience of St Paul* in an essay, which shows a laudable attempt to think clearly (Williams and Norgate. 8vo. 263 pp. 5s. net). Written from a liberal point of view, it will seem somewhat thin to the Catholic reader. Yet Dr Gardner is enthusiastic about the Apostle, and believes him to have been truly inspired by God. The nearest thing to new matter in the book is the discussion of "the mystery" of which St Paul often speaks, and of the unconscious borrowing by him from the pagan mysteries. Dr Percy Gardner is so distinguished a Hellenist, that it is natural he should approach St Paul from this side. But Harnack, in the book reviewed above, sounds a necessary note of warning:

It would be well for the critics who (like Reitzenberger) are more than disposed to make the Apostle a Hellenist, if they would first try to gain more accurate knowledge of the Jew and Christian in St Paul before they take into account the secondary elements which he borrowed from the Greek mysteries. They would then at once realize that these elements were uninvited intruders into his scheme of thought, and that it is quite out of place to speak of their conscious acceptance by him (*Date of the Acts*, p. 61).

The truth is, surely, that St Paul used terms which had gained a technical sense from the mysteries, and so did every educated Greek. He borrowed no ideas, but used expressions which had become a part of the language. That is all.

To the very large number of recent books on the Resurrection, we have now to add a very interesting work by Dr W. J. Sparrow-Simpson, *The*

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*Resurrection and Modern Thought* (Longmans, 1911, 464 pp. 15s. net). The discussion of the New Testament evidence for our Lord's Resurrection is unusually solid and complete, and shows a wide acquaintance with German literature. The author goes on to explain the theological significance of the Resurrection of Christ. He is thoughtful and even profound. He is quite justified, as an Anglican, in the criticism he makes of many modern Catholic manuals, that they compress this great subject into a single page, or little more (Dom Janssens is an exception), in a manner which contrasts strangely with the large place which it holds in St Paul's doctrine and in the New Testament in general. Dr Simpson's fourth part is less successful. In a sketchy and inadequate summary of patristic views, he points out with deprecation and dislike the "materialistic" conceptions of the Westerns, over against the more "spiritual" notions of the resurrection of the body which some of the Eastern Fathers inherited possibly from Origen. He complains (not wholly without reason) that modern Catholic theologians have abstained from the attempt to explain the meaning of resurrection in modern terms and to make it acceptable to our modern mentality. But his own view is not attractive. Though he declares that he holds the continuity and identity of our resurrection body with the body we have in this life to be a necessary point of doctrine, yet he holds that our Lord's Resurrection could have been just as real, had He chosen that His dead body should remain in the tomb (p. 418). Similarly, he thinks that our resurrection bodies at the last day will not be materially identical with those we have now, but only formally. This seems to be a most definite denial of continuity and identity. Is it not a putting off of old clothes and a donning of new, a substitution of something better, not a glorification of the first? Could such a reconstitution be called a "resurrection" even in a wide sense?

Again, Dr Simpson teaches that glorious bodies will have no physical organs, not merely internal organs of digestion, etc., but no members, hands and feet, and (I suppose) head, nor will they have any density whatever. Does he think they will have extension? If not, can they be called bodies at all? And if they are extended, would a cubical or spherical form approve itself to Dr Sparrow-Simpson as simpler or more beautiful than "the human form divine"? He will doubtless call such questions captious, futile, and "materialistic"; but then the whole question is about matter and extension—spiritualized matter, glorified matter, matter made heavenly, but still matter. Or would Dr Simpson give a new connotation to the word "body," so that it should no longer imply extension? And would such a new definition be legitimate, either from an ancient or a modern point of view? And how would "body" be distinguished from soul?

And yet these unsatisfactory, incomplete (not to say heretical) suggestions are not meant by their author to deny "identity and continuity." And, after all, this identity and continuity is not an easy conception. Catholic teaching demands that what actually remains, unchanged or uncorrupted, should "rise again," and form part of the resurrection



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body, otherwise continuity is lost. And let Dr Simpson remember that it is precisely in the East that veneration of relics can be traced back to very early times, whereas it was borrowed in the West. On the other hand, the question of identity and continuity is extremely elusive, more especially if one starts from the Thomist view that a man consists of a soul and *materia prima*. The explanations put together out of St Thomas (*in Suppl.* Qu. 79), and the disquisition of Suarez (*De Incarn.* 53, art. 2. Disp. 44, 2), show what subtle distinctions have to be drawn in order to ensure any real continuity. But the "materialism" which distresses Dr Simpson arises, to some extent, from the importation of modern ideas about physical atoms and molecules into ancient or mediæval formulæ. Anyhow Catholic doctrine takes into account the resurrection of the wicked, whereas Dr Simpson omits to explain what sort of bodies they are to have.

One or two other points may be noted. Dr Simpson seems not to attend much to textual criticism, for on p. 4 he quotes from Mat. xvi, 1-4 the "signs of the times," as though the authenticity of the passage was above suspicion. He does not mention the "Western" variant to Mark ix, 10: "What 'shall arise from the dead' might mean" (p. 7). He does not, on p. 25, seem to grasp the nature of the case for the Western omissions ("non-interpolations") at the end of St Luke. His estimate (p. 79) of ten days for the journey from Jerusalem to Galilee (Apostles without luggage) is excessive; it is only some eighty miles of walking. He inclines to think that the "sign of Jonah," the three days in the whale's belly, is an addition to our Lord's words by the evangelist or by tradition, and that Christ merely said that He would give no sign but the sign of the prophet Jonah, meaning the preaching of repentance. But by "sign" is clearly meant a miracle. This our Lord refused to give; but he referred to an ancient sign, which would be seen once more after his death. The preaching of Jonah could not possibly be called a *σημειον*; whereas every Jew would understand "the sign of Jonah" to mean his miraculous deliverance from the fish.

A book denying the miracles of the New Testament caused some stir in Oxford a year ago, because the author, a fellow and tutor of Magdalen, was said by his friends to be subjected to persecution for conscience' sake, and perhaps yet more because he is closely connected with the Oxford High Church party, as the son of a former Vicar of St Mary's, Warden of Radley and Censor of Christ Church, and nephew of the late Bishop of Oxford and of the Bishop of Stepney. The book itself was a somewhat crude effort (*Miracles in the New Testament*. By the Rev. J. M. Thompson, Fellow and Dean of Divinity in St Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. Arnold. 1911. 236 pp.). The view upheld was similar to that of the veteran scholar Dr Edwin Abbott, that the supernatural is an essential part of religion, but that the miraculous is not, being, in fact, impossible and unthinkable. Mr Thompson frankly accepts the Incarnation, but refuses to admit the miracles of Christ and the Apostles. To most of us

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such a paradox will not seem worth considering. If we hold that the human will has a real initiative in moving our bodies and so acting in the physical world, it seems perfectly natural for the Creator to exercise His will in Nature in the same way, and without "interference" with the laws of Nature or "contradiction" of them. And Catholics hold that the evidence for miracles is compelling. But Protestants entirely refuse the evidence for mediaeval and modern miracles, regardless of the evidence, while they admit and defend those of the New Testament, and even of the Old Testament. They are inclined to drop the latter nowadays; and consequently they have, to a great extent unconsciously, arrived at a view which groups miracles around the Incarnation. To them the Incarnation is no longer proved by miracles, even by that of the Resurrection; but because they hold the Incarnation to be a fact and the basis of religion, the incomparable manifestation of God's love, they argue from it to the miraculous, as if miracles were a necessary, or at least a proper, accompaniment of the appearance of the Divine in human flesh. Against this view Mr Thompson's argument has some force. If the miracles were not necessary to prove the Incarnation, if they were not *σήμεια* what was the use of them? If the truth of the Incarnation is certain without them, why should they be forced on us as an object of faith? And if an Anglican can quite comfortably reject (for example) the *Liber miraculorum* of St Bernard, in which the miracles were written down on the very day on which they occurred, and day by day, why should he try to believe the Gospel miracles, which were admittedly written down some time after the events?

But Mr Thompson's weaker side is his hasty acceptance of "liberal" criticism of the Gospels, and his still more hasty generalizations as to the impossibility and inconceivability of the miraculous. On these two sides he was open to reply from Anglican divines, and a small book has appeared which aims, with some success, at a kindly refutation (*Miracles; Papers and Sermons*, contributed to *The Guardian* by W. Lock, D.D.; W. Sanday, D.D.; H. S. Holland, D.D.; H. H. Williams, M.A.; A. C. Headlam, D.D. Longmans. 1911. 136 pp. 2s. 6d.). There is, however, a tendency in the whole series of essays to suggest that after all, if we knew more of nature, or more of what a Perfect Humanity is, we might find the miracles much less miraculous and more easily credible. It is evident that they are regarded as having little or no evidential importance; they are not the speech of God in action, His signs calling attention to His personal work. But in spite of this weak side, a great deal of most admirable matter is to be found in these fragments by really eminent men. Dr Sanday has some excellent remarks on the critical question, and so has Dr Headlam, whose usual common sense has made his essay one of the best in the volume. I cite an interesting passage:

Both Mr Thompson and Mr Lake appeal in a somewhat pretentious manner to the results of the critical study of the New Testament — "unless we are prepared to throw over the results of fifty years'

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study of the Synoptic Gospels," is Mr Lake's expression. There is a good deal of pretentiousness and a good deal of confusion in this. There are really two types of criticism. The one is that which may be represented by the very careful studies of Bishop Lightfoot on Ignatius, or by those of Sir John Hawkins and some of the other Oxford workers on the Synoptic problem. That work is slow, patient, and methodical. It always seeks for objective evidence. It distrusts impressions. It is not too anxious to arrive at a conclusion; but it tries to build up its results on a basis independent of the particular opinions of the worker. . . . The second type of criticism is one which is exceedingly attractive and exceedingly misleading. It consists of building up a theory, often interesting and ingenious, on somewhat imperfect generalizations, and then adapting the remainder of the evidence to that theory. It is methods such as these latter which have dominated Continental work for the last fifty years. To the person working the methods seem supremely convincing; he is absorbed in his point of view, and cannot think how things can look different to other people, and it seems to him quite natural to explain away the various difficulties which beset his conclusion. To certain of his supporters these theories seem equally convincing, but their real support is so subjective that they quickly pass away when rival theories take the ground. That is what has been happening for the last fifty years. Theory after theory has been put forward. Those at the present day are, in many ways, quite different from those with which we had to deal twenty years ago, and then we were discovering how erroneous the theories of the 'fifties were. It is that method of which Mr Thompson's book is one of the most striking examples we have met with. He is so absorbed in his own point of view that he entirely fails to see how subjective much of it is, and how unsubstantial a great deal of the investigation which he calls "criticism" is. Both he and Mr Lake are trying to persuade us that they are guided by the evidence, but so soon as we begin to read their works we find that they are devoting all their energies, and their exceedingly ingenious methods, to manipulating the evidence to suit their conclusions. The whole appears very imposing until we read some one who is prepared to manipulate the evidence from a different point of view, and then we see how fallacious all this subjective work is (pp. 56-8).

Dr H. Scott Holland's two sermons in the same volume are as brilliant as ever. In the former of them he urges with real eloquence that the Jew saw the law of God in Nature, and had no expectation of the miraculous; but he is on very unsafe ground when he proceeds to argue from this that the evidence for Biblical miracles is not only valid, but the only valid evidence for miracles. His other sermon is on "The Power of the Resurrection," and is a splendid example of his insight and his oratory.

There has been of late some evidence that the modern heresies as to

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our Lord's *κένωσις* or *exinanitio*, have begun to meet with serious opposition among Protestants, so that Dr Wace has chosen a suitable time for reprinting a remarkable contribution to the subject by the late Archdeacon Gifford (*The Incarnation, a Study of Phil. ii*, 5-11. Longmans. 1911. 105 pp. 1s. net). A grammatical, philosophical, and philological analysis of this famous text is conducted with great learning and thoroughness, and with a complete victory for orthodox views—in spite of the chaos of contending interpretations, which induced the late Professor Bruce to complain that the diversities of opinion were “enough to fill the student with despair and to afflict him with mental paralysis.” I note especially Dr Gifford's contention that τὸ ὄνομα τὸ ὑπὲρ πάντων ὀνόματα (the first τὸ is critically quite certain), “the Name which is above every name,” can only refer to the Tetragrammaton, “Jehovah,” in Greek κύριος, and this corresponds exactly with the succeeding words ὅτι κύριος Ἰησοῦς Χριστός “that Jesus Christ is LORD.” One may compare 1 Cor. xii, 3: “Nemo potest dicere Dominus Jesus, nisi in Spiritu Sancto,” “No one can say ‘Jesus is LORD’ but by the Holy Ghost,” where it seems inevitable that the Tetragrammaton is meant. A sermon by Dr Gifford is appended to this volume, in defence of the Davidic authorship of Psalm cix (Hebrew cx).

M. E. Jacquier, having completed his *Histoire des livres du Nouveau Testament*, has published the first of two volumes on the history of the Canon, *Le nouveau Testament dans l'Eglise chrétienne* (Paris. Gabalda. 1911. 12 mo. 450 pp. 3 fr. 50). On the whole he gives a very convenient summary of the evidence in a small compass. Such a work was much needed in French. But it is impossible to recommend it in its present state, as it is full not only of many doubtful statements, but of positive errors of fact, some of them serious enough. M. Jacquier is not up-to-date in his knowledge; he is wrong on Patristic questions; he knows too little about the early versions. These unfortunate blots might be most misleading, if the book were used as a class book; but they may easily be removed in a second edition, and then a really useful manual will result.

Mgr. Batiffol's reply to Salomon Reinach's *Orpheus*, under the title of *Orpheus et l'Evangile*, has already been reviewed in these pages. We are glad to welcome a very good English translation by Fr George Pollen, S.J. (*The Credibility of the Gospel*. By Mgr Pierre Batiffol. Longmans. 1912. 220 pp. 4s. 6d. net).

Three New Testaments lie before us. The first is a Vulgate text, edited by Mr H. J. White. He gives for the Gospels and Acts the text of Wordsworth and White's critical edition, and for the rest a text edited by himself. The readings of the Sixtine and Clementine (authorized) Vulgate are given at the foot of the page, and the chief MSS. are cited for important variants (*Novum Testamentum, secundum editionem S. Hieronymi*. Editio

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minor, curante Henrico J. White. Clarendon Press. 1911. 1s.). For textual students this careful edition will be most useful.

A cheap and good New Testament in Greek and Latin has been provided for seminaries by a Marist Father (*Novum Testamentum D.N. J.C., græce e codice Vaticano, Latine e Vulgata*. Paris. Gabalda. 18 mo. 540 + 60 pp.). It costs only two francs as a whole; the Gospels and Acts, or the Epistles and Apocalypse may be had for 1 fr. 30 each, or St Matthew alone for 40 c. To clergy and religious a reduction is made. The type is small. The Greek text is mainly from B, with the lacunae supplied mostly from A. Manifest errors of B are consigned to a footnote, and in important cases other MSS. are cited. The Latin text is naturally the authorized Vulgate. We have here a very handy and serviceable bilingual Testament.

For those who wish for a Greek text only, and for better print, nothing is more convenient than the excellent edition which Professor A. Souter has prepared for the Clarendon Press (*Novum Testamentum Græce*. Small 8vo. No date. No paging. 3s. net). The text is that of the Anglican revisers (fair, but unequal). The typography is excellent, and the price is very small. A selection of important variants is given at the foot of the page, and for these readings Professor Souter's apparatus is more accurate and full than Tischendorf's. He employs Dr Gregory's signs for the MSS. This is by far the best edition for ordinary use by students. The chief drawback is that the readings of Westcott and Hort could not be noted, presumably because they are copyright.

Mr H. C. Hoskier of New Jersey continues to publish volumes on Textual criticism. In his *Genesis of the Versions of the New Testament* (Quaritch. 1911. 2 vols. 469 and 423 pp.), he has given valuable collations of the Vulgate text of Mark, Luke, and John in *b*, and of the four Gospels in the two Irish MSS. known as the books of Dimma and Moling. Scholars will be duly grateful for these. But his theories are strange and improbable, his methods of exposition are discursive and without sequence. His curious slips might be passed over, were it not for the rudeness with which he treats living scholars and even the late Dr Hort. In his essay *Concerning the date of the Bohairic version* (Quaritch. 1911. 203 pp.), his manner of presenting the subject is equally confusing. But he gives us a number of readings from Greek MSS. of the Apocalypse, and it appears that he intends to publish a number of full collations of MSS. of that book; and this will again make us his debtors. Though scholars will hardly be convinced that the Bohairic is older than the Codex Sinaiticus, yet Mr Hoskier's exhibition of the close connexion of the Greek text which lies behind the Bohairic with that MS. is not without interest, though it is not new.

A compendious introduction to the whole Bible by Dr Michael Seisenberger has been translated into English (*Practical Handbook for the Study of the Bible and Bible Literature*. New York. Wagner. 1911. 491 pp. \$2 net). It contains a long account of Palestine, of Israelitish law and

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custom, of Inspiration and Hermeneutics, and also a general Introduction to the Old and New Testaments, with an account of each book. It is full of inexactitudes, and contains a number of errors; it is by no means up-to-date in its information. On the other hand it is comprehensive and well put together, and will no doubt be most useful to those who want merely a general view of the subject. The standpoint is conservative and safe. The most important mistake that I have noticed is not one of fact, but of interpretation: the word "authentic," as used by the Council of Trent of the Vulgate, is said to mean "trustworthy, demonstrative" (p. 254), or "genuine" (p. 257). What "demonstrative" is intended to signify, I do not know. But it is certain that "authenticus" means authoritative. For example, the Ratisbon edition of Plain Chant was declared under Leo XIII to be "authentica," because it was (wrongly) imagined to represent not the original plain chant of the Church, but an abbreviated form, made by Palestrina at the command of the Pope. It was not believed to be "ancient," "original," "genuine," "trustworthy," but it was declared to be "authoritative," "official."

Two books on the Old Testament may be conveniently noticed here. One is a critical study of *The Date of the Composition of Deuteronomy*. By Father Hugh Pope, O.P., S.T.L. (Rome, etc. Pustet. 1911. 198 pp. 4s.). It is a learned and interesting defence of the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy. The other is a Commentary on Isaiah, by G. W. Wade, in the *Westminster Commentaries* (Methuen. 1911. 431 pp. 10s. 6d.). The author presupposes that only the first thirty-three chapters are by the original Isaiah, and his commentary is based on this usual assumption. He considers that the famous prophecies in chapter vii and ix are not predictions of our Lord "in any strict sense," though in the titles given to the promised king "there is a strange appropriateness to our Lord." Similarly the sufferings of "the Lord's Servant" in the "deutero-Isaiah" are merely descriptions of the past sorrows of Israel, and have no connexion with Christ, except in that "by His character and life He fulfilled the vocation to which His countrymen so imperfectly responded." Be it remembered that the *Westminster Commentaries* are edited by Dr Lock, the Warden of Keble College, Oxford, which was founded for a memorial and perpetuation of the principles of the Oxford Movement—the reverence for tradition and the return to the Fathers. Mr Wade's commentary appears to be an exceedingly good one, the explanations being very plain and interesting, as well as crowded with information. But it is distressing to see how completely almost all Anglican writers have renounced the traditional view of prophecy.

JOHN CHAPMAN, O.S.B.

# REDUCED CHRISTIANITY: ITS ADVOCATES AND ITS CRITICS

The Gospel and Human Needs. By John Neville Figgis, Litt.D.  
New edition. London: Longmans. 1912.

The Case of Richard Meynell. By Mrs Humphry Ward. London:  
Smith Elder. 1912.

NOT long ago we called attention to the excellent Napologetic work to be found in Mr G. K. Chesterton's book on *Orthodoxy*. We hailed some of its arguments as an antidote to the "staleness" which infects even the greatest thoughts and beliefs after they have lasted many centuries. When Christianity came upon the world in all the freshness of novelty, its genius and wisdom at once stamped it in the eyes of many as divine and paved the way for its ultimate triumph. By Justin Martyr and other early apologists its ethics were depicted as the realization of the highest ideals of life imperfectly conceived by the philosophers. But the religion was something more also. It was the Gospel—the "good news" that God had visited his people—and gave a new sense of the value of life to a jaded generation. The Gospel is now no longer "news." And those who have ceased to realize how much which they value in contemporary civilization is really dependent on it have begun to question whether it is even "good." We pointed out that one supreme advantage possessed by Mr Chesterton as an apologist was that he himself had at one time been an agnostic, and an agnostic with singularly little acquaintance with the teaching of Christianity. It came as good news to himself, as it did to the pagan world. He was thus able in recording his own personal experience to impart to thoughts and ideas which are familiar to most of us just that effect of novelty and freshness which made them so powerful in the early centuries.

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Mr Chesterton's great merit in carrying out this work is his keen imagination and his power of exhibiting principles in clear outline by vivid illustration. These gifts enable him to make others realize what he has felt. To many thinkers of the present generation a somewhat lethargic apprehension of Christianity is the starting-point. They are, therefore, open to the cheap platitudes of that class of critic which is by nature "agin the Government." And, in Newman's phrase, they "reject Christianity before they have understood it." Doctrines which, whatever difficulties they present, a little thought shows to be based on the nature of things, are discredited in their eyes by the most superficial criticisms. The obvious objections to such a doctrine as that of vicarious sacrifice "how unfair and how impossible that another should bear the burden of my sins"; to the doctrine of original sin "how unthinkable that I should suffer and be in some sense infected with guilt which is not due to my own personal fault";—such objections we see frequently set forth, with some pomposity, by the representative of modern enlightenment as considerations which must make a highly trained mind reject this religion of ruder ages. The modern critic is kind but firm, and he has half pitying smiles for the uneducated minds which fail to perceive that such flaws in the system are fatal. Mr Chesterton's manner of approach is the opposite one. He begins not with so-called "flaws," but with the strong points of the system, which are in so many quarters not realized or simply overlooked. He shows how Christianity is concerned not with the philosopher's ideal world, but the actual world in which we live. The pompous critics have simply not faced the puzzling facts of life which make Christianity so helpful. What they prove to be unthinkable is not Christianity, but our own experience of life.

I cited in my former essay instances of Mr Chesterton's method, and it may be used in answering the very arguments just mentioned. That our nature is prone to evil apart even from the results of our own personal wrong-



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doing is not a mere theory of Christianity but a fact of experience, and to many in its degree an almost crushing one. Christianity faces the fact: it does not invent it. If you preach the doctrines of original sin and of the atonement you at least help people to encounter it. To find the cause of a disease and its remedy, even though neither cause nor remedy accord with our own preconceived view of things, is preferable to the fool's paradise which simply denies that we are ill because we cannot understand the illness. We do not profess in our small corner of the universe fully to understand the justice of man's lot as it is understood by Him who knows the whole. But the doctrines in question recognize obvious and trying facts. They help us to encounter such facts by a view which is coherent even though it be imperfect. That view is that mankind has something of the character of an organism, and the moral health of the individual is bound up with that of the whole. Christianity tells us that we are prone to evil because mankind has fallen from its pristine and normal state. Trouble for many arose from the sin of one man, and One Man cancels its effects and will save us if we trust to Him. A task which seems hopeless to the individual is not really hopeless: for what he cannot do of himself the God-man will help him to do, supplying the defects which even at best will remain in his attempt to get rid of a burden which is too heavy for him. The crushing effect of the undeniable facts of a mysterious world is removed by doctrines which are no doubt themselves mysterious. The objections to the doctrines are equally objections to the facts of experience, while the doctrines recognize the facts and make them more and not less bearable and intelligible.

If there is no such thing as human sinfulness of course the superior persons are right, and the atonement and original sin are a very fanciful and improbable account of things.

Two books have recently appeared which offer occasion for pressing further the line of thought which Mr Chesterton's work suggested. A new edition of Mr Neville

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Figgis's lectures on *The Gospel and Human Needs*—which was first published soon after Mr Chesterton's own book—has recently made its appearance, with a fresh and very valuable preface; and the bowdlerised Christianity of the superior person has been graphically painted in Mrs Humphry Ward's *Case of Richard Meynell*. Both books are well deserving of attention. And to consider one helps us to consider the other, for it is the growing prevalence of the "reduced Christianity" of Mrs Ward which gives occasion for Mr Figgis's argument. There is a considerable resemblance between Mr Figgis's thought and Mr Chesterton's, but Mr Figgis faces much more explicitly than Mr Chesterton the questions raised by modern historical and Biblical criticism which have had so large a share in arousing the reaction against traditional Christianity. Mr Figgis faces as frankly as Mrs Ward the fact of modern criticism and the necessity of accepting its assured results. But his mental attitude on the subject is far more discriminating and far more philosophical than that of Mrs Ward's hero, Richard Meynell.

To speak of these books means to speak of the philosophy of religious belief—a delicate and to many an irritating subject. What faith in Christianity is possible to a thoughtful mind? This question often irritates believers and unbelievers alike. The believer, Protestant or Catholic, whose mind moves in a fixed groove hates all talk about reasons for doubt. "Christianity is there—let people take it or leave it," he is inclined to say. "Its proofs suffice for men of good will. If many reject them it is their own fault." The aggressive unbeliever of the continental type, on the other hand, exceedingly dislikes the return into the field of debate of the superstitions that have so long misdirected the energies of humanity and diverted the attention of the ablest citizens from the great field for work open to them in this world. He and his friends have been doing their best to sweep away the traces of this mediaeval *incubus*. The *Via di San Marco* has become the *Via della Libertá* in his own city. The old monasteries are turned into barracks for soldiers. The former domina-

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tion of the priests in the State is gone, and even in the schools it is fast going. Now suddenly a cloud is raised: the question is asked, "Is all of this really and for certain a movement of progress? Is not the assumption that Christianity is antiquated and doomed premature?" The ordinary man of the world in England dislikes the subject almost equally. "For Heaven's sake," he is inclined to say, "do leave alone in your published writings what is a purely personal question of no public importance." He dislikes urgency and what he regards as morbidity on the subject even more than the subject itself. He is quite content to see all religions freely exercised in the national life, but detests treating such controversies as matters of public importance.

Yet just as with believers in an age of faith, whose religion has long ceased to be practical, circumstances may suddenly arise which make it most actual to them, so in an age of doubt the problem of religious belief, habitually regarded as tiresome and merely speculative, may suddenly become for anyone a most urgent and real matter. Browning has put the case in his well-known lines:

Just when we are safest there's a sunset touch  
A fancy from a flowerbell, some one's death,  
A chorus ending from Euripides—  
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears,  
As old and new at once as Nature's self  
To rap and knock and enter in our soul.

No one can say what will bring the change of attitude. Misfortunes may leave us unchanged in this respect. Or they may suddenly and completely change us. So with the consequences of sin. Such things may leave us as we are, or they may give occasion for such lines as Tennyson's

Through sin and sorrow into Thee we pass  
By that same path our true forefathers trod.

So with the advance of life and the nearer prospect of that future which, if Christianity perchance be true, so pro-

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foundly concerns our destiny. It may deepen us. It may fail to do so. The loss of some one we love will not necessarily make the change. But it often does bring an overpowering realization of the question, Where is he—shall we meet again? As with conversion to God and the new sense it brings of the reality of what we had always professed to believe, so with the new urgency of the question, “What are we justified in believing?” In some persons the two things are almost the same. With John Bunyan the process of conversion was for a time largely one with the struggle against speculative doubt. Lacordaire when he became serious and earnest found that reasons for belief that he had always known affected him in a new way. The turning to God and the returning to belief were one and the same act. Huysmans has told much the same thing in his account of Durtal’s conversion. That wonderful change in Pascal, of which his own account can never be read too often, surely meant, in one of his sceptical temperament, at least quite a new firmness and vividness of belief as well as a deepening of the religious life.

I have purposely prefixed these observations to the following remarks on the two books I have named because I am convinced that the sufficiency and value of the proposals discussed by each of the writers can only be truly weighed if the reader realizes, at all events in imagination, the conditions of life in which religion assumes real importance. Those will judge best in whom these conditions are actually present. We shall judge most justly when to our average neighbour we appear morbid, as a man who sees the danger signal will have a look of alarm which appears morbid to one whose face is turned the other way. We want to know not what aspects of Christian tradition will be interesting, suggestive, stimulating, worth setting down in an essay, but what will stand the test of the hard facts of life and actually help those who sorely need help. The discussion is not of vital importance while religion is regarded as a walking-stick to flourish in the hand. The vital question is—how will it do as a crutch to lean

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on in the ugly circumstances of a maimed life in which you cannot walk? This is why brand new theories are apt to make one impatient at a time of need, and the experience of ages as to what has actually helped suffering humanity to endure and to hope in evil days has an urgent claim to consideration in such discussion as is possible. An old religion carries the dignity and weight which an old hero of many campaigns carries in a discussion on tactics. I say "such discussion as is possible," because words can be no more than sign posts pointing to states of mind which we can only recognize adequately each in his own consciousness. The prescriptions of our rival doctors can be quite decisively tested only by those who make trial of them.

If Mr Figgis lacks something of Mr Chesterton's extraordinary vividness in style he comes (as I have said) to much closer quarters with the modern literature of his subject and suggests a more practical programme in view of the most urgent and best established conclusions of the critics. There are many minds which incline to the dilemma—you must either be suspicious of the whole method of modern Biblical criticism and the serious critical thought of the day on religious problems, or, if you allow it to have its due weight, you must be content with a Christianity so much reduced as to be revolutionized. Miracle must be eliminated, and the Christ of history will almost disappear. "Reduced Christianity" has become an accepted phrase. By its advocates Christian theology is held to be defeated. If dogmatic formulæ are kept at all it is as venerable but empty symbols which, for sentimental reasons, one would not rudely or abruptly destroy. Some, perhaps, they would permanently keep for the same reason that M. Combes was willing to keep the old French cathedrals—as monuments of the past—harmless so long as they no longer harbour still living superstitions. Nay, more, they may be valuable as symbols, apart from their original significance. You still have (such thinkers contend) the inspiring manifestation of the divine in the *idea* of Christ as developed

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by his disciples quite apart from its historical truth. You can still endeavour to live a Christlike life, all the more happily because you have cleared the ground of superstitions and fables to which no thinking man can assent in his heart, and which clouded the best minds with secret suspicion of the whole system.

The above dilemma is throughout assumed by Richard Meynell to exhaust the alternatives, and any *prima facie* force his views may have depends on its being true that no more dogmatic belief than what has just been outlined is possible to one who faces the result of modern criticism. Meynell is persuasive when he speaks as follows:

The hypothesis of faith is weighted with a vast mass of stubborn matter that it was never meant to carry—bad history—bad criticism—an outgrown philosophy. To make it carry [this matter]—in our belief—you have to fly in the face of that gradual education of the world, education of the mind, education of the conscience, which is the chief mark of God in the world. But the hypothesis of Faith in itself remains—take it at its lowest—as rational, as defensible as any other.

All this may have a perfectly true sense—a sense in which it could be said with entire conviction by Mr Figgis or by Cardinal Newman himself. *Dolus latet in generalibus*. It is not that bad history, bad criticism, or an outgrown philosophy is advocated by Mr Figgis as necessary to Christianity and rejected by Richard Meynell. It is that when we come to ask what is meant by the “hypothesis of faith” and what by outgrown philosophy and bad criticism they differ *toto coelo*. Mr Figgis, following here in the Cardinal’s footsteps, suggests a third alternative which Meynell ignores.

Mr Figgis opposes what I must call the credulity of Mrs Ward—her wholesale and uncritical reaction from credulity in old legends to credulity in brand new theories. A sifting process and time for sifting, are necessary in respect of both alike. Richard Meynell, on the contrary, is ready to drop at once not merely legendary accretions which are clearly discredited, but

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the whole essence of the creed, in the panic raised by aggressive criticism. Mr Figgis insists that this panic is irrational—that criticism and philosophy, apart from the naturalistic presuppositions which have led many able critics to their anti-Christian conclusions, have no such far-reaching destructive effect. On the other side he holds that if the principles which “reduced Christianity” really admits are fully realized, they lead simply to Pantheism, or even naturalism. What is apparently added to this by the neo-Christian dissolves on close examination, part proving to be mere words and part to be untenable or unworkable. He points out, with Mr Chesterton, that in their wholesale panic men are surrendering not by any means only what the advance of sober criticism and philosophy demands, but beliefs in which traditional Christianity goes far deeper, and is far more in harmony with what we know of this strange and mysterious world than the “reduced Christianity” which promises us emancipation. The experienced facts of life and the wonders of Christianity are, in many cases as I have said, the problem to be solved and its solution. Reduced Christianity leaves the hardest part of the problem unsolved and then proceeds to deny its very existence. Many conclusions, which are advanced as the result of criticism and thought brought up to date, are really drawn from naturalistic philosophical principles assumed and inserted by the critics into the premises—a process of conjuring. Far from a deeper philosophy of life reduced Christianity offers us a shallower one, because it fails in the first essential of inductive reasoning, a frank survey of the facts to be explained. In a word, while its advocates hope timidly that a niche may be found for a remnant of Christianity in the great temple of modern thought and learning, Mr Figgis holds that Christianity may well keep its own temple and go on boldly in its own course, and can perfectly assimilate all genuine results of criticism without essential change in its doctrines. This method reverses that of the modernist. It recognizes at the outset the value of the Christian revelation tested by

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long experience, and treats it as being in possession until it is disproved. The corrections made by the advance of science in the human traditions which form its setting, are to be made cautiously, and with care, with the eye of a philosopher who knows how fashions tend to run to excess and then to change. The neo-Christian, on the contrary, starts by making the existing fashion in the world of thought and science his oracle—regardless of the fact that experience witnesses to nothing more certainly than the constant changes in what the critics advance at first as certain results. He starts by displacing Christianity from her position of vantage, as hereditary possessor of the land, with a great record of beneficence, and great practical success as a religion, and then places her on her knees as an outsider and a suppliant, asking only to reinstate a few unimportant, unintrusive survivals of her former self in a system of thought and belief to which she is on the whole quite alien. It is surely clear that whatever opinion may be held as to the final result, it should be reached by Mr Figgis's method and not by Mrs Ward's—by conservative development and not by panic-stricken revolution.

Mr Figgis's strength lies in his readiness to concede to historical criticism all that is necessary, and his firm resistance to superfluous concessions and panic. His attitude towards doubt is particularly interesting. He is clearly not one of those who have little sympathy with the doubter or his difficulties. But, nevertheless, he points out that life is for action, and he prescribes for the doubter a moral tonic. Let the doubter be up and doing. Let him act one way or the other. Let him have the courage of his doubts and realize the logical consequences of unbelief. This may clear his path. If he abandons cloudy phrases and an attitude of *reverie* and assumes that practical attitude which befits us in an urgent crisis, he is likely to see and feel how little his doubts leave him to rest on in the conduct of life. He must either acquiesce in this



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result or give himself another chance of realizing fully the wisdom of the Christianity of the Gospels which he has rejected, only perhaps half mastering its philosophical depth. The shock thus administered may prove just what is wanted to knit his intellectual and moral frame together, and give him the insight necessary for belief.

Mr Figgis's plea for an undiluted Christianity is advanced under four heads: Firstly he pleads for a miraculous revelation. He holds that it has been dismissed, not on any grounds of evidence, but in consequence of a subconscious naturalistic philosophy which is widely influential and yet does not really accord with the facts of experience. The enormous strides made in our day by natural science which is based on uniformity of cause and effect are responsible for this naturalistic tendency. The freedom of the human will is an obvious exception to such uniformity. Therefore naturalism does not square with the facts of life. A miraculous revelation is at least in harmony with this feature of our experience. But so much are we swayed by imagination that if we allow subconscious naturalism to discredit miracles, we are in danger of losing belief in freedom itself and regarding ourselves as "cogs in the great machine" of Nature. A miraculous revelation interposed in the history of the human race by the freewill of God proclaims aloud that the spirit is free amid the uniformity of material nature, and thus gives to the individual heart and imagination to realize and use his own freedom.

Next Mr Figgis pleads in general for the recognition of mystery in religion; and here he gives us the plain man's commonsense argument which goes far nearer to the heart of things than the reasoning of the dilettante philosopher:

The plain man's readiness to accept the mysteries of God's grace rests at once on his ignorance and his knowledge. He feels that in all things there is mystery, and that what is the constant factor of his inner being is somehow part of the stuff of the universe. He places no reliance at all upon the optimistic faith of men

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who, like Du Bois Reymond, look forward to the day when the world can be reduced to a mathematical formula; or in the more common assertion that the whole of being is penetrable to thought, for even the delight in a poem or a piece of music can prove the contrary. He knows that, though men may explain the world, he remains inexplicable to himself. On the other hand, he feels that there must be reality in that love and joy and willing resolve which are the deepest and most real things in his life. The Christian faith asserts this truth at once of the mystery of things, of the eternity of love, of the infinite worth of choice, as does no other creed. And this is its warrant.

Thirdly Mr Figgis urges—making another appeal to the needs of the plain man—that the actual historical Christ who died and rose again from the dead and is believed by Christians still to live and to hear and to help those who ask for help, is clearly a power and succour in the life of an ordinary man which an imagined ideal figure can never be. Moreover the rejection of the old belief on this head is really far from being really *due* to exact thought. It is rather due to a panic and to prejudice. Because some religious traditions have been disproved by the critics, therefore even the unproved theories of the critics are to be allowed to sweep all before them. Christianity is falling like a house of cards. Moreover, the modern mind, with its bias against the miraculous, does not view the evidence for such an alleged fact as the Resurrection even impartially. It approaches such evidence with an enormous presumption against its sufficiency.

But we have the contrast between reduced Christianity and genuine Christianity most vividly in Mr Figgis's last contention—the reality of sin and of forgiveness. J. A. Froude long ago saw that this was the turning point in the discussion. And Mr Figgis goes over much of the ground covered sixty years since by Markham Sutherland's reflections in Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*. Of all the doctrines of traditionary Christianity sin is the most ungenial to the modern temper. The reality of sin is not a thing which modern Biblical criticism can disprove. The

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objection to it comes from a philosophy of life and of human nature to which it is uncongenial. Yet surely—as I have already said—this is a philosophy which says if facts don't square with it *tant pis pour les faits*. It has been in the past the experience and urgency of sin which more than anything else has made men welcome the good news of the gospel. Sin does undoubtedly jar most unpleasantly with an optimist philosopher's theory of life. Newman once described the ideal human nature present to the Greek mind—as though that nature were perfectly balanced, perfectly healthy and could “dance through life.” Nevertheless history records moral excesses which were fearfully prevalent in Greek society. Mr Figgis quotes Sir Oliver Lodge as bidding sensible men “not to worry about their sins, but to be up and doing.” All very well if men are so happily constituted that they can lead an ideal life of action untroubled by their lower nature. Such things as sin and the evil tendencies of nature are unseemly and depressing and undignified, and the philosopher looks away from them. They are too ugly a blot in any scheme of life for his complacency. The advocate of “reduced Christianity” also passes them by with scarcely a glance. Traditional Christianity on the other hand is too practical to ignore them, and brings from another world the mysterious explanations which enable us frankly to face such mysteries as this.

The question is (writes Mr Figgis), Is it *there*, this sense of sin? not, How did it get there? Do we as a fact experience this sense of guilt, of weakness, of a diseased will; and are we most conscious of it when we are most conscious of the call to the higher life? And to answer this, each of us can only appeal to his own consciousness; he can go no further. St Paul had to go to himself for his evidence: “We know that the law is spiritual, but I am carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do, I would not; what I would, that do I not; but what I hate that do I. . . . To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not; for the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do. . . . Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!”

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Either these words awaken an echo in our hearts, or they do not. They may seem to represent our own deep and constant experience; or we may feel ourselves members of that fortunate band who can say with a different teacher, "the higher man of to-day is not worrying about his sins; he wants to be up and doing."

It is only if St Paul's words represent the facts that the Gospel has any foothold in my soul.

For myself I find them true, and the other not true to my inner life. It is that very "worrying" about sin which I cannot escape that obstructs all my desires to be up and doing and blights even my highest and purest thoughts. Doubtless I might be happier, could I feel myself a man of the new dogmatic, not "essentially a sinner"! But I cannot. I cannot help it; I have this burden, like Christian in the story, and I cannot roll it off except at the foot of the Cross. Miserable and well-nigh hopeless in face of the future, I have to live. Taught by oft-recurring failures to distrust my best resolves, and finding sincerest love and all the hardest sacrifices vain, stained with the past, frightened in face of the tempter, aware how easy it is to yield and what little rest he gives, tortured with lustful passions, a prey to pride and malice, contemptible even more than odious in my weakness, divided in my inmost being, torn every hour between God and the devil, to whom shall I go? What must I do to be saved? Alas! I know that I can do nothing. I have no *quid pro quo* to offer God, and cannot win my pardon by any virtue or gift; I am naked, beaten, prostrate.

"Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling:  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

Mr Figgis, in words written before the appearance of Mrs Ward's book, depicts the position of Richard Meynell and his friends very aptly.

Finding in orthodox Christianity great difficulties, they purpose, by what seem to them changes of detail, to make it once more acceptable to the cultivated intelligence. Thus they are in their own view apologists. They look for a great revival. Once more will the Church go forth conquering and to conquer, purged of its

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grosser elements, the relics of pagan and oriental error; refined to the modern taste, relieved of its ignorant love of marvels, its feminine submission to priests, and its really rather vulgar pre-occupation with sin and matters which decent people do not think about.

Mr Figgis remarks most pertinently that Christianity does not exist only for the benefit of decent people and of the cultivated classes. It is addressed primarily to the poor and to sinners. Its marvels were recorded by its divine author, "The blind see, the lame walk," and the climax of these records is reached in the fact that "the poor have the gospel preached to them." Again, our Lord tells us "I came to call not the just but sinners." And it is with any of us just when we are hard hit and have some of the trials of the poor and of sinners that we most need it and can best understand it.

If we go to Mrs Humphry Ward's pages we find that Meynell retains as his positive religion nothing at all in the shape of belief which can inspire moral action in the many. Most of what Mr Figgis would retain as the "hypothesis of faith" is carted away by Meynell as discredited by bad criticism and bad philosophy. Mr Figgis's presumption is (as I have said) that the Christian tradition remains in possession as the "hypothesis of faith," though you must subtract from its setting what is clearly shown to be the outcome of bad criticism. Mrs Ward's presumption is that all the "higher criticism" of German theologians and most of the speculations of anti-Christian philosophers and critics are true, and that only what remains to traditional belief after what they dismiss is subtracted may be retained as "the hypothesis of faith"; and this is mainly, so far as I can see, an enthusiasm for moral action—for the higher life of the spirit in its war against the animal life. And though a helpful impulse is to be derived from the traditional story of Christianity considered apart from its historical truth, even here there is uncertainty as to how much of the life of the spirit, as enforced in the evangelical counsels, is

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to be allowed to stand in the new Christianity. Certainly the ideal of self-denying charity towards our fellow-men is retained. But the complete other-worldliness of the Gospel ethics does not accord readily with Meynell's language. It would be rash to say that Richard Meynell accepts the unearthly teaching of the eight beatitudes, though he certainly accepts the ideal of cultivating the rational nature in man and fighting against sheer animalism. But when we ask for the *beliefs* which are to inspire the neo-Christians in this battle with some of the forces which made the early Christians die rather than deny Christ our search is vain. Sanctions we do not find in the system. It knows little of what Christ was in this world, nothing of his present existence in another. We find in it no tangible convictions to inspire our philanthropy and help us in the fight against the lower nature—not even a clear belief in a God accessible to prayer and ready to help us, still less in a future life in which we shall be rewarded or punished. It provides only an agreeable imaginative *stimulus* for refined minds and well-ordered characters—for those, that is, who stand least in need of religion. For all her claim to speak in the name of exact thought and criticism, Mrs Ward accepts quite uncritically the intellectual fashion of the moment, while she is at the same time the victim of the Christian associations of her youth. These throw a halo round the Christian story and give it still, in spite of destructive criticism, theoretically accepted, an inspiring force for her imagination which it cannot have for those who have no such associations to disguise the consequences of Meynell's conclusion that it is simply "a tale and a symbol."

The most definite information Meynell gives us as to what is meant by the "hypothesis of faith"—that is the positive side of religion—is the following:

What the saint means by it I suppose in the first instance is that there is in man something mysterious, superhuman, a *Life* in life, which can be indefinitely strengthened, enlightened, purified till it reveal to him the secret of the world, till it toss him

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to the breast of God, or again, can be weakened, lost, destroyed till he relapses into the animal. "Live by it [adds Meynell], make the venture. *Verificatur vivendo.*"

But this is the very difficulty. How, if the ideal of the life is not defined, can it be lived? If a path is not traced it cannot be followed. And moreover, even if the ideal were clearly depicted how can the struggle its attainment involves be undertaken or sustained if you give up belief in what makes the struggle worth while? That action, inspired by certain beliefs, may make both those beliefs stronger and the future path of action clearer, may be readily granted. In this sense we may believe in order to know—*crede ut intelligas*. But when many paths professing to lead to a higher life exist, you cannot choose from among them without some initial belief to guide you in your choice. Moreover, the sanctions added by Christian belief which make the harder struggles of life possible to the ordinary man as well as to the philosopher, are simply swept away.

However much may be desirable in the way of getting rid of really bad history and criticism (a very different thing it must be remembered from adopting confidently all the most recent theories in both departments), the definite outstanding beliefs of the Christian creed are necessary both to define what *is* the "Life in life" which we are to "strengthen and purify," and to understand in general what is the world scheme which makes such an aim worth our while—which makes it the truly rational course and not merely the gratification of a mood which comes at times to most of those who have found pleasure unsatisfying and degrading. This large gap in Mrs Ward's scheme of religion—so large that it means the absence of all the most essential ingredients of religion—is filled up both in her own case and in that of her hero by sentiments begotten of an early Christian training. But these sentiments can hardly find a place in a scientific statement of religion which dispenses with their original exciting cause. Her positive creed—as distinct from the enthusiasm for destroying what is rightly or wrongly judged to be superstitious and antiquated—is simply emotional. One

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appreciates the sacred feelings associated in her case with the historic Church and its historic cathedrals—feelings naturally created in the course of a Christian childhood. One sympathizes with her distress at being asked to part with what is made precious by these treasures of memory. So, too, one sympathizes with the hero of Miss Edgeworth's story who has been brought up as the scion of an ancient family and discovers in mature life that he was a changeling. But in both cases sympathy and the path of duty point opposite ways. You cannot claim a share in associations and possessions the right to which is proved to your satisfaction not to be yours.

I have above spoken of Mrs Ward as credulous and uncritical in her acceptance of modern theories, and as the victim of sentiment in her desire to retain a place in the Christian Church for those who do accept those theories. I venture to plead for a clearer realization of the issue in both cases. Meynell might well keep his place in the Christian Church if his attitude towards modern criticism were more scientific; but if he accepts wholesale and quite uncritically a new theory of life essentially different from the Christian he should at least like Comte form a new Church. Nothing is more obvious to the careful critic of the "higher criticism" than its constant departure from the caution of the true scientific method. And students of the monuments of antiquity have often protested against its unphilosophical preference for theory to observed fact.

The arrogance of tone adopted at times by the "higher criticism" [writes Mr Sayce] has been productive of nothing but mischief; it has aroused distrust even of its most certain results, and has betrayed the critic into a dogmatism as unwarranted as it is unscientific. Baseless assumptions have been placed on a level with ascertained facts, hasty conclusions have been put forward as principles of science, and we have been called upon to accept the prepossessions and fancies of the individual critic as the revelation of a new gospel. If the archæologist ventured to suggest that the facts he had discovered did not support the views of the critic, he was told that he was no philologist. The opinion of a modern



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German theologian was worth more, at all events in the eyes of his "school," than the most positive testimony of the monuments of antiquity.\*

On the other hand, if Mrs Ward and her hero are right in their wholesale acceptance of destructive criticism and of a naturalistic philosophy, it would surely be more satisfactory to frame a religion which accords better with her intellectual position. Sentimental affection for the old and intellectual acceptance of the new are not uncommon. But in so serious a matter conviction and not feeling should determine the religious creed and the nature of the Church.

Auguste Comte was in essentials far more reasonable than the "reduced Christians." He had evidently, like Mrs Ward, a sentimental attachment to the ceremonial, the worship, the organization of the Church in which he was born and bred. The French writer, like the English, realized the value of a devotional system and high examples in history in the struggle of man against his lower nature. But he made the effort which reason demanded to reconcile intellect and feeling. Having found in science the great guide to life, and having dismissed as unattainable all definite knowledge of the supernatural, he made his Church correspond with these convictions and did not call his system Christianity or keep the old forms of worship which belonged to an ideal he had rejected. His priests were the men of science. His Calendar of Saints presented the embodiments of ideals far more varied than those of Christianity—ideals which Mrs Ward also accepts. His new Church frankly accepted these modern conceptions of human excellence, and did not preserve forms associated with more exclusive ideals and beliefs which he had definitely rejected. In ritual, devotion and organization, his "Church of Humanity," while it derived some inspiration from the Christian Church, was based on those facts only which Comte recognized as intellectually knowable. If we eliminate certain points of detail, in which the Frenchman's lack of sense of humour makes us smile,

\* Sayce, *The Higher Criticism and the Monuments*, pp. 5 and 6.

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the general conception was rational and consistent. Mrs Ward attempts to disguise the extent of what is lost by using old forms which imply that Christianity is in some sense retained. This may be English compromise, but it can hardly be lasting, and at best is a policy which the far-sighted must see to be but the stepping-stone to acknowledged positivism.

It may be said that Mrs Ward speaks of "God," but it is doubtful to the present writer whether the God of Pantheism which she recognizes amounts to more in her religion than the Positivist "Humanity controlled by Nature" in the religion of Comte.

It is hard, then, to think of Meynell's system as Christianity. Even if it should gain in frankness and cease to claim Christ as its founder, it would still remain, like positivism itself, ineffective as a religion for the many.

But further, if we take Mrs Ward on her own ground and consider mainly the sufficiency of her religion for the cultivated classes themselves, her book is surely permeated by one profound fallacy. Its picture of the enthusiasm of the Meynellites is undoubtedly true to life. The present writer has seen similar enthusiasm in many well-known zealots for the new theology in different communions. It consists in a passionate zeal for reform—for purging the Christian Church of what they regard as harmful superstition. The movement has in it something of the zeal of an apostolate. All this I concede. Am I not then, it will be asked, conceding all that Mrs Ward maintains? By no means. The enthusiasm I recognize is that which belongs to the work of reformation, not to religion. When this work of reformation is accomplished and has lost its novelty, enthusiasm can only be maintained by the positive religion that remains. And it is in respect of this that, as I have pointed out, the creed is bare to nakedness. When the Puritans had destroyed "Popish superstition" they kept an evangelical faith both inspiring and helpful. On this they lived and not on the zeal for destruction which was sated. But when Meynell's reform is accomplished, there remains to him no such religion to hold the

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enthusiasm of his followers. The few remnants of Christian tradition which Meynell preserves include no beliefs which can substantially help men in the wear and tear of life. The Puritans broke the statues, but kept the Bible. Richard Meynell's fanaticism is that of an iconoclast. This will inspire men until the images are actually broken, but it will not persuade them afterwards to worship the fragments.

Surely, then, if the Higher Criticism has reached some of its most destructive results by an unscientific disregard for facts which are inconsistent with them, and if Mr Figgis is right in holding that the Church of England can still remain the home at once of learning and of traditional Christianity, it cannot be justifiable to open its doors, as Richard Meynell demands, to men who preach so meagre a gospel as that of "reduced Christianity", driven thereto not by hard facts but by ingenious theories. Pantheism and optimism are congenial enough to human society in the heyday of life: the Christian Church has been forcibly depicted by Newman as the providential antidote against them—as set up to remind us of "the hateful cypresses"—of death, sin, judgment, and of the beliefs which are needed to face these ugly facts. If the Church of England can share in this work and still be a bulwark or breakwater against infidelity, can it be wise to cripple her power in this respect by admitting to her ministry those who go so very near to holding the very attitude towards life which Christianity is set up to oppose—and this (I repeat it) not under pressure from the *consensus* of experts in science but in deference to the dogmatism of extremist leaders and the credulity of their followers? If, as Meynell maintains, "reduced Christians" are already admitted to the ministry but dare not as things stand openly avow their beliefs, surely reform should be in the direction of the exclusion of what is alien to Christianity and not of capitulating openly to the enemy?]

In appending a few words to compare Mr Figgis's apologetic with methods more familiar to Catholics, I

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wish to build a bridge between the two in order to prevent misconception. Mr Figgis says in many places that it is not on "reason" but on "life" that religion is built up, and he has much to say of "religious experience" as justifying belief. To a hasty reader such language may appear to savour of pragmatism or of subjectivism. But this would be a great misconception of the writer's meaning. I do not care to defend all Mr Figgis's phrases, but his general drift is quite clearly other than this criticism supposes. Mr Figgis strongly repudiates pragmatism, and in his new preface he clearly locates his argument as belonging to the region in which the subjective element has no tendency to issue in subjectivism, namely the personal frame of mind of the individual in approaching the proofs of religion. "I have tried," he writes, "to remove difficulties which prevent the evidence producing its proper weight." A man, as our theologians express it, is "led prudently to believe" in consequence of certain evidence. The conclusion is "credible" and "certain" but not "evidently true" It is not such as to preclude the possibility of doubt, though the doubt which remains possible is not the doubt of a "prudent man." There is some danger lest Mr Figgis's expressions just referred to should be considered as referring directly to what is regarded in technical theology as "evidence of credibility," but in point of fact they concern rather the "prudent" attitude of mind, and the disposition of the will, which are the final determining cause of belief. Lacordaire, as we have noted above, said that the reasons for his conversion to Christianity were reasons he had always known; but a personal change came to him, which led to their affecting him differently. His own personal reaction on the reasons changed; and, to use the expressions of theology, the imprudent doubt or disbelief was exchanged for the belief of a prudent man. When Mr Figgis talks of "life" and "experience" as contributing to bring about belief and to justify religion to the individual, he is dealing primarily with this matter of psychology, with the variations of the dispositions of the will brought about by the experience of life and not substituting

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religious feeling for the notes of the Church. All theologians admit that we need the *pia affectio voluntatis*. But an experimental examination into the variations of the disposition of mind and will in individual cases is obviously most important.

This is a matter perhaps too little considered by apologists, and presents more varieties in a society where believer and unbeliever are constantly exchanging views than it does either in an age of faith or for those who live in a society where such questions are not discussed. Moreover, it must never be forgotten that while to base belief on "religious experience" is dangerous, the opposite extreme of denying the reality of such experience would be to discredit half our hagiology and to set down St Theresa and St John of the Cross as dreamers. The reality of communion with God in prayer may not be appealed to technically as evidential. Yet it is not a fact which either Popes or congregations have been disposed to deny. And the effect of such experiences on the moral dispositions is a fact for which there is room in every variety of the analysis of faith.

The reason why theologians are cautious and authority rigid in respect of loose language about "religious experience" is because it runs so easily into mere subjectivism in religion. No one could protest more emphatically against this danger than Mr Figgis. On the other hand, if we avoid all reference to "religious experience" in the lives of individuals and in the determination of their beliefs, we must bowdlerize our saints' lives and condemn as heterodox all mystical theology.

In one respect, however, a Catholic must approach the whole subject dealt with in these books from an opposite standpoint from Mr Figgis. Mr Figgis is attempting to restore to the Anglican Church much which the Catholic Church has never lost. It is hard for him to gain from the Church of England the support of an objective witness to religious truth as a remedy for subjectivism because he and his friends are but a party in that Church, urging their particular way of viewing things. The chief compensating advantage to him, from

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a controversial point of view, is that one who constructs a new system is free to select the arguments which appeal most forcibly to the present age. On the other hand, the Catholic and Roman Church has jealously excluded those currents of thought which have caused the disruption of the Church of England. Our strength lies in our conservative principles. We only relinquish traditional beliefs or apologetic methods and arguments when it is plainly necessary. Therefore it is harder for us to make changes even when the advances of criticism do call for them. The decrees against Galileo were repealed only in the nineteenth century. Our first principles have, in their appeal to the world, all the dignity and force of what has been consistently acted on. But our history also makes harder those modifications in detail which are necessary in order that our apologists should have due influence with the more thoughtful contemporary religious inquirers. We certainly gain more than we lose. "Things seen are mightier than things heard," and "example is better than precept." To act on true principles continually and from time immemorial is a more forcible proof that those principles can stand the test of life than to recommend them by persuasive arguments. But the isolation from the modern world of thought which has been the condition of their preservation has also perhaps made us insufficiently alive to the new points of view familiar to that world. It is a question whether we are not in consequence becoming unable to make those without see the force of views which were they within the Church they would feel in fact to have the marks of what is deep and true. For the world reads what we say in its own context, and the context of the Church is very different.

This is why I venture to think that we might all study with profit—though not with complete agreement—such works as those of Mr Chesterton and Mr Figgis, who often express in a manner which appeals forcibly to the modern world ideas which find their fullest expression in action within the Catholic Church itself.

WILFRID WARD

# IS DARWINISM PLAYED OUT?

## I

ATTENTION has already been called, in the pages of this Review, to the change which has been wrought in the aspect of the Evolution controversy by comparatively recent discoveries concerning the variations which arise in reproduction. The article, entitled "Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection," contributed by Sir Bertram Windle to the issue of April last, affords an interesting and instructive summary of the resulting situation, on which, as he represents it, I now purpose to offer some comment, from a point of view differing, perhaps, in some respects from his.

Darwinism is not now by any means the burning question that it was some fifty years ago. More than one generation has since grown up in an atmosphere of general acquiescence in it; and whatever may be its strictly logical implications in the forum of orthodox philosophy, this acquiescence has not in practice proved gravely antagonistic to belief in either Theism or Revelation. The Catholic Church, indeed, in her official capacity, seems to have studiously refrained from giving it countenance; while those leaders of Catholic thought who adhere fully to her traditional philosophy, and who may be supposed to be most influential in her counsels, have mostly maintained a quiet but persistent opposition to it. Naturally, this prudent attitude has not commended itself to the irresponsible public, whose cue it has rather been to represent the Catholic Church, and this party in it in particular, as the benighted and obstinate defenders of a hopeless cause. Now, however, to the popular eye, the face of the situation has changed, and it begins to appear the turn of the orthodox party to be jubilant. Darwinism has certainly received something of a check, and the theory is seen to be not altogether so plain sailing as had come to be thought. It seems to be even admitted, in some scientific

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quarters—and that with a touch of reluctance which is in itself eloquent—that the variations of type which arise in reproduction have in some ways the air of the unfolding of a preconceived plan, or perhaps of the working out of some implanted tendency towards beneficial development. It is surely most natural, then, and reasonable also, that the orthodox party should begin to feel confident that it is they who are now on the winning side; that the traditional apologetic—not to say ordinary common sense—is surely coming again into its own, and that nothing but materialist *parti pris* can prevent modern physicists from coming to recognize that the marvellous intricacies of the organic world as it now exists ought to be referred, not to the blindfold operation of natural causes but directly to the intelligent design of the Creator. Supposing this, or something like it, to be the attitude of the party referred to, or at least of an influential section in it—an attitude with which, as just hinted, I myself much sympathize as natural to their point of view as I see it—it may not be out of place for me to set down my own reasons for deeming this attitude to be in truth based on a mistaken estimate of the situation.

### II

In pursuance of this purpose I suggest, in the first place, that the two groups of thinkers between whom the controversy must be conceived to lie—that is to say, the adherents of the traditional philosophy on the one hand, and those who still hold to Darwinism on the other—are not in truth discussing quite the same question. Not that the question could not, perhaps, be so formulated as that both parties might accept the formula as adequately defining the issue; but the dominant aspect of the common formula would not be the same for both, nor would the purpose and method which each has respectively in view. The question which the group of philosophers are confronting—and which their purpose tends to constrain them to decide outright, or at least as promptly as reasoning can do it, on the available evidence—is whether



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the phenomena of our organic world testify unmistakably to Creative Design. That which the opposite (let us say the "physicist") group purpose—in so far as they are true to their principles—not to decide at all, but rather to investigate until, if so be, it some day decides itself, is whether the existing varieties of species should be supposed to have a common or partly common origin; and if so, by what train of causation the varied development may be supposed to have come about. That the two questions thus contrasted cover a great deal of common ground is evident, but it is also evident that in their implications and side issues the two are very different. Accordingly it is preferable to consider these two questions singly; and we will set aside the philosopher's question for the present, to follow up that of the physicist.

## III

As I have just hinted, the physicist is, or, at any rate, ought to be, in no hurry whatever to draw final conclusions. From the very nature of his own special method, his immediate concern is not with conclusions at all, but only with hypotheses. Conclusions come, in so far as they do come, of themselves and by degrees; they appear, as clouds appear in the sky, and for that matter some of them not infrequently vanish again in the same way. Conclusions are sometimes formulated by individuals on their own authority, for specific purposes, and may for a time become more or less common property; but, properly speaking, there is never any orthodox scientific Credo. What is generally accepted, is so merely because it presents itself for all to see. In principle, all scientific propositions (in concrete subject matter) are primarily hypotheses; theoretical constructions, devised in plausible imitation of the supposed processes of Nature; and as such they acquire respect and adherence in proportion as they are found significant, that is, fertile as instruments of analysis of the facts of observation. That the hypothesis, and the theory into which it enters, should be correctly reasoned, and therefore true in the

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abstract—that is to say, true for the ideal conditions which it properly presupposes—is indeed essential; but its relevance to the concrete problem is always “in supposition,” and is seldom more than partial, the complexity of Nature being such that as a rule no workably simple theory can adequately represent the real facts all along the line. The process of scientific investigation centres in the gradual, and generally more or less imperfect, identification of observed phenomena with the effects which should theoretically result from such hypotheses as may have been hazarded; and in proportion as this is effected, such hypotheses acquire credit as conclusions; but, obviously, it is just about as reasonable, in the world of science, to inquire whether such or such a scientific proposition of repute is an assured conclusion, as it would be, in the world of politics, to inquire whether such or such a member of Parliament is a leading politician. Of some few hypotheses, as of some few members of Parliament, the answer would be in the affirmative by general consent; but of the vast majority we can only say that we must take them for what they are worth, and that most of them are worth something or may turn out to be so.

### IV

My first point, then, is that in criticizing Darwinism from the standpoint of the physicist, as we are at present professing to do, we ought to judge it, not as a conclusion but as a hypothesis of the above kind. And, as such, we may perhaps formulate it, serviceably for our present purposes, somewhat as follows. We are to suppose that the immense variety of types which the organic world presents, as we now know it, have been developed, either from some rudimentary organic form or forms such as might conceivably have been somehow conveyed through space to our planet since it became cool enough for life to exist there, or possibly even from some of its inorganic constituents then existing. Further, that this development has taken place in virtue of some tendency to individual variation in the processes of reproduction,

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which has in the long run followed various specific paths of beneficial adaptation, in consequence of the inevitable elimination of the individuals least suited to the environment, and, with them, their prospective progeny.

This last-mentioned process is what has been called "Natural Selection"; and it will at once be seen that, as a necessary condition for fulfilling its alleged function, it postulates a natural tendency in offspring to resemble parents, correctly on the average but inaccurately in the individual case; much as, for example, the weather varies little century by century but a good deal year by year. And I put forward this simile not only in illustration but also as suggesting on general principles a valid ground for the postulate in question. Constancy in averages but variation in individuals, is the rule in all Nature. In fact, it is just this universal tendency to accidental variation in individuals which constitutes the perennial difficulty in all empirical investigation; and the character of the artifices which have to be adopted to mitigate it evidences its source as well as its nature. For, as we know, the need of the experimenter is to segregate the subject of his test from the various and varying incident perturbations to which it would otherwise be liable, and which, as concerns his own purposes, he rightly regards as fortuitous and irrelevant. And, on the other hand, he knows that, in so far as this is impracticable, he can rely on these fortuitous perturbations neutralizing each other serviceably in the long run if he only makes observations enough. The nature and extent of the difficulty, and the prospects of meeting it successfully in either of these two ways, depend very much on the physics of the phenomenon in question, and in particular upon the specific character of what is, perhaps, best described as its law of "stability." When this is complex, and affords two or more possible alternative dispositions favourable to temporary stability, it becomes more or less a matter of chance which of these dispositions will be realized at any individual time: still more, when what is called "stable equilibrium" temporarily gives way

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to "unstable,"\* the very minutest conceivable deviation of condition may avail to produce a *toto coelo* deviation in result. In this way it sometimes happens that even under the most uniform conditions of experiment that can be contrived the results exhibit the most perplexing caprice, suggestive of nothing so much as free volition, and very wayward volition at that.

I have enlarged on this matter, at the risk of apparent digression, because it has an important bearing on what I take to be two cardinal points of the controversy. Darwinism, as already noticed, postulates a natural tendency to variations in individual offspring, in themselves fortuitous in character and on the average and in the long run neutral in direction; and the accredited province of Natural Selection is to frustrate this average neutrality of direction by a discriminative elimination—an assumed natural process closely analogous to what is done purposely in floriculture and animal breeding—and so to endow the development with the definite direction which would otherwise be lacking. And now, in view of what has just been said, I represent in the first place, that on general principles not only is this postulate justifiable but no other would be admissible at all. Secondly, as regards the peculiar combination of system with occasional caprice, which the later discoveries ascribe to the variations which arise in reproduction, I suggest for the same reason that we ought to be exceedingly sure of our ground as regards all the ins and outs of the physics of heredity, before we lay it down that such variations are incompatible with the fortuitous kind of action that Darwinism essentially contemplates.

### V

Here however, still proceeding on general principles, a further consideration claims attention. Assuming that Natural Selection, acting as suggested, can do anything at all to guide variation along the path of advantageous

\* In mechanics, for instance, "unstable equilibrium" is the condition of (let us say) an egg temporarily balanced on its small end.

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development, it must in so far be conceived to stand towards the type, as educative experience does towards the individual. And just in the same way as one of the first fruits of education is found to lie in the development of the capacity for learning, so among the early fruits of Natural Selection we should expect to find some development of faculties in the type, tending to favour its own subsequent operation. From this consideration, without entering explicitly into the vexed question of the "transmission of acquired characters," we may conclude that (in so far as may be consistent with physiological possibilities) any characteristic tendency of the variations in reproduction which may favour adaptability to environment, is likely to become thus developed. And it follows that if, in the study of these variations as they exist in fact, we do discover tendencies not wholly referable to the fortuitous action just now considered, but conducive to beneficial adaptation, the legitimate *prima facie* inference would ascribe their existence to the effect of Natural Selection in the past.

We may well speak of Life as instinct with Design. In the sense of a seemingly intelligent adaptation of means to ends—an adroit turning of the edge of determinism to the advantage of the organism concerned—all vital actions seem full of it at every turn. We may all of us see this, and admire it; but the task of Science is to discover its *modus operandi*.

## VI

Those who may have followed me intelligently thus far will readily see that I have no occasion to controvert any of the points which Sir Bertram Windle makes against some current misconceptions of Darwinian Evolution. I welcome as not only a refreshingly apt but also a true and instructive saying, that the function of Natural Selection as a factor in evolution is (primarily and directly at least) negative and not positive.\* It acts, as Korschinsky says,† in restraint of Evolution, not in promotion of it. Its function

\* DUBLIN REVIEW, April, 1912, p. 316.      † *Ib.* p. 315.

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is not to initiate but to sift, and thereby to account for Evolution in the long run taking a beneficial direction instead of pursuing an aimless and fortuitous wandering. That is, it does act in restraint of Evolution, discriminately, when in a disadvantageous direction, and not otherwise. Again, I should agree that Natural Selection cannot explain the "Arrival of the Fittest,"\* if by "the fittest" is meant the *absolutely* fittest. But surely there is here something of a play upon words? In the Darwinian phrase "Survival of the Fittest," I understand the word "fittest" to mean no more than the *relatively* "fittest" of those which do arrive. We have, therefore, only to account for the fact that some have arrived, and that out of these some at least have proved adequately fit. To attempt to account for this would carry us back a long way; and for the present it is perhaps sufficient to notice that if no initial organic form had ever arisen, capable of survival as a type, there would not now be any organic world to investigate, nor any human race to attempt the investigation!

## VII

To resume: the general nature of the Darwinian hypothesis being such as I have represented, it remains to inquire whether the import of the recent discoveries affords any valid ground for now setting it aside as an instrument of scientific research. Granting that these discoveries have disclosed, in the variations which arise in reproduction, a forcefulness and feature which was not recognized in Darwin's time, this must be admitted to be a good reason for now concentrating research on these phenomena, in the endeavour to determine the principles out of which they arise; still, it does not follow that the one field of search must make the other irrelevant. What is doubtless felt is that these variations show themselves a more immediately significant factor in Evolution than Natural Selection. But so, equally, do the wind and tide often constitute a much more immediately

\* *Ib.* p. 316.

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significant factor in the movement of a sailing craft than the judgement of her pilot, yet it is still due solely to that judgement that ultimately the boat reaches her desired destination instead of nowhere in particular. If we abandon Natural Selection, what serviceable hypothesis are we to put in its place? We learn that some writers have postulated in the organism an "inherent force," an "entelechy," "a special tendency towards progress."\* Good; but the very next question must be, what is the supposed *modus operandi*? and failing an answer to it we have only half a hypothesis. Or more truly, we have only a description of an observed result, valuable in its measure for testing the verity of any hypothesis as to *modus operandi* that may be hazarded, but, otherwise than in prospect of some such hypothesis, valueless.

## VIII

The underlying suggestion seems to be that we should not trouble ourselves further about any such hypothesis, but should be content to refer the supposed tendency directly to the action of the Creator. Very well; but, granting this to be the reasonable conclusion, the objection to it from our present standpoint is that in respect of the ground which it covers it does away with physical science altogether. Why, for example, do we not say at once while we are about it that all the present dispositions of the created universe must be referred to the action of the Creator—which would be quite as certainly true, and more comprehensive? The aim of physical science is to analyze the train of cause and effect which intervenes between the external origin and support of this universe and our own experiences within it; and at the point where the external agency comes into play the physicist's function lapses. "The physical philosopher," says Newman,† "has nothing to do with final causes, and will get into inextricable confusion if he introduces them into his investigations." And this is no mere consequence of some

\* DUBLIN REVIEW, April, 1912, p. 320.

† *The Idea of a University* (1899 ed.), p. 433.

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arbitrary or conventional division of subjects; no, it follows directly from the very nature of the scientific method. It is only where determinism reigns unchallenged that the writ of physical science can run. Effects of any non-determinist action cannot instruct but can only baffle the scientific inquirer, just as he might be baffled by a mischievous boy who should get into his laboratory and meddle with the adjustment of his instruments or shuffle his specimens. The progress of science centres in the identification of hypotheses with realities, by comparison of calculated effects with observed facts, a process which under favourable conditions and in course of time attains great precision, but how can it be applied to a hypothetical cause of which the effects are essentially incalculable? The utmost that scientific inquiry could conceivably do would be to detect the *presence* of *some* such cause somewhere in the field of research; and that only negatively, by a process of exhaustion—that is to say, by its eventually becoming clear that no conceivable determinist cause could possibly account for the facts. And even this imaginable result could only be achieved by science sticking persistently to its determinist hypotheses until this should become clear.

## IX

I contend, therefore, that from the nature of the case it cannot be expected that physical science should positively indicate Creative Design, or any other non-determinist action, as the agency to which the development of organic species is to be attributed; and this (again to quote Newman\*) “not because physical science says anything different” (from general reasoning) “but because it says nothing at all on the subject, nor can do by the very undertaking with which it set out. The question is simply *extra artem*.” Science is, in effect, a tool which can only cut one way. It essentially *presumes* natural causes: when it can find them, well and good; when as yet it cannot, it must still look forward to doing

\* *The Idea of a University* (1899 ed.), p 433.



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so. And as regards any question which it thus leaves still open, we must be content to form such opinions as we can—if we need to form any—from other sources. Thus, in our present subject, we are brought to consider what in an earlier page\* I have termed the “philosopher’s question,” as distinct from that of the physicist. The question as there presented was whether the phenomena of the organic world afford unmistakable evidence of Creative Design; a formula rather too broad and indefinite for our present purpose. We should have to define what we mean by evidence, and again what we mean by Design. The question, as I should now phrase it for our present purposes, is this. We all nowadays believe that this world of ours has taken shape as a distinct planetary body, and afterwards developed all the intricacies of its inorganic structure, through natural causes. Ought we then to infer, or at least provisionally surmise, failing more direct and conclusive evidence, that the intricacies of the organic system by which its surface is seen to be now peopled, have attained their present development through natural causes likewise?

To state the question thus is surely to go a long way towards answering it, for most ordinary minds of the present day. Certainly, were it the case that science had never succeeded in tracing any sign of natural self-development in the inorganic structure of this our globe; were we, in fact, almost driven to the conclusion that, such as the inorganic disposition of the sensible universe is now seen to be, in all its main details, such it presumably had been as long as it had existed at all; then, I venture to say, even were the circumstantial evidence for natural organic evolution very much stronger than it is now, we should be very slow indeed to ascribe to the organic world a natural self-development which we were constrained to deny to the inorganic. And by a parallel presumption, as the case actually stands, we are most reluctant to deny to the organic world the same kind of self-development that we are constrained to ascribe to the inorganic.

\* See Section II above.

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## X

This, I imagine, is the way in which the argument will shape itself in the minds of most ordinary persons who have not a strong leaning to a contrary conclusion on some independent grounds. Of course the argument cannot be said to be conclusive, but I have given prominence to it because it serves conveniently to illustrate what I conceive to be the main factor in the present situation—namely, that the leaning of most modern thinkers towards Darwinism, or some equivalently determinist explanation of Evolution, arises out of considerations which are on the one hand too general and fundamental in nature to be directly touched by the matter of the recent discoveries, and are at the same time such as to appeal far more forcibly to the modern mind, whether in fact Agnostic or Christian, than to minds trained on the traditional Catholic philosophy. The difference here suggested, in the appeal of what is objectively the same evidence, to two different classes of mind, is, I think, mainly a difference of mental horizon, a difference which I should express rhetorically by saying that the ordinary mind naturally views the world of phenomena from within, while the traditional philosopher views it from without.

It seems scarcely conceivable that the traditional philosopher can approach the study of the world of phenomena with a perfectly free mind. His first serious intellectual contemplation of it has been made with the express purpose of proving the Creator from the creature, by a line of argument which, whatever its merits, was not his own spontaneous thought, but followed a beaten track; and the associations thus early formed cannot but colour the view he will take of it afterwards. He will naturally view it first and foremost *as* a creation, and to that extent as, so to speak artificial, and as possessing the qualities which distinguish it, not simply in the nature of things but because they have in fact been conferred upon it. And his interest in it will be in a sense second-hand; that is, not primarily for its own sake as being

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connected with himself, but as being a sample work of his own Creator.

To the ordinary thinker, by contrast, the world of phenomena presents itself primarily as his own natural environment, the soil in which he grows, the system of which he himself forms part, and which it is his instinct to study purely for its own sake, as a man is naturally led to study his own family history. Together with much in its surface aspect which appeals to his sense of beauty and fitness, or which refreshes and inspires him he hardly knows why, he finds much also which only escapes seeming cruel and ruthless because it is seen to be frigidly impassive, the outcome of an inveterate and seemingly universal determinism, part and parcel of principles of action which seem necessary in the nature of things. He may, of course, be an Agnostic or Atheist; but in order to think thus he need not necessarily be so. He may have been led by reason to conclude that this phenomenal world, such as he sees it, must have had an origin and must still find a support, external to itself, in a Creator to whom he himself stands in a personal relation; or he may have been educated in such a belief and adhered to it; but if so, still, his spontaneous interest in this belief is religious, rather than philosophical; it primarily concerns the Creator, the object of his duty and worship, not the creation, which he sees and knows and can judge of for himself. Neither his Theism nor his Christianity, if he be a Christian, need turn him from his own natural perception of its innate character. Rather, I should say his tendency is to accept that inveterately non-moral, non-godly character which he is led to impute to his bedfellow in Creation, this material environment of his, as the appropriate counterpart of those characteristics in his own nature—the hardness of heart, the natural aloofness from everything outside the realms of sense—which are ever tending to obscure and obstruct his religious faith and practice. Thus, to the ordinary thinker who is a religious man, the transcendental outlook involved in his religion seems to stand so entirely on a different plane from the

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familiar phenomenal world, that any normal interaction between the two is naturally set down as belonging to a region of essential mystery lying beyond the range of his physical perceptions.

And thus it naturally comes about that for the constitution of the phenomenal world to show explicit traces of Divine action upon it, seems on general principles most probable to the traditional philosopher, yet most improbable to the ordinary thinker.

### XI

In thus setting the above two mental attitudes in contrast, I am not intending to suggest that either has the advantage of the other. Probably each has hold of an element of truth which the other relatively ignores. My purpose has been simply to represent that these two different attitudes exist, and that the difference between them is important. To recognize the existence and importance of such a mental difference is a necessary initial step towards mitigating the kind of mutual misapprehension likely to arise out of it, a misapprehension which indeed is specially to be deprecated where the two parties to it correspond, broadly at least, to the rightful teachers on the one hand, and those who should be learners on the other, concerning the most important of all subjects. If it should be suggested that the learners ought at the outset frankly to jettison their own natural mental attitude in favour of that of the rightful teachers, I should object in the first place, at any rate this, that learning so acquired is not generally very intelligent, fruitful, or permanent. And I should object in the second place that, as the world now stands, in order for the authority of the teachers to be brought home to the vast majority of those whom we should wish to become learners, it is a *conditio sine qua non* for the former to show that they fully apprehend and enter into the mental attitude of the latter.

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## XII

I add a few words on a side issue. The function of physical science is to refer, in so far as it can, the surface complexity and variety of physical phenomena to simpler and ever simpler underlying dispositions. But, let it do what it may, it can never carry the process further than to trace phenomena to some conceivable primordial disposition, which in the nature of the case cannot be absolutely simple. And the irreducible minimum of complexity which this disposition must possess—and which must suffice to generate everything which has been developed out of it—can only be ascribed to Creative Design.\* This conclusion, as Sir Bertram Windle says, is “a truism, if not actually a platitude,” and, thus understood, Creative Design must be accepted as unquestionable. I have left this point unnoticed, in the body of this article, not from any want of appreciation of its importance, but only because it has no bearing on what is my main subject, namely, the import of the recent discoveries as to variations in reproduction. Whether these discoveries mean much or little, the grounds of this particular conclusion stand equally unaffected.

R. E. FROUDE

\*The only conceivable alternative supposition would be that the phenomenal world is self-existent and eternal, and to this there is a grave scientific objection. All the actions of Nature, as science has so far analyzed them, have in some degree the character of the running down of a clock.

# THE CENTENARY OF ST CLARE

THE whole Franciscan world unites in the present year in celebrating the seventh centenary of the foundation of the Order of St Clare, which occurs in 1912. To the great Franciscan family this centenary makes, of course, a very intimate and special appeal, but the event it is intended to commemorate has an interest far outside Franciscan circles, seeing that it is so closely associated with much that is loveliest in mediaeval mysticism. No doubt all early Franciscan history has an element of romance in it, but of all the chapters in early Franciscan history that which records the story of St Clare is assuredly the most romantic. Twin sister, it may be said, to St Francis of Assisi, St Clare has been described by a contemporary chronicler as "the chief rival of the Blessed Francis in the observance of Gospel perfection,"\* and rightly so, for she was the most truly Franciscan of all the followers of the wonderful Umbrian *Poverello*, and, furthermore, it was through her that the great religious movement which he had inaugurated and which told so markedly upon the men of Italy, touched the lives of the women. For that reason alone the story of St Clare is full of interest, even to those who are not especially students of the Franciscan Legend, and in addition the woman herself is supremely interesting. Her life-story touches a very human note and impresses one with the strength and simple beauty of her character.

What a pity it is, then, that the sources of our information about St Clare are so scanty and so unimportant when compared with those bearing upon the life of St Francis. While we can suffer more or less resignedly the knowledge that war, with its accompanying pillage of convents and monasteries and dispersion of the religious, was responsible for the loss of some of these precious

\* *Spec. Perf.* (Ed. Sabatier), Paris, 1898, p. 214.

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records, it is hard to be patient with the stupidity or worse which ruthlessly consigned others to destruction. But let that pass. All things considered, our wonder as regards St Clare should be not that we know so little about her but that we know so much. It is not so much that her personality was overshadowed by that of St Francis as that her life was in the main a hidden one, and, this being so, the early documents dealing directly with it are relatively few.

The fact that the original Bull of Innocent IV confirming the Rule of St Clare, which seemed to have disappeared for ever, was found not long ago in the Monastery of Sta Chiara at Assisi, hidden inside an old habit of the Saint, served to strengthen the hope that some other contemporary documents touching the history of St. Clare and known to have existed but now missing might yet be recovered.\* However this may be, the active research for early Franciscan documents which recent years have witnessed has not added anything particularly valuable concerning St Clare to the knowledge already possessed by the patient few whose lives were spent largely in spelling out crabbed mediaeval MSS. and in the study of half-forgotten volumes of Franciscan lore before that study became the vogue. As a result of the researches of different scholars,† more light has lately been thrown upon certain details of secondary importance in the history of St Clare, and fresh speculations have been added to previous conclusions, but little has been done to dispel the mists that hang over some of the chief landmarks in her life and over the origin and evolution of her Rule. The figure of St Clare remains a shadowy one, and the riddle

\* The search of S. Chiara, undertaken by the present writer by special permission of the Holy See, would appear to have set at rest the long-mooted question as to the possible existence there of many precious early MSS. See Robinson, *The Life of St Clare* (1910), pp. xvi-xx; also *Archivium Franciscanum Historicum fasc. 1*, pp. 413-432.

† See in particular Lemmen's "Die Anfänge des Clarissenordens" in *Römische Quartalschrift*, t. xvi (1902), pp. 93-124, and Lempp's article with the same title in *Zeitschrift für Kirchengeschichte*, xiii, 181-245.

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of her "magnetic personality," as it would be called nowadays, is not yet made clear.\*

Premising this, the extant sources of the history of St Clare are few and easily classified. They include (1) the Saint's own writings, (2) some Pontifical documents bearing on her life, and (3) a contemporary Legend, or Biography, written soon after her death. Unlike St Catherine of Siena and St Theresa, St Clare left no collection of writings behind her, though, doubtless, the few letters of hers that survive can represent only a small part of the Saint's correspondence. These letters—addressed, with one exception, to Princess Agnes of Bohemia—are essentially feminine in character and afford, perhaps, a more adequate view of St Clare as a woman than any other document we possess.†

Wonderful, however, as these missives are in their seraphic ardour and tenderness, they are still more remarkable for the practical common sense of the counsels they convey. But the will or testament that has come down to us under the name of St Clare is historically more important than her letters, inasmuch as it gives us a clearer insight into her own life. It is therefore a matter of regret that the authenticity of this document has been called into question. The principal reason for regarding it as unauthentic is that it does not appear to have been known until the middle of the sixteenth century, but the last word has not yet been said on the subject. As it stands, the testament ascribed to St Clare‡ is just such a swan-song as the Saint, casting a backward glance over the ways by which she has been led, would be likely to have composed.§

\* See "The Personality of St Clare of Assisi," by Sir Home Gordon, Bart., in *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, No. 5, 1908, pp. 23, 43, and Lucien Roure, *Sainte Claire d'Assise in the Etudes* (Paris), t. cxxiv (1910), p. 297.3.16.

† They are given by the Bollandists, *Acta SS. Martii*, 1, pp. 505-507.

‡ The text seems to have first appeared in the chronicle of Mark of Lisbon (1556-1562), from which it was done into Latin by Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, ad an. 1253 N.V.

§ It may be found in the *Seraphicae Legislationis Textus Originales* (1897), pp. 273-280.



# The Centenary of St Clare

With respect to her Rule,\* certain early Papal Bulls are our principal authority. But the whole question of the Rule of St Clare is complex in the extreme, and the fact that it would be infinitely laborious to toil through these Papal documents with a view to disentangling it, may go far to explain why the matter has not yet been dealt with on satisfactory lines.

There is, in the third place, the Legend or Life of St Clare written soon after 1255, the year of the Saint's canonization, which most modern scholars are inclined to ascribe to Thomas of Celano, the famous first biographer of St Francis,† though, if we except the somewhat belated testimony of Mariano of Florence,‡ we are still without positive evidence as to its authorship. However, it is by no means impossible, as a recent writer suggests, that "St Bonaventure, who was about thirty-five years of age at the death of St Clare in 1253, wrote the Legend, taking Celano as his model and forming himself on his style."§ Needless to say, we do not find in this work what one would look for in a modern biography. In point of fact, it affords a most characteristic example of mediaeval hagiography. The Legend is divided into two parts, the first extending from the period immediately preceding St Clare's birth up to her death; the second treating of the miracles worked through the Saint's intercession after her death. Like all the early Franciscan Legends, this contemporary life of St Clare is more or less fragmentary. Its worst faults are faults of omission. For, whereas the biographer leaves out many facts of primary import

\* They are printed in the *Bullarium Franciscanum* of Sbaralea, tt. I and II, *passim*.

† A critical edition of the text has lately been issued by Professor Pennacchi, *Legenda S. Clarae Virginis, tratta dal Ms. 338 della Biblio. Comunale di Assisi*, Assisi (t. I, p. Metastasio), 1910, pp. lxx-140.

‡ In his history of the Order of St Clare, which is still in MS., Mariano alleges in favour of the high perfection of St Clare, "l'autorità del Santo discepolo di S. Francesco Frate. Tomago da Celano, el quale per autorità d'alenario papa quarto Scrisse la Sua leggenda." See MS. H., 19 fol., 69 in Bibl. Valli celliano Rome and Anal. Bolland, xxv, p. 387.

§ See *Saturday Review*, July 23, 1910, p. 117.

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about St Clare, he is most communicative in things that do not matter at all, so far, at least, as the history of her life is concerned. But though her Legend fails to furnish all the materials for a full-length painting of St Clare, yet the outline it gives is instinct with the simplicity, the reverence, the childlike quaintness and the vivifying faith of the Middle Ages. So engaging, indeed, is the sketch of St Clare's personality which her earliest biographer has here left us, that one is eager to learn more about her. To meet this demand certain later writers have felt justified in filling in the gaps in this primitive narrative of her life by drawing not only upon secondary sources of doubtful origin, but even, it is to be feared, on their own imaginations—a method of hagiology which, however desirable for purposes of edification, must necessarily in the long run deform the figure it is sought to bring into fuller relief.

Such, then, are the sources properly so called of the history of St Clare. In these documents we catch only imperfect and superficial glimpses of her. It is for this reason that it is difficult to reconstruct Clare the woman, and, if the historian's well-documented biography of St Clare has not yet been published, the chief reason is that with the materials at our disposal it is wellnigh impossible to produce such a work. However, the critical Life of St Clare which Mr Ernest Gilliat Smith has had for some years in preparation will doubtless do something to supply this desideratum.

From the sources of our knowledge as to St Clare, we may now pass on to what we learn from them. And at the outset we are met by the difficulty that we have very little information about the Saint's family that is to be depended upon. According to the popularly received account, she belonged to the noble Assisian family of the Scifi, or Scefi, Counts of Sasso Rosso on Monte Subasio. This tradition has been wholly rejected by recent critics, though we are not quite so confident as is Professor Penacchi that it is altogether devoid of historic foundation.\*

\* *Legenda St Clarae*, Introd., xxix-xxxvi.

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For a tradition of this kind among a people like the Umbrians may sometimes be as trustworthy as any document. On the other hand, it would be idle to deny that there was a period in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when illustrious birth added so greatly to a person's merit that hagiographers were at pains to make out a patent of nobility in favour of those whose lives they wrote, and it is just possible that the elaborate pedigree of St Clare furnished by the elder Locatalli and reproduced by de Cherance and other later biographers of the Saint may derive its origin from the tendency in question.

Another difficulty arises from the fact that none of the early documents gives the year of St Clare's birth. We must remember in extenuation of this seemingly inexplicable negligence, that mediaeval biographers concerned themselves very little about the exact dates in a Saint's life provided its vivifying Spirit entered the reader's soul. In other words, their primary aim was to edify. What we know from other sources enables us to fix upon 1194 as the probable year of St Clare's birth. There was no event of public interest in her life up to her eighteenth year. It was then that she underwent the great spiritual crisis that is spoken of as her "conversion." Now conversion, it is clear, may mean different things to different persons. To St Clare it meant merely the turning to a more perfect form of life than the one she had been leading, for she had been brought up by her saintly mother Ortolana in an atmosphere of piety and at a very early age she had marked religious tendencies.

The main thread then of her life begins with her "conversion," which, as is well known, was brought about by the preaching of St Francis in Assisi during the Lent of 1212. Deeply moved by his "words of Spirit and of life," the young girl sought out the preacher and begged to be allowed to embrace the new manner of life he had founded some three years before. The way in which St Clare was "turned from the world by Blessed Francis" is thus described by her contemporary biographer: "The solemnity of Palm Sunday

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was at hand when the girl, with great fervour, betook herself to the Man of God for counsel as to her retreat from the world, as to what was to be done, and how she was to do it. Father Francis ordained that on the feast day Clare, dressed out and adorned, should come to the blessing of the palms with the rest of the people, that on the night following she should go forth. . . . When Sunday had come, the girl, radiant in festive array among the crowd of women, entered the Church with the others, . . . but whereas the rest pressed forward to receive the branches, Clare through modesty remained in her place without moving, whereupon the Prelate, descending from the steps, came to her and put a palm in her hands." Stress is laid on this incident because the palm was an emblem of the victory Clare was about to achieve over the world.

There are few more dramatic pages in the Lives of the Saints than those which follow and which record how Clare took flight from her father's home by night, how, "not wishing to leave by the ordinary door, she broke open, with a strength that astonished herself, another one which had been walled up by a mass of stones and beams," how she hastened out of the town and across the adjacent fields down to the little chapel of the Porziuncola in the plain below Assisi, how St Francis and his companions, who were keeping vigil there, received her with lighted torches, and how St Francis, having cut off her hair, clothed her with the coarse "beast-coloured" habit and knotted cord then worn by his friars. This striking scene took place immediately after midnight on Palm Sunday, which, in the year 1212, fell on March 18, and it is from that date that the Poor Clares reckon the foundation of their Order and the present Centenary.

The story of St Clare's subsequent struggle with her parents—who "resorted to main force, to baneful counsels, to bland promises, urging her to withdraw from such a sorry plight which was unworthy of her birth and unheard of in those parts"—is full of beauty and of pathos but we may not dwell upon it here. It is enough for us

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to remember that, once launched on her career as the first Franciscan nun, St Clare never looked back and, in the firmness with which she resisted the overtures and assaults of her kinsfolk, we find the germ of that remarkable strength of will that was to stand her in such good stead in years to come.

St Clare stayed provisionally with some Benedictine nuns near Assisi until St Francis could provide a suitable retreat for her and for her sister, St Agnes, who had followed her in giving "a bill of divorce to the world," as the Legend puts it. He eventually established them in a small dwelling adjoining the wayside chapel of S. Damiano which he had rebuilt by his own labour in the early stages of his conversion, and which now became the first monastery of the Order of St Clare.

In the shade of this venerable sanctuary St Clare instructed the pious maidens who had joined her in the literal observance of the simple Rule that she herself had learned from the lips of St Francis and, before long, many of these Poor Ladies, as the Clares were then called, went bravely forth from S. Damiano to transplant her life and Spirit to the distant less-favoured lands of the north. For small and humble as were its beginnings, the new Order sprang at once into popular favour and spread with astonishing rapidity throughout Italy and far beyond the Alps. But St Clare herself never left the small gray building among the olive trees on the slope below Assisi from the time of her installation there in or about 1212 up to her death more than forty years afterwards. Here, says the Legend, "hiding herself from the tumult of the world . . . the Virgin Clare shut herself up as in a prison . . . so long as she lived . . . and broke the alabaster of her body with the stripes of discipline." The days, be it observed, when women might have the privilege of sharing in Apostolic labours among the poor and ignorant suffering were yet far off, and there is no good reason for believing that the Clares were not strictly enclosed from the very beginning. But though St Clare's horizon was bounded by the narrow mountain ranges of the valley of Spoleto, the silent in-

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fluence of her hidden life exhaled, as St Bonaventure expresses it,\* the fragrance of springtide, and her engaging example of "the praying spirit that worked as it prayed" went far to guide the women of Italy towards higher aims. In 1215, after three years of religious life, St Clare had been made Abbess at S. Damiano. In that office she never shrank from choosing the harder lot for herself, and her subjects inspired by a superior at once so gentle and so strong, so rigid in self-discipline and so condescending to others, went "from virtue to virtue" and became a very galaxy of saints.

St Francis, who had watched over the rise and development of the community at S. Damiano with paternal solicitude, promised always to have them under his care. In one of many letters addressed to St Clare and her spiritual daughters he says: "Since by Divine inspiration you have made yourselves daughters and handmaids of the Most High Sovereign King, the Heavenly Father, and have espoused yourselves to the Holy Ghost, choosing to live according to the perfection of the holy Gospel, I will and I promise to have always by myself and my brothers a diligent care and special solicitude for you as for them."

Conformably with this agreement, the wants of the Poor Ladies were supplied by the friars, or, rather, by certain friars set apart for that purpose, usually a priest to administer to their spiritual needs and one or two lay brothers to provide for their material necessities.†

In addition to the foregoing promise St Francis gave to St Clare and her companions at S. Damiano a short *formula vitae* at the beginning of their religious life. We have the formal testimony of Pope Gregory IX as well as of St Clare herself to this effect.‡ This "form of life" has

\* *Legenda Major* (Edit. Quaracchi), 1898, p. 37.

† These "Zealots of the Poor Ladies," as they came to be called, generally dwelt in a small hospice adjoining the monastery—a usage which still prevails in Italy where the primitive observance is retained without any relaxing dispensations.

‡ See the Bull, *Angelis Gaudium*, of May 11, 1238, in *Bullarium Francis*, t. 1, p. 242, and *Regula S. Clarae*, cap. vi, in *Seraph. Legislat. textus Originiales*, p. 62

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not come down to us in its original form,\* but it appears to have been very short and simple, a mere informal adaptation for the Poor Ladies of the Gospel precepts already selected by St Francis for the guidance of his own companions and which he desired the Clares also to practise in all their perfection. Aside from this short *formula vitae* which he gave to the first nuns at S. Damiano in or about 1212, as has already been said, St Francis wrote no Rule of any kind for St Clare or her spiritual daughters at any time. Recent research has made this so clear that it is surprising to find so well-informed a writer as Professor Pennacchi trying to rejuvenate and rehabilitate the opposite opinion by erroneously maintaining, as he does,† that the lengthy formal Rule of the Clares in twelve chapters, confirmed by Innocent IV in 1253, was based substantially on an earlier one written by St Francis in 1224. Against this view the arguments appear to be overwhelming, as I have elsewhere pointed out.‡ What is certain is that during the absence of St Francis in the Orient (1219-1220) Cardinal Ugolino, then Protector of the Order, composed a Rule for the Poor Ladies or Clares, taking as a basis that of St Benedict, and adding some special contributions adapted to the needs of the new Order as he saw them. This quasi-Benedictine Rule was subsequently adopted in many communities of the Poor Ladies, but it does not appear to have ever been put into practice at S. Damiano. For absolute poverty was the burden of the *formula vitae*, or "little Rule," given by St Francis to the Damianites at the outset. The Rule drawn up by Cardinal Ugolino did away with the vow of absolute poverty, which he regarded as impossible for cloistered nuns, and St Clare would not accept any Rule unless this vow was included. When in 1228 Ugolino, who had meanwhile

\* Unless, indeed, the fragment of St Francis's writing quoted above, as it stands, be regarded as the *formula vitae* in question, which seems most improbable. At most it can only be a promise accompanying the *formula*, and Wadding was, no doubt, correct in placing it among the letters of St Francis in his edition of the Saint's *Opuscula*.

† Op. cit. c. iv.

‡ Robinson, *The Writings of St Francis* (1906), p. 76.

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ascended the Papal throne as Gregory IX, came to Assisi for the canonization of St Francis, he visited S. Damiano and urged St Clare to accept some possessions for the unforeseen wants of her community. But Clare refused. "If it be thy vow that hindereth thee from doing so," said the Pope, "we absolve thee from it." "Holy Father, absolve me from my sins if thou wilt," was Clare's reply, "but I desire not to be absolved from following Jesus Christ." Gregory not only desisted, but went so far as to grant St Clare soon afterwards the celebrated *Privilegium Paupertatis*, as it is called, by virtue of which she might never be constrained by anyone to receive any possessions for her Order.\*

St Clare, who had been the trusted counsellor of St Francis during his life,† thus proved herself to be the faithful heiress of his ideals after he was gone. Nothing indeed is more characteristic in St Clare's conduct through the twenty-seven long and trying years she survived St Francis than the splendid constancy and courage with which she carried out in all things the Rule and Spirit of the *Poverello*. And when both the one and the other were endangered because some of his disciples proposed to temper their observance of Poverty by the dictates of worldly wisdom, it was St Clare who struggled the most strenuously to uphold them, in spite of the fact that all the while she was borne down by continual illness and bodily suffering. Indeed, it would almost seem as if her spiritual powers increased in proportion as her physical strength failed her. In this connexion it may be worth while to recall that in 1234 the army of Frederick II invaded the valley of Spoleto. Assisi was besieged and a band of Saracen archers scaled the walls of S. Damiano under cover of night. The terrified nuns ran for protection to St Clare who lay ill at the time. The Saint had herself carried from her bed of infirmity to the window

\* The text of this unique "privilege" is found in the Bull, *Sicut Manifestum est*, of Sept. 17, 1228. See S Bavalea, op. cit. t. 1, p. 771.

† Not the least important part of St Clare's work was the aid and encouragement she gave to St Francis. See *Cath. Encyclop.* t. III, v. Clare.



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by which the soldiers were forcing an entrance and there, confronting them with the Blessed Sacrament, put the host to flight in disorder. Nor was that the only time St Clare had faced armed men without flinching and vanquished them by the power of her prayers.

Not less heroic, however, was the Saint's conduct during her single-handed struggle for the "privilege" of observing the "Most High Poverty" which, in imitation of St Francis, she had taken as her portion. That struggle began, as we have shown, very early in the long day of Clare's career; it ended only with her own life. For it was not until the very eve of her death that she succeeded in obtaining from Innocent IV the Bull confirming the definitive Rule of her Order in which the Poverty St Francis had taught and for which she had contended all along, was safeguarded and sanctioned in all its pristine purity. This was on August 9, 1253.

Two days later St Clare breathed her last. Hers was truly a triumphant death, if death ever holds a victory. Already during her life she had been venerated as a Saint, and "when the time came to commence the Divine Service and the friars were beginning the Office of the Dead, the Lord Pope interrupting, said that the Office of Virgins and not the Office of the Dead ought to be recited, so that it seemed as if he would fain canonize Clare before her body had been given burial." Finally her body "was raised aloft amidst hymns and praises and the shouting of the crowds and solemn jubilation, and borne with all pomp to the Church of S. Giorgio" in Assisi and there placed provisionally until a more fitting resting-place might be provided for it by the erection of the new basilica of S. Chiara in her honour. In 1260 the remains of the Saint were translated to S. Chiara and buried deep down under the sanctuary, but it was not until six hundred years afterwards that the exact spot of her burial became known. In 1850 her coffin was found and identified. The cave in which it had been laid and where it still rests has since been enlarged and adorned and is now used as a subterranean chapel. There, beneath the great

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Gothic pile, which is at once her sepulchre and the mother-house of her Order, St Clare sleeps with a copy of her Rule in her hand. But one cannot look upon the rich glass shrine which holds all that is left of the foundress of the Poor Clares without feeling regret that in death she was separated from S. Damiano where her Order had its beginning, where her whole life as a religious had been spent, and where her spirit, with its light and its fragrance, seems to be still brooding over the tranquil Saint-infected cloisters like a sensible presence of the "Seraphic Mother."

PASCHAL ROBINSON, O.S.F.C.

# ENGLISH CATHOLIC LITERATURE\*

**H**ALF a century ago Cardinal Newman, as Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland, delivered some lectures on English Catholic literature. They contained incidental suggestions full of insight. But I venture to characterize them as, in some respects, rather provoking.

Dr Newman's chief contentions were indeed most just ones. Using the term "literature" as it is understood at a university, he maintains that English Catholic literature ought not to be polemical or in the disparaging sense of the word "sectarian," that to engage in it is not to undertake a clerical or directly missionary work; and, moreover, that no English Catholic literature can take the place of our existing classical English literature which is not Catholic. The literature of a country must reflect the character of its inhabitants, their vices as well as their virtues. It cannot be bowdlerized or made simply religious without destroying this representative character. "Man's work," Newman wrote, "will savour of man, in his elements and powers excellent and admirable, but prone to disorder and excess, to error and to sin. Such too will be his literature; it will have the beauty and the fierceness, the sweetness and the rankness of the natural man."

So much is indisputable. Equally indisputable is Dr Newman's further contention that on the neutral *terrain* of pure science there can be no Catholic literature to create. "There is no crying demand, no imperative necessity," [he writes] "for our acquisition of a Catholic Euclid or a Catholic Newton." Pure science is treated similarly by Catholics and non-Catholics. Purely scientific writings are based on principles into which religious differences do not enter. Catholics may take a distinguished part in the literature of science (if the

\* A paper read by Mr Wilfrid Ward at the Norwich Catholic Congress in August, 1912.

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phrase may be allowed), but it is in no sense a distinctive part; and their writings in this department cannot be spoken of as distinctively "Catholic literature."

When, however, the reader presses on to ask what Catholic literature may be and not merely what it cannot and ought not to be, he gets practically no answer at all from Newman's pages. And this is why I venture to call these lectures somewhat provoking.

So far as anything positive is suggested in them it is that Catholics have no particular field to cultivate in their literature, and have only to write on general subjects in the way in which it is natural to a Catholic to write. Catholic views would be apparent only incidentally, and matters connected with the Catholic religion would not form the main subject of such writings. "By Catholic literature," he writes, "is not to be understood a literature which treats exclusively or primarily of Catholic matters, of Catholic doctrine, controversy history, persons or politics."

With this view I am not able entirely to concur, and perhaps Newman himself would have made it evident had he pursued the subject further that he did not mean to maintain it without reservation.

I propose here to throw out some suggestions on which possibly a supplement of a more positive description to Newman's lectures might be based. There are certain alternatives which Newman does not appear clearly to contemplate. Granted that a sectarian or polemical character or tone would be destructive to the idea of an English Catholic literature, that such characteristics belong rather to professed works of apologetic than to literature in the strict sense of the word, does it follow that Catholic literature has no special field? Is specialism necessarily coincident with sectarianism? And may not a Catholic have the qualities of a specialist in matters connected with his own religion? Is he not likely to know much more about such matters than others know? Again, granted that the classical literature of a country in its full length and breadth cannot be religious or even inno-

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cent, but must reflect the sinfulness as well as the virtues of human nature in that country, are there not many works of genuine literature which deal with aspects of that nature and not with the whole of it? And is there not a religious aspect? Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is a work of prose, Wordsworth's *Ode on Immortality* a work of poetry; both of them are profoundly religious. Yet who will deny to either of them a place among our classics? The writers of the romantic school in Germany and France—such men as La Motte Fouqué, Tieck, Novalis, Chateaubriand—contributed to the classical literature of their countries, yet they were all engaged in depicting in one way or another the Christian and chivalric ideal of life which had so greatly lost its influence in the eighteenth century. They dealt with one aspect, one way of viewing life, yet they were classical writers. Because the literature of a country cannot be wholly made up of such works, is that any reason for denying that it may include them?

I claim then that the writings of Catholics may, like these works of Bunyan and Wordsworth, perfectly well occupy a special field of English classical literature—a field marked out for them by the subjects on which as Catholics they may naturally have exceptional facilities for becoming specialists, and that it is perfectly possible for them to do this and yet to avoid the sectarianism which prevents books from taking their place in general literature for general readers. Particular aspects of life can be given most truly and without sectarian bias or polemic aim, by those who are especially familiar with them. A picture of Catholic life in fiction can very rarely be adequately given by one who has no belief in Catholic ideals. The same is true of biography, and in a lesser degree perhaps of certain chapters of history. There are no doubt partial exceptions. Some writers of the Romantic school who were never actually Catholics had an imaginative sympathy with Catholic ideals which a believer in the Church could not surpass. And there are other instances where justice of mind and ethical sympathy have enabled non-Catholic writers to

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treat with striking success themes that are specially suitable to our own writers. Mr Cotter Morrison's admirable *Life of St Bernard* is the work of a positivist. Ranke's history of the Popes could hardly have been more justly or truthfully written by a Catholic, granted the limitations of the work as to its scope. Mrs Oliphant wrote an extraordinarily sympathetic *Life of Montalembert*. In fiction, too, Sir Walter Scott was a classical writer who contributed much, in spite of some prejudice and some inadequacy of knowledge, to the revival of interest in Catholic ideals which the England of the eighteenth century had almost forgotten. And Carlyle's *Abbot Samson* left little to be desired in point of knowledge and sympathy. But these are, as I have said, exceptions. As a rule only a Catholic has the necessary knowledge and sympathy to treat such themes quite satisfactorily.

From these exceptions, however, one very important lesson may be learnt which affects the theme of the present paper. Cotter Morrison, Ranke, Scott and Carlyle commanded general attention because, while their work had much of that specialist quality and that imaginative sympathy for which in such subjects one looks as a rule to Catholic writers and not to outsiders, they were naturally, from their position and antecedents, entirely free from the sectarian tone and sectarian judgements. It is this quality which is fatal to the claim of any work to take its place in classical literature. And doubtless it was a keen sense of the danger of Catholic literature developing in this direction which made Newman so inclined to discourage among its devotees writings which aimed at "improving the occasion" in a controversial sense, at combatively upholding religious or Catholic interests. To be sectarian means that you see things only from one standpoint and do not appreciate any other. At best such a view is very inadequate. And human nature being what it is bias and ignorance generally help to make a sectarian view quite false as well as inadequate.

A Catholic literature can take its place in the general literature of the country only if, while its writers are

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specialists in knowledge, they have also sufficient general education and knowledge of other points of view than the Catholic to enable them to present a picture of life which the general reader recognizes as plausible and conceivably true. Catholic fiction, in which Catholics have all the virtues and Protestants all the vices, will never be classical. It will not appeal to general readers as giving truly one aspect of real life, but as giving a picture of life distorted by the sectarian mind. So again, Catholic history which doctors the facts in order to make its pages effective as apologetic for the Catholic Church will never be classical—will never belong to the recognized literature of the country.

It is obvious truthfulness to fact which has in the past made certain Catholic books a power and in some instances even classical. When Macaulay shed many tears over Manzoni's great novel the *Promessi Sposi* he bore testimony to its convincing power as a true picture of the Catholic religion. The writer gave the facts truthfully as he saw them. So, too, in the field of history Lingard has won his place as a Classic from his scrupulous truthfulness. And both these writers had that familiarity with the temper of the general reading public and with schools of thought widely different from their own which enabled them to depict the Catholic point of view, in the one case in fiction, in the other in history, without irritating by unfairness those whose views were different, and in such a way as to command attention and respect. Neither of them was polemical, neither sectarian. Yet both realized vividly, as an outsider could not realize them, the aims and ideals which explain the action of a Catholic, whether in actual history or in the imagined drama of the novelist.

In poetry there is similarly a field for the Catholic specialist in which, though his department is limited, he may perfectly take his place in the literature of the language. Who but a Catholic could have written many of the poems of Aubrey de Vere? They take their place as true poetry, though their subjects could not have inspired a non-Catholic to write. To a select few the

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*May Carols* will be the most striking instance—though to many they will appear too far removed from any field except that of the most specialized Catholic devotion to be accepted as classical. Francis Thompson and Coventry Patmore, like Aubrey de Vere, were poets having that truthfulness of vision which is incompatible with sectarianism, which forces on the intelligent general reader the conviction that the writer is placing before them something he himself has seen, some real aspect of things as they are. The sectarian, on the other hand, is so inadequate and inaccurate in his views that his words bear the obvious stamp of falseness and gain no hold on those who do not share his prejudices. They cannot arrest general attention. Whether it is a disciple of Mr Kensit or the Abbé Darras the case is the same. What is depicted by them is not a partial aspect of truth (which a great Catholic writer will present) but an inadequate and distorted account, urged with positiveness and dogmatism as though it were a complete view. Possibly Bunyan and Mr Kensit had many religious views in common. But Bunyan was a true artist in literature. He was content with presenting graphically and truly some positive side of life which he had himself experienced. Hence the *Pilgrim's Progress* took its place in general literature. Mr Kensit's main positions are based on misjudgement and misrepresentation of others. Therefore he has no element in his creed out of which he could evolve literature even had he the gift of writing.

Speaking generally, it may be maintained that just as a particular nation has its distinctive genius which is represented in its literature, so the Catholic Church has its genius which may be depicted by a literature. The distinctive genius of a nation and of a religion are both partial exhibitions of human nature and life, yet both are real. It is perhaps hardly accurate to speak of *English* Catholic literature, for Catholic literature is as international as the Church itself. Montalembert's *Monks of the West* and Abbot Gasquet's *Suppression of the English Monasteries* belong to one and the same literature. Both are the record of chapters of Church history, one by a Frenchman, the



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other by an Englishman, but hardly belonging to separate literatures. At all events the national element is reduced to a *minimum*, and the international predominates in exhibitions in literature of the religion of the Church which claims to be universal.

That the above view of the special field open to Catholic writers in the general national literature is being tacitly recognized in England is apparent in the fact that our encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries are more and more disposed to entrust Catholic subjects to Catholic writers on account of their special knowledge, while the increase among Catholics of general education and the knowledge of the audience for which such articles are written may be trusted to minimize the danger of sectarian treatment. Indeed, the fact I speak of witnesses to increased justice of mind on all sides. A hundred years ago neither Protestant editors nor Protestant readers would have tolerated a Catholic contributor to such standard English works of reference. And among our own body the proportion of writers who could be trusted to see the weak points in their own case and give without bias a really truthful account of matters or persons representative of their religion was, I think, much smaller than it is at present. Now, indeed, there is a section of Catholics who, like the Little Englanders, are disposed even to exaggerate the weak points of their own party. But, apart from this, the number of genuine specialists among us in history and criticism has largely increased, and sectarianism—in the invidious sense—is far less apt than it was a hundred years ago to deface our history.

I need not say that I do not hold that the ideal I have ventured to indicate above is likely to be attained in perfection. The best Catholic writers may be occasionally tarred by the sectarian brush even though they be specialists in knowledge, or their bias may (as I have just said) go the other way and they may be less than just to their own case or their own heroes. Again, outsiders may be unjust and refuse to recognize an account as true which does no more than justice to the Catholic side. I am but de-

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pecting an aim which is, I think, more and more widely attempted among us and with considerable success. This aim represents a view which I have thought worth explicitly formulating, as to the functions and character of a literature which should command the respect of two distinct publics for the knowledge it conveys and for its truthfulness—which should appeal to outsiders, as giving a true account of ideals they do not accept and of the facts of history, and should commend itself to fair-minded Catholic readers also, as not sacrificing any essential Catholic position for the sake of winning sympathy from those external to the Church.

The Catholic Truth Society, of course, covers in its publications a far wider field than Catholic literature in Newman's sense of the term. It includes very prominently works of direct apologetic. Yet, if I mistake not, it has never lost sight of the interests of literature proper. Therefore the observations I have made apply if not to all its publications at least to very many of them. And if my remarks are true they show that there is no such wide gulf as Cardinal Newman's words seem to imply between the two aims of the society—the promotion of Catholic apologetic and of Catholic literature. Indeed, this point might be pressed further. It may well be urged that in the long run Catholic literature which does not aim directly at argument for religion may prove from its power and truthfulness the most effective form of apologetic. For an illustration of this thesis I could point to the France of our own day—to the works of such men as René Bazin, Huysmans, Paul Bourget, François Coppée. But this pregnant fact opens a wide field which I cannot attempt to cover at the end of a paper on another subject.

WILFRID WARD

# RECENT LIGHT *on* JERUSALEM TOPOGRAPHY

“Who is to ‘step in and rob our society of our long toils in the past’ through discovering the actual tomb of David by means of excavations judiciously made on reliable *data* obtained by the Fund?”—Canon Birch in the *Report of the Palestine Exploration Fund*, 1879, p. 172.

**A**ND the king and his men went to Jerusalem unto the Jebusites, the inhabitants of the land, which spake unto David, saying: Except thou take away the blind and the lame, thou shalt not come in hither: thinking, David cannot come in hither.

Nevertheless David took the stronghold of Sion, the same is the City of David.

And David said on that day, Whosoever getteth up the gutter, and smiteth the Jebusites, and the lame and the blind that are hated of David's soul, he shall be chief and captain.—2 Sam. v, 6-8.

So Joab the son of Sarvia went up first and was chief. And David dwelt in the stronghold: therefore they called it the City of David.—1 Paral. ix, 6-7.

And Ezechias took counsel . . . and they stopped all the fountains, and the brook that flowed through the midst of the land, saying: why should the kings of Assyria come and find much water? . . . This same Ezechias stopped the upper source of the waters of Gihon and brought them straight down underground to the west of the City of David.—2 Paral. xxxii, 2-4, 30; cf. also 4 Kings, xx, 20, and Ecclus. xlviii, 19.

It would be no exaggeration to say that in the identification of this “gutter” up which Joab climbed, and of the channel made for the waters of Gihon by Ezechias, lies the key to the topography of Jerusalem in the time of the Kings.

That a tunnel existed from the Virgin's Fount on the east side of Ophel to the Pool of Siloam on the west has been long known, the Jesuit, Nau, mentions it as early as 1674, while Quaresmius bitterly regrets that he had not

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taken advantage of his sojourn in Palestine to explore it.\* In more recent times it has been thoroughly examined by such well-known explorers as Robinson, Tobler, Warren, and Conder. But that this really wonderful tunnel could be the work of Ezechias was thought to be impossible, since Josephus emphatically stated that the city of David lay on the western hill and consequently far away from the tunnel.† In June, 1880, however, the archæological and Biblical world was startled by the discovery of the now well-known inscription at the Siloam end of the tunnel. The discovery was, as is so often the case with the most important archæological "finds," quite accidental. One of the pupils of Dr Schick, the German architect to whose long residence in Jerusalem and to whose patient investigations students of Jerusalem topography are so much indebted, fell into the water of the canal while endeavouring to walk through it. On rising to the surface he saw what looked to him like writing, and immediately informed Dr Schick, with the result that the inscription was copied and deciphered.‡ Though its contents are familiar we repeat the inscription here for convenience sake:

1. . . . the boring through! And this was the manner of the boring through: whilst yet. . . .

2. . . . the pick, each towards his fellow, and whilst there were yet three cubits to be bored (through, there was heard) the voice of each cal-

3. ling to his neighbour, for there was a split in the rock on the right hand. . . . And on the day of the

4. boring through the miners struck, each to meet his fellow, pick upon pick, and

5. the waters flowed from the source to the pool for two hundred and a thousand cubits; and a hun-

6. dred cubits was the height of the rock above the head of the miners.

The meaning of the inscription was clear: the work of

\* Vincent, *Jerusalem Sous-Terre*, p. 18.

† Josephus, *Wars*, v, iv, 1.

‡ *Pal. Explor. Fund Reports*, 1880, p. 238, etc.

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piercing the tunnel had been begun simultaneously at the two ends and, not unnaturally, the two gangs had failed to meet; the inscription records how they finally did meet. Unfortunately no name of any king and no hint of any date is preserved. We have then simply a private announcement of the success of the work; it is not a public and royal proclamation of it. Its relation to Ezechias' work would seem patent; still Biblical students fought against the conclusion, for they were hampered by the prejudices of long tradition in favour of the western hill as the site of the City of David. Thus Professor Sayce referred the inscription to Solomon,\* and Isaac Taylor to Achaz;† for while Josephus forbade them to place the City of David on Ophel the Bible clearly implied that Solomon's palace and gardens were there.

Then came another startling discovery. Sir Charles Warren, when investigating the tunnel, came, at a point fifty feet from the Virgin's fountain, on a passage to the north; this, after seventeen feet, led to a shaft forty feet deep, then came an ascending passage forty feet long, finally another ascending passage led to a chamber some twenty feet high.‡ Was this the famous "gutter" up which Joab climbed and so took the Jebusite garrison by surprise? Warren might well have been expected to have insisted on this identification, but the influence of Josephus was too strong for him.

Meanwhile, however, an archæologist at home was rubbing his hands with glee at these discoveries. Canon Birch had for years been urging that the "City of David," the Tomb of David, and the Jebusite stronghold were all together and were to be sought on the eastern hill, viz. Ophel, and not on the western hill, as Josephus said. He had been led to this conclusion by a patient study of the Bible passages which mentioned these places, and now he maintained that the recent discoveries corroborated his views in every particular. "Dig

\* *P.E.F.* 1881, p. 146.

† *Ibid.* p. 157.

‡ *Recovery of Jerusalem*, 245-255; Plan, p. 248.

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on the south side of Jerusalem, on Ophel (so called), in search of David's tomb," he said in 1879.\* A controversy then began in which Canon Birch found arrayed against him nearly all the great names in the Biblical world of that day. His watchword was, "The Bible and common sense, or Josephus and prejudice?" It is true he never actually employed this formula, but its sense recurs again and again in his delightfully polemical letters during the twenty odd years covered by the controversy. In the course of it he clearly showed other errors of Josephus on topographical points and thus won over more than one of his opponents,† though Conder held out stoutly for the traditional view that the City of David was situated on the western and not on the eastern hill.‡ In 1881 Birch mapped out on a chart the site where he maintained the tomb of David would be found,§ and urged that excavations should be at once undertaken. "We ought to try to recover the sepulchre where David's dust 'rests in hope'—the magnificent catacombs where Solomon 'lies in his glory'—the loculus (bed) of Asa, 'filled with divers kinds of spices'; in short, the one intact monument of the kings of Judah."|| These actual words he had penned as early as 1879 and he kept on urging the Committee to undertake the necessary excavations as soon as possible. But his case was not proved and his opponents were many. Chief amongst these was Conder, who urged that the City of David as sketched by Birch was incredibly small: it would not cover more than ten or fifteen acres, and thus would not accommodate more than about 1,000 souls, whereas modern Galilean cities, huddled though they are, often measured twenty or even forty acres in extent. Again: Herod's Temple covered thirty-five acres, and modern Jerusalem within the walls covers 200.¶

\* *P.E.F.* 1879, p. 172.

† *P.E.F.* 1880, p. 167; cp. 1883, p. 152; 1888, p. 108; 1893, p. 70.

‡ *P.E.F.* 1880, p. 230.

§ *P.E.F.* 1881, p. 97 and p. 327

|| *P.E.F.* 1879, p. 172.

¶ *P.E.F.* 1883, p. 195; the argument from size is fallacious, cp. Vincent, *Canaan*, pp. 26-28, and his accompanying Plates i-ii, where he gives outlines of various Canaanite towns recently excavated.

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Conder returned to this point in the next year and gave the following statistics:

|  |              |
|--|--------------|
| Caesarea (within the Roman wall)           | = 300 acres  |
| The Hill of Samaria (within the colonnade) | = 160 acres  |
| Rabbath Ammon (Upper city=29 acres)        | } = 60 acres |
| (Lower city=31 acres)                      |              |
| Gerasa (Roman walls)                       | = 200 acres  |
| Tyre (the island town only)                | = 100 acres  |
| Gezer (the hill site only)                 | = 40 acres   |
| Jerusalem (A.D. 30)                        | = 200 acres  |
| Jerusalem (A.D. 70)                        | = 300 acres* |

Much interest was shown in the controversy, for Canon Birch's views seemed to compel assent though subversive of all previously accepted ideas on the subject. One correspondent wrote to him: "I won't consider it any longer as I nearly went off my head a dozen years ago over it. Of all the subjects I know, there is none more bewildering. I cannot understand how Sion can be anywhere but on the western hill, and yet your arguments are very strong."† But Birch stated his theory over and over again and with an absolute confidence that he was right: "My Jerusalem theory," he writes, "is as follows:

"Zion, the City of David, was entirely on the southern part of the eastern hill, i.e. on Ophel (so-called).

"The sepulchres of David were in this same part.

"The 'gutter' (2 Sam. v. 8) by which Joab gained access to Zion was the secret passage (connected with the Virgin's Fount) discovered by Sir C. Warren.

"Araunah betrayed Zion to David either by divulging the secret of the 'gutter,' or by assisting Joab in ascending it."‡

Conder replied: "All I am really interested in is the defeat of a new heresy which seems to me mischievous and absurd, namely, that the Jerusalem of David and Ezra was confined to the narrow ridge south of the Temple. Such an idea cannot be reconciled with the Book of Ezra,

\* *Ib.* 1884, p. 22.

† *Ib.* 1885, p. 210.

‡ *Ib.* 61-62.

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or with earlier Biblical books, and represents the *reductio ad absurdum* of Jerusalem controversy.\* In vain Birch endeavoured to explain that he spoke simply of the "City of David" as mentioned in the Bible; Conder's reply was†: "Mr Birch's 'City of David' now occupies an area of 200 × 600 feet, or 2½ acres. I do not consider this large enough for a city, or even for a country house and grounds." But, as an anonymous sharer in the controversy pointed out, "Mr Birch is writing of the 'City of David' as described in the Bible, while C. R. C. seems to be always thinking of David's capital, or, in other words, of the City of Jerusalem . . . the phrase 'city of David,' as used in the Bible, is really a technical term, applied to a part of Jerusalem, and to a *part only*; and not only so, but . . . its use *does not in any instance carry with it the implication of extensive area.*"‡ Nothing, however, could move Conder. He wrote, on reading the above words: "I have seen nothing to make me alter my views in any substantial degree. I never claimed that the 'City of David' was a term equivalent to Jerusalem generally, but only that it meant—as one would naturally suppose—the City of David's time. Fifteen years of controversy have shown me that the result always is that the disputants retain their opinions, and of course there could be no controversy if there was nothing to be said on one side."§ Canon Birch then summed up the points briefly, and fairly claimed that his views had never been refuted;|| there the matter rested for the time, but Conder's views, with what we must regard as their disastrous consequences, will be found enshrined in his article "Jerusalem" in Hasting's *Dictionary of the Bible*; on p. 590 of vol. II he mentions the view that the "City of David" lay on Ophel, but while naming some of the scholars who held it he never mentions Birch.

Meanwhile investigators had not been idle, and fresh facts were being accumulated which were to have an important bearing on the question in dispute. In the

\* *Ib.* 229.

† *Ib.* 1886, p. 82.

‡ 1887, p. 56.

§ *Ib.* 105.

|| 1888, pp. 42-46.



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course of the controversy Birch had had occasion to examine the meaning of the passage in *Isaias viii, 6, The waters of Shiloah that go softly*. "I conjecture, with the utmost confidence," he wrote, "that before the Siloam tunnel was made, the waters of Gihon (Virgin's Fount) flowed softly to Siloam along an aqueduct on the eastern side of Ophel (so-called), and that excavation in two or three places will certainly find traces of it."\* This was a bold assertion, yet Birch pinned his faith to it, for to him it was a point of cardinal importance, Sayce and others having argued that the famous Siloam tunnel could not have been made by Ezechias, since, according to *Isaias viii, 6*, it already existed. If they were right then the chief argument in favour of the view that the City of David was on Ophel fell to the ground. On the other hand, if Birch was right in supposing that the tunnel was due to Ezechias, then "the only explanation available is that there was an aqueduct from the Virgin's Fountain along the eastern side of Ophel to the mouth of the Tyropoeon."† Birch's critics not unnaturally laughed at his prophecies,‡ but he held to his conviction and wrote: "I am anxious for my theory to be tested and (?) proved by excavation."§ This was done by Herr Schick in 1886; by sinking various shafts he found undoubted traces of a "second aqueduct"; he could not, however, be sure whether it led to the Virgin's Fount or not, and accordingly urged the Committee to excavate thoroughly.|| Conder, as was natural, pooh-poohed the discovery and maintained that it was merely a surface-water channel.¶ But Birch's pæan of triumph was very natural; the channel had been found precisely where he anticipated, at the level he had indicated, and it was just of the character and depth he had declared it would be. "Even after two years I must own to being extremely pleased at this discovery, especially as I had informed Mr Besant that if the aqueduct were honestly looked for and not found I would give up the Jerusalem controversy."\*\* After giving a plan of

\* 1884, p. 71.

† *Ib.* 77.

‡ *Ib.* 174.

§ 1885, p. 60.

|| 1886, p. 88-91.

¶ 1887, p. 104 and pp. 197-200.

\*\* 1889, p. 35.

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the newly found aqueduct Birch summed up the position. His points were briefly that; (1) The accuracy of Holy Scripture was vindicated, Isaias viii, 6, was shown to be a true statement of the geographical position. (2) Ophel, west of the Virgin's Fount, was shown to be the "City of David" (2 Paral. xxxii, 30-3). The date of the Siloam tunnel was rendered clear; it was the work of Ezechias, as also was the inscription. (4) Schick's newly discovered aqueduct was probably the work of Solomon. Birch felt justified, therefore, in making a fresh appeal to the Committee. "Encouraged, therefore, by the successful find of 'the waters of Shiloah,' I would again put before the Executive Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund a proposal that a search should be made for the sepulchres of David."\* In accordance with this demand, Schick laid bare 370 feet of his new aqueduct, but was prevented from tracing it all the way to the Virgin's Fount,† and it was not till 1901 that this end of it was examined by Schick, Masterman and Hornstein.‡

Three tunnels, then, were now known on Ophel: that discovered by Warren and acclaimed as the "gutter" of 2 Sam. v, by Birch; that leading from the Virgin's Fount to the Lower pool of Siloam and corresponding to Isaias's "waters of Shiloah that go softly"; and, lastly, the famous aqueduct leading by a circuitous route from the Virgin's Fount to the Upper pool of Siloam and attributed to Ezechias. What, then, was the relation subsisting between these three channels? And could it be proved that they underlay the City of David? The evidence for this latter point had, by the year 1890, been accepted by a large number of scholars; thus, Robertson Smith, in the article "Jerusalem" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* writes: "A third view places the City of David on the southern part of the Temple Hill, and this opinion is not only confirmed by the oldest post-Biblical traditions, but is *the only view that does justice to the language of the Old Testament.*" Similarly, Sir Charles Wilson, than whom no

\* 1889, p. 37.

† 1891, pp. 16-18.

‡ 1902, pp. 29-38.

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one was more fully acquainted with the problems of Jerusalem topography, says apropos of Neh. iii, 16, *And the fountain gate repaired Shallun . . . . and the wall of the pool of Shiloah by the king's garden, even unto the stairs that go down from the City of David. After him repaired Nehemias the son of Azbuk . . . . unto the place over against the sepulchres of David. . . .* "This passage, when taken with the context, seems in itself quite sufficient to set at rest the question of the position of the City of David, of the sepulchres of the kings, and, consequently, of Zion; all of which could not be mentioned after Siloah, if placed where modern tradition has located them."\* But if this point was conceded it seemed impossible to refuse to see in Warren's tunnel the "gutter" up which Joab had climbed, yet Warren himself has never seemed able to accept this identification, being still hampered apparently by Josephus' localization of the City of David.†

The Bible had spoken clearly enough, but nothing save excavation could decide the question. "Excavate!" cried Birch, "and the *Bellum Topographicum* will end." In the year 1894 Bliss commenced his famous excavations along the line of the southern wall of the city. His investigations showed that the lowest wall of the Jerusalem of David's time embraced the hill of Ophel south of the Temple enclosure,‡ and Birch, among many others, hoped that the site of David's tomb would now be settled beyond dispute: "Many will be extremely disappointed if the present excavation work at Jerusalem does not end the dispute as to the correct site of the City of David, by the actual discovery of the long-lost tomb of David. . . . It is to be much desired that ample funds should be at once forthcoming, to enable Dr Bliss to make a successful dash at the magnificent catacombs of Israel's greatest and wisest king. He must, in due course, certainly pass in front of them, and not improbably very near them."§ But this was not to be, for Bliss' excavations principally centred

\* 1895, p. 262.

† Hastings, *D.B.* II, 388.

‡ Bliss and Dickie, *Excavations at Jerusalem*, 1894-7, Pl. xxix.

§ *P.E.F.* 1895, p. 261.

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round the pool of Siloam, and the steps and streets connecting it with the Temple hill. He was able to show, however, that the wall which he examined at the south-east corner of the hill was probably the same as that which Warren had discovered at the south-east corner of the Haram enclosure. This wall, according to Bliss's map,\* passed across the southern bend of the Siloam tunnel. This tunnel makes two very peculiar curves which it would be idle to attribute to the incompetence of the engineer or his assistants, but which would seem to have been intentional. This is borne out, perhaps, by the fact that two shafts were pierced by the workmen to determine their course at two important points.† M. Clermont-Ganneau has emitted the startling hypothesis that the lower of these two curves was due to a wish to avoid the sepulchres of David.‡ If this hypothesis is correct we can understand why Bliss failed to find these sepulchres.

\* \* \* \* \*

Everyone understands, of course, that this eagerness to find the sepulchres of the kings of Israel was not dominated by any spirit of greed such as that which has governed tomb-robbers from the days of ancient Egypt. It was prompted solely by the desire for scientific knowledge, and we may be permitted to hope that had the sepulchres been found they would have been preserved intact.

About Christmas, 1909, a rumour spread through the archæological world that a party of Americans had obtained from the Sublime Porte a permit to investigate the hill of Ophel with a view to finding the tomb of David. As nothing positive was known, rumours were rife, and it was commonly reported that these searchers were actuated by the basest motives, that they were ignorant of all scientific methods, that they were working on behalf of no archæological school, etc., etc. And, indeed, it was not unnatural for the archæological world to be perturbed.

\* Bliss and Dickie, l.c. Map in pocket at end.

† *P.E.F.* 1882, p. 123.

‡ *Les Tombeaux de David et des rois de Juda et le tunnel-aqueduc de Siloe*, 1897.

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Unskilled investigation might do incredible harm, witness some of the disgraceful work that has been perpetrated in the name of archæology in Babylonia and in Egypt! Moreover, the position of the various archæological societies in Palestine is delicate in the extreme; it is easy to offend the susceptibilities of the Moslems, and to do so would be to bar the way to further research. The writer remembers the dismay with which a well-known Egyptologist told him that such an exploration was contemplated. He had seen, he said, enough of amateur work in Egypt! The words of Mr Birch quoted at the head of these pages express the feelings of the various archæological societies; they all felt that unauthorized persons were going "to step in and rob our society of the fruits of our long toils in the past" by finding, on data laboriously accumulated by generations of explorers, the tomb of David.

And it must be confessed that appearances were at first against these explorers. They were said to be guided rather by a supposed acrostic in the Hebrew text of Ezechiel than by any well-founded archæological data, and any one who has studied the question of such acrostics knows that their value is—just nil!\* Moreover, their proceedings were veiled in the most absolute secrecy, while the funds for which the English Palestinian Society had so often craved seemed to be extraordinarily abundant. Rumours were, of course, rife in Jerusalem, and a sense of uneasiness pervaded the various archæological bodies there. Knowing the people well, they feared lest some indiscretion might be committed which would bar the way to future work, and, above all, they feared lest a blind search for mere treasure should result in the destruction of many features important to the archæologist. The work was, however, carried on during the seasons of 1909-1911. What the results were no one knew save the learned Dominican archæologist, Père Hugues Vincent, of the Ecole Biblique at S. Etienne. But many thought their worst anticipations were fulfilled when the following telegrams appeared in the *Times*: "Jerusalem, May 3,

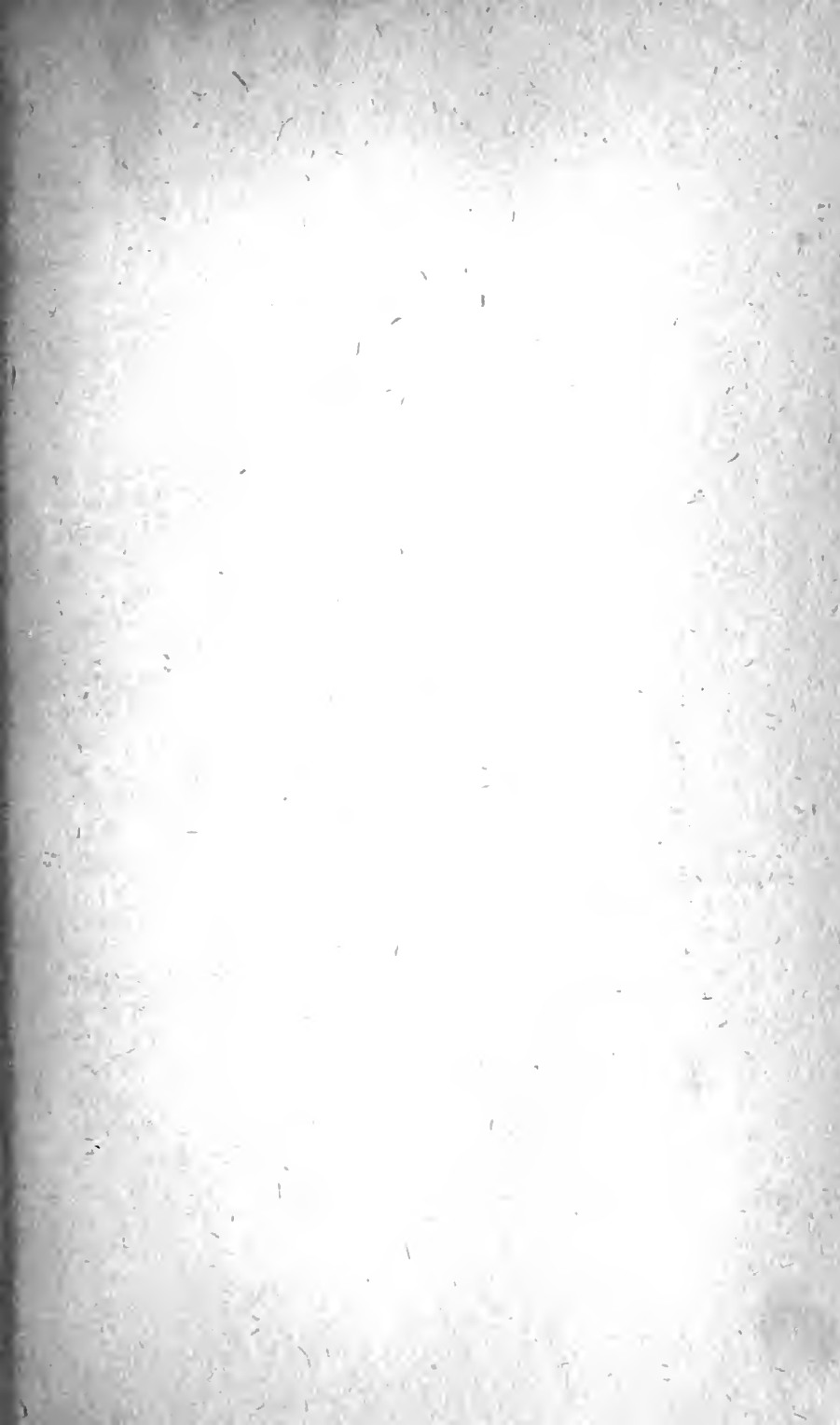
\* *P.E.F.* Jan. 1912, p. 38.

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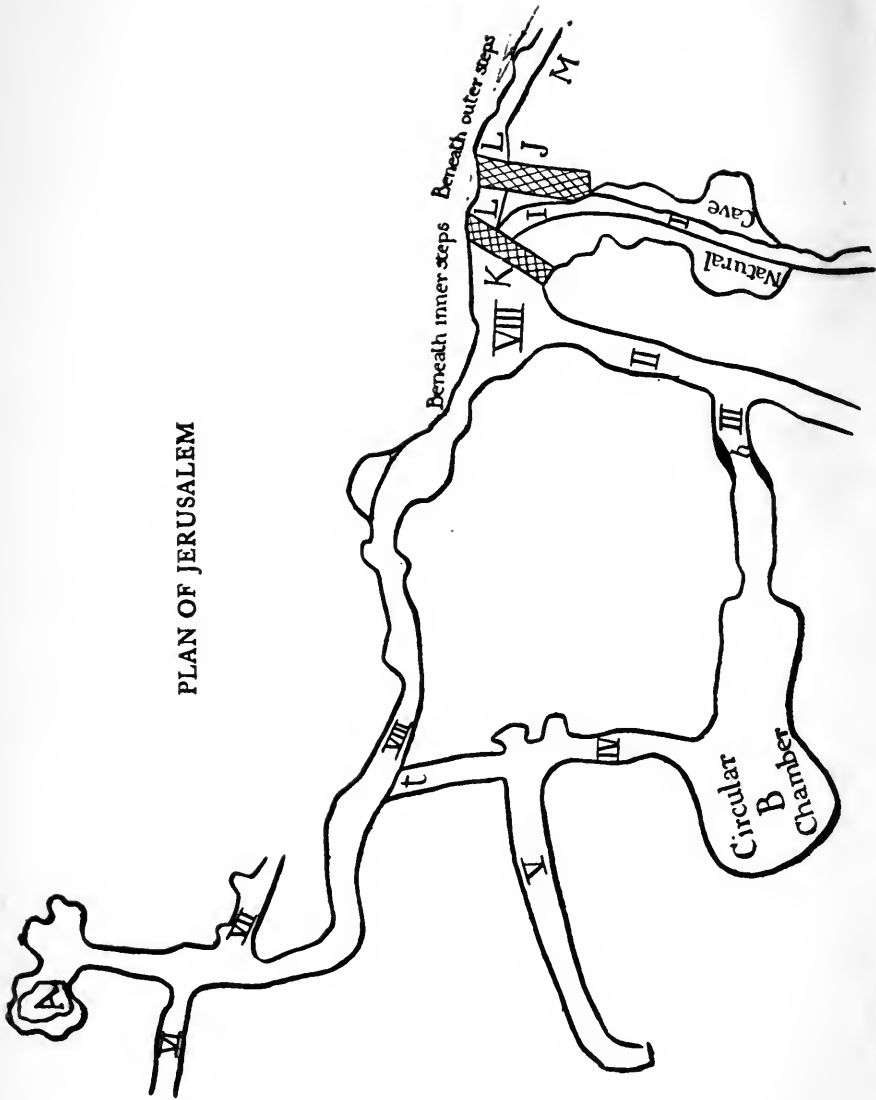
1911. Solomon's Temple. Charge against English Explorers. A special commission is engaged in investigating the proceedings of the English explorers who have been excavating on the site of Solomon's Temple, now occupied by the Mosque of Omar. On April 21 great agitation and alarm was caused by reports that the Mosque had been profaned, and there was a good deal of disorder among the Moslems. The city is now completely quiet." On the same date a further telegram was published: "Constantinople, May 3. The Crown and Sword of Solomon. According to the newspapers an old manuscript Bible, the crown, ring, and sword of Solomon, a copper salver, and numerous articles of great antiquarian value, were abstracted from a secret crypt in the Mosque of Omar, by foreigners, said to be an American millionaire and an English engineer." According to other accounts, they had hoped to lay hands on treasure valued at £100,000,000! Not the least conspicuous among the spoils were the Ark of the Covenant, Moses' ring, and the sword of Ali; while it was further added that a yacht lay at Jaffa ready to sail as soon as the spoil was on board! Those who are familiar with the east will readily picture the scene in the Jerusalem streets! "At midday the shops were closed, the houses shuttered, and the streets thronged with excited crowds!"\*

It will be of interest, then, to state clearly what really was done, and, above all, to see what light has been thrown on vexed questions of Jerusalem topography by these secret explorations. In the first place, then, it goes without saying that there is not a vestige of truth in the wild statements about a violation of the Mosque of Omar. All the explorers did was to investigate during the nights of April 2-14, 1911, the channels and tunnels already described by Sir Charles Warren and which lie to the south of the Mosque. They did indeed examine the famous Well of Souls situated under the Sakrah, that is to say, they endeavoured to do so, only, however, to find

\* Lagrange, O.P., *Rev. Biblique*, July, 1911, p. 441.



PLAN OF JERUSALEM





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that it had no existence!\* So much, then, for the violation of the Mosque. But what about the excavations on Ophel?

The question of the so-called cypher may be waived. The archæological equipment of the explorers may have been defective, in fact it was so. But they had the great merit of knowing this themselves better than anybody, and from the outset they took the very wise step of inviting the most experienced archæologist in Jerusalem to assist them. Readers of *Canaan d'après Exploration Récente*, 1907, will not need to be told of Père Vincent's fitness to advise them. There is probably no archæologist who has a better acquaintance with Jerusalem and Palestine in general, and the indebtedness of the various explorers working for the Palestine Exploration Fund towards him has often been acknowledged. His forthcoming volumes on the History of Jerusalem will be looked forward to with interest. During the two years occupied by the investigations Père Vincent had absolutely free access to the shafts and his opinion was taken on every step contemplated by the explorers. Not a single archæological detail escaped his notice, and his experience and acumen enabled him to arrive at conclusions of the first importance regarding the topography of the City of David. These he has recently published,† and we propose to set forth briefly the conclusions at which he has arrived.

There exists on Ophel a tunnel which passes completely through the hill from the Virgin's Fount on the east to the pool of Siloam on the west; this has of late years been accepted as the work of Ezechias;\* at its western end is the inscription given above which details the manner in which the workmen, starting from opposite ends, met. This we shall call simply the Siloam tunnel or viii† on the

\* *Ib.* and *P.E.F.* Jan. 1912, p. 37.

† See Plan.

† *Jerusalem Sous Terre, Les récentes fouilles d'Ophel*, par H. V. London, Field Office, Bream's Buildings. It is unfortunate that the letterpress does not correspond with the splendid plates; they can, however, be corrected with the aid of the plates in *Rev. Biblique*, Oct. 1911, and Jan., 1912.

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plan. In addition to this there lies to the east another channel, Schick's "Second aqueduct," as it is generally called, which led the waters from the Virgin's Fount to the Lower pool of Siloam. Lastly, at a distance of fifty feet from the entrance to the Virgin's Fount, a passage to the right or north led to a pool from which rose a shaft leading to the long ascending passage in which Birch saw the "gutter" up which Joab climbed, vi on the plan. The Virgin's Fount is approached by a double flight of steps; at a little distance from the bottom step of all is a ledge on which the water-carrier stands in order to fill his vessel from the pool which lies at his feet. As all know, the spring is intermittent in its flow owing to the action of a natural syphon in the interior of the hill, but the nature of this syphon has never been thoroughly investigated as it lies beyond the reach of explorers. The first task of the explorers was thoroughly to clean out the pool. In so doing they discovered that underneath the stairs there had been a pool, m, which stretched even as far as the seventh step of the outer flight. This pool had been, however, carefully blocked by a stout wall, j on the plan. To the south of this pool they also discovered the entrance to Schick's Second Aqueduct, which had been partly investigated by Schick, Masterman and Hornstein as related above. This they followed for some distance but felt that there was no call to explore it further as its nature was already sufficiently known. Further in they found on the same south side another channel leading S.W., ii on the plan. This they followed for some distance till it branched off to the west. This branch, iii on the plan, led due west and passed through a very narrow gate, h, till at length it emerged in a circular chamber, n. From this chamber diverged a passage leading practically due north again and eventually striking the wall of the passage leading to the Siloam tunnel. Before doing so, however, a branch led west again, and this was examined for some distance, v on the plan. The water was then diverted in order to enable the Siloam tunnel itself to be thoroughly explored. A very minute examination was also made of

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Warren's shaft, the so-called "gutter." These are the main points of the investigation with which we are here concerned, and it was on this material that Père Vincent had to base his calculations. And be it noted once and for all that, with a few striking exceptions, nothing in the shape of an archæological "find" was discovered.

An examination of the pool and channel under the steps, M and L, revealed the fact that whereas in the upper strata the debris consisted of fragments of vases, etc., belonging to the Judæo-Hellenic period, in the lower strata nothing later than the sixtieth century B.C. was found. And these two strata were separated by a flooring which had at one time covered in the pool, M, and the channel to it, L. The conclusion was inevitable: L and M belonged to a much earlier period than that indicated by the Judæo-Hellenic fragments above this flooring.\* Investigation of channel, II, brought to light further interesting facts. Whereas its channel-bed was composed of blocks of the hard stone known as *Malaky*, the lower bed of which was filled with fine debris of the ninth to eighth century B.C., this entire channel had been purposely blocked up in haste with huge stones apparently torn from some fortified building, a city wall perhaps, and in the interstices of these blocks were fragments of pottery dating from the twelfth to the ninth centuries B.C. The same had been done in channel III and in the circular chamber to which it led. Channel II was examined for over seventy-two metres, and for a distance of at least fifty metres this hasty but complete blocking continued.

So far, then, we have the following facts: Under the present stairway to the Fountain existed a very old pool and channel, M and L; these, judging by the pottery fragments found in them, belonged to Canaanite times. Secondly, we have tunnels I, II, III, and IV, which do not date from a later period than the ninth century B.C. and which were at a later period hastily stopped up.

A careful examination was now made of tunnel VI, i.e.

\* Vincent, *Jerusalem Sous Terre*, pp. 4b and 36a, *Rev. Biblique*, Oct. 1911, pp. 374-5.

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that portion of the Siloam tunnel which lies to the east of Warren's shaft, a distance of some fifty feet. The first thing noticed was that tunnel iv had at one time opened on to tunnel vi but had been blocked by a wall, z; secondly, it was discovered that the flooring of this eastern portion of vi was artificial, i.e. it was not the naked rock as in the western portion, but had been artificially elevated in order to compel the water to flow down to the west. An examination of the material used thus to raise the floor showed it to be identical with that used to stop the tunnel iv at the point where it opened upon vi. But more than this: Tunnel i, Schick's Second Aqueduct, was found to be closed by a wall, i, under the second flight of steps, and this wall was again of the same material as that used to close tunnel iv and to raise the floor of tunnel vi. Once more, the pool and channel, m and l, stopped by the wall j under the same steps lay beneath the outlet of Schick's aqueduct and consequently beneath the wall i. Thus we have three quite distinct periods in this network of tunnels, the period of l and m; that of tunnels i and ii; that, again, of tunnels iii, iv, and v; and superadded to these we have, last in chronological order, the raised floor of tunnel vi which was thus rendered capable of carrying the waters of the Fount to the west through the tunnel of Siloam which must in consequence have been made at that time.

The examination of the levels alone will establish the same chronological order in these tunnels. Thus, as long as l remained unstopped by the wall j no other of the tunnels could have acted and consequently could not have existed. Similarly, when tunnel i was acting, tunnel ii, being at a higher level, could not have done so; when, however, i was stopped by the wall i then channel ii could act, and as long as this last did so the water in tunnel vi, even at its old original level, could not pass to the west and the Siloam tunnel, the continuation of vi to the west, could have had no place.

The relative chronological order of the tunnels being thus established, it remains to see whether the minute

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archæological details furnished by the recent excavations will throw any light on the times at which these various channels were respectively made.

The point of departure must logically be the channel and pool, L and M, which, as we have seen, contained nothing later than Canaanite remains, the date, then, of the material used to construct the wall J which blocked this lower channel would show the period at which this latter was put out of use and the canal I formed; but it seems that the explorers found it inadvisable to touch the wall J with a view to determining its precise nature.\* But when the engineers of old found it necessary to stop up channel I and II and construct the Siloam tunnel properly so-called, i.e. the portion to the west of Warren's shaft, this was effected by building the wall I across the exit of channel I, by blocking up with masses of stonework channels II and III, and by sealing up channel IV at the point t, where it opened on to VI. That these various changes took place at the same time is clear from the fact that the fragments used to block up II and III belong to the same period as those used to form the wall I and the partition wall t and also the newly raised floor of VI; this material is made up of fragments of pottery belonging to the ninth and eighth centuries B.C.

Such are the archæological details; they establish a definite chronological order. But it is only by an appeal to history that this order takes shape and becomes coherent. And the two statements made by the Chronicler, 2 Paral. xxxii, 4 and 30, seem to us to serve as the key to the whole. *They stopped all the fountains, and the brook that flowed through the midst of the land. . . . This same Ezechias stopped the upper source of the waters of Gihon and brought them straight down underground to the west of the City of David.*

Here are three separate acts: they stopped the fountains; they blocked up "the brook that flowed through the midst of the land"; and they constructed for the waters

\* *Revue Biblique*, Oct. 1911, p. 573.

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of Gihon a new channel by which they were made to pass to the west of the City of David.

We have seen above that the material used to block up channel II, to close channel I with the wall I, to close the access from tunnel IV on to tunnel VI, i.e. the wall *t*, and lastly to raise the floor of the eastern portion of tunnel VI to such a level as to enable its waters to flow westwards—all belong to the same period archæologically, i.e. the fragments of pottery contained in them belong to the Judæo-Hellenic period, the period subsequent to the ninth century B.C. What fuller proof could we have that this was the work done by Ezechias when the Assyrian was approaching? And if this conclusion is justified then it seems that in channel II we must see “the brook that flowed through the land”; for the explorers traced it for a distance of seventy-two metres before it passed under private property which they were not allowed to touch. Its course, due south-west, would bring it out on the southern slope of Ophel and would allow the waters of the Fountain to flow down the valley towards the Bir-Eyub, or Job’s Well, as it is called.

But a question of very real importance presents itself: why was a simple wall, I, thought sufficient to block channel I, while the whole of channel II for a distance of more than fifty metres was most carefully filled up with immense pieces of rock and of stonework torn from some fortified building? If it had merely been required to stop the outflow of the water in that direction a wall would have been simpler and probably more efficacious.

An examination of the roof of the circular chamber, N, shows that it, too, as well as the tunnels that led to it, had been carefully blocked up in order to eliminate all chance of approach to it. We can well understand the excitement of the explorers when they found their path so carefully blocked! They probably thought that they were on the verge of discovering the City, or rather the tomb, of David! On this point the publications of Père Vincent preserve a disconcerting and tantalizing silence, and it is hard to make out what actually was discovered in this

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quarter. We, however, are only concerned with the network of channels connected with the Virgin's Fount, and these alone will be found on the sketch plan given, but in Père Vincent's work Plate vi enumerates channels and galleries to the number of twenty-two, though practically no description of them is given. We must apparently possess our souls in patience and hope that when the excavations are renewed further information will be forthcoming.\*

We are thus in a position to give to the two channels I and II what may well be their respective Biblical names, "the waters of Shiloah that go softly," *Isaias viii, 6*, and "the brook that flows through the land," *2 Paral. xxxii, 4*. Now all the archæological indications tend to show that these two channels were simply for purposes of irrigation; it is legitimate, then, to connect them with those famous gardens referred to as "the king's garden" in *Neh. iii, 15*, and *4 Kings, xxv, 4*, and especially spoken of as planted by Solomon in *Ecclesiastes, ii, 4-6*. And the debris contained in them bears this out; for while the lower portions of channel II were, as we have already stated, filled with debris dating from the ninth century B.C., the actual walls higher up contained in the inter-

\* We are told of the discovery of various objects of bronze and of certain rare marbles, as well as of traces of costly furniture. One object in particular deserves mention. Père Vincent writes, *Jerusalem Sous Terre*, p. 32: "La plus étrange pièce, découverte presque au niveau du sol vierge . . . est un siège monumental de W. C. . . J'implore la clémence de tous les lecteurs pour la présentation de ce meuble indiscret; son originalité toutefois, je voudrais même qu'on m'autorise à dire son 'élégance' me feront pardonner de l'introduire dans ces pages. Aussi bien il n'y a pas à se méprendre sur la destination de ce siège taillé et comme moulé dans un bloc de pierre 'royale,' dont la blancheur est avantageusement atténuée par une magnifique patine. Les ouvriers indigènes eux-mêmes ne s'y sont pas mépris; avant que la pièce complètement nettoyée ait été ramenée au jour hors de la galerie, son nom avait été défini, on avait fait honneur ni plus ni moins qu'à Salomon. . . . Et pour une fois l'attribution naïve des Siloites n'était apparemment pas si mauvaise . . . il a bien fallu enrégistrer ensuite, dans l'examen du site de la trouvaille and surtout dans l'examen minutieux du monument lui-même, nombre de menus détails qui vont bien à l'appui de cette attribution chronologique."

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stices of the stones fragments of pottery dating from the twelfth to the ninth centuries; in other words, the channels themselves seem to have been constructed in the times of David or his immediate successors.

Still ascending in chronological order, we come to Warren's shaft. Can we argue from the above details that this extraordinary passage was actually the "gutter" up which Joab climbed? To understand its character we must eliminate all the later galleries, viz. the Siloam tunnel properly so-called, i.e. the portion to the west of the passage which leads to the actual shaft, as well as galleries I, II, III, IV, and V. Moreover, we must reduce the level of that portion of the tunnel which lies to the east of Warren's shaft to its original height and must come down to the bare rocky channel as it was originally hewn. Now it is clear that this channel, with the shaft that leads up from it to the crest of the hill, is in direct connexion with the spring, the only spring, be it remembered, with which Jerusalem is blessed. The Jebusites cannot have been without some means of access to the water, and in those troublous times such access might well be concealed in case of siege. And the archæological data show that in its original condition it belongs to the Canaanite period. The only real difficulty in accepting this identification, supposing always that we accept Ophel as the site of the City of David, lies in the gigantic nature of the undertaking. Indeed it is difficult to bring home to the reader its stupendous character. Suffice it to say that we have a gallery at least sixty metres in length, hewn in hard—in some places very hard—rock, with wells in it of which one is about fifteen, the other about twenty-five metres in depth, that these have been sunk for the purpose of finding ready means of access to a spring situated at a considerable distance, that the passages were furnished with steps, etc., and that, though roughly made according to our ideas and our modern equipment, it yet remains a witness to very remarkable engineering knowledge at whatever date it was constructed. But it should be remembered in estimating the probabilities in favour



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of the view that we have here the actual " gutter " made by the Jebusites that this gallery is no isolated instance in Palestine. Similar ones have been long known, at Gibeon, for instance,\* and at Rabbath-Ammon.† But what is more to our purpose the recent excavations at Gezer brought to light an exactly similar tunnel excavated in the rock and leading down to a spring. The writer well remembers his amazement when first introduced to this engineering feat. It was no mere shaft in the rock, but a veritable hall. From wall to wall it measured four metres, and the height from floor to roof was seven metres. This gallery rapidly descended to a depth of thirty metres by means of broad steps singularly like those which lead down to the so-called Tombs of the Kings at Jerusalem. It was hardly credible that so stupendous a piece of work should have been done with the aid of flint implements! Yet such was the case, and archæological proofs were not wanting that this immense tunnel was actually closed in the fourteenth century B.C. and lost to sight. Hence it seems certain that it cannot have been hewn in the rock later than about the twentieth century B.C. What, then, the Gezerite engineer could do in the twentieth century the Jebusite engineer could do in the eleventh century, if we are determined to bring down the construction of the tunnel to the period immediately preceding that of its assault by Joab; and it is by no means necessary to do this. Meanwhile these facts enable us to endorse Birch's words written in 1878: " There must have been a very clever man among the ancient Jebusites."‡ Whether, as Birch goes on to suggest, this was Melchisedec (!); or whether this engineer, knowing of the existence of the Virgin's Fount, simply endeavoured to find a secret path to it, or whether, on the contrary, he was actually prospecting for water and dug until he created the Virgin's Fount, is not clear. It would seem more probable, however, that he

\* *P.E.F.* 1881, p. 256; 1889, p. 208; 1890, p. 23.

† *Ibid.* 1889, p. 208.

‡ *P.E.F.* 1878, p. 130; 1889, p. 46.

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knew of the Fount and merely brought the water to the pool at the foot of Warren's shaft.\*

Here we must take leave of these most interesting excavations. Space will not permit us to dwell on the unique series of pottery discovered in gallery II, nor upon the detailed examination of the Siloam tunnel which Père Vincent was able to make owing to its being left dry during an entire month. Neither can we discuss the many galleries traced by these intrepid explorers through the upper portion of the hill (cp. Pl. VI in Père Vincent's *Jerusalem Sous Terre*). Enough will have been said to show once more how exact are the details furnished in the Bible *when we have the right key to them!*

HUGH POPE, O.P.

\* In the *Archæological Report of the Egypt Exploration Fund for 1910-1911*, pp. 2-5, M. Naville gives an interesting account, with photographs and plates, of an almost exactly similar gallery and shaft to a well which he has just excavated at Abydos.

# LA DECENNE SETE

Tanto eran gli occhi miei fissi ed attenti  
a disbramarsi la decenne sete  
che gli altri sensi m'eran tutti spenti.

*Purg. xxxii.*

WHEN Dante made his fearful pilgrimage  
Through those dim circles of the souls accurst,  
And passed to Purgatory, and saw first  
The face of Beatrice—that most tender wage  
Of his great anguish—he would fain assuage  
By gazing on her his ten long years' thirst. . .  
E'en so I wait in lonely grief immersed,  
Dreaming when death shall close my finished page,  
I too may come and, gazing, satisfy  
My ten years' thirst for sight of you long hid . . .  
I too may hear, mayhap as Dante did,  
Your voice's music falling on mine ears,  
Cleaving the silence of those empty years . . .  
“*Look well . . . for I am Beatrice . . . even I . . .*”

ISABEL CLARKE.

## NEWBORN

SOFT little sigh, breathed out of my anguish,  
Rest on my heart—a fairy kiss  
Born from embrace of hope and of terror;  
From molten fear a drop of bliss.

Now let us rest, with thy head on my bosom,  
Unblemished thought from my tortured brain—  
From earthly womb, yet so near to heaven—  
Strength from my fainting, joy from my pain.

Crystal of life, I have ventured to find thee  
Into the blackness of horror and death;  
And there, in the dark and the mist have I found, in  
A whirlwind of crying, a Baby Breath.

DOROTHEA STILL.

# LA FAMILLE, L'ETAT, L'EGLISE, L'ECOLE ET L'ENFANT

L'ETAT et la famille se disputent le droit d'instruire, d'élever l'enfant. D'autre part l'Eglise regarde l'Etat comme usurpateur. L'école de l'Etat a remplacé en France, tend à remplacer dans un grand nombre d'états celle de l'Eglise. Car l'Eglise jadis élevait l'enfant et contre la famille parfois elle en a revendiqué le droit. Aujourd'hui elle est plutôt du côté de la famille contre l'Etat. Il y a là une curieuse et passionnante dispute de droits : droits de la famille, droits de l'Eglise, droits de l'Etat. C'est à la famille, disent les uns qu'appartient l'enfant ; c'est à l'Etat, prétendent les autres ; et l'Eglise affirme que c'est à elle que doit appartenir dès là qu'il est baptisé, l'âme du petit être ainsi disputé et tirillé.

Ne serait-il pas désirable, si c'était possible, de mettre en tout cela un peu d'ordre et de clarté ? . . . Dans notre France si malheureusement divisée l'Etat affirme son droit de forcer l'enfant à entendre les leçons de maîtres choisis par lui, et les instituteurs refusent le contrôle des familles sur leur enseignement parce que, représentant l'Etat, ils sont mieux qualifiés que les familles pour savoir ce qui convient à l'enfant ; de leur côté, les familles réclament contre l'enseignement des instituteurs, et il se fonde des associations de pères de famille pour contrôler cet enseignement ; l'Eglise enfin, par la voix de ses évêques, fait entendre des réclamations, et elle-même paraît n'accepter les associations de pères de famille qu'à la condition que ces associations reçoivent son inspiration et ses directions. Il y a là un tel brouhaha de voix discordantes, chacun apporte en faveur de ses revendications ou même de ses prétentions des arguments si spécieux et des raisons si plausibles que l'esprit tenté de donner

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raison tour à tour à chacun des adversaires ne sait plus auquel entendre ni finalement à quoi se résoudre.

Car comment refuser à la famille qui a procréé l'enfant, qui l'a nourri et qui l'entretient encore, qui subira la solidarité de sa conduite future, le droit de surveiller son éducation? Et d'autre part comment refuser à l'Etat le droit de contrôler l'éducation donnée par la famille et de suppléer à son insuffisance? L'Etat pourrait-il n'avoir pas le droit d'empêcher des parents de donner à leurs enfants un enseignement immoral ou antisocial, de les élever, par exemple, pour le vol ou pour la prostitution? Et si l'Etat a ainsi son droit de contrôle, s'il peut prononcer la déchéance paternelle, ne s'ensuit-il pas que ses droits sont antérieurs et supérieurs à ceux de la famille? Car celui qui contrôle est naturellement supérieur à celui qui est contrôlé, et celui qui peut déclarer déchu d'un pouvoir semble bien être celui-là même, et celui-là seul, dont est issu ce pouvoir. Comment enfin aux yeux des croyants l'Eglise, en face d'enfants catholiques, incorporés par le baptême à la vie spirituelle, pourrait-elle se désintéresser de leurs croyances et de leur moralité? Comment pourrait-elle, sans abdiquer, ne pas revendiquer le droit de contrôler les enseignements qui leur sont donnés et qui peuvent intéresser la foi et les mœurs? Elle aussi doit avoir un droit de contrôle, elle aussi doit pouvoir prononcer des déchéances.—La famille et l'Etat, pour les non-croyants, il faut y ajouter l'Eglise pour les croyants, semblent donc avoir des droits. Quels sont ces droits? Ils luttent entre eux et bataillent. Donc il y a quelqu'un des combattants qui, sous prétexte de droit, consciemment ou inconsciemment, voudrait usurper. Car la paix doit régner dans le domaine du droit, là où chacun voit tous ses droits respectés et respecte à son tour tous ceux d'autrui.

Essayons donc de déterminer la nature et la limite de chacun des droits qui entrent ici en conflit. Et pour cela remontons à leur origine.

# La Famille, l'Etat, l'Eglise,

## I

Le droit de la famille d'abord. Pourquoi le père et la mère ont-ils des droits sur l'enfant?

La réponse traditionnelle, qui est celle du droit romain, est que les parents ont sur les enfants une sorte de droit d'auteurs. Ils ont procréé l'enfant, l'enfant est comme le prolongement et la continuation de leur propre vie, l'enfant est à eux et dépend d'eux. Ils ont donc un droit sur lui. Ce droit constitue la puissance paternelle. Parmi les droits particuliers qui dérivent de ce droit général se trouve évidemment celui d'instruire, d'élever l'enfant, de lui inculquer les croyances de la famille, de le dresser conformément à ses moeurs. Les théologiens ajoutent à ces raisonnements du droit romain des considérations d'ordre religieux: Dieu ayant fait naître un enfant dans une famille a désigné naturellement cette famille pour être le milieu moral où l'enfant doit être élevé. Les parents seuls, en vertu de cette vocation ou désignation divine, ont le droit d'élever l'enfant.

Cependant saint Thomas, ainsi que tous les théologiens, —on peut dire: comme tout le monde depuis le christianisme—reconnait que la puissance paternelle est limitée. Le père n'a plus sur les enfants le droit de vie et de mort qu'il avait dans l'ancien droit. Le père n'a pas le droit de corrompre et de pervertir l'enfant. Il n'a pas le droit, ajoutent les théologiens, quand l'enfant a l'âge de raison, de l'empêcher de se faire baptiser, d'adhérer à la véritable Eglise. Et les canonistes ajoutent encore que le père n'a pas le droit d'empêcher ses enfants de se marier selon leur gré.

Tout cela prouve que, de l'aveu de tous, et même de ceux qui l'invoquent, l' "autorité" n'est pas l'origine du droit paternel. Car si le droit des parents tirait son origine du "droit d'auteur," la puissance paternelle, comme aux premiers temps du droit romain, ne devrait être ni limitée ni contrôlée. Elle ne serait pas susceptible de déchéance. Les parents, à titre d'auteurs, posséderaient l'enfant tout entier. Parce qu'il viendrait d'eux il serait à eux, il serait eux, leur devrait tout et ne pourrait rien

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sans eux. C'est bien ainsi que l'entendaient les XII Tables. Une telle conception de la puissance et des droits paternels paraît maintenant intolérable. Et par là même nous n'acceptons plus que la procréation, comme telle, soit l'origine du droit du père. Ce n'est pas uniquement parce qu'un enfant est né chez lui ou est né de lui que le père a des droits sur lui.

Allons plus loin et nous verrons que, d'après notre conception moderne, bien avant d'avoir des droits les parents ont des devoirs vis-à-vis de leur progéniture. Car avant que l'enfant soit né, la mère, par des manœuvres abortives, n'a pas le droit de s'en débarrasser; le père doit procurer à la mère en gésine ce qui lui est nécessaire. Après la naissance, père et mère doivent nourrir, entretenir et élever l'enfant.\* En sorte que les devoirs des parents en réalité précèdent leurs droits. D'où l'on est amené à conclure que c'est précisément de ces devoirs que le droit paternel procède. Les parents ayant des devoirs vis-à-vis de leurs enfants ont des droits par rapport à eux et par conséquent sur eux. Ils leur doivent les soins de l'âme aussi bien que les soins du corps, la culture de l'intelligence et de la moralité aussi bien que le vivre et le couvert, ils ont donc le droit de les instruire, de les élever, ils en ont le droit parce qu'ils en ont le devoir.

Depuis le christianisme l'enfant n'est plus considéré comme une simple prolongation de ses auteurs, comme un membre qui n'a d'autre rôle que de continuer la famille, c'est une personne morale qui est soumise aux plus hautes obligations et qui, à ce titre, possède des droits qui s'imposent absolument au respect. Il peut créer dans le monde le bien ou le mal, il possède cette puissance mystérieuse et sacrée, la liberté. Faible et nu à sa naissance il a besoin d'aide, il a droit à ce que ceux qui l'ont appelé à la vie lui fournissent les moyens de vivre; ignorant de tout, ne sachant ce qui est bien et ce qui est mal, il a droit à ce que ceux qui naturellement vivent avec lui éclairent devant lui la route, lui en montrent les pentes et les

\* Code Civil, Art. 203.

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raidillons, lui indiquent les lieux prospères et reposants, lui signalent les précipices. Or, c'est dans la famille qu'il trouvera avec l'affection spontanée qui rend tout facile, le milieu constant dont il a besoin pour en recevoir l'empreinte, pour y contracter les premières et nécessaires habitudes, l'atmosphère de tendresse, d'indulgence, de fermeté où se régleront ses premiers instincts, les paroles de chaque instant et les exemples de chaque jour qui éclaireront son esprit et fortifieront sa volonté. L'enseignement, l'éducation de la famille sont indispensables à l'enfant, à son développement moral, à son existence intégrale, il y a donc droit et c'est pour la famille un devoir de les lui donner. Mais en même temps c'est pour la famille un droit auquel elle ne peut renoncer. Car ce droit ne lui vient que d'un devoir. Et comme elle ne peut se dispenser du devoir elle ne saurait abdiquer le droit.

## II

Ainsi quand on parle des droits de la famille, c'est plutôt de ses devoirs et des droits primordiaux de l'enfant qu'il faut parler. Et le devoir même qui s'impose à l'enfant d'obéir pour se laisser éduquer, une partie, et de beaucoup la plus importante, des droits de sa famille sur lui ne dépendent que du devoir d'éducation qui s'impose à la famille, lequel à son tour dérive de la valeur, de la fonction naturelle, du droit même de l'enfant.

Depuis en effet que régnait le droit romain une révolution importante s'est produite dans la conception de la famille. Et c'est au christianisme qu'il convient d'en rapporter tout l'honneur. Avant le christianisme, ainsi que cela existe encore chez les Japonais et chez les Chinois, la famille était orientée au rebours même de la nature, vers le passé plutôt que vers l'avenir. Le culte des ancêtres oblige les descendants à vivre pour leurs ascendants. C'est surtout pour s'assurer la vie d'outre-tombe que le père désire des enfants et des enfants mâles, seuls capables de perpétuer le culte et d'entretenir par ce culte la vie des morts disparus. Ainsi les enfants naissent pour les pères, pour la famille, et l'avenir n'a d'autre fonction que de



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continuer et d'entretenir le passé. De là sans doute de fortes vertus et une structure solide de la famille, mais de là aussi beaucoup d'injustice et beaucoup d'abus: les filles sont méprisées, la femme stérile l'est également, la famille devient un être mystérieux et collectif auquel on sacrifie les individus, les parents marient leurs filles sans les consulter et imposent même à leurs fils les épouses qu'ils leur ont choisies. Ce qui dicte le choix des parents, c'est avant tout le souci de l'honneur ou de la fortune, de là résulte entre les époux une association d'intérêts qui laisse les cœurs libres et à peu près indépendants, d'où découle presque infailliblement une surveillance de la femme qui va jusqu'à l'esclavage, une indépendance de l'homme qui autorise le libertinage, en résumé l'oppression de la femme, le despotisme du mâle. Le despotisme du père en résulte également. Il est libre de reconnaître ses enfants ou de les exclure de la famille, parfois même de les condamner à mort; il s'approprie, jusqu'à ce qu'ils fondent à leur tour une famille, tous les fruits de leur travail. C'est une véritable perversion des lois naturelles: les enfants existent pour les pères et non les pères pour les enfants, l'avenir est au service du passé, les vivants sont au service des morts.

Saint Paul rappela l'économie des lois naturelles quand il écrivit aux Corinthiens: " Ce n'est pas aux fils à thésauriser pour les pères mais aux pères à thésauriser pour les fils." Et en rappelant ces lois il constatait simplement la révolution que le christianisme allait accomplir dans la conception de la famille et par suite dans toute sa constitution. L'enfant n'est plus un moyen, il est un but. But sacré, car l'enfant est fils de Dieu; but souverain, car l'enfant est appelé au Royaume. L'enfant n'est plus une chose, il devient une personne et non pas par l'effet d'une volonté humaine quelconque qui le reconnaît, qui l'adopte ou qui le libère, mais par le seul fait de sa conception. La fille vaut autant que le garçon. Et l'infirme autant que le bien portant, car toutes les âmes se valent, toutes ont été rachetées du même prix par le sang et la mort d'un Dieu, elles ont une valeur infinie et le but de la paternité con-

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siste à élever, à faire grandir ces âmes, à les préparer à leur vocation divine. A leur tour elles en élèveront d'autres. La solidarité de la famille se rétablit ainsi, mais en fonction de l'avenir. Si le passé fut bon, on peut le continuer et l'améliorer encore; s'il fut mauvais, on peut le corriger, le redresser et sur une souche amère enter des fruits savoureux. On n'est pas irrémédiablement enchaîné à une tradition funeste. On peut renier ses ancêtres au profit de ses neveux. L'invention du bien se trouve permise en face du mal, l'invention du mieux en face du bien. Le monde peut sans remords s'ouvrir au progrès.

Ainsi les pères ont vis-à-vis des enfants des devoirs avant que d'avoir des droits. Dès l'instant de la conception ils doivent respecter cette vie mystérieuse qui s'élabore et dont les prolongements sont infinis. Plus de droit à l'avortement. Plus de droit non plus à l'infanticide tel que le pratiqua Sparte, ou au désaveu, tel que l'ont connu à peu près tous les peuples antiques. La puissance paternelle existe et doit être respectée, mais comme elle a sa source dans les besoins, dans la considération même de l'enfant, elle y rencontre aussi ses limites. Et elle se restreint à mesure que l'on connaît mieux ce qu'exigent la vie, la valeur, la moralité de l'enfant. C'est pour cela que l'Eglise catholique n'a jamais voulu admettre, bien qu'au concile de Trente elle en ait été fortement sollicitée, que le consentement des parents fût indispensable au mariage, c'est pour cela que notre Code français a admis pour le mariage d'abord les actes respectueux, puis le simple avertissement. On a restreint la puissance paternelle, on a énuméré les motifs qui pourraient entraîner sa déchéance, la loi enfin a imposé au père de famille des obligations qui restreignent sa liberté et le rendent punissable s'il ne rend pas à l'enfant ce qui lui est dû. Dans ces dernières années la loi a même imposé aux parents l'obligation scolaire.

C'est à bon droit que l'établissement de cette sorte d'obligation a soulevé l'émotion publique. Par elle la loi ou l'Etat s'introduisait dans le sanctuaire familial et non plus comme protecteur et défenseur de la vie phy-

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sique, mais comme instigateur de la vie intellectuelle. A ses fonctions temporelles l'Etat ajoutait ou paraissait ajouter une fonction d'ordre spirituel. Et tout ce qui dans le monde s'intéresse à l'esprit, tout ce qui en a la préoccupation ou la garde, philosophie, théologie, franc-maçonnerie, Eglise, dut prendre parti. D'autant que le programme de l'école obligatoire ne se bornait pas aux notions scientifiques impersonnelles et incontestées: orthographe, grammaire, géographie, sciences physiques et calcul, mais qu'il comprenait l'enseignement de l'histoire et même celui de la morale. L'Etat, gardien de l'obligation, devait être surveillant de l'école ou maître d'école, de toute manière maître dans l'école. Maîtresse de l'heure, la franc-maçonnerie le poussait à prescrire l'obligation; tenue en suspicion ou vaincue, l'Eglise, par raison symétrique, ne pouvait qu'être opposée à l'établissement de la loi; surpris et ballottés en sens divers, tour à tour flattés, séduits, apeurés, les pères de famille ne comprenaient guère toute cette agitation, ils s'étonnaient à peu près également de l'ardeur des uns, de la résistance des autres. En même temps qu'on leur imposait l'obligation on leur donnait la gratuité et celle-ci leur paraissait pour celle-là une suffisante compensation. Ils étaient contents de l'école telle qu'elle était, l'instituteur d'Etat presque partout était bien vu et son enseignement estimé, ils ne voyaient pas ce que l'obligation pourrait bien changer dans l'enseignement lui-même. On peut dire que l'obligation, malgré son extrême et décisive importance, a été votée au milieu de l'indifférence générale des familles.

Cependant une autre loi votée tout de suite après, la loi de laïcité, donnait à l'obligation tout son sens et sa véritable portée. Dès longtemps la laïcité (on en trouve déjà des prodromes jusque dans les écrits du XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle) faisait partie du triple programme élaboré pour régir l'école. Sous le second Empire la gauche ne cessait de répéter que l'école devait être "laïque, gratuite et obligatoire," et le ministre Duruy avait, dès 1867, orienté en ce sens la législation. Or, ce mot seul de "laïcité"

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indiquait l'esprit dans lequel les promoteurs ardents de la loi entendaient que l'enseignement fût donné et les doctrines au service desquelles on espérait mettre l'obligation. Par la loi scolaire l'Etat prétendait donc imposer à la puissance paternelle une restriction nouvelle. Dans quelle mesure cette prétention était légitime, c'est ce que les principes que nous venons de poser vont nous permettre de découvrir.

## III

L'enfant, par le seul fait de sa conception, en sa qualité de futur fils de Dieu pour les chrétiens, de représentant futur de la moralité, de personne morale pour les simples philosophes, a droit à la vie et au développement normal de toutes les puissances vitales qui doivent lui servir à remplir vis-à-vis de Dieu son rôle, par rapport à la moralité sa fonction. Il n'a pas droit seulement à la vie physique, au vivre et au couvert, il a droit à la vie intellectuelle, à la vie morale, à la vie religieuse. Puisque les pères sont destinés à disparaître avant les enfants, la génération paternelle doit à la suivante de la mettre en état de subvenir seule à ses besoins et de remplir toutes ses fonctions. L'enfant doit donc être capable de se suffire. Pour cela il a besoin de posséder un certain nombre de connaissances. Il n'y a pas d'élevage humain sans instruction, sans éducation. Il faut apprendre à l'enfant la parole, et par la parole toutes les notions de la vie usuelle que représente le langage. On lui enseigne ainsi les propriétés et les usages des choses, le maniement des outils, les lois les plus générales de la nature. Il n'y a pas de tribu sauvage où l'on n'apprenne à l'enfant à ordonner ses pensées dans le temps et dans l'espace, et par suite où on ne lui enseigne un peu d'astronomie, un peu d'histoire, un peu de géographie. C'est de l'astronomie que de savoir le cours des saisons et même de connaître la succession régulière de la nuit au jour, du jour à la nuit; c'est de l'histoire que de savoir que Pierre est fils de Paul et que les troupeaux ont déjà séjourné dans tel paturage et c'est de la géographie que de savoir distinguer les uns des

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autres les paturages, les collines, les cours d'eau, les habitations. Et il y a de même partout une arithmétique rudimentaire. Les Mincopies qui n'ont de noms que pour les dix premiers nombres les apprennent à leurs enfants. Un être humain dépourvu des notions usuelles dans son milieu serait un être infirme, incomplet, un estropié de la pensée. Un homme même bien portant, qui ne saurait rien de ce que savent les autres serait dans un tel état d'infériorité que la vigueur physique ne pourrait lui servir de rien. Il ne serait qu'une proie plus convoitée.

Donc à proportion que la civilisation s'accroît, à mesure que le nombre usuel des connaissances augmente, il est nécessaire de donner à l'enfant une instruction plus étendue. L'enseignement traditionnel purement verbal arrive à ne plus suffire, il y faut le secours de la lecture et de l'écriture. En nos temps un homme qui ne sait ni lire ni écrire est un être d'ordre inférieur. Il vaudrait mieux pour lui être boiteux ou manchot. Donc si les parents ont le devoir de ne pas laisser atrophier les membres du corps ils ont aussi le devoir de donner à l'esprit une instruction peut-être plus indispensable encore que les membres mêmes. Et si l'Etat a le droit, parce qu'il en a le devoir, de protéger contre des parents malveillants, paresseux ou insoucians le développement physique de l'enfant, comment pourrait-on lui refuser, au nom du même devoir, le droit de protéger la naissante vie intellectuelle, de veiller à ce qu'on l'instruise, c'est-à-dire à ce qu'on la munisse de toutes les notions qui en sont comme les outils indispensables?

D'où vient ce droit de l'Etat de veiller ainsi sur l'enfant, de restreindre la puissance paternelle, de la diriger et au besoin de se substituer à elle? Toujours du droit de l'enfant. Car si l'on pose en principe que le droit de l'enfant impose des devoirs à la famille et si d'autre part il appert de faits avérés que la famille ne remplit pas toujours ses obligations, que le droit de l'enfant a besoin d'être protégé, qui doit exercer cette protection sinon l'Etat et les magistrats que dans ce but il devra instituer? Car qu'est-ce que l'Etat sinon l'ensemble des institutions

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qui ont pour but de garantir et de promouvoir la vie nationale et l'ensemble des personnes, des magistrats qui ont pour fonction de sauvegarder et de développer cette même vie?

Si l'Etat a le droit d'obliger le père à nourrir convenablement son fils, en vertu des mêmes raisons il a évidemment le droit de l'obliger à l'instruire. Et voilà l'obligation scolaire. Cette obligation ne peut pas être une simple obligation de conscience. Il faut des prescriptions positives et des sanctions, un contrôle qui permette de s'assurer que la loi est observée.

Ainsi donc l'instruction est devenue obligatoire parce qu'on a vu en elle une partie intégrante et nécessaire de l'assistance que les parents doivent aux enfants. Et cela même précise les limites de cette instruction : Savoir lire, écrire, rédiger et calculer, posséder quelques notions de géographie et des choses usuelles, cela est nécessaire, mais cela suffit pour qu'un enfant ne soit pas vis-à-vis de ses contemporains en état de débilité intellectuelle. Tels sont aussi bien à peu près—ou tels devraient être—les programmes de nos écoles primaires.

L'obligation ici, comme pour la nourriture, le logis et le vêtement porte sur les parents. C'est la famille qui doit l'instruction comme tout le reste. Seulement comme il arrive, en fait, que dans la plupart des cas la famille ne peut pas donner elle-même l'instruction soit faute de compétence, soit encore faute de temps, elle est obligée de se faire suppléer. Mais beaucoup de familles seraient insoucieuses d'opérer elles-mêmes le choix de leurs suppléants; et d'autre part, en France après la Révolution, l'Etat seul était à même de fournir à l'enseignement primaire un nombre suffisant de maîtres, l'Etat par suite a ouvert des écoles publiques et les a mises à la disposition des familles. En fait, dans plus de la moitié de la France, ce n'est pas seulement l'instruction primaire qui est devenue obligatoire, c'est aussi l'école publique, l'école d'Etat.

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## IV

Certains disciples d'Auguste Comte soutiennent qu'en ouvrant des écoles, l'Etat commet une usurpation, qu'il empiète sur le domaine spirituel. Les sciences, en ce qu'elles ont de positif, de démontré, d'incontestable et d'incontesté font sans doute partie du patrimoine spirituel de l'humanité. Mais ne faut-il pas reconnaître qu'il y a un matériel et comme un temporel de l'esprit qui, étant impersonnel et au-dessus des discussions, s'impose à tous, que tous, sous peine de démente, doivent accepter et respecter? La grammaire, l'orthographe, l'arithmétique, la géographie ne sont à personne parce qu'elles sont également à tous, ne dépendent que de la raison, n'intéressent que l'intelligence de l'homme; elles sont dans l'esprit au service de l'esprit, elles ne constituent pas l'esprit même. Il en est ainsi de tout l'acquis scientifique. Toutes les vérités universellement acceptées par les Chinois aussi bien que par les Européens, par les Allemands aussi bien que par les Français, par les catholiques aussi bien que par les protestants, par les chrétiens aussi bien que par les bouddhistes sont des moyens dont l'homme se sert pour améliorer sa vie et principalement sa vie matérielle, pour augmenter sa puissance sur la nature, sa richesse et son bien-être. A ce titre l'Etat, qui a la charge de protéger et de promouvoir le commun bien-être, a le droit, le devoir même de favoriser le progrès scientifique et de veiller à ce que les citoyens reçoivent dans leur enfance le minimum d'instruction indispensable au bien-être commun, à la paix sociale. Tout ce qui est conservation du corps, ordre matériel, bien-être physique, appartient au temporel. Les sciences positives étant utiles, nécessaires même pour tout cela, l'Etat ne saurait usurper en les enseignant ou en veillant à ce qu'elles soient suffisamment enseignées. Il ne touche pas ainsi au spirituel.

Mais il y touche au contraire et commet ainsi une véritable usurpation dès que par delà les sciences positives dont le résultat est incontesté et s'impose à tous, l'Etat prétend enseigner une doctrine de la vie, par voie d'affirmation ou de négation arrive à donner une solution

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au problème de la destinée. La question de la vie future, la question religieuse dépassent sa compétence.

Dans aucune des nations civilisées du monde ne règne l'unanimité spirituelle. Après avoir essayé de maintenir l'unité chrétienne, le conformisme religieux, fatigués de luttes stériles, les Etats ont reconnu leur incompétence, ils ont laissé les citoyens libres de croire ou de ne pas croire à la vie future, libres de professer les religions, de pratiquer ou de ne pas pratiquer les cultes qui se réfèrent à ces croyances. Ainsi l'Etat garde le matériel, ce qui importe au bien-être sensible, à la prospérité économique, tout ce qui constitue le temporel, il se retire du spirituel, il refuse de mettre sa force au service des diverses conceptions spirituelles, il se réserve les corps et laisse libres les âmes. Moins par indifférence que par impuissance. Et cette impuissance est double, elle vient à la fois des insuffisances des lumières et des insuffisances des moyens d'action. L'Etat n'a reçu aucune illumination spéciale qui puisse, au milieu des contestations philosophiques et religieuses, lui faire voir clairement où est le vrai et toute sa violence échoue contre les rébellions intimes des âmes. Il n'a donc qu'à se taire et à s'effacer. L'enseignement des vérités scientifiques demeurant incontesté, l'Etat peut le donner sans risquer de troubler la paix. Il en serait autrement s'il prétendait enseigner une religion ou même une simple philosophie. Voilà pourquoi l'école française s'est trouvée à peu près nécessairement aboutir à la neutralité religieuse et philosophique.

La neutralité en effet peut avoir deux sens: ou elle s'entend simplement d'une neutralité confessionnelle, l'école neutre sera alors celle où on n'abordera pas les questions religieuses proprement dites, une morale neutre sera celle qui ne fera appel à aucun dogme révélé ou prétendu tel, qui, ne s'appuyant que sur la raison et la tradition communes, ne sera pas plus spécifiquement catholique que juive ou que protestante. Rationnelle et traditionnelle elle est commune à tous et s'impose à tous. Tous l'acceptent et nul ne peut être offusqué qu'on enseigne ses préceptes. C'est la bonne vieille morale de



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nos pères, la morale des honnêtes gens, selon la formule de Jules Ferry. Tel est le sens que l'on donnait à la neutralité scolaire au moment où se discutait la loi de 1882. Malgré la répulsion que souleva à l'origine cette sorte de neutralité, répulsion d'ailleurs provoquée surtout par les intentions et les espérances antireligieuses qui animaient véritablement les promoteurs de la loi, on peut bien aujourd'hui avouer que, prise en elle-même, cette neutralité confessionnelle était acceptable et même ne pouvait froisser personne. Car ceux qui paraissaient les plus susceptibles, les catholiques, auraient pu y reconnaître l'effet d'une distinction familière à tous leurs auteurs. Tous les théologiens distinguent en effet la morale naturelle, qui relève spécialement de la raison, et suffit à constituer l'honnête homme, et la morale surnaturelle, révélée, qui est indispensable au chrétien. La morale neutre, telle qu'on l'entendait en 1882, n'était autre chose que la morale naturelle et rationnelle et elle s'appuyait sur les principes du spiritualisme classique. La loi ne le proclamait pas, mais le Conseil supérieur de l'Instruction publique, mais les circulaires interprétatives de la loi (et ces circulaires demeurent encore en vigueur) affirmaient que la neutralité des programmes moraux était seulement confessionnelle et n'était nullement philosophique.

Mais il y a un deuxième sens que peut prendre le mot de neutralité: on peut soutenir que l'enseignement moral donné par l'école doit être philosophiquement neutre, c'est-à-dire pouvoir s'adapter à toutes les philosophies, à la libre-pensée de toutes nuances, au matérialisme, au Kantisme, au positivisme, aussi bien qu'au spiritualisme. Il n'est pas douteux qu'en refusant d'inscrire dans le texte de la loi les principes spiritualistes et tout au moins l'existence de Dieu, les promoteurs de la loi et la majorité qui les a suivis, espéraient aboutir un jour ou l'autre, sous le couvert de la neutralité confessionnelle, à cette neutralité absolue et philosophique. La morale une fois proclamée indépendante de toutes les religions devait aussi revendiquer son indépendance vis-à-vis de toutes

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les philosophies. C'est à ce point que nous en sommes aujourd'hui.

Et il semble bien que la logique immanente dût y aboutir. Car si l'Etat, au milieu de la diversité des croyances religieuses est incompetent, ne peut que s'abstenir de prononcer et demeurer neutre, au milieu de la diversité des opinions, du tintamarre des cervelles philosophiques, comme dit Montaigne, il n'est pas moins incompetent et ne doit par conséquent pas moins s'abstenir et demeurer neutre. Par suite le programme de l'enseignement moral qu'il fera donner à l'école par ses instituteurs le trouvera condamné à être scrupuleusement muet sur toutes les questions dont les solutions sont controversées, sur l'existence de l'âme, sur la vie future, sur l'existence de Dieu.

## V

Dès qu'on arrive à ces conclusions, de toutes parts s'élèvent des protestations. A droite, les catholiques, les protestants, les libres-penseurs spiritualistes soutiennent qu'il n'y saurait y avoir un enseignement moral solide s'il ne reconnaît pas la spiritualité et l'immortalité de l'âme, s'il ne s'appuie pas sur Dieu. Sans un législateur, sans un juge, sans un sujet libre de la Loi peut-il y avoir une Loi, une obligation, une sanction et qu'est-ce qu'une morale qui n'admet ni obligation, ni sanction? C'est un édifice à la fois sans faite et sans fondement, un amas de ruines fragiles.—A gauche, ceux qui ne voient de pensée libre que dans la négation radicale protestent qu'on les opprime si on leur interdit de professer l'athéisme, le matérialisme et de proclamer la fausseté de toutes les religions. Les uns et les autres soutiennent que la neutralité mutile leur pensée et fait violence à leurs convictions les plus intimes. Aucun enseignement moral ne peut être neutre, et comme il n'y a pas de branche de l'enseignement où la morale ne doive trouver sa place, aucun enseignement ne peut être neutre. L'instituteur, pour être neutre, devrait abdiquer sa conscience, mutiler son âme, se déshonorer devant ses élèves et devant lui-même.

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Comment rester neutre devant une page d'un grand écrivain? Comment rester neutre devant les événements de l'histoire? L'instituteur doit faire preuve de virilité intellectuelle et de décision morale; s'il se résignait à être neutre, ce ne serait qu'un eunuque de la pensée.

Il faut reconnaître la valeur de quelques-unes de ces déductions. Il n'y a pas, il ne peut pas y avoir de morale neutre. La morale est la règle de la vie humaine et cette règle ne peut être que conditionnée par l'idée que l'on se fait de la vie. Un matérialiste, un athée ne peuvent avoir la même conception de la vie qu'un spiritualiste et un chrétien voit de même dans la vie autre chose que ce qu'y voit un simple déiste. On n'arrange pas de la même manière une chambre d'hôtel où l'on ne fait que passer et la maison où l'on sait devoir demeurer. Notre vie se règle d'après ce que nous croyons devoir en faire. Si nous ne voyons en elle qu'une fleur, qui, après l'épanouissement, doit disparaître à jamais, nous ne songerons qu'à lui donner l'épanouissement le plus enchanteur et le plus durable; si au contraire nous croyons que de cette fleur, après sa disparition, doit sortir un fruit qui lui donne toute sa valeur, nous saurons restreindre et même, s'il le faut, abréger l'épanouissement pour assurer la production, la maturité du fruit. Et l'homme valant ce que vaut sa vie il s'ensuivra que les doctrines qui, comme le christianisme, donnent à la vie une valeur infinie, par les suites éternelles qu'elle doit avoir, estimeront aussi infiniment la personne humaine, ce qui rendra cette dernière inviolable et sacrée, sacrée même dans l'infirmité, même dans l'enfance et même avant qu'elle ait goûté la lumière, d'où résultera l'assistance obligatoire des misérables, la condamnation de l'infanticide, de l'avortement. Au contraire les doctrines qui voient dans la tombe la limite ultime de la vie ne peuvent ordonner de sacrifier à une vie bornée, déjetée, misérable, infirme, ou informe encore, les puissances d'autres vies saines. Car c'est comme un axiome de la raison que le supérieur ne doit pas être sacrifié à l'inférieur, ce qui vaut plus à ce qui vaut moins et il apparaîtrait insensé celui qui paierait

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cinq louis un billet de cinquante francs. Il est donc évident que les **maximes** morales doivent changer avec les doctrines. Et que toute doctrine entraîne après elle sa morale comme conséquence. Si Jules Ferry a pu dire qu'il n'y a qu'une morale, "la bonne vieille morale de nos pères, la morale des honnêtes gens," c'est parce qu'au moment où il parlait une certaine unanimité morale régnait encore, les **maximes** morales du christianisme paraissaient encore acceptées de tous. Cependant déjà la loi du divorce avait montré l'existence de divergences morales; Spencer s'était demandé si la pitié pour les incurables n'était pas une duperie, Nietzsche avait proclamé, après Renan, les droits du surhomme. Et depuis, nous voyons prêcher, même aux classes populaires, le droit à la libre maternité et pratiquer, sinon tout à fait ouvertement proclamer encore, le droit à l'avortement. Notre plaie nationale, la diminution de la natalité, ne vient que de l'oubli de la morale chrétienne.

La morale ne peut donc pas être neutre et toute morale est liée à une doctrine de la vie. Mais la conséquence qui en résulte n'est pas nécessairement que l'Etat, que l'école, que l'instituteur d'Etat ne peuvent pas être neutres, il en résulte simplement que l'Etat, que son école, son instituteur sont incompétents pour enseigner la morale. La morale étant affaire doctrinale n'est pas affaire d'Etat.

Qu'est-ce à dire et l'école devra-t-elle, pourra-t-elle se désintéresser de la morale? N'importe-t-il pas au bon ordre social que les autorités soient respectées, que les citoyens soient bien convaincus qu'ils ne doivent ni assassiner, ni voler, ni mentir, ni se livrer à la débauche? Conçoit-on que des enfants puissent être réunis, vivre en commun, recevoir un enseignement historique ou littéraire sans que aucune règle morale discipline leur communauté, sans qu'aucune doctrine morale anime et dirige l'enseignement?—La question qui paraît ardue n'est pourtant pas insoluble. Si l'Etat en effet étant doctrinalement incompétent et ne pouvant par là même être que neutre, ne peut professer ni enseigner une véritable

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morale, l'Etat cependant ne pourrait vivre sans un ordre social, sans une discipline sociale, sans des règles pratiques acceptées par tous les bons citoyens, par tous les honnêtes gens et auxquels les actes sociaux doivent se conformer sous peine de répression. Il y a un Code pénal qui réprime les contraventions, les délits, les crimes qui troublent l'ordre social. Il est possible que quelques-unes de ces règles, sous l'influence du changement des doctrines puissent un jour ou l'autre être contestées, que quelques-uns des articles du Code pénal tombent en désuétude, soient abrogés ou soient remplacés par d'autres, en fait le Code pénal existe et avec lui et par lui une discipline sociale, un **minimum** d'ordre social. S'inspirant du Code pénal de la grande société, la société scolaire aura aussi son Code pénal, son enseignement disciplinaire que l'on peut résumer ainsi: Obéis au maître et au règlement; ne vole pas; ne bats pas tes camarades; ne mens pas; ne fais pas de polissonneries. Ces cinq règles ne peuvent pas être contestées.\* Si l'on réfléchit qu'elles reproduisent cinq commandements du Décalogue et que l'enfant dressé à les observer serait loin d'être **moralement** dépourvu, on trouvera peut-être que l'instituteur en les enseignant, en veillant à leur observation n'aurait pas failli à la plus noble partie de sa tâche. Et pour peu qu'il en presse les conséquences il devra en faire sortir ces autres **maximes**: Aime les autres hommes, viens leur en aide, aime ta famille, tes parents et ton pays, obéis aux **commandements** paternels, aux lois de la patrie comme tu obéis aux lois scolaires.

Aucune grande doctrine ne peut redire à ces règles et l'instituteur peut trouver en elles, sans risquer de blesser personne, tout ce qui est nécessaire pour nourrir et animer son enseignement. Il est possible qu'il se sente contraint à ne pas dire tout ce qu'il pense, et que, par respect pour les consciences qui lui sont confiées, il doive réprimer quelques élans intérieurs, mais s'il a nettement conscience de la valeur et des limites de sa mission, il ne pourra se

\* Cf. notre brochure : *L'Etat moderne et la neutralité scolaire*; in-12, Blond.

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sentir ni amoindri ni diminué et mutilé moins encore. Investi d'une haute fonction sociale, à laquelle s'imposent comme à toutes les autres, les lois de la division du travail, il trouvera dans l'esprit même de cette fonction qui dans l'état actuel de la France exige la neutralité toute la sève intérieure qui suffit à animer son enseignement. Cet esprit, de très haute essence, c'est le respect des consciences, c'est le souci de n'abuser pas, au profit de ses idées personnelles, de l'ascendant qu'il ne doit qu'à sa fonction, le souci de ne pas commettre et vis-à-vis de l'Etat et vis-à-vis des familles et des enfants, un véritable abus de confiance. Il saura se restreindre dans l'enseignement moral comme, fût-il le plus grand mathématicien ou le plus grand physicien du monde, il devrait se restreindre dans l'enseignement de l'arithmétique et dans les leçons de choses. Il trouvera dans ces règles élémentaires, admises par tous, qu'il ne saurait répudier sans se trouver par là même inapte à la fonction qu'il prétendrait exercer, la matière suffisante de tout son enseignement. Car ces règles sont nécessaires, mais elles sont suffisantes à l'enseignement scolaire.

## VI

Il faut maintenant aller plus loin et reconnaître que si ces règles suffisent à l'école elles ne sauraient suffire à la vie. Elles édictent en effet une discipline, elles ne constituent pas une morale. Elles suffisent à régler l'extérieur, le matériel des actions et par là à assurer un ordre social; elles ne suffisent pas à donner à la vie entière avec son esprit une direction, une inspiration. Or, la vie morale ne vaut et n'existe même que par son esprit. En dehors de l'éducation, de la discipline extérieure qui n'est guère qu'un dressage, il y a une éducation de la moralité intérieure. Si l'instituteur d'Etat ne peut pas être l'organe de cette éducation intégrale il faut donc qu'elle trouve un autre organe. L'enfant a besoin que cette fonction s'accomplisse en sa faveur et, par cela même, l'enfant y a droit.

Quel est donc l'organe social qui peut donner, qui

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même est le seul à pouvoir donner, qui par cela même a le devoir et par suite le droit de donner cette éducation morale complète? C'est évidemment la famille. C'est l'esprit de la famille qui, dès les premières émotions de la sensibilité, dès l'aurore de l'intelligence, dès les premières propulsions de la volonté baigne, pour ainsi dire, l'enfant d'une atmosphère morale. Par l'exemple, par la parole, par toutes les réactions sensibles s'opère une imprégnation de l'âme. Et il serait aussi vain qu'erroné d'en contester le bienfait. Il n'est pas possible qu'il en soit autrement. L'enfant agit avant de pouvoir agir par raison; il agit donc par imitation, par sentiment, par habitude et en somme par préjugé. Il serait insensé et criminel, nous l'avons montré ailleurs,\* sous prétexte de respecter la liberté ultérieure de l'enfant, de vouloir le priver de toute éducation sentimentale, idéale, en attendant qu'il soit en état de choisir lui-même entre les sentiments et les idées. Car de toutes parts, sentiments et idées se proposent à son esprit et s'imposent par des prestiges qui n'ont rien de rationnel. Les instincts mêmes de l'enfant, s'ils n'étaient pas dirigés et modifiés, parfois même combattus, créeraient en lui des habitudes, des préjugés d'egoïsme qui à peu près sûrement le rendraient plus tard malheureux et malfaisant. L'enfant a le droit d'être mis en état d'être heureux et bienfaisant, de créer autour de soi le bien-être et de le sentir. La famille a donc le devoir de donner à l'enfant l'éducation morale complète, de le dresser aux habitudes pratiques qui constituent la moralité extérieure, de l'imprégner des croyances, des sentiments, des idées, de l'esprit enfin qui réalise la moralité intérieure. Et jusqu'à ce que l'enfant puisse par lui-même juger et se décider, la famille est et ne peut être que souveraine.

La conséquence immédiate et évidente c'est que la famille a le droit de se choisir des remplaçants et des suppléants qui remplissent auprès de l'enfant un rôle que la famille se juge elle-même incapable de remplir. Mais

\* *Catholicisme et libre pensée*, p. 58-62, in-12, Blond.

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c'est la famille—et elle seule—qui a le droit parce qu'elle en a le devoir, de se faire remplacer, de reconnaître les limites où expire sa compétence, de se faire suppléer au-delà de ces limites, de choisir et remplaçants et suppléants. C'est ce droit de la famille issu des droits de l'enfant qui fonde le droit à la liberté d'enseignement et non seulement le droit à la liberté de l'enseignement moral mais même à la liberté de toute sorte d'enseignement.

## VII

Pourvu qu'elle satisfasse à l'obligation la famille est libérée, le droit de l'enfant est respecté et l'Etat ne peut rien exiger de plus. La famille demeure donc libre ou de donner elle-même l'instruction ou de se faire suppléer par des maîtres de son choix. Pour éviter que les familles ne soient dupes et que l'incompétence des maîtres ne fasse échec à l'obligation, l'Etat peut exiger des maîtres choisis la production de certains diplômes qui attestent leur compétence. La limite du programme de ces diplômes se trouve précisée dans leur but même. Il faut et il suffit que les maîtres soient en état de donner l'instruction primaire telle qu'elle a été définie plus haut. Toute autre exigence de l'Etat, telle que celle d'exclure à cause de leur profession, de leur costume ou de leurs croyances telles ou telles personnes du droit d'être agréées par les familles pour suppléer ces dernières dans la tâche de l'enseignement, est une exigence abusive et qui manque évidemment de fondement juridique.

Car si la neutralité spirituelle est possible dans les écoles de l'Etat, si elle s'impose dans ces écoles; si même, rigoureusement observée, bien entendue et complétée, grâce à la famille, par une éducation morale intégrale, elle peut avoir ses bonnes parties et ses qualités, on ne peut cependant dire que cette neutralité constitue le moyen le meilleur de l'éducation. Sans doute elle habitue l'enfant à discerner parmi les idées morales celles qui sont universellement admises parmi ses contemporains, à respecter les expressions de la conscience d'autrui, mais elle risque aussi d'éveiller dans l'âme les germes d'un scept-



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ticisme moral redoutable, surtout elle risque de lui faire apparaître la société des hommes comme irrémédiablement morcelée et divisée, de lui présenter l'homme même non pas comme une unité vivante, mais comme un ajustage artificiel et plus ou moins réussi fait de pièces et de morceaux. La neutralité, comme l'école d'Etat dont elle est la conséquence, n'est en somme qu'un pis-aller, un moyen historique, momentané, au service d'une fin, l'expansion de l'instruction élémentaire.

L'idéal de l'éducation consiste au contraire en ce que l'enfant soit constamment imprégné d'une atmosphère morale complète. L'éducateur, vivant lui-même d'une vie humaine intégrale, ne considère aucune connaissance, fût-ce même la plus abstraite, sans la replacer dans le milieu spirituel, concret et vivant où cette connaissance n'est plus purement intellectuelle mais constitue un élément de la vie morale. Dans une telle éducation, la seule complète et la seule vraie, toute acquisition nouvelle devient aliment d'humanité. Et les "humanités" ne sont plus restreintes à l'étude de telle ou telle littérature ni même à l'étude des belles-lettres, elles sont l'esprit qui imprègne et anime toutes les leçons, toutes les sortes d'études. Cela n'empêche pas l'observation des lois de la critique et de la division du travail, mais après avoir observé rigoureusement les méthodes de l'analyse, l'éducateur véritable et intégral ne se fait pas faute de montrer la place de la partie dans le tout, de compléter l'analyse par la synthèse. Toute connaissance acquise par l'intelligence, toute émotion éprouvée par la sensibilité, toute habitude prise par la volonté sont d'abord corrélatives entre elles, contribuent à faire l'homme et chacune d'elles est un des fils de la trame où s'ourdit notre destinée. Chaque vie humaine doit être un poème, une symphonie où vibrent les universels accords; on ne peut apprendre à vivre si l'on oublie trop et de parti pris le plan du poème, le motif essentiel autour duquel viennent comme s'enrouler les motifs particuliers. Les perspectives de la vie changent avec l'idée que l'on se fait de la destinée humaine. Cette idée est comme un esprit subtil qui

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s'insinue à travers tous les discours et leur donne avec un accent particulier toute une coloration. L'éducation n'est pas complète si à travers les gestes et les paroles de l'éducateur l'enfant ne perçoit pas comme le son de son âme. Ce n'est que par un effort d'abstraction, par une violence faite à la nature que l'on peut séparer l'instruction de l'éducation, les notions purement intellectuelles des vibrations émotives que ces notions doivent revêtir pour s'incorporer dans la vie. Cette sorte de mutilation peut être rendue nécessaire par les contingences historiques, elle peut être un moindre mal, en elle même elle n'est jamais un bien. Heureux les pays où l'école ne le connaît pas!

Si donc des familles réunies par une communion de croyances, par une communauté d'esprit veulent épargner à leurs enfants une éducation ainsi mutilée et les faire bénéficier d'une éducation intégrale où les éducateurs laissent librement parler leur âme, où, n'étant plus réduits à n'être que des intelligences, ils pourront librement, pour former des hommes, laisser s'exprimer toute leur humanité, l'Etat ne peut que reconnaître le droit des familles. L'enfant a droit à l'éducation et à l'éducation intégrale; la famille a le devoir d'élever l'enfant de son mieux, de le faire homme le plus possible, l'Etat a donc le devoir de laisser à la famille la liberté. Bien loin d'être suspecte à l'Etat cette liberté, cette initiative des familles doit au contraire être encouragée car elle décharge l'Etat et, tendant à le libérer d'une fonction qui n'est pas essentiellement la sienne, lui permet de mieux s'acquitter des autres.

## VIII

L'Etat n'abdique cependant pas entre les mains des familles son droit de contrôle et de haute surveillance. Si la famille abusait de son pouvoir, si les éducateurs désignés par les familles ou trahissaient leur confiance ou même si, par impossible, d'accord avec les familles ils dressaient l'enfant au mensonge, au vol, à la débauche, s'ils travaillaient à en faire un transgresseur habituel

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du Code pénal, il n'est pas douteux que, de même que l'Etat doit protéger l'enfant contre les sévices matériels, il a également le droit de le protéger contre une éducation perverse qui serait une série continue de sévices moraux. Et ici au devoir de protéger l'enfant s'ajouterait pour l'Etat le devoir de protéger contre cette formation criminelle l'ensemble des citoyens. Mais les limites de ces droits et de ces devoirs de l'Etat sont nettement fixées par le Code pénal lui-même. Tout ce qui n'est pas expressément défendu par le Code pénal est permis, toute loi qui ne fait que régler certains cas sans être expressément impérative ou prohibitive est soumise à la libre discussion et dans les pays libres on a le droit même, pourvu que l'on s'y soumette pratiquement, de discuter le Code pénal. L'enseignement libre a donc le droit de discuter et même de réprouber certaines formes légales. Le professeur de morale a le droit de condamner le divorce de la même manière que le professeur de législation a le droit de blâmer le contrat dotal ou de montrer les avantages qu'entraînerait la liberté de tester. On doit avoir dans l'école libre le droit de mettre en question le bien-fondé des lois et même des institutions. La seule chose qui y soit insupportable c'est l'excitation à la révolte, à l'emploi de la violence, aux crimes, aux délits de droit commun. Incompétent pour les choses de l'esprit, dans nos sociétés civilisées, l'Etat n'a droit qu'à exercer une surveillance de police matérielle sur laquelle s'est établi l'accord de la quasi unanimité des citoyens.

C'est donc à la famille et à la famille seule que ressortit avec l'esprit inspirateur et directeur, toute l'intégralité de l'éducation morale. Mais par cela même la famille est apte à reconnaître tantôt son incompetence, tantôt son insuffisance et de désigner ceux qui doivent suppléer son insuffisance et compléter l'œuvre qu'elle-même se déclare impuissante à achever. Cela arrive dans l'enseignement scientifique et littéraire. Cela peut arriver dans l'enseignement purement spirituel, dans l'éducation morale. Cela doit arriver nécessairement si la famille fait entrer dans sa conception de la vie humaine, dans tout l'esprit qui l'

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anime des éléments d'un ordre distinct de la raison naturelle et qu'elle regarde comme supérieurs.

Les familles catholiques qui voient dans l'Eglise et dans tout son sacerdoce la parole autorisée de la vérité morale comme de la vérité dogmatique ont donc le droit, parce qu'elles en ont le devoir, de confier aux prêtres l'éducation morale de leurs enfants.

A son tour, vis-à-vis de ces familles croyantes, l'Eglise, société des âmes comme l'Etat est la société des corps, l'Eglise, cité spirituelle comme l'Etat est la cité temporelle, a le droit de donner cet enseignement moral, de contrôler celui que les familles donnent chez elles ou qu'à l'école on donne en leur nom.

Ce droit, l'Eglise affirme, au nom de la Vérité suprême, qu'elle l'a reçu de Dieu et qu'en lui-même il ne dépend pas du consentement des familles. Cependant l'Eglise n'a jamais prétendu imposer ses lois aux êtres humains sans leur aveu ou celui de leurs ayants droits. C'est ainsi que l'Eglise ne se reconnaît aucun droit magistral sur les infidèles, sur la multitude de ceux qui, païens, juifs, musulmans, bouddhistes ou libres penseurs, ne lui ont jamais été incorporés par un Baptême valide. Saint Thomas interdit même de baptiser sans le consentement des familles les petits enfants des juifs ou des infidèles.\* Mais l'Eglise revendique tout son droit vis-à-vis des baptisés. Elle ne tient pas ce droit de leur adhésion volontaire à la vérité mais de cette Vérité même.

Cependant, en fait, ce droit ne peut s'exercer et emporter son effet que du consentement des familles. Car aucun droit n'arrive à se réaliser en ce monde s'il n'a une force matérielle à son service. Même les plus spirituels exigent des réalisations corporelles, des paroles, des pratiques, des gestes, des actes. Or l'Eglise ne possède en elle-même qu'une puissance morale et d'essence entièrement spirituelle. Elle ne peut donc en fait contrôler l'enseignement des familles que si les familles y consentent. Mais comment des familles croyantes n'y

\* *Sum-theol.* 2a, 2æ, qu. x, art. 12—3a, qu. lxxviii, art. 10.

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consentiraient-elles pas? Comment des parents qui veulent être catholiques pour eux-mêmes, quand il s'agit de l'éducation de leurs enfants pourraient-ils cesser de l'être? et démentir ainsi brusquement leur volonté? La foi des familles leur fait une obligation de se prêter au contrôle de l'Eglise.

Et la conséquence de cette foi va plus loin encore: elle oblige les familles catholiques à soumettre l'enseignement moral donné à leurs enfants au contrôle de l'Eglise. Pour les raisons assez évidentes déduites plus haut. L'enseignement donné dans les écoles au nom des familles aussi bien que celui que donne la famille même. Et par conséquent celui des écoles de l'Etat. Nous voici au vif du problème. Car à l'énoncé de cette conclusion on va dire que nous soumettons par elle l'Etat à l'Eglise et que nous commettons par là même le crime de cléricisme. Et on ajoutera que l'Eglise étant séparée de l'Etat n'a aucun moyen légal d'exercer un contrôle quel qu'il soit sur les écoles publiques.

Ces reproches n'ont rien qui puisse nous émouvoir. Nous parlons de droit et de devoir et on nous objecte de la politique. Venons simplement au fait. Le devoir et le droit corrélatif des familles sont incontestables. A la vérité et en dehors de quelques étatistes outrés, ils ne sont pas même contestés. Les derniers règlements adoptés par notre Conseil supérieur édictent toute une procédure qui tout au moins reconnaît, si elle ne les sauvegarde pas tout à fait, les droits primordiaux des familles. Les parents ont le droit de connaître les titres des ouvrages proposés pour être mis entre les mains des élèves, ils ont le droit de les examiner et de faire entendre leurs réclamations à l'autorité scolaire. Or, il est de toute évidence que dans l'exercice de ce droit comme dans celui de tous les autres les citoyens sont libres de consulter les compétences qu'ils veulent, de suivre les directions qu'il leur plaît. Ils ont le droit de consulter un prêtre aussi bien qu'un avocat, de s'en référer à un texte ecclésiastique aussi bien qu'à un texte philosophique quelconque. Personne ne blâmerait un père de famille qui demanderait la suppression d'un

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manuel de morale sur l'autorité de l'honorable M. Boutroux ou de l'honorable M. Lachelier, la suppression d'un manuel d'histoire sur l'autorité de l'honorable M. Lavisse, tout père de famille a donc le droit de diriger sa conduite d'après les autorités spirituelles dans lesquelles il a mis sa confiance et par suite un catholique français a vis-à-vis de l'Etat le droit de se guider sur les indications des évêques et de tous ses chefs religieux. L'Etat sans doute ne connaît plus, ne veut plus connaître l'Eglise, mais il ne peut s'empêcher de connaître les familles. La séparation existe entre l'Eglise et l'Etat, mais le jour où entre les familles et l'Etat la séparation serait prononcée l'Etat n'existerait plus. Ce sont les familles qui ont le devoir et par conséquent le droit d'imposer à l'Etat le respect de la conscience de leurs enfants, d'empêcher l'instituteur de sortir des limites étroites mais suffisantes de sa compétence, de violer la neutralité. C'est par respect pour les consciences non-catholiques, non-chrétiennes, nous a-t-on dit, qu'il a fallu instituer en France la neutralité. Il ne faut pas que le respect de quelques consciences porte atteinte au respect d'autres consciences aussi respectables et en somme plus nombreuses.

## IX

C'est sur ce terrain solide et de droit commun que se sont placées les associations de pères de famille. On a discuté pour savoir si ces associations devaient être confessionnelles. En principe, en face de l'Etat, on ne voit pas pourquoi elles le seraient; en fait, il faudra bien toujours que leurs réclamations s'inspirent de quelque croyance et par suite, quand il s'agira de catholiques, il faudra bien toujours tenir compte et s'inspirer des décisions, des directions de l'Eglise. Si elles veulent tenir leurs promesses, les associations interconfessionnelles de M. Gurnaud, toutes les fois qu'elles soutiendront des revendications catholiques, feront exactement la même œuvre que des associations exclusivement catholiques. La valeur de ces associations ne viendra pas de leur étiquette, mais de leur puissance et des résultats qu'elles

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obtiendront. Assez peu importe sous quelle étiquette le droit peut triompher pourvu qu'à la fin il triomphe et soit expressément reconnu.

Il n'y a là aucune espèce de cléricisme. Car le cléricisme c'est la main-mise par l'Eglise sur les choses temporelles. Or ici il ne s'agit pas du tout de prendre à l'Etat le temporel qui lui appartient, mais de l'empêcher de s'emparer du spirituel qui ne lui appartient pas. Dans les nombreuses querelles qui, à travers l'histoire, ont surgi entre le Sacerdoce et l'Empire, il n'y a pas plus eu étatisme quand l'Empire a défendu contre le Sacerdoce ses droits temporels qu'il n'y a eu cléricisme quand l'Eglise a défendu contre l'Etat ses droits spirituels. C'est en ces moments au contraire que la division du travail est apparue plus nette et que se sont plus précisément définies les frontières de chaque domaine. D'autant qu'aujourd'hui et dans la question qui nous occupe il n'y a pas, il ne saurait y avoir en France de friction directe entre l'Eglise et l'Etat. L'Etat qui seul a la force peut opprimer l'Eglise, l'Eglise qui n'a plus à son service que les puissances d'esprit, ne peut pas opprimer l'Etat. Juridiquement, dans notre constitution française, si les familles ont spirituellement à faire à l'Eglise, c'est aux familles seules que l'Etat peut avoir à faire. L'Eglise disparaît derrière les familles. C'est à celles-ci qu'incombe le devoir de se faire rendre justice. Notre Etat français, tel que l'histoire et les révolutions l'ont fait, ne veut plus connaître que ses citoyens. Mais ces citoyens ont chacun une conscience et la cohésion sous une même foi d'une foule de ces consciences, en même temps qu'elle est infiniment respectable, renferme une force dont les catholiques ont le droit d'user. Ce faisant, ils travaillent moins pour l'Eglise que pour eux-mêmes, que pour leurs enfants auxquels ils assurent avec la plus riche noblesse de la vie la libération de l'âme.

Vouloir contester aux catholiques français les droits qu'ici nous revendiquons pour eux, serait proprement leur interdire d'être catholiques, couper dans leurs enfants les racines de la foi. Et en face de ces prétentions ce serait

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une étrange contradiction que de maintenir les églises à la disposition des évêques, des prêtres et des fidèles, que de chasser des églises les intrus, que de punir les sonneries des cloches pour les enterrements civils et finalement que de n'oser pas inscrire au Code pénal la proscription expresse du catholicisme.

## X

Les principes sont clairs et les conséquences sont assurées. Il suffirait d'un peu de bonne volonté pour dirimer les conflits. Surtout il faudrait que tous les instituteurs ramènent leur enseignement aux limites modestes et suffisantes que nous avons indiquées. Pour cela, que les écoles normales primaires eussent une vue plus nette du but de l'école et des fonctions de l'instituteur public; qu'à Fontenay-aux-Roses enfin et à Saint-Cloud, écoles qui forment les professeurs d'écoles normales et d'où vient toute l'impulsion, au lieu de former des prédicants d'un évangile nouveau, au lieu de faire croire aux élèves qu'ils ont la mission de transformer l'âme de la France, il faudrait, tout en leur donnant une formation solide, s'attacher à leur montrer que leur savoir est borné, que celui de leurs futurs élèves le sera bien plus encore, que leur fonction est très noble mais très limitée, limitée par le but à atteindre, limitée par les programmes, limitée par le respect des consciences, par les droits des familles et par le droit de l'enfant. Car c'est de là que tout vient et que tout découle. La formation de l'enfant est le but essentiel et primordial, c'est de son droit à cette formation que dérivent tous les autres: l'autorité spirituelle de la famille, le contrôle social de l'Etat et même, en un sens, le contrôle spirituel de l'Eglise. Les groupements actuels quels qu'ils soient, si vastes, si nobles soient-ils, sont régis par la grande loi de conservation et de continuité: ils doivent avant toute chose préparer leur durée et leur survie; fussent-ils amarrés aux rivages éternels, ils ont besoin dans leur traversée terrestre de conquérir des îles nouvelles, ce qui en eux est passé est irréformable, ils n'ont d'espoir qu'en l'avenir pour rendre plus riche et plus prospère encore



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leur navigation. Le passé ne vaut que par le présent qu'il a préparé et le présent à son tour ne vaut que par l'avenir qu'il prépare et qu'il porte en lui. C'est dans la génération qui monte que se résument pour nous tous, pères, citoyens, fidèles, tous les espoirs, espoirs de la famille, espoirs de l'Etat, espoir de l'Eglise. C'est en fonction de cet avenir, c'est en fonction de l'enfant qu'il faut envisager toute la conduite de l'histoire. C'est donc l'enfant qui est la valeur suprême et comme de la valeur se tire le droit, c'est du droit de l'enfant que découlent ici tous les autres.

**GEORGE FONSEGRIVE.**

# PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF A "DUBLIN" REVIEWER—

DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY\*

"**I** LIKE some women," said Dora McChesney, "and a few men—a very few;—but I *love* my shadows;" and in this confession lies the secret of her life, a life spent in the service of dead men, "heroes of unavailing valour," who to her were not dead but for ever living. Her first novel, *Kathleen Clare*, an attempt to portray the great Lord Strafford's Irish administration and final tragic downfall, brought her a letter of congratulation from Lord Fitzwilliam, thanking her for championing so sympathetically the memory of his most famous ancestor. Her last work—left unfinished—was an intimate study of Richard III; and between these two came a series of historic stories, all remarkable for an essential sincerity and a close acquaintance with the subjects of which they treat.

In theory a Radical and democrat, she was in actuality a fervent lover of old ways, old manners, and antique ideals. An ardent Jacobite, her sympathies were ever with the Stuarts, or rather with their heroic and ill-fated champions, Strafford, the great apostle of absolutism, and Prince Rupert, the gallant and romantic. These were the gods of her idolatry, and she gave to their memory that intense devotion which neither death can blunt nor time diminish. Tall, slender and stooping, with pale eager face, deep mystical eyes, and curling grey-flecked hair in picturesque disorder, she looked more like one of her own Cavaliers than like a woman of the twentieth

\*The late Miss McChesney has been a valued contributor to the DUBLIN REVIEW since January, 1906, when the present series commenced, having been a personal friend of the then sub-editor, the late Mr Reginald Balfour.—EDITOR.

# Dora Greenwell McChesney

century; and she was wont to speak of Rupert's combats by land and sea, of his valorous youth, his disillusioned age, and his frustrated hopes, as one might speak who had fought side by side with him at Marston Moor, and tasted with him the bitter bread of exile and the heartbreak of hope deferred. On the anniversary of Strafford's execution it was her custom always to make a pilgrimage to Tower Hill, and her grief for the tragedy of the great royalist, betrayed by his king and abandoned by his countrymen, was as poignant as if she saw the drama of his agony and death unfold before her living eyes.

Her enthusiasms were for persons even more than for ideas; while Strafford's downfall touched her with such painful vividness, Montrose's overthrow and final sacrifice in the same cause did not evoke from her the least emotion. Though she never penetrated north of the Tweed, and thus knew Scotland mainly through Sir Walter Scott, whose memory she worshipped, she liked to think she had "a drop of Highland blood," and as her Highland ancestor had been a Campbell, she felt it obligatory to break a lance for no less a personage than her "kinsman" the first Marquess of Argyll, the "master fiend" of Aytoun's famous ballad.

Those who enjoyed the privilege of her friendship learnt to allow for an element of the unexpected. Brilliant, whimsical, humorous and melancholy, aflame with ardour one moment, and strangely dispassionate the next, an American citizen and yet a champion of the right divine of kings,—hers was a nature which did not lightly yield its secrets to an unsympathetic observer.

In the modern world she was an alien, an unhappy exile, hating the jar and fret and ugliness, the dull commercial needs and countless trivial demands of daily life. "I cannot make these present times seem present to me," said Charles Lamb, half apologetically, and Dora McChesney might have said the same. To a friend in trouble she once wrote "I can wish you no better help than that which you have—the thought of your heroes. Against all the ills of life there is strength to be found in those

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battling spirits to whom no extremity of loss was unknown. Fantastic comfort to most people, I know, but not to you."

Like some of her own heroes, it was her lot to taste extremes of happiness and misery, of wealth and poverty, of elegant delicious idleness, and work which she herself compared to that of "a whole bench of galley slaves."

Born in America, in circumstances which afforded her the good things of this world in most luxuriant profusion, her childhood and girlhood were spent basking in the golden sunshine of California and beneath the blue translucent skies of Italy, where with all the ardour of her poet-artist soul she revelled in the beauty that surrounded her. Her father, Professor McChesney, with a passion for early art and more or less for everything that was "lovely and extravagant," had ample means of gratifying his tastes; he did not hesitate even to buy the very altar piece from the walls of a convent, and it was his wont to surround himself with every treasure that his fancy coveted. Thus she could dream her dreams in an ideal exquisite environment. But by a sudden turn of fortune's wheel, silver mines and law suits engulfed her father's wealth, and his sudden death closed the catastrophe. Then, for his widow and his daughter, ended the happy life in which all whims had been indulged and every taste gratified.

After the crash of financial ruin, Mrs and Miss McChesney made their way to England, and their literary talents—formerly employed at will for the pure pleasure of achievement—now became their only means of livelihood. Fastidious, ultra-sensitive, and totally unsuited both by training and temperament to battle with the prosaic and workaday world, they must have felt acutely the *peine forte et dure* of extreme poverty. "I wish we could turn highwaymen for a little and fill our pockets in a gallant gentlemanly manner," wrote Miss McChesney in a moment of exasperation; but usually both mother and daughter maintained a courageous counterfeit of equanimity. In their devotion to each other lay an abiding

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comfort, and the daughter delighted to say how much of her literary success she owed to her mother's stimulating presence and searching criticism, while the mother's greatest pleasure was to meet with sympathy and admiration for her daughter's work. "Dreams and shadows, how much of life is made of them"; but for these dreamers there were constant shocks of waking to discord and to harsh reality. Yet through it all there shone the artist's faculty for getting pleasure out of trifles which a prosaic nature would not even notice. From East Mersea, on the Essex coast, Dora McChesney wrote to me:

I've got a load of wood from the ships and boats broken up here, and it burns—salt-steeped as it is—with strange green and purple flames, as if reflections from the sea-depths had been somehow caught in the wood. The fire should tell me tales of far voyaging and final wreckage. I'll listen and try to interpret them.

It is often said that the age of letter-writing is over; but even now, amidst the whirl and pressure of our restless modern life, the born letter-writer still finds time to write. That Dora McChesney's letters were of uncommon literary value none have questioned who were privileged to read them.

But the time has not yet come when they can be published in their entirety—if such a time can ever come. I remember her delight in the story of a certain old lady of the Early Victorian epoch, to whom some famous men of the day had written confidential letters. When Froude's book on the Carlyles and their domestic jars was given to the world, the lady in question unlocked the cabinet in which she kept her precious letters, and promptly threw the whole bundle on to the fire, saying firmly, "They wrote to me—not to the public."

Recalling Miss McChesney's unequivocal applause of this old lady's action, I cannot but quote very cautiously from the delightful letters with which from time to time she honoured me. I limit the quotations with the more regret as in her letters are to be found some of her most

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characteristic utterances, her frank avowals of her literary loves and hatreds. She was "a good hater," but she could praise as ardently as she could execrate.

To the average modern novel her attitude was frankly hostile, but she was roused to enthusiasm in the case of a certain remarkable book, concerning which critics and readers have not yet wholly ceased disputing:

We have been reading *The Secret Orchard* aloud, [she wrote to me in 1904,] and I bless you for sending me to it as much as I ban [X.] for keeping me away from it by her arraignment of its morals and manners. . . . I cannot think what possessed her, for the book is a great one, and pure as white fire. I am an admirer of Egerton Castle's work; *Consequences* and *The Light of Scarthey* abide with me always, but this, I think, is an arrow flight beyond either. For here are no picturesque external incidents; the drama is from the soul and of the soul. Given the situation, the rest is as inevitable as death and sad as life. What an atmosphere and background, too; the golden serenity, the antique dignity—all suggested by an art so delicate you seem to feel the place, not read of it. And yet all that beauty kept so subordinate, and the figures of the men and women standing out with a reality so appealing, so urgent. Cluny is all Stuart—that's the miracle of it—in his weakness, in his sin, in the high and tragic patience with which he faces that sin's retribution. One forgives, loves, reverences him dying—and yet, would one have trusted him to live? Favereau, after all, meets the harder fate with the more steadfast soul, but then—to be the friend of a Stuart, has it not always meant heartbreak for the wrong of another? I do not believe there is a faltering touch anywhere in the characterization: Helen is divine, but divinely human, and I gloried in the straightforward terrible young American—'an engine in the right hand of the gods.' And the Canon and the Doctor just make the terror and the pity endurable with the play of gentle humour. Yes, it's a marvellous bit of work, and, as for morality, it is as ethical as a Greek drama or the *Scarlet Letter*.

In an age when many women writers have been apt to take mere coarseness for virility, she had a withering contempt for any such confusion between vigour and brutality; and while she greatly praised the "white fire" of the *Secret Orchard*, she damned unhesitatingly a

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certain noted novel which had been greeted with vehement applause not only by the large majority of critics, but by average readers who were terrified of being thought unduly squeamish if they did not echo the laudations of the press: "The book and its author should be put in the earth to be made clean," wrote Dora McChesney, enclosing her review.

She was no respecter of persons, and the impecunious condition in which she lived the last years of her harassed life, was largely due to the independence of a spirit which disdained to compromise. To labour for a high unpopular ideal is no slight undertaking for a man in all his strength, but for a woman—sensitive and fragile, incessantly fatigued by over-work, dragged down by chronic worry as to ways and means—such struggles must be infinitely harder, and they are all too apt to end, as in this case they ended, in frustrated hopes, unfinished work, and early death.

Like all who practise journalism Miss McChesney was obliged to publish much which was not of her best, but she never for gain or worldly applause—even in urgent need—would write a single sentence contrary to her convictions.

She heartily detested the "shams and superficialities" of certain types of contemporary fiction,—above all of the pseudo-historical novels which sacrifice atmosphere to incident and reality to effect, and she especially abhorred "the habitual irreverence of the romanticist who makes the historic hero unbosom himself on all possible and impossible occasions." She confessed that in her own books the story had always meant less to her than the study of historic character. "It is not easy to give both the outer drama and the inner reality," she said; "a few writers have done it, but I know I have succeeded very imperfectly—if at all. But at least my work has been done for love of the 'immeasurably magnificent folly' of the leaders of lost causes."

"I have more books in my head than I shall live to write," she said nine years ago, and her brain was crowded

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with plans for great romances which she hoped were destined to materialize when the demands of journalism—"cursed hack-work"—should become less pressing, and when health—so feeble and uncertain—should be steadier.

In the autumn of 1906 her mother,—whom she loved with an absorbing passionate devotion—died suddenly, and left her desolate. Thenceforth her life was an incessant struggle against black melancholy, silent heartbreak, and a deep despair. But she made a valiant fight against her sorrow. Her Elizabethan novel, *The Wounds of a Friend*—dedicated to her mother's memory—was written during the first crushing months of blank and hopeless loneliness; and her biography of the mediaeval Emperor Frederick the Second—sceptic, poet, soldier, legislator, roué, and idealist—was her next undertaking. This work was one which eminently suited her—so far as any biographic study could suit an imagination which she herself described as "of the witches' broomstick type." She complained that the writing of biography appeared to her not unlike attempting to dance gracefully in fetters. To disregard intuition in favour of analysis, to ride her fancies on the curb, and grapple with "wars and diplomacy and jurisprudence," not in the romantic vein but with a critical detachment would at any time have irked her, and it was especially exhausting for one suffering so grievously from the combined effects of shock and overstrain and failing health. Her tour in Sicily and Italy on the track of the Emperor Frederick, called forth some of her most charming letters, but the biography remained unfinished. A dangerous physical collapse cut short her strenuous endeavours and compelled her to abandon all literary work except journalism. Then came the destruction by fire of her cottage in East Mersea, when many of her most precious books and treasured relics of a happier day were burnt to ashes; with them perished some of her vitality.

A nomadic life, for which her shattered nerves and health were totally unfit—discomfort, daily irritation, surroundings often uncongenial, and the ceaseless grind of journalism and reviewing—such was the existence which



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by slow degrees rendered her bankrupt of her scanty store of strength though never wholly subduing her valiant fighting spirit. At last, after many wearisome experiments in comfortless and ugly lodgings, she discovered at North Nibley, Gloucestershire, The Chantry House, a refuge peculiarly well suited to her special tastes:

The chantry is said to have been founded in the fourteenth century, early fifteenth at latest . . . the effect of mediaevalism is perfect. There is a big hall with a fire-place; and my huge bedroom with its peaked and raftered roof and mullioned windows sets me dreaming strange dreams of bygone times as I listen to the church clock beating away the hours. . . . The only approach is through the churchyard . . . the other side looks out across the weewalled garden over endless shining breadths of plain, cut across by the sword of the Severn, to a rampart of cloud-like hills.

In this congenial hermitage her hopes and energies revived, her health improved, and she flung herself with a whole-hearted ardour into a task which presented almost overwhelming difficulties—no less an enterprise than that of persuading the world to reconsider Shakespeare's verdict on Richard III, a verdict which she reasonably argued was the outcome of a personal feeling rather than a knowledge of historic facts. At this she toiled with feverish energy, alternated with attacks of desperate physical exhaustion:

Richard is rather a terrible personality to companion with night and day. And yet paradoxically I am never so miserable as when His Grace withdraws from me. . . . I shall thank all the saints when the book is done—if it ever is done—but I fear it will be monstrously long; I hardly dare omit the least detail, lest I mar the significance of the whole.

Her subject possessed her with a tyrannic merciless domination: "No book has ever goaded and tortured me like this one; my intervals of enforced inaction are positive nightmares of unrest. . . . I thought I knew something of imaginative emotion, but my former experiences were to this as cresset flame to purgatorial fire."

But the harmonious surroundings of the Chantry

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House inspired her with hope; it seemed to her almost as if her Fate had brought her to the place for an especial purpose. "When the purpose is accomplished, who knows? I have only the certainty of the house for about eighteen months, and to leave it will be a tragedy; but by that time the book, please Heaven, will be done; and I myself may be

dead and gone,  
And the green grass growing over me."

She has left the house, and her leaving it has been in truth a tragedy, but not as she meant it. It has been a tragedy of work unfinished, inspirations unexpressed, and the destined vindication left uncompleted. All that devoted care could do was done to deaden and alleviate the cruel sufferings of her final illness, and on July the third she passed away at last in peaceful sleep, death coming to her with a hand of healing and enfranchisement.\*

It is too soon to give a cold analysis of her attainments as a novelist and critic, nor is an intimate friend best fitted to pronounce impersonal stern judgement such as posterity must finally exact; yet even those to whom her work makes but remote appeal, should not refuse their meed of admiration to her gallant struggle against adverse fate. "There should be an inner triumph in the outer defeat," she said once when objecting to the "sterile melancholy" of a squalid modern novel, and in her own defeat there was this inner victory—therefore her friends will ever cherish her memory, not in sorrow but in gladness.

MICHAEL BARRINGTON

\* Miss McChesney's last work was her article, published in this REVIEW last July, of Lady Burghclere's *Life of the First Marquis of Ormonde*. She wrote it when under sentence of death and refused to take the opiates prescribed by the doctor until it was finished. EDITOR.

# DEAN GREGORY

Robert Gregory (1819-1911): being the Autobiography of Robert Gregory, D.D., Dean of St Paul's. Prepared for the Press, with notes, by W. H. Hutton, D.D., Archdeacon of Northampton. Longmans. 1912.

**T**HIS is the most recent addition to the long chain of biographies from which the future historian will compile a complete history of the Oxford Movement. In a certain sense it is one of the most important of these, for while others have been devoted to the acknowledged leaders of the movement or to the more advanced followers in the lines indicated by them, Robert Gregory stands out as the type of the more moderate yet thoroughly convinced High Churchman, whose influence in raising the standard of Anglicanism throughout the country has perhaps been greater than that of the leaders themselves. The memoir is also of special interest on account of the history it gives of the reform of St Paul's Cathedral—a reform for which Gregory was largely responsible. Nothing shows more clearly the influence which the movement has had upon the religious worship of the country, than the gradual levelling up of the cathedrals; and of this no more conspicuous example can be adduced than that of the great London church.

Born at Nottingham in 1819 of Wesleyan parents, although baptized in St Mary's Church, Robert Gregory, at the age of sixteen, came under the influence of the Oxford Tracts then publishing, and learned from them "what [his] baptism was and what it had done for [him]." Engaged in Liverpool in business pursuits, an opportunity of going to Oxford as a gentleman commoner presented itself, and he accepted it, matriculating on April 2, 1840. There he attended St Mary's, "both at early morning celebration and in the afternoon service, when Newman preached." Newman was then "at the zenith of his influence; most of the thoughtful and more religious undergraduates were attracted by his teaching, and to a

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greater or less extent might be numbered amongst his followers." Those more especially under the influence of the "Tracts" were very strict in their religious observances, and Gregory's own practice of attending six services on Sunday, as well as Mattins and Evensong on week-days throughout his undergraduate days, was not considered remarkable. The appearance of Tract 90, and the events which succeeded it, induced a development in the Roman direction among some who had been moderate: "there was with them a Roman bias which foreshadowed what was about to happen."

With regard to men in my own college, MacMullen was Dean, and I remember some of us were one day in his rooms, when we began to talk about holy orders, and he insisted that the three Orders were Deacons, Priests (some of whom had the power of ordaining and so were called Bishops), and the Pope. Whilst for practices, I remember one Lent an old scout coming into my rooms, with tears in his eyes, and saying: "Please, sir, Mr Meyrick" (a senior scholar of the college), "has eaten nothing between Sunday and Sunday but a handful of rice daily, cooked in water; last night he never took off his clothes, but lay on his bed with his Bachelor's gown round him." The consequence was that he began to see visions and dream dreams, and then for a time he had to be placed under the care of an experienced keeper.

Those who had no Romeward tendencies, of whom Gregory was one, clung to Pusey at this time of impending catastrophe, and the condemnation [on June 2, 1843], of his sermon on the Holy Eucharist by "a court of six doctors," did but strengthen their attachment. Then came the sermon at Littlemore on "the parting of friends," Newman's farewell to the Church of England:

There was not a dry eye in the church excepting those of the preacher; Dr Pusey, Morris of Exeter (afterwards a convert to Rome), and some others sobbed aloud, and the sound of their weeping resounded through the church. After the sermon Newman descended from the pulpit, took off his hood, and threw it over the altar rails, and it was felt by those present that this was to mark that he had ceased to be a teacher in the Church of England.

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Ordained on Christmas Eve in the same year, Gregory became curate to Thomas Keble, younger brother of John and author of several of the "Tracts," at Bisley—a man "very steadfast to church principles, but singularly averse to eccentricities of ritual: his was the first church in which the double daily service was revived." This indication of the standard of observance at this period receives further illustration from the fact that Thomas Keble never took the eastward position in celebrating; Gregory, as his curate, did this from the first—not from any view that he was doing anything advanced but because he "never could see that the rubric ordered any other position"—and Keble approved. "It is worthy of remark," says Gregory, "that we never had an early Celebration; the only one I ever saw was at St Mary's, Oxford."

A fellow curate with Gregory at Bisley was Isaac Williams, author of *The Baptistery* and *The Cathedral*, and of prose works which, at one time, had a vogue but are now largely forgotten. He had been curate with Newman at St Mary's, and, although undoubtedly the candidate best qualified for the post, was defeated in his candidature for the Professorship of Poetry in 1842 on account of his association with the movement. He was, however, says Gregory,

always very anti-Roman in his principles and sympathies; he said to me one day that in his heart he could not help feeling that Rome was the Scarlet Woman of the Apocalypse, but he shrank from saying so in any of his books. . . . We were all a good deal amused at the baptism of his first child. He said he was resolved that his children should none of them have the Jewish names by which he and his brother were called, so he was christened "John Edward," after John Keble and Edward Manning, and the child's initials were J. E. W.

In 1844 Gregory was married, and in 1847 left Bisley for a Lincolnshire curacy. There he found that his rector was accustomed to administer Holy Communion to two persons whilst repeating the words only once; "the

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custom of administering to a whole railful at a time, saying the words only once, was then common." Gregory pursued his usual custom of administering to each person individually, though expecting to be dismissed for acting contrary to his rector; but the latter never referred to the matter and thereafter followed his curate's example. This quiet mode of action in place of argument was very characteristic of Gregory, and seems to have been very effective.

In 1851 Gregory became curate at Lambeth Parish Church, and two years later was appointed incumbent of St Mary-the-Less—a church "built in 1828 and in the curious taste of that period," with a parish of about 15,000 people, nearly all of the labouring class. Here he remained for twenty years, during which time he built schools, established a large art school, and organized all sorts of good works, devoting himself with untiring energy to the service of the poor. He built and endowed St Peter's, Vauxhall, which soon became, and remains, one of the most advanced churches in South London; one of its vicars—the Rev. A. B. Sharpe—was received into the Catholic Church in 1898. Although himself never a ritualist, Gregory did not conceal his sympathy with their position in resisting the adverse and prejudiced judgements of the Law Courts; he was, to use his own words, one of those

who regretted the extent to which ritualistic practices that seemed to show an attraction towards Rome were being developed, and who felt that sooner or later they would occasion trouble to the Church, but who also felt compelled to remain strictly neutral, or to hold out a helping hand to men with most of whose principles they agreed, but some of whose practices they very much disliked.

It was in this spirit that Gregory took part in the Ritual Commission appointed in 1867; this "sat for three years and a half, and certainly succeeded in accomplishing one of the ends for which it was appointed," its object being, he tells us, "to stave off Parliamentary interference with the services of the Church until the whole

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question had been thoroughly examined." The Commission produced as little result as has the more recent one of 1904-5; "the only legislation that issued from its deliberations was a revised table of Lessons, which considerably diminished the amount of Holy Scripture read in Church." Gregory distinguished between practices which have since become quite common, and

observances introduced a quarter of a century later, some of which were undoubtedly Romish, whilst others seemed to me puerile and childish, and, so far as I could see, could never by any possibility tend to spiritual edification.

His want of sympathy with the latter did not, however, prevent him from opposing the demands of the Puritan party, and his known moderation undoubtedly influenced the action, or rather inaction, of the Commission.

It was during his residence at Lambeth that Gregory threw himself with characteristic energy into the education controversy. A keen opponent of the Bill of 1870, the religious effect of which he considers to have been disastrous, he succeeded in obtaining the appointment of the subsequent Royal Commission, being helped in this matter by Cardinal Manning, with whom he had been in intimate relations on the matter. For many years he was practically the editor of the *School Guardian*, to which he was a constant contributor; he became an incorporated member of the National Society in 1856, and remained to his death one of its staunchest supporters.

In November, 1868, Gregory was appointed by Disraeli to a canonry in St Paul's, and it was in this capacity that he rendered services to the Church of England the importance of which it would be difficult to overestimate. Equally difficult, however, would it be for those who associate the metropolitan Cathedral, as it now appears with the externals of Catholicism and with its dignified and beautiful services, to conceive its condition when Gregory took up his position in 1868: the writer remembers its desolate and forlorn appearance a little prior to that time, when at the end of the great nave

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appeared a small altar-table, covered with a red cloth but bare of any other adornment.

The appointment was not pleasing to the existing Canons, who took the first opportunity of marking their dissatisfaction. He thus describes his installation:

After the four o'clock service, every light in the Cathedral was turned out; some friends from Lambeth who had come to see me installed were compelled to leave before the service for my installation commenced, and the only persons allowed to remain were my wife and children. A procession was then formed; a verger walking first with a small taper in his hand provided the only light in the Cathedral, then myself, and, after me, Archdeacon Hale; we walked to the high altar\* at the extreme east end of the Cathedral, and then the usual service was read by the Archdeacon and I was placed in a chair instead of a stall, and we returned to the vestry. A more miserable and disgracefully slovenly service I never saw.

He had been previously warned by one of the minor Canons not to imagine that he could make any changes or improvements: "take my word for it," said he, "this is an Augean stable that nobody on earth can sweep, therefore let things take their course and do not trouble about them." That this was the general estimate of those most intimately connected with the Cathedral is clear from a remark of Sir Robert Phillimore, quoted by Gregory:

How well [he said] do I remember meeting Bishop Blomfield on Ludgate Hill, and his saying to me: "I look at that great Cathedral and think of its large revenues and great responsibilities, and ask myself what good is it doing to this great city, and feel compelled to answer, not any to a single soul in it."

It was not long before the anticipations of those who objected to Gregory's appointment were fulfilled. It is necessary, in order that the position in which he found

\* [There was then only one, and in no sense could it have been termed "high."]



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himself may be realized, to quote from his account of things as he found them:

No clergyman wore a cassock, there was little or no order in entering the Cathedral at service time; the Canon came from his vestry, and the Minor Canons and singing men and boys from theirs, and met at the mouth of the choir, stragglers taking their seats afterwards. The choir was wretched; it consisted of six or eight boys and two, three, or four men, just as they happened to turn up. The appointed music had sometimes to be changed because there were not men of the right voice to sing what was appointed. . . . The choir men read letters and talked during the service, and it was never known for more than one member of the Chapter to be present at a service except on very special occasions. . . . I have sometimes gone into the Cathedral on Sunday morning when there was not a single person present; a few gathered as the service proceeded, whilst the number of communicants (there was a celebration nominally every Sunday morning)\* was very small. The attendance of people at the afternoon service was better, and perhaps amounted to 100 or 120.

For an account of the various stages by which, mainly through Gregory's exertions, the services at St Paul's have been brought to their present stage of efficiency, reference must be made to the autobiography. Within a year of his installation, "much annoyed at the miserable attendance of choirmen on All Saints' Day," he addressed the choir on the subject. To his surprise, he found the placards of the evening papers announcing "Extraordinary Proceeding at St Paul's," his remarks having been at once communicated to the Press. A curious and satisfactory result of the annoyance felt by his colleagues at this publicity was the revival of the abandoned weekly "Discipline Chapter," which has sat ever since.

\* Dr Temple, when Archbishop of Canterbury, told Gregory that as a young man he attended St Paul's one Sunday morning intending to remain for Holy Communion. "When the earlier portion of the service was over, a vergers came to him and said, 'I hope, sir, you are not intending to remain for the sacrament, as that will give the minor canon the trouble of celebrating, which otherwise he will not do.'" Temple left.

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The appointment in 1870\* of Liddon to a canonry greatly strengthened Gregory in the position he had taken up, not only with regard to the choir, which Liddon soon took in hand, but in many other ways. It is interesting to contrast the account of Liddon's installation with that of Gregory, already quoted:

April 27. At the afternoon service I was installed as Canon in St Paul's Cathedral, according to the Sarum Use. All the Canons and the Dean were present.†

From this time, indeed, owing to the steady growth of High Church opinion, and the gradual change of the Cathedral staff, the reforming party steadily made way; but it is not too much to say that its success was in great measure due to the combination of firmness and reasonableness which characterized Gregory throughout his life.

In 1871, the judgement of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council condemning the Eastward Position caused much excitement among the High Church party. Gregory, as we have seen, had always adopted that position, and both he and Liddon took it at St Paul's. At a meeting which was held to consider the situation, of which Gregory was chairman, it was decided to get two men to challenge their Bishop to prosecute. Gregory agreed to be one, if Liddon would join him; and Pusey approved of the scheme. For the correspondence with the Bishop of London (Jackson) which ensued, the *Autobiography* must be consulted: in the end, Jackson found a way of escape in the fact that he had not been called upon by the authorities of the Cathedral to take cognizance of the offence, and the battle for the position was practically won.

\* Gregory (p. 176) gives the year as 1871, but it may be noted that the dates in the autobiography are not always accurate; thus (p. 105) he places the consecration of St Barnabas, Pimlico, "about the year 1842," (the date is 1850) and makes Bennett the defendant in the case of "Westerton v. Liddell."

† *Life and Letters of H. P. Liddon*, by J. A. Johnston (1904) p. 137. The portion which relates to his work at St Paul's should be read in conjunction with Gregory's *Autobiography*.

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A variety of circumstances combined to raise St Paul's to the position which it now occupies in the religious life of London. The success of Liddon's preaching soon rendered it necessary to resume the services under the dome which had been held during the Great Exhibition of 1851; the great service of thanksgiving—the result of one of his sermons—for the recovery of the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward VII), was the precursor of numerous national acts of religion. The first choral celebration of Holy Communion took place on Whit Sunday, 1872—so slowly do great bodies move!—and from the following Easter has been held every Sunday and Saints' Day; tradition asserts that Gounod described this as the most beautiful service in Europe. On New Year's Day, 1877, the daily celebration of Holy Communion, which has gone on uninterruptedly ever since, was begun in the North-west Chapel; afterwards came, “at the request of some City young men, a late evening service [Compline, if we are correctly informed] daily”; then came the mid-day services which have now become so important a feature of London Lenten observances. The Passion Music of Bach, and the works of other great composers fill the Cathedral to overflowing on certain occasions; and it is the recognized meeting-place for the anniversary festivals of countless religious societies. The beginning of these gatherings which have now become an important factor in Anglican religious life, was due to his tact:

At an early Chapter after my appointment, I stated my views [that the Cathedral should be the centre of the religious life of the diocese] very plainly, upon which Archdeacon Hale, thinking to show up an inconsistency which he expected, said: “Here is an application for the Bible Society to hold their annual service in St Paul's; what do you say to that?” I at once responded that I would gladly welcome them. It was not the Society that I should naturally have welcomed to begin with, but on that account it formed a more valuable precedent.

In 1891—the year in which the High Altar and reredos were placed in the Cathedral—Gregory was appointed

## Dean Gregory

Dean. By this time the ambition of his life at St Paul's had been accomplished, and "the Cathedral had become, in a very marked and decided manner, the centre of the religious life of the Metropolis." He continued to fulfil in an exemplary manner the religious and social duties of his station until his resignation in May, 1911, three months before his death, which took place on the 2nd of the following August.

Although not uninfluenced by the advance of Anglican opinion in the Catholic direction, Gregory may be regarded as a consistent follower of the *via media* of the early Oxford Movement. "He was firmly convinced," says his editor—the Rev. W. H. Hutton—"of the truth and Catholicity of the English Church as he understood it," and it does not appear that he ever wavered in this conviction. It is undoubtedly the attitude maintained by men of his stamp, coupled with their earnestness and high character, that has given to the Anglican Party in the Establishment the solidarity which it possesses.

JAMES BRITTEN

# WHAT IS A CONSERVATIVE?

Conservatism. By Lord Hugh Cecil, M.A., M.P. Home University Library. Williams and Norgate.

**L**ORD HUGH CECIL'S most interesting and thoughtful book suffers from one limitation which is a condition of its existence; and of which, therefore, no one can complain who is glad that so good a book should exist. For Lord Hugh Cecil's book does exist. But it is not quite so certain that Conservatism does. By the nature of the case the work inevitably suffers from one of the great mistakes of modern controversy: the duty of writing round a word rather than round a thesis. There has been no change more disastrous to fine thinkers than the change to the modern disputant who pastes up a paper inscribed "Free Trade," from the mediæval disputant who would have nailed up a paper inscribed "All trade should be free." A sentence must always have some light of mind in it: but a title turns rapidly opaque and becomes a mere badge. This is not the fault of the political philosopher himself, though it may, I think, be called his misfortune. Modern publishers would not permit an author to inscribe a long theoretical sentence, with two or three dependent clauses, on the outside of a book. Lord Hugh Cecil, when asked as one of the two or three ablest modern Conservatives to write a book on Conservatism, could not, in common politeness, even reply with a manuscript entitled "De Republica: Being a full Exposition of the Nature of Authority in Civil Affairs; of the Limits of that Authority; of the Limits of the Correction of such Authority; of the Standard whereby such Correction should be required; and of the Permanent Conditions to which such Correction is inapplicable." He could not possibly do this: but his book would be even better if he could; because it would begin at the right end.

As it is he will probably be the victim of much of that loose and exasperating logomachy in criticism in which

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critics dispute about what a word means instead of simply realizing and recording what they mean by the word. No word means anything. The people who like arguing about whether Thackeray was a "cynic," or whether George IV was a "gentleman," will have excellent opportunities for arguing about whether Lord Hugh Cecil is a Conservative. Undoubtedly he is widely different both in general tone and definite doctrine, from the older and more instinctive mass of Conservatism in this country. Undoubtedly he is no more in the old sense a Tory than he is a Jacobite: indeed, the Jacobite may be called the Tory at his best. Undoubtedly Lord Hugh Cecil in many primary matters is much more like an old Manchester Radical. His cold deference and distrust as regards the State; his stoical relish for the responsibility of the individual; above all his unconsciousness of the shocking aberrations in which "fair competition" is ending its career; a capitalism which was never fair and is now hardly even competitive; in all this the distinguished Conservative politician is a great deal more like Cobden or Joseph Hume than he is like most other Conservatives. But to talk thus is to fall into that trap of the controversy about catch-words of which I have spoken. It does not matter a button whether Lord Hugh Cecil is conservative, it matters whether he is right. We could discuss the former point if we agreed as to what Conservatism means; but it is much more interesting to discuss what Lord Hugh Cecil means. Suppose (if a reviewer may take his own case as the only one he has a right to answer for touching the use of words), suppose Conservatism means the belief that the chief parts of human doom and duty are eternal, and should be protected or consecrated by permanent traditions; in that case I am a Conservative; and so was Robespierre. But if Conservatism means a belief that the present arrangement of wealth and power in England, or anything wildly resembling it, can possibly exist for another twenty years without producing an ignominious bankruptcy or a very righteous revolution; in that case I am not a Conservative; nor would Strafford be,

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if we could bring back such brains to contemplate such a society.

Lord Hugh Cecil begins by considering "conservatism" as an element in human nature; conservatism with a small c. This chapter is particularly shrewd and entertaining; but it cannot easily be connected with any political theory. In this sense the thing is obviously as indispensable as it is insufficient; and one might as well have a civil war between the partisans of Pensive Melancholy and the champions of Uproarious Fun as make a Party System out of two things so obviously natural as change and rest. You cannot catch two moods together and make them fight. It is as if midnight made a duellist's appointment with noon. In tracing the political origins the author is more on the main road; his history is clear and in the main just; but certainly much more Whig than Tory. It is when we come to the chapter called "Burke and Modern Conservatism" that we come to the heart of the matter; for as the writer says, with Burke Conservatism (or something positive that can be so described) really came into the world.

This is most vitally true. The Tories were never Conservatives; they cared less than nothing for Conservatism. The Jacobites were always as ready to rebel as the Jacobins; the Tories were quite as often beheaded for rebellion as the Whigs; the Cavaliers round Rupert were as ready for a dash in the dark in politics as they were in war. This was because the Jacobites, like the Jacobins, had a creed; a conviction about human government; a vow which they would fulfil after victory and defend after defeat, and scarcely desert even in its destruction. It was the thing called monarchy; it would be irrelevant to attempt its definition here; it is enough, as a general guide, to say that it was rather like republicanism. The less we look at names, and associations more dangerous than names; and the more we look at meanings and morals, the more we shall incline to think that Charles I meant by Divine Right pretty much what Robespierre meant by the Republic being impossible without God; or what Rousseau

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meant by atheists being alone outside toleration. They all meant, to use the more weak-minded modern language, that the nature of man was the design of God; and that civil authority is to be obeyed because it belongs to that design or that nature; and not because it is either stronger or richer or more successful. But however this may be, no Cavalier made any attempt to conserve Cromwell, even when Cromwell was really reforming our institutions or really making glorious our flag. No Jacobite wanted to conserve George II, though challenges like Chatham's were already shaking the Empire of India or the Canadian conquests of the French. The ships of Blake did not shake the Tory; nor the guns of Blenheim silence him; because he was a man and had a cause. It was with Burke, most truly, that there crawled into English politics the two sentimentalities of being a Conservative and being a Jingo. Doubtless he had excuses worthy of so great a man. It is quite true that the French Jacobins had a brutality of literalism in the fulfilment even of just ideas that must offend the finer literary temper. It is even more true that British insularity was a nobler thing when Napoleon had created a gallant island, than when Mr Kruger had created a panic-stricken Empire. It is not easy to imagine the Whigs pulling down Wellington as the Tories pulled down Marlborough. But when all allowance is made for that large eloquence and imaginative insight, it remains true that Burke has been the ruin of all political convictions in England. He taught Englishmen to be proud of being provincial, even in philosophy; to look away from European reason and justice to some constitutional origins (mostly imaginary) of their own. He first taught that we should look to national rights and neglect natural rights: no wit, no wisdom, no suggestiveness, can save this from being a doctrine for barbarians; and for a people to be left upon one side. He first taught that doing things slowly, as such, was better than doing them quickly: no contemporary failure of his foes, or victory of his friends, can prevent a plain man from seeing that the distinction is utterly useless, if we are talking about anything actual;



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like a flower garden or a house on fire. Conservatism (unlike Toryism) fails in having no instrument for extreme cases; no weapon for desperate occasions. As long as affections are fairly undisturbed and social ideals fairly unanimous, it is true that it is better to go forward, but to go forward slowly. But in danger all men must become simple; and it is possible for crises to come in the history of a nation when compromise is the craziest of all courses, and when nothing is practical but idealism. Such a crisis was before France in 1783. Such a crisis is before England now.

Lord Hugh Cecil remarks, very rightly, that only a moral change, such as a conversion to Christianity, can wholly reform a social machinery, and that a change in the social machinery itself can never produce the change in the soul. Here he certainly puts his finger on one of the first principles of reform, which unless a reformer do well and truly believe, without doubt he will perish without reforming anything. For the materialistic theory of progress really leaves a man without any standard of improvement or any moral right to rebel. Those modern enthusiasts who would produce right feeling through calisthenics or make goodness out of greens, are, logically speaking, denying their own right to innovate at all. For if reason and conscience can only exist in the healthy, then the unhealthy cannot even be certain that it is health which they seek or which they choose. If it is only the slave's heredity and environment which acquiesces in slavery; so it is only his heredity and environment that resists it; if he has nothing else but heredity and environment, he has no more right to praise his freedom than his slavery. If something limited or diseased in our whole condition makes all our past institutions necessarily wrong, it will make all our future experiments wrong also.

In this vital sense all thinking people will agree with Lord Hugh Cecil's dictum that a moral change, that is an act of free will, must precede the more automatic improvements by conditions and laws. But when he speaks

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of modern industrial conditions simply as competition due to man's instinctive self-interest, or, in other words, human life as it would be anywhere outside some true and powerful religion, he goes a great deal too fast. It misses the point, which is the touchstone of all social reform or national rescue; the difference between the bad and the very bad. The capitalist system just now is not bad; it is very bad; it is atrociously bad. Nobody would expect a whole society to be unselfish, even a Christian society, far less a heathen society like our own. But to say that our society is not unselfish is rather like saying that Nero was not unselfish; to speak of the mere self-interest in Liverpool and Belfast is like speaking of the mere self-interest in Sodom and Gomorrah. Modern individualism is a remarkable object; a speciality; a rare and unreplaceable thing. It has developed the sin of avarice and the denial of brotherhood to the same sort of height that dying Rome brought the sin of lust, or Tamburlaine and the Eastern conquerors the sin of pride. The merchant princes, who are the most powerful class in our commonwealth, have knowingly grown rich, and intend knowingly to grow richer, by reducing an enormous majority of the King's subjects to economic helplessness by the torture of hunger and the horror of prostitution. Cases are known, one case is comparatively recent, in which a great employer has used his power to gratify nearly all the deadly sins at once; and notoriously made his shop a seraglio as well as a slave market. He was not prosecuted or pelted or even publicly repudiated; he fell by the pistol of a private enemy. Now all this may seem irrelevant, but it is really the weak spot in Lord Hugh Cecil's view of moral awakening and social readjustment. Through not allowing for the very bad as distinct from the bad, he is enabled to be a pure Conservative, because he is enabled to dispense with an element which sometimes, like war itself, is indispensable; I mean the revolutionary element. For the plain truth is this; that when things get so bad as that, a moral change, preceding all political changes, generally does take place

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in large numbers of people, and the moral change is of the kind commonly described as being in a towering rage. If a Turk persistently kidnaps the daughters of an Albanian for his harem, it is no doubt true that a change of heart in the Turk would be a sweeping security against any repetition of the outrage; but it is also true, all things considered, that if nothing happens in the Turk's heart something will happen in the Albanian's. Nor does it in the least follow that such anger in the oppressed is even selfish, it is often inspired by a real sense of injury done to justice, and to the abstract dignity of human nature. Suppose then that a society exists in which repentance has not wrought a change in the selfish man, but righteous indignation has wrought a change in the unselfish man. Suppose the tyrant has not learnt kindness, but the slave has learnt courage, we may ask, with interest and some alarm, "What becomes of Conservatism?"

The name and attitude of Conservatism suffers, indeed, in much the same way as passivism and non-resistance in the matter of war. It is not a test for judging quarrels; it is only a policy for one side which ignores the action of the other side. The promoters of peace and arbitration insist on talking about whether war ought to be retained for this reason or abolished for that reason; as if war were some kind of solid institution; a big brick building standing in Hyde Park. But war is not an institution, it is a contingency. It depends not on what you are in a general way, trying to do, but on what the other party is, in a particular case, trying to do. In the same way, it is vain to have a policy of preservation when either fate or foreign power, or the wickedness of one's own countrymen, are altering the things we hold tight, even while we hold them. It is unphilosophical to praise the age of wine that has turned to vinegar, or to preserve pheasants till they have all died of old age, or to be proud of an aristocracy that has largely ceased to be even a gentry. Unless Conservatism can save these things from degeneration there is little value, even in a Conservative sense, in saving them from destruction. The case is yet more crucial and terrible

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in the matter of the problem of the poor, because the problem is growing more and more abnormal every day; and to extend the old cheery language of the Tory pessimists, England is not so much going to the dogs as going to the mad dogs. Lord Hugh Cecil's book is of that profitable kind whose business it is to provoke debate and difference, and I do not apologize for a controversial tone which the author would probably regard as a compliment. It may seem strange to say of a book that its fault is to be reasonable and lucid, but indeed this book is reasonable about a situation that is now past all reason, and lucid about a darkness that grows blacker about us every day. It is creditable to a courage that no one has ever doubted that Lord Hugh Cecil does not seem to understand that he and I and our country are in real danger. The danger has many aspects, besides the popular or humanitarian. There is a real military danger, and a real commercial danger. But I think most of them will be found to work back to an oppression of the poor which has been plunging and blind. It is not the old, ordinary question of rich and poor and the relieving of human distress. It is not human distress, but inhuman distress. It is not people being without wealth, but people being without anything. It is not an estate of man that can be Christian; like poverty. It is a thing that can only be heathen; despair.

G. K. CHESTERTON

# THE ENTRY INTO THE DARK AGES

*The Cambridge Mediaeval History*, Vol. I. (Cambridge University Press, 1912).

HAVING before me a book in which more than a dozen scholars have set down their conclusions, have set them down at great length and in minute detail upon a matter of two hundred years; have set them down in over six hundred pages with a bibliography of a hundred more, and an index of over fifty pages again, I must at once determine what the effect of reading it is to have upon such few words as those I propose to write.

To "review" labour of this magnitude is impossible within the limits of what a "review" can be, and a further difficulty is that every expert is the superior of any "reviewer" in monuments of this kind. The "reviewer" can indeed affect a criticism of detail. He may quarrel here and there with an interpretation, with a misprint, or with a form of spelling. It is a common custom and a bad one. He may test statements by particular hall-marks like an examiner: but he will gather very little harvest, for it is the business of scholars to be accurate in date and name. Thus, when I find upon page 378 of this book the remark that the *Litus Saxonicum* "was known from the name of the chief assailant as the Saxon shore," I might start a pretty quarrel upon that. Or I might complain of an Index which gives you under "Vandals" the entry page 276, on referring to which you find nothing whatsoever about the Vandals but the words "The Vandals in Africa": a method which suggests indexing by names and words rather than by ideas. I might devote the whole of these few pages to a criticism of five lines upon pages 305, 306, which run:

"The Germans first met with the sternest resistance when they entered Numidia in the year 430: Bonifacius opposed them here with some hurriedly collected troops, but was defeated. The

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open country was then completely given over to the enemy; only a few forts—Hippo Regius (now Bona), Cirta (Constantine) and Carthage—were kept by the Romans, Hippo mainly through the influence of St Augustine who died during the siege, August 28, 430.”

The people who sailed from Tarifa in the May of 429 were not particularly Germans. They were the relics of a nomadic German tribe called Vandals, mixed up with all the riff-raff of the anarchy in Spain. Hippo Regius was not a fort, it was a very large city; so was Cirta, so, if you please was Carthage. Hippo Regius is not “now Bona,” indeed the interest of Hippo lies in the fact that it has totally disappeared and that Bona stands upon a suburb of it only. Further that great Periphery was besieged under its mountain for far more than a year (during which time St Augustine died within its walls). A military action of that kind could not possibly be conducted by a chance undisciplined troop, who were at the most fifteen thousand armed men in number and more probably nearer ten thousand. Only a vast host could have done such a thing and that must have meant the rising of all the countrysides.

But to treat so solid a body of record in a few test points like this would be a very futile business, and it is better to make of the appearance of this book an example of the great revolution through which the general history of Europe is passing.

Two main phases of historical writing mark the story of Christendom up to the last generation of the nineteenth century: they are the two phases which correspond to the two types of culture dividing those 1500 years. Through all the first, which extends to the break-up in the fifteenth century, to the rediscovery of the Pagan world (contemporary and ancient) to the printing press, to the threatening shipwreck of religious unity in the West, you have *chronicling*: that is, the setting down of happenings as the writers believed those happenings to have happened. The interest of the writer and of the reader is in preserving a record of facts. The mental

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attitude of either towards the society in which all such things took place must be inferred. It is never stated; still less is it ever argued.

The second period is *speculative*, literary and controversial. For four hundred years men present the past in order to prove a case, to support a philosophy, or to express, more or less consciously a certain attitude of mind.

It so happens that this second period, coinciding as it did with a vast and progressive extension of knowledge and with the reawakening of an appetite for discovery, also coincided with the attempted destruction of the Catholic Church.

Until quite lately the Catholic position has been, and for all those generations, upon the defensive where history was concerned. Make a list of the great names which mark historical science from the sixteenth to the end of the nineteenth century: they are the names of men who either ignore or when they are better instructed hate, or when they are of a milder temperament despise, or at the very best reject, the unifying principle of our European story which unifying principle is the Faith.

This anti-Catholic bias of history is a matter curiously missed by most modern Catholics. They already understand that physical science has been developed largely either in the enemy's field or in fields from whence the enemy could attack. But historical science has been twenty times further removed from the Catholic core. Our historians have bred, as history always does, legends, and those legends are entirely legends of the opposition. Whether it be in Catholic France, the Encyclopedists or Michelet, in Protestant England, Hume or Macaulay, in Italy or in Germany, no matter in what form or place, the whole matter of modern historical science has arisen antagonistic to the spiritual continuity of Europe.

We have in this country one and only one full, detailed, and documented history of political events. It was written by Dr Lingard, a Catholic. It had to be written in a tone apologetic and perpetually careful, yet even so you find in

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the Universities the legend that Lingard, without whom no modern English historian could exist, who is the basis of all our work, is no very important writer. And history has answered history in this fashion from country to country. Because Monod was professionally Protestant, because Guizot was the same, their names make a sort of authority. Taine, who hated the Church, Michelet, who hated its organization, are typical of what I mean. Of a hundred names that have gone the rounds in physical science and are the commonplaces of popular books, twenty or thirty, perhaps, are those of men who have clearly recognized and accepted the Faith: it is true that their Faith has only lately been insisted upon and recognized, but the fact is significant. Of one hundred names similarly hackneyed in the field of historical learning you have not five whose sympathy with and adhesion to the soul of Europe (which is the Catholic Church) can be presumed.

Now, as a result of all this history has gone off the lines. And history going off the lines happily tends at last to correct itself as does any other science which loses its right guide. For history, anti-Catholic and therefore anti-European, found itself, especially in its immense advance in knowledge of detail during the nineteenth century, summoned to the bar of experience and common sense. It could not answer the questions which were legitimately put to it. To take two examples: one very general and one very particular:

Men were asked: "How did the wage system and the exploitation of a proletariat by Capitalism come about in England?" History could not answer. The true answer was "The Reformation." But being unable to give that answer History replied with some such ineptitude as "The Industrial Revolution." As though it were the instruments in men's hands that made the minds of men and not the minds that made the instruments and put them to their good or evil use!

History being asked: "What of St Thomas?" (whom we find perpetually quoted as the very greatest name in the thought of our fathers as was Aristotle in the thought



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of their fathers), answered with sheer puerilities, making out that St Thomas was negligible, and when the historian was pressed it was often discovered that he had not read a word of the *Summa*.

So history having got off the lines is, by the force of things, compelled to return to them; and a third phase is opening under the leadership principally of French thought upon European scholarship. It is discovered that history is not *true* (and therefore does not serve its purpose at all) unless it looks down the perspective of European history from its starting point: unless it understands its Europe by living its Europe: unless it can get at least into the clothes or better into the skin of all that from which we come.

This does not mean that a man cannot write history unless he is a Catholic (though that exaggeration is not very far wide of the truth) but it does mean that he cannot write the history of Europe unless he knows what the Faith is, and puts it where it should be, at the centre of our system. It is perhaps upon this account that the French school has led the modern change. Whether a man hated the Catholic Church or loved it he could not but, if he were living in France during the latter nineteenth century, at least *know* it. All European historians must now, if they are to have any weight, know their Europe and coincidentally know not only the name and the form but the soul of Europe as well. When this third phase in the story of our historical science (it will be a short phase) is well under way, then at last we shall have the forces drawn up for conflict. It will be as well; for until you have established the conditions of conflict you have not established the conditions of victory.

The capital point without which Europe is unintelligible is the point of the conversion of Europe. It is the entry into the Dark Ages. It is the story of that internal transformation of the Roman Empire which begins with Diocletian (or at any rate has a clear landmark in the close of the third century) and fades out as the last Roman coins are struck in Gaul in the sixth century and the last of the

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old engineering works attempted in the seventh. The change was not one of decline: It was much more interesting than that. It was one of complete renewal to which one might apply any one of a hundred metaphors, each of which would be partial and false, but all of which would suggest a truth. One might talk of "sleep" for instance, or of a "Chrysalis" or of "Recollection," or of "fallow land." But at any rate the great thing that happened was this: Europe was saved. It was saved unto Christendom, and Christendom preserved re-rose in the Middle Ages from that enormously vital though half-dumb transition of the Dark Ages. Since its resurrection Christendom—that is, Europe—has ceaselessly gone forward.

To answer this question: "What was the entry to the Dark Ages," is to know your history of Europe. To be bewildered by it is to prove that you do not yet know, or perhaps that you cannot know, what Europe is.

Three things explain the gorge into which the river of antiquity ran, and later the direction of the broadening stream which grew to be Christendom. These three things are all Roman and should be called the Army, the Monarchy, and the Church.

Let me present each in turn.

The Army was to the Roman Empire what commerce is to England to-day. Round that institution the State was woven.

It is essential when we try to grasp that capital matter of history the answer to which is the explanation of ourselves—I mean the transition from the first four centuries into Christendom—It is essential, I say, in this to understand the Army. By which word "understand" I do not mean a detailed knowledge of its accoutrement and practice (no one has that) but a spiritual sympathy with a society which thought in terms of arms. It is not only that the head of the Army was the State personified nor only that the conception of rank, though actually based upon fortune followed a military model. These were but symptoms of the state of mind of which I speak. There were lesser sympathies permeating more closely the structure of

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society. The latitude allowed to a soldier in the making of a will: the idea that no slave could be a soldier—an idea so deeply rooted that when in the last days they were levying the most abject from the great estates for military service, they could not take the oath until they had been enfranchised: the tradition of great metaphors—our word *sacrament* is a military metaphor: the facile use in letters of “glory,” “triumph,” “militant,” with which our past is crammed; or such a particular example as that hymn which a cleric wrote in Poitiers almost within living memory of the Roman order, and while still using the Imperial coins and calendar: “Vexilla Regis Prodeunt”—all these are again but effects of something which, for reasons too remotely rooted in the past for us to judge, inform the whole of the first four centuries whence Christian Europe sprang.

Now it so happened that this fundamental institution was transformed almost without men’s knowledge. From a Roman it became a barbaric thing. Great institutions in a State breed round them an atmosphere, or what I would rather call a halo, of illusion; and while the Army was ceasing to be a thing of the Mediterranean stuff, it retained throughout all its transitions a Latin soul. I infer, though I cannot prove, that the corps of random men which marched with Alaric upon Rome, obeyed words of command given in the Latin tongue, and I am certain that as a matter of physical necessity their drill and still more undoubtedly their form of march and of deployment, their school of tactics and all that made them soldiers was Roman. In this connexion remember two significant things. First: how small and, therefore, how easily controlled, how able to digest new elements, and how traditional was that Army. All the forces of the Empire did not exceed the armed men which met in conflict in the Campaign of 1815. They did not exceed the two lines which struggled within a space of two short miles upon the Ridge of Borodino. Secondly, remember that in every single case every untrained, un-Romanized, barbaric horde which passed the borders of the Empire

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upon a raid, if it would not submit to Roman conditions was sooner or later cut to pieces. Vastly more numerous than the disciplined battalions which met them, they invariably failed. Julian destroyed the Germans with something less than a modern division in his advance upon Alsace. Radagasis saw his hundreds of thousands sold into servitude by what was perhaps an Army Corps—at any rate something contemptibly smaller than his unwieldy herd. And for some time after in Italy a captive could be bought for a pound.

Now in the long process of twelve generations this fundamental thing, the Army, had changed. It had changed as a structure changes which retains its framework but adopts a new substance. It had changed as a fossil changes. It became professional: hereditary; then assessed upon the great landed estates—made up of forced men. It took on Auxiliaries, then Federates; and the Federates were from the point of view of the Roman War Office, a welcome addition of numbers: new rations: more on paper. What they were from the point of view of their tribal traditions we do not know—for outside the Empire men could not write and could not remember a hundred years. But we know that they were Roman soldiers on the one hand and on the other hand that they loosely kept with great admixture certain old tribal names which never seem to have crystallized until they came into the crucible of the Empire, and they followed, as men always do, certain hereditary chiefs—but these the Empire quickly took to itself, giving them honours and commands and kneading them into the Imperial scheme. Now, when the Central Government broke down, the military heads of what had come to be the chief military force in a society whose whole moral framework was military, took on the task of government.

These Federate troops, originally barbaric in origin and always retaining a high proportion of barbaric blood, were the strongest things in the army as the old order ended.

Their General Officers were thus the natural heirs of political power.

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It was not because they were barbarians, it was because they were Roman Soldiers that they became kings.

Hence the barbaric names in Paris, or Toledo, in Arles, in Rome itself. The writs and all the formulæ of government were still the same. The coinage was still the same. As for society, opinion, tradition, or, to quote a lesser matter, race, it was quite certainly the same. The whole of the Empire was counted in millions, the auxiliary barbaric troops in thousands at the most—and acclimatised thousands at that. A vast change was at work, but it was not a change proceeding from any material thing. It was working from within. It had begun not indeed before any barbarian had crossed the frontier (for the pressure of the barbarian was as normal to the Empire as a proletariat is normal to the modern capitalist state) but centuries before anyone could have imagined barbaric speech in the palace.

That inward change we call in its permanent fruit the Church. Meanwhile we must consider the second factor which was conservative of social life in Europe and held the framework of the world together while the Church transformed its substance. That second factor was the Monarchy.

The Monarchy did not mean that the will of one should control the State but it meant that in one centre should be resumed and knit up the authority of the State. The Imperial power was one—whether organized in a committee of two, or of four, or for that matter of fifty. The conception was closely military. It is but another aspect of that truth which one affirms when one says that the army was the soul of the State.

Monarchy is the great temporal inheritance which Pagan Rome bequeathed to Christendom.

From one centre issued commands for the good of all. That centre was clothed with an awful majesty. The forms and ritual which modern men ridicule in the Sacred Palace were native to the Roman idea of Monarchy and inseparable from it. The profound effect of this great institution may be felt in a savour like salt throughout the

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whole history of Europe. It is expected in particular to be ever upon the watch against oligarchy and to curb the strong. It must fight. It must be physically armed and its representative men must be seen in the saddle. It must easily control the general economic forces of the State. Thus it must be far richer than its richest subject.

Gaul, which alone of the great divisions of the West, was never swamped, neither cut off by pirates nor permanently raided by the Asiatic, took up the tradition; and the French Monarchy was the type of temporal authority for a thousand years. From Gaul the institution spread out as from a centre. Such and such men or such and such a family fitted into that institution. They did not make it; and there is an exact continuity of idea from the old shadow of central power to the real acts of the Merovingians; from these to Charlemagne; from Charlemagne to the singular, some would say the sacramental, fewer still the miraculous, succession of the Capetian kings. Our grandfathers saw the French destroy so awful a foundation: whether they destroyed it for ever their future can discover and only their own wills can determine. The conception of Monarchy, then, of an unquestioned authority, a military command proceeding from above and summing up the State (that is, the community's sole right to govern) guided the whole transition between heathendom and Christendom in Europe.

The third fact, the living change within this monarchic framework (a framework necessary to the embankment and containing of the change), was the growth of the Church.

Now what was the Church?

It is precisely here that only a new school of history shall at last tell us the truth. Accuracy and accumulation of detail are necessary (though it is folly to imagine that the establishment of a text counts for more than a living tradition). A million bricks must be brought in for the building—but men who profess history must know what they are building.

A picture of the past has always seemed to me to pro-

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ceed very much after the fashion of a true painted picture from which the metaphor is drawn.

Let me give a personal example. When I first wrote about the Battle of Valmy I knew no more about it than that the action was principally a cannonade, that the invaders had been unable to press home a charge, that the raw and badly disciplined levies on the French side had escaped dispersion and that in the event the rescuers of Louis the Sixteenth failed and retreated again to the frontier. I knew no more than that, but those were the main outlines of the business. One year after another, in one study after another of the French Revolution I increased my knowledge of detail in this matter, but I discovered as I went on that to know the truth did not consist in the accumulation of such detail, but of the establishment of secondary lines within primary lines, and of tertiary lines within secondary lines, until at last one filled up all hollows, greater and less, with a mosaic of detail. The process might be continued by sub-divisions to the infinite, completing without disturbing the truth of the first picture formed. Now if my first, my general, outline had been false: had I started (for instance) with the fixed idea of Valmy as a hardly contested general action in which the French had broken the Prussian assault and in which this result was due to the excellent constitution of the French forces, further mere knowledge would have confused my impression or would have been forced to fit it—ill enough—or would have been discarded because it did not fit in.

It is so with all history. New knowledge must fill in a just outline but it does not transform it; it can hardly correct an original and general error, and it is of the essence of any knowledge at all that it should be “blocked in” truly and that its whole scheme should be seized before the lesser particulars are established.

Now the capital error the old non-Christian generation made with regard to the Great Transition between the Pagan Empire and the Dark Ages is that they would persist in regarding the Catholic Church not as Europe

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(which it is) but as a "persuasion." True, the more virile historians who, in societies profoundly Catholic, made it the business of their lives to attack the Faith, at least knew the texture of that which they attacked. But I say of that history which did not spring from a Catholic bed (whether in its manifestation anti-Catholic or not) that it wholly misunderstood its business in dealing with the rise of Christendom, because it could not shed the provincial concept that the church, which was the very essence of Christendom, was no more than a particular phenomenon in Christendom.

The quarrel between the Arian and the Catholic was not a quarrel between two schools of varying opinion upon a point immaterial to men. Take it merely upon the temporal side, regard each adversary as suffering from an illusion and still you must recognize (if you wish to write true history) the quarrel as one between a populace and what was at first an official and later a privileged class. The first was Catholic, the second Arian. Moreover, the whole business of the fourth and fifth centuries is a business of religion, not of race; and those who see a racial struggle in the turmoil which continued until the close of the sixth are like some South Sea Islander who should come to London and think that the conflict between the capitalist and the proletarian was a conflict about details of clothing and about whether it were right or not to wear a top hat and a collar.

The great religious action which at last canalized Europe (when its problems were resolved) into the channel of Christendom was as radical—quite apart from whether it were good or bad, true or untrue—as any action that ever took place in human society. Not only did men care about it immensely but they had immensely more right to care about it than about any other matter. The whole world was long ago fatigued, had already a nausea for any fulfilment of human demands more superficial than that which should fulfil them all. Men may argue that the European was wrong when he settled that the Church had untied the knot; but it is pitifully poor



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history not to understand, first that the men of the Transition were determined to untie it, and secondly that untying that knot of the soul is the principal business of man; and very well worthy (more worthy than any other activity) of his passion, his tenacity and his conclusions.

All the rest of what one might add to the conception of this third and major factor in the transition, the Church, is nothing to the recognition of the truth that it made Europe. All other civilizations save ours have sterilized or have died. Ours in a perpetual change has preserved its identity and has proved unceasingly vital. The institution which preserved it, the institution which performed the continuous miracle of creation within the European body is not the Monarchy, that only held the rudder. The institution that vitalized was the Church.

As for the Army, the third of that trinity which I have here vaguely sketched out, it enjoyed but a doubtful continuity. It is arguable that Charlemagne still led a Roman army; but by the end of the ninth century that institution was dead, and the forces that repelled the forces of Gaul and of Wessex under Alfred and Eudes were new, feudal, unorganized things. Nevertheless the ghost of the Roman army has put forth a manifestation here and a manifestation there continually since Christendom was Christendom, and to this day those who hate the Christian name are suspicious of arms.

HILAIRE BELLOC

## LABOUR : WAR or PEACE?

OUR contemporary world is modestly conscious of the possession of many qualities the excellence or the reality of which it would be idle to deny; we have curiosity, spaciousness of vision, and a very notable turn for the exposition of depressing truths. But we have our defects, and one of them stands nakedly out like a headland; we may not be more frightened than our forerunners, but we are frightened on a larger scale. We have the genius of panic. Every difficulty, caught up into the enlarging atmosphere of our newspapers, becomes forthwith a crisis, every trouble a tragedy, every political blunder a planned betrayal of the nation and posterity. There is not a school-child in the land but has already survived at least three or four final cataclysms, and ends-of-all-things. We must not seem to suggest that this faculty of exaggeration is characteristically modern; it is as old as the hills and human nature. The world over, and at all periods, the worst evil to any man is that which at the moment has him in its claws. Last year's influenza is tolerable in comparison with this year's cold; a boot, which pinches me here and now, nips out of my consciousness all the fantastic tortures of China. And if there is any sphere in which even a slight jolt to the established order may naturally, and almost reasonably, set us alarming one another it is certainly that of industry. The economic process is one from which none of us can stand apart, unless we chance to be at one and the same time rich and mad. For the ninety per cent of us, for whom ninety per cent of the energy of daily life is committed to the conquest of bread, the movements of economic life have all the fascination of a great machine, imperfectly understood, indispensable, and full of menace. Every new development seems to make it more subtle and, by consequence, more vulnerable. The old stable societies, we say to ourselves, were a Temple of Gaza: they might crash down in ruins, but at least one saw the vast arms of Samson knotted about

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the pillars before the crash. In our new society with its amazing network of international trade, finance, science, and anarchism, there need be no such great and visible intervention. Let somebody only push a lever, or even press an electric button out of season, or, still worse, decline to push or press them and the whole fabric falls to pieces. And here, we go on, you have the only people who know how to work the most essential parts of the complication perpetually grumbling, with perpetual threats. Is it not the end of all things, or something very like it? With what assurance can we keep on believing that the world will last our time? In the improbable contingency of any world continuing to exist, it will certainly not be that which has so far nourished us, and our achievements. It will be, on the contrary, a sort of blood-stained Bedlam, the plans of which have already been prepared by a number of unpronounceable foreign, and unspeakable home agitators, hideously devoted to the hideous cult of Syndicalism.

This picture exaggerates no doubt, but not greatly, the exaggerations of our modern fear. It is a recognizable transcript of the talk of the railway train, the club smoke-room, and the golf-links, that is to say of the three foci of middle-class civilization. Such an attitude of mind is, in many respects, a public gain of extreme importance. It has at least broken up the monstrous apathy of the comfortable, and delivered them from the sin of being at ease in Zion. It may save them from that, as imaginative persons are sometimes saved from drink by the sight of twisted, sinister, and non-existent snakes. But such terror is not a good foundation for a sound economic system, nor, on reflection, will it bear the scrutiny of recent experience. Transportation and fuel are fundamental necessities, but neither the railwaymen's strike, nor the miners' strike, nor, for that matter, any other of the late industrial disturbances affords any justification for the despair which it is now fashionable to affect. The world has known, and lived through, much dirtier weather. No man of prudent temper will

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seek to underrate the gravity of these conflicts. But there were brave men before Achilles, and there were strikes before those strikes. They are to be regarded as no more than incidents in the epic of labour, and in the larger epic of humanity; they spring from old and familiar causes; and in the real and vital forces, which function behind them, there is nothing that threatens a new dispensation. There is a test at hand which hardly anybody ever dreams of applying. The reader is invited to forget for the moment what he reads about the dismal procession of life, and to recall what he sees, and his own rôle as a marcher in it. If he encounters, day by day, red ruin and the breaking up of laws, pale riders on white horses, and apocalyptic dawns, no more is to be said. He belongs to the "intellectual minority," the "remnant," and those of us, who do not, may wish him joy of his ticket of admission. With us modern life has not yet dealt so harshly. We have not been menaced in our morning bath by any Charlotte Corday of domestic Syndicalism, or bidden by the porter at our suburban station to off coat and shovel coal, or by the newsboy to plunge into the rattle of the composing-room. We find that meat, milk, clothes, transportation, and even an accurate report of Professor Schäfer, are still to be had in exchange for the very different services which, as the outcome of a series of accidents, we happen to be at present rendering to society. Looking out we discover the way of the world to be, in view of all the prophecies, scandalously familiar. People in general are observed to be still enduring the ancient discipline, and exploiting the ancient joys of life. Dedicated to plough, loom, and engine they still seem to keep on grumbling and toiling; making little of much and much of little; homely, loyal, industrious, reckless, impatient; interested in religion, happiness, the prospects of the football season and the Insurance Act. Some of them even reach as high as the crucial Act of Hope—they marry.

So much is necessary by way of striking the key in which any useful discussion of our present industrial inconve-

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niences must proceed. Mr Wells lately announced that until we became conscious that everything touching labour is new—a new atmosphere, a new mood, a new outlook—we must abide blind and impotent. The truth is that, viewed in another aspect, everything is as old as the edict that joined bread with the sweat of a man's brow, and that, although the colour of the counters may change, the game in its essentials does not change. The answer, the simple and the sole adequate answer, to Socialism, to Syndicalism, to every perversion is human nature. But the key thus set, every honest inquirer will admit that we are in presence of a serious situation, not at all novel, and not so menacing as the wolf-shouters are pleased to think, but, for all that, exacting and doubtful. People ask indignantly: Why is Labour discontented? But how could it be anything else? The condition of the workers of these islands is not such as either to command or deserve permanence. Thirty per cent of them, more than twelve million human beings, count themselves fortunate if they are able to hold their places in the dim borderland where destitution merges into mere poverty. They are constantly slipping into the blacker depths, sometimes to recover their hold, sometimes to perish. As we go higher in the hierarchy of skill and opportunity, things, no doubt, improve, but we have to go unexpectedly and painfully high before we reach the plane of the genuine living wage. And once on that plane, or nearing it, a new force comes into play. We are caught in the sweep of the law of economic progress, the simplest statement of which is that, having put an inch between himself and destitution, a man will seek to put an ell. The subliminal worker, if one may so call him, is numbed by the weight on him, without hope and in the end almost without feeling. Ease the pressure, and the forces of growth are released in his soul. He advances in education, that is to say, he advances at once in sensitiveness, in economic appetite, and in power of organization. Something will have much, and much will have more. In his vision the future, whether construed in personal or in

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social terms, must be progressively better than the past. Too often he produces his line of desire to infinity, quits altogether the sober and fettered earth, and loses himself in the millennial mirage of Socialism. Now it is submitted that you have here, in all essential features, the story of what has been called the epic of labour. The strike now and then intensifies some episode of it into drama, but the pull of the deep under-currents is always at work. Those of us who believe individualism to be the ultimate and permanent form of any free society are a shade too fond of lecturing labour. There is no use in lecturing labour: we had better understand it. Let us therefore say frankly that the condition of our poorest is a poignant and horrible fact. It does not justify the enfeebling sentimentality, or the blood-hunger, of what a speaker at the Trade Union Congress described the other day as the "flapdoodle revolutionaries." But it is an urgent and ever-present warning to us that, while we defend and conserve our present industrial fabric on its fundamental lines, we must drastically re-model many of its subsidiary features. Moreover, we had better recognize that, if the desire of labour to make its future better than its past is criminal, then we are all tarred with the same guilty brush. The continuity of family life, and the wise instinct which sets men planting acorns so that their children may enjoy the matured oak, are the best economic bulwarks of the institution of private property. If anybody is to have the inspiration of this hope then everybody must have it. With greater justice it might be complained that the rising standard of life among the workers tends, in some respects, in the direction of mere waste and luxury. But who can appear in court sufficiently clean-handed to lodge that complaint? If the "lower classes" are corrupted it is the "middle" and "upper" classes that have been their educators in corruption; it does not lie with these latter to preach any very honest asceticism. The truth is that if you look at humanity in the mass you will find it not much worse and not much better than its familiar, historical record.

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Desire still keeps it on the march, and desire in all sorts and conditions of men occasionally puffs itself out into an intolerable egotism, and lust for luxury. But if you examine the form which it takes among the mass of industrial labourers in our day, you will find it to be modest in the extreme. A little more leisure, a little more comfort, a little more security of life, some slight treasure of hope to bequeath to one's children.

So much for what may be taken to be the all but universal psychology of labour unrest. Is there any ground for believing that recent manifestations have transformed an old problem integrally and beyond recognition? To the present writer it seems that there is none, or, at most, very little, and that very vague. He submits the following analysis of the situation.

The late strikes were not serious beyond precedent.

It is not necessary to invoke any panic-stricken hypothesis of a new Anarchism in order to explain them; they can be traced, in great part, to certain objective and, so to say, mechanical conditions.

The "New Anarchism" is neither so new in idea, nor so minatory in fact, as is supposed. Nevertheless, society is in an unstable equilibrium, and the time is ripe for a reconsideration of the whole wage-system, and of every device by which its harshness and variability may be mitigated.

The first of these statements speaks but too plainly for itself. It is not necessary to go back to the Peasants' Revolt, or the *tric de Lyon*, or to the blind Samson smashing machines and getting himself ridden down by cavalry at Peterloo, or to the hangings and transportations of the strikers of the eighteen-forties, or to the Irish Land War, in order to find parallels. The single point of interest in such an historical retrospect is that each of these disturbances of the established order is now seen to have been more humane and tolerable than the order which it disturbed. But in modern industry, and in our own time, the strike has been rather a normal feature than a deplorable extravaganza. For the decade 1901-10 the

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figures for Great Britain and Ireland show an annual average of 464 trade disputes, affecting 221,059 workers, and involving the loss yearly of 4,260,859 days. If we extend the period, and bring in France (which, it is well to remember, was in this regard not the corrupter but the pupil of England), we arrive at the following table:

| WORKING DAYS LOST THROUGH TRADE DISPUTES |                       |               |
|--|-----------------------|---------------|
|  | <i>United Kingdom</i> | <i>France</i> |
| 1891-1895 . . .                          | 14,032,298            | 1,497,768     |
| 1896-1900 . . .                          | 7,010,096             | 1,990,546     |
| 1901-1905 . . .                          | 2,791,257             | 3,228,490     |
| 1906-1908 . . .                          | 5,947,000             | 4,907,000     |

For 1911 the United Kingdom statistics record 864 trade disputes, affecting 931,050 workers, and involving the loss of 10,247,100 working days. This is a lamentable increase, but if we recover perspective by putting it into comparison with other great strike years, it does not seem so overwhelming:

| WORKING DAYS LOST THROUGH TRADE DISPUTES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM |            |
|--|------------|
| 1893 . . . . .   | 31,205,062 |
| 1897 . . . . .   | 11,463,523 |
| 1898 . . . . .   | 14,171,478 |
| 1908 . . . . .   | 10,834,188 |
| 1911 . . . . .   | 10,247,100 |

The figures for the first six months of 1912 are, indeed, dismaying. In that period no fewer than 37,500,000 working days were lost through trade disputes, notably that of March. But large as that number is it does not constitute a phenomenon of a new order. Those cited serve to show that there are but too many melancholy precedents for our unrest. Nor do available records bear out what we may call the bound-to-be-beaten argument so often addressed to strikers. The following table summarizes, by percentages, for the period 1900-1909, the results of the strikes which took place in five great industrial countries in Europe.



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1900-1909

| <i>All</i><br>Strikes. | Country.                 | <i>Victory</i><br>complete or par-<br>tial of strikers. | <i>Defeat of</i><br>Strikers. |
|------------------------|--------------------------|---|-------------------------------|
| 100                    | Belgium . . . . .        | 34·89   | 65·11                         |
| 100                    | Germany . . . . .        | 54·21   | 45·79                         |
| 100                    | United Kingdom . . . . . | 56·44   | 43·56                         |
| 100                    | France . . . . .         | 64·19   | 35·81                         |
| 100                    | Italy . . . . .          | 66·60   | 33·40                         |

It is to be borne in mind that these percentages are calculated in terms of the number of strikes, and do not give an accurate picture of the magnitude of the interests affected. But we have the definite testimony of the railway leaders that their strike "paid," as they say, "a substantial dividend," and the same holds, beyond doubt, of the miners. The strike, therefore, would appear to be by no means the abnormal and by no means the discredited manœuvre which it is, in some quarters, supposed to be.

But it is said that the late employment of it on a large scale is a phenomenon of a new order, because it was deliberately motived by the new policy of Syndicalism. The argument apparently is that if M. Georges Sorel had never written his *Reflections on Violence* the miners would never have struck for a minimum wage, and Mr Ben Tillett would never have had occasion to pray for Lord Devonport. So stated, the attempt to ascribe—whether by way of boastfulness or of terror—all contemporary labour troubles to the malign impulse of Syndicalism wears its unreality on its face. There is no need to soar to any such abstract and refined theory. A single, hard concrete fact is sufficient to explain the restiveness of labour, the divergence, namely, between the standard of money wages and the cost of living. To raise the former a little above the latter is, when all is said and done, the main effort of organized labour, and we are accustomed to acclaim, if not the whole of the nineteenth century, at all events the Victorian Age as having been, in that regard, a period of growing

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success. The year 1850 or thereabouts had come to be regarded as the turning of the tide. Without striking into a maze of statistics we may summarize the general significance for labour of the period in two passages from two great economists, Thorold Rogers writing in England and Professor Gide in France. Having characterized the earlier centuries of which we possess records, Rogers goes on:

. . . in the first half of the eighteenth century, though still far below the level of the fifteenth, it [the condition of the English labourer] achieved comparative plenty. Then it began to sink again, and the workman experienced the direst misery during the great continental war. Latterly, almost within our own memory and knowledge, it has experienced a slow and partial improvement, the causes of which are to be found in the liberation of industry from protective laws, in the adoption of certain principles which restrained employment in some directions, and most of all in the concession to labourers of the right so long denied of forming labour partnerships.

Rogers had in mind mainly the first half of the nineteenth century. Gide, with the complete picture of it before him, echoes the same highly ambiguous optimism. Judging by present experience, he observes, the condition of the workers between 1800 and 1830 was "probably worse than at any previous period in their history, very much worse than that of preceding centuries." It was a "lugubrious age." When the tide turned the inflow was tardy and penurious.

If wages rose enormously during the last three-quarters of the nineteenth century we must, nevertheless, be on our guard against the illusion that they have even now reached a high level. What the movement means is that they started from a very low level. We may well be amazed at the fact that it took a hundred long years of conflict and advance to raise the wage of labour to the miserable figure at which, for the greater part of the working classes, it now stands.\*

Thus testified Gide in 1900. In the intervening decade things have not bettered, but worsened. The curve of

\**Institutions de Progrès Social*. New Edition. 1912.

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prices has outdistanced the curve of wages. The majority of economists appear to be agreed that this rise in prices, and especially in export prices, is due to the enormous increase in the output of gold. A similar upward jump between 1854 and 1863 is so to be explained. This up-climb of prices is held to have stimulated production, and even to have begotten a boom. But it has reacted sorely on labour. Professor Ashley estimates that a worker could buy as much for 20s. in 1896 as he could buy for about 24s. in 1910. Between these dates the price of food had risen, according to his estimate, by at least 19 per cent, according to that of Professor Gide by 25 per cent. Wages are calculated to have increased in the same period by not more than 11 per cent. These figures are, of course, largely conjectural, no complete inquiry having yet been made, but in so far as they err our daily experience must convince us that they err on the side of optimism. Such circumstances must inevitably produce unrest. The enormous economic pressure indicated has come most heavily, not on the budget which at all times has ample reserves, but on the line-ball budget of the wage-earner. The weakest feels it worst. The movement in prices has not merely checked the rising curve of working-class prosperity, but seems to have actually depressed it below its former level. In the opinion of Professor Ashley it has deprived labour "of all, and perhaps more than all" that it had gained in the way of higher wages in the last decade and a half.

This harsh and embittering experience would offer a sufficient explanation of more than the present discontent. That the discontent in question springs from defeat in the old struggle for food, shelter and clothes, and not from any new diabolism, is strikingly confirmed by Mr Vernon Hartshorn, the ablest of the "revolutionaries."

"This is not a question," he writes, "of Socialism or Syndicalism. . . . The worker is not out for a theory. He is out for something more tangible—bread."

But it is entirely natural that in such an atmosphere novel and violent doctrines should find audience if not

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acceptance. The ear of hunger is ready to listen to any new analysis of society, any new programme or campaign that announces itself in fervent and sweeping formulae. In this case it is invited to a somewhat ragged version of the words of M. Sorel, and the deeds of M. Pataud. The poorness of the lodgment found by that version is obvious. At the recent Trade Union Congress there was to have been a full-dress debate on Syndicalism. All the heavy artillery was to have taken the field. But as it turned out there were but two delegates, two young Welsh miners, who attempted to defend the new creed, and neither of them was at any particular pains to define it. The Congress carried by a majority, so large as to constitute an all but unanimous decision, an anti-Syndicalist resolution. What the precise tenets of Syndicalism are it is far from easy to say. This is claimed as a virtue, for it is argued that vagueness and vitality go together. "Why should you be expected," asks Mr J. H. Harley—in what we may call a tongue-in-the-cheek exposition of Sorel—"to know the site of every temple erected on the site of your expected New Jerusalem. . . . Intellect is discursive and limitative; it is intuition that gives us the rounded or perfect whole." M. Bergson has said so, and the mantle of his philosophy is deemed sufficient to cover a whole mob of doctrines that would otherwise incur suspicion. If vagueness is characteristic of the vital impulse so also is violence, and the blinder it is the better. This economic Agnosticism has its notable advantages, but it may help also to explain the Syndicalist revolt against Parliamentary government. Parliamentarianism means elections, and elections mean definite programmes. The election address of a devotee of these doctrines would afford agreeable reading:

You ask me, comrades, whether I am in favour of this, or in favour of that. In putting such a question you are seeking to envelop my spontaneity in the limitative, discursive, and generally low-caste categories of intellect. Rise to the plane of intuition on which alone a philosopher can consent to dwell. My programme is this. I will intuit. I will creatively evolve. I will continually and progressively sprout into fresh spontaneities. . . .

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It is to be feared that at this point some member of the audience might be moved to intone the popular American song: "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." Nobody demands a minute and accurately starred Baedeker of these Utopias. The *lendemain de la Révolution* may well be rather misty and dim of prospect. But we are certainly entitled to demand something a little more definite than this. Fortunately many of the Syndicalists have so far forgotten themselves as to say what they mean. They offer apparently two contributions, one of which belongs to the practical and the other to the theoretical order. They have a recipe by which labour is to become master of the world, and a plan on which the world is to be reorganized after that mastery has been achieved. Let us take this latter first. It is proposed to replace the wage-system—by hypothesis overthrown—by a network of productive groups: in some schemes each of these groups is to own the instruments of production in its particular industry, in others the group is merely to control the technique of production. In this second plan all industrial ownership is concentrated in the State, which also directs the whole process of distribution. It is difficult to discern any impressive novelty in this proposal. One form of it is merely a specialization and elaboration of socialism, and is steeped in all the injustices and impossibilities of that system. The other is a mere reproduction of the dreams of speculative Anarchists like Kropotkin—the free association of self-organized economic groups displacing that compulsory association which we call the State—and, although conserving some sort of freedom, it throws to the winds an element of co-equal importance, order. Both display, on examination, the lineaments of old friends, or rather, old enemies. They are the eternally repelled, eternally reappearing standards of decivilization. M. Sorel and his fellow-theorists have indeed issued manifestoes of amazing intellectual power and fervour, veritable lyrics and paeans. So did Proudhon, so did Bakunin, so did Stirner, so did Nietzsche, so, in his own way, did Marx. But the ancient ways of human nature,

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and the deep laws of human association, rejected those destroying visions, and they will reject that of Syndicalism.

In innumerable passages the new literature echoes, as we have said, the long hatred of Anarchist for Socialist, a hatred which naturally extends itself to politics in general. But the tone has changed. The Syndicalist does not protest so much against what Whitman calls "the insolence of elected persons," as against their economic incompetence. M. Sorel represents the contempt of the craftsman for the mere bureaucrat. Syndicalism stands, even etymologically, for the man trained to some special process, the man who can do some particular thing, and who is full of pride in his skill and his work. M. Sorel, it appears, has condemned *sabotage* in express and passionate terms; to him it is a sort of unpardonable treachery committed by a man against what is best in his own self, as if Rodin were, in a temper, to take a hammer and smash his Balzac. With this pride of the craftsman in his soul Sorel looks with forecasting eye at the spectacle of a committee of Parliamentary orators set to run a steel works, or an engine-shop, or a woollen factory. He shudders, and the comparative popularity of his shudder is of good omen for the future of labour. In general we may say that, while the Syndicalist Utopia is no more possible or desirable than its forerunners, the Syndicalist critique has many valuable elements. At least it helps to lead back the mind of labour from "flapdoodle" revolution to realism, service, and a kind of tonic pride.

The new strategy of Syndicalism is, of course, the general strike. Is it so new? As a speculation it lies in a hundred places all along the literature of social discontent. Sir Arthur Clay has very aptly recalled a crystalizing phrase of Mirabeau's: "Le peuple, dont la seule immobilité serait formidable." Such immobility is imagined in a very concrete form in a very well-known sonnet of Sully Prudhomme which seems, curiously enough, to have been over-looked:

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Le laboureur m'a dit en songe: "Fais ton pain,  
Je ne te nourris plus, gratte la terre et sème,"  
Le tisserand m'a dit: "Fais tes habits toi-même,"  
Et le maçon m'a dit: "Prends la truelle en main."  
Et seul, abandonné de tout le genre humain,  
Dont je traînais partout l'implacable anathème  
Quand j'implorais du ciel une pitié suprême,  
Je trouvais des lions debout sur mon chemin.  
J'ouvrais les yeux, doutant si l'aube était réelle,  
De hardis compagnons sifflaient sur leur échelle,  
Les métiers bourdonnaient, les champs étaient semés:  
Je connus mon bonheur, et qu'au monde où nous sommes  
Nul ne peut se vanter de se passer des hommes,  
Et depuis ce jour-là je les ai tous aimés.

Sully Prudhomme had his dream, and turned it to excellent purpose; in our time the experience has come to some of the more timid in the blacker habiliments of a nightmare and has had no better result than to set them babbling of volleys at the pit mouths, and cavalry charges in the factory towns.

The strike is a lamentably old and familiar weapon, and the passage in thought from a single strike to the conception of a general strike is not very difficult. When we come to a passage in reality, however, which is the sole point of interest, the case is very different. It is hard to believe that there can be anywhere a scaremonger so scared as to believe that the dream of Sully Prudhomme has any relation to the actualities of 1912. Such queer people, however, do apparently exist; if any of them asks why his nightmare is to be so dogmatically dismissed, and why it is impossible, we can only answer that men are not made that way. That a Trade Union not on strike should sympathize with a Trade Union on strike is very natural, and in such cases the sympathy in question often takes the shape of a subsidy. But the "sympathetic strike," the mildest prologue imaginable to a general strike, has failed hopelessly in the few instances in which it was tried, as, for example, by the Irish railway men. By the terms of the hypothesis the larger conflict must

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be inaugurated and directed by the Trade Unions, and these bodies would not inaugurate it if they could, nor could they if they would. And for very good reasons. The Unions, powerful though they are, represent but a small fraction of the whole mass of labour. They are, as testified by the late Congress, extremely conservative and pacific; their benefit sections, in contrast with the more revolutionary French organizations, are of enormous importance, and the Insurance Act gives them a greatly increased interest in having the peace kept. But there is a deeper, and more nakedly human bulwark of security. The worker, like everybody else in the community, is in the first place a consumer, and a general strike means general starvation. Except in the event of total loss of reason men will not see through the branch on which not only themselves but their wives and families are supported. So much for Syndicalism in its main features. It might almost be defined as Trade Unionism in a temper, and in a violent hurry. As for its alleged revolt against politics and the whole working machinery of the State, and its exclusive reliance on direct action, this is not to be taken very seriously. No man with a heavy weight to lift, and two arms to lift it with, will ever be persuaded to fit himself for his task by deliberately amputating one of them. Nothing is commoner than to find a Syndicalist who, in his first sentence, has abjured the State, proceeding, in his second, to demand a whole code of new laws. And this is a mere campaign Syndicalism. Just as many a German votes Socialist solely in order to goad or jog on the more conservative elements on the path of social policy, so a few young and impatient spirits have seized on Syndicalism as a cudgel with which to accelerate the pace of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Time will probably take its revenge on more than one of them by sending them, in due course, into Parliament.

But let us guard against lapsing back into comfortable apathy. It is mere rhetoric to say that our present industrial system has been tried and condemned, but its



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flaws and distortions have certainly been dramatically unveiled. Impressed by the appalling waste of industrial war business men are everywhere demanding some absolute specific, and guarantee of peace. The demand is Utopian, for no such Economists' Stone is to be found. Compulsory arbitration is plainly impracticable, and if we inquire into the justice of such a scheme we cannot but be surprised to discover that its chief advocates are those who, as against the Trade Unions, warmly defend the right of the individual labourer to sell or to refuse to sell his work at a given wage. Compulsory arbitration is illusory, for the simple reason that there is not in the nation force sufficient to drive organized labour into mine or factory against its will. Organized labour refuses vehemently, and from its own point of view very properly, to surrender its right to appeal in last resort to the strike, but even without this formal refusal any attempt at coercion must of its nature be futile. The idea of submitting the whole industrial population to military discipline and martial law, and of hanging strikers as you would deserters, is preposterous. But we can hope, and must press strongly for compulsory inquiry into the facts and merits of trade disputes. The whole lesson of the history of the great strikes is that it is public opinion which in the end decides the result, and public opinion is entitled in these complex times to the aid of some skilled official tribunal, as distinguished from that of necessarily partisan newspapers, in its attempt to discover the real truth of a trade dispute. But the main hope in this regard lies in a continuance of the conservative attitude of the Trade Union leaders. They have signified again and again their reluctance to bring the weapon of the strike into play except in extremities. It involves the commission on a large scale of the one unpardonable, economic sin, that of waste. It is a method of barbarism, and, rightly understood, it is not a triumph but a defeat of Trade Unionism. It is highly creditable to these "paid agitators," as they are sometimes foolishly called, that they should stand so firmly for unpopular sanities as

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against the blood and thunder insurgents of their own army. In France some of them apparently rise to an even higher plane and question whether "so grave a lesion to the fraternal solidarity of labour" as is involved in the idea of a strike is in strict theory at all justifiable. What comes to be universally perceived is that the commissariat on which labour enters these wars is very meagre, and that the sorest wounds inflicted by a striker are on the striker himself, and his class. All this is to say in other words that the prospect of industrial peace is bound up not with the suppression, but with the extension of Trade Unions. We may echo dogmatically the maxim of Professor Pigou that the employer who fights against recognition is always wrong. Nor is there either wisdom or any germ of success in the attempt to strangle the realities of Trade Unionism with laws or legal decisions. It is easy to elaborate a fine-drawn argument showing that the unions occupy a position of privilege, and even tyranny. There is even a glimmer of truth in the complaint. Unanimity of action is of the very essence of their policy, and a Union has to choose between absolute supremacy in its own particular trade and ineffectiveness. The rationale of what might otherwise be questioned stands clearly expressed in history and experience. It cannot be better put than in the authoritative words of Professor R. T. Ely, the distinguished American economist:

Whatever bad traits naturally characterize labour organizations are aggravated so long as they are obliged to struggle for existence. Whenever the fact of their right to exist is frankly acknowledged, and employers, ceasing to persecute them or their officials, recognize the man who treats in a representative capacity for the sale of the commodity labour as courteously as they would an agent for the sale of corn or wheat; finally, whenever courts cease to harrow them with legal chicanery, as courts long did in England, they tend to become strong and conservative.

When we come to consider suggested modifications of the wage-system our task becomes very formidable.

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It can be attempted in these pages only in a very bald and summary fashion. All the proposed schemes aim at altering the arrangement which at present embattles labour and capital in two mutually hostile camps. In all of them the shaping idea is to give the industrial worker an interest in the prosperity of the capital employed in his industry, and they arrange themselves in a regular hierarchy in proportion to the size of that interest. In the first type we have the wage-system in its pure form; in the second, profit-sharing, we have that system modified by giving the worker a share in the profits, but not in the capital or the control of the enterprise; in the third, co-partnership, the worker acquires in addition to his wages a share, allocated by way of annual bonus, either in the capital alone or, in the more advanced stage, in both capital and control; and the final term of the process is reached in co-operative production, in which capital and labour coalesce in the same body of workers. The underlying principle of all these reconstructions is obviously endowed with a peculiar fascination. To get rid of an enemy, or rather of his enmity, by enlisting him for service under your own colours is an attractive prospect. Generous minds have constantly revolted against the notion of one man selling himself or hiring himself, body and soul, as they phrase it, to another. Certain Catholic writers, especially in Austria, have attempted by a subtle but unconvincing analysis to represent the relation between employer and employed, not as contractual, but as associational. But are these schemes workable, and, if they are, do they afford an adequate specific for social unrest? Professor Chapman has, with his customary wisdom, been lately asking us to approach such solutions, and indeed all solutions of a great difficulty, in an absolutely non-doctrinaire spirit. We must look at them in a realistic and concrete way, studying particular facts rather than hastily formulating universal laws.

With regard to all these modes of association we have considerable experience to guide us. Profit-sharing

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assumes either of two forms; in the one the employer formally contracts to divide, annually or bi-annually, a percentage of the profits of the business among the employés; in the other there is no formal engagement, but, as a matter of practice, wages are supplemented by the voluntary grant of bonuses. This latter method of increasing at once the efficiency and the peacefulness of labour is very general, especially in the world of commerce, but its scope is obviously very limited. It does not create any genuine association; it compromises the integrity of that collective bargaining which is the essence of Trade Unionism; and it has a tendency to sap the independence of the worker. In fact, Professor Gide, commenting on the schedule of bonuses allowed in the factory of Van Marken at Delft—a notable case in point—observes that it reduces grown men to the level of “schoolboys to whom marks are allotted for good conduct.” Sometimes this system is superimposed on the formal engagement. Of the latter, and of the whole device in general, Mr D. F. Schloss, our greatest authority, takes a view far from flattering. Profit-sharing, he observes, has been in operation in these countries for more than half a century, but it has rarely succeeded, and in a great many cases has had to be abandoned. Its weaknesses are patent. From the point of view of capital it must always seem absurd that labour should share in the profit but not in the losses of an enterprise. The workers on their part complain that the profits divided among them have first to be earned by extra intensity of labour—they are a sort, not of overtime, but of overtoil payment; if an enterprise can afford an increased dividend to labour it had better come in the form of a rise in wages; and, finally, even in favourable circumstances, the income accruing under the head of profits is so trivial in comparison with that accruing under the head of wages that no real synthesis of the interests of labour with those of capital is effected. On this last rock we have all seen many schemes go to pieces in recent years. An examination of any striking success confirms its impor-

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tance. In the case of the Suez Canal Company, for instance, we are told that the employés are so devoted that when the telegraph board announces an increase in the number of vessels that have passed through during the day the whole staff claps hands. Inquiry shows that the profits shared by this company amount to no less than 30 to 40 per cent of the wages. Co-partnership, now become the fetish of some writers, promises better, but, unhappily, experience does not uniformly confirm its promises. Did it possess the almost miraculous virtues ascribed to it it must by this time have covered with its sheltering branches a great part of the industrial world; for the *Familistère* of Godin at Guise dates back almost to the inauguration of British Free Trade. Successes are to be chronicled in that instance, in the woollen factory of Mr Cooke Taylor at Batley, in the Cash Register establishment at Dayton, Ohio, in the printing firm of Van Marken at Delft, and in the London gas companies. In this last instance it is significant to note that the managements found it necessary to compel the workers to acquire a share in the capital. But, despite the brilliant and widely celebrated success of these experiments, the co-partnership idea has not greatly expanded; it seems neither to gain ground nor to lose it. Co-operative production is in no better case. As a plan of organization for the whole of industry it amounts substantially to the impossible dream of the Syndicalist-Socialists. As a type among the other types of enterprise it lies under two main disadvantages, the difficulty of obtaining capital and that of maintaining discipline. In agriculture it undoubtedly possesses the secret of the future, but there it becomes a phenomenon of a different order. In manufacturing industry it is apparently able to hold its ground only when it rests on a basis of associations of consumers, confines the co-operative formula to the side of capital, and employs labour under the discipline of the present wage-system. Its one notable triumph of late, the Glass-Workers' Association of Albi, turned largely on subsidies and preferences granted,

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mainly on political grounds, by public bodies and "Co-operatives of Consumption." Other experiments have been tried, particularly what Mr Lever of Port Sunlight calls "prosperity-sharing." This is the programme of the palace factory and the garden city. In every instance in which employers have followed Mr Lever's plan of humanizing the conditions of labour, surrounding their workers with comfort and even a hint of luxury, they have been amply repaid. Advocates have also appeared in the field on behalf of an intermediate plan by which not the individual worker but the Trade Unions would acquire considerable blocks of the capital of their industries. Others propound a scheme under which the workers, or groups of them, would take jobs on piece-rates from the employer, and apportion among themselves both the labour and the remuneration.

There is none of these proposals that is not worthy of consideration. Any one of them may, in some particular trade in some particular place, be the best path to peace and development. But any such association seems to demand exceptional personality, and an exceptional tradition. Everything indicates that it is likely to appear only as a happy accident, and that the normal type of enterprise will continue to be based on the wage-system. What we have got to realize, to absorb into our social philosophy, to get into our bones, as the phrase is, is that the wage-system as at present in operation is profoundly unsatisfactory. It must be amended if it is to endure. The standard of wages is, in general, too low; over a great area it is so low as to shut out the recipients of it, not only from the amenities but even from the necessaries of life. This undenied fact is the lion in the path. The worker is under a further disadvantage, which has manifested itself very prominently in his recent history; he makes his contract of service, not in terms of the economic realities which he needs—food, clothes and shelter—but in terms of an economic symbol, money. If the fluctuations of the latter are unfavourable to him he finds the whole sense of his agreement gone, while the

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letter remains. If he disregards that he is in danger of estranging public opinion by what is represented as a breach of faith. There is yet another characteristic of the personal wage-history of the wage-earner. Unlike the public functionary, or the mental labourer in general, he does not enjoy an income which rises steadily if slowly, offering automatic provision for the responsibilities of marriage, and the growing disabilities of age. The wage-earner reaches his maximum early, stays there during maturity, to slip lamentably down as his hair blanches. Nothing could well be more pathetic than the recorded fact that in some English industrial towns the unusual consumption of hair-dye has been traced not to feminine coquetry, but to the desperate attempts of ageing workers to conceal their age. Nor must it be forgotten that the majority of them have had to support their manhood on a wage which made thrift not only impossible but almost criminal. To what measures are we to look for amelioration? The first essential is a change of mind; there must be a deliberate adhesion, not a mere grudging and forced assent, to the principle that the level of real wages in almost all industries, but especially in those in which labour is not organized, is too low for social health or stability, and that it must rise. The divergence of nominal from real wages is mainly a matter of terminology. We have simply got to recognize that every collective agreement fixing the price of labour is controlled by a *rebus sic stantibus* proviso. A rise in real wages is the substantial end to be attained, and the attainment of it is the solution of the social problem. The mode of attainment most widely discussed at present is the establishment, by law, of a minimum wage in every industry. This proposal has encountered many criticisms, the most surprising being to the effect that it is revolutionary and Socialistic. The truth is that it proposes merely to extend to unorganized labour, through the machinery of the State, what organized labour has obtained through Trade Unionism. And so far is this scheme from being Socialistic, that on the

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Continued it is specially identified with the Catholic School of Economics, although it must be said that so distinguished a theorist as Rambaud prefers a customary to a statutory wage. Will industry everywhere be able to bear forthwith a minimum high enough to constitute a genuine living wage? Mr Ramsay MacDonald has a short way of dealing with this fundamental difficulty. If any industry is not able to do so, let it perish; it is a mere parasite, a national loss rather than an asset. Such a dictum is hopelessly at war with realities, and with the realistic temper of mind, which alone can achieve lasting results. There are literally thousands of instances in which the customary wage is, for the time being, less than a genuine living wage; in which, for the time being, no better is possible; and yet the destruction of which would be nothing less than insanity. The universal establishment of a human minimum is, indeed, the ideal towards which we must work. But we must come to it by a steady process of amelioration, not by a sudden stroke of Utopianism. Any Minimum Wage Act must be indefinitely flexible: permitted variations from place to place, and perhaps a sliding-scale arrangement, must enable it to adjust itself to the varying actualities to which it is applied. So framed, it offers itself, if not as a panacea, at least as a promising experiment. As for the other peculiar difficulties of the wage-earner's life (arising from sickness, unemployment and age), the State has already intervened. And we may take it for granted that, whatever details may be corrected in the light of experience, the area of social legislation is bound not to contract, but to widen.

Such more or less mechanical readjustments must come, but unless there is in the community a sufficient reserve of good-will to keep the wheels oiled, we cannot expect them to function very smoothly. It is no mere rhetoric that appeals for a change of spirit. We have already chronicled it as a good omen that the worker is beginning to recover his pride of craftsmanship, and to discover that to bear burdens, although toilsome,



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is a toil of honour. We may well desire that a similar pride in tasks accomplished and duties loyally fulfilled should find expression among the wealthier classes. A world in which everybody proclaims his grievances, and forgets his obligations must necessarily rock with unrest. We have all got to accept life as a hard but cleansing discipline, of which effort, often painful effort, is the normal texture, and pleasure but a rare embroidery. In the restoration of such a sane social philosophy it is often announced that the Church has a great part to play. To me it seems that the sanctuary and the laboratory of the Church is the individual conscience. But there are beyond doubt good grounds for adding to the curriculum of ecclesiastical colleges a course in economics, and the social sciences in general. A priest with spare time can help greatly towards peace, not by lecturing his people—as a rule with more fervour than insight—but by reasoning out with them in quiet conference the significance of the economic conditions among which their lot is cast. On that line much, and very much, can be done. But any attempt to formulate in the name of the Church a rigorous and exclusive social programme, and to insist that that alone is sound Catholic policy, must, of its nature, be futile and even dangerous. It is indeed part of the mission of the Church to safeguard those ethical truths which lie at the basis of all society; but when it comes to a discussion of the technical processes of society, economic and political, every man must effect his own synthesis of principle and technique, and he must be free to follow the light of his own conscience and his experience.

T. M. KETTLE

## 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.*

BESIDES having the distinction of being the only life of Victor Hugo in English, the elaborate biography (Eveleigh Nash. 15s. net) of that dramatist and poet which Mr A. F. Davidson has given to the public has the advantage of appearing at a time which is particularly favourable to its success.

Victor Hugo's fame was so great at its height, and has diminished so quickly while many of his ideas are still popular, that it is exceptionally interesting to trace in these pages the course of the present generation's apparent ingratitude towards him. It is not that Victor Hugo is tainted with the musty stain of being old-fashioned, which spoils so many great writers to the generation after their own; on the contrary his general temper of mind still flourishes both in literature and public life. The reason is we fear more personal and more painful. If we have read Mr Davidson's *Life* aright, Victor Hugo was a man so inordinately vain that it always seemed necessary to him to present his smallest acts as due to heroic courage or sublime pity, and when inconvenient facts or dates conflicted with this personal exigency he did not hesitate to adapt them to his purpose at the expense of accuracy. It is scarcely too much to say that he was a shallow, nay, in some respects a mean character, though endowed with intellectual gifts of a superlative order, amongst which a vast and vivid imagination and an unrivalled power of expression were the most remarkable. The power of crystallizing in graphic and sonorous phrase the current of the moment, was his supreme gift, and as in the case of so many other men of great talents the supreme gift contained the germ of deception and ultimate defeat. It led him to believe that he created the ideas of his time rather than reflected and formulated their expression. The public

# Life of Victor Hugo

delighted and flattered to hear its sub-conscious thoughts reproduced in such magnificent form, encouraged and half believed the error; and so the partners in this mutual admiration society, the great poet and the great public, continued to fawn on each other until the former, at least, had lost all sense of what is right and wrong in ethics as in art. Victor Hugo's enthusiasm for success was unbounded, and his abandonment of lost causes consequently unailing; but as his interior code required that he should always have been in the right, he persuaded himself that he had never changed, leaving those who had believed him to be a Legitimist and Christian under the Restoration, and an Orleanist and Liberal under Louis Philippe to infer that appearances are often deceptive. His fatal fluency of phrase, coupled with the intensely worldly bent of his mind, encouraged him in the belief that he was destined to play a leading part in the politics not only of his country, but of the world. This belief was his undoing, not only in the direct and material sense that it caused his exile and impoverishment during the whole period of the Second Empire; but also we believe in the further and more lasting sense that it exposed both the shabby side of his character and the shortcomings of his intellectual grasp. At the risk of seeming paradoxical we will venture to say that he was much more a cultivated man than a man of good education, and this opinion is borne out by Mr Davidson's account of his life as a boy and youth. He, of course, attended school, first that of an unfrocked priest which we imagine to have been a very slipshod establishment, and later the more imposing Collège Louis-le-Grand. But we find no mention during his attendance at either of these schools of anything approaching to scholarly attainments or university degree; nor was it likely that ambitions of such a sort would be instilled in a day boarder whose home influence was directed by a woman like Madame Hugo mère. No doubt his books show that he acquired in the course of a long life, or even during the first half of it, a vast and varied amount of knowledge and information, but the absence of a good

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education is none the less apparent, we think, in his lack of a true sense of the relative value of things, and in his disregard or ignorance of the claims of other men when he himself had to deal with them..

In reading this book one cannot help wondering what the author's own sentiments are towards Victor Hugo, or with what purpose he undertook the biography of a man for whose character he conveys, even if he does not share, a feeling of almost unmingled disgust. It may be that he wishes to expose this pontiff amongst pharisees, or that he considers the meannesses and insincerities of Victor Hugo's life which he lays bare to have been redeemed by his stupendous literary achievements; in the former case we can have nothing but praise for the scrupulous fairness with which he dwells upon his revolutionizing genius as a writer, and above all as a French poet; in the latter for the unflinching courage which he shows in recording without gloss the many petty traits and sordid incidents of an unusually long and varied life.

It may be urged that his attitude towards the Second Empire and the *coup d'état* which brought it about is evidence that the above estimate is too harsh. But Mr Davidson makes it abundantly clear that Victor Hugo's hostility to the government of Napoleon III derived its origin and its strength from his failure to obtain the long-coveted ministerial portfolio from the Presidential régime of Louis Napoleon in 1849.

The *coup d'état* of 1851, therefore, although it certainly found him in opposition, drove him into antagonism at once so intemperate and so ridiculous that his banishment became both inevitable and easy, and was deprived of all dignity by the indiscriminate personal vituperation of the exile against the man whom shortly before he would gladly have served. This apparent exception to the habit of being on the winning side seems to us, therefore, of the sort that proves the rule.

There is one incident in the *Life* which we cannot refrain from recalling. We refer to the conduct and experiences of Victor Hugo and his friend Armand de

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l'Ariège during the days immediately after the *coup d'état* of 1851, which are described with a satirical gusto that to English readers cannot fail to recall the behaviour under difficult circumstances of Mr Pickwick's friend Snodgrass. The truth as perceived in Mr Davidson's vivid portrait is that Victor Hugo was without any real dignity of character, which can only spring from self-restraint, self-denial, and resignation. He was always confusing the symbol with the thing symbolized, the label with the drug, and was convinced that he was performing heroic acts when he struck heroic attitudes.

It would have been interesting, we think, to have learnt a little more of the religious evolution of a man who claimed a moral pre-eminence so lofty that he considered himself entitled to rank in history amongst inspired prophets, and to hold sway on earth as a kind of President for life of the Republic of Conscience. But although we are told that he was sufficiently *croyant* as a youth to solicit the advice of the Abbé duc de Rohan in regard to a confessor, and although we know that he died without the ministrations of any priest, and explicitly repudiating the "prayers of any churches," and received secular burial, yet there is not a word of explanation or description of the process by which he travelled from his first to his final state of mind. It is indeed possible that there is little or nothing to tell about this religious evolution, and that it is accounted for by the deficiencies of his early training. The fact that his mother caused him to be entered as a Protestant at a Spanish college because she disliked the prevalent practice of making the collegians serve as acolytes is a significant indication of the attitude towards religion to which he was accustomed at home.

If the book, like *Vanity Fair*, may be called a story without a hero, it is not one without an heroine, and one cannot read Mr Davidson's pages without a deep compassion and admiration for Adèle Fouché, the sorely tried wife of Victor Hugo. While the great man wrote and ranted about pity and suffering and retribution, she bore with a meekness which to less humble spirits seems akin to apathy

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not only the ordinary but deep sorrows of life, such as the loss of her children, but also the life-long inconstancies and neglect of her husband and the daily strain of reconciling his lofty professions with the squalid practices of his private life.

T. B.

THE first work on the complete Kindergarten system in France is being given to the public by M. l'Abbé Klein, under the attractive title *Mon filleul au Jardin d'enfants* (Libraire Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50 c. Paris. 1912). Vol. I, *Comment il s'instruit* is to be followed shortly by a second, *Comment il s'élève*. This interesting book deals only with the education of very young children—from the age of three to seven. The author describes how, being obliged to rest from serious work after an illness, he occupied the time with an experiment in the education of his little godson. He visited first the "Ecoles Maternelles," the only schools before the introduction of Kindergarten designed to occupy and as far as possible instruct children so young as to be hardly removed from babyhood. His chief complaint of most of these schools is that there is too much discipline—the children's minds are kept at too continual a stretch, and many of the exercises, in particular the hours given to reading, are by far too mechanical:

Ensuite commença, pour durer une heure, la leçon de lecture,—vous entendez bien, pour durer une heure!—lecture presque tout le temps collective et consistant en une succession monotone, assourdissante, inintelligible, de lettres, de syllabes, de mots, où ceux-ci offraient juste autant de sens que celles-la.

An amusing element in this account is given by the description of the *leçon de morale*—the only substitute, we gather, for religious teaching. The children are shown pictures of two small boys, one good, one bad, engaged in the different duties proper to their age. The last paragraph is practically a repetition of the entire lesson:

Au troisième tableau dans la rue, nous retrouvons les deux mêmes héros, cette fois revenant de l'école et accueillis par leur

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mère. C'est ce qu'explique aisément notre petite troupe. Elle a vite fait aussi de reconnaître le plus sage des deux. "C'est celui qui a un cerceau.—Qui le lui a donné?—Sa maman.—Et l'autre?—Il a les mains noires comme un charbonnier; il a mis de l'encre aussi sur son tablier.—Que fait la maman?—Comme ça (petite geste d'horreur).—Que dit-elle?—Comme tu t'es sali! Comme tu t'es sali! Oui, et vous voyez, elle ne lui donne pas de jouet. C'est un enfant malpropre; l'autre est un enfant soigneux. Montrez moi l'enfant malpropre. Montrez moi l'enfant soigneux." Tout le monde les discerne, et quelqu'un s'écrie: "Moi je ne ferai pas de tache d'encre." La leçon de morale est terminée.

Much praise is given indeed to individual lessons, and instructors in these schools, but the reader is led to feel that M. Klein assents in the main to the dictum of the general inspector of the Ecoles Maternelles, Madame Kermogard, who declares that "Malgré nos efforts l'école maternelle se pare encore d'un titre usurpé."

The title might more justly be taken, the author thinks, by the "Children's Gardens"; he goes on to describe, where the child's natural instincts are drawn out and made educative, where study is so happily mingled with song, drawing and physical exercises as to develop at once the whole being. The children arrive at school half an hour too soon, full of eagerness to begin the day's occupations. Attention is held without strain and order kept with no apparent effort.

The main system is this. A subject is chosen befitting the time of year and surroundings. This is the *Idée Centrale*, and should be sufficiently wide to furnish varied work for a month or six weeks without fatiguing the children's attention. For instance, the works of spring-time being this *Idée*, they are shown the methods of sowing seed and are then given gardens and taught to sow therein. The seed is split up and they are shown its construction and how it develops. They are shown a hen sitting on her eggs: they then draw eggs and hens and learn an action song on the subject. Everything used or seen is made to furnish matter for song or drawing. Observation is fostered to the utmost and most of the lessons are

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*causeries* between pupils and teacher. And one subject is knit to another with so much skill as to give the young mind a dim idea of order and method in the universe. Not that notion of order which led the child of agnostics when rebuked for naughtiness to reply, "I can't help it, mother, it's a law of Nature." The religious side in teaching is not insisted on, yet the author shows skilfully how exceedingly difficult it would be to conduct the simplest course on any *Idée Centrale* without that deeper Central Thought which alone contents the child's inquiring mind. Attempt to explain everything, to reduce it to laws of Nature and the child will probably "do" the teacher, but how readily it accepts a sense of mystery and that of a Law-giver behind laws. At the end of a long talk on poultry the mistress says to little Jean:

C'est le jaune qui se développe en poulet.—Comment ça se fait? —Cela personne ne le sait.—Ah! oui, conclut-il, c'est seulement le bon Dieu et la poule qui le savent.

The entire description is delightful; the children's drawings, modellings and other handiwork shown in the illustrations often really remarkable. Yet somehow the reader is left feeling almost bewildered at the perfection of the picture, asking "Is it not almost too good to be true? Where are found, where are trained, teachers at once learned and patient, grave and gay enough to carry out such a scheme?" Perhaps Vol. II, *Comment il s'élève*, will remove these lingering doubts. M. W.

IT is difficult on beginning a novel by George Birmingham to know whether he intends to be taken seriously or not. And in the case of *The Red Hand of Ulster* (Smith, Elder. 6s.) it is not quite easy on finishing it.

The American millionaire, Conroy, descended from exiled Irish peasants, desires to amuse himself and gratify his inherited hatred for England by fostering an Irish rebellion. But the Nationalists, on the point of getting Home Rule, have no wish to revolt, so he turns his attention to Ulster and imports arms in his yacht under cover



# The Red Hand of Ulster

of night. Among those who lead the army he forms are earnest Protestants and Unionists like the Dean and Crossan, men who want a lark like Bob Power, and men who hate England as much as Conroy himself and wish to frustrate any of her designs, and who, it is to be supposed, do not find the proffered measure of Home Rule sufficient. Some rather curious fighting takes place in Belfast, in which the rebels cannot fire straight and the soldiers (by order of Government) are not allowed to. At last the heavy cannon brought into play under the command of an old soldier do succeed in disabling an English battleship, on which, to the fury of Ulster, the English fleet quietly withdraws. The War Committee then meet and decide to send the narrator of the story, Lord Kilmore, to negotiate at Westminster.

“Now as to the terms which you are prepared to offer the Government,” I said.

“We will not have Home Rule,” said the Dean and Malcolmson together. . . .

“All we ask,” said McNeice, “is that the English clear out of this country, bag and baggage, soldiers, policemen, tax collectors, the whole infernal crew, and leave us a free hand to clean up the mess they’ve been making for the last hundred years.”

“Either that,” said Malcolmson, “or fight us in earnest.”

“They’ll clear out, of course,” I said. “If it’s a choice between that and fighting. But what about governing the country afterwards?”

“We’ll do that,” said Conroy, “and if we can’t do it better than they did——” . . .

“I understand, then,” I said, “that the Lord Lieutenant with the purely ornamental part of the Viceregal staff is to be allowed to remain on the condition that he gives—shall we say eight balls and eight dinner parties every year?—and that every other Englishman leaves the country at once. Those are your terms.”

“And no more talk about Home Rule,” said the Dean firmly.

“Very well,” I said, “I’ll start at once.”

It does not seem wonderful that on receiving this ultimatum the English Government were a little surprised and puzzled—but they at once joyfully agreed to the terms proposed. The whole book is quite as funny as

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George Birmingham's most farcical work. If it has a serious meaning, and we have read that meaning right, it should appeal to Nationalists considerably more than to the Unionist party.

M. W.

“**T**HE Pacific is the ocean of the future. On the bosom of the Pacific will be decided, in peace or in war, the next great struggle of civilization which will give as its prize the supremacy of the world. Shall it go to the White Race or the Yellow Race? If to the White Race, will it be under the British Flag, or the Flag of the United States, or of some other nation? That is the Problem of the Pacific.”

Those who know the history of the Suez Canal, will find a story no less fascinating, and no less absorbing in the history of the Panama Canal. Though in many respects entirely different, the thin blue streak which will join the Atlantic to the Pacific will open up a field for politics just as vast as did the Gateway to India, which awakened the world to its importance more than a generation ago. It is, with the object of discussing this problem which he has so succinctly stated, that Mr Frank Fox has written *The Problems of the Pacific* (Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d. net).

The Pacific Ocean is bounded on the east by Canada, the United States and her various sister republics; on the west by Russia, by Japan, by China with her teeming millions, by an advance guard of the United States in the Philippines, and by England's outposts, Australia and New Zealand, sparsely populated and almost as large as Europe; and across the ocean lies a belt of islands in which many nations have claims. France and Germany are represented, but they will never enter largely into Pacific politics, unless, perhaps, as the allies of those who hold a larger stake. The United States have a stronghold in Hawaii, Great Britain has Fiji and other islets, and Japan holds Formosa. And before all these nations is dangled the prize, the Mastership of the Pacific. Are we prepared? Or will some other nation rule the waves of the ocean of the future?

# The Problems of the Pacific

Our thoughts focus themselves upon the Yellow Peril. How will Japan and China act? The land of the Rising Sun was known, within the memory of many who are still alive, merely from a glance at a Japanese screen or from the harmless jest of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. But a few years ago, awakened by the sound of foreign guns, Japan yawned, blinked her eyes, and arose. In a flash she learned her lesson. And before England realized that the blood was flowing in the veins of the new-born nation, she was allied to her, and Russia was subdued. But this mushroom growth cannot last. Japan is a poor country. She has no mines, she lacks the useful minerals; she has little land, and her fisheries are over-exploited; the Japanese, moreover, have yet to prove that they have any power of initiative, any resource of invention, in a word, that they are anything but very clever parrots. Japan's power is already on the wane. Her greatness was a flash in the pan.

China is the world's newest republic, and the awakening which has long been predicted with a certain amount of dread has come to pass. If in the far future she should put force to work to gain more territories, the White Man may well fear. At present, however, China is too much occupied with internal matters to turn her eyes towards the sea. The Yellow Peril is not a peril of to-day.

Of European nations Russia is the only one, apart from Great Britain, which need be discussed. Mr Fox deems Russia worthy of a chapter to herself, and after rambling through incidents in her history, from the ninth to the twentieth century, he concludes that Russia for the present is subdued, but must be watched with an eagle eye.

Now by the process of elimination we have left two great Anglo-Saxon nations. It is, however, in dealing with the British Empire and the United States that the author exhibits weakness. Hitherto we have followed him with interest through an excellent treatment of a subject full of difficulty, a subject which enters into a realm of thought hitherto untrod. The book is not, and cannot be

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complete. And we congratulate Mr Fox upon having made it as complete as it is. But—there is always a but—his treatment of the commercial effect of the canal upon these two great nations is inadequate. We have no space to give many figures and details, but the author has omitted, for example, to tell us that when the Isthmian waterway is opened, the distances to Yokohama, Wellington, and Sydney, from New York and Liverpool, will be altered in favour of the American port by 3,740 miles, 2,760 miles, and 3,520 miles respectively. Can the economic advantage thus given to the United States be exaggerated? It must at least tend to shift the geographical centre towards the American Continent.

Perhaps in reference to Canada the author has given us more information. But here again he does not lay sufficient stress upon the effect which the Canal will have upon British Columbia. Vancouver will stand to benefit by the grain, fruit and lumber which will find its outlet here, and even more so, will Prince Rupert. For, so well graded is the Grand Trunk Pacific through the Yellowhead Pass, that this line will be able to give the farmers far better rates than the Canadian Pacific, the older and rival line.

Another British territory, Jamaica, will stand to gain enormously. Up to now in a cul-de-sac, it will suddenly find itself upon a great highroad of commerce.

Thus we see that the British Empire and the United States will be the great rivals. Shall we remain rivals, or shall we become partners? Mr Fox advocates the latter, aided by a conference between Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, to usher in the opening of the Panama Canal.

The position in the Pacific confronting such a conference would be this: that friendly co-operation between the United States and Great Britain would give to the Anglo Saxon race the mastery of the world's greatest ocean, laying for ever the fear of the Yellow Peril, securing for the world that its greatest re-adjustment of the balance of power shall be effected in peace: but that rivalry between these two kindred nations may cause the greatest evils, and possibly irreparable disasters.

D. A. L. D.

# The Making of Canada

FEW Englishmen are overburdened with knowledge of Colonial history, but the fault which has often been laid completely at their door is not in reality all on one side. For one who wished to have a reasonable knowledge of the history of Canada, there was, until quite recently, nothing between the elementary school history, the inadequacy of which is as a rule a byword, and the dusty volumes, perused only by the most persevering of students, which may be taken from the shelves of Canadian archives. How then could the average reader be expected to know anything of this fascinating chapter, with its gallant Jesuit Missionaries, its Red Indians and its triangular struggles between France, England and America for the possession of that vast territory of which we are now so proud? Since the advent of Mr A. G. Bradley, however, all this is changed. His knowledge of the subject is only equalled by his fluency of style and his breadth of outlook, and this writer has contributed some volumes which fill the void to perfection. *Canada in the Twentieth Century* (Constable and Co.) and *Canada* (Williams and Norgate) give us a picture of the country to-day. And to *The Fight with France for North America* in a popular edition has now been added *The Making of Canada* (London: Constable and Co. 5s. net), thus completing in two volumes the history of Canada from the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 to the final blow dealt to the United States by Wellington's veteran soldiers in 1815.

It is the latter book which we have just read from cover to cover with undiminished interest, and our only regret in welcoming the issue in the Popular Edition is that it is a greeting somewhat tardy. The half-century of conflict with which the book deals can hardly fail to delight, since it is the history of a handful of men holding their own against incredible odds, with heroism which has rarely been equalled and never excelled; encouraged to persevere through hardship and internal sedition only by the knowledge that they were fighting for freedom and against tyranny. For we must not forget that the majority of the troops which defended Canada were United

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Empire loyalists who, remaining faithful to their king, came up from the States after the Declaration of Independence in that pathetic pilgrimage of 1782. Yet one of Mr Bradley's most stirring chapters deals with an event which occurred before the influx of the loyalists. The siege of Quebec thrills every reader to the core. We shall not quarrel with him because he calls it the fourth siege of Quebec, though the inhabitants of that city call it the fifth. For it is hard to define exactly the line between an attack and a siege, and it may well be understood that "Quebeckers," proud as they justly are of that magnificent old city, may be tempted to draw the line a little in their own favour. This siege, fourth or fifth, whichever it may be, brings us to the author's hero. Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, has formed the subject of yet another of the books of this writer, who is a competent and an admiring judge of one of the greatest characters in Canadian history. He served under Wolfe, and later he replaced General Murray, commanding in Canada, and showed marvellous powers as a soldier, a diplomat, and incidentally a letter-writer; it was he who by firm and courageous action rendered possible the emigration of the aforementioned loyalists; and finally it is he whom Canadians proudly recall as their first Governor-General.

The book is pervaded throughout by a sense of fair play. With regard to the much disputed Battle of Bunker's Hill, while the author contradicts any vestige of claim to victory which the Americans put forward, he rates Canadian historians for daring to say that the Americans fled from the field. But a conclusive proof that they retired may be gathered from the fact that the Canadians camped on the scene of battle.

Finally, let us say that Mr Bradley has, in his introduction, practically told us that he will not write another volume, giving us the period from 1815 to Federation. Let us request him to think better of this. He has written of the French conquest of Canada; he has written of the English conquest of Canada; he has written of the Canada of to-day. Let us urge him once more to put his pen to paper and give us "The Federation of Canada." D.A.L.D.

# Madeleine Jeune Femme

**M.**RENÉ BOYLESVE'S success as a novelist is greatly due to the spirit in which he sets about his task. *Madeleine, Jeune Femme* (Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.), is a masterpiece. In the preface, he says:

Si j'eusse été un moraliste ou un sociologue, j'eusse pris parti, j'eusse incliné le sens de mon livre vers le passé ou vers ce que l'on croit l'avenir; romancier, je ne suis que du parti de la vérité humaine . . . Un roman est un miroir magique où la vie, trop vaste pour la plupart des yeux, vient se refléter en un raccourci saisissant. Que le romancier ait le pouvoir de faire apparaître cette image, c'est assez. A elle de parler.

These maxims may not be peculiar to M. Boylesve, but his magic mirror is superior to that of most other novelists whose books are "une invitation à réfléchir sur la vie" in its greater truth. The glass is neither coloured nor distorted. That is why its images speak so clearly. That of Mr Galsworthy, for instance, has, for all its power, a murky tint, and although that writer may have as great skill as M. Boylesve, and even greater descriptive power, he has not the same wisdom and breadth of view. He gives us an intensely clever picture of the darker aspect of life. M. Boylesve shows us "la vie entière." His heroes and heroines are as true as his villains, and his more ordinary characters are often delightfully amusing. His art depicts—as true art should—the small things of life as well as the great, the gay as well as the tragic, and he knits all in a true proportion, and inspires it with an imaginative poetry.

Madeleine Serpe's early history in her quiet "bourgeois" home circle and beloved convent at Chinon, was told us in *La Jeune Fille bien élevée*, and we now see in this much finer novel the effect of that training in bringing her through the battle of life. She is given in a *mariage de convenance* to a Paris architect who chooses her expressly because she is "bien élevée," because he wants a wife of good family and with perfect manners—and "parce qu'il ne veut pas être . . ." Every one has a tremendous idea of Madeleine's moral solidity; she is always held up as "une femme inattaquable," "un

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exemple," "une sainte." But, unfortunately for her happiness, although to the end a good example, she is far from being unassailable. Thrown at once into a mad whirl of gaiety among rather vulgar people who are mostly older and richer than herself, and almost without exception pleasure-loving and immoral, she is at first in no danger. That which is bad appears to her as bad and horrible, and her male acquaintances soon realize that she is well able to take care of herself. She acquires wisdom and experience, although on the other hand she loses the habit of the keen practice of religion. She practises "a religion of Paris, somewhat relaxed, which had scandalized her herself on her arrival in Paris, but which had redeemed itself by its contrast with the total absence of religion in most of those who surrounded her."

There comes, however, a man who is entirely different from the rest of her acquaintance. A man of intellect, of serious conversation, of tactful and refined manners; a man with an inner life, an ideal; a lover of Pascal who discusses subtle moral and religious questions with her, and becomes her ally in the good cause of reclaiming a too gay young couple among their friends. For a long time she strives to prove to herself that her affection for this man is "platonic," that it is nothing more than a sympathetic admiration, but when once she has admitted that it deserves a stronger name, she abandons all attempt at self-deception. She tells us with simple frankness how, on the balcony of the old château of Fontaine l'Abbé, facing the solemn trees in the moonlight, her vague dreamings would always come round to the same subject. She re-acts to herself every trivial meeting and conversation with M. Juillet; she is not even afraid to admit that when called away to the bedside of her dying grandfather, her thoughts are still with her charmer, and her real grief is that she has left him without a word.

When, however, M. Juillet avows his love to her, she is saved against her will. Involuntarily, automatically, she assumes the appearance of an outraged matron, and her would-be seducer retires, crushed and ashamed, persuaded



## Madeleine Jeune Femme

that she is one of those impregnable fortresses that it were waste of time to besiege, while Madeleine is half-enraged by that inalienable aureole of virtue which protects her so efficiently. She is torn with love for the man; with pity for the wound that she is inflicting on him; one word would unchain the flood of her passion. And yet that word could never have been uttered. We know it; we have known it all along. Later, when she has come to her senses, Madeleine herself realizes it.

What was the force that held her back? It was not the natural purity of her soul. It was not any religious motive of the moment. It was the regularity and discipline of her early education; it was an hereditary chastity. That awful appearance of insulted virtue:

Je crois que c'était "l'air de famille" . . . c'était l'air de famille qui me liait à une longue ligne d'honnêtes grand'mères, autant et peut-être plus que mon éducation se idéaliste et si pure; c'était un ensemble, une accumulation de mœurs réservées et contraintes, force puissante, bien supérieure à nous-mêmes et à notre meilleure volonté.

Nevertheless when all this is a thing of the past; when Madeleine has learnt that really M. Juillet was an "écervelé" and a libertine; when also her husband has been ruined by his bad angel, Grajat, she does turn again towards heaven.

Choix agonissant! entre le ciel et la terre prendre parti! renoncer à l'enivrement du plus beau en faveur de la sagesse au visage de marbre. Vivre à mi-côte, la plus dure des résignations!

Madeleine accepts her lot. Though cruelly treated by the world on every side, she learns to discern "l'humble beauté de la vie que nous ne pouvons pas changer." The result is a peace and happiness that she has never known before, and in spite of her faded looks and whitening hair, she hears people wonder at her radiant appearance, and say for the first time "elle aime! . . . elle est aimée!"

X.

## Some Recent Books

**T**HE *Structure of the Atmosphere in Clear Weather*.  
By C. J. P. Cave, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.) The investigation of the conditions obtaining in the upper reaches of the atmosphere has been undertaken systematically only within the last few years. Ascents had been made in manned balloons, but they were necessarily rather rare, the heights attained could not be very great, and on occasion the results were disastrous. More satisfactory results have been obtained by using kites provided with light recording instruments. But again, owing to the weight of the steel wire cable, the heights attained were not sufficiently great. The structure of the atmosphere is examined more generally now by means of "*ballons sondes*" and "pilot balloons." The former weigh some eight or ten ounces and carry a light recorder comprising barograph and thermograph, a hygrograph being sometimes added. These balloons may reach heights of ten to fifteen miles before they burst and fall. The position of fall is notified by the finder, and the recorder is forwarded for examination. Although the results obtained in this way are very valuable, nevertheless it is expensive work, and many balloons are lost. In order to supplement this recording work small pilot balloons, weighing about an ounce, and carrying no instruments are also used for observing wind drift. The ascent is watched by means of the theodolite, and the altitude and azimuth read off every minute. The path is then graphed out, and the corresponding wind velocities and directions deduced.

In *The Structure of the Atmosphere* some 200 ascents of this sort are dealt with. The aim of the work is evidently not merely to present conclusions, but to be a help and encouragement to those who may be drawn to this field of research, and accordingly it gives many valuable hints and criticisms of the methods employed.

In some of his ascents the author has worked with two theodolites and a base line. The method is a tedious one, and it is satisfactory to note that the one theodolite method used in the majority of the ascents seems to serve just as well. The assumption made in this case is that

# Structure of the Atmosphere

the velocity of ascent is constant, and though this is not quite true, nevertheless comparison with the two theodolite trace shows us that it is sufficiently nearly so for all practical purposes.

The ascents are digested and divided into characteristic groups, *solid current*, *increased velocity in upper strata*, *decreased velocity*, and *reversal of current*. The accompanying types of pressure and temperature distribution are then critically examined, and their probable influence indicated. But there is nowhere undue insistence on the conclusions reached, and the rich mass of material is placed without prejudice at the disposal of the independent investigator. The higher balloon ascents have shown us the existence of a very peculiar upper layer. Up to some 11 to 14 kilometres air drifts may vary very considerably both in speed and in direction, an ordinary condition being that the speed increases very considerably with height. At the same time the temperature has been steadily dropping, perhaps to some—60 degrees C. At this critical layer, however, which may vary considerably in height from day to day, there is a somewhat sudden cessation of these conditions. The wind dies away rapidly, and the temperature remains nearly constant, with a slight tendency to rise, up to the greatest heights reached. In several of the cases considered the balloon was followed right into this *Stratosphere*, and the data got from these ascents are the most important of all. Recent investigation by Mr W. H. Dines leads us to believe that the strata immediately below the Stratosphere hold the secret of the determining factors in weather changes. Just now we probably stand at a turning point in meteorological science. An interesting point brought into prominence is the evidence of an outward flow from the higher layers of a depression towards a neighbouring anticyclone. This helps materially to link up the inward and outward flow respectively at the bases of the two systems.

Some interesting notes are given on the influence of ground contour on the rate of ascent; but the unwisely expectant will find no mention of that modern disease

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*hole in the air.* The narrow local causes that probably produce these eddies do not perhaps come properly within the scope of this work.

The methods of graphing are clear, and the diagrams illustrating the types of weather associated with the various groups of wind drift are most helpful. The matter is well arranged, and the whole has been excellently produced.

W. O'L.

ST FRANCIS, a little while before he died, wrote to the Poor Clares, and said: "I pray you all, my sisters, and do counsel you to always live this most saintly life of poverty. And guard well lest any by doctrine or counsel at any time draw you away from it."

In *St Clare and her Order* (Mills and Boon. 7s. 6d. net) is traced the origin and growth of the Poor Clare Order from the moment when its foundress fled from her father's house under cover of night in search of poverty, down to the latest results of her teaching, the Poor Clare convents of to-day.

St Francis' exhortation was needed, for from the very beginning, even before his death, those who did not understand the Order were apt to think poverty an accidental virtue which need not be exalted into a rule. Thus Cardinal Ugolino, drawing up the rule for the new order, laid stress on the silence and fasting, but allowed possessions to the Poor Clares. St Francis, however, persuaded the Cardinal to frame another new rule which should include the law of poverty. A most interesting chapter in *St Clare and her Order* gives the rule of the Poor Clares in full, while a later chapter deals with the reforms of St Colette in the early fifteenth century.

The Poor Clares had to face opposition from the beginning. St Clare, after her midnight escape, was followed by her relations but refused to return. She was joined by her sister Agnes, who wished to live the same life. Agnes was pursued by her uncle, Count Ronaldo, and twelve soldiers. They tried to take her home by force, but Clare prayed for her, and the men were unable to endure her weight.

## St Clare and Her Order

They called some peasants who were tending the vines to come and help them, but neither could they move that frail body. "She must have fed on lead!" cried one of them. Then Count Ronaldo raised his sword to strike the girl, but a sudden pain shot through his arm, leaving it powerless, and his sword dropped to the ground. The terrified soldiers fled, and Clare, running down, raised and embraced her sister and led her back within the convent to give thanks to God.

Throughout the history of the Order, the Poor Clares were able and willing to hold their own, and would brook no interference that was not plainly sanctioned by the Pope. In 1453 the nuns at Brixen, a convent in the Tyrol, even defied the legate, Cusanus, for his ill-judged attempt at forcing reforms on them, and the language on both sides was strong. The Pope, appealed to by the nuns, reproved both parties but suffered the abbess to be reinstated in Brixen on the understanding that some Poor Clares from the Nuremberg Convent should be suffered to go to Brixen and aid her in certain reforms.

It would take too long to dwell on all that is interesting in *St Clare and her Order*. The second chapter, "The Life of St Clare," is especially attractive, but the whole book is most readable, and the chapter on "Poesy and Poverty" is of great interest. Nor must the Appendix be overlooked. Among other things it contains some favourite maxims of St Clare on the virtues she taught in her Order. She lived in troublous times, but "he alone who is deaf to the noise of the age," she said, "can ascend as far as the secrets of the great King, Jesus Christ." O.

**T**HE *Realm of Ends, or Pluralism and Theism* (By J. Ward. Cambridge University Press. 1911. Pp. xv, 490.), which embodies the Gifford Lectures for 1907-10, marks a further advance in the revolt against Absolutism. Professor Ward's starting point is the data of actual experience, with which Absolutism, denying, as it must do in the last resort, the reality of the individual, is clearly incompatible. Pluralism, however, as

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such, is fragmentary and incomplete. Its world is made up of individuals, each distinguished by its characteristic behaviour, and each tending to self-conservation and self-betterment; but it fails to give an adequate account of the unity underlying these individuals. It recognizes the reality of the empirically given "Many"; it even allows, according to Professor Ward, that all individuals are psychic, assigning only a relative distinction to person and thing; it admits again real epigenesis or "creative synthesis," in which appear new properties not previously existent; but it has not yet found a satisfactory explanation of the unity that it itself involves—the ever increasing unity of individual experience as enlarged by inter-subjective intercourse.

The second part of *The Realm of Ends* is an attempt to remedy this defect by means of a theistic hypothesis—to complete Pluralism by means of Theism. To *prove* the existence of God is impossible—Kant's destructive criticism of the threefold theistic argument is accepted as conclusive—but if we *assume* that there is in this world of experience "a single transcendent experient, who comprehends the whole," the pluralist's universe at once obtains a ground of unity that otherwise it would lack, and at the same time is immeasurably enriched by an assurance that the pluralist's ideal will be attained.

In Theism the reality alike of the many and the one is saved; but in the process of its self-completion Pluralism gets considerably modified. Theism involves the idea of creation, and thus introduces into the Pluralistic Universe something that is "above and beyond the whole series of the many"—a transcendent being who is related to the many in a way in which none of them is related to the rest, a being who does not simply co-exist with them, but in whom and through whom somehow they exist. This being—the God of orthodox theology—is no less essential to Professor Ward's philosophy than he is to scholasticism. He is the source, at once immanent and transcendent, to whom the universe owes its being, and the act by which he produces that universe is the

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act of creation. The idea of creation is fundamental in theism, and by it the antithesis of pantheism and deism is reconciled.

Creation is conceived by Professor Ward very much in the same way as St Thomas conceives it. It is an act of intellectual intuition, an original thesis which does not merely "know," but in "knowing"—or better, in intuiting its objects—posits or constitutes them completely.

So far the theism of the *Realm of Ends* is at one with our theism, but in its further development the taint of absolutism has not been wholly eliminated. The subject-object relation is *the* relation *par excellence*. Hence, since subject and object mutually imply one another, God is God only as being creative. Unlike His creatures, God is not free in His actions *ad extra*. The world is as necessary to Him, as He is to the world. Without the other either would cease to be.

But if God is not "free," neither is He "necessary." An "absolutely necessary being" is a contradiction, for "absolute" means "dependent upon nothing else," and "only that is really necessary that is conditioned by its cause." Yet "the whole" may be said to be necessary in the sense that "it simply is."

Surely there is a confusion of thought here. Since God is *ex hypothesi* conditioned by nothing else, he is absolute; and since the concept "necessary" may mean not only "conditioned by its cause," but "simply is," in the latter sense that concept may be applied to God—nay, should be applied to Him rather than to the whole, since the created world is not *simply*, but is essentially dependent.

Further, if the created world be essentially dependent upon God, as is granted, can it in any sense be said to limit God? Does what is dependent on the human will limit that will? Is not rather the contrary the case—that what is dependent manifests that from which it proceeds, and that the limitations of the latter, if it have any, are due to other causes—to the absence in it of perfections which it might possess or to the existence

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of other beings which are *independent* of it—neither of which conditions are realized with respect to God. But “all determination is negation.” In the finite order this is true, because determination in one sense implies the absence of determination in another; but that Spinoza’s principle applies to a being who simply is has yet to be proved.

As a result of the thesis that creation is necessary, taken in conjunction with the alleged finite character of God, it becomes possible for Professor Ward (1) to explain the existence of evil on the ground that it cannot be helped, and (2) to solve the problem of foreknowledge and freedom by a *via media* in which the total possibilities are fixed, but in which *all* is not decreed, the nature of God’s creatures being partly his doing, partly their own.

Leibnitz’s solution of the problem of evil is unquestionably a comfortable one from a human point of view; but, though it is impossible to prove, *a posteriori*, that this is not the best possible world, it will not be easy to convince the majority of mankind that it is. That it *must* be, follows from the principles of this new theism; but it does so only at the expense of denying to God that attribute which we, his creatures, most prize, the attribute of freedom. This is all the more strange, because in Professor Ward’s hypothesis man’s freedom is so real that it makes him, too, in the strict sense of the term a creator. The impasse is apparent. On the one hand, if creation supposes freedom in man, why should it not do so *a fortiori* in God? And, on the other hand, if man’s freedom be not due to God how are we to account for it? It would seem to be an original asset in virtue of which man is not only a “creator,” but also so far independent. If then creatures, in proportion as they are free, are at once independent of God and themselves creators, God, himself, is but the limit of the series—that term in which the factor “dependence” vanishes—a conclusion which is fatal to any form of theism, as Professor Ward admits.



# Mightier than the Sword

One cannot but welcome a book from the pen of Professor Ward, especially when it makes, as his books usually do make, for a standpoint which, in many respects, is similar to that of scholasticism; but, at the same time, one regrets that it should be vitiated by so much that pertains to the philosophy of the Absolute, which it frankly rejects.

L. J. W.

**J**OURNALISM as treated in the modern novel makes an excellent subject for the modern taste. There is a pleasant thrill in watching the wheels of mighty machinery in action, in feeling oneself behind the scenes of a drama, in gauging the degree of reality and unreality it presents, and above all its bearing on the other lives of the actors in it. *Mightier than the Sword* (By Alphonse Courlander. Fisher Unwin. 6s.) is a new story of Fleet Street written in excellent English and presenting an interesting study of the effect of journalist life on a rather weak, rather decidedly artistic and literary, rather ordinary young man.

As Humphrey Quain's career gets a strong grip on him he more and more easily puts aside the affections that interfere with it. But indeed it is impossible to believe that he can have loved the rather priggish Elizabeth as he loved Lillian the little typist who came first and who is by far the most attractive character in the book. She is really alive amid her sordid home surroundings, with her sense of experience, and her realization, even at the intoxicating moments of love, of Humphrey's youth and instability. The glimpses of the home lives of other men on the staff of the *Day* show that it was at once Humphrey's strength and weakness that his enthusiasm for the work became gradually his whole life—filled mind and heart to the exclusion of all else.

Although this account of the *Street of Adventure* and the doings of its knights errant is good and convincing, it lacks the passionate realism of the novel of that name that appeared some years back. It may be partly that being first in the field the *Street of Adventure* had neces-

## Some Recent Books

sarily a greater sense of freshness. Two novels on the same subject must have many points in common, but it seemed at once more compressed, more vivid and on the whole more dramatic. The end of *Mightier than the Sword* has indeed this quality of drama, in fact some critics have complained of it as melodramatic. Yet it was perhaps best for Humphrey to die triumphant in securing "a scoop" than to pass on to the sadness and drudgery of a journalist's old age on the *Day*, which had, with the dawn of the twentieth century, "finally discovered the young man" and enthroned him "in the seats from which his elders were deposed."

M. W.

**M**ORE than any of the preceding volumes of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* the present (XIII. Revel—Simon. New York. Robert Appleton Company. pp. xv, 800) abounds in biography and topography; and it happens that many names beginning with "San" and "Sch" are little known to the bulk of English-speaking Catholics. Still the volume is none the less valuable as a source of reliable out-of-the-way information. The articles continue to show a tendency towards a more considerate brevity than in earlier volumes; though doubtless some may think that forty-two solid pages is an excessive allowance for un-Catholic Russia. Be this as it may, the article is eminently readable and teems with facts and views on the ethnology, religions, agriculture, land-tenure and social conditions of that vast Empire. The Church's history there has been tragic, but its future is not without the hope of better things. The subject of Schools has suggested matter for a long and comprehensive study by many minds. The details have been carefully procured, and the general result shows the resolution of the Church in every age to establish schools in all departments at whatever risk or sacrifice. This should form a guarantee of the honesty and conscientiousness of the Catholic claims. Conspicuous headings are Rome and Roman. These wide subjects of inquiry have been reduced to proportions adapted to the leisure of the

# Catholic Encyclopedia

ordinary reader and the limits of a work of general reference. The materials are well divided and presented in an interesting manner. Rome, for example, deals with Christian Rome and its churches. Roman includes the Roman Catholic Relief Act in England (by Fr J. Gerard) and in Ireland (by Canon D'Alton). The Roman Colleges have each their descriptive paragraph. The canonist Ojetti tells the reader all he need know about the Roman Congregations and the Curia. Dr Fortescue explains the Roman Rite. Another extensive section of the volume is that which comes under the heading of "Rite." Here in the course of twenty-one pages we have the observances of the various liturgies of Christendom described by experts in a convenient form. Ritualist, a delicately worded article, concludes with a welcome, though short, reference to the ascetical tendencies of many of the Ritualists.

The topics of prime religious importance falling within the compass of this volume are few, chief among them being Sacraments (a studiously balanced summary which will be particularly useful to non-Catholic inquirers), and Sacrifice. Sacrifice is dealt with in an article of moderate length, where the writer aims at constructing his definition of sacrifice from the concept of sacrifice as it is found among different peoples, pagan, Jewish and Christian. Modern views concerning the origin of sacrifice are not over-looked, and the late Bishop Bellord's banquet theory is rejected.

Not a few outsiders will turn with an amount of mental bias to the article on Science, written by a distinguished scientist, the successor of Padre Secchi at the Vatican Observatory. Certain features of the treatment are new, as for instance, a list of the points of contact between Science and the Church—in philosophy, ethics, law, history, biology, medicine and physics. The leading statements of scientists adverse to the Church's doctrines are reproduced and discussed. And if Halley's comet is honoured with a disproportionate measure of attention, many readers will peruse with satisfaction the summary

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statement of Draper's position (now rather antiquated) and the bibliography connected with it. Scholasticism is an excellent survey, though from the necessities of the case, somewhat apologetic in tone. Scotism is an article chiefly historical. Scripture is here dealt with simply as a literary collection. Septuagint is of a more serious character and forms quite an attractive contribution. When reference has been made to the Epistle to the Romans, and to Revelation (the first article in the book), explained and discussed in the light of modern views or errors, the list of subjects of primary importance is completed.

Two historical articles call for special note, both by G. Goyau—one on the French Revolution and the state of the French clergy at the time, the other on the massacre of St Bartholomew's Day. The terrible story is related with unflinching calmness, and the whole setting of the article is a model of the way in which charges levelled against the Church may be met, namely, by relating the facts in the very words of the original sources. Instances of historical frankness may be found in the notices on Richard I, Paolo Sarpi, Savonarola, N. Sander and Schall Van Bell, Chinese missionary and mathematician. The student will read in these pages the true history of Abbot Samson, whom Carlyle has immortalized. The article on Roger Bacon goes far to rehabilitate his fame as one who more than his contemporaries grasped the educational wants of his age. Salmanticenses will invest with meaning and interest what for many has been nothing more than a name. The life of Sanchez is told by Lehmkuhl. Blessed John Ruysbroeck receives such detailed attention as the recently aroused public interest in his works demanded. To his bibliography, however, should be added the new edition of the complete works of J. Ruysbroeck rendered into modern Flemish from the original Flemish MSS. by Dr H. W. Moller, and published in five parts by Courtin of Antwerp. Schram and Scaramelli deserved a more personal record, and the modesty of the writer of the notice of Fr H. I. D. Ryder has led

# John Hungerford Pollen

him to pass over personal traits by which he was so well known. It will come as a surprise to many to find that G. A. Sala and the redoubtable commander of the "Alabama," Raphael Semmes, were both Catholics. Rohrbacher, Canon Schmid, Mgr Ségur, Sanseverino, Sir Charles Russell, Dr Russell of Maynooth, and Satolli, all find their appropriate niches. Sympathetic writers do justice to Rosmini, his life, works, congregation and the progress and zeal of his institute in this country. The Scots College is by Mgr Fraser, and the splendid record of St Isidore's, Rome, will be read with a just pride by all Irishmen. Other informing and attractive articles are the Sandwich Islands, San Francisco, and San Marino. The Santa Casa of Loreto is a critical study in brief and a serviceable summary of the arguments for and against the authenticity of that celebrated shrine. The writer appears to incline to the adverse opinion. Among minor blemishes may be mentioned the lack of arrangement in some of the bibliographies, a defect which might easily be remedied in a future issue.

H. P.

**J**OHAN HUNGERFORD POLLEN (By Anne Pollen. Murray. 15s.) was born in 1820 and went from Eton to Oxford in 1838. High Church in his views he was at once caught up by the tide of the movement, then at its height, together with his two chief friends, T. W. Allies and John Wynne. The interest of his daughter's narrative is heightened by the fact that it begins in the midst of the Movement and carries on its story much beyond the year that to so many was the crisis. When Newman in 1845 joined the Catholic Church and so severed himself from Oxford, John Pollen was only twenty-five, and though Newman's action came as a great blow it did not really shake his faith in the Anglican Communion of which, in the following year, he was ordained a priest. At this time he notes in his diary: "Began Newman's book (*The Development*) not without prayer to be quite safe. I am in ignorance but not in doubt."

After ordination he travelled on the Continent with

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Wynne and Allies (in 1847) and while admiring very much all that he saw in the workings of Catholicism, still desired only “. . . to reform. Not by introducing novelties, but by recurring to ancient practices . . . for the Prayer Book of the Church of England has the deepest accordance with the Catholic system.”

Then there comes the story of another Movement—inspired too from Oxford, in the person of Dr Pusey—but far less well-known, and of the greatest interest, in the great manufacturing city of Leeds. Before the efforts of Dr Hook, and Dr Pusey’s foundation of St Saviour’s, vice of every kind was rampant and atheist and socialist lectures the only alternative to the lowest amusements for the more intelligent members of the community. Mr Pollen (afterwards author of the *Narrative of Five Years at St Saviour’s*) was constantly to be found in Leeds, a helper of the overworked clergy, and their keen defender to a dubious and even hostile bishop. The account of the cholera scourge during the whole time of which he remained at St Saviour’s is above all interesting. Bad drainage, the lethargy of the town authorities, and insufficient medical aid made the infliction as terrible in the over-crowded slums as an attack of the plague in mediaeval times. As of old, too, the clergy were at once priests and doctors.

The day’s work began at half-past seven after the Morning Eucharist—the only service now retained save Evensong. On the altar had been placed the medicine to be used that day, covered with a white cloth. Before the close of the service, perhaps half-a-dozen anxious faces had arrived at the Vicarage, with petitions for assistance. The priest laid aside his stole and surplice, snatched if he could a morsel of breakfast, and in a few minutes was following his guide, clothed in the cassock, and girded tight with a cinchure in which were stuck some bottles of medicine and liniment. . . .

The day sufficed only for short attendance at many bedsides. “How many have you got?” “Is poor X gone?” “Yes, and two children, and the wife was taken while I was there.” “So-and-so is the ninth death in Y’s family.”

By twelve o’clock, if possible, each of us had seen his patients.

# John Hungerford Pollen

. . . Some were, perhaps, past motion or speech; these were to be watched, and commended, as they sunk into death, to the hands of the Creator. Some hopeful case there might be—but usually after twenty-four hours the sick were a *fresh set*, that of yesterday needed but the mercy of burial.

The priest often stayed to lay out the body, and burn disinfectants round the bed; soon came the undertakers with a cart and went in; at the sight of them every one stopped short in the street, and went off by another way. The window opened, and the bedding and clothes of the dead were thrown out. Then from five till after dark, the workhouse single-horse hearses went round to convey the coffins to a distant burial-ground. The worst of the cholera lay close round the Vicarage, not thirty feet from its walls; eight houses continuously, close at the gate, were shut and tenantless. Above the low wall nodded the black feathers, in a slow, perpetual stream.

No wonder that in after years the trouble of these brave men was great as they began to doubt the Orders in virtue of which they had absolved the dying during those awful days. All had much to suffer, but the chief among those with whom John Pollen worked at St Saviour's ended, as he did, in finding perfect peace in the Catholic Church. But before this peace was attained in the case of Mr Pollen, came another action to which the word heroic may fitly be applied. He had lived at St Saviour's with his life in his hand, and this was a preparation indeed for taking high unworldly views. To the distress of his mother and his whole family he refused, in the year 1850, not only the livings of Holywell and Lapworth, but also the far better one of Kibworth Beauchamp. It was the turning point. He had felt uncertain, troubled. Doubtless authorities in the Church of England thought that, should he take it, his doubts would vanish, he would "settle down." His family were against him, but the Vicar of St Saviour's wrote thus to his elder brother:

I understand John, and cannot but think he is right in refusing to hold Kibworth in his present state of mind. Depend upon it money, ease, station, society will never hold your brother where truth enters into the question that comes before him.

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It was the decisive victory, and the gift of complete faith did not long tarry. Mr Pollen was received into the Catholic Church in October, 1852.

Of the latter part of the book, which deals chiefly with his artistic career, it is hard to speak in small space. The illustrations are numerous, and there are in particular two noteworthy views of the Dublin University Church designed by Mr Pollen—"to my taste," says Cardinal Newman, "the most beautiful in the three kingdoms."

It is perhaps inevitable that the lives, especially of those who on becoming Catholics found themselves obliged to remain laymen, such men as Hope-Scott, Allies and Pollen, should be far more generally interesting during the storm and stress of the movement, than after they had taken the momentous step.

In the long after life:

The task in hours of insight willed  
Must be in hours of gloom fulfilled.

But while Oxford and Leeds were great theatres for great actions comparatively easy to chronicle, there is a peculiar pathos about the courage and hidden poetry of the "fulfilling."  
K. L.

THE number of Catholic hymn-books in existence is already so considerable that it would seem that only a collection obviously superior in merit or imposed by authority could profitably be added to the list. The attempt to claim for the *Westminster Hymnal* (Washbourne. Words 2d.; Music Edition 3s. 6d.) the latter position, indicated by the words "prescribed by the Catholic Hierarchy," which appeared on the title page of the first issue (under the title of *The Hymn Book*) of the words, has given place in the official edition to "the only collection authorized by the Hierarchy of England and Wales." The Preface by Bishop Hedley, chairman of the Bishops' Committee, lends colour to the view that the use of other collections is not prohibited—he says that it is



# Westminster Hymnal

“issued with the sanction” of the Hierarchy and “may be strongly recommended to the clergy and to all concerned.” Be its authority what it may, a book issued under such auspices demands serious attention, even if we are not prepared to admit its superiority over other collections. Of the words we have already spoken:\* it is the music that now claims our attention.

The fact that the book is edited by Dr Terry should be sufficient guarantee for its scholarship: the fear which might have been felt that it would be too severe for popular use is removed by the editor’s retention of some “bad tunes,” hallowed by association, which “cannot be justified on musical or other artistic grounds.” Certainly “Patrick’s Day” cannot be so justified; but as Father Faber wrote his words to the tune, and the Bishops’ Committee included them, the editor clearly had no choice; so he writes the tune in open notes and directs it to be sung “very slowly.” He provides “alternative tunes” for most of the bad ones, “so that they need not be used by those to whom they are distasteful.”† In a brief notice like this, it is only possible to indicate briefly some of the points which suggest comment. First of these is the large and, we think, unnecessary proportion of original tunes: of these Dr Terry is responsible for forty-five, and “Laurence Ampleforth”—in whom some detect the same hand—for twenty-one; Mr Sewell contributes four, Miss A. D. Scott five, Father Raymond Barker three, and others one apiece. In some instances these are distinct additions to our stock—e.g. Miss Scott’s to the fine hymn “Martyrs of England” (196), Dr Terry’s to Aubrey de Vere’s hymn on the Church (135), and “Laurence Ampleforth’s” to the unworthy doggerel of 126 and to 199. Many, however, including some of Dr Terry’s, are too chromatic for popular use, and contain too many long notes, which an average congregation will not hold on; and a considerable number

\*DUBLIN REVIEW, January, 1910.

† It is surely matter for regret that no *real* “Old English Carols” are included—e.g., “The first Noel” and “A Virgin most pure,” both in Dr Tozer’s *Catholic Hymns*, and others that might be mentioned.

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lack the quality of singableness. Some are distinctly unnecessary: who wants a new tune for "The snow lay on the ground" (8)—by what authority is this styled an "old English carol?"—or for "Faith of our Fathers," for which surely Dr Tozer's tune was good enough?

Dr Terry tells us that a large number of tunes hitherto "only known in this country through their presence in Protestant hymnals are here restored to the worship of the Catholic Church"; also, "it has been deemed advisable that the tunes, like the hymns, should be by Catholic authors or from Catholic sources." Unfortunately this was not the principle which governed the selection of the words, or we should not have been deprived, as we are, of Neale's admirable translations "from Catholic sources." In any case, the decision seems absurd in regard to music; it is not even our common practice—e.g. a little "Evening Service," lately issued with the Westminster *imprimatur*, is set throughout to Anglican chants, and Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* is well known in our churches. Moreover, harmonies by J. S. Bach are tolerated, though his tunes are excluded! Whether a Catholic origin can fairly be claimed for all the tunes included is, we think, at least doubtful; but the subject is too long for discussion here. What is certain is that such a tune as the "Old Hundredth," set with curious choice to a Christmas hymn (15), is so absolutely identified with Protestant worship and Protestant meetings that one meets it in Catholic company with something of a shock.

The almost entire absence of plain chant tunes (save in the appendix of Latin hymns) is matter for regret, but the fact that Caswall's translations are seldom in the metre of the original mainly accounts for this. We think, however, that more use might have been made of melodies from the French office-books, some of which are effectively used in the *English Hymnal*: Dr Terry (171) gives us one of exceeding beauty. We do not like *Creator alma siderum* reduced to common time (2). A word must be said as to organ accompaniments to the Latin hymns, about which Dr Terry has an interesting note in his preface; these

# Westminster Hymnal

seem to us admirable, and, if organists will only use them, should pave the way to a reform in the accompaniment of the chant. We note on going through the book that many of the harmonies are practically identical with those in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, with which the Westminster book closely corresponds in general appearance and typography; this is probably because both are derived from a common source, but we think the version of *O filii et filiae* first appeared in *H. A. and M.*

Looking at the book from the point of view of its use in congregational singing—from which, indeed, this notice is written—we think its utility is hampered by the large number of unfamiliar tunes which it contains. The compilers of the words are of course responsible for the undue proportion of hymns with irregular metres which have required special treatment, and for the swelling of the number by compositions suitable only for occasional use. But nearly a third of the tunes are new and a number more are unfamiliar; moreover, some are removed from the words with which they are usually associated and transferred to others which they do not always fit—e.g., the usual tune for 124 is transferred to 160; 114 is set to a dull 4-line German tune, its usual 8-line tune going to 179. This must militate against the popularity of the book, for many of the hymns are already associated with other tunes; there seems no sufficient reason, for example, for abandoning, through an exaggerated sense of loyalty, those in *Catholic Hymns* for the new ones here provided. We do not suppose that the “strong recommendation” of the Hierarchy of the *Westminster Hymnal* is equivalent to a prohibition of other collections which have been or may be duly approved by individual Bishops; and we fail to find, either in its words or tunes, such superiority as would entitle it to supersede Dr Tozer’s book, already in use in so many of our churches. J. B.

THE process of specialization which it would seem has been necessitated by the immense growth of science during the past fifty years has gone far towards exter-

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minating the older type of biologist who was possessed not only of a fairly complete knowledge of what botany and zoology had to teach, but also had a large acquaintance with geology. Nowadays a man is a botanist or a zoologist or a geologist, and perhaps has no very great acquaintance with the intricacies of the sciences cognate with his own. One welcomes, therefore, books like Professor Dendy's *Outlines of Evolutionary Biology* (London: Constable and Co. 1912) which give a general account of the phenomena of life and of the theories associated with them, with examples drawn from both kingdoms of Nature.

We do not intend to enter into any detailed criticism of the book, and will content ourselves for the most part by saying that the task attempted in this book has been well carried out; that it presents a fair picture of the state of scientific opinion on most biological problems and that it should find a place in the library of all our colleges and of all persons working at bio-philosophical problems. No book is worth much which does not reveal something of the personality of its writer and, to our mind, Professor Dendy reveals himself as too much affected by Weismanian views. No doubt "biophores" and "germinal selection" might and would explain a good deal at present unexplained. But then, because an explanation explains, it is not necessarily, therefore, the true explanation, and no one will claim that there is anything in the way of ascertained fact which tends to prove the truth of the theories alluded to.

Further we must take exception to the statement that the gap between man and ape is so small that "there is little room for connecting links between them." Mr A. R. Wallace, in his latest work, says that "there is not, as often assumed, one 'missing link' to be discovered, but at least a score such links, adequately to fill the gap between man and apes" (*The World of Life*, 1911), and we fancy that most persons who have devoted attention to mammalogy would agree with him. We can commend this book to teachers.

B. C. A. W.

# L'Orientation Religieuse

**L**, *ORIENTATION Religieuse de la France Actuelle* (Librairie Armand Colin. 1911. Pp. 320. 3 fr. 50 c.) is by M. Paul Sabatier, whom we may have learnt to fear *et dona ferentem*. Yet the gifts here offered are precious; indeed, what more so than to learn that our fevered restlessness has direction and a goal, and that to reach it no better ally can be found than the Catholic Church?

M. Sabatier teaches that our prime pre-occupation, to-day, is "life." Under this form, rather than that of "truth," philosophy envisages the universe. Hence the popularity of Bergson, W. James, Boutroux, and the "eclipse of Nietzsche" and the pessimists (pp. 91, 102. M. Sabatier's own optimism runs high on p. 10; ours is more sober). The sense of "life" is the *fil conducteur*, now, in history; hence, the revolution in our methods of teaching this science which invades, to-day, every department (p. 151), and hence the supreme importance of the history of religions (especially pp. 290 *sq.*). For what more "vital"—i.e., more expressive of, and more proper to develop "life"—than religion? It is the spirit, permanent through the ages, one in diversity of place and of individual. For if our age has realized one thing, it is that the mechanical and the individualistic will not do, and that what keeps the world alive must be spiritual and social. Here is the point of contact with that religion which, of those now current, alone has any chance (but how admirable a chance?) of helping us! For the Catholic Church is committed to mystery, to permanence, and to solidarity. "Tradition is the elder sister of evolution" (p. 184); the fact which the Church has "taken as the centre of her teaching, thereby preparing men's minds and hearts for modern notions, is that of the solidarity of all lives in time and in space" (p. 185). This (of course) is the doctrine of true democracy (miscalled "revolutionary"), and "lay thought was irrevocably destined to meet another—Catholic thought—which, by other paths, tends to the same end" (p. 186). "If the Roman Church seems, more than any other, to have been affected by the political and intellectual

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crisis" of our day, yet, the notions which modern thought seeks as the very foundation, and the pillars, of the "new temple," are "Catholic in origin"; all its ideals of tradition, of personal yet self-sacrificing effort for a far yet universal end, have undoubtedly been planted in our hearts by the Church (p. 312).

Thus the Roman Church, despite its rebuffs and despite appearances, preserves, in the heart and conscience of the coming generation, a place which is incomparable and unique; for she alone has realized the unity and eternity of her life. As for the other ecclesiastical institutions, they do not even perceive that most of the "advantages" they so proudly boast are, on the contrary, incurable defects. How many intelligent folks there are, who do not see that the idea of a national Church is a mutilation which deprives the very idea of "Church" of all meaning and value (p. 312).

Hence the lamentable failure of all Protestantisms. German Protestantism is useless for France (p. 170), and indeed far further (Harnack included) from Catholicism than are French free-thinking tendencies (p. 173); French Protestantism (all c. xii) is open to astonishingly harsh criticism. "Protestants think they progress in proportion as their list of dogmas contracts. When it is empty, they believe themselves free-thinkers, without perceiving that they have reached their position only by an uninterrupted series of defeats. They stand conquered" (p. 221, n. 1). Why, even in the exegesis of Scripture, the Church's work is scientifically preferable and practically far richer than theirs. Alone the gospel of M. Monod (p. 226) shows that Protestantism, too, has life. But the Catholic has the Church's life in his bones, and blood, and soul:

The Catholic says to God, "Our Father"; but when he speaks of the Church he says "Our Mother," and it is she whom he sees, when first his eyes are opened, bending over his cradle, and from her he learns to lisp the Heavenly Father's name. The communion of the Catholic with the Church is not the result of an act of will

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or of an argument, but the initial fact of his moral life. He believes in her no less naturally than the new-born babe in his mother. The Church takes possession of his soul so swiftly and so completely that, in his experience, the Church and his soul are not only inseparable, but are, in a sense, one single, same existence (p. 314).

M. Sabatier, of course, condemns all that quenches "true" vitality, e.g., that detestable journalism which (on both sides) creates vicious, and disguises wholesome forces (p. 193, 259, etc.); the *Appels à la haine* (p. 80) echoing hence and thence; the "clericalism" which he justly sees to be a "functional disorder not peculiar to religion" (p. 76) and, spiritually, on a plane identical with that of anticlericalism (itself sterile and doomed). But notice that while he considers Pius X to have (unconsciously) imparted a political impulse to the Church, which he deplors, he yet scarcely realizes how openly he demands from her an action no less political in its consequences (c. iv, *passim*. He holds that the Church lost a great opportunity after 1870). He constantly bids us not confuse ecclesiasticism with religion; but how constantly he does so himself! Yet he appreciates the paradox that it is by the *facilement réalisable* in her programme that the Church fails to master men (p. 71); by her appeal to unlimited self-sacrifice, she inspires and conquers (p. 73). We have no room save to refer to his interesting chapters on the "lay school" (in which he frankly recognizes the impossibility of "neutrality") (p. 289; and cc. xiv-xvi); his significant assertion that the doctrine (false, he thinks) that "the child belongs to the parent" has left the mass of Frenchmen absolutely indifferent (p. 155); and the social and political consequences of this; and his astonishingly substantial yet witty *notes* (p. 19, 79, 221, 270, 281, 291, 301(!)). Nor have we any room to discuss the new spirit which we, with him, believe to be animating France. We have rarely read a book likely to inspire such sympathy, or needing to be judged with such extreme caution, discernment, and, at times, severity.

C. M.

## Some Recent Books

WE welcome most heartily the first two volumes of the translation of St Thomas's *Summa Theologica* by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. (R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd. 6s. net, per vol.) We shall reserve detailed notice of the work until more of it has appeared. The value of the *Summa* for English readers at the present time will be more easily pointed out when we have so much of it before us as to be able to lay stress on those portions which would naturally take their place in the philosophical thought of the present day.

We are inclined to think that for ordinary English readers the *videtur* of St Thomas would better be rendered "it would seem" than as in the present version, "it seems," and we should prefer for the *sed contra est*, "on the other hand" in place of "on the contrary." This is, however, a small criticism, and probably even if it is well founded the translators would not find it practicable to impair the uniformity of the volumes by making any such change now.

To the translation is prefixed Leo XIII's Encyclical *Æterni Patris*, and an Introduction on the scholastic philosophy and the method of St Thomas. As our remarks on both these essays would need illustration from a larger portion of the *Summa* than has yet appeared, we defer them for the present.

W. W.



# THE INDEX TO VOL. 151

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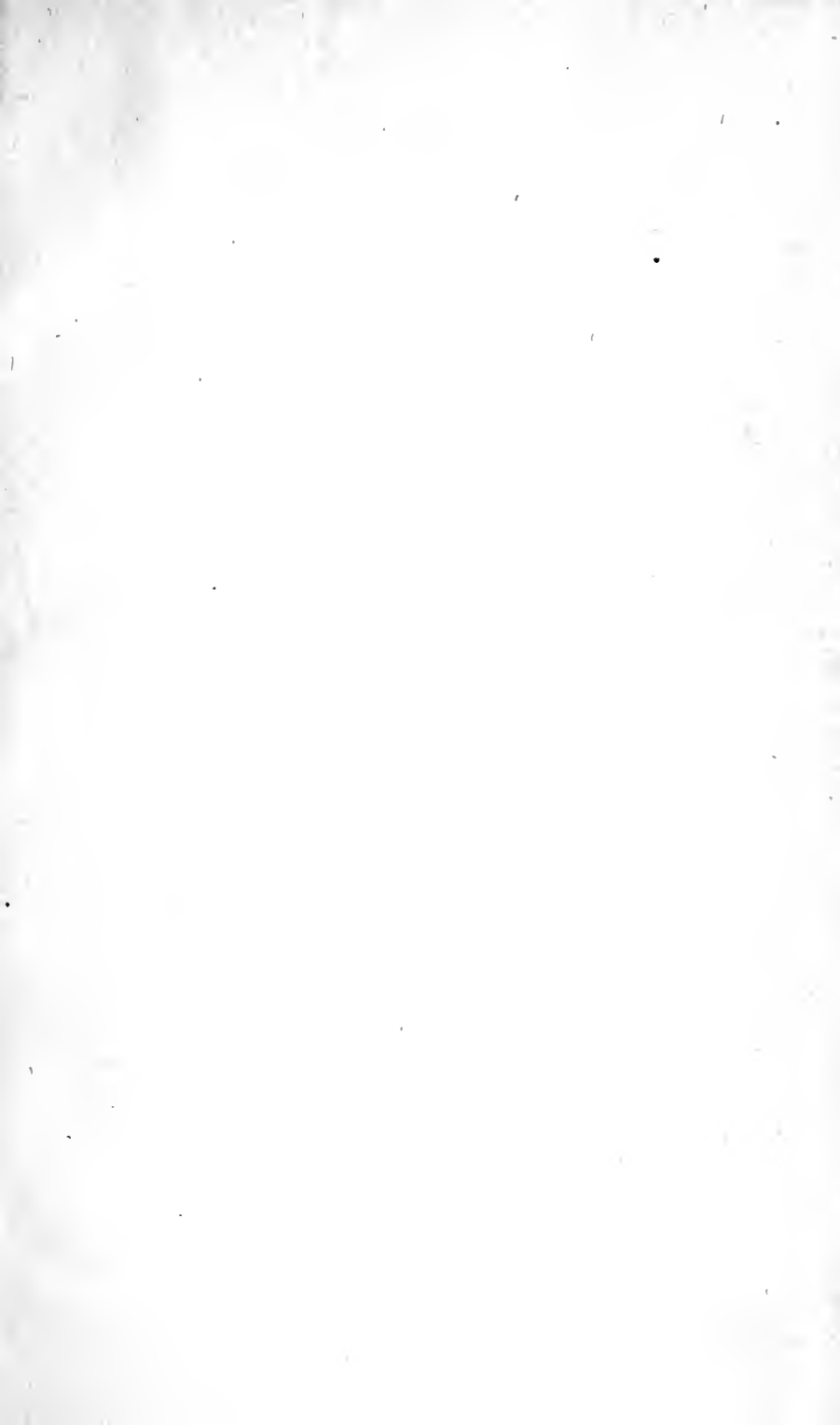
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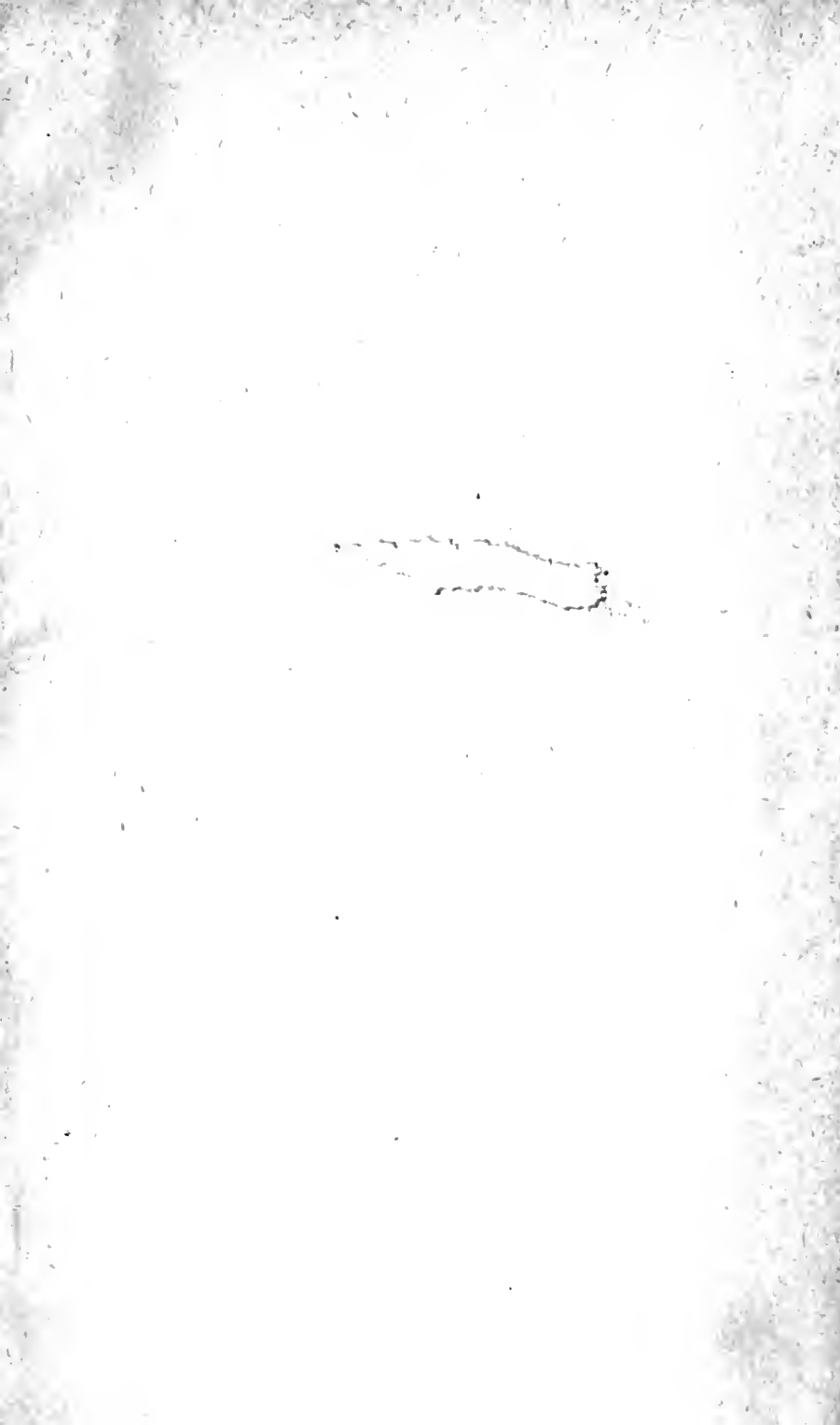
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