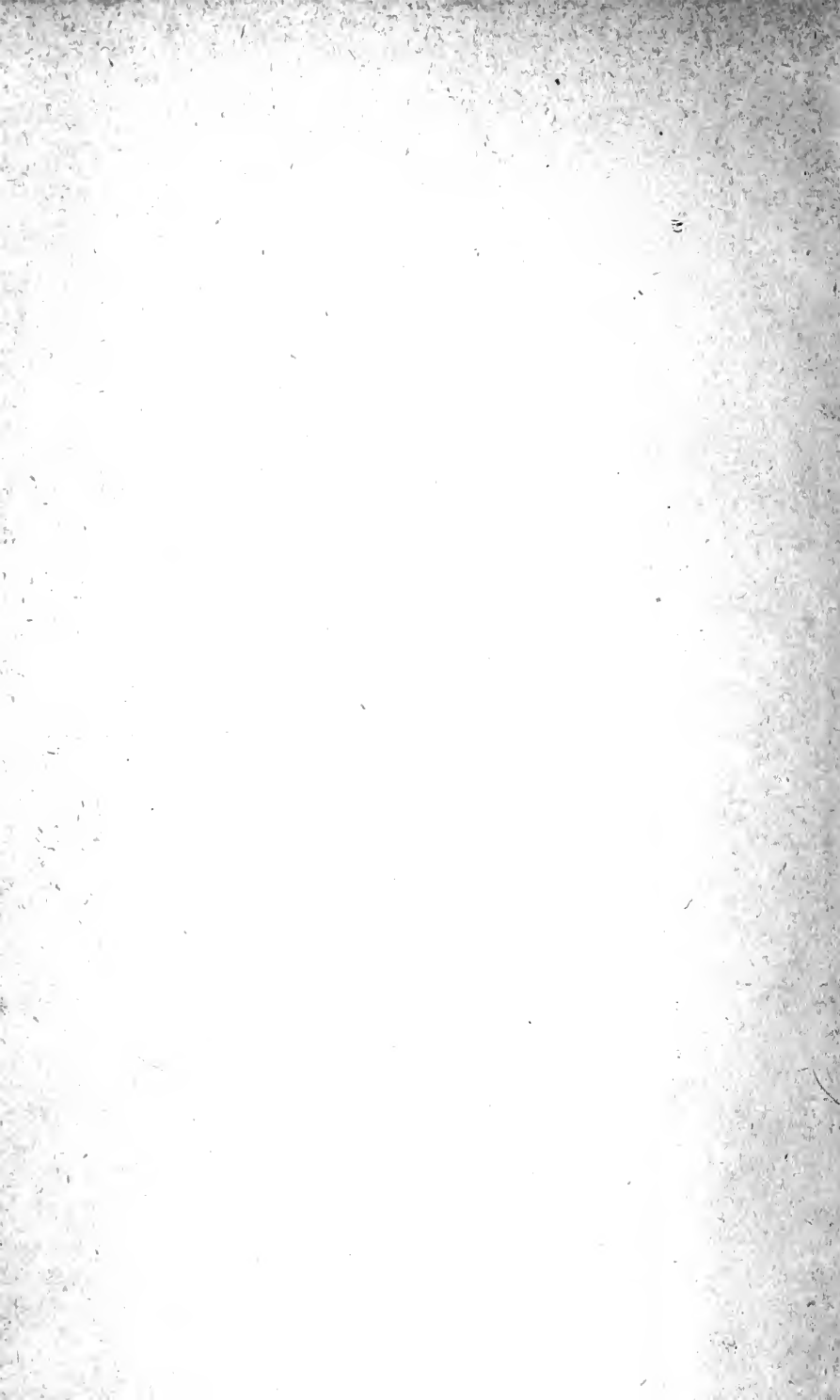


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BLESSED THOMAS MORE AND THE ARREST OF HUMANISM *in* ENGLAND

I

THE thesis which I have to propose in this paper is that the Humanist Movement in England was arrested at the middle of the sixteenth century and did not mature till more than a century later; that the movement was typically personified in More; and that his death was the blow which paralysed it.

The main part of this is neither novelty nor paradox. I can cite from Mr Herbert Fisher a sentence where he says, "The torch, once lit, burned brilliantly for a generation, until it was quenched by the bitter waters of religious strife."*

And there is a sentence of More's own in which he betrays that premonition of anarchy which haunted him. He saw clearly the two possible policies by which a civilization can be maintained; if homogeneous, by persecution of a dissident fraction; if once grown motley, by mutual toleration. He recommended first the one, because he was convinced that heresy was an infinitesimal fraction of the nation; and then, when he saw how Government had sold the pass and procured the corruption of the south-east counties, by conniving at heretical propaganda, he fell back on the other—in a famous saying to Wm. Roper. Did any other statesman of the time conceive of Toleration as a policy?

But in either case it was his strong sense that Christendom was one side of a medal which had civilization on the reverse, and his besetting fear that civilization was in danger of shipwreck by wars of religion, that prompted him. "*After it were once come to that point*" (viz. of anarchy) "*and the world once ruffled and fallen in a wild-*

* *History of Henry VII and VIII*, p. 143. (Longmans.)

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*ness, how long would it be and what heaps of heavy mischiefs would there fall ere the way were found to set the world in order and peace again.”**

The Reformation may be regarded from more than one point of view. It has an economic side: perhaps some of us may live to see that it is not only when concentrated in ecclesiastical hands, that great accumulations of wealth invite redistribution. I have nothing to do with that side. What concerns us to remember is that the dissolution of Christendom was wrought chiefly by the violent escape, in several directions, of several forces which the Church, vitiated by the ever-increasing intrusions of the civil power and the secular spirit, was no longer able to hold in equilibrium: Nationalism, Judaism and Paganism. One prevailed here, one there. Paganism throve in the Mediterranean countries, and in the north the old Druidical heathenism arose and joined hands with Judaism. The heavens in Scotland were darkened for two hundred years, and there yet remains a broken flying wrack of Calvinism which only the outburst of full democracy is likely to disperse. But in Italy to make a convert to any Judaic Protestantism is about as rare and costly a process as the acclimatizing of a Polar bear at Naples.

Nationalism in religion has proved—except in England—a passing disorder. Any self-willed autocrat can start his Gallicanism or his Josephism; but the masterpiece of English ecclesiastical policy was not merely in putting a toad under a harrow, but contriving that the toad should be an integral part of the harrow, happy and even conceited.

Nationalism, Judaism, Paganism. Humanism is none of these three. True, from an abuse of Humanism much of the Italian Paganism did proceed, and this Italian Paganism (*inglese italianato, diavolo incarnato*) was about all that the Elizabethans got from Humanism. But Humanism itself was a neutral force. It developed under the direct approval and patronage of the Papacy. It might be found as well in Ulrich von Hutten as in the Blessed Baptista Mantuan. Even critical historians do not escape

* *Works*, p. 274 c.

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from an equivoque which puzzled the poor loyal rebels of the Pilgrimage of Grace: they still talk as if the "New Learning" always meant culture and enlightenment; whereas most often it means the new theological opinions, the Modernism of the day. A man might be of the so-called "New Learning" who was no learned man at all, rudimentary in scholarship and criticism; and the only great Humanist in England was in perpetual controversy with the pioneers of the new religion. It is not learning that makes the trouble, but half learning. "*Never was there heretic that said all false,*" said More himself.*

There is no better instance than the great dispute about idols and idolatry, so hotly fought between More and Tyndale, for the case carries with it practically the whole of religious symbolism, all that had made the Church the mother and fautrix of beauty for so many centuries. What is the meaning of the Greek word εἶδωλον? Is it rightly translated "a false god," or does the New Testament under this term condemn the images of saints? A momentous question for artists as well as theologians. Ruin and desecration followed on the answer which the Tudor government practically adopted and enforced. The Judaic forces in the Reformation movement were impelled by the fanatical horror of plastic art, which we see at its highest in Mohammedanism. Once persuade the looting mobs that every carved or painted image of a saint was what St Paul meant by the word *idol*, and the wholesale wreck of painted glass and sculpture which took place at the Dissolution is nothing to be wondered at. Yet nowadays every competent scholar knows better; and the excavation of the Roman Catacombs has added an archæological proof to More's contention against Tyndale. Archæology was then in its infancy, but logic was not, and it is good to hear More's reasoning on this matter: He argues that if you condemn images, you condemn writing, for all words written or spoken are images, and "*there were not in this world so effectual writing as were to express everything in imagery.*"†

* *Works*, p. 109. † P. 117.

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The Egyptian and Chinese scripts are added proof of a doctrine which is already self-evident, and the new idolatry of the printed word has come in to clinch the point.

But though Humanism is largely composed of learning, and learning is essential to it, yet we must not take the two words for synonyms.

What, then, do we understand by Humanism?

It means particularly the advent of the learned layman, a general agreement among lay folks to emerge from pupilage and be civilized; to go back and recover much that was good and desirable, but for which Europe had found no room in the scanty scrip that was all she could venture to shoulder when she set out on her travels through the Dark Ages; to live in a larger scope of time than the present merely, to enjoy again the wealth of ancient literature as fully as did St Augustine or Sidonius Apollinaris and yet with as entire a Catholicism in religion as theirs. It was an æsthetic movement towards finer forms of expression; an intellectual movement of expatiating curiosity, and a stirring of moral restlessness.

One thing is to be noted: the whole movement was intensely aristocratic and self-conscious—not a blind tidal sweep of passion like Nationalism, not the kind of revolution which throws up its own leaders as it goes along. It was an affair of a few great personalities forming schools of disciples and building up a tradition; for a Tradition is to Art and Letters what capital is to economic man. The permanence and value of the Humanist movement were determined by what those leaders, inspirers and masters, could found. Personalities pass; institutions endure. In literature the great new thing which arose wherever Humanism had its full effect was scholarship. Scholarship eventually means criticism, the discipline of exact thinking within a certain field; and what began with merely a daintier appreciation of classical style ended in an instrument for the discovery and extraction of truth in other forms than in beauty alone.

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Whatever phase you consider, Italy compared with other countries is an adult among infants in the history of Humanism. Barbarism increases in the ratio of distance from the centre. Take any one art—painting, sculpture, architecture—in Italy each follows its regular beautiful development from stage to stage, and at last runs to seed. And now look in the half-baked north and see what a difference. In England we only reach the classic stage of architecture with the later seventeenth century—Gibb and Inigo Jones and Wren; we have no serious place in the annals of painting till the eighteenth century; sculpture . . .? Has it begun yet? Printing, gloriously begun by Caxton and Wynkyn, made no progress for about two centuries. And yet, had all gone well, there was not such total dearth of talent in England at the end of the fifteenth century but that the flicker of miniature painting and frescoes (which the rare surviving scraps attest), and the flicker of Tudor architecture might have grown into a flame. There *was* stained glass, there *was* smithwork, there *was* wood-carving, there *was* stone-carving in England. All these arts were proceeding in due train. What became of them?

Watch the same phenomenon in Humanist literature. There were two kinds: the exquisite mastery of Latin, its verse-forms and prose-forms: a mastery which for more than a hundred years elevated Latin to a real means of expressing thoughts and feelings. Wolsey's biographer, Fiddes, says the reason why the Cardinal often introduces sentences of Latin into his letters and despatches is not vanity nor even predilection but the poverty of English, as he could command it. The example of Petrarch—to be a poet in Latin, and not merely to write Latin exercises in verse—was emulated by Poliziano, Sannazaro, Baptista and many others in Italy; so, too, was it with such masters of prose as Bembo.*

But besides this elegance of scholar poets who were

* Scotland produced in George Buchanan a poet of first-rate excellence, in whom a searching criticism hardly detects more lapses from strict classical rule than can be found even in Poliziano himself.

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seeking after virtuosity in Latin as an artistic medium—and, much more important than they, for posterity—were the scholar critics. One may still delight in Poliziano's *Ambra* or Sannazaro's *Elegies*; but it is not these which put all the world in debt to Italian Humanism: it is the Italian work in critical scholarship. In scarcely two generations they had discovered, revived and edited practically the whole body of Greek and Latin Classics, and laid the foundations of criticism. When Italian effort began to relax after this heroic achievement, the torch was passed on to France. There, too, the Renaissance had done its work: the men were ready. And they showed that the task of bringing the garden of antiquity into full cultivation again was yet only begun. As early as 1556 Muretus dared to call Humanist verses a slight and ephemeral pastime compared with textual criticism and elucidation. So the Scaligers, the Pithous, a Tournèbe, a Lambin, a de Thou advanced scholarship to a more scientific plane of exactness; and France had no sooner done the work than Holland succeeded to the primacy of learning. In the seventeenth century, wherever the Jesuit Order was strong, learning thrived. But England—barring a few negligible contributions, such as Selden, Gatacre, Stanley and Steevens, you can wipe out the name for England—before Bentley—from the annals of classical scholarship, and leave no void. When you look into the vaunted learning of a Ben Jonson, what provincial smattering it is! He is still at about the level which Italy had reached 200 years before.

But another great function of Humanism was the enrichment and improvement of the vernaculars. As Dante happily resisted the temptation to write his great poem in Latin; and Petrarch, though he valued his *Africa* supremely, yet served his native language by the *Sonnets* and *Triumphs*; so do we see in Boccaccio and Chaucer how Latin learning was employed to fertilize, civilize and harmonize a rudimentary vernacular. And for the most part, so it continued to be with the fifteenth century Humanists. Poliziano lives as much by the honour of writing

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the first opera, his *Orfeo*, and by his contributions to the *Canti Carnascialeschi*, as by his scholarship. And while the great masters, like him, translated Greek books into Latin (as More translated Lucian), lesser men in turn translated Latin into the vernaculars. Every young language feeds and forms itself by translations, acquiring range, resource, and dexterity, by measuring its young powers of expression with the thought and knowledge of a maturer civilization. "There is no way," says Bishop Burnet (in his Preface to *Utopia*), "of writing, so proper for the refining and polishing a language, as the translating of books into it; if he that undertakes it has a competent skill of the one tongue and is a master of the other." The rule applies universally, whether in Ancient Rome, or in Italy, in France, in Russia. But to translate is the lowest of scholarly functions, as Mark Pattison bitterly remarked to the Oxford of his days; you will always find dozens of competent translators for one who is competent to make a critical edition: dozens of Jowetts for one Burnet. The much vaunted (and little read) Elizabethan and Jacobean translations are a proof that Humanism in England remained marking time at the primary stage for three generations or more. The case is analogous to that characteristically English creature, the hobbledehoy at twenty-two. If England had not been cut off and provincialized, we ought by the end of the sixteenth century to have been making somewhat of a figure in scholarship. Half a century behind France is our place, as Queen Elizabeth remarked. Whatever the language was when More found it—and since the Bible had all been translated into English before Wyclif, the age of rudiments at least was past: Chaucer's prose is not rudimentary—as More left it, it had nothing to learn from further translations. But in fact where he left it, there it remained until Dryden definitely civilized it. If this assertion be challenged, one may ask which of the Elizabethan prose-writers can be proposed as superior to More? Not Hooker; certainly not the Euphuists. Francis Bacon among the Jacobean improved one talent only: brevity,

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and that by direct imitation of his master, Montaigne. With Clarendon we reach More's equal; but Clarendon himself is no advance in the qualities of good prose. The earth still clings about his armour as about Milton's. Perfect agility and dexterity comes only with Dryden.

The semi-barbaric splendour of the Elizabethan age—a little like the Grand Parade of a provincial *nouveauroche* who has "cultured" ambitions—must not blind us to the historical fact. The Elizabethan age produced one supreme and many good poets. Poetry is a wind that bloweth where it listeth: a barbaric people may have great poetry, they cannot have great prose. Prose is an institution, part of the equipment of a civilization, part of its heritable wealth, like its laws or its system of schooling or its tradition of skilled craftsmanship. It shared the fate of the other civilized institutions in England. When we look back from the age of Milton we survey a century of arrest, of suspended animation.*

If, then, the Humanist Renaissance began normally in England, which is admitted; ran its first stage normally, which is admitted, with Duke Humphrey, "a great wise man and very learned," as More calls him (p. 135), how is it we must jump more than 150 years before we reach any adequate and mature achievement in art, architecture, learning or English prose writing? How is it that we have no sculptors like Jean Goujon, no scholars like Lambin and Tournèbe? It is not the mere effect of Pro-

* And at this point let me suggest a theory of the literary history of English for this epoch: namely, that there was a bifurcation: a main-stream dammed, and a new cut opened; and after the new cut had carried off most of the water, the old stream reopened. Dryden is the meeting-point of the two channels. The true main-stream of English tradition in prose was in the line of Parsons, Campion, Allen and the translators of the Douai and Rheims Bible. These are the inheritors of More. But these admirable writings, proscribed and destroyed by the Government of Elizabeth, have remained (such is the obscurantist force of ancient prejudice) unknown not merely to the blinkered schoolboy but even to many professors and students of literature in our own time. A critical comparison of the prose rhythms in the Catholic and the Government Bible would be a most interesting study.

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testantism, because the religious discords which tore France and Germany in two did not paralyse French scholarship or German painting. The differentia is that stupid, wilful insularism of which Tudor pride and vanity made its accomplice. When Thomas Coryat travelled in Italy in 1611 he found that nobody could understand his Latin. Elizabeth's Government had wantonly barbarized the pronunciation in schools in order to deepen the gulf between the new religion and the old. The naïve confession of this coxcomb's chagrin is illuminating. But that is not all. Humanism was everywhere an affair of great personalities, the light spread by individual example. It was because men recognized in a Pico, or an Erasmus, some quality larger, sweeter, riper, nobler than their own minds that they wished to go to school to them. Had some Italian tyrant killed a Valla, a Politian, a Beroaldus, a Domitius Calderinus, an Aldus Manutius; had Erasmus, instead of being an honoured guest at Rome, at Paris or in the States of the Empire, been beheaded by Charles V or Francis I, all learning would have felt the blow and shrunk. Now in Henry VIII's reign there were just three men among a good many lesser lights, such as Grocyn, Fox, Linacre, Stokesley, Colet (Erasmus enumerates them to von Hutten), who by position, by character and by predilection were qualified to secure that England should take full benefit of the revival of learning; they were Wolsey, Fisher and More. Local piety and Erasmus' civilities make much of the small fry; but only three men counted.

Now it is tragically suitable, it gives grim completeness and consistency to the record of that hideous time, that Henry's reign should not end before Surrey was put to death: for does not the very extremity of the wrong comfort our mind with a kind of bitter satisfaction when we read the more atrocious parts of history? I am glad to think that Henry murdered Surrey, as I am glad to know that to Thomas Cromwell of all men fell the plunder of More's library. *Boni dant, mali auferunt* was a favourite motto of his. But the murder of the greatest living English poet did not hinder the flight of poetry in the

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next generation. Only with these three it was quite otherwise. Wolsey stood for a true ecclesiastical reformation—by some sharp handling, no doubt, yet not by that too simple way the Wolf went about to reform the Lamb in the fable; Fisher, like him, stood for enlightenment in education without the moral anarchy of the Macchiavel-Cromwell school;* and More stood for Humanism, the unique instance of an Englishman who had made his own the full measure of contemporary culture, and could meet the finest minds in Europe as an acknowledged equal. In Colet's words, "There was but one wit in England and that was Thomas More" (Cresacre, *More*, p. 25). He is our first Humanist; the second is John Milton, born a hundred years out of due time.

II

What remains is to exhibit More as the typical Humanist, with some incidental touches on his life and character.

In the narrower sense of the word, More qualified as a Humanist by his *Utopia* and his *Epigrams*. His translation of *Pico Mirandola's Life* shows the bent of his tastes: it was his tribute to one whose intimacy with the New Learning was like his own, practical and far averse from pedantry. Pico had anticipated Erasmus' design for a critical edition of the Scriptures; but, dying at thirty-three, had no time to add that to the amazing bulk of his literary, philosophical and theological work. The

* Look on this picture and on that. Wolsey when he founded Christ Church meant to have copies from the Vatican library MSS. made for the College Library; Cox of the New Learning, who was Dean under Edward VI, made a bonfire of MSS.

What happened to those "twenty well-stocked libraries of ancient books" which Grynaeus the Lutheran Platonist admired when he visited Oxford with letters of commendation from More? (Stapleton, *Vita*, p. 24.)

Or to the collection of MSS., Greek and Latin, which our proto-Hellenist Prior Selling, brought to Canterbury in 1467? (Gasquet, *The Eve of the Reformation*, p. 25.) One might ask dozens more such questions. They are not allowed, much less answered, in the great traditional myth of an Elizabethan Renaissance.

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translation was printed in 1510. The *Utopia* belongs to 1516. It is a strange misfortune that More should be known to many readers only by this not very characteristic book; but the reason is easy enough to recognize. Those who wished to make out that More was at heart unorthodox have adroitly commended their thesis by giving out for his serious opinion some of the more freakish whimsies of his imaginary Islanders. It is, in fact, said that some of the unhappy rascals who perished by tens of thousands in the Peasant Revolts, which arose from the outbreak of Lutheranism in Germany, actually appealed to the Communism of the Utopians in support of their anarchism. But many modern writers who cite the communism of Utopia forget to add that More makes the Utopians willingly disposed towards Christianity because of the communism *which the monastic system comports*. This did not suit Seebohm's brief. Then the Utopians cremate their dead, they worship a god Mithra, and their priests marry; but there is no more reason for saying, as Seebohm and company say, that More favoured the breach of clerical celibacy than there is for calling him a pioneer of cremation or the apostle of a new Unitarian religion called Mithraism.

Sir James Mackintosh's judgment is admirably penetrating:

The true notion of *Utopia* is that it intimates a variety of doctrines and exhibits a multiplicity of projects, which the writer regards with almost every possible degree of approbation and shade of assent; from the frontiers of serious and earnest belief, through gradations of descending plausibility, where the lowest are scarcely more than the exercises of ingenuity; and to which some wild paradoxes are appended, either as a vehicle, or as an easy means (if necessary) of disavowing the serious intention of the whole Platonic fiction.

In fact, to disengage More's own views from the quaint visionary speculations is no easier than it is to get Swift's real beliefs from *Gulliver's Travels*. For More, if less of an ironist and sceptic than Swift, was an irrepressible wag:

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he confesses to it again and again, and even in his last months, long imprisoned, and writing of "as earnest sad matter as men can devise," he must be joking. "Of truth, cousin, as you know very well, myself am of nature even half a giggler and more. I would I could as easily mend my fault as I well know it." This merriment infuriated his puritan antagonists. That unblushing Gnatho, Ed. Hall, the panegyrist of Henry VIII, who goes into ecstasies describing the royal Thraso's wardrobe, girds bitterly at More for his habit of jesting. But the gift was hereditary; his father, Sir John More, the judge, was author of the saying that matrimony was like putting your hand in a blind bag full of snakes and eels together, seven snakes for one eel.

That he regarded his *Utopia* as a youthful fancy and no serious doctrine is proved firstly by the fact that he never put it into English. The life of Richard III, which he wrote in a Latin that well shows his studies of Sallust and Tacitus, he himself translated into admirable English. An instructive comment on his leaving the *Utopia* in the Latin is a passage* where he reminds Tyndale that if you have to tell a man of his faults, you should do it secretly, as Gerson wrote, in Latin. But there is a passage where he evidently refers direct to *Utopia* in connexion with Erasmus' *Encomium Moriae*.

But in these days, in which men by their own default misconstrue and take harm from the very scripture of God, until men better amend, if any man would now translate (*Encomium*) *Moriae* into English, or some other work either that I have myself written ere this, albeit there be no harm therein, folks being, as they be, given to take harm of what is good, I would, not only my darling's books but my own also, help to burn them both with my own hands, rather than folk should (though through their own fault) take any harm of them.†

To write in English was to offer more stuff to be mis-

* *Works*, 873 c.

† *Works*, pp. 422-3, quoted by Gasquet (*The Eve of the Reformation*, p. 203), but not for this particular inference.

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understood by the amateur theologians who swarmed and babbled in the pothouses round London. To write in Latin was to address his peers, in cipher, without risk of their mistaking his jest for earnest or misconceiving his drift.

It is actually a question whether he ever intended to publish *Utopia* at all. Stapleton says he did not, but merely *non nisi paucis amicis quasi lepidum commentum communicari*. Yet we hear also that More had originally a notion of dedicating it to Wolsey (Stapleton, *Vita*, pp. 31-2). What is certain is that he never took *Utopia* seriously, and it was no affectation in him to say that the book "might deservedly have been left in Utopia."*

The *Utopia* was as it were More's diploma work, as member of the European Humanist Academy to which Erasmus' friendship had long since been his passport. It was soon followed by his volume of Latin occasional poems.† It must be frankly admitted that More in Latin verse falls far short of the almost perfect metrical accomplishment and scholarship of even George Buchanan. He knew it. Yet many of the *Epigrams* can be read with pleasure for their point as well as for curiosity or historical interest. Now he satirizes a *Lady Riding Astride*, now an ignorant Bishop—in whom research has identified one of the grossest cases of that intrusion of lay influences into the sanctuary which the Reformation was so soon destined to legalize and confirm; now a young fop who affects a French style in all things and a French accent in English, in Latin, in Spanish, in all languages . . . but French. Many, by the choice of subject, betray his delight in painting; many are taken from the eleventh book (the

* It was first translated by Robinson in 1551, with a dedication to Wm

Cecil, in which, courtier-like, he echoes the astonishment of Ed. Hall at the obstinacy of a man who with all his learning could not see the plain Scripture truth that the British throne was the seat of religious infallibility.

† Printed at Bâle in 1518. These have been studied by J. H. Marsden under the title *Philomorus* (ed. 2, 1878): a prolix and somewhat insipid piece of writing, but useful, though the donnish Protestantism of the 'sixties makes it irritating to read. It is virtually a Life of More.

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Jest Book) of the Greek Anthology. May I translate one specimen of his lighter wit?

TO A LADY—MUCH MADE UP

You buy your teeth, your hair and your complexion:
Madam, and might I ask
Why do you not combine the whole collection
More cheaply in a *mask*?

One other has a curious prophetic interest. He takes a subject which has often attracted poets and painters too—St John Baptist, Herod, Herodias and Salome: after reciting some of the hideous precedents from pagan mythology (Thyestes, etc.), he concludes that human heads were a luxury beyond the reach of plain men's tables.

Such dainty dishes grace the board of Kings:
Believe me poor men do not eat such things.

Did anybody recall this epigram when seventeen years later the saintly epigrammatist's head fell on Tower Hill? Stapleton, of course, makes the comparison of More and St John. And if we may believe George Buchanan, his Latin tragedy of the *Baptistes*, written in 1535, was inspired by his horror of Henry's pretensions, by the fate of More and by his disgust at the tyranny. This eloquent, dignified, but lengthy play was only printed forty years later; certainly beyond the resemblance in their fate there is nothing of More's character in the Baptist. But Buchanan makes Salome proclaim the Henrician doctrine that the King's will is the supreme law. The parallel was only imperfect in one point. Anne Boleyn was Herodias and Salome in one. More resigned the office of Lord Chancellor a fortnight before her coronation. After this it was only a matter of time. When the royal animal, after sampling an elder sister, decided that Anne was the one among the daughters of his old flame, Lady Rochford, whom he could not live without, More knew that his days were numbered. "Queen Anne by her unfortunate

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clamour did so exasperate the king against him."* *Tu huius viri necis causa* he is reported to have said to her, when the news of More's execution was brought to him.

The theme long haunted More. But he was probably thinking not of himself but of the Bishop of Rochester, his fellow prisoner, when he wrote in *Dial. of Comfort in Tribul.*†

St John the Baptist was, you know well, in prison, while Herod and Herodias sat full merry at the feast, and the daughter of Herodias delighted him with her dancing, till with her dancing she danced off St John's head. And now sitteth he with great feast in Heaven at God's Board while Herod and Herodias full heavily sit in Hell, burning both twain, and to make them sport withal the devil with the damsel dances before them.

But it was not only Stapleton and George Buchanan who saw an analogy to the Gospel story. For it is said that within a few months of the martyrdom, when a masque of Herod and St John was played before the King and Queen, the Baptist's head was made up to represent Thomas More: which was thought a very pretty conceit. Who can wonder at Froude's enthusiasm for such a sovereign?

But to return. His Latin works, both the *Utopia*, the controversies against Luther, the *Epigrams* and the *Letters*, all approved him for the first, virtually the only, Humanist in England. There is a fact which testifies this: Etienne Dolet, scholar and printer, in his *Dialogue on Ciceronianism* (1536) brings in More as a typical Erasmusian. There was no other Englishman whose name would be recognized all over Europe as a *savant* if, for example, the question, "Who is the English Humanist?" had been put to Erasmus, Beroaldus or Budaeus. The testimony is extended by Erasmus dedicating his Aristotle, and Grynaeus his Plato to young John More; Erasmus dedicated to Margaret Roper his Commentary on the *Nux* of

* Hoddesdon, p. 124.

† *Works*, 1248 c.

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Ovid and on a part of Prudentius. She is, by the way, one of very few women who have convincingly emended a corrupt classical text.*

But he answers to the type of Renaissance man also in his large, cultivated curiosity; his love of art, his patronage of Holbein, his delight in coins and other antiquities which is especially evidenced in his friendship with Busleiden at Louvain, a magnificent collector of all such things. Characteristic not only of the man but of the enlarged intellectual alertness of the time was a trait which Erasmus records of him: he loved to collect every kind of tame bird and beast and observe its ways. This linking of the literary interest with the interest of natural science reminds us that Linacre was not only a scholar but a father of English medicine, and that among the great things which Wolsey realized and bequeathed to posterity was the foundation of the Royal College of Physicians in London.

III

I HAVE reserved till now the greatest of all More's achievements: his English works.

We have seen that most of the great Italian Humanists did good service also to their mother tongue. It is a just reproach against Erasmus that he was so thoroughly Latinized and Græcized that he scorned his Low-Dutch and never printed a word in it. The Magyar and Russian aristocracies were sunk in a similar pedantry almost within living memory. And there was a danger of pedantry attaching to Humanism. It dawned on the Humanists, beginning with Petrarch, that on æsthetic grounds Cicero was greater than St Jerome, Claudian than Sedulius. That is a truism: and the worst of truisms—the truism of a half-truth: a thing very vicious.†

* Stapleton, p. 40.

† But England is to this day labouring under an opposite extreme of pedantry which decrees that only the narrowest classical period deserves any study. Men pass for educated and for good Latinists who have never read St Augustine or Prudentius, and for whom 1,200 years of their own

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But the greatest of the Humanists, Erasmus excepted, were sound on this point. They bored their artesian wells into the depths of antiquity to get water for the irrigation of a modern soil. Humanism at its best never lost sight of the enrichment and improvement of the vernacular: Rabelais and Amyot are instances, but there is no better instance than More. The neglect of his English works is all of a piece with the prejudice which has been handed down from the parasites of Henry and Elizabeth. One of Sir Geoffrey Pole's crimes for which he, with as many more of the family as Henry could lay hands upon, was murdered was "that he possessed and delighted in Sir T. More's works."

Even Roper's life of his father-in-law could not be printed for nearly a century. The collected works were first brought out by his nephew Rastell in 1557, whose dedication to Queen Mary deserves to be cited.

When I considered with myself what great eloquence, excellent learning and moral virtues were to be contained in the works and books that the wise and godly man, Sir Thos. More, Kt., sometime Lord Chancellor of England (my dear uncle), wrote in the English tongue, so many and so well as no Englishman, I suppose, ever wrote the like; *whereby his works be worthy to be had and read of every Englishman that is studious and desirous to know and learn not only the eloquence and property of the English tongue, but also the true doctrine of Christ's Catholic Faith, the confutation of detestable heresies, or the godly moral virtues that appertain to the framing*

ignorance are tabooed as the "Dark Ages." Shut your eyes and call it the Dark Ages! This is a darker state of mind than those who though they had the bad taste to prefer St Jerome to Cicero as a stylist had at least read both. In this matter Classicism has shrunk and narrowed since Petrarch 500 years ago. Ciceronianism was a pedantry: but the English Public Schools traditions supported by their dutiful adjuncts the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, is a narrower pedantry still. Latin must be a closed book after Hadrian's reign. Or, if we venture to take a look into regions where no curriculum runs and no guide helps us, let us confine ourselves to the pretty pastiche of Claudian, a good old heathen, and not attempt the dangerous Prudentius who scans *idsla* a dactyl (as it was pronounced!) and attests so many unscriptural corruptions in religion.

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and forming of men's manners and consciences, to live a virtuous and devout Christian life; and when I further considered that these works of his were not yet all imprinted, and those that were imprinted were in several volumes and books: whereby it were likely that, as well those books of his that were already abroad in print, as those that were yet unprinted, should in time percase perish and utterly vanish away—to the great loss and detriment of many—unless they were gathered together and printed in one whole volume:—for these causes, my most gracious liege lady, I did diligently collect and gather together as many of those his works, books, letters and other writings printed and unprinted, in the English tongue, as I could come by; and the same (certain years in the evil world past), keeping in my hands very surely and safely, now lately have caused to be imprinted in this one volume, to the intent not only that every man that will, now in our days, may have and take commodity by them, but also that they may be preserved for the profit likewise of our posterity.

This rare and costly book (1,458 pages of double-column folio in black letter) has never since been reprinted. Some pieces have appeared separately: *The Life and Death of Richard III*, and the *Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation*. But unhappily these reprints preserve with a facile antiquarianism the uncouth original orthography which is enough by itself to make a book seem quaintly remote and unreal. If they were put out in modernized spelling and punctuation, every one would be astonished to see how near to the best English of our own day the style remains. More himself says “the Brethren find it for a special fault that my books be too long” (895 H). They are long: his usual prose has the easy elastic abundance of Boccaccio, and a lawyer's love of proving a point exhaustively in controversy. But he has all the qualities of a great prose style: sonorous eloquence, less cumbersome than Milton: simplicity and lucidity of argument, with unflinching sense of the rhythms and harmonies of English sound. He is a master of Dialogue, the favourite vehicle of that age; neither too curiously dramatic in the *ethopoia* of the persons, nor yet allowing the form to become a hollow convention:

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the objector in his great *Dialogue* (the *Quod he* and *Quod I*) is anything but a man of straw. We can see that if Lucian was his early love, he had not neglected Plato either. Elizabethan prose is tawdry and mannered compared with his: at his death Chaucer's thread is dropped, which none picked up till Clarendon and Dryden. With his colloquial, well-bred, unaffected ease he is the ancestor of Swift. His style—so Erasmus tells us—was gained by long and careful studies and exercises; he took a discipline in Latin of which the fruits were to appear in English when the increasing gravity of the times warned him that it would be well to speak to a larger public than Latin could reach. Even where he is prolix—and that may seem prolix in black-letter folio which reads easy and pleasant enough in modern form—his merry humour is not long silent. For his controversies are enlivened with humorous stories, illustrations and recollections—such as Mother Maud's *Parable of the Beasts at Confession* (1183-5), and “the servant who was married and yet a merry fellow” (195 D), or “*the good man Gryme, a mustard-maker in Cambridge, that was wont to pray for himself and his wife and his child, and grace to make good mustard and no more*” (933-4); or the satiric account of Wolsey and his flatterers (1221-2). The man who joked on the scaffold till the very moment when he laid his head on the block, so much to Ed. Hall's scandal, was not likely to forget the great truth that wit is another mode of thinking, and piety need not wear a sour face.

His greatness as an influence in making the language has not always been neglected. Samuel Johnson in the *History of the English Language* prefixed to his *Dictionary* devotes nearly one-third of his whole space to More, saying: “*It is necessary to give a larger specimen both because the language was then in a great degree formed and settled and because it appears from Ben Jonson that his works were considered as models of pure and elegant style.*”

But though the Doctor goes on to say that “his works are carefully and correctly printed and may therefore be better trusted than any other edition of the English

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books of that or the preceding ages," he quotes none of More's prose but a bit from Richard III and a single letter. All else is from his verse. One can hardly suppose that he had read the *Dialogues*, unless he suppressed them for the same reason that he suppressed Whig eloquence in Parliament.

I wish space permitted me to give specimens at large, both of his verse and his prose. Great lawyers are not great poets, yet More was no mean master of English verse, as a stanza can show. It is taken from a poem, *To Those that Trust in Fortune*:

But, an thou wilt needs meddle with her treasure,
Trust not therein, and spend it liberally;
Bear thee not proud, nor take not out of measure;
Build not thine house on height up in the sky:
None falleth far but he that climbeth high.
Remember Nature sent thee hither bare:
The gifts of Fortune, count them borrowed ware.*

It is impossible to give any notion of his prose in short extracts, any more than you could present Milton or Burke in scraps. Yet I cannot forbear from a few quotations, chosen partly to show his pleasant humour in argument, and partly to illustrate afresh his Humanist ideal of culture.

* That he practised what he preached in these lines is proved by his life, and the fact is enshrined in the delightful play *Sir Thos. More* [it is reprinted in the volume called *The Shakespeare Apocrypha*, published by the Clarendon Press], published about 1596, of which the best critics are agreed that Shakespeare wrote some part. It celebrates More as the loyal subject, the poor man's friend (his action as Sheriff of London in the Prentice Riots of Evil May Day seems to have left a deep memory on London), the liberal master of an hospitable house where visitors were admitted to the intimacy of a family circle of which Erasmus also has eloquently and feelingly described the charm and simple refinement. "Now, as he did not regard proud and vain men, so was he an entire and special good friend to all the learned men in Christendom, with whom almost he had continual intercourse of Letters; but of all strangers Erasmus challengeth unto himself his love most especially, which had long continued between them by mutual letters, expressing great affection, and it increased so much that he took a journey on purpose into England to see and enjoy his personal acquaintance." (Hoddesdon, chap. V.)

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The first is taken from the great Dialogue.

Let us consider if there were a good old idolater, that never had heard in all his life anything of our belief, or of any other god than only the Man in the Moone, whom he had watched and worshipped every frosty night; if this man might suddenly have that whole Bible turned into his own tongue and read it over—think you that he should thereby learn all the articles of the Faith? *

We need not now be troubling ourselves with the matter of the argument—though that is excellent—but is not the form a literary delight? Is it not racy with the best virtues of English?

This shall be the next:

As the hand is more nimble by the use of some feats, and the legs and feet more swift and sure by custom of going and running, and the whole body the more wieldy and lusty by some kind of exercise, so is it no doubt but that Reason is by study, labour, and exercise of Logic, Philosophy and other liberal arts, corroborated and quickened; and the judgment both in them and also in Orators, Laws, and Stories, much ripened. And albeit Poets be with many men even taken but for painted words, yet do they much help the judgment and make a man, among other things, well-furnished of one especial thing without which all learning is half lame.

What is that? quoth he.

Marry, quoth I, a good mother-wit. And therefore are in mine opinion these Lutherans in a mad mind that would now have all learning save Scripture only, clean cast away. (153.)

Who will not now say ditto to Sir Thomas in this much at least of his plea, for the necessity of Reason to Faith?

Or take this for an example of thought and language inseparably interpenetrating, as they do in the finest literature. It is on *The Growth of Heresy*.

For as the sea shall never surround and overwhelm the land, and yet hath it eaten many places in and swallowed whole countries

* *Works*, p. 154 F.

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up, and made many places now sea that sometime were well-inhabited lands, and hath lost part of his own possession in other parts again; so, though the faith of Christ shall never be overflowed with heresies nor the gates of Hell prevail against Christ's church, yet as in some places it winneth in new people, so may there in some places by negligence be lost the old.*

This vast folio is a storehouse of verbal idioms as well as of little touches of description and allusion which serve to give fullness and reality of life to the background of our picture of the sixteenth century—e.g. the popular remedy for the toothache “to go thrice round a churchyard and never think of a fox tail.” One may quote and quote for many different purposes. But since writers like Sir S. Lee make so much of it that brevity and point were gifts wholly denied to More's copious pen, let me quote a couple of phrases which happen to anticipate two famous eighteenth-century epigrams. “*If you wish to know what Almighty God thinks of riches,*” said Swift, “*you have only to look at those on whom he bestows them.*” More had shaped the same thought: “What should a good man greatly rejoice in that he daily seeth most abound in the hands of many that be nought?” † Dr Johnson was once provoked to say, “*Madam, I have given you a reason but I cannot give you an understanding.*” And More had long ago said of Tyndale (or Fish, or Frith, no matter which), “*If he have read it and think himself not satisfied, I cannot make him perceive more than his wit will serve him.*” Admitting freely an inferiority to both Swift and Johnson, in point of caustic scorn, one may yet maintain that More's studies in Sallust, Seneca and Tacitus had not left him unfurnished with dagger as well as broadsword in his armoury. But now, to have done with detail, one famous page from the devotional treatise *De Quatuor Novissimis* shall exhibit him in the full stride of his grand manner. ‡

* *Works*, 921 E.

† *Works*, 1218 H.

‡ *Works*, p. 83.

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We shall leave the example of plays and players which be too merry for this matter. I shall put thee a more earnest image of our condition and that not a feigned similitude but a very true fashion and figure of our worshipful estate. Mark this well, for of this thing we be very sure: that old and young, man and woman, rich and poor, prince and page, all the while we live in this world, we be but prisoners and be within a strong prison, out of which there can no man escape. And in worse case be we than those that be taken and imprisoned for theft. For they albeit their heart heavily hearkeneth after the sessions, yet have they some hope either to break prison the while, or to escape there by favour, or after condemnation some hope of pardon. But we stand all in other plight, we be very sure that we be already condemned to death, some one, some other, none of us can tell what death we be doomed to, but surely can we all tell that die we shall. And clearly know we that of this death we get no manner pardon. For the king by whose high sentence we be condemned to die would not of this death pardon his own son. As for escaping, no man can look for [it]. The prison is large and many prisoners in it, but the gaoler can lose none, he is so present in every place that we can creep into no corner out of his sight. For as holy David saith to this gaoler Whither shall I go from thy spirit and whither shall I flee from thy face? As who saith nowhither. There is no remedy therefore, but as condemned folk and remediless in this prison of the earth we drive forth awhile, some bounde to a post, some wandering abroad, some in the dungeon, some in the upper ward, some building them bowers and making palaces in the prison, some weeping, some laughing, some labouring, some playing, some singing, some chiding, some fighting, no man almost remembering in what case he standeth, till suddenly, nothing less looking for, young, old, poor and rich, merry and sad, prince and page, Pope and poor soulpriest, now one, now other, some time a great rabble at once, without order, without respect of age or estate, all stript stark naked and shifted out in a sheet, be put to death in divers wise in some corner of the same prison, and even there thrown in an hole and either worms eat him underground or crows above. Now come forth ye proud prisoner, for I wis ye be no better, look ye never so high, when ye build in your prison a palace for your blood, is it not a great royalty if it be well considered? Ye build the Tower of Babylon in a corner of the prison and be very proud thereof: and sometime the gaoler beateth it down again with shame. Ye leave your lodging for your own blood: and the gaoler when ye be dead, setteth a strange prisoner in your building and thrusteth your blood

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into some other cabin. Ye be proud of the arms of your ancestors set up in the prison: and all your pride is because ye forget that it is a prison. For if ye took the matter aright—the place a prison, yourself a prisoner condemned to death, from which ye cannot escape,—ye would reckon this gear as worshipful as if a gentleman thief when he should go to Tyburn would leave for a memorial the arms of his ancestors painted on a post in Newgate. Surely I suppose that if we took not true figure for a fantasy, but reckoned it as it is indeed, the very express fashion and manner of all our estate, men would bear themselves not much higher in their hearts for any rule or authority that they bear in this world—which they may well perceive to be indeed no better but one prisoner bearing rule among the remnant, as the tapster doth in the Marshalsea; or at the utmost one so put in trust with the gaoler that he is half an undergaoler over his fellows till the sheriff and the cart come for him.

It is not strictly part of my present purpose to describe More's life and death. For why repeat an oft-told tale which has been endeared to so many readers by Cresacre More, or by Hoddesdon, in Stapleton's sweet and ample Latin or in Roper's *Life*—the shortest and most perfect of biographies? The conclusion is a short matter.

After fifteen months' imprisonment, during which he wrote several of his longer devotional treatises, his murder was decided on. On June 25, 1535, the preachers were ordered to set forth to the people the treasons of Fisher and More. Blessed John Fisher had been beheaded three days before; More had not yet been tried. These minutiae did not trouble Henrician justice. Even Edward Hall permits himself a regret that when his master married Anne Boleyn, the little formality of pronouncing a divorce from Queen Catherine was overlooked for some months. At the trial, which took place on July 1, the ex-Chancellor at the Bar had to remind the presiding judge gently that under English law it was usual, before pronouncing sentence—as he was beginning to do—to ask a prisoner if he had anything to say in his defence. Bluff King Hal and his merry men were in a hurry. The jury took fifteen minutes to arrive at a verdict of guilty, which, if we may believe Erasmus' letter written from Paris on infor-

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mation received from London, only a fortnight later, they expressed with simple eloquence in the words, "Kill 'im." The six letters of English grin strangely from amongst the elegant Latinity in which they are enshrined. His martyrdom followed on the day of his particular desire, July 6, the Octave of SS Peter and Paul, and the Eve of St Thomas of Canterbury.

Henry VIII's Welsh blood gave him the insight which is so keen in hybrid observers of national character, and Elizabeth learned to perceive exactly the two besetting sins of the English—intellectual sloth and political servility. On these two defects they played with an adroitly tempered combination of bullying and sophistry. More's loyalty to his tyrant seems to us excessive, almost degrading; but we must remember that the progress of the Reformation in Germany, and in particular the sack of Rome, had given him a lively horror of anarchy. He went to the very limits of concession, but his intellect was not to be debauched by sophistry, nor his resolve broken. He saw that the Supremacy meant everything. In the third book of his *Dialogue of Comfort in Tribulation*, where he inquires what is the Christian's duty in case the great Turk should conquer Europe, the allegory is plain enough, even did Stapleton not expound it. England had her own great Turk within her doors: the question of conformity or martyrdom under his persecution was actual.

How Europe took these two executions, the ex-Lord Chancellor and the Cardinal of Rochester, is well known. A shudder went through the civilized world. The Emperor Charles V, not a warm-hearted or quixotic temper of a man, said to Sir Thomas Eliot he would rather have lost the best city in his Empire than two such counsellors if they had been his. Pole records the horror of the Venetians. We have a long description in the Latin letter (which has already been mentioned) written from Paris a fortnight afterwards, by Stapleton unhesitatingly attributed to Erasmus himself, but professing to be by "Courinus Nucrinus." Years ago Erasmus had praised More's

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genius for friendship, saying that to be friends with him was the perfect ideal of friendship. And now after his death he repeats the testimony:

More's death is deplored even by those whose doctrines he stoutly opposed: such was his frankness, his courtesy, his kindness to all men. No one that had any pretensions to scholarship went away from him empty-handed. No stranger was so strange but More would endeavour to do him a service. Many patrons only help their own sort—a Frenchman the French, the Germans the German, a Scot the Scots; but he was friendly and kind to Irish, Germans, French, Scythians and Indians. His good-nature had made such deep impression on them all that they weep his loss, as it were a father or a brother. I myself have seen many in tears who had never seen him or had any experience of his kindness. Do as I may, I cannot myself refrain from weeping as I write these words. How will Erasmus take the news? I fear the end of such an intimacy will be the end of his life.*

Erasmus survived his friend a twelvemonth. If to die timely is a blessing, as Tacitus said, then both Erasmus and More may be congratulated on not living to see the last ten years of Henry VIII's reign, the "emulator of Phalaris," as Paulus Jovius called him.

By the end of that reign such good blood had been spilled and the patrimony of our civilization so foully squandered that it was a full century before England re-entered the intellectual comity of nations.

Tantae molis erat Romanam . . . abscondere lucem.

J. S. PHILLIMORE

* *Mori Opera Latina*, 1689, p. 350.

SCIENCE & PHILOSOPHY AT LOUVAIN

I

THE Renaissance is almost without parallel even among historical periods of exceptional interest. It is remarkable for the rise of critical scholarship in the persons of Valla and Erasmus; for the cult of Plato and the disparagement of Aristotle, which alone would arrest the attention of philosophers; for a real love of the beautiful expressed in a hundred ways in art and letters; and, as the truth must be told, for a tradition of paganism and hatred of Christianity. It gave us the works of Guicciardini, and in the "Prince" of Machiavelli may be almost said to have fixed the type of successful statesmanship in the days of the growth of nations. In the sphere of knowledge it is noteworthy not for the rise of its few philosophers, nor for their unenduring systems, but for the birth of modern science, the search for fact and law and unifying principle, based upon accurate observation, checked by experiment. The leader of the new scientific movement was Copernicus, whose challenging discoveries, linked with those of Kepler and Galileo at the opening of the seventeenth century, have completely transformed our outlook on the physical universe. The discovery of America had led to the shattering of many an old idol of knowledge. With the new scientific discoveries, the astronomy and physics of the ancients, of Greece and Egypt and Babylonia, were past, and the future lay with the heroes of the new learning. Strangely enough, the historian can trace no gradual development in philosophic thought, for the chains which we make count at best but few links. We read simply of the rise and fall of schools, whose life and success depend upon the presence of a master-mind. The progress of philosophy, in fact, could it be graphed, would be represented by a curve of few summits, of many slopes and undulating plains. With the sciences the record is very different. They have never lost

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the intensity of the first inspiration, and in every century since the dawn of modern history the physical and later the biological sciences can appeal to many names of great merit. With a domain ever widening, with a study of detail growing ever more intense, the scientists of to-day can quote a succession of almost unparalleled victories. Each of the older branches of knowledge has been split up into a vast group of special studies, each claiming its own experimenters and specialists; each, in turn, opening up long vistas of research work. The watchwords have been "experiment," "induction," *divide et impera*, and the record is one long triumph.

Side by side with their startling developments in experimental studies, we have seen a still greater increase in the range and scope of mathematical science. New and wide-flung frontiers have been gained: whole mathematical continents have been discovered and subdued by Descartes and Leibnitz, to mention but two pioneers; old territories such as geometry have been set in order and granted new constitutions; and all the lands, thus bravely ruled have been federated in one imposing Empire. And mathematics, fused with the multiple sciences of physics, have given us all the later-day developments in mechanical and electrical engineering; all the revolutions in transport, locomotion and means of communication, which partly transfigure the world, and partly change our manner of living, and which dazzle us by their rapid succession. Then, too, the biological sciences have progressed enormously, and now yield an imposing array of facts and laws, undreamed of but a few decades ago. In their practical applications, surgery and medicine, they touch us nearer even than all the physical discoveries, by their prevention of suffering and death. A small discovery in our physical laboratories, involving nothing more complicated than iron-filings, an electric current, and an electric wave, has led directly to the whole scheme of wireless telegraphy. An almost insignificant observation made by Lord Lister as to the anti-septic treatment of wounds has led to a great extension of

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the possibilities of surgery and an extraordinary reduction in the mortality of our surgical wards. Thus our scientists are not only successful in discovering new laws and in systematizing whole tracts of knowledge; they are, above all, eminently practical.

And by their success and practical bent they have captivated both the mind and the soul of the men of our time. Knowledge of every kind tends to become more and more factual, more inductive, more scientific. We think concretely, and ours is a passion for facts. We may just refer very briefly, as an instance of this, to the recent developments in the writing of political history. Those who are most competent to judge say that we have had scarcely fifty years of scientific, historical thinking, while during that time whole periods have been recharted and explored. History, as now understood, is "a science, no more, no less"; a science, that is, of documents involving research not in laboratories, but in archives. In the hands of our best historians it has become rather a marshalling of facts than a tossing of ideas; a critical survey and systematization of papers drawn from a hundred different sources, rather than a light-hearted, uncritical statement of one tradition. Briefly, the cry of our day, echoed in all the laboratories, and re-echoed in the libraries and archives is "Research."

II

Now, it is clear that this passionate bent of the Western people must have had a reaction on the nature, method and scope of philosophy. In this paper, then, we shall endeavour to trace, in broad outline, the changes that philosophy has undergone, particularly in its relation to science, since the days of the Renaissance. In that relation, which is so fundamental and far-reaching, we shall find the key to many questions as to the scope of philosophy. We shall next pass to consider the outstanding problems in contemporary thought, and to estimate how far the changes in method and angle of vision may be due to the success of the natural sciences. We shall say a word about

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the modern discoveries in philosophy, and show, partly by the argument from silence, how they have affected the rank and importance of the older disciplines. All that we shall say, with regard to prevailing tendencies, will be intimately connected with the growth of the sciences and the extension of their methods, and will lead us to consider a notable experiment in philosophy—that of the school of Louvain. There philosophy is understood in a different, and, as we hope to indicate, fuller sense than at most of our Universities. The difference turns on the relations of science to philosophy, and the fullness is in large measure due to the practical inclusion of the physical and biological sciences within the pale of the philosophic studies. In a word, we shall, by a brief criticism and appreciation of current methods and tendencies, lead to an appreciation of the philosophic ideal of the Louvain school.

But before it is possible to grasp even the main outline of the relation of science to philosophy we must have a standard of comparison. The old ideal of Greece suggests itself immediately, and as the school to which we wish to call attention only professes to give a new scope and a new rhythm to some old ways of thinking, we shall do well to begin by casting a brief, retrospective glance at the thought of Greece and of the greater schoolmen.

The serious student who traces what we may call not the development but the outbursts of Greek thought, is led with Edward Caird to the conviction that “a man looks outwards before he looks inwards, and finally upwards.” The Greek mind, impressed by the order of the world, began by looking outward, and by wondering and speculating as to the nature of the cosmic principle which brought order out of all the scattered sequences and isolated phenomena. The result was a mass of speculation both physical and philosophical. In fact, philosophy was, in the beginning, eminently scientific in spirit—the early philosophers were the pioneers of science. And, in the main, Greece may be said to have remained true to the first impulse or ideal, that science and philosophy

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should be regarded as inseparable elements of one complete study. We have from the earliest days, both before and after Democritus, the long line of philosophers who traced, with no lack of definiteness, the guiding lines of the modern mechanical theory of the universe, which explains all the world and its changes by an appeal to matter and motion. The theory, re-stated with mathematical incisiveness by Descartes, and solidified by the research of Dalton, has taken the scientific world by storm. Passing on a little further, we find that one branch of Plato's philosophy—the analysis is Aristotle's—was called Physics, and was, in reality, a curious medley of philosophy, geometry and mechanics. But it is very remarkable that Plato, the greatest artist in the history of philosophy, whose natural impulse was "to slip through the iron gate and play in the fields of Heaven," should have, we shall not say, restrained his wonderful imagination, but directed it to the solution of physical problems. With the towering genius of Aristotle, science becomes inseparably fused with philosophy. His mind, the most curious, fertile and penetrating of ancient Greece, knew and acknowledged no confines. He praised the thought that could pass from the contemplation of being and cause, justice and truth to the discussion of questions of minute detail. Stranger still, he practised what he praised, and, besides being the most original and systematic of our Western metaphysicians, he must be counted a leader of the sciences of observation. Physics, with him, became the science and philosophy of all things that move, in so far as they are capable of motion or change. It is, in his system, the first branch of speculative Philosophy. On the death of Aristotle, Greek philosophy entered—we are not forgetful of Socrates—on a new phase, and men began to seek a moral ideal that should guide their lives. How should they learn to avoid trouble and anxiety, and to attain the serenity of mind that wisdom grants to her children in a world of wars and cataclysms? How should they learn, in such a world, to "realize" themselves to the full? These are the problems

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of Stoics and Epicureans, who cared little for speculation in their desire to face the world and to gain happiness. But each system has its well-defined branch of physics. Epicurus even thought it necessary to modify Democritus' theory of atoms and matter, in order to leave a place for human freedom in his psychology. We may conclude, then, that the world was lighted for many centuries by speculative thought, which knew of no essential difference or rivalry between science and philosophy. Like the red and violet rays that border the solar spectrum, they were blended in the one white light. Even the Neo-Platonists, the last of the Greeks, were not untrue to the old tradition. In their description of the journey of the soul on its way towards the contemplation of the One Eternal, face to face, they dallied to think of matter, its nature and causes and origin. And so the Greeks, even when they looked upward, with all possible intensity, were not unmindful of the earlier days when Thales Anaxagoras and "the fathers" had looked outward.

It would be little to the purpose to rush from century to century, or from one great name to another, to show that this happy nexus of science and philosophy persisted in the varied school of mediæval thought. Judged by our later standards, the science was often enough weak, but it represented the knowledge of that day, and was pursued with no little enthusiasm in the quadrivium and other introductory scientific studies of the monastic, cathedral, and Palatine schools. When the period of formation was over, and when many problems had received their definitive setting and solution, Western thought was once again fired by contact with the works of Aristotle. This is the thirteenth century Renaissance of Greek thought and of Aristotelian philosophy, in comparison with which the philosophical revival of the fifteenth century—to be just, philosophy was not the strong point of the Renaissance—seems peculiarly evanescent and unsubstantial. In the thirteenth century, Aristotle is once more lord of the schools, and we find the real continuation of his tradition in the works of Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas and

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Dun Scotus, "the princes of scholasticism." The sciences are once more given a place among the branches of theoretical philosophy, as in the earlier system. Like Aristotle and many modern philosophers, the men of the "golden age" of mediæval thought had an extraordinary interest in all knowledge. They have left us lengthy volumes and commentaries to assure us of their zeal for the sciences of observation.

With the passing of the intellectual giants, scholasticism loses its sureness of thought and expression. This is the period of decadence, in which riotous logic and not a little philosophical incompetence and ignorance brought the work of the mediæval men into disrepute. But decadent philosophers represent nobody. They usually endeavour to repeat the thoughts of other men, which they misunderstand and misrepresent. They are at best uninteresting, and often exasperating. We may, then, allow their thoughts on science or philosophy to rest undisturbed.

So much for the period known vaguely as "the past."

Modern philosophy undoubtedly began well. It claimed to be storming the old beleaguered fortresses with the new artillery and engines of war. Scientific fact was to be studied; the old "a priorism" and futile distinctions of the decadent scholastics, the "*cymini sectores*," were to be dissipated, and philosophy was to undergo an unparalleled revival. In England, Francis Bacon was prepared to raze to the ground every older system in his zeal for the "Novum Organon," and to rebuild the whole temple of knowledge on the observation of Nature. But philosophy was not to be neglected, for my Lord of Verulam was wont to say that "those who studied the particular sciences and neglected philosophy were like to Penelope's wooers, who fell in love with the waiting-maid." And while Bacon was thus heralding the empirical school, and giving English thought its characteristic bent, philosophy was being remodelled in an altogether different fashion, across the Channel by René Descartes. The French philosopher, one of the most brilliant and creative of

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mathematicians, had won his spurs for scientific knowledge at the Jesuit college of La Flèche. He "meditated" with equal facility on mathematics, physics, cosmology, psychology or natural theology, and applied the same geometrical temper of mind to the discussion of all their problems. Nothing in philosophy has ever been clearer, or more frankly a priori than the work of Descartes, the "prinzipien-reiter," but his ideal was, without question, the fusion of science and philosophy. The initial impetus of modern philosophy, armed with a "nouvelle méthode" and a "Novum Organon," was magnificent, but the successors were not true to the ideals of the two great leaders. The sciences began to multiply indefinitely, and each branch was found to be enough to occupy a lifetime of thought and industry, either in the laying of foundations, the designing of plans, or in the actual work of building. And so the sciences and philosophy, after a long connexion, dating back to centuries before the coming of Christ, dissolved partnership. The fact casts no reflection on either scientist or philosopher. Often enough in the history of modern philosophy we find men of genius, a Leibnitz or a Kant, who combine the two disciplines with wonderful skill in their own thought, and many of the scientists, Newton, Herbert Spencer and a number of his contemporaries, left their own studies to think of philosophy. But these are questions of biography; of the students rather than the studies. The fact remains that science and philosophy have drifted apart. Men who study philosophy, nowadays, at our Universities, for instance, do not think of taking introductory lectures on chemistry, physics, biology and other empirical sciences. There is one great exception, as we shall see later, in the Louvain school, where the sciences of our own day and the philosophy of Aristotle and St Thomas are fused together in one system of knowledge. Where, for instance, in contemporary schools can be found an adequate philosophic treatment founded on the sciences, of those problems of the inorganic world, of the intimate constitutive causes of matter and change, which the special

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sciences are by their scope and method unable to treat? Such studies are unknown in the philosophic schools of Berlin and Munich, and Paris, and at Oxford and Cambridge. The mechanical theory of the universe, explaining all in terms of matter and motion, the various systems of dynamism, and the most recent theory of energy, all these are theories of the inorganic world, but all of them are taught by scientists in their official capacity. Such studies, to judge from the programmes of most of the Universities of Europe, are deemed foreign to the scope of pure philosophy, and are passed over to the men who deal, *ex professo*, with atoms, energy and forces.

“But,” it may be urged, “in the study of modern psychology, we find the old fusion of science and philosophy.” “We have, in fact,” it will be said, “taken up the old ideal with such earnestness that psychology, formerly a group of casual observations and metaphysical deductions, has become a science, more exact than many, and yielding to none in rigour of experimental method. A science itself, therefore, psychology claims intimate connexions with physics and with the sciences that discuss the structure and function of all the parts of the human body. What was in the past a philosophic study is now a branch of experimental science.”

The facts alleged are undoubtedly true. Experimental psychology is the youngest, and in Germany, at least, the most flourishing of the sciences. In a short period of fifty years or less the German psychologists, led by Fechner, Wundt, Külpe, Ebbinghaus and Müller, have treated with astonishing fullness all the varied questions of sensation, attention and memory. Laboratories and institutes have been founded at many German Universities, and later in America and England, which must, as Professor Külpe suggested at the recent congress at Berlin, be considered the psychological colonies of the Fatherland. Wonderful strides have been made in method and technique, and the experimental men, flushed with their success in the fields of sensation and memory, are proceeding to submit many of the problems of thought and

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will—old metaphysical preserves—to the test of experiment. Now, granted all this, does it show that science and philosophy are growing again to be one?

Unfortunately, such is not the case. Psychologists have, in fact, owing to these later developments, been split up into two antagonistic sections. One deals exclusively with the sciences of physics and physiology and experimental psychology proper; the other considers analytically and metaphysically a group of questions which either have not or cannot be treated empirically. The experimental men have two and only two *bêtes-noires*, Logic and "Metaphysic." Logic they have treated like the scapegoat in Israel, and "Metaphysic" they regard, one might almost say define, as the art of treating serious questions cavalierly. Yet it must be obvious to the real philosopher that many questions fall within the range of psychology, such as the freedom of the will, the immateriality of the spirit and its persistence after death, which must, by their nature, admit only of philosophical discussion. There is, then, perhaps no subject-matter which requires to the same extent the harmony of science and philosophy. In point of fact, the breach is here, more than ever, accentuated, and cannot be made to disappear until the experimenters become philosophers and the philosophers experimenters. To find the land where such people dwell, had we not better take our coracles down to the shore, and set out in search for the Platonic republic? Or, shall we find the beginnings at least of this happy fusion of the scientific and philosophic tempers at the Catholic University of Louvain?

This parting of the ways, which we have indicated in broad outline, has had many important consequences. Above all, philosophy, as taught at most of our Universities at home and abroad, can no longer claim to be the guardian and glory of all the sciences. Although a *stupor mundi, qui scibile discutit omne* may now and again arise, philosophy has ceased to be a systematization and unification of all knowledge relating to the world of men and things.

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III

While the protagonists of the two leading branches of knowledge have thus quietly been defining frontiers and protectorates, philosophy has been vastly influenced by the methods and constitution of the sciences. The thoughtful man of our day is captivated by facts and mathematical certainties, and it is this temper of mind, undoubtedly, that has given the characteristic trend to our courses of philosophy. We propose, then, to answer our remaining questions as to the changes in philosophy itself by briefly considering the studies which preponderate in contemporary schools, and by offering some critique, in passing, of their relative emphasis and importance. We shall find, both on the evidence of those studies and of the omissions, that philosophy, separated from the sciences, has yielded to their pressure and is tending to grow purely empirical. It is difficult, however, to gauge tendencies. They cannot be grasped and expressed in theses against which we can point facts and logical artillery. The reader will, we trust, therefore, be prepared for a series of skirmishes rather than a fixed battle.

There are some points over which we may pass briefly as they are matter of common knowledge and discussion. The modern treatment of logic is a case in point. Here the growth of the sciences has opened up the most interesting questions of the canons and limits of induction, and has tended to overshadow the earlier, deductive branch of the subject. The syllogism has fallen on bad, or at least unappreciative days. Then, too, the science of method and the laws of evidence, which guide our critical studies, have assumed a position in keeping with our inductive bias.

But the sciences have done far more in giving rise to the typically modern study of the theory of knowledge. In it we seek, after defining as far as may be, the nature of reality, to discover the characteristics of our knowledge of what is real. We then turn to question the possibilities and conditions of true knowledge, passing finally to the

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theory of truth and its criteria. Solutions to these inquiries were given incidentally by the princes of ancient and mediæval philosophy, but the questions were not grouped together under a special discipline until Kant, fired, perhaps, by the thought of Locke and Hume, gave us his critiques. These problems of epistemology, left to us in the Kantian tradition, may be said literally to have obsessed the minds of philosophers for the last century. They tend to become what King Charles' head was to Mr Dick, or, better, what the question of universals was for three long centuries to the mediæval schools.

Now, while conceding that the problems of knowledge, truth and certitude are of untold importance, we hold that they should not be allowed to monopolize all our speculative energies. Nor is this seemingly obvious reflection without its utility, as we may see from Mr Bertrand Russell's little volume on "the problems of philosophy." He confines himself in his short sketch, as he says, "in the main to those problems of philosophy in regard to which it seemed to me possible to say something positive and constructive," and, in point of fact, the whole is an admirable statement of his theory of knowledge. Metaphysics—the only other branch of philosophy which he discusses—is dismissed somewhat briefly as its proofs "are not capable of survey and critical scrutiny." Nor is Mr Russell alone, for his is the *lieblings-frage*, the characteristic frame of mind of many of our own time. In the hands of William James, for instance Pragmatism is defined—if we may speak of his random flashes as definitions—as "a method" and a "genetic theory of truth." Has speculative thought, we may ask, lost all its old "élan" and constructive power to be confined to a criticism of knowledge or to the problems of method and truth? We ask the question and pass on before giving a statement of philosophic possibilities, which are sometimes overlooked by even the more thoughtful men of to-day.

Logic, the science of method, and epistemology, then, have all been changed to a very large extent by the force

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of modern scientific studies. Nor is this all. Psychology, as we have already suggested, has become an experimental science. The wheel has come round full circle, and psychology is now to philosophy what physics is to natural science. Like physics and biology, it has practical bearings of great importance in general pædagogics, and in the discussion of the nature and types of memory. It may even come into greater prominence if it succeeds in its research work on criminal mentality. In Germany the study is exciting most careful consideration, and begins more and more to form with the history of philosophy and logic, the *pièce de résistance* of the philosophic curriculum. Here at least in psychology we find the uncontested influence of scientific studies. It is almost the capture of a citadel.

Now, if there is a parallel between experimental psychology and physics, the connexion of the history of philosophy with the later scientific study of political history is even more obvious. The science of documents has become, in philosophy, the textual and higher criticism of the leading authors. The history of philosophy has, moreover, assumed a position of extraordinary importance in the schools, where a century of criticism and empirical bias has somewhat checked the constructive play of thought. The programmes of all our English, French and German Universities abound in historical studies of philosophic authors. As in the case of general history, much pioneer work has been done, which has led to important discoveries and rectifications. The discovery of not a few currents of mediæval philosophy, for instance, has caused considerable revision of older impressions, while the thought of Kant, to take but one other example, has been interpreted so differently that angels might well fear nowadays to lecture on his philosophy.

But this historical treatment, indispensable for the student of systems who wishes to see a given catena of ideas in its true perspective, should be only allowed the place of a subordinate discipline. In our commerce with

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great minds we may, it is true, catch something of the philosophers' spirit and something of their desire to track all things to their origins. But this is not the professed object of the historical studies. We are in the hands, not of a philosopher, but of an historian whose business it is to state analytically the tenets of the leading authors; to discuss their theses, in the light of their avowed principles as well as of their unconscious "axioms" and prejudices; to trace connexions in the gradual unfolding of ideas; and to do it all historically, scientifically. Criticism is, of course, out of place in a history of this kind, and is only betrayed by an occasional epithet. In its whole temper, briefly, the history of philosophy is no more philosophical than the history of music.

Further, the great danger is that we may forget to think in busying ourselves with the thought of others. Dead men's thoughts do not move the world unless they are taught by those who are convinced of their truth. And the quiet generation of conviction requires more time and personal reflection than historians, busy in amassing facts and opinions, sometimes dream. Above all, history fails to answer the main question. Granted that Leibnitz believed that everything was made up of a cohort of simple, inextended entities, that Kant believed in the existence of synthetic a priori judgments, and that Mr Bradley dismisses change as a self-contradictory appearance, the question remains: Are these theses defensible, and why? If history does not lead in this way to philosophy, to the discussion of reasons, and the building up of one coherent system, it is almost useless and may even be pernicious, as minds may be crushed by the mass of facts and ideas. Philosophy may, in a word, become a "burden on the memory" rather than "an illumination of the soul." Worse than all else, minds may grow sceptical in confronting long and imposing lists of unassimilated, contradictory doctrines. Will our age, perhaps, be known to the future, on account of its forgetfulness of philosophy and of its devotion of the history of the subject, as the period of "the Repentance of Philosophy"?

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Over and above the branches which we have mentioned, there is one other study which is pursued vigorously in contemporary schools, viz., ethics and politics. Here again, had we time, we might trace the extraordinary influence of science, as ethics has at not a few centres, and notably at Paris under MM. Dürkheim and Lévy-Brühl, given way to sociology, while analytic politics tends more and more to take on the inductive aspect of a comparative study and criticism of existing constitutions. Ethics, in particular, stands condemned by the sociologists for its audacity in making deductions from certain supposed psychological data as to men's nature. All this psychological "a priorism" should be abandoned, and we should give ourselves up to the task of collecting facts about the individual in human society, and of discovering inductive laws in conduct as we do in chemistry. It would seem that one other branch of philosophy is in imminent danger.

We are justified, therefore, in our contention that philosophic studies have been largely influenced by the onward march, by the methods and constitution of the sciences. Fact and observation are in favour, and there is at the same time a tendency to abandon the study of principles. A few words about contemporary omissions will make the point still clearer.

We have already indicated that we find in our philosophic curricula little or no study of the inorganic world, and few inquiries, based upon fact, into the questions of life and its origin. These themes have become the acknowledged spheres of influence of the physicists and biologists.

— But what shall we say of metaphysic? The very name is foreign to several lists of University lectures, and where it is found it is treated rather as a chapter in the history of philosophy than as the real and enduring science of being. The whole study has been killed partly by the concrete bias of our thought, which finds its extreme expression in Positivism, and partly by the slings and arrows of the men of letters who for the most part follow

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Michelet's definition—*la métaphysique c'est l'art de s'égarer méthodiquement*. Perhaps, too, many have tried to understand the Hegelian and neo-Hegelian outlook on being and reality, and have found it wonderful, consistent, but most unreal. An enemy once said that it was all "mental pirouetting." Some have been dazzled and afterwards captivated by this "Modern Logic"; others, failing to understand both the typical questions and answers, have concluded that metaphysic is impossible.

With the absence of ontology, in the Aristotelian sense, and of any adequate discussion on the vital principle of causality, it is not surprising that natural theology has gone by the board. As conceived by Aristotle, and developed by Thomas Aquinas, the study of the existence and nature of God, formed, not a separate science, but an obvious appendix to the branches of theoretical philosophy. The study of being and cause led naturally to a discussion of necessary being and first cause. As most of our philosophy to-day has little ontological stiffening, the critical survey of the proofs of God's existence has been replaced by a group of reflections, entitled "the philosophy of religion." Interesting as this study undoubtedly is, it resolves itself, on analysis, into the history of religions, a number of biographical studies, some discussion of the meaning and aim of religion, and of its relation to philosophy and the sciences. That is to say, the last chapter of the speculative thought has, obeying the sterner stress of our time, been replaced by a number of studies in history and literary psychology, and by a group of semi-theological questions. The fact is important, and will serve to close this rapid summary.

We saw when we were discussing the separation of science from philosophy that we could no longer maintain our old definition of the mistress of the sciences. From our further analysis we see the victory of the scientific temper and the gradual diminution of purely philosophic discussion. This second fact is even bigger with conse-

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quences, as another and greater definition must disappear. Philosophy no longer corresponds to the Aristotelian conception of the search for the primal cause and origin of things, nor to that of St Thomas—"sapientia est scientia quæ considerat primas et universales causas" quia "certum iudicium de aliqua re maxime datur ex sua causa." We confess that after reviewing these conceptions and the systems to which they gave rise, we begin to long for the days when philosophy had a greater "error." There is undoubtedly something of the old comprehensiveness to be found in some of the English and continental schools, but, after much thought and many inquiries, we are led to ask the question: Has any school of philosophy grasped the spirit and matter of the great masters with the same fullness as that of Leo XIII and Cardinal Mercier, *l'école S. Thomas d'Aquin* at the University of Louvain?

IV

Before we consider this last school in some little detail, a few words about its history may not be out of place. In the now famous encyclical, "Aeterni Patris," of 1879, Leo XIII, seeing the disorder and incoherence of the schools, exhorted the Catholic world to revert to the philosophy of St Thomas Aquinas. This was our *rückkehr zu Thomas*. The moment was well chosen, and enthusiasm for St Thomas grew, as his thought was studied more intimately and consistently. The Pope had, himself, been Nuncio at Brussels, and was well acquainted with the aspirations and achievements of the University of Louvain. He therefore wrote to Cardinal Dechamps, Archbishop of Mechlin in December, 1880, asking his Eminence, in company with the Bishop of Belgium, to found a special chair of Thomistic Philosophy at the University. The foundation was made and the professorship conferred in 1882 upon Monseigneur Mercier, the present Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin. The new professor, who knew well how to make St Thomas attractive and inspiring to the undergraduates, carried on the work

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with such success that in a second letter, dated July, 1888, Leo XIII called upon the Bishop of the province to found several new chairs, which would together form a special school or "Institut de Philosophie." The whole execution of the scheme was left to Mgr Mercier, who became the first president of the new "Institut."

The scope of the whole movement was expounded by the president at an assembly of the Catholics of Belgium, held at Mechlin in 1891. In this *rapport sur les études supérieures de philosophie à Louvain*,* Mgr Mercier heralded the work of his school. Science was to be cultivated for its own sake, without any direct apologetic interest. The new school was not to be content with assimilating the science of our day; it was, above all, to possess the vision of things in motion, of science in the making. It was to be a centre of research, and its professors were to be, if possible, leaders, and not only disciples, in matters scientific. Immense fields lay open to scientific observation. The framework of the old philosophy had become too narrow, and would need to be enlarged. The particular sciences did not give us an exact representation of reality. The particular sciences abstracted or isolated one aspect. But the relations which they isolated in thought were united in reality. These relations were linked one to another, and on that account the special sciences called for a *Scientia Scientiarum*, a general synthesis—in a word, for philosophy.

The "Institut" has remained true to the ideal of its founder, Leo XIII, and to the spirit of its first president. While granting willingly the precedence of other Universities for this or that particular branch of philosophy, we submit that for completeness and thoroughness there is not a philosophical course at any University in Europe which compares in all respects with that at Louvain. There the vision of philosophy has all the breadth and

* Some of the more important passages from this *rapport* will be found in the *Notice sur l'Institut Supérieur de Philosophie*, which may be had on application to the Secretary, Institut Supérieur, Rue des Flamands, Louvain.

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grasp of the mind of Aristotle, and of St Thomas Aquinas; it has all the completeness of our modern scientific and comparative studies.

With each of the leading branches of philosophy there is a train of special scientific studies, which no student can evade. As a preparation for cosmology, a fairly complete résumé of inorganic and organic chemistry is given, and the usual work is done by the students in the laboratory. Further, to provide a general equipment for all the philosophic studies, and especially for cosmology, physics is studied by all for one year. The course comprises a general survey of all the leading facts and laws, and a discussion of all those physical theories which most interest the philosopher. The preparation completed, cosmology is attacked. No theory of any importance is omitted from the historical survey, whether it be the mechanical theory of Democritus or Maxwell, the dynamism of Leibnitz and Kant, or the theories of energy which are at present being taught by Professors Ostwald, Mach and Le Bon. Most of these philosophies are stated in the words of their authors, and all are examined, first, as to their coherence with their own avowed principles, and secondly as to their ability to interpret the uncontested facts of chemistry and physics. The whole leads to a discussion of the theory of matter and form, which has passed through so many vicissitudes of meaning, and which, purified from misunderstanding, and here and there modified, is submitted as the most coherent, the most scientific, and perhaps the most philosophic of them all. Thus a study which, as we have already stated, is overlooked in the philosophic courses at nearly all our greater English and continental Universities, is given a place of not inconsiderable importance at Louvain.

The studies introductory to psychology are even more thorough. At Louvain, in fact, psychology becomes once more, as it was for Aristotle, the philosophy of the organic world, of all things endowed with vital principles, and chief among them, of the human soul. But besides being the philosophy of biology, it is also—as at all our

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Universities—the study of human experience, viewed from a standpoint other than that of physics. General biology, anatomy and physiology are read for one year even by those students who care least for concrete studies. The lectures are given by professors of the Medical Faculty, who reveal no particular metaphysical bias, and who show no appreciation of generalities at the public oral examinations. Further, a course of optics and acoustics, considered mainly in their relations to the sensations of light and sound, and a second course on the methods, laws and discoveries of psycho-physics, lead to a most careful study of experimental psychology. No effort is made by the professor, who stands in the front rank of experimental psychologists, to cover the whole ground in his lectures, which extend over a year and a half. The result would be, at best, only an unsatisfactory sketch. He therefore singles out the great typical problems about which it is possible to give a body of definite and coherent doctrine. Thus the definition, scope and methods of experimental psychology, attention and its laws, memory, thought and will are discussed with great care and skill. All the students are at least shown what work in a psychological laboratory means, and not a few write their doctoral theses on research studies, involving some hundreds or thousands of experiments. At Berlin and Paris, experimental psychology is studied very carefully—we all draw our inspiration from Germany—and there are at least laboratories and some lectures on the subject at Oxford and Cambridge.* But Louvain, as far as we know, stands almost alone as a school in endeavouring to unite the new, empirical work with the older studies of material and rational psychology. Any permanent misunderstanding between the experimenters and the metaphysicians is here practically impossible, for each has learnt the nature and, more important still, the

* We hear with much interest that there is a movement at Cambridge to make experimental psychology obligatory for all “mental and moral science” students. The course taken by those who study psychology for “the special” at Cambridge is in every sense admirable.

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limits of these two methods of inquiry, which are so indispensable one to another.

The whole branch of *la morale* is split up into ethics and natural law, including social philosophy. In the consideration of ethics there is an exhaustive treatment of the historical differences on all questions of greater moment. St Thomas's doctrine is finally upheld because his positive arguments are found to be, if not invincible, at least very cogent, and because they can stand satisfactorily the test of three centuries of theory and criticism.

As at Oxford, it is thought essential at Louvain that the elements of political economy should be studied as an introduction to the multiple economic problems which find their way into natural law and social philosophy. It gives point and meaning, for instance, to the history and philosophy of property, and in general to all the thorny questions raised by socialists and syndicalists. Of the many other problems which are treated by the president of the "Institut Supérieur" in these lectures, we can single out the debate between himself and the sociologists of Paris, to whom we have already referred.* The position of the Louvain school is here, once again, clear and well defined. Apart from difference in definition and criticism of postulates, we are, they say, as eager in amassing sociological facts as Comte or Westermarck or Professor Lévy-Brühl himself. But we can admit of no exclusive empiricism. Just as we are endeavouring to bring harmony out of the discords of experimental and rational psychology, so here we are trying to fuse the study of sociological fact with rational ethics, to make of the two one compact and harmonious whole.

We need not stay to consider the courses of logic or of the introduction to philosophy, which are common to the programmes of nearly all Universities. A word, however, must be said about the history of philosophy. The system taught at the "Institut" is styled "neo-Thomism."

* See *Le Conflit de la Morale et de la Sociologie*. By S. Deploige. Second edition. Paris: Alcan.

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That is to say, the principles which are applied and defended in all the varied branches of philosophy form one corpus; they are the principles of St Thomas Aquinas, though they may have ramifications undreamed of by their author, or by the mind of Aristotle, whence they sprang.

It is, therefore, above all things necessary for the men of this school to know the history and vicissitudes, the sources and misconceptions of their guiding principles. Whence it is easy to understand that the philosophic history which most interests the Thomists of Louvain is that of Greece, "where old wisdom sprang," and of mediæval Europe, where Greek thought was often misunderstood, sometimes played with, and sometimes developed with extraordinary acumen. The whole study is conducted by a professor who has won for himself a European reputation as an historian of mediæval philosophy, and who, to use Lord Acton's vigorous phrase, does not "overlook the strength of the bad cause, or the weakness of the good." Again, the philosophy of Aristotle is far from being treated casually. In fact, an excellent scheme has been formed of translating, with commentary and notes, all his leading works in the light of the chief ancient, mediæval and modern interpretations,* and a chair has just been founded for the discussion of the exact *rappor*t between Aristotle and St Thomas. Nor are modern philosophies or contemporary systems ignored.

Each of the leading moderns is discussed somewhat fully in the study of the separate branches of philosophy; it only remains, in the history, to group together the scattered fragments. Thus, at Louvain, the historical studies, while preserving their scientific spirit, are really subordinated to philosophy proper. They are planned to tell the student all that research has, so far, brought to light touching the history of his own philosophy, and of

* The first volume, *La Métaphysique, Livre I, Traduction et Commentaire*, par Gaston Colle, appeared in 1912. The second, entitled *Introduction à la Physique aristotélicienne*, par Auguste Mausson, has just been published.

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the controversies which it has raised. He thus learns what his philosophy is: the discussion of the leading antagonistic systems tells him what it is not. The history of philosophy can surely do no more.

Not less satisfactory is the Louvain treatment of the theory of knowledge, which is, in all schools, a most exhilarating study, as nearly all the possible differences in principle and system have been exhausted. All the main theories are stated, once again, with the fairness which characterizes the school, while those of Descartes and Kant, in addition, of course, to the scholastic treatment, are studied textually with some considerable care. The young doctor of Thomistic philosophy need fear few surprises. He knows why he holds a certain group of theses and why he differs from the majority of his opponents. We are, obviously, far from dogmatism.

Metaphysic, or ontology, scarcely recognized, for instance, at the Universities of Berlin and Paris, and included with psychology in an extension of the subject-matter of logic at Oxford, is justly regarded at Louvain as the culmination of the philosophic course. They yield to no school, as we have seen, in their zeal for the particular sciences; they are superior to not a few for the precision and *clarté* of their science of being. True, they admit, with all who profess this subject, that ontology is the result of the highest and last process of abstraction, but the students are made to realize that the abstraction is made from the concrete things which surround them—that the being, discussed in ontology, is the being of chairs and tables, men and animals. Again, the old problems are thrashed out with a wealth of exact quotation from the leading authors, who are never treated either unsympathetically or summarily. And ontology leads to two admirable courses, which deal with the last constructive effort of the human reason to discover the existence, and, as far as may be—that is, as far as the processes of analogy and negation allow—the nature of God.

Thus the student at the "Institut Supérieur" begins with the study of atoms, elements and forces, and is led

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by imperceptible stages to face all the great problems of life and philosophy. The questions are put, the difficulties faced, and solutions are given which, somewhat like the propositions in geometry, depend not upon any great name or tradition, but upon a chain of arguments and proofs.*

We cannot delay to pass in review the numerous clubs and societies which help to keep the students' minds fresh and vigorous, as they continually face the problems of our own time. Nor can we speak of the "Seminar" system, which, as in all continental Universities, means almost as much to the individual student as the custom of writing essays at Oxford and Cambridge. But there is one feature of the school which we cannot pass over in silence. If the philosopher of Louvain is devoted to science, he leaves a place of honour for æsthetics and art, for the study of the beautiful in its manifold forms. Organized conferences on art have existed for many years, and although not obligatory on the students, they are attended by large numbers with interest. *Nil humanum* might indeed be the device of men who not only desire to know the philosophy of Kant, the logic of Aristotle, and the system of St Thomas, but also to understand and appreciate the beauty in the paintings of Fra Angelico and Leonardo da Vinci, or in the cathedrals

* It scarcely falls within the scope of this short summary to deal with the creative work of the Louvain Thomists. Suffice it to say that their collection of philosophic works is very extensive. Cardinal Mercier's manuals are already well known to the philosophic world. There are several important studies in experimental psychology by Professor Michotte to be found for the most part in his periodical *Etudes Psychologiques*. A series of monographs on his leaders of mediæval thought is edited by Professor de Wulf. A number of more recent studies in sociology such as M. Harmignie's *L'état et ses Agents* (a study in administrative syndicalism), as well as many critiques of modern systems, such as Professor Nève's *La Philosophie de Taine* are also noteworthy. One may add that they publish a quarterly review *La Revue Néo-Scolastique de Philosophie*, and each year a periodical entitled *Les Annales de l'Institut Supérieur de Philosophie*. In the latter will be found more lengthy articles, embodying original research on all questions of philosophic interest, and on all problems, ancient and modern.

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and buildings of Greece and Rome and Gothic Europe. So successful, indeed, have these lectures proved that the council of the "Institut" has, this year, organized a course of about forty introductory lectures on art and its history, which will be similar to those given at "l'Ecole du Louvre."

One objection may be met in passing. We can easily imagine the surprise of a student of medicine or law on being suddenly confronted with this extensive and somewhat imposing programme. "Impossible," he may remark, "for any man to grasp it all in a course of three years. And even if he did gather a few ideas, he would at best be a dilettante, without specialized knowledge of anything. If we call a spade a spade, why call a man who dabbles in everything for a few years a philosopher?" Our answer is easy. A course such as we have described turns out men who are, not dabblers in universal knowledge, but specialists in pure philosophy. True, they know how to use scientific results, and how to appreciate the value of an argument in physics or biology, but they are far from being specialists in science. They have, however, one conviction that is denied to many research students, namely, that every branch of knowledge and every line of inquiry converges to a point. This, indeed, is the great significance of the Louvain experiment, that philosophy is there a real synthesis which forms one compact body of the *disjecta membra* of the particular sciences. It is the vindication of the unity of all knowledge.

When we were making our general survey of the modern schools we found that science and philosophy had been separated owing to the force of circumstances and the stress of multiplying studies. At Louvain such a separation is as inconceivable as it was to the minds of the leaders of Greek philosophy. Again, we found that philosophy, on being separated from the sciences, had been largely influenced by their method and constitution; that, to use the energetic words of William James, philosophy was "looking away from first things, principles, categories, and looking towards last things, fruits,

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consequences, facts." At Louvain all the relevant empirical studies are grasped, as far as may be, in one system with philosophy, whose quest is still the primal cause and origin of things and which is still the *scientia quæ considerat primas et universales causas*.

Such is the philosophy which is noiselessly captivating much good-will abroad. If clearness of thought and expression, an almost unrivalled comprehensiveness of study, a real love of truth, and a strict impartiality be the marks of the true philosopher, the school of Louvain may yet take a prominent place in the march of European thought.

JOHN G. VANCE

SOME OXFORD ESSAYS

Foundations: A Statement of Christian Belief in Terms of Modern Thought. By Seven Oxford Men. London: Macmillan. 1912.

The Confessions of a Convert. By Robert Hugh Benson. London: Longmans. 1912.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY is said once to have made a joke to the effect that the great discoveries of science were generally "attended by the groans of a strangled theological dogma." Mr Streeter, writing in the volume of Oxford Essays entitled *Foundations*, in an essay which I cannot but account a very frank and very remarkable one, widely though I disagree with much of it, bestows careful attention on the situation which Huxley caricatured.

A caricature brings out, by its very extravagance and falseness, the general character of the features, whether of a face or of a moral situation. Huxley rejoiced with over-confidence in his own craft in the situation Newman has contemplated from the other side and has stated in pathetic words in the *Apologia*—the confusion into which modern discussions and modern knowledge have thrown many thoughtful minds as to some of the religious ideas of their youth. This confusion of mind comes to those who are by force of circumstances thrown into the vortex of contemporary discussion. It is outside the experience of many Catholics. Yet it has to be dealt with and faced. And the more Catholics mix with the world the more they will appreciate its urgency and reality. Mr Streeter calls attention to a very practical difficulty which the situation raises for this same class of thoughtful minds who look it frankly in the face. For a century past, he remarks, "orthodox theology has been on the defensive—obliged to concede this, but still holding to that, surrendering X, but clinging desperately to Y." "A more hopeless position," he adds, "can hardly be imagined for a religion of which the very life and essence consists in its being an attack and a

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challenge to the world." The typical liberal theologians, on the other hand, as Mr Streeter explains, throwing traditional theology simply aside, have toned down the central figure of the Gospels in fact (though not in theory) to suit the ideals of our own age, and lost the essence of His message and of His character alike. They have invented the Christ of "cultured respectability." Mr Streeter's way out of the difficulty is to emphasize the features in the character of Christ which the liberals have explained away, to show—on the lines indicated by the so-called eschatological school—that a candid and faithful criticism of the Gospels leaves standing, quite beyond the assaults of detailed criticism, the great unique figure which inspired the early Christians. "And this portrait," he adds, "is none other than that which the ordinary reader, once given the clue, can find for himself in the Gospels."

Another writer in the same volume, Mr Talbot, looks, like Mr Streeter, to a true understanding of the historic Christ as the great hope of the future. But he looks for its attainment by a psychological, rather than a critical, path. He sees in the very completeness of the present separation of the thinking world in its ideals from the old Christian world ground for hope that Christ's message and Person may now appeal once again to men in all the original force of their unearthly beauty. The worst time for religion, in his opinion, was the period when a remnant of Christianity still permeated society, in the lifeless and merely conventional form which long custom is apt to develop. "Because God was taken for granted, He was almost forgotten," he writes. And again, "The foundations once newly laid in Jesus were buried so deep that men came to look on [Christianity] as part of the natural structure of existence." And familiarity breeds contempt or neglect. "But the original conditions are coming round to-day. The times of the impotence of Jesus Christ are passing. He was ever powerless with those who did not need Him. A knowledge of darkness is needed to urge indolent men upon

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the quest for light. Once there was a bonfire lit in the world, of which the new Testament is still a fiery brand. Once men were darkness, and once they became light in the Lord. Since then the light has been diffused into twilight, and in half Christianized Europe generations have had no knowledge either of light or of the darkness. But to-day all changes."

Both these writers then look for the antidote to modern unbelief and unrest in a new realization of the Christ who came to save the world. Mr Streeter would construct by criticism a figure which is the very Christ, whose image is apparent to the unsophisticated on reading the Gospels, but which has been obscured by obscurantists and modernists alike. Mr Talbot looks to the very moral decay and the very unbelief of the age as our hope—as awakening anew the need for religion, and that genuine spiritual perception which only the need can bring.

The difficulty Mr Streeter raises needs somewhat closer analysis than he gives it. The mere fact that theologians, under pressure from criticism and in the light of new facts, have to alternate between abandoning some traditional positions on the borderland between theology and science and holding fast to others, is not in itself liable to his objection. Our whole contact with the physical world involves a similar process—the substitution of the facts of science, gradually ascertained by testing and perfecting various hypotheses, for the simpler ideas to which imagination, uncorrected by science, is apt to lead in interpreting appearances. In itself this process has no sceptical or paralysing result. Two conditions prevent the process from being unsettling—first our unshaken fundamental belief in the reality of the visible world which we are investigating; and secondly, the growing coherence of the view which science gradually yields. And so with theological analysis. So long as the process of acceptance of new facts or theories does not touch the mainsprings of faith, and so long as it has that cautious character which ensures that every definite step made is a real advance,

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making our outlook intellectually more coherent, the paralysing results deplored by Mr Streeter will not ensue. He is perfectly justified in saying that we cannot make a firm stand from an ever yielding quicksand. We cannot rest the martyr's attitude of confident defiance on beliefs which we feel may to-morrow prove uncertain. But there is nothing paralysing in the gradual transformation, in theology as in all our knowledge, of the keen and inaccurate or undefined ideas of a boy into the mature knowledge of a grown man. No mainspring of action is touched or broken by this process. To take simple and acknowledged instances: a child who reads Genesis takes the days of creation to be twenty-four hours each. Theological education leads him to regard them as periods—or with Father Pianciani as visions. The child has no doubt that the Deluge was universal, the student of theology and history finds good authority for questioning it. This is the A B C of a process of which modern criticism demands the continuance in respect of anxious and new problems.

In view of this fact, I think, then, that a better way may be found than either Mr Streeter's or Mr Talbot's. Recognition of new knowledge is a necessity. Unsettlement means ineffectiveness. To avoid the latter without shutting out the former is possible, I think, to an organized body even where it is difficult for an individual. And it is possible for the individual whose mental and moral life shares that of the organism. The protection afforded to the imagination by a conservatism in the Catholic body as a whole, which would be excessive in a mere student of critical problems, may preclude the destruction of nerve deplored by Mr Streeter. Moreover, it preserves many defences of Christian faith which have been raised by the experience of centuries of Christian life. And these keep the faith for many for whom it would be unwise to trust to Mr Talbot's sanguine hope that a general reversion to irreligion and unbelief may be a blessing in disguise, because it restores to Christ's message the power and freshness of its earliest delivery. Doubt-

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less there are those for whom Mr Talbot's hopes might be realized. The need of religion might come with fresh force after its complete destruction. Its beauty might stand out as against a black background, whereas the shreds and tatters of a surviving conventional Christianity might obscure it. But, considering the power of the old Adam, and the allurements of the world and of our evil nature, a dispensing with the protective ordinances of traditional religion would probably lose the many while it gained a select few.

The advance, slow and cautious, of criticism amid all the forceful embodiments of an organized Christianity, militant in the best sense—militant against the world, the flesh and the devil—largely avoids Mr Streeter's difficulty. The corporate body includes representatives of Christian zeal in its simplest form, with an intellectual outlook which is untainted and uncorrected by criticism. This outlook is not relatively false, any more than a child's idea of the rising sun and the stars above the earth is false. The mariner who steered his ship by the stars in the year 1400 did not base his calculations on falsehood, but on truth insufficiently analysed. A corporate spirit which represents the combined strength of those whose apprehension is keen and real, but not intellectual, and those who may have lost some freshness in the toil and anxiety of a deeper intellectual analysis, still keeps that quality which can defy the world. The traditional spirit and life remains as an *esprit de corps*, and it still communicates itself to individuals who without it might simply have that temper, so uninspiring for great deeds, which Mr Streeter derides—that attitude of panic which yields here and desperately clings there, yet with a half suspicion that its foothold is insecure. The sense of sharing the larger life of the corporate Church, the trust that the Church will, in the long run, carry out Christ's work, has a marked psychological effect on those who entertain it. Doubtless many details remain unsolved for them, but the attitude of confidence remains. And the very checks on

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free criticism which result from official caution, however unsatisfactory at the moment to the merely intellectual, keep out errors from the body corporate even if they delay the amendments demanded by scientific exactness. And this is all important. The body corporate might be mortally wounded by unchecked prevalence of naturalistic discussions, whose trend Mr Streeter rejects as much as we do, and which might yet unsettle weak minds—not necessarily exceptionally weak minds—by views which, even when they have been ultimately dismissed as exaggerated, have during their discussion insisted on the serene unity of the Christian consciousness, wounds which cannot be healed, and weakness which cannot be thrown off.

I do not design here to follow Mr Streeter's Essay in detail. Catholic critics will read it, none with assent, but some with more sympathy, some with less. My desire in the above remarks is to emphasize a very real difference in the spirit in which a Catholic, even where he agrees, will approach the subject. And I want to do this not in a controversial spirit, but as showing the peculiar help which the Catholic conception of a visible Church may afford in dealing with the difficulty in the present situation to which Mr Streeter calls attention. I am not for a moment implying that Catholics have some magic power to solve the difficult problems raised by modern critics. But the difficulty which inspires Mr Streeter's effort, that theological analysis which is in constant process of change is in a hopeless position as the organ of the Christian challenge to the world, does seem to me to be largely met by allegiance to a corporate Church as the "concrete representative of things invisible"—to use Newman's famous phrase. The mere development of theology which, as Newman points out in his famous Essay, has ever consisted in assimilation and rejection of the intellectual ideas and theories which arise in successive ages, is in itself no more incompatible with a firm stand than growth in a man is incompatible with strength. It is when the surrender and the desperate

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clinging savour of a forlorn hope, and concern the very sources of strength, that the attitude is weak and futile. This may well be the attitude of an unsupported and solitary individual. But in one whose intellectual efforts and researches minister to the intellectual development of a corporate organic body of which he is only a part, something larger claims his confidence. He can work as a scientist and not as an alarmist—developing a general system in which he trusts, and not resting for nerve and strength on each separate phase of a long inquiry. The framework of the Christian tradition is preserved, and within it our detailed work is done, and the very division of parts prevents the grotesque paradox of an individual thinker whose theological outlook is for the nonce chaotic, who is confused by the multiplicity and difficulty of new questions, professing to challenge the world with confidence in the name of Christianity. The Church challenges the world. The portrait in the Gospels, instead of being first obliterated by Strauss and Renan, and then replaced by the arguments of the eschatological school—a method as inferior in security to tradition as the artificial ever is to the natural—has been kept by the Church through the ages in which the critics denounced it as obscurantist, until the day of its rehabilitation in the courts of criticism. Doubtless this involves some slowness to accept the theories of contemporary criticism—probably some slowness even to do them full justice. But if we keep the tares we do not lose or corrupt the wheat. The challenge of Christianity to the world is never in abeyance, and criticism and revision is effected too slowly to be paralysing.

Mr Streeter's general conclusion, that the historic Christ of careful criticism is substantially the Christ which the careful reader finds in the Gospels, is very valuable even though we join issue with him in many particulars of his analysis. But good and useful arguments on behalf of this conclusion, without the protective action of the Church, do not avoid the danger which Mr Streeter deplures. Too much is staked on argument.

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The suspicion of its possible unsoundness is too serious to enable it to give by itself all the strength he claims for it. The very imperfection of the Catholic method on its merely intellectual side is part of its strength. It almost inevitably keeps dominant an intellectual position which is not abreast of the best criticism, yet the more critical minds can profit by solidarity with those which keep untarnished a bold zeal, which fine distinctions are apt to dim, without being confronted with the dilemma that what they believe to be intellectually inadequate is finally ruled or must be promptly swept away. They may possess their souls in patience, profiting by the spiritual force which is allied with undeveloped science, believing that the Church will last long enough to take her time in saying her last word. In the great cataclysm of the seventeenth century which Mr Streeter, like others, quotes as the type of the modern pressure on theology from men of science, Bellarmine expressly said that if Copernicanism was proved the apparently anti-Copernican texts of Scripture would be re-interpreted by the Church. But at the very time that he said this the decree of the Holy Office was in force which denounced the system as heretical. These two facts represented two aspects of Catholic life ever co-existing—the official protest against insufficiently proved novelty, and the readiness of the best theologians to accept and assimilate facts when they have been proved beyond doubt.

One further word. The above observations may be met with a mere counter attack. It may be maintained that a Catholic is not allowed such freedom as is simply necessary to adjust his mind to facts which are certain to thoughtful students who are alive to the trend of criticism. Such an objection would be to raise an entirely different question from what I am contemplating. A system may be worked better in one year than in another. Again, to work it well with a view to the necessities of one class of people may be to work it badly with a view to the necessities of another. My point here is that the

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conception and reality of the organic oneness of the Church, which the Church of England lost at the Reformation, can meet the special difficulty raised by Mr Streeter, and that it is hard without it to combine heat and light, which are found in a corporate body, but rarely, if ever, in individuals. As to the defects in the practical working of the resulting system here and there, I should probably defend much that Mr Streeter would attack, and I might agree with him in other points of criticism. But the discussion would be a different one from what I have here attempted.

But this question does suggest one that is very pertinent to the present inquiry. Objectors may assume that this trust in the Church means a belief that the theologians, or the episcopate, or the Pope can meet the difficulties raised by the new sciences and new discussions, though the individual cannot do so. And they may concentrate their guns on pages in Church history which show such confidence to be misplaced, and therefore impossible to a candid inquirer. I do not think the hypothesis on which such an attack is based is psychologically accurate. Our national sentiment towards England is not identical with our trust in the generals or statesmen of a particular time. We trust in the national character and the national genius on the whole and in the long run. And something resembling that trust in the natural order is our trust (to use a metaphorical phrase) in the supernatural genius of the Church. We believe that the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Wisdom, dwells in her, and that she will ever preserve, undiluted, the original Christian faith. Nor is our confidence or the sense of being part of the Divinely guided organization which carries on the struggle of Christianity against the world like mercury in a barometer, which rises or falls, according as theologians, or Bishops, or even Popes appear to be, or really are, adequate, from a special point of view, to a given situation at a given moment. No one ever defended Pope Honorius as wise, or as having so acted as to check the spread of Monothe-

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lite doctrine. But his action was a drop in the ocean. In Nature much incidental waste attends on absolutely assured and far-reaching developments. In history the purposes of Divine justice are achieved amid the apparent failures mourned by Ecclesiastes. "Though he slay me yet will I trust him," says Job. So too our trust in the Divine Power in the Church must rise above the mistakes of individual rulers in detail. Trust in their words and acts is measured by and limited by the teaching of theologians in the subject. Our trust in the divine indwelling spirit has no defined limitation.

Far then from feeling with Mr Streeter that our own changing analysis of theological doctrine is the foothold from which, as Christians, we challenge the world, it is rather as privates in a large army that we fight, the corporate trust in God's guidance which inspires the whole being independent of the personal analysis which few thoughtful persons can fail to attempt.

To pass from *Foundations* to Mgr Benson's *Confessions of a Convert* is indeed to travel far. Throughout Mgr Benson's eloquent and often brilliant pages we see no sign that he has ever, either as an Anglican or as a Catholic, been touched by the intellectual difficulties which are to these Anglican writers so absorbing. The present reviewer was too early influenced by those members of the old Oxford school to whom the negative position in religion was very real wholly to share Mgr Benson's attitude. But that sentiment concerning the Church, which in Cardinal Newman came as an immense power against unbelief, stands out with equal vividness in Mgr Benson's pages. It is a sentiment and a conviction which bridges the gulf between more speculative minds and more practical minds: which avoids the feature which Mr Streeter rightly deplors, of a Christian challenging the world on the strength of intellectual positions, which must shift and become partially modified as new points of view become apparent. I could wish to linger on Mgr Benson's vivid pages, but this appears to me the point of most practical importance

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which emerges from them. Contrasting his feeling with respect to the Catholic Church and the Communion which he left, he writes:

“The Catholic Church may be undecided and permit divergent views on purely speculative points. . . . But in things that directly and practically affect souls—with regard to the fact of grace, its channels, those things necessary to salvation and the rest—she must not only know her mind, but must be constantly declaring it, and no less constantly silencing those who would obscure and misinterpret it.” And these strong bold outlines of concurrence visible to all and untouched by the subtleties of learning correspond to the obvious common-sense of religion: “it was impossible that the finding of the way of salvation should be a matter of shrewdness or scholarship, otherwise salvation would be easier for the clever and leisured than for the dull and busy.”

The Church guarantees Christianity for simple and learned alike. Each can be in a measure the mouthpiece of a Divine Wisdom which far transcends the perceptions of either. “She knows, if we do not: she knows, even if she does not say that she knows: far within her somewhere, far down in her great heart, there lies hid the very wisdom of God Himself.”

In this confidence we have a truer antidote to ineffectiveness than in Mr Streeter’s interesting theory. True enough Mr Streeter holds that the unlearned may find in the Gospel the very figure his own subtler mind analyses. But while attempts at analysis are necessary, they can never supply as a psychological fact the firmness of foothold which belief in the Church gives. Physical and metaphysical theories will never give us that confidence in the reality of the outer world that constant experience gives even to the simple and unintellectual. And theological analysis can never take the place of the Church, the great outlines of which are visible to all alike.

I could wish to dwell on some of the other Essays in *Foundations*—notably on Mr Moberly’s masterly analysis

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of the facts in human nature which correspond to the doctrine of the Atonement. But for the present, at all events, I must content myself with this attempt to point out the psychological bearing of the idea of the visible Church on the attitude of that steadily increasing number of Catholics to whom the difficulties raised by modern conditions and modern science are as evident as they are to their fellows in other communions.

WILFRID WARD

IRISH GAELIC NATURE POETRY IN ENGLISH VERSE TRANSLATION

IRISH Gaelic poetry, whether it be the poetry of love or battle, or patriotism, or religion, or philosophy, is drenched through and through with that love of nature for which Matthew Arnold has coined his delightful phrase, "Natural magic." It is not intended to elaborate this theme directly in what follows, but to show indirectly by these translations, chiefly from the early Irish, how true is the above contention.

It may, however, be well simply to state that whereas Wordsworth's love for nature, which Mr Ruskin somewhat contemptuously designates "the pathetic fallacy," is an immersion in nature in all its moods, an identification of man's spirit with the spirit of nature, almost on the assumption that everything that lives and breathes is animated by an inter-communicable soul—the Gaelic bard or saint or scholar treated woods and hills and sea, not so much as mere illustrators of passing events, as the classical writers treated them, but rather as companions and friends, the sharers of joy, soothers of sorrow.

And what is true of inanimate nature, if indeed anything growing and breathing like plant and flower and tree can now be called inanimate, is as true of bird and beast, and fish and insect in their relation more especially to the cheerful hermits and monks, who delighted in the companionship of dumb creatures as keenly as St Francis of Assisi himself.

The earliest of these Irish nature poems are of a gnomic character. The earliest of all—"The Song of Amergan"—has recently been re-translated by Professor John MacNeil, on whose readings, first translated into English by Miss Eleanor Hull in her very striking volume, *The Poem Book of the Gael*, the following verse translation is closely founded. It may be stated that "Tethra's kine" is a

Irish Gaelic Nature Poetry

poetic expression for fish, and that this poem is generally followed by an incantation for good fishing, to which the phrase, " Oh folk of the waves " doubtless refers.

THE SONG OF AMERGAN

By Amergan, a pre-historic Bard

(From the Books of Leccan and Ballymote)

I am the wind on the sea for might;
I am a wave of the deep for length;
I am the sound of the sea for fright;
I am a stag of seven points for strength.
I am a hawk on a cliff for lightness;
I am a tear of the sun for brightness;
I am a salmon in wisdom's fountain;
I am a lake that afar expands;
I am knowledge and poesy's mountain;
I am a spear in a spoiler's hands.
I am a God who fashions smoke from magic fire for a Druid to slay
with.
Who but I will make clear each question the mind of man still goes
astray with?
Who but myself the assemblies knows of the house of the sages on
high Slieve Mis?
Who but the poet knows where in the ocean the going down of the
great sun is?
Who seven times sought the Fairy Forts without or fear or injury?
And who declareth the moon's past ages and the ages thereof that
have yet to be?
Who out of the shadowy haunts of Tethra hitherward draweth his
herds of kine?
Who segregated them from each other to browse the plains of the
watery brine?
For whom will the fish of the laughing ocean be making welcome if
not for me?
Who shapeth as I can the spell of letters, a weapon to win them out
of the sea?
Invoke, a satirist fit incantations to weave for you, O folk of the
waves,
Even me, the Druid forth furnishing Ogham letters on oaken staves,

in English Verse Translation

Even me, the parter of combatants, even me who the Fairy Height
Enter to find a cunning enchanter to lure with me your shoals to
light!

I am the Wind of the Sea for might.

Dr Sigerson makes this interesting comment on the above poem in his *Bards of the Gael and Gaul*:

When Amergan of the Fair Knee as the poet Druid and Judge of the Milesians first planted his right foot on the land of Erin, he composed this song in the Rosg metre, whose short lines end as blank verse ends, but the first words of whose short verses constitute what may be called "an entrance rhyme."

We leap from this poem over a wide gap of time to the Cuchulainn period. Internal evidence clearly shows this literature to be pagan. Recent Irish poets, Mr W. B. Yeats, Mr George Russell (Æ) and Mr Synge, have all dealt with the wonderful tragedy of the Three Sons of Usnach, of whom Deirdre is the heroine. It will therefore interest modern readers to see how this nature love of the Gaels suffuses Deirdre's "Great Lamentation." I have already, in a recent number of *The Contemporary Review*, shown how her heart throbs with joyful recollections of Scotch scenery in her beautiful "Farewell to Alba," the early Irish name for Scotland.

THE GREAT LAMENTATION OF DEIRDRE FOR THE SONS OF USNA

As to Deirdre, she was a year in the household of Conchobar, after the death of the Sons of Usna. And though it might be a little thing to raise her head or to bring a smile over her lip, never once did she do it through all that space of time . . . She took not sufficiency of food or sleep, nor lifted her head from her knee. When people of amusement were sent to her, she would break out into lamentation:

Splendid in your sight though the champions be
Into Eman's Court flocking from the foray,
Far more proudly bright showed my Heroes Three
Facing home from sport out of copse and corrie.

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Mighty casks of mead Naisi bent before ;
At the crackling fire then with joy I bathed him ;
Ardan for our need bare an ox or boar,
Ainle what a pyre of the faggots swathed him !

Pleasant though the food, though the mead be luscious
For the Son of Ness of Mighty Feats prepared,
In our solitude viands more delicious
From a Border Chase I have often shared.

For the cooking hearth when my Naisi noble
Faggot-hands released on the hero-boards,
Wondrous—yea ! for worth, still of all the double,
Was the spoilful feast spread by my Three Lords.

Aye and howsoever musical may be
Pipe and horn uniting for Emania's throng,
Never I assever could their melody
Cause me such delighting as my hero's song.

Here with Conchobar, lord of Ulla's land,
Sweet the music breathed forth from pipe and horn,
More alluring far over Alba's strand
Usna's sons' enwreathed voices, night and morn !

Like a wave of wonder, Naisi's noble voice,
Music, tiring never, clarion sweet and smooth ;
Ardan's rich notes under made my heart rejoice,
Ainle's deep chant ever thrilled our hunting booth !

Naisi in the tomb we, alas ! have laid you.
Woeful now to think of our convoy's rout,
They who from your doom struggled still to aid you,
Drank the venomed drink by their act poured out.

Heart's belovéd, thou of the beard well-trimmed,
Shapely one, although through time their glory runs,
I'll ne'er waken now to welcome, joyful-limbed,
The going to and fro of Usna's mighty sons.

Prudent were thy ponderings, champion over all !
Modest was thy grace, mighty though thy power !
After all our wanderings through the woods of Fal,
Blest was thy embrace at the midnight hour !

in English Verse Translation

Eyes of glamour grey no woman could resist,
Though with fury fearful on our foes ye lightened!
Ah! and on our way to the woodland tryst
How thy deep notes cheerful all the darkness brightened!

I can sleep no more! Out among the hosts,
A ghost among the ghosts, all night my spirit strays.
When the dark is o'er, I cannot eat or smile,
Nothing can beguile the long, long desolate days.

I can sleep no more! I no more can sleep!
Nor my fine and fair finger nails dye red.
Dumbly at the door still my watch I keep.
Usna's Sons, oh where from me are ye fled?

When Laegh, Cuchulainn's charioteer, rouses him from the inglorious love-sickness into which he has fallen through the love of Fand, to face the enemies of Ulster, he makes use of a splendid simile drawn from the book of nature, as will be seen in the fourth verse of this noble invocation, an invocation with all the Homeric spirit pulsing through it.

LAEGH'S SUMMONS TO CUCHULAINN

Rise, champion of Ultonia's need,
From sickness freed to strength awake!
All miss thee from King Conor's levy;
For him thy heavy slumber break.

Behold! his steel-clad shoulders glare,
His trumpets blare for battle press;
Behold his chariots sweep the glen,
He marshals men as though for chess,

His Red Branch Knights, with spear on loop,
His maiden troop, tall and serene,
His vassal kings—a battle storm—
By each the form of his fair queen!

Look forth! the winter hath begun;
Now one by one its marvels mark.
Behold, for it beseems thee well,
Its long, cold spell, its hueless dark.

Irish Gaelic Nature Poetry

This rest inglorious is not good—
Weak lassitude from wanton strife—
Such long repose is drunkenness,
Such sleep no less than death in life.

This trance, as of a toping churl,
With mighty ardour hurl away!
Forth, from thy bed of impotence,
Leap, Champion Prince, to front the fray.

We pass to the second pagan period of Irish Gaelic literature, that of the Fenian cycle, called after Fionn MacCumhall (Finn MacCool).

Fionn, according to the tradition, had eaten of one of the salmon of knowledge so-called because the salmon itself had swallowed some of the nuts of knowledge which had fallen from the magic hazel trees guarding Connla's well. The communication through these magical nuts of poetic inspiration to all who ate of them, led Fionn to break forth into his "Lays of Summer and Winter," which are nature poems, pure and simple, and in no way related to themes of love and war, though here and there filled with the cry of the hounds in pursuit of the high-stepping deer. There is a stark beauty about the original of this winter poem that is extraordinarily striking.

THE FIRST WINTER SONG

From the early ninth or tenth century Irish

Take my tidings!
Stags contend,
Snows descend—
Summers end!

A chill wind raging;
The sun low keeping,
Swift to set
O'er seas high sweeping.

Dull red the fern;
Shapes are shadows;
Wild geese mourn
O'er misty meadows.

in English Verse Translation

Keen cold limes each weaker wing.
Icy times—
Such I sing!
Take my tidings!

More expansive as a winter landscape is the following "Song of Winter" from "The Hiding of the Hill of Howth," attributed to Fionn MacCumhall, though the Irish of the poem is probably of the tenth century:

Cold, cold and cold again,
Cold o'er broad Moylurg's domain,
The snow is heaped a mountain height,
The stags are starved for food to-night.

Cold, cold, cold, till Doom
The storm outspreads her wings of gloom;
With streams each furrowed slope is charged,
Each ford to a full pool enlarged.

For seas the lochs you might mistake,
Each pond is swollen to a lake.
If steeds are stayed by foaming Ross,
Can two feet hope to fare across?

The fish of Erin roam the land;
Great waves to pieces pound her strand.
No town is left through all her Cooms,
Where creaks one crane or one bell booms.

Not even in Cuan's forest deep
To-night the shaggy wolves can sleep,
Nor can the little wren keep warm
On Lon's wild side against the storm.

The fluttering feathered company
Fall struck by frost from every tree,
In vain the blackbird up and down
Seeks shelter for her body brown.

Cosy our pot its hook upon
Crazy the hut on sloping Lon.

Irish Gaelic Nature Poetry

The wood down here lies crushed by snow.
Toilsome, for more, to climb Ben-bo.

The ancient eagle of Glen Rye
Gets grief from out the storm-swept sky;
Great her misery, dire her drouth,
Famished, frozen—craw and mouth.

From flock and down to-day to rise,
Be warned by me, were all unwise;
On every ford is ice heaped high,
And therefore, "Cold! Cold! Cold!" I cry.

And here is Fionn's first lay of all, his "Lay of Beltane" or Midsummer's Day, the day on which the Baal fire was lit, as it is still lit on St John's Eve throughout Ireland.

Oh, mild May Day, in Fodla's clime
Of fairy colour, the laughing prime
Of leafy summer from year to year,
I would that Leagha were with me here
To lie and listen down in a dell
To Banba's blackbird warbling well,
And her cuckoos crying with constant strain
Welcome, welcome the bright Beltane!
When the swallows are skimming the shore,
And the swift steed stoops to the fountain,
And the weak, fair bog-down grows on the moor,
And the heath spreads her hair on the mountain,
And the signs of heaven are in consternation,
And the rushing planets such radiance pour,
That the sea lies lulled, and the generation
Of flowers awakes once more.

In the poem known as "The Colloquy of Oiseen (Ossian) and Patrick," an extraordinary discussion takes place between the Saint and the old hero who must perforce become a Christian at the end of a long pagan life. This disputation is curiously typical of the naturalistic attitude of the bards towards the clerics right down to

in English Verse Translation

the time of Brian Merriman, whose famous "Midnight Court" was written in 1781. This latter-day poem, indeed, opens with a description of nature, which is one of the most beautiful in Irish literature. "The Colloquy of Oiseen and Patrick" abounds in beautiful descriptions of nature, from which the following two verses, translated by Mr T. W. Rolleston, may be quoted:

DEAR TO FINN

These are the things that were dear to Finn—
The din of battle, the banquet's glee,
The bay of his hounds through the rough glen ringing,
And the blackbird singing in Letter Lee.

The shingle grinding along the shore,
When they dragged his war-boats down to sea;
The dawn-wind whistling his spears among;
And the magic song of his minstrels three.

From the Colloquy may also be quoted the hymn of Caeilte MacRonan to the Island of Arran in Scotland. "It would seem," writes Miss Hull, "that from Lammas-tide (called in Ireland Lughnasadh, or the feast of the god Lugh) until the call of the cuckoo from the tree-tops in Ireland" the Fenian battalions were accustomed to repair to the Isle of Arran for hunting. Caeilte in describing this island to St Patrick becomes eloquent of its delights. "More melodious than all music ever heard were the voices of the birds as they rose from the billows, and from the coast-line of the island thrice fifty flocks of winged fowl encircled her, clad in gay brilliance of every colour."

I give my own rendering into verse of the praises of Arran from Professor Kuno Meyer's translation of the thirteenth century prose tale, "Agallamh na Sendrach."

Arran, of the mighty stags,
Whose shouldering crags the billow smites!
Within her companies are fed,
Blue spears are reddened on her heights.

Irish Gaelic Nature Poetry

Deer dance along her mountain tops;
Luscious fruit crown copse and scaur;
Cold and pure her streams leap past,
Rich with mast her dun oaks are.

From her wood-set bothie's bound
Wiry hound and beagle staunch
Still through buried briar and thorn
Urge the horned quarry's haunch.

Plumes of purple tuft her rocks,
Faultless flocks of grass her lawns;
O'er each fair and shapely knoll
Caracole her dappled fawns.

Smooth her lowlands, sleek with swine;
With flowers ashine her upland vale;
Nuts her nodding hazels throng,
Galleys long beside her sail.

Delightful, too, when red trout play,
And melts to May her season barren,
While gulls around her white cliffs call;
Delightful at all times is Arran!

There is a remarkable poem, the original of which appears in "Silva Gadelica," edited by Mr Standish Hayes O'Grady, entitled "The Lay of the Forest Trees," containing much folk lore which will be most interesting to all forest lovers.

The poem arises in the course of a prose tale out of the careless gathering of wood for a fire in the open air by a servant or "man of smoke," as he is called. Into this he pitches a log of wood, around which honeysuckle had twined. A poetic protest is at once raised by the observers on the ground that the burning of the woodbine would undoubtedly bring ill-fortune with it.

THE SONG OF THE FOREST TREES

Man of Fires with logs providing
Fergus of the banquet-halls,
When thine arm the axe is guiding,
Be thou ware what timber falls.

in English Verse Translation

Spare the woodbine from debasement—
Forest King of Innisfail;
Since against his grim embracement
Not the toughest trees prevail.

Flexile woodbine if thou firest,
Loud laments shall soon abound—
War's extremities, the direst—
Men in mighty billows drowned.

Neither burn the apple branches,
Leaning low yet spreading far;
Whereon sweetest blossom blanches,
Sweetest fruits at hand-reach are.

Nor destroy the blackthorn surly,
Burnt not of artificers,
Through whose gauntness, late and early,
Flock the small, sweet choristers.

Let alone the noble willow,
Sacred to the bardic page:
Bees to suck his bloomlets yellow
Haunt with joy his hanging cage.

Burn the rowan's berried timber,
Burn the Druid's graceful tree!
Let the hazel, slight and limber,
Full of nodding nuts, go free.

Burn the ash-wood darkly burnished,
Wood that makes the wheels go light,
Horsemen's rods therefrom are furnished,
After combat speeding flight.

Tenterhook in every forest,
Burn the keen, green, spiteful briar,
He that wounds the foot the sorest,
Forward drags who would retire.

Fiercest wood for faggot-making
Is the green, injurious oak;

Irish Gaelic Nature Poetry

He who courts him, courts headaching,
Blears his eyes with bitter smoke.

Alder, war-fiend by confession,
Hottest tree on battle morn,
Surely, burn, at thy discretion,
Both the alder and white-thorn.

Holly, burn it in the green wood
Holly, burn it in the dry!
Through the forest who has seen wood
Finer for the hearth's supply?

Elder, tough his bark and coarse is—
Tree whose splinters leave us scarred—
Tree that fairy foemen horses—
Let him into dust be charred.

Burn the birch, good hap shall follow
All who burn him branch and root;
Let the flaming furnace swallow
Even his smallest seedling shoot.

Then the russet aspen—spurn him,
Spurn him headlong from thee, now!
Be it late or early, burn him,
Burn the tree of palsied bough!

Patriarch yew, of woods long lasting
For the banquet blessed of old,
Dark-red vats of him be casting,
Mead and wine and ale to hold.

Ferdedh, faithful one and ready,
Heed this counsel that I give,
So shalt thou, in soul and body,
Henceforth prosperously live.

An instance has already been given of the pathetic power with which the love of nature is woven into the love laments of Deirdre. "The Lament of Crede" for Cael, who, after success in his suit for her, fell in desperate

in English Verse Translation

conflict on the sea shore with a foreign invader, is even in more poignant sympathy with nature in losses akin to her own.

CREDHE'S LAMENT FOR CAEL

From a Bodleian manuscript of the fourteenth century

O'er thy chief, thy rushing chief, Loch da Conn
Loud the haven is roaring;
All too late, her deadly hate for Chrimtha's son
Yonder deep is deploring.
Shall comfort, I trow, to Credhe is her wail,
Slender solace now, Oh, my Cael!
Ochone! och, wirrasthru! can she who slew
Bid thee back, Spirit soaring!

Hark, the thrush from out Drumqueen lifts his keen
Through the choir of the thrushes;
With his mate, his screaming mate, o'er the green
See! the red weasel rushes.
Crushed on the crag lies Glensilen's doe,
O'er her yon stag tells his woe,
Thus, Cael, och, ochonee! for thee, for thee
My soul's sorrow gushes.

O, the thrush, the mourning thrush, mating shall sing,
When the furze bloom is yellow;
O, the stag, the grieving stag, in the spring
With a fresh doe shall fellow;
But love for me, 'neath the ever-moving mound
Of the scowling sea, lieth drowned;
While och, och, ollagone; the sea-fowl moan
And the sea beasts bellow.

I have already dealt in my article on "The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry," published in a previous issue of this Quarterly, with fairy visions of unearthly beauty such as are to be found in Bran's Voyage to "The Isle of Delight," but it might be well here to emphasize by illustration, as Mr Stopford Brooke has so finely pointed out in his introductory essay to T. W. Rolleston's

Irish Gaelic Nature Poetry

“High Deeds of Finn,” what a love for colour, amounting to extravagance, the early Irish bard possessed.

And not only is there a love for exaggerating colour, but even imagining it. Not only do the winds receive their distinct hues but, as Miss Hull indicates, “there are red, white and green martyrdoms in ecclesiastical literature, and by these different kinds and degrees of self-sacrifice are designated.”

Here are some of these highly-coloured fancies extracted from “Laegh’s Description of Fairy Land,” whither he is advising Cuchulainn to go, at the request of Fand.

At the palace door, that its pearly face
Turns toward the place of the setting sun,
Stands a herd of palfreys, grey and dapple-maned,
Hard beside then reined, bides a herd blue-dun.

At the radiant door that the sun-rise sees
Tower three ancient trees, purple pure is each;
Thence to charm our princelings, sweet immortal birds
Pour the warbled words of their formless speech.

At the great south door grows a graceful tree,
Music fresh and free thence in waves is rolled;
Silver is its stem shining in the sun,
All its leaves are spun of a splendid gold.

Thrice a twenty trees in one swaying copse
Mix their magic tops, mix but ne’er enwind,
Each a full three hundred every day is feasting
With its many-tasting fruitage free from rind.

In the beautiful dirge for King Niall of the Nine Hostages (A.D. 405) some descriptive passages full of natural magic may be noted.

Tuirn Son of Torna

When we hosted forth afar
With Echu’s son of valour,

in English Verse Translation

Yellow as the primrose star,
I saw his tresses shine.

Torna

For the fancy that compares
The crown of golden pallor,
The primrose wears, with Niall's hairs
A bond-maid should be thine!

Tuirn Son of Torna

Brows and lashes dusky soft
Of equal arch and cluster;
Eyes, as woad-flowers in a croft,
Of hyacinthine blue;
Then the carmine of his cheeks,
Unchanging in their lustre;
Not the fairy fox-glove streaks
May woods with such a hue.

Lastly, we come to the open air, nature-loving life of saint and hermit. Here, therefore, is that beautiful colloquy of "The King and the Hermit," first translated by Professor Kuno Meyer into his stately prose and published by Messrs. D. Nutt, 1901. The original Irish is that of the tenth century.

KING AND HERMIT

Marvan, brother of King Guare of Connaught, in the seventh century, had renounced the life of a warrior prince for that of a hermit. The King endeavoured to persuade his brother to return to his Court, when the following colloquy took place between them.

Guare

Now, Marvan, hermit of the grot,
Why sleepest thou not on quilted feathers?
Why on a pitch-pine floor instead
At night make head against all weathers

Irish Gaelic Nature Poetry

Marvan

I have a shieling in the wood,
None save my God has knowledge of it,
An ash tree and a hazel nut
Its two sides shut, great oak-boughs roof it.

Two heath-clad posts beneath a buckle
Of honeysuckle its frame are propping,
The woods around its narrow bound
Swine-fattening mast are richly dropping.

From out my shieling not too small,
Familiar all, fair paths invite me,
While, blackbird, from my gable end,
Sweet sable friend, thy notes delight me.

With joys the stags of Oakridge leap
Into their clear and deep-banked river,
Far off red Roiny glows with joy
Muckraw, Moinmoy in sunshine quiver.

With mighty mane a green-barked yew
Upholds the blue; his fortress green
An oak uprears against the storms.
Tremendous forms, stupendous scene!

Mine apple-tree is full of fruit
From crown to root—a hostel's store;
My bonny nut-ful hazel bush
Leans branching lush against my door.

A choice pure spring of cooling draught
Is mine, what prince has quaffed a rarer;
Around it cresses keen, O King,
Invite the famishing wayfarer.

Tame swine and wild and goat and deer
Assemble here upon its brink,
Yea! even the badger's brood draws near
And without fear lie down to drink.

in English Verse Translation

A peaceful troop of creatures strange,
They hither range from wood and height,
To meet them slender foxes steal
At vesper peal, O my delight!

These visitants, as to a Court,
Frequent resort to seek me out—
Pure water, Brother Guare, are they
The salmon grey, the speckled trout.

Red rowans, dusky sloes and mast—
O unsurpassed and God-sent dish,
Blackberries, whortleberries blue,
Red strawberries to my taste and wish.

Sweet apples, honey of wild bees,
And, after them, of eggs a clutch,
Haws, berries of the juniper,
Who, King, could cast a slur on such?

A cup with mead of hazel-nut
Outside my hut in summer shine,
Or ale with herbs from wood and spring
Are worth, O King, thy costliest wine.

Bright bluebells o'er my board I throw—
A lovely show my feast to spangle—
The rushes' radiance, oaklets gray,
Briar tresses gay, sweet, goodly tangle.

When brilliant summer casts once more
Her cloak of colour o'er the fields,
Sweet-tasting marjoram, pignut, leek,
To all who seek, her verdure yields.

Her bright red-breasted little men
Their lovely music then outpour,
The thrush exults, the cuckoos all
Around her call and call once more.

Irish Gaelic Nature Poetry

The bees, earth's small musicians, hum,
No longer dumb, in gentle chorus;
Like echoes faint of that long plaint
The fleeing wild-fowl murmur o'er us.

The wren an active songster now
From off the hazel-bough pipes shrill,
Woodpeckers flock in multitudes,
With beauteous hoods and beating bill.

With fair white birds, the crane and gull—
The fields are full, while cuckoos cry
No mournful music! Heath poults dun
Through russet heather sunward fly.

The heifers now with loud delight,
Summer bright, salute thy reign;
Smooth delight for toilsome loss
'Tis now to cross the fertile plain.

The warblings of the wind that sweep
From branchy wood to sapphire sky,
The river falls, the swan's far note
Delicious music floating by.

Earth's bravest band, because unhired,
All day, untired, make cheer for me.
In Christ's own eyes of endless youth
Can this same truth be said of thee?

What though in Kingly pleasures now
Beyond all riches thou rejoice,
Content am I my Saviour good
Should on this wood have set my choice.

Without one hour of war or strife
Through all my life at peace I fare.
Where better can I keep my tryst
With our Lord Christ, O brother Guare?

in English Verse Translation

Guare

My glorious Kingship, yea! and all
My sire's estates that fall to me,
My Marvan, I would gladly give,
So I might live my life with thee.

A typical poem by St Columba, giving a vivid picture of his work as a scribe in the open air, is now presented. It is in the language of the eleventh century, modernized from Columcille's earlier Gaelic.

THE SCRIBE

For weariness my hand writes ill;
My small, sharp quill runs rough and slow;
Its slender beak with failing craft
Puts forth its draught of dark, blue flow.

And yet God's blessed wisdom gleams
And streams beneath my fair-brown palm,
The while quick jets of holly ink
The letters link of prayer or psalm.

So, still my dripping pen is fain
To cross the plain of parchment white;
Unceasing at some rich man's call,
Till wearied all I am to-night.

My final effort as a translator from the Irish on this occasion must be the presentation of a version of St Columba in Iona. The circumstances under which it was made were somewhat remarkable. I was in Brussels last Christmas, and on the 12th of January, a Sunday, was occupied upon the translation of a secular poem, when, for some occult reason or other, I felt impelled to relinquish my task and address myself to this version of St Columba in Iona. The words came to me with unusual freedom, and when I had come to the end of my translation I found from a footnote at the end of the printed page on which I had been engaged that the original Irish

Irish Gaelic Nature Poetry

manuscript upon which my version was founded lay but a stone's throw away from me in the Burgundian Library of Brussels.

ST COLUMBA IN IONA

(From an Irish manuscript in the Burgundian Library, Brussels)

Delightful would it be to me
From a rock pinnacle to trace
Continually
The ocean's face:
That I might watch the heaving waves
Of noble force
To God the Father chant their staves
Of the earth's course;
That I might mark its level strand,
To me no lone distress,
That I might hark the sea-bird's wondrous band—
Sweet source of happiness;
That I might hear the clamorous billows thunder
On the rude beach,
That by my blessed church side I might ponder
Their mighty speech;
Or watch surf-flying gulls the dark shoal follow
With joyous scream,
Or mighty ocean monsters spout and wallow—
Wonder supreme!

That I might well observe of ebb and flood
All cycles therein;
And that my mystic name might be for good
But "Cul-ri Erin;"
That gazing toward her on my heart might fall
A full contrition,
That I might then bewail my evils all,
Though hard the addition;
That I might bless the Lord who all things orders
For their great good,
The countless hierarchies through Heaven's bright
borders—
Land, strand and flood;

in English Verse Translation

That I might search all books and from their chart
Find my soul's calm;
Now kneel before the heaven of my heart,
Now chant a psalm;
Now meditate upon the King of Heaven,
Chief of the Holy Three;
Now ply my work by no compulsion driven.
What greater joy could be?
Now plucking dulse upon the rocky shore,
Now fishing eager on;
Now furnishing food unto the famished poor;
In hermitage anon;
The guidance of the King of Kings
Has been vouchsafed unto me.
If I keep watch beneath His wings,
No evil shall undo me!

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

THE NAPOLEON OF SAN DOMINGO

“A GREAT career,” says Disraeli, “although baulked of its end, is still a landmark of human energy. Failure, when sublime, is not without its purpose.” And when we study the history of the negro, Toussaint L’Ouverture, who rose by sheer force of character to the rank of Dictator, only to perish in lonely exile, a prisoner in one of Napoleon’s gloomiest dungeons, we cannot fail to acknowledge the truth of the great statesman’s epigram, to admit the sublimity of such failure, and appreciate the value of a career so baulked and blighted.

Born in bondage in 1743, and for over fifty years a serf on an obscure West Indian plantation, Toussaint never ceased to cherish within his bosom the deathless spark of Liberty. Armed with this sacred torch he was destined to kindle those flaming pyres which presently flashed forth their message of Freedom from every hill-top in the Antilles, and were finally reflected in the answering bonfires lighted on the distant continent of America to celebrate the emancipation of the negro slave. Finding his country in a state of internal anarchy, and the majority of his fellows in a condition of intense misery, he bestowed upon the one peace and prosperity, upon the other independence and those rights of citizenship which had for centuries been denied to “men of colour.” And though his triumph was short-lived, and he died in cruel confinement, broken, betrayed, deserted, he never gave way to despair or embitterment, and his career is still one of those “landmarks of human energy” by which we may trace the upward path of the world’s progress. His name has indeed been deemed worthy to rank with those of the five hundred heroes, illustrious in all departments of thought and power, who figure in that famous Positivist Calendar by which Comte sought to illustrate his general theory of historical development. Here, for all time, he takes his place, side by side with Cromwell, Washington,

The Napoleon of San Domingo

Algernon Sidney and Bolivar, among that handful of the world's most prominent revolutionary leaders to whose virtues and example mankind owes so much. His talents and achievements as legislator, philosopher and general have proved him not undeserving of such an honour; they amply justify the assertion of the Abbé Grégoire that, given the same education and liberty as their white fellow-mortals, negroes would not be found deficient in hearts pregnant with heroic energies, in hands capable of wielding the sword of war or swaying the rod of empire.

It was in the island of Hispaniola, otherwise known as Hayti (or San Domingo), the scene of Toussaint's activities, that Christopher Columbus established his first transatlantic settlement, in the year 1492. As usually happened in such circumstances, the Spanish colonists, flushed with victory, proceeded to enslave the conquered aborigines, treating them with such severity that in the fifteen years subsequent to the discovery of the West Indies the native population was reduced from a million to some sixty thousand souls. In order to save the wretched serfs from total extinction, the good Bishop Bartolomé de las Casas, of Chiapa, commonly known as "the Protector of the Indians," suggested the introduction of negro labour from South Africa. Thus, with the best intentions in the world, was sown the seed of that terrible African slave trade—designed to supplement what Gibbon calls the "milder but more tedious method of propagation"—which, though it failed to prevent the extermination of the natives, was fated to supply the weapon for their ultimate avenging.

At the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697, France acquired the western portion of the island, leaving the eastern half in the hands of the Spaniards. Nearly a hundred years later, the popular idea of human equality engendered by the French Revolution spread with amazing rapidity throughout the whole of France's oversea possessions, and in the far "Queen of the Antilles" the germ of emancipation found the conditions eminently favour-

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able to its growth. The inhabitants of the colony were divided into three distinct classes—of which 40,000 were white men, 30,000 free mulattoes, and 500,000 negro slaves—each ripe for revolt against the existing state of affairs. The white population consisted for the most part of wealthy planters and of the managers of estates belonging to absentee proprietors, who preferred to spend in France their time and the incomes derived from their West Indian properties. These were further supplemented by a numerous rabble of adventurers, hangers-on and needy ne'er-do-wells, who sponged upon their brother whites and plundered their coloured fellow countrymen.

The whites had long grown restive under the unsympathetic government administered from the distant Mother Country; they resented the control of a Governor in whose election they had no voice, and viewed with increasing disfavour and irritation the filling of all public offices by unsuccessful politicians or Court favourites from Paris. The American War of Secession directed their thoughts towards independence, and the French Revolution seemed to them to be a step in the right direction. They lost no time, therefore, in expressing their desire for self-administration by constituting for themselves a military form of government, after the fashion of the National Guard, and elected Assemblies in the various big towns, in which they nevertheless declined to allow a single man of colour to sit. In May, 1790, the General Assembly of St Mark, in the West, published its independent constitution. The General Assembly of the North, however, sided with the French Government, and thenceforward the country was divided into two antagonistic parties, the one desiring to maintain its allegiance to France, the other wishing for complete autonomy. Of these the former were satirically entitled "Aristocrats," and decorated their hats with white cockades, while the latter wore red cockades and contented themselves with the more modest name of "Patriots."

The mulattoes, many of them rich and prosperous and the owners of large plantations, had always cherished

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a bitter grievance against the whites, who openly despised and constantly affronted them in public, refusing to eat at the same table and absolutely denying the justice of their claims to be considered fellow-citizens. When in 1790 a mulatto named Lacombe had the audacity to present a petition to the authorities, urging upon them the advisability of granting to men of colour those rights to which they deemed themselves entitled, he was treated as an incendiary and hanged, the whites declaring that they would rather die than share their political privileges with men of "a bastard and degenerate race."

At the outbreak of the French Revolution the mulattoes had conceived the brilliant notion of sending a deputation to France with a present of twelve hundred thousand dollars, and the offer of a further annual subsidy if the home government would consent to redress their wrongs. The coloured delegates were favourably received by the National Assembly, and told that their prayers would not fall upon deaf ears. This message was joyfully transmitted to San Domingo, where it gladdened the hearts of the mulattoes, but so enraged the whites that they seized the bearer of the news and put him to death.

Realizing the futility of attempting to obtain justice by legal means, a number of mulattoes, under the leadership of a youth named Vincent Ogé, who had been educated in Paris, planned an armed revolt, and landed a small invading force at Cape François, in the north-west, where, however, they were easily defeated and dispersed. Ogé, forced to flee to Spanish territory, was finally delivered up to the French authorities on condition that his life should be spared. His captors, nevertheless, did not consider themselves bound by their promise, and the wretched man was cruelly tortured and broken on the wheel, while twenty-one of his companions were hanged and thirteen others condemned to the galleys for life. The barbarity of this sentence sent a thrill of horror through the ranks of the mulattoes, and helped to increase the rapidly widening rift that separated the whites from men of colour. In Paris, too, the news of the punish-

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ment inflicted upon Ogé and his fellow conspirators caused many eminent persons to interest themselves in the cause to which he had fallen a victim. The "Société des Amis des Noirs," founded in 1738, under the presidency of Condorcet, numbered such men as La Rochefoucauld, Brissot, La Fayette, Robespierre and the Abbé Grégoire among its members, while Mirabeau and other leading statesmen were in active sympathy with its objects. Grégoire, therefore, found little difficulty in successfully pleading the cause of the mulattoes in the National Assembly, a task in which he was ably supported by Robespierre, who in a now famous passage exclaimed: "Let the colonies perish rather than we should sacrifice one iota of our principles!" To these two men was chiefly due the passing of a decree on May 15, 1791, whereby it was enacted that men of colour, born of free parents, in the French colonies, should be entitled to the enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of French citizenship.

News of the passing of this decree reached Cape François in June, and was acclaimed by the mulattoes with every expression of delight. The white Assemblies, nevertheless, declined to accept the edict of the French Government, and adopted an attitude of frank antagonism, trampling the national cockade under foot in the streets, and even (it is said) going so far in their hostility to France as to offer their island to King George III as a British colony. The difficulties of the Governor, General Blanchelande, were increased, and the issues still further confused, when the Spaniards seized this opportunity to attack the French troops; and the troubles of France reached their culminating point when the negroes, hitherto passive spectators of the dispute, but now infected by the prevalent spirit of unrest, rose in revolt and started setting fire to their masters' plantations. The subsequent repeal of the Act of May 15, at the earnest instigation of the absentee planters in Paris, only served, as may well be imagined, to infuriate the mulattoes, who at once threw in their

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lot with the negroes, and assisted them to ravage the land and lay waste the property of the whites.

On the night of August 22, 1791, the negroes began to burn the plantations, and in a very short while had inflicted an enormous amount of damage upon property, and had massacred some two thousand whites. The survivors, however, were better organized and equipped than their black opponents and, having succeeded in capturing no less than ten thousand negroes, put them to death by every conceivable method of slow and subtle torture. Unmentionable barbarities were practised on both sides in the course of the conflict, and it is not easy to decide which party deserves credit for the commission of the most flagrant atrocities. Claudian says somewhere that there is no monster more hateful than the savage serf wreaking his vengeance on the backs of freemen; but it must be admitted that in this instance the freemen seemed well able to vie with their slaves in the invention of exquisite forms of torture wherewith to spread terror in the hearts of their antagonists.

After their first repulse the blacks formed a camp at a place called Pleasance, in the north-west, under the leadership of two negro generals, the cowardly Jean François and the drunken and dissolute Biassou. These hastily set to work to organize their forces into some sort of military formation, and to acquire that sense of discipline in which they were sadly lacking. Here, nearly a month after the outbreak of hostilities, they were joined by Toussaint, and from that moment the blacks were informed with a new and nobler spirit, and the tide of victory gradually turned in their favour.

Toussaint had been born in the island of San Domingo, half a century earlier, on a plantation called Breda, belonging to the Comte de Noe, an absentee land-owner, who left the control of his estates in the hands of a kindly and capable manager, M. Bayou de Libertat. Toussaint's father, Gaou Guinou by name, the son of an African chief, was originally captured in a war with a neighbouring tribe and sold to a slave-trader, who

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carried him over the sea to Hayti. Here he married a fellow slave, by whom he had several children, Toussaint being the eldest.

From his earliest years the boy displayed unusual intelligence and fidelity, and was quickly promoted from the humble position of shepherd to that of coachman, being eventually appointed overseer or foreman of his master's plantation. In due course he married a young negress, Suzanne Simon, whose son Placide he adopted and regarded with the same degree of affection that he afterwards displayed towards his own son Isaac. His domestic life was singularly happy and uneventful. "We went to work in the fields, my wife and I, hand in hand," he says in his Memoirs, and his devotion to his family is not the least laudable trait of his character.

Toussaint early evinced a love of reading uncommon in a man of his colour and condition, and during brief intervals of repose, when the day's work was over, found time to study the writings of Epictetus—that still more famous slave—as well as Plutarch's "Lives" and several technical military works of which he was later to appreciate the value. He also became acquainted with that philosophical and political history of the East and West Indies in which Diderot, as the "Abbé Raynal," published one of the earliest and most famous indictments of slavery. "Nations of Europe," wrote the historian, in a passage which Toussaint interpreted as containing a prophecy of his own personal destiny, "your slaves need neither your generosity nor your advice to break the sacrilegious yoke which oppresses them. They only need a chief sufficiently courageous to lead them to vengeance and slaughter. Where is this great man to be found? Where is this new Spartacus? He will appear, we cannot doubt it; he will show himself, to raise the sacred standard of Liberty and assemble round him his companions in misfortune. More impetuous than the mountain torrents, they will leave behind them on all sides the ineffaceable signs of their just resentment!"

Toussaint was firmly convinced that he was the

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Spartacus who should arise to deliver the slaves from their fetters. Like Joan of Arc or Charlotte Corday, he deemed himself a predestined weapon in the hand of God. "At the beginning of the troubles of San Domingo," he once wrote, "I felt that I was fated to accomplish great things. When I received the divine intimation I was fifty-four years of age. A necessity was laid upon me to commence my career. A secret voice said to me, 'Since the blacks are free they need a chief, and it is I who must be that leader predicted by the Abbé Raynal.'" He waited, however, to ensure the safety of his employer, Bayou de Libertat, whom he assisted to escape with his wife and family across the sea. Having satisfied himself that these were out of danger he hastened to the negro camp at Pleasance and offered his services as surgeon, some primitive knowledge of drugs and simples that he had acquired from his father standing him in good stead in the office he had selected.

The insurgent slaves had by this time decided to appeal for help to the neighbouring Spaniards. These, it may well be supposed, were only too ready to welcome them, and stimulated their hatred of the Republic by telling them that the sufferings of Louis XVI were entirely due to his determination to grant to the blacks that freedom which they so desired. Their feeling of resentment towards the French Government was thus intensified, and the negro troops were to be seen marching to battle flying royal standards which bore the legends "Vive Le Roi!" and "L'Ancien Régime!"

When Toussaint reached Pleasance he found the camp in confusion and little if any discipline prevailing. He soon realized that he would be of infinitely more use as an active soldier than as a non-combatant, and, renouncing his position of surgeon, set himself the task of drilling and training the negro troops until they acquired a rough and ready martial efficiency. In this he was assisted by recollections of his past studies of military strategy, as well as by those natural talents as a tactician which he so soon displayed. These, indeed, found an early opportunity

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of expression, and it was at his suggestion and under his leadership that by a clever piece of manœuvring the northern province was cut off from the rest of the island and much discomfiture thereby caused to the French.

Toussaint possessed all those mental and physical qualities which make for military success. He was a man of simple tastes; his daily diet consisted of a few oatmeal cakes and bananas, while water was his only drink. The one luxury that he deemed not only permissible but even essential was the possession of that stud of fast thoroughbred "trotting" horses which he rode so skilfully as to earn for himself the title of "the Centaur of the Savannahs." On the feather bolster which it was his curious habit to place upon the saddle, he would often ride fifty or sixty miles without drawing rein, leaving far behind him all save the two trumpeters who invariably attended him and were as well mounted as he. Insusceptible to fatigue as to fear, he never allowed himself nor seemed to require more than two hours of nightly slumber. During the seven years in which he was engaged in active fighting he was wounded nineteen times, but never dangerously, and it is not therefore to be wondered at that his superstitious followers should at last have come to believe in his almost superhuman immunity from serious harm. His was the magnetic personality of the born leader of men. It was rightly said of him by one of his subordinates that none dared to approach him without awe, and none quitted his presence without a feeling of increased respect. He inspired his rough generals—Rigaud the mulatto, Dessalines the brutal and bloodthirsty, Christophe the brave but ultimately treacherous—with a warm devotion tempered with fear, and though he relied upon their loyalty he ever remained wholly independent of their advice. "No one less than I deserves the reproach of having allowed himself to be governed," he once boasted, with that sublime self-confidence which is so powerful a factor in the fulfilment of human ambition.

In one very vital respect Toussaint differed from all his

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colleagues, and thus no doubt earned the right to that pre-eminence which none of them was ever to challenge successfully. At a time when the passions of men were peculiarly inflamed, when excesses were being ruthlessly committed by all parties engaged in warfare, Toussaint was never guilty of inflicting unnecessary cruelty or indulging in reprisals of a purely vindictive character. He had always been a deeply religious man, imbued with the true Christian spirit of tolerance, and he practised as well as preached the doctrine of mutual forgiveness. Unlike other negro commanders, he realized the value of conciliation; his ultimate aim was peace rather than vengeance, and though his hand was often heavy upon his enemies his heart was never pitiless or implacable. He studied to maintain perfect self-control, and thus by the force of his example established and strengthened that discipline which was to become so marked a characteristic of his black troops. "I know Rigaud," he once declared; "he gallops with a loose rein, and shows his arm when he strikes. *I* gallop too, but I know where to stop, and when I strike I am felt, but not seen. Rigaud can only rouse men to rebellion by bloodshed and massacre; I, too, know how to stir them to action, but I allow no excesses, and when I appear peace must prevail." Under his brilliant leadership the negroes advanced from victory to victory, and it was in no idle spirit of boasting that Toussaint took the name of "L'Ouverture," thus announcing his intention of opening to his followers the door to that brighter future which seemed already within sight.

Meanwhile, in consequence of the representations made by English planters in the island, the British Government had despatched an expedition from Jamaica to San Domingo for the purpose of protecting British interests. General Maitland, the officer in command, landed on the south-west coast on September 19, 1793, and captured Port au Prince. His advance, however, was blocked by Rigaud, who with but a small force at his disposal, withstood the English with as much success as courage.

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The French Government, alarmed at the turn of events, had already sent three commissioners to the island with an armed force to regulate the affairs of the colony. These, in the hope of winning the negroes to their side, publicly proclaimed the abolition of slavery, thus depriving the blacks of their grievances and at the same time shattering the hopes of England and Spain. Toussaint, seeing that his dreams of negro emancipation were at last being fulfilled, deserted the Spanish cause and effected a friendly alliance with the French Governor, the Comte de Laveaux. The latter was delighted to welcome so valuable an ally, and his pleasure was enhanced by gratitude when the negro general released him from the hands of a mulatto chief, by whom he had been taken prisoner. He marked his appreciation by appointing his deliverer to the post of Lieutenant-Governor, and declared that he would always thenceforward be prepared to accept Toussaint's advice upon all questions of strategy or administration.

The territory seized by Spain was thus gradually recaptured, and the British were forced to beat a hasty retreat. It is said that before General Maitland surrendered his last fortress he offered the crown of Hayti to Toussaint; but the latter declined to be bribed, expressing his determination to remain faithful to France, and his reluctance to accept a favour from the hands of the slave-holders of Jamaica. The relations that existed between Toussaint and the English were, however, of the friendliest character. When the former visited the British lines to sign the final treaty under which General Maitland agreed to evacuate his positions, he was received with full military honours and presented, on behalf of George III, with a handsome service of plate and the Government House which had been built and furnished for the use of the English general. According to the historian, Lacroix, Toussaint was no less charmed than surprised by his reception and would often afterwards contrast his treatment at the hands of the French Republic with the honours he received from the King of England.

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General Maitland returned his visit a few days later, and, although warned of the risk he ran in riding through the enemy's country without a sufficient escort, made his way to the negro camp with only three attendants. Here he was kept waiting for half an hour, at the end of which Toussaint appeared and showed him two letters. The first from one of the French commissioners suggesting that Maitland's visit would provide the negroes with an admirable opportunity for taking him prisoner, and the second Toussaint's indignant reply. "I could not see you," Toussaint explained to his visitor, "until I had written my answer, that you might be satisfied how safe you were with me and how incapable I am of baseness." If, indeed, there was one trait in Toussaint's character more conspicuous than any other, it was his unsullied integrity. "That he never broke his word," says a contemporary writer, "was a proverbial expression, common in the mouths of the white inhabitants of the island and of the English officers who were employed in hostilities against him."

Soon after this, in 1797, Laveaux left for Paris, appointing Toussaint as commander-in-chief of the forces in his absence, much to the annoyance of Rochambeau, a French general who had just arrived from France for the purpose of filling that particular post, and was now forced to return dissatisfied. In the following year another general, Hédouville by name, was sent out by the French Government to take charge of affairs and keep his eye upon Toussaint. Hédouville, however, only succeeded in making himself so unpopular that he was driven out of the island by a band of revolting negroes, and went home to join Rochambeau and make an unfavourable report of the colony's condition.

Toussaint was now left in supreme control, though Rigaud and another mulatto chief, envious of their superior's triumphs, refused at first to acknowledge his supremacy, and claimed that the southern province which they had successfully held against the British should form a separate state under its own government.

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This revolt Toussaint determined to suppress with a firm hand, before it spread any further. Calling together all the mulattoes of Port au Prince, many of whom were none too well disposed towards him, he told them that he proposed to punish Rigaud with the severity that his treachery deserved, and warned them of the consequences of any disloyalty on their part. "I see to the bottom of your hearts," he said. "You are ready to rise against me. But though all my troops are quitting the west, I leave my eye and my arm behind: my eye will know how to watch you, my arm how to reach you!"

Rigaud fully intended to offer a strenuous opposition, but when news reached him that Buonaparte, who was now First Consul, had sent out to confirm the appointment of Toussaint as commander-in-chief, he deemed it wise to surrender. Toussaint was able therefore to enter La Cayes, the chief town of the western province, in triumph, and here once again he assembled Rigaud's followers and those who had secretly sympathized with him, in order that sentence might be passed upon them. The mulattoes were herded together under a strong negro guard, and awaited their doom with gloomy anticipation. Great, therefore, was their astonishment and no less great their delight when Toussaint declared that they would all be pardoned, giving them permits to rejoin their families and allowing Rigaud himself to leave the country and retire to France unmolested.

Under the wise administration of its negro dictator the colony now settled down to enjoy that prosperity and peace with which it had long been unfamiliar. It is, however, curious to note that so little did the whites believe in the permanence of negro freedom that somewhere about this time a mulatto planter secretly signed a contract for the purchase of Toussaint, supreme though he was, from his original owner for a sum of 4,080 francs.

In 1798 a general amnesty had been proclaimed, all the refugee proprietors being invited to return to their plantations where they were assured of safety and protection. Though the blacks were now free men, Toussaint

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foresaw that the sudden enjoyment of such unaccustomed liberty might easily exercise a corrupting influence upon them and pave the way to habits of indolence and vice. He therefore decreed that emancipated slaves must continue to work for their old masters for five years, receiving in payment a quarter of the produce of their toil during the term of their apprenticeship. From this moment the conduct and condition of the blacks were sensibly improved. The discipline of the negroes was Toussaint's greatest triumph, says a French historian who was not otherwise inclined to flatter him. "It was extraordinary to see how well the niggers behaved, and how thoroughly under control they were. After an arduous campaign, during which they lived frugally upon maize, they established themselves peacefully in the towns and never dreamt of touching the food exposed for sale in the shops. Indeed, one had to press them to take anything to eat." An Englishman who was present at Cape François after the cessation of hostilities was much impressed by a review of the black troops which he witnessed. He describes them as being "hardened into an orderly ferocity," but declares that the only punishment ever inflicted for military misdemeanours was "the sense of shame produced by slight confinement." He was surprised, too, to notice that whistles took the place of the usual words of command at manœuvres, thereby proving that Toussaint was so far in advance of his age as to anticipate the methods now in vogue in every civilized army.

Besides establishing military discipline, inducing the planters to return to their estates, and reconciling the negro cultivators to that scheme of co-proprietorship by which they were enabled to enjoy the somewhat over-estimated pleasures of honest toil in conjunction with the delights of liberty, Toussaint succeeded in restoring public confidence and reorganizing the finance of the island. Under his guidance the colony prospered prodigiously, and if San Domingo still carried the colours of France it was generally admitted to be solely due to

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“an old negro who seemed to bear a commission from heaven to reunite its dilacerated members.”

Perhaps the most graphic account of Toussaint's rule is to be found in the memoirs of a certain Captain Rainsford, an English officer who was wrecked under the walls of Cape François in the spring of 1799, and spent some three weeks in the neighbourhood of the negro general's headquarters. Rainsford tried at first to pass himself off as an American trader, but his disguise was eventually pierced and he was sentenced to death as a spy, only to be released a fortnight later by General Toussaint's orders. He has left an interesting description of the curious mixture of pomp and simplicity which prevailed at the negro's court. The general, so he tells us, “a perfect black, of venerable appearance and great suavity of manner,” wore a uniform consisting of a kind of “blue spencer, with a large red cape falling over his shoulders, red cuffs, large gold epaulettes, a scarlet waistcoat, pantaloons and boots, a round hat with a red feather and the national cockade, and a huge sword.” He was always preceded by two trumpeters in silver helmets and red tunics, and was attended by four aides-de-camp and an escort of his guards. He held formal levées at stated intervals, when all those present were expected to rise at his entrance and to maintain a respectful attitude while he made a slow tour of the room, speaking to each in turn, after the fashion of royal personages. When this solemn progress was concluded he would bow to the assembled guests with dignity and, after saluting “with both hands,” retire with his staff into an inner chamber. All white women had the right of attending these functions, but only those black women who happened to be the wives of officials were admitted.

As time went on Toussaint's popularity increased. It was said that no one ever left his presence dissatisfied. If he could not grant a petitioner what the latter desired he was tactful enough to send him away contented. When, for example, a negro applied to him for a magistracy, “Certainly,” Toussaint would say, with an engaging

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smile, "but of course you know Latin?" "No, general." "What! You wish to be made a magistrate and don't know Latin! O jamdudum, Magnificat, confitebor tibi, Nunc Dimittis!" and Toussaint would reel off a number of meaningless Latin phrases which he had learnt from the Psalter in so impressive a fashion as to cause the applicant to retire under the impression that, if only his classical education had not unfortunately been neglected, he would certainly have obtained his wish.

Although in his public life Toussaint felt constrained to maintain a certain amount of state, in private he was averse to anything of the kind. Rainsford found him, one evening, dining with his subordinates, "officers and privates, the general and the fifer at the same table," and afterwards enjoyed the privilege of playing a game of billiards with him at the local hotel. His tastes, as we have already noted, were of the simplest; but he loved music and flowers, and might often be seen walking about the streets with a bunch of roses in his hand. He has, indeed, been justly accused of vanity, a failing common to men of his race. "I am the Buonaparte of San Domingo," he is reported to have said on one occasion, "and the colony could not exist without me!" Again, when the captain of the frigate that had conveyed Hédouville from France thought to please him by saying how flattered he would be if, after bringing General Hédouville out to San Domingo, he might be allowed to carry General Toussaint back, "Your ship, sir," said the negro, scornfully, "is not big enough for a man like me!" He evidently thought that, as Maurice of Saxony said of Charles V, there was no cage large enough for such a bird as he. But the high opinion of his own importance that he undoubtedly held can scarcely be condemned in one so situated.

In July, 1801, the plan of a constitution for San Domingo, drawn up by Toussaint L'Ouverture with the assistance of several Europeans—among others Pascal and the Abbé Molière—was adopted by a General Assembly of Representatives convened from every dis-

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strict in the colony, and sent to France for official confirmation. By the terms of this constitution the island was declared independent, Toussaint was proclaimed governor for life, with power to name a successor, who should reign for five years—a plan afterwards adopted in Peru by the Liberator Bolivar—and an administrative council was proposed, formed of nine members, of whom eight were white men and one a mulatto. It was further decreed that all religious disqualifications should be abolished and—most remarkable of all—that the ports of San Domingo should be thrown open to the commerce of the world. It may, therefore, be not unfairly claimed for Toussaint that he was the first practical Free Trader!

When the draft of this constitution reached Paris for ratification it was received with the utmost suspicion and apprehension. The absentee planters who lived there were naturally opposed to any revolutionary changes; Hédouville, Rochambeau, and the mulatto Rigaud, each cherished his own particular grudge against Toussaint, while Joséphine, the First Consul's wife, was a native of Martinique, and instinctively prejudiced against all negroes.

The signing of the Peace of Amiens allowed Buonaparte to turn his attention to San Domingo and its black governor. To the latter he referred as "the brigand chief," professing to regard him as a revolting slave who must be suitably punished and brought to his senses. With this object in view he caused a decree to be passed which placed the colony in exactly the same position that it had held prior to the revolution, reinstated all the former proprietors on their plantations and, though it exempted the negroes of the island from slavery, re-established the hated slave-trade with all its concomitant barbarities. In order to ensure that the provisions of this enactment should be properly carried out a great military expedition was made ready in France and despatched to the West Indies under the command of General Le Clerc, Buonaparte's brother-in-law. With

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him also sailed Toussaint's two sons, Isaac and Placide, who had been sent to France to complete their education, and were now perfidiously instructed by Napoleon to assure their father of the honesty of his intentions.

Toussaint was at his home at Gonaives, in the interior of the island, when the news of the arrival of the French fleet reached him, and he hastened at once to the coast. "We must all perish," he mournfully exclaimed, as the huge squadron came to anchor in the bay; "the whole of France is coming to San Domingo to take vengeance upon us and enslave us!" Realizing that serious resistance would be useless, he rode as quickly as possible to Cape François to try to prevent the negroes from offering any opposition to the French troops.

A small military force had in the meantime landed at Fort Dauphin, in the north-west, under General Rochambeau, and massacred a number of harmless blacks who had been attracted to the shore by curiosity. When, however, the main body tried to effect a landing at Cape François they found a large negro force prepared to withstand them, under General Christophe, who was awaiting orders from his superior officer and declared that no one should be suffered to set foot on shore without Toussaint L'Ouverture's permission. Fighting had already commenced between the two opposing parties when Toussaint reached Cape François, too late to act as peacemaker, and from a sense of loyalty to Christophe he felt bound to join in the fray.

Le Clerc had provided himself with a number of proclamations, drawn up by Buonaparte, in which the inhabitants were called upon to rally round the French flag as loyal patriots. These he now proceeded to distribute broadcast throughout the island. "Whoever shall dare to separate himself will be deemed a traitor to his country," they threatened, "and the indignation of the Republic shall devour him as the fire devours your dried canes!" By this means the allegiance of many of the whites who had been ready to support Toussaint was shaken, and Christophe, after setting fire to Cape François,

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was soon compelled to beat a hasty retreat into the mountains.

The French general now bethought himself of Toussaint's sons, whom he despatched with their tutor to the house of their father, hoping thus to seduce the negro leader from his loyalty towards his fellow blacks. With them he also sent a letter from Napoleon which, had he received it a few days earlier, might possibly have persuaded Toussaint to reconsider his determination to commit himself to the cause of the insurgents. "We have conceived a high regard for you," wrote the First Consul, (to the man he had recently stigmatized as a brigand!) "and are pleased to recognize and proclaim the great services you have rendered to the French nation. That her standard floats over San Domingo is due to you and your brave blacks." This letter did not reach Toussaint until February 8, 1802, by which time active warfare had begun and it was too late for him honourably to draw back and leave his comrades in the lurch.

The interview between the negro general and his sons was fraught with unusual pathos; the boys fully appreciated the difficulty by which their father was faced, and he in his turn realized that he could not expect them to range themselves on the side of a losing cause. In a few simple words he bade them choose between France and their father. "Whatever you decide," he assured them, "I will love you still." "Well," replied Isaac, after a moment's thought, "in me you see a faithful servant of France, who could never agree to take up arms against her." Placide, on the other hand, though attached to Toussaint by no ties save those of affection, regarded these as more binding than the claims of patriotism. "I am yours, father," he declared, with emotion, "I fear the future; I fear slavery. I am ready to fight to oppose it. I know France no more!" Isaac, therefore, returned to Le Clerc to report the failure of his mission, while Placide remained with his step-father, and for two months fought well and bravely at the head of a negro battalion.

It soon became evident that such resistance as Tous-

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saint could offer to the overwhelming forces arrayed against him was not likely to prove of much avail. His two brothers forsook him, as did Christophe and Dessalines, and joined the French. Le Clerc, however, made the foolish mistake of restoring their ancient authority to the planters. Instantly the blacks became alarmed and seemed about to desert him. He realized the error in time, and saved the situation by hurriedly proclaiming "Liberty and Equality to all the inhabitants of San Domingo, irrespective of colour." The blacks once more rallied to the French flag, and Toussaint, seeing the uselessness of further opposition, prudently decided to capitulate.

When the negro general arrived at Cape François to surrender himself to Le Clerc he was hissed by the fickle mob which but a short time before had cheered him so enthusiastically. "That is what men are like," he said contemptuously to the French commander. "I have seen them at my feet, these people who now insult me. But it will not be long," he added, with true prophetic insight, "before they regret me!" He treated the jeers of the populace with the scorn which Sir Walter Scott afterwards expressed when he assured the "Reformers" of Jedburgh that he cared no more for their hooting than for the hissing of geese. While he was delivering up his sword to Le Clerc the latter asked him how he had ever imagined that he could procure sufficient arms and ammunition to carry on so hopeless a struggle. "I should have taken yours," said Toussaint, simply.

Peace was now declared, and Toussaint sought and was accorded permission to retire to his country estate at Gonaives. Here, but for the hatred of Buonaparte and the treachery of his emissaries, he might have been allowed to end his days in peace. But the First Consul could not rest until he had punished the slave who had the effrontery to compare himself with the great Napoleon. Acting on instructions received from Paris, the French general, Brunet, wrote and asked Toussaint to pay him a private visit, in order that plans might be devised

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for the complete pacification of the colony. Little suspecting mischief, Toussaint arrived at Brunet's house, unarmed and alone. He was at once seized and put in irons, and that night was taken on board the "Héros," a French man-of-war, under cover of darkness, and confined in one of the officer's cabins. Next morning his wife and children were also brought on board, the vessel weighed anchor, and soon the shores of that island which he was never again to set eyes on were rapidly receding into the distance. Though treated with much roughness by his captors Toussaint maintained his usual self-possession. "In overthrowing me," he said to those who kept guard over him, "you have only cut down the trunk of the tree of negro liberty. Its roots will sprout again, for they are many in number and deeply planted!"

The fulfilment of this prophecy was not long delayed, for on hearing of the treacherous abduction of their former chief, Dessalines and Christophe roused the blacks to revolt, and a sanguinary war ensued in which all the old horrors and enormities that had sullied the annals of the earlier conflict were revived with redoubled fury and cruelty. Harmless planters and their families were butchered in cold blood whenever captured, and the whites in revenge practised the most abominable barbarities upon any negroes who fell into their hands. Prisoners were chained together and thrown into the sea in batches, after the fashion of the French "Noyades," and bloodhounds were specially imported from Cuba to bait the negro captives. One wretched black general, Maurepas by name, who had deserted to the side of the French, was rewarded by being taken on board a vessel at Port au Paix and bound to the mast; a cocked hat and epaulettes were then nailed to his head and shoulders, and he and his wife and children were thrown into the sea.

There were, however, forces at work on the side of the blacks against which the French were powerless to struggle. The climate of San Domingo was little suited to European troops, and presently fever of a particularly

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virulent type broke out in the white camp and decimated the ranks of the invading army. It is estimated that by the end of the year 1802 between forty and fifty thousand French soldiers had perished, and when Le Clerc himself died, and war between France and England broke out in the following May, so that no further support could be sent out from home, General Rochambeau, now in command, deemed it discreet to capitulate. The colony was thus lost to France for ever, and Dessalines proceeded to proclaim the independence of San Domingo, which the French Government was eventually forced to recognize in the year 1825.

Toussaint, meanwhile, had been carried to Brest on board the "Héros," being kept a close prisoner in his cabin throughout the lengthy voyage. He was only permitted to bid his wife and family a brief farewell when the French port was reached, and was at once hurried ashore and shut up in the castle.*

From Brest Toussaint was secretly removed to the Fort of Joux, situated on the edge of the Jura Mountains in the department of Doubs, three miles south-west of Pontarlier. Here he was immured in a damp, underground dungeon, his sole companion being Mars Plaisir, a faithful mulatto servant who was for a short time permitted to share his master's imprisonment.

A fortnight before he arrived at Joux two Vendean generals who had been shut up there contrived to effect their escape. This furnished the French authorities with a good excuse for keeping their negro prisoner in the closest possible confinement, and he was allowed no more exercise than was to be obtained within the limits of his cell, and no light other than the few faint rays that filtered through a narrow window, too often darkened by

* His family was sent first to Bayonne, then to Agen, where his sons attempted to elude the vigilance of their guards and were consequently despatched to Belle-isle-sur-mer, to be imprisoned more rigorously in the citadel. On the restoration of the Bourbons they were eventually released, and a pension was settled on Toussaint's wife until her death in the South of France in 1816.

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drifting snow. His wretched plight and the secrecy that shrouded his fate evoked much interest and curiosity in the outside world. Many famous pens, then and later, found inspiration in the theme of his rise and fall. Wordsworth was but one of a number of poets who addressed Toussaint in verse; Lamartine made him the hero of a drama; Miss Harriet Martineau founded a novel upon his career.

In his chilly cell at Joux, "ce nid de hiboux egayé par quelques invalides," as a French historian has described it, which had been occupied by many distinguished prisoners of state, including Mirabeau, Toussaint bore his sufferings with exemplary patience and fortitude. Most of his time he spent in the composition of pathetic appeals addressed to Napoleon—"from the First of the Blacks to the First of the Whites"—begging that he should be granted a fair trial. "First Consul," he wrote in one of these, "father of all soldiers, upright judge, defender of the innocent, decide upon my fate! My wounds are very deep; but you can heal them. I count entirely upon your justice!" Upon such a broken reed poor Toussaint leant in vain. Buonaparte's only reply was to send his aide-de-camp, General Caffarelli, to try to wring from the prisoner the secret of that buried treasure which he was supposed to have hidden somewhere in San Domingo before the end of the war. A legend existed to the effect that Toussaint had caused no less a sum than forty million dollars to be buried in the island, and had afterwards shot the men who executed the work. No evidence has ever been adduced to prove the truth of this story, and Toussaint himself resolutely denied it. "I have lost other things more valuable than treasure!" he bitterly exclaimed when the visitor pressed him to disclose the whereabouts of his secret hoard.

Caffarelli found the prisoner shivering with cold in a dark cell, the walls of which were running with water. To a man accustomed to the sunshine and warmth of the tropics such surroundings meant a speedy and painful death, and since nothing was to be gained by keeping

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Toussaint alive, the authorities had evidently decided to hasten his end by every possible means. His general's uniform had been replaced by a ragged suit of clothes, and he was deprived of his watch and razor. "I have been much misjudged," he said, when the latter article was taken from him, "if I am thought to be lacking in courage to support my sorrow." His daily ration of food was diminished, and the servant, in whose society he found much of comfort and happiness, was removed to a prison at Nantes, whence he ultimately returned to die in his native land. But although his hair became snow white and all his teeth fell out, while he suffered severely from constant attacks of asthma induced by the chilly atmosphere of his cell, Toussaint still managed to linger on in prison for eighteen months, until it was apparently realized that more drastic measures must be taken if an end was to be put to his sufferings. Then it was that the governor of the fortress, General Baille, acting no doubt under orders from Paris, took two short holidays. During the first of these he left the key of Toussaint's dungeon with his deputy, Captain Colonier, to whom he perhaps hinted that he would not be surprised if the prisoner were to succumb in his absence. Colonier however was as obtuse as he was humane. He pitied the unfortunate negro, and seized the opportunity of being in charge of the fortress to better Toussaint's condition by supplying him with the coffee for which he had long begged in vain. General Baille was therefore compelled to enjoy another brief holiday, and this time he took the precaution of carrying the keys away with him. On his return to Joux, on April 7, 1803, he hastened expectantly to Toussaint's cell, and expressed himself as greatly astonished to find the prisoner lying dead, his white head resting on the iron stove in which a few dying embers still glowed. It must, however, have relieved him of an unpleasant responsibility when the prison doctor tactfully attributed the negro's death to apoplexy.

Thus miserably perished the man of whom the Spanish Marquis Hermona said that in all the world God had

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never inspired a purer soul than his; the negro who justly boasted that the colour of his skin had never interfered with his integrity or courage, nor prevented him from serving his country with zeal and fidelity. But though he sleeps beneath an alien sky, "the most unhappy man of men," as Wordsworth calls him, Toussaint has left behind

Powers that will work for him—air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget him; he hath great allies;
His friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind!

HARRY GRAHAM

SONNET

I SAW the sun at midnight, rising red,
Deep-hued yet glowing, heavy with the stain
Of blood-compassion, and I saw It gain
Swiftly in size and growing till It spread
Over the stars; the heavens bowed their head
As from Its heart slow dripped a crimson rain,
Then a great tremor shook It, as of pain—
The night fell, moaning, as It hung there dead.

O Sun, O Christ, O bleeding Heart of flame!
Thou giv'st Thine agony as our life's worth,
And mak'st it infinite, lest we have dearth
Of rights wherewith to call upon Thy Name;
Thou pawnest Heaven as a pledge for Earth,
And for our glory sufferest all shame.

JOSEPH M. PLUNKETT

THE CHINESE REPUBLIC AND YUAN SHIH-K'AI

Recent Events and Present Policies in China. By J. O. P. Bland.
London: Wm. Heinemann. 1912.

Empires of the Far East. By Lancelot Lawton. London: Grant
Richards. 1912.

A Wayfarer in China. By Elizabeth Kendall. London: Constable.
1913.

GENERAL satisfaction has hailed Mr Acland's statement that Great Britain, in union with the rest of the Powers, has no wish to delay the recognition of the new Government of China. Nor is this surprising, for the Republic has not only replaced one of the worst Governments in the world, but it has shown an encouraging desire for reform and progress on Western lines. Its zeal for Representative Government, its professed intention of adopting the best of Western customs and institutions, and, most of all, its petition for the prayers of the Christian Churches, have gained it the sincere sympathy of the British people.

A knowledge of the previous history of a country and of its leading statesmen is indispensable to forming a true estimate of a great political crisis, and in the present instance this is admirably given in Mr Bland's *Recent Events and Present Policies in China*.

To begin with the author lays stress on one fundamental fact. This is that throughout the course of Chinese history "the movement of large masses of the people in arms against constituted authority has always synchronized with a period in which, as the direct result of prolonged peace and prosperity, the problem of population versus good supply had become acute." From the death of K'ang Hsi in 1680, the population steadily increased, until in 1842 it had risen to 431 millions. The wastage and slaughter of the Taiping rebellion have been computed at close on a hundred

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millions, and through the famines and floods of the following years the whole population of the country was reduced to 261 millions. Now the figure stands at 330 millions, and is rapidly growing. The principal cause of this astounding increase is the philosophy of Mencius which teaches that *the first duty which man owes to Heaven and to his ancestors is to have posterity*. As Mr Bland says:

A nation which unanimously acts on this belief inevitably condemns vast masses of its people to the lowest depths of poverty, and condemns the body politic to regularly recurring cataclysms . . . (Moreover) the traditions of the race have decreed, with the force of a religion, that it is the duty of every man to sacrifice at stated intervals at his ancestral tombs, and to be buried in due season with his fathers. Thus the great bulk of the population have for centuries been rigidly localized, and the people . . . have been deprived of the outlets which general emigration and territorial expansion northwards might otherwise have provided.

Nowhere in China is the overcrowding more terrible than in and around Canton, and as the inhabitants of the mountainous seaboard provinces of the south-east are far more daring and adventurous than those of the alluvial plains of the centre and north, it is not surprising that the first signs of disorder have almost invariably shown themselves in that region. The seat of the central government being at Peking, there has thus been constantly recurring strife between South and North.

Yüan Shih-k'ai was long known as the friend of the South, and so late as 1909, the men of those parts were furious at his banishment. He is a Chinese, educated in China, but he has always had the reputation of being enlightened and progressive, and he is on the most friendly terms with the Foreign Powers. He started his career as the protégé of Li Hung-chang, and the patronage of the great Viceroy gained him rapid promotion. Nevertheless he was accused by many of having brought about the disastrous war with Japan of 1894, by his arbitrary conduct of affairs as Imperial Resident in Korea, and there seems to be little

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doubt that his reports and advice from Seoul precipitated, if they did not cause, the crisis. Readers of Messrs Bland and Backhouse's book, *China under the Empress Dowager*, will remember the part that he played in the ill-starred attempt of the Emperor Kuang Hsü to introduce an era of reform. Yüan was summoned to Court and informed of the Emperor's intentions. When asked whether he would be loyal to his sovereign if placed in command of a large body of troops, he answered "your servant will endeavour to recompense the Imperial favour even though his merit be only as a drop of water in the ocean, or a grain of sand in the desert; he will faithfully perform the service of a dog or a horse, while there remains breath in his body." The Emperor straightway wrote a decree placing him "in special charge of the business of army reform," but Yüan on leaving the Benevolent Old Age Palace Hall went direct to the apartments of the Dowager Empress and repeated the conversation to her. On the morning of the day fixed for the *coup d'état* he had a final audience, and was given command of the troops who were to put Jung Lu to death, and seize the person of Tzü Hsi. As before, he told the plan to Jung Lu, who at once handed it on to his Imperial mistress.

To the end of his life Kuang Hsü blamed Yuan Shih-k'ai, and him alone, for having betrayed him. . . . Of Jung Lu he said that it was but natural that he should consider first his duty to the Empress Dowager and seek to warn her; and, after all, as he had planned Jung Lu's death, he could hardly expect from him either devotion or loyalty. The old Buddha's resentment was also natural; he had plotted against her and failed. But Yuan Shih-k'ai had sworn loyalty and obedience. . . . [The night before the unfortunate Kuang Hsü died], he wrote out his last testament in a hand almost illegible, prefacing the same with these significant words: "We were the second son of Prince Ch'un when the Empress Dowager selected us for the Throne. She has always hated us, but for Our misery of the past ten years Yuan Shih-k'ai is responsible and one other. . . . When the time comes I desire that Yuan be summarily beheaded."

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As the favourite minister of the Dowager Empress, Yüan did his best to dissuade her from her insensate encouragement of the Boxers, and he was her principal helper in the carrying out of the reforms which she was herself obliged to concede after that time of disaster. The abolition of the old system of classical examinations, the introduction of Western learning, and the reorganization of the army were mainly his work. He was the first man to create a Chinese army efficient in the modern sense of the word, and it is to his popularity with the soldiers that he has owed, and still does owe, his principal strength. With the death of Tzü Hsi his power came to an end, but when the Royal Family found itself threatened by the Revolution, it had no choice but to kow-tow to the man whom it had banished two years before. Yüan was recalled and made Prime Minister and practically Dictator. He fought hard to save the Manchu dynasty, and had he possessed sufficient funds, or received the support that he expected from the Great Powers, it is possible that he would have succeeded.

But his attempt failed, and then a curious position arose. The contending parties were not animated by the violent antagonism that is usual in a civil war. Each merely wished the other to accede to its own views for the government of the whole country. Hence, although Yüan Shih-k'ai was the leader of the Royalists, it was early recognized that even if a Republican Government were set up he would have to be given some share in it. Some accounts state that it was Yüan himself who suggested that he should give his consent to the abolition of the Monarchy, on the condition that within forty-eight hours of the abdication of P'u Yi, the Republican Government should dissolve, and he himself should form a Provisional Government at Peking, and when the edicts of abdication were published they did indeed confer this power on the Premier. Truly a strange state of affairs that the dethroned monarch should appoint the first President! The Republicans were naturally suspicious, but they had to acquiesce because they were in such a

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state of hopeless confusion themselves, and it was generally felt that Yüan Shih-k'ai was the only man who would be capable of handling the situation. Yüan sent a dispatch to the acting President beginning "A Republic is the best form of Government, all the world admits it," and Sun Yat Sen resigned in his favour.

In spite of his past record, Mr Bland considers the ex-Royalist leader to have striven loyally to secure what he believes really to be best for China—a Limited Monarchy, and Mr Lawton, although he says in his careful account of the Revolution that Yüan definitely asked for the Presidency, is sweeping in his praises. Both writers hold that he submitted to *force majeure*, and, so as to save his country from anarchy, consented at the cost of being looked upon as a renegade, to serve under the Republic in which he does not believe. Mr Bland says:

It is significant of the deep distrust that underlies the relations of all classes of Chinese officials, that it should have been frequently asserted and believed in China that Yüan was privy to T'ang Shao-yi's defection from the Imperialist cause, and that his own acceptance of the Premiership at the hands of the Regent was part of a deep laid plot for the betrayal of the Manchus. It is impossible to entertain the suggestion of such treachery: on the contrary, everything in his attitude and actions confirms the opinion that throughout the crisis he pursued a consistent and statesmanlike course, sincerely anxious for the ultimate good of his country. In consenting to take service under the Republic he could not hope to escape the charge of inconsistency: but here again, everything points to patriotism, rather than to the gratification of personal ambitions. In professing, as he has done, sincere belief in the Republican form of government, he has undoubtedly followed the traditional lines of Oriental statecraft, instinct with opportunism and guile.

Possibly. But it is difficult to see what are the objections to the opposite view—that Yüan is a self-seeker first and a patriot afterwards. If his position, as President of the Republic, is "one of greater difficulty and danger than under the Monarchy," this does but confirm it, for

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he tried his hardest to preserve the latter until he saw that the Monarchy was doomed, whereupon he accepted (if he did not ask for) the Presidency, which must certainly "gratify his personal ambitions" more highly than the position of adherent of a fallen House. Besides, if he has always had the patriotic desire for his country's reform with which he is nowadays credited, why did he betray his Emperor in 1898? Kuang Hsü's schemes were not reckless and impossible, for almost every one of them was adopted later by Tzü Hsi and Yüan Shih-k'ai themselves. The reason can only have been that the Minister thought it safer to side with the formidable Empress than with her untried nephew. In his present book, Mr Bland does not once refer to this disgraceful treachery, and Mr Lawton does not seem to have heard of it, for he pities Yüan deeply for having had his services to the Empire rewarded by being cashiered by the Regent (Kuang Hsü's brother), immediately on the death of Tzü Hsi. The English Press displays the same lapse of memory. *The Times* hails Yüan Shih-k'ai as a disinterested patriot, and insists on how Young China cannot forget that after the Dowager Empress' resumption of power it was he more than any other who "consistently advocated the introduction of modern methods of education and administration," etc., etc., but of his action in the *coup d'état* itself, there is not a word. Perhaps Young China's memory is slightly longer.

In fact, in his own country, Yüan has never been trusted. He is a Mazarin rather than a Richelieu, and his successes have been gained not by force so much as by intrigue. During Kuang Hsü's lifetime he was already accused of conspiring for the Throne, for among the complimentary scrolls hanging on his walls on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, was one which read "May the Emperor live ten thousand years! May your excellency live ten thousand years!" The words *wan sui*, meaning "ten thousand years" are not applicable to any but the Sovereign, so the inner meaning of the greeting was obvious.

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At the present day there are many men who fear the same thing. The Kuo Min-t'ang (or Nationalist Party) are uneasy at the President's autocratic rule. They were indignant at his execution of Generals Chang Chen-wu and Fang Wei, and now they are convinced that he was responsible for the murder in last April of their Shanghai leader, Sung Chiao-jen.

Their feeling may be gauged by their bitter opposition to the Five Power Loan. The weak spot in Yuan's position has hitherto been lack of funds, and for a long time he tried—as Chinese rulers have ever done—to obtain these without giving any guarantee as to how they should be spent. While negotiating with the Five Power group he made back-door agreements such as the Birch Crisp Loan, and the curious transaction which has just come to light with the German firm of Karberg. But when his position became so critical that money was absolutely necessary to him, he made the best of a bad job and consented to the appointment of the Advisers that the Powers demanded. He abandoned at the same time his attempt to obtain the money constitutionally, and forced his Finance Minister to sign the Loan without waiting for the consent of Parliament. Actually, when the House of Representatives met it passed a resolution against the fulfilling of the agreement. This has enabled the Nationalists to take up high constitutional ground, but it has been pointed out that this is not worth much, as China does not yet possess a Constitution, and the present Parliament would probably find it difficult to prove its own right to existence.

Of course, the real objection of the Kuo Min-t'ang is not due to their regard for constitutional propriety, but to the fact that they know well that the President means to use the money so as to strengthen his own power and enable him to crush their opposition. Sun Yat Sen sent through his friend Dr Cantlie an urgent appeal to the foreign Banks not to supply the Government with money which would be used against the people in the interests of despotism. He declared that the South would insist

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upon Yüan's retirement even at the cost of civil war. But Dr Sun has said many sensational things in the past two years and he is constantly shifting his ground. Of much greater significance is the compromise suggested by the more responsible members of the Kuo Min-t'ang that the President should be confirmed in office for five years, but that he should undertake not to consent to re-election under any conditions. They could not have expressed their feelings more clearly. They are ready to support Yüan Shih-k'ai in his attempt to restore order, because they know that he is the only man who has any chance of succeeding. But they wish to guard, in so far as they can, against the continuance in power of a man whose aims they so deeply distrust.

There would be no reason for surprise if Yüan were to consent to these terms. He is a true Oriental and is liberal with his promises. In a manifesto published about the same time he told the "plotters"—that is to say the followers of Sun Yat Sen—in the plainest of language that he was not going to allow them to stir up trouble during his tenure of power, but he concluded with a reference to the coming Presidential election, after which he piously hoped that he might be relieved of the cares of office. More lately still it was reported that he had agreed to the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee to supervise the expenditure of the money raised by the Loan. But even should this be true he knows, of course, that a committee sitting at Peking will easily be "influenced" in any direction that he may wish. At any rate if he is allowed to consolidate his power by five years' rule, it is certain that he will not then relinquish it except of his own free will.

Time will show. Of Yüan Shih-k'ai's ability there can be no question; the testimony of his enemies is even stronger than that of his friends. He is only fifty-four years of age, and if he intends to make himself Emperor he is not likely to fail.

His greatest danger will be that of assassination. The President is not protected by the semi-divine character

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of the Son of Heaven, nor will his modern democratic rôle allow him to live in the same deep and carefully guarded seclusion. The Southern extremists tried a year ago to blow him up with a bomb, and this spring they have been discussing the death of the "autocratic Demon King" in open council.

For the present the future must be left to take care of itself. China's only chance of escaping anarchy and disruption appears to lie in the success of the Provisional President. It is not likely that the South are really contemplating a war of secession, and now that he has the necessary funds at his disposal, Yüan Shih-k'ai should be strong enough to cope with them successfully. Hence the importance of the Powers not delaying in their recognition of the Republic. The sooner they help the President with the weight of their influence the sooner will he be able to restore tranquillity and order.

But supposing that the estimate of Yüan Shih-k'ai suggested in this article is correct, and that he should one day proclaim himself Emperor, need it be regarded as a misfortune? It is possible to combine ambition with statesmanship, and he has given abundant evidence that he will be no narrow-minded reactionary.

China has had many revolutions in the past, but she has always had an emperor. It is a cardinal principle that if the reigning family betrays its trust it may be deposed, for did not Mencius teach two thousand years ago "the people are of the highest importance, the gods come next, the Sovereign is of lesser weight"? But the Chinese have an immense respect for the monarchical idea; whatever may be his antecedents and personal qualifications, the occupant of the Dragon Throne is the Son of Heaven, the appointed centre and crown of the family system. Moreover, in China autocratic rule is rendered almost a necessity by two causes. The first is that economic factor already mentioned, the fierceness of the struggle for bare existence. A country in which the population is chronically in excess of the normal food supply demands a strong central authority

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ruling *à l'orientale*. Without it the criminal elements that are ever in wait to prey upon the peasantry and labouring classes must increase and multiply with fearful rapidity—as they did during the year of disorder that succeeded the outbreak of the Revolution. The second cause arises from the hopelessly inert and apathetic character of the Chinese race. The saying of Mill that a people are “unfitted for representative government by extreme passiveness and ready submission to tyranny” is applicable to them above all other peoples. They can be stirred to violence for a brief moment, but they very soon subside into listlessness. The firebrands of Canton were loud in their outcry at the summary execution, by fiat of the President, of the Republican generals accused of conspiracy at Wuchang, but did not the Advisory Committee and the nation as a whole acquiesce in that exercise of dictatorial power with a ruthlessness at which Tzü Hsi herself would have shrunk?

The country is in the state which is usually associated with revolutions—a lower class accustomed for centuries to be treated as the “stupid people,” and an upper class complacent in the self-sufficiency of ignorance. There is no honesty anywhere in public life. The whole energies of every official are openly devoted to the application of “squeeze” and the saving of “face.” In fact it is not an exaggeration to say that at the present time the Chinese have scarcely one quality which would fit them for representative government. Of course, the Republic believes, like all new Governments, that it is going to change all this; lift up and educate the masses, and purify the political system. But unless the national character becomes modified under the influence of new customs and ideas, it is likely to oppose a dead weight of inertia too great to be overcome.

K'ang Yu-wei and the orthodox Young China of Western learning and constitutional reform which supported the Emperor Kuang Hsü in 1898 still stoutly maintain that republicanism is opposed to the common sense and needs of the Chinese people. This has always

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been preached by consistent and patriotic reformers like the scholarly Liang Ch'i-ch'ao; it is unquestionably the real opinion of Yüan Shih-k'ai, and probably also, in spite of his recent declarations to European Press correspondents, of the Vice-President, Li Yuan-hung. The tone of the recent manifesto in which the Chinese Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai rebukes the plottings of the extreme Republicans, makes it appear as if the business community were prepared to support the restoration of the autocratic régime as the only means of putting an end to chaos and crime.

It is impossible to argue that there was any general desire throughout the country for the institution of a republic. It has been pointed out in this Review that "This revolution is not a social revolution, affecting a social change. It is only a change of directors." * That the people wished to change their directors, as they have so often done before, there can be no doubt, but it was only a small and violent section that wished to change anything further. The late Prince Ito, the man who was the ruling spirit of the great change in Japan, concurred in a widely held opinion that England blundered politically in helping the Manchus to suppress the Taiping Rebellion. "By preventing the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty," he said in 1909, "Gordon and his 'ever victorious army' arrested a normal and healthy process of nature. Nothing that the Manchus have done since then affords the slightest evidence that they deserved to be saved; and when they fall, as fall they must and will before very long, the upheaval will be all the more protracted from having been so long postponed."

He also emphasized the vital difference between the reform movement in China and that which originated in his own country in 1856. Of the latter he said "There was already in the air a great national idea, around which the new, and, if you like, revolutionary aspirations of the

* January, 1913. *Foreign Politics of the Day*, by Lancelot Lawton.

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country were able to crystallize, in such a shape as to secure, together with all the benefits of a real revolution, the unbroken continuity of ancient traditions." In the same way even the Young Turks were wise enough not to attack the monarchical principle and religious beliefs with which their national existence has been bound up for so many centuries.

On the other hand, in China, the country where the reverence for antiquity is stronger than anywhere else in the world, the revolutionaries have been doing their best to shatter every tradition that they can reach. The ancient ways and institutions may have had many faults, but such as they were they gave to China a political longevity greater than that of any other nation. The spirit of Confucianism is essentially peaceful and conservative, and even the much ridiculed system of classical examinations was a powerful source of national cohesion and stability. It ensured that all public servants should possess an intimate knowledge of the philosophy and literature containing the principles which form the basis of Chinese history. Furthermore its democratic impartiality constrained a man to say, if his lot was a low one, that it was so in virtue of the "will of Heaven," and not in consequence of the arbitrary action of his fellow men.

All these the reformers would sweep away. The Throne has gone, the public-service examinations have been abolished, and the national religion is in the melting-pot.

Religion is being made use of in the most barefaced manner for utilitarian ends. The day before he resigned the Presidential office Sun Yat Sen went in state to the tomb of Hung-wu, the founder of the Ming dynasty, and offering sacrifices, declared to the spirit of the great Chinese hero that "the nation had again recovered her freedom, and that now that the curse of Manchu domination was removed, the free peoples of a United Republic could pursue unhampered their rightful aspirations." But later, when the position of the Republic was better

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assured, the mask was torn off. The Radicals of Canton decided to render no more official homage to Confucius, and at the same time the Advisory Council at Peking resolved to eliminate the religious clauses from the programme of the Ministry of Education on the ground that the State is not concerned with religious matters; but most violent of all, and shocking to the susceptibilities of the nation, was the proposal of the Ministry of Agriculture to turn the Temple of Heaven into a model farm.

In view of such proceedings it is difficult to believe that the Christian sympathies of Young China are, like those of the Taipings, anything more than a device to secure the good opinion of Europe, and in fact the adoption of Christianity by Sun Yat Sen and other Cantonese politicians has been aptly described as "part of the intellectual equipment of the modern progressive." There are over a million sincere Christians in China, but it is idle to suppose that the Government is being "converted." The Chinese people are at bottom passive agnostics, and if their rulers have any real idea of turning towards Christianity it is so as to obtain what material advantages they can by so doing. Fears have already been expressed in responsible quarters that China, like Japan, may attempt to manufacture a special brand of Christianity, which she thinks will be best suited to her purposes.

Up to the present the Republic has done little but destroy, and it is difficult to see whence it is to derive the materials to build up again. It has no new moral ideas, nothing better to offer for the Canons of the Sages which it is uprooting so violently. The students who form such a noisy revolutionary element have returned from England, America or Japan with shoals of new ideas, but at the same time so much estranged from the old Chinese conceptions that they have almost entirely lost contact with the Chinese point of view. Hence the violence, and crudity of their doctrines.

Nor have China's first efforts in popular government been encouraging. The members of the National Council

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cared so little about their duties that although fifty-nine were necessary to form a quorum, the usual attendance was eight or ten. And Parliament is no better. The sittings have been characterized by childish exhibitions of temper and unreasonableness, and they frequently end in deadlock owing to the retirement in a body of the obstructing side.

Young China, however, must not be taken as representative of the whole country. It has been raised, greatly by the force of circumstance, into a prominent position, but it forms a very small section of the nation. The real struggle to come will be fought out between the old Conservatives and the Constitutional Reformers of the school of Liang Ch'i-ch'ao and K'ang Yu-wei.

The Sons of Han may well have a great future still before them. If they have not the particular virtues needed for representative government they have many others. While it may take generations to arouse a strong public opinion against the corruption and "squeezing" which seem to them so natural, they are stamping out the vice of opium-smoking with a resolution of which no Western nation has ever shown itself capable. The merchants bear a good name for fairness and honesty, and the thrift of the people is amazing. In fact it is these very economic virtues which make Chinamen so much feared in foreign countries. The settlers in Peru, for instance, were able to contribute a million sterling to the Revolutionary war-chest, so it is not surprising to find that to-day the Chinese practically own the British colonies of Hong Kong and Singapore, nor difficult to believe that it will not take them long to become the owners of any country in which they may establish themselves.

To those who are accustomed to the old idea of the barbarism of the "Heathen Chinese" it will be a revelation to read Miss Kendall's account of her journey across China from South to North. She travelled by road through Yünnan and Szechuan, and the picture that she gives is one of Chinese civilization steadily pushing its way through the wild hill-tribes of the western border.

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One might imagine oneself in Nigeria or Northern India, with the smart British or British-trained soldiers giving a comforting sense of security and discipline, only that here "British" is replaced by "Chinese." And as the civilizing race has advanced, cultivation, order and prosperity have followed. Miss Kendall's is not a social or political treatise, but her bright and intimate sketches of John Chinaman as she met him, cannot but make one feel, that for all his queer ways, he is in most essentials very much like oneself—much more so in fact than the Japanese or the Hindoo.

Those who are to regenerate China will therefore have good material to work upon in the commercial and agricultural classes; and even among the high officials there are magnificent exceptions—men whose self-devotion does not stop short at death, or even at suicide. But administrative reform can do little good until a real change takes place in the general standard of honesty which prevails in public life. It is not probable that the present Government will last long enough to effect this. The Chinese are such a matter of fact race that no questions of sentiment will deter them from accepting any form of government which can offer them solid advantages, but the Republic has undoubtedly added to the difficulties inseparable from the patriarchal character of the nation and its unique economic circumstances, by its methods of reckless violence. Nor has it yet proved that it has advantages to offer. The problem would certainly be much simplified, by the restoration of the Empire, and only those who have a prejudice in favour of Republicanism need be unhappy if this should come to pass. The claims of Marquis Chu, a lineal descendant of the Mings, may some day command a following, but, taking all things into account, the most likely solution is that Yüan Shih-k'ai should realize his crowning ambition and place himself upon the Dragon Throne.

STEPHEN HARDING

THE BELGIAN STRIKE

BELGIUM is a land of infinite *gestes*. Never in my life before did I hear so much about *gestes d'apaisement* and other kinds of *gestes* as I heard in Brussels during the last fortnight of April. The Socialists, having got themselves into an impossible position, were feverishly anxious for the Premier to help them out of it. They wanted him to make a *geste d'apaisement*—a conciliatory gesture. They signified that anything would do. Whatever it was, they would accept it as indicative of good will and would at once end the strike. What they finally got contained the very minimum of comfort and concession, and it was only a repetition of a *geste* which had been made by the Premier before the strike but rejected by the Socialists as insufficient, yet the Socialist leader accepted it eagerly and declared the strike at an end.

The strike was for the abolition of plural voting. As plural voting has not been abolished, the strike cannot be regarded as a victory for the workers. Mr Vandervelde, the Socialist leader, claims that it is, at all events, a half victory. But it is not even that. The Socialist workmen have lost tens of thousands of pounds on this great demonstration and they now stand almost exactly where they stood before.

From the beginning of the strike, M. de Broqueville, the Premier, took up a very strong logical position. He said in substance: "I am not a fanatic on the subject of plural voting, but it would be undignified for me to consider the subject or to make any concessions in the matter so long as a blunderbuss is held to my head in the shape of a general strike. This external pressure on the proceedings in Parliament must be removed before I speak."

This position was approved of by all the leading papers in Europe, including several anti-clerical organs. The *Temps* denounced the strike as

A menace before which no Government, whatever its responsibilities, could give way.

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The *Journal des Débats* said that

The Government and the Catholic Party could not, without weakening the principle of authority, do more than they have done.

The British Press was to a large extent opposed to the strike.

Not that the present system is a bad one [said *The Times*, *apropos* of the electoral system against which the strike was directed]. It is absurdly misrepresented as though all the Socialist and Liberal voters had one vote and all the Conservatives two. The single and plural voters are really distributed among all the parties. A large number of working men have two votes and many Socialists have three. What they really want is to bring in the young men under twenty-five and put them on an equality with the older ones. The outcry against the present voting system is an admission that the discontented parties rely on the youngest, most ignorant, least experienced, and least responsible section of the community for success in their campaign.

More important, however, was the fact that some Belgian Liberal papers also opposed the strike.

From this it will be seen that the Premier had not only a strong case but also powerful support behind him. In front of him he had a divided enemy, for not only the Liberals but even the Socialist leader Vandervelde were at heart opposed to the strike. There was some danger, therefore, that De Broqueville, who is Minister for War as well as Premier, would act with perhaps too much vigour. But he avoided that danger entirely, and in the Chamber, as well as outside, he showed himself to be extremely urbane and tactful.

On April 16 the Socialists in the Chamber tried to provoke him into saying something strong, but the attempt failed. "I shall not, at the present juncture," said De Broqueville, "let fall a single word that might give offence." . . . "Let us all return to calm," he said on the same occasion, "and all will be well."

In England we are rather proud of the gentle but

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efficient manner in which our police handle great crowds of strikers and demonstrators, and are apt to contrast their efficiency with the brutality and the dragooning which prevails in some parts of the Continent. But during the month of April I travelled over Belgium from Antwerp to Charleroi, and I must say that in the handling of great crowds the Belgian police and soldiers have nothing whatever to learn from us. As a matter of fact, the orderliness of a crowd depends more on the character of its own intentions than on the efforts of the police. Few police or soldiers were visible in Belgium throughout this strike. There was a greater display of both in England during the coal strike of a year ago.

The Socialists must, therefore, be congratulated on the order which they maintained, but that order was rather a matter of national temperament than a characteristic of Socialism. There were certainly many complaints about intimidation, and, if the stories which I heard were true, this practice will be difficult to deal with because it is very difficult to discover.

In a real strike, however, intimidation would probably assume an acuter form than it did on this occasion. For this was not a real strike, it was only a *geste*. The aspect of Brussels and the other great cities remained unchanged. The mock processions of the demonstrators consisted mostly of well-dressed boys and of matronly women who did not look as if they were in any difficulty, unless it were the difficulty of refraining from laughter. Another unreal and theatrical feature of the *geste* was the ceremonial exodus of the children. Presumably, in order to indicate that the obstinacy of the Government would lead to scenes of blood unmeet for children's eyes to see, great numbers of the Socialists sent their little ones to Germany, France and Holland. The children were welcomed by Socialist processions at all the Belgian towns through which they passed. On the other side of the frontier they were received into the households of foreign "comrades."

This was all part of the *geste*. A curious feature of the strike, however, was the extent to which some Liberals

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supported it. M. Waricque, a great colliery owner, paid for the upkeep of 15,000 children in the province of Hainault—not that charity was needed, but only because this strong anti-clerical capitalist wished to annoy the priests. Thus we find Liberals on both sides. Some of them helped the Catholics to win at the general elections in June last. Others, or perhaps the same ones, supported the strikers in April. Apparently they swing from one side to the other like the great non-party mass of moderate men in the English general elections. This serves at one moment to keep the Government from becoming too arrogant and at the next moment to prevent the Socialists getting into power. Consequently, though the Socialists have never been in office and the Catholics have never been out of office for the last thirty years, the country enjoys all the advantages of party government. The Catholics find themselves compelled to steal the Socialist thunder, as the Liberals have done in England for the last eight years. In fact, there is a considerable resemblance between the wealthy and bourgeois Liberalism of England and the Catholic party in Belgium. Despite its name, the latter body is not confessional—Protestants and Jews might belong to it. Its most suitable name, however, would be the Christian party, for in Belgium it is not a question of Catholicity against Protestantism, it is a question of Christian principles against a distinctly anti-Christian movement. Not that this anti-Christian movement is wholly evil. It has its good points, which the Catholics have imitated, and which the Christian party has carried into law.

“The Socialists,” M. Woeste, the Catholic leader, once confessed, “have obliged the Catholics to follow them. Had it not been for the propaganda of the labour party, Christian syndicalism would not have been born.”

Thanks, partly, to this Christian Syndicalist movement, of which I shall say more hereafter, the “general” strike of April was far from being general. The highest number of strikers was 325,000. On the third day of the strike the number had fallen to 307,000. Counting the

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Catholic agricultural labourers, only one-fifth of the Belgian workmen had come out. It is true that the Socialist figures of April show an advance on those of 1902, when only 270,000 men went on strike. But there is every reason to believe that many of the 325,000 were (1) Catholics who were intimidated into leaving work with their Socialist fellow-workmen, and (2) men who were willing to continue at work, but whose employers could not keep them. The large desertions left those employers so short-handed that they could not go on with the minority who were willing to remain, and consequently had to close their works. 80,000 Catholic Syndicalists remained at work, however, and prevented the strike from becoming general. Out of 7,000 Catholic Syndicalists in Brussels only 25 had involuntarily to stop work.

A curious feature of the strike, as I have already pointed out, was the support which it received from sundry wealthy Liberals, who would not, presumably, care to see a Socialist Government establishing a community of goods. A not less curious feature was the support given by all sorts of visionaries, native and foreign. Many of those visionaries would have approved of any kind of social cataclysm, and the bigger the cataclysm the warmer would be their approval. This circumstance alone showed that the movement was merely a demonstration. Had it gone further than a mere demonstration it would certainly not have carried all its initial supporters with it. The *Daily Mail* correspondent truly says that it refrained from interfering with the transport or the street lighting services as by so doing it would at once have lost all its capitalist backers.

From the very outset, therefore, the Socialists were naturally anxious to bring their *geste de guerre* to an end, while M. De Broqueville declined, so long as the strike lasted, to make any *geste d'apaisement*. Finally, M. Masson, a Liberal deputy, found an ingenious way out of the difficulty. He discovered some conciliatory phrases which the Premier had pronounced on March 12, that is before the strike began, and which he had repeated on April 16

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and 17. Those vague phrases were to the effect that an extra-Parliamentary Commission would consider the provincial and communal electoral laws. If this Commission discovered during its discussions

a formula superior to the present system even in regard to the elections for the Legislative Chambers, that discovery would evidently lead all the members who were subject to re-election to speak of it to their constituents and to say to them: "We have found a formula which seems to us reasonable. The different political parties have shown by their attitude that an agreement is possible." Then who amongst us will oppose such a revision being made? It would be contrary to the good sense and to the general interest of the country and it is thus that the Government has always regarded the question.

The Order of the Day ended by "repudiating and condemning the general strike."

The Socialists at once declared with rapture that this was what they had wanted all along. M. Vandervelde shook the Premier warmly by the hand. *Le geste a été fait.* Thus an end was made of "the Strike of the Folded Arms" about which even Socialist poets wrote warlike poetry, of "la bonne grève," as M. Maurice Maeterlinck called it when he sent in his little contribution of a thousand francs.

The less diplomatic of the Socialists themselves acknowledge their defeat. At the general meeting of the Labour party which finally declared the strike "off," the Parliamentary leaders of the Socialists were subjected to a severe heckling and were frankly told by some of the workmen that they had not done what was expected of them. Before the strike began, its organizers declared that it would be "general, formidable and irresistible." When it came to an end M. Vandervelde said that "in this battle there are neither victors nor vanquished." He would hardly have said that to a Labour assembly if he had won. Writing in the Socialist *Journal de Charleroi* M. Destrée, another Labour Leader, admitted that "the Socialists have not obtained a real promise on the subject of revision."

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But at all events the Socialists had made their *geste de guerre* and the Right had made its *geste d'apaisement* and the country in general was satisfied. The whole matter seems a trifle ludicrous, and yet behind it lie serious issues. The Socialists aim at the eventual control of the Belgian Government in order that they may eventually put into practice their Socialist theories, and this apparently harmless strike was like one of those bloodless general manœuvres which, both in Bulgaria and in Turkey, preceded by a few months the outbreak of the recent Balkan war.

This strike and the general situation in Belgium at the present moment are well worthy, therefore, of our consideration in this country. Turkey has filled the English reviews for the last eight months, though Turkey does not do one-tenth as much business with these islands as Belgium and has not a millionth part the influence of Belgium on our social legislation. The disappearance of the Osmanli from Europe would be much less important from the English point of view than the disappearance of the *petite bourgeoisie* from Flanders. Napoleon called Belgium "le champ de bataille de l'Europe," and Elisée Reclus called it "le champ d'expérience d'Europe." It is a land of experience, a laboratory where the most advanced social questions are first worked out. We are all liable to follow its lead, hence the study of social developments there is more important to Englishmen than the study of developments in, say, Mesopotamia.

For a Catholic periodical, moreover, there is something peculiarly interesting in the progress of Belgium. There the Catholics rule, and rule well. There the Catholic Church shows that even amid the most modern industrial conditions it does not find itself out of place. There the Catholic associations, the Catholic co-operative movements and the success of the peasantry in remaining on the land and in prospering on it are full of hopeful example to Ireland. The spread of Christian organizations among the miners and factory hands is an example to the English, Scotch and Welsh.

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While remaining good Catholics, the Belgians enjoy a larger measure of liberty than any other people in Europe and are at the same time in the forefront of the world's industrial progress. What makes the position of Catholicism in Belgium still more interesting is its attitude towards Socialism. Thanks to its magnificent organization, it shows no symptoms of succumbing in that struggle as French Catholicism has for the moment succumbed through disunion and through apathy in political matters. Flanders shall never see a disunited Catholic majority ruled by an organized Socialist minority. Strong, armed, ready, on horseback, the banner of the Faith in one hand, the sword of union in the other, Belgian Catholicity faces the enemies of Christianity as its own Godfrey de Bouillon is represented in Brussels as facing the Saracen.

Belgium has been described as a "terre d'expérience," and such it certainly is. It is the headquarters of international Socialism. At the *Maison du Peuple* in Brussels I have seen departments labelled with the names of "Russia," "Spain," "Portugal," and the other countries in which the Socialist party has a footing. When the strike was declared the Parliamentary Section of the Russian Social Democrats voted an address of congratulation to their brethren in Belgium and even opened a subscription for them.

On the other hand, Belgium is to some extent the headquarters of international Clericalism. The Catholics have more power there than they have in Rome. The Jesuits, who have been expelled from France, have a college there, on the banks of the Meuse, and the visitor who traverses its dormitory and reads the names of the boys outside the cubicles wonders if he is back in the times of St Louis, for the names are those of the oldest and noblest families in France. In another part of Belgium the Portuguese Jesuits have a Portuguese College wherein one meets with the young sons of the exiled Portuguese nobility.

To some extent, however, the lie of the land in this *terre*

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d'expérience is in favour of the Socialists. It is an artificial kingdom without a language of its own. Royalty is not very popular, and has no roots in the past. The nobility does not count and there is really no Conservative party, only a Socialist party and a Catholic party which is nearly as advanced as the English Liberals.

The recent strike had for its object the capture of universal suffrage: the capture of universal suffrage has for its object the imposition on Belgium of Socialist legislation. On this point there is no room for doubt.

Addressing on Sunday, April 20, at Seraing, a meeting organized by "Citizen" De Brouckère, President of the last Socialist Congress, "Citizen" Demblon, chief of the Socialist deputation of Liège, said (I quote from the *Express*, a Radical paper):

We know well that by universal suffrage we are not going to be all at once the masters, but they say that appetite comes with eating.

Belgium is better placed than France for marching quickly because Belgium possesses the greatest industrial development in Europe, and if we fight on terms of equality at the Communal and Provincial councils, as well as in Parliament, we shall make immense progress. The more we become the masters, the more we shall apply the theory of collectivity to the sources of wealth which our country contains.

That the Belgian Catholic workmen should also make themselves accomplices in this good work was the ardent desire of the Socialists, who were displeased with their Christian confrères for refusing to join the strike. But the Catholics cannot be blamed for holding aloof, inasmuch as the Socialists are frankly anti-Christian and aim at nothing less than the complete overthrow of the Church.

On April 26 the Socialistic *Journal de Charleroi* declared that

It is the Church which provoked the general strike, it is she who rendered it necessary, it is she who made it last two weeks, it is she, doubtless, who will be the cause of its recommencing if the

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electors do not put matters right by overthrowing at the first opportunity the Catholic Government. And if the economic general strike must come to an end, there is a strike which must continue and become even more general—the religious strike. . . . There is only one way of escaping them [i.e. continual strikes and economic crises] and that is by repudiating all that comes from the Church.

I might here remark that when the Church was not blamed for causing the strike, M. de Broqueville was blamed. During the early Parliamentary debates on the subject, the Socialists reproached the Premier for plunging the country into chaos. But this deceived nobody.

Writing in the *Gazette*, a Socialist says :

It is not for the suffrage that the strike is made, it is against the clerical power. The suffrage is only a means.

The Socialist leaders sometimes try, it is true, to conceal their anti-clericalism from the Catholic workman lest he should take fright at the onset and avoid them altogether; hence many foreign observers are misled into thinking that the Belgian Socialists are not anti-Christian. An English newspaper correspondent who saw a good deal of M. Vandervelde assured me once that this leader was no more “advanced” than the average English Liberal. Many facts seem to bear out this view. I shall give a few of them.

At a sitting of the Communal Council of Brussels in which the laicization of the hospitals was discussed, M. Max, a Socialist sheriff, said :

To laicize the hospitals, as a measure of anti-clerical sectarianism, would be to accomplish a tactless and deplorable work. . . . To drive out the nuns, from hostility to religion, would deeply wound public opinion.

This attitude of the Belgian Socialists contrasts favourably with that of the French Socialists, but it must not

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be forgotten that in Belgium Socialism is still the under-dog, and that it is therefore disposed to talk feelingly to the top-dog about toleration, magnanimity and the sacred rights of the minority.

M. Emile Vandervelde in particular has never ceased to preach respect for the religious idea. He once accompanied me to the famous *Maison du Peuple*, that extraordinary and most prosperous seat of Belgian Socialism, and pointed out to me, in the hall, an enormous picture of Christ—a melancholy unusual Christ, with the great eyes of a visionary—"le premier socialiste!"

In a speech to working men he once cited a blasphemous couplet of a popular song in which Christ and the Blessed Virgin were both insulted. He added that he had never heard that verse without disgust, and he could not understand that there were still to be found Socialists ignorant enough to blaspheme the Crucified, the victim of Pharisees and Priests, and to insult the Virgin, the sublime image of maternal grief. Did any Socialist think that by forbidding religious processions and prohibiting priests from wearing soutanes they advanced the cause of the Revolution and prepared the way for a better Society? He [M. Vandervelde] knew very good priests, and he bowed his head before the sincere convictions of others, bearing in mind as he did that it is faith or, in other words, strong convictions, which among the Socialists of to-day, as among the Christians of the past, have accomplished the greatest things.

Theoretically, then, the Belgian Socialists are not anti-clerical. In practice, however, they are anti-clerical. After quoting the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X, M. Vandervelde himself recognizes, in his *Le Socialisme et la Religion*, that "no doubt can be possible: to be at the same time Catholic and Socialist constitutes not only a logical contradiction but a practical impossibility." He elsewhere admits that "to struggle efficaciously against clericalism, it is not enough to rest on the defensive, it is necessary to work at the elimination of the beliefs on which clericalism stands." In another place he says that

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“ it is the duty of the Socialists who are at the same time freethinkers to contribute towards labour emancipation by working to liberate the minds of the people from the religious and philosophic points of view.”

M. Vandervelde condemns as “ at the same time futile and hateful ” “ easy pleasantries on religion, buffoon and vulgar attacks on beliefs which have the right to tolerance.”

If all who do not believe [says he] broke openly with the official cults, refused systematically to participate in ceremonies which are in their eyes nothing but idle shows, it is not doubtful that this propaganda by fact would replace with advantage the anti-clerical declamations of those Freemasons, of those Voltairian bourgeois, of those “ priest-eaters ” who send their children to clerical schools and who, in all the solemn circumstances of their lives, do not hesitate to solicit the help or the co-operation of religion.

It all comes, then, to this: that this polished and gifted man hates coarse frontal attacks on Christianity, not only because they are inartistic but also because he thinks that insidious sapping of the foundations is far more efficacious. Indeed he quotes Liebknecht with approval as saying that “ in my long political career I have learnt that neither outrages nor attacks on religion have ever succeeded in shaking the faith of a single believer.”

In other words, he is more dangerous to Christianity than any of those anti-clerical Freemasons or Voltairian bourgeois whose loud jokes about priests he so much detests. If he had his way he would asphyxiate Christianity in the most graceful and painless manner, and finally pronounce over its tomb a funeral oration of poignant sympathy and exquisite eloquence. He once deplored to me with real disgust the foolish violence of the Portuguese Republicans and their ill-treatment of Royalist prisoners, but could he himself prevent foolish violence on the part of his followers? We know from our own experiences in England that no sort of party leader has to humour his followers more, has to follow them oftener, instead of leading them, than the leader of a

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Labour party or a Trade Union out on strike. Even on the occasion of the present strike M. Vandervelde had to give way to his followers. He knew that the strike was a mistake and he said so, nevertheless he had to follow the strikers.

Even in the campaign against the Church, the rank and file of the Socialist army do not imitate the artistic and tolerant methods of their leader. They are frankly anti-Christian. It is impossible to enter into any economic group affiliated to the Belgian Socialist party without at once coming under the influence of that party's chiefs and newspapers. And those chiefs and newspapers constantly attack not only the clergy and the clerical schools but the Catholic doctrine itself. I could produce not only hundreds but thousands of quotations establishing this point.

On April 24 M. Vandervelde said:

Citizens, in a few days we shall have the First of May, which will coincide with Ascension Thursday. On that day the Christians celebrate the ascension of a man become God. We will celebrate the ascension of a class towards a better future, of a humanity towards more justice.

I quote this passage from M. Vandervelde's own paper, the *Peuple*, which adds that this parallel was greeted with a "double ovation. The bravos burst forth, echoed and re-echoed. There was a movement of prolonged emotion." This contrast between Christians and Socialists clearly implies, however, that they are in different camps.

According to Father Rutten, M. Vandervelde can be even more anti-Christian than this. Father Rutten mentions an occasion on which this Socialist chief "grossly insulted in his speech at Charleroi the most august of our Sacraments." "One fact," adds Père Rutten, "dominates all: There is not a single leader of the Belgian Socialists who dares to practise his religion openly, and there is not a single district where the pro-

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gress of Socialism is not inevitably accompanied by a decline of religious practices.”

In Belgium, accordingly, we find Christianity and anti-Christianity face to face as they are nowhere else, save perhaps in Portugal. Let us see what are their comparative chances of success.

In the first place Socialism is aided, unfortunately, by the tendency of the times. The increase of luxury, the feverish thirst for sensationalism and for pleasure, weaken the hold of Catholicity, and whenever a Belgian drops away from the national religion he very often supports the only organized force which is at war with it, namely Socialism. Thus we find even capitalists supporting the Socialists. M. Marquet, a violent anti-clerical, who made an enormous fortune out of his gambling saloons at Ostend, contributed £4,000 a week to the strikers.

The propaganda of Socialism among industrial workers is also assisted by the tendency, which is becoming more and more accentuated, of large industrial establishments to become larger and small industrial establishments to disappear. The majority of the Christian Socialists whom Father Rutten has enlisted in his Christian Syndicates belong to small Flemish establishments. On the farms and on board the fishing-boats, where only a few men work together, there is hardly a single anti-clerical. If we go, on the other hand, to the mines, and ironworks, and blast-furnaces and glass-works of Wallonia, Liège, Hainault, and the Borinage, where great numbers of men labour side by side, we find Socialism very strong.

Indeed the recent strike was to some extent a conflict between industrial Wallonia and agricultural Flanders, between the vivacious, Gallic and sceptical Walloon and the slow, Germanic, believing Fleming. In Belgium the Germanic race, so associated elsewhere with Protestantism, has become the bulwark of Catholicism. The Latin race, so associated with Catholicism, tends to become Rome's most dangerous enemy.

To some extent the conflict between the conservative

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agriculturist and the radical mechanic exists, latent or active, in every country. During the revolutionary ferment in Russia seven years ago the bulk of the revolutionists were people who had to do with big machinery—fortress artillerymen, bluejackets, miners and factory hands. The peasants were, on the whole, loyal; and at Kronstadt, Sveaborg and Moscow, the soldiers from the agricultural districts saved the Empire. Russian Liberals explained this difference to me by saying that men who had to do with complicated machinery and to run great risks had had their wits sharpened, while peasants who hibernated all winter and had never made use of any nearer approach to machinery than a wagon or a primitive wooden plough were likely to be mentally stagnant.

One of the Catholic leaders in Charleroi gave me a different explanation. The farmer, the shepherd, the fisherman, the small shopkeeper, were, he said, men of a much higher character than the miner or the factory hand. The former class, he maintained, lived under more natural conditions. Their minds seemed to reflect something of the majestic simplicity of the sea and the sky and the beautiful landscapes which were ever before them as they worked. They dwelt among relatives and neighbours, who had known them from infancy and perhaps known their fathers and grandfathers before them. The miner and the factory hand, on the contrary, came very often from no one knew where. Many of them were French deserters or escaped criminals, but, if they were physically strong enough, no questions were asked when they presented themselves at the mine and the factory and they were immediately set to work. In great agglomerations of men thus thrown together haphazard there are always, said my informant, undesirable characters, and one such character is more likely to corrupt a dozen good characters than to be himself reformed by them.

If this reasoning is true, the tendency towards the replacement of many small industrial establishments

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by a few great ones, which is so very pronounced in Belgium, will tell in favour of Socialism, but, happily, there are factors at work on the other side. Socialism began its propaganda in the mines and factories at a time when there was no competing association. The Christian Syndicalist movement only began quite recently—to be accurate, in the year 1904. It began with 10,000 members. In 1905 it had 14,000; in 1906 20,000; in 1907 30,000; in 1910 it had 40,000 grouped in 485 syndicates; in 1912, the date of the last report, it had over 82,761, and M. Vandervelde himself admitted to me that he regards the movement as a serious rival. Its progress has been much more rapid than that of the Socialists.

And now is the time for me to introduce to the reader the remarkable Dominican who has worked this miracle, and whose name I have already mentioned several times in the course of this paper.

Father Rutten seems to be about thirty or thirty-five years of age. Tall, powerfully built, active, with a frank, cheerful face and an optimistic outlook on life, he strongly resembles an athletic English undergraduate. I found him at Ghent in his bureau, or rather in the centre of a network of bureaux. Connected by telephone with all his subordinate offices and surrounded by card-index cabinets and office furniture of the most modern type, he looked like an able young American business man at work, or a busy editor controlling the complex organization of a great newspaper. His attentive, well-paid and efficient assistants are in strong contrast with the personnel of similar semi-religious popular associations in other lands.

“In such work,” said Father Rutten, “it is a mistake to accept the services either of the charitable but unpunctual rich dilettanti or of the underpaid poor. Such offices must be established on a strictly businesslike basis. You must have well-paid employees, and this work must be their life-work.”

All over Belgium it is the same. The network of

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prosperous Catholic associations which covers the land has produced a new profession, that of the paid secretary-organizer. Of course, it is the same on the Socialist side.

After a brilliant University career, Father Rutten joined the Order of Friars Preachers and became, soon after his ordination, exceedingly interested in the labour question. In order to study it close at hand, he worked in a mine with the miners for three years. This gave him an insight into the miner's life which no amount of study could have given him. He understands the technical language and the slang of the miner. Even the Socialist miners admit that Father Rutten is one of themselves. The Catholics are, of course, enthusiastic about their "White General," as they call him on account of his white Dominican habit.

Father Rutten, who is strongly supported by his Bishop and by all the ecclesiastical authorities, thinks that some Christians, among the employers as well as among the employed, have a wrong idea about Christianity. Some Catholic capitalists are inclined to imagine that the Church disapproves of any sort of league among labourers. All authority comes from God, therefore the employer should be obeyed by his workmen as a father is obeyed by his children.

In Father Rutten's opinion this is manifestly wrong. Before entering into a contract with an employer workmen have a perfect right to bargain for as much as they can get, and in order to bargain effectively they must first band themselves into some kind of league. The Encyclical "Rerum Novarum" approves of such leagues among workmen.

Workmen are entirely wrong in thinking that Christianity is a soporific, and that the good Christian workman should bear patiently the ills of the world without any attempt to improve his lot. Some workmen are of this persuasion, and the Socialists never cease confirming them in it and preaching that Christianity is only a league between the priests and the capitalists. The truth is, however, that Christianity is a stimulant,

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not a soporific. A Christian is bound to advance, to improve himself, to better as much as possible his position. I quote the *ipsissima verba* of the great Dominican democrat.

I cannot say, however [he added] that all priests should throw in their lot with the workmen as I am doing. As a rule the curé in this country has to preach the word of God not only to the men but also to the masters. He must hold the balance even, and it would therefore be wrong for him to take sides.

Father Rutten himself has thrown in his lot with the workers.

Whatever improvement in your position is possible, [he has said to them] that we shall together try to obtain. Whatever is impossible it would be a waste of time to strive for.

This view appeals strongly to the Belgian workman, who has in his composition a strong fund of common sense and who places little faith in the ultimate Socialist Utopia. Hence the gratifying success which has crowned the new Christian-Democrat propaganda.

Curiously enough, we find the Church helping to keep in existence not only the small factory proprietor but also the small farmer and the small shopkeeper, two classes of the population which are detested by the Socialists because they are the main support of the Catholic party.

The *petite bourgeoisie* of the towns was, a few years ago, in danger of being crushed by "trusts," great shops, and co-operative societies when union saved it. For the small shopkeepers and the small farmers, this hard fight for life was in the end good. It raised them to a higher plane of efficiency in their respective callings. It increased their industry and it taught them the necessity of method, study and co-operation. I cannot help regretting, however, that the Belgian Government does not better protect the small farmer and the small shopkeeper

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and the middle classes in general against the "trust," whether that "trust" be Capitalist or Socialist.

The middle class is the logical and necessary bond of union between capital and labour. Jan Breydel and Pieter de Coninck and the old Flemish burghers have left to their successors traditions of liberty and of sturdy independence which Belgium should not willingly let die. For a long time past the shopkeepers have asked the Government to take energetic measures against the abuses practised by the Socialist co-operatives, but up to the present their campaign has been ineffectual. Meetings and petitions have been of no avail. Parliament does not wish to interfere.

As a matter of fact there is too little interference with the liberty of the subject on the part of the Belgian Government. The people have too much liberty,—much more than we have in England. Parents are not compelled to send their children to school, with the result that the percentage of illiterates is 101 in every thousand conscripts against .2 in Denmark and .7 in Prussia. At Antwerp the Socialists were allowed, during the recent strike, to distribute manifestoes among the soldiers, and over the entrance door of the *Maison du Peuple* in Brussels hung, in gigantic letters, an appeal to the troops not to fire on the strikers.

The same excessive delicacy about doing anything which might look like an infringement of the freedom of the people prevents the Government from curbing the "trusts." It should be reassured, however, by the example of free America. Besides, there is a frequent interference with liberty for the benefit of the miners, whose compact, organized, largely Socialistic mass was more to be feared in the past than the unorganized farmer and shopkeeper class. Thus the Government has up to the present neglected its own supporters because they are not organized, suspicious and exacting, and loaded its enemies with favours because they have all those qualities in a pre-eminent degree. It is the old story of the violent, masterful boy in a family who is coaxed into being barely

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supportable while his brother who is habitually "good" is left unnoticed.

As for the small farmers, we in England know how much we have lost by the disappearance of the yeoman class.

With its traditions of order, of economy, of work [says M. Henri Charriault] the small bourgeoisie condenses and epitomizes all the history and all the genius of the Belgian people. It has often been said, but perhaps it is as well to repeat it—Each time that, by the play of economic forces, a small bourgeois closes his store or his workshop in order to enter, he and his family, into the service of the State, or to become a salaried employee, it is not only a cell of national wealth which disappears, it is a cell of independence.

M. Charriault might have added that it is also a supporter of the Church which disappears. For the "petite bourgeoisie" and the farmer class are the two bulwarks of Catholicity, hence the undisguised hatred with which the Socialists regard them. The *Peuple*, itself the organ of a huge co-operative concern which is more capitalist than Socialist in its nature, sneers daily at "les petits bourgeois" whom the vast business organizations of the Socialists have done so much to crush. A long article could be written on this one question alone. "The small shopkeepers are a useless charge," wrote the *Peuple* of September 4, 1912, "intermediaries and retailers are a social nuisance."

As to the immediate prospects of Catholicism in Belgium, they are universally admitted to be bright. The Christian party is likely to get stronger rather than weaker. The Left have little chance of driving it from power in 1914. If they drive it from power afterwards, the Church has nothing to fear. For the Socialists can only govern in conjunction with the Liberals, and the Liberals will not stand any attacks on religion or any Socialistic experiments with regard to property. Moreover, the temper of the Belgian people would not tolerate any legislation of an extremist character. And, lastly, the Socialist leaders themselves might be sobered, as M.

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Briand was sobered, by the responsibilities of office. But the younger school of Belgian Catholics are convinced that Socialism has now reached its apogee, and that from henceforth it will decline.

Even if the plural vote is abolished, the Catholics will suffer less from its abolition than the Liberals, who will almost be wiped out. In any case, there is no future for the Belgian Liberals. They do nothing but theorize, and, according to all appearances, they will eventually be absorbed by the two principal parties. Thus will be fulfilled the prophecy made as far back as 1851 by Donoso Cortès:

“The days of Liberalism are numbered. On one point of the horizon is to be seen the star which announces God. At the opposite point forms the cloud, precursor of the popular fury. In the terrible day of battle, when the entire arena will be occupied by the phalanxes of the Catholics and the phalanxes of the Socialists, nobody will any longer know where Liberalism is to be found.”

When that day arrives, and if the worst comes to the worst, the Catholics will have it in their power to play a winning card by giving the vote to women. As practically all the women in Belgium are Conservative and religious, this step would certainly not be to the advantage of the Socialists, who are therefore strongly opposed to it. Catholics generally, and even Belgian Catholics, dislike the idea of women's suffrage, but there can be no doubt that if the women of France had had the vote for the last twenty years the French Church would have been spared the anti-clerical attacks which have been made on her during that time. As it is, however, there is a remarkable revival of Catholicism in France, and if this revival makes any lasting impression on the composition of the French Chambers, its effect will be strongly felt in Belgium as well. Belgian anti-clericalism is largely due to the example of Paris on the Gallic and French-speaking Walloons. If Paris ceases to be anti-clerical, Charleroi will also cease to be anti-clerical.

“ET IN VITAM AETERNAM”

The Belief in Immortality and The Worship of the Dead. By
J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., etc. Vol. I. 1913.

Eternal Life: A Study of its Implications and Applications. By
Baron Fr. von Hügel. 1912.

THERE is a point, presumably, in which the argument of these two books might coincide; and their subject matter might, to a greater extent than it does, prove identical. But the names of their respective authors assure us that the treatment of their theme will follow methods so divergent as to impose, almost of necessity, dissimilar conclusions.

It is true that Dr Frazer almost deprecates “conclusions,” at least of any ultimate sort. He will not, he says, treat his subject “dogmatically,” nor even “philosophically,” but historically and indeed by way of sheer description. For even history should be no mere accumulation of facts, but will trace the “origin and evolution” of the various views which have been held upon the subject under discussion.* Such treatment “simply ignores,” however, “the truth of natural theology;” it must indeed precede any estimate of the “ethical value” of its material; yet it will leave in great measure, though not wholly, unaffected the validity or “truth” of any creed which may be founded upon the ideas whose historical origin is under discussion. Thus, should Dr Frazer’s facts make “the belief in immortality look exceedingly foolish,” that need not deprive believers of all consolation.†

It will be seen that from the outset a strong element of “philosophy” is compatible with the author’s effort after detachment; and, in fact, the structure of his whole work is governed by philosophy.

At first sight nothing can be more purely “descrip-

* Page 1.

† Page 4.

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tive” than the bulk of his book. It consists of juxtaposed stories capable, indeed, of causing the most ghoulish joys to a schoolboy, yet, since they are used as “evidence,” productive of anxiety in the lay mind certainly, and in that too, we surmise, of the expert ethnologist. For these rich groups of tales, taken from missionaries, Catholic and Protestant; from sailor and government official; from learned treatise and told by theorists, or culled from the hearsay jottings of some traveller’s journal, and dating, often, from periods separate by whole centuries, are set out in Dr Frazer’s entertaining style (for he is a capital story-teller), without (it would seem) any indication of their relative value or evidential utility. It is, perhaps, upon the thoughtful layman that this sort of compilation exercises the most disagreeable effect. He begins by being enormously impressed, and to the end Dr Frazer’s industry remains impressive. But as page follows page, he becomes hopeless, because he feels himself quite incapable, and in no way helped, to judge of this great mass of mixed material. He knows it cannot all be equally true. And hopelessness is the precursor of scepticism. Out of all this, he feels, anything might be made, or nothing.

But it is possible for him to translate this vague and rather negative apprehension into positive distrust.

For, enormous as has been Dr Frazer’s contribution both to the material and theory of comparative anthropology, he has his critics, too, laborious no less and acute. And they have not always been content with his management of sheer evidence. There is an excellent little bulletin called the *Recherches de Science Religieuse*, and in the number for March, 1913, is to be found an article of the very valuable kind which we are now accustomed to expect from M. Frédéric Bouvier.* In *Religion et Magie*† he makes mention of much which shows how careful we should be, on purely objective and evidential

* Who, with Fr. Schmidt, S.V.D., is responsible for the establishment of the yearly *Semaine d’Ethnologie Religieuse* at Louvain.

† *Op. c.*, p. 109; and cf. *Recherches*, 1912, No. 5, p. 393 sqq.

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grounds, from trusting too readily the “radicalisme magique” of Dr Frazer.

It would be unfair, to Dr Frazer as to M. Bouvier, were we to rely overmuch upon these pages especially as they refer immediately to the earlier work, *Totemism*, etc., published in 1905. Yet in them it is made clear that with all the good will in the world its author is governed first in his choice of evidence (from the irreproducible mass) by the exigencies (not consciously felt, no doubt) of his theory, and then in the interpretation of that evidence. Thus in *Totemism* (I., pp. 141, 142), Dr Frazer appears to rely upon the testimony of Messrs Curr, Mathew, and A. W. Howitt to establish his contention that magic, not religion, reigns supreme over the Australian aborigines. But we observe that Mr Curr not only differs from the local missionary authorities in the interpretation of facts, but does so only by the help of a theory, namely, the loan theory popularized by Tylor, ascribing the higher ideas of the natives to a borrowing from missionary lore. And in any case Mr Curr's magic is shot with animism. As for Mr Mathew, after sharing Mr Curr's opinion, he has been forced (it appears) by seventeen years of observation to shift his view, and to decide against the existence of any Australian “atheist” race, the theist element not, however, being ascribed to missionary influence. Finally, it is precisely from Mr Howitt that we gain most of our knowledge of Australian “supreme beings,” to whom, in some cases, their very magic owes its efficacy. Philosophy alone causes Dr Frazer to conclude to the late and evolutionary character of these supreme beings, and pressure of facts to restrict, gradually, his argument to the Arunta tribe. Yet if these are to be adduced because of their “primitivity,” as an argument for the priority of magic to religion, that primitivity should not be proved merely by reference to the grossness and absurdity of their notions, their ignorance (is this verifiable?) of sexual causality, and by the universal priority of magic to religion. . . .

M. Bouvier, quoting *Totemism*, I., 160, 161, 167, says:

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“L’argumentation de M. Frazer fait de tels détours qu’à la fin on se trouve emprisonné dans un cercle d’où il n’est pas aisé de sortir. C’est nous mettre l’esprit au rouet.” Independently of this, the elaborate research of Fr Schmidt, editor of *Anthropos*, tends to link the Aruntas not with primitive folks, but with “les races les plus évoluées, spécialement avec le civilisation compliquée, contournée, vieillotte de la Nouvelle Guinée.* With regard, then, to the sheer facts, we ask nothing better than that genuine specialists should discuss and evaluate each of Mr Frazer’s groups.

With regard to the general system we are impressed to find that “historiens et ethnologues de toute école ont été d’accord à y signaler des fautes assez évidentes de méthode et de logique. Qu’il suffise de renvoyer ici aux critiques parfois si pénétrantes de MM. Marett, Hartland, Goblet d’Alviella, Wundt, Hubert et Mauss, Jevons, Loisy, A. Lang, etc.† Full references accompany these general allusions.

It is true that in *Immortality* there are few facts, or none, to disconcert a Catholic student, and little to annoy him; yet he will deprecate the serene application (however verbally guarded it may be) of the customary presuppositions. The hypothesis of an Age of Magic solidifies into a major premiss. The evolution of mankind from an utterly low level is assumed, and his possible degeneration denied, at least in the important cases. Above all, the mentality of present-day savages is taken as genuine evidence of the condition of primitive mankind.‡

* *Recherches*, p. 117. Cf. Schmidt, *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, 1908, pp. 866, 900; 1909, p. 328-377.

† “Cela n’empêche du reste personne,” adds M. Bouvier (with more than *une pointe de malice*?) “de reconnaître l’immense érudition et l’incontestable talent, surtout oratoire, de M. Frazer”: *op. c.* pp. 110, 111.

‡ See especially pp. 5, 6, 7, 87, 88; and how interesting are the transitions in these few lines: “. . . indeed, we may with some probability conjecture that the magical intention of these ceremonies is the primary and original one, and that the commemorative intention is secondary and derivative. If this could be proved to be so (which is hardly to be expected), we should be obliged to conclude that in this as in so many

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It is seen round how solid a philosophic skeleton this descriptive essay is fashioned, and how firmly governed is the arrangement of the evidence by the dogmatic pre-supposition.

Shall we mention the deductions? In but a few words. Here it is that Dr Frazer's talent “surtout oratoire” displays itself, so much so that the homiletic conclusions to his chapters, or his sections, or his book seem written almost by a different hand from that which wrote his narratives. (If these are J, those are most distinctly D...).

This excessive preoccupation with a problematical future has been a fruitful source of the most fatal aberrations, both for nations and individuals. In pursuit of these visionary aims the few short years of life have been frittered away; wealth has been squandered; blood has been poured out in torrents; the natural affections have been stifled; and the cheerful serenity of reason has been exchanged for the melancholy gloom of madness [and Omar's “O Threats of Hell,” etc. is quoted] (p. 33).

Doubtless magic in this sphere has done worse than natural religion, which has but slain its thousands, magic its tens of thousands (p. 58); the Age of religion doubtless improved vastly on its predecessor: yet when the economic disasters consequent upon the old practice of destroying the property of the dead are detailed, it is hard to repress a smile:

When we pass from the custom in this its feeble source and follow it as it swells in volume through the nations of the world till it attains the dimensions of a mighty river of wasted labour, squandered treasure and spilt blood, we cannot but wonder at the strange mixture of good and evil in the affairs of mankind, seeing in what we justly call progress so much hardly-earned gain side by side with so much gratuitous loss, such immense additions to the substantial value of life to be set off against such enormous sacrifices to the shadow of a shade. (p. 249).

inquiries into the remote human past we detect evidence of an Age of Magic preceding anything that deserves to be dignified by the name of religion.” (p. 126.)

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Apparently it is again the Mass that matters.

The good results of his belief upon the life of the Central Melanesian savage are indeed emphasized (pp. 391, 392), but we are reminded that it is based on ignorance and indeed on a theory of causation so different from ours that probably the gulf fixed between us and him is impassable.

And as for the practical results of a belief in immortality, the truth of which he does not discuss, Dr Frazer reminds us that it

has not merely coloured the outlook of the individual upon the world; it has deeply affected the social and political relations of humanity in all ages; for the religious wars and persecutions which distracted and devastated Europe for ages, were only the civilized equivalents of the battles and murders which the fear of ghosts has instigated in almost all the races of savages of whom we possess a record. Regarded from this point of view the faith in a life hereafter has been sown, like dragon's teeth, on the earth and has brought forth crop after crop of armed men, who have turned their swords against each other. [Here recurs the economic-loss *motif*.] It is not for me to estimate the extent and the gravity of the consequences, moral, social, political, and economic, which flow directly from the belief in immortality. (p. 469.)

To pass from these heated periods to *Eternal Life* is like leaving the market-place with its schools and *raconteurs* for a mosque. No one can mistake the hush that waits on worship. Or rather, for a Cathedral. For everywhere, Christianity is descried, though *Eternal Life* is recognized to be still dislocated upon the cross of time.

We do not of course ask Dr Frazer why he left to others to find that which himself he never set out to seek: yet we cannot help feeling that the really important points, and in fact the only reality, are reached in this second book.

Emphatically we are not discussing it as a whole, nor even in detail. It is our very circumscribed intention to allude to one element in it, and only one, namely, that which reveals the notion of *Eternal Life*, in its implication

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of Immortality, as cohesive, structural, and vivifying; in fact, to indicate that although the notion of personal survival when coupled as a major premiss with narrower and false propositions may produce, as Dr Frazer shows, disruptive and anti-social conclusions, yet it is precisely this idea which, in a true scheme, makes at once for permanence and development. In fact, what else is Life than identity in change?

For in this volume Eternal Life is considered rather as an ultimate Platonic idea or force, plunging itself into various forms of matter (and in this respect it is allowable to consider even human reasoning as material, and an incarnational vehicle for the animating Reality), and giving to them the unity, permanence, meaning, driving power, and derivative life, of which each is patient. Socially, this will mean the state; politically, governments; religiously (it may be), the Church; philosophically, a system; for the soul, immortality. In everything where human contact is established, an anthropomorphism will result which, so far from being deplored and mere stuff for elimination, must be, in a “purified but firm” mode, “maintained throughout as essential to the full vigour and articulation of Religion.” This is what necessitates the author’s discussion of Social Forms and of Institutions in religion. It is “plain that Subjectivism has had its day for a good long while to come”: and even Epistemology, if it be “sane and full,” and also

all the more complete, characteristic and fruitful religious experiences and personalities imperatively demand, in the writer’s judgment, some genuine institutionalism. . . . If man’s spirit is awakened by contact with things of sense, and if his consciousness of the Eternal and Omnipresent is aroused and (in the long run) sustained only by the aid of Happenings in Time and in Space, then the Historical, Institutional, Sacramental must be allowed a necessary position and function in the full religious life. Only the proper location, the heroic use, the wise integration of the Institutional within the full spiritual life are really sufficient. The writer is no Quaker, but a convinced Roman Catholic; hence, do

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what he will, he cannot avoid, he cannot even minimize, these for himself utterly intrinsic questions (p. xv.).

Though, we repeat, we are not criticizing even what we here use, we are anxious to point out that among the “implications” of this view are, first, a denial of all Pantheism or Monadism of any sort (and this the writer explicitly, and often, does deny); an assertion of the distinction of the two orders, supernatural and natural, of which the former yet interenergizes with the second, and indeed, so far from annihilating it, *gives* it its higher reality and existence: and, finally, that his study of the working of this idea in mankind is objective and historical, and not abstractive and hypothetical.

In the “historical retrospect” which fills Part I of *Eternal Life* the author observes what he takes as his major premiss working together with the subordinate (national, temperamental, and accidental) contributions of the Oriental, Israelitish, Hellenic and Jewish-Hellenic peoples and periods. After this the history of Primitive Christianity and Christian Hellenistic times (in which Neo-Platonism made its despairing effort and in which St Augustine triumphed) leads, through the Middle Ages, to “modern times,” represented by Spinoza and Kant.

With regard to all the pre-Christian religions we can only repeat what we have so often noticed, that the stronger the dose of other-worldliness, encouraging spiritual emancipation, asceticism and ecstasy, that pagan religion contained, the more certainly it seems to have fared towards disaster. Thus India, Syria, and in Orphism, as against early Rome and Persia. And, further, the more outstanding does the solitary true example of “religious evolution,” namely the Jewish, reveal itself to be, culminating in that Christian fact which alone discovered the secret of a spiritual equilibrium and supplied a force adequate for its preservation and more constant re-establishment. Here it would seem that an alliance with Dr Frazer might

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be struck on the assertion that the more true, and therefore powerful, a doctrine, the more disastrous it is likely to be if illegitimately applied.

And with regard to the Christian period, we shall but quote what the contemplation of St Augustine's colossal *Civitas* forces from its student :

... We once more cannot but recognize that it is Jesus Our Lord Himself who alone gives us the quite full and costingly balanced statement within which the experiences and doctrines as to the social organism and as to sin have to find their place and level. And yet a deep sense of the need of such an organism and of the reality of sin will constantly be necessary to a sane and solid conception and practice of Eternal Life; and such a sense is ever, even excessively, though not uniformly, operative within the vast scheme of St. Augustine. (p. 94.)

And observe how, pragmatically, this discredits, as the determinism of Spinoza, so the subjectivity of Kant.*

But we wish entirely to omit the long chapter on philosophies derivative from Kant, and even that on Biology and Epigenesis, though here a kind of appendix-section on Bergson welcomes his distinction of Duration from clock-time. But Bergson, while removing the mechanical obstacles “to Liberty,” has not discovered its “spiritual conditions,” and even less are these revealed by the harsh systems of Socialism to which transition is here indicated.

And the “new” world—that of the West European and North American workman is genuinely new—is of a markedly anti-transcendent kind. The author studies, with very great acumen, the causes of this. Really have we not here a test-case—one of the two test-cases (the

* Page 94. We find it here our duty to note, if we can do so without impertinence, a definite return (in topics here subordinate and not affecting the movement of the book and still less our circumscribed utilization of its argument) to positions designated as more “orthodox.” There is still a certain rigidity in the drawing of conclusions due to a loyalty which, when it is in favour of a system, may seem academic; when of a person, a self-regardless chivalry.

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“scientific” schools who build naturalistic hypotheses upon foundations sapped in reality by analytical criticism supply the other) for deciding whether a genuinely constructive movement, excluding the spiritual ultimate co-efficient of “Eternal Life” be possible? The Baron discerns, in the very welter of confusion caused by the disruptive principles underlying the remodelling work of Socialism, and still more in the classes awakened, but not infected, by these, tendencies making to a desire of “Eternal Life” and a recognition of its relation to certain social and physical conditions. This, after all, is Leo XIII’s doctrine. Socialism is here a parody of Christian social action. So while religion is forced thus to be “more than ever temporal, spatial, immanent,” yet more than ever, too, must it be Eternal, Omnipresent, and Transcendent: alone “the two movements together of the real durational soul supported by the real Eternal God” are here adequate.* And even in the pronouncements of the recent leaders—M. Sorel, for example,—is discerned such hopefulness, that of him it may be said that we are here “not far from the experience and conception of Eternal Life.”

And the mention of this prominent Frenchman reminds us of a movement whose literature would have furnished the Baron with unnumbered illustrations. It is that reaction against the destructive tendency of criticism, pessimism and agnosticism—which is more visible perhaps in France than anywhere else, though the *Vita Vera* of Johannes Joergensen is as striking a work from Denmark, and the *Constructive Review* (in scope and intention) from America, as the *Jeunes Gens d’Aujourd’hui* which “Agathon” has compiled. Yet this last book shows not only tendencies, nor individual activities, but the accomplished movement of masses, and a “revival” of positive religion, precisely round about this very notion

* We confess to quoting here from the full analytical table of Contents prefixed to the volume, so clear is it, and so much the more sure are we of thus genuinely relating the author’s opinion.

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of an Eternal Life expressing itself for perfection in visible forms—or a visible form—namely, that Church, which is Christianity, which is the Christ. All this is far more symptomatic than churches once more crowded, men back upon their knees, and enthusiastic mass-meetings. It means a modification of intellectual outlook, of will-change, of historical interpretation, even of social and political ideal. Above all, a pulsation in the vital current. We have no space to dwell on this, which would rather demand a volume, developing and transcending Mr Bodley's essay, *The Decay of Idealism in France*. If it decays, it is in favour of a realism which contains all that was substantial in the older dream.

In the brief Part III, “Prospects and Conclusions” are attempted, and a synthesis of a uniquely powerful description is offered us. Every element we have wanted, and sought in vain—not in Dr Frazer's book, for, of course, he would not put it there, but in his presuppositions and the conclusions he leaves us to deduce,—is here utilized. Every notion too is stated, and in a language stately and rich and, we emphatically argue, not intrinsically obscure.

“Eternal Life” is the explanation of the human past, and of the human destiny. This is why man can live, and does live, as history shows him to have lived; and this is how he must live for his full development as man—meant to be more than man.

And Religion, in its fullest development, essentially requires, not only their own little span of earthly years, but a life beyond. Neither an Eternal Life that is already fully achieved here below, nor an Eternal Life to be begun and known solely in the beyond satisfies these requirements. But only an Eternal Life already begun and truly known in part here, though fully to be achieved and completely to be understood hereafter, corresponds to the deepest longings of man's spirit as touched by the prevenient Spirit, God. And hence, again, a peace and a simplification. For that doubly Social Life I try to lead here (though most real, and though itself already its own exceeding great reward) constitutes, after all,

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but the preliminary practice, the getting ready, for ampler, more expansive, more utterly blissful energizings in and for man, the essentially durational, quasi-eternal, and God, the utterly Abiding, the pure Eternal Life.

What have we here but a clear statement of that Catholic doctrine of grace, the grace of glory, substantially initiated upon earth, destined to be perfected when “death dawns”; and that, by way of a union (transcendentally vital and real, yet not destructive of each several personality) with the eternal source of absolute Life? Here is all St Paul and here St John.

C. C. MARTINDALE

GEORGE WYNDHAM

JUST as our American edition is going to press comes the news of the sudden death of Mr George Wyndham. I shall not attempt with the short time at my disposal any estimate of one who was certainly among the most remarkable figures of our generation. Such an estimate must be reserved for our next number, but a few words may here be set down suggested by the event which has given such a shock to the English political world, and a sense of irreparable loss to a large circle of personal friends.

The Press has done ample justice to Mr Wyndham's winning personality and to his achievements in the worlds of politics and literature, notably to the great measure of Land Purchase in Ireland, which was a landmark in the history of the country and will ever remain associated with Mr Wyndham's name. But there is one fact which forms a chief element in the tragedy of his early death which has not perhaps received adequate attention. The keynote was struck by Mr Balfour's words in the House of Commons. After speaking of "the width of his accomplishments and his great literary and imaginative powers," Mr Balfour added, "they never received, I think, their full expansion and their full meed of praise, or perhaps their full theatre in which to show themselves. Though many of us heard speeches made by Mr Wyndham which they will not readily forget yet all I think must feel that he has been cut off at a time of life when there was still before him the hope and the promise of greater things in the future than he had ever done in the past. These," added Mr Balfour, "are the great tragedies of life."

The fact is that Mr Wyndham's extraordinary gifts of imagination and intellect led him to take wide and comprehensive views, to go to the very heart of the philosophy of politics and the philosophy of life. And to bring out such views effectively in detail in the practical world of politics needed time and opportunity. They might have been represented in some great work on political and

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social philosophy. But Mr Wyndham was a statesman who meant in the first instance to exhibit his theories in practice. And to do this he had to await the suitable hour.

When he was made Chief Secretary for Ireland his moment seemed to have arrived. He took up his task not as a party politician with a conventional programme, but as a philosophic statesman and an observer of men. He made a profound study of the country, of its social and economic conditions, and also of its history and of the racial peculiarities of its people. The drama of Irish history and of his own position and work appealed to him. "I feel like a Ghibelline Duke in the land of the Guelphs," he said to the present writer. He had great schemes for Ireland founded on the views he rapidly formed of the requirements of the country. He carried through the first part of his programme, showing a power and grasp of a complicated situation which was new to him which made an experienced Irish land agent say to the present writer, "If he had lived all his life in Ireland he could not have worked out the details of his scheme with closer practical knowledge or greater perfection." Circumstances cut short his Irish career; and his great schemes for the country, the fruit of so much thought and study, were never executed or even made known to the public. The blow dealt him by this check can only be appreciated by those who realize how infinitely beyond the purview of the normal Chief Secretary his studies and his schemes had extended. He had equipped himself for a ten years' campaign. He had to be satisfied with three.

His position in Ireland was the only one which gave him the authority necessary for realizing his statesmanlike views in practice. But Ireland was only one subject on which such views were thought out in a practical form. At the War Office he had already shown his power of combining insight into the necessities of our army with extraordinary grasp of detail. And he continued this work after his official connexion with the department was over. It was the same in other fields to which the political situation from time to time drew his attention. It may be said

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without an atom of rhetorical exaggeration that he possessed in a very high degree one of the greatest endowments of Mr Gladstone combined with one of the chief characteristics of Lord Beaconsfield. In grasp of detail he resembled the great Liberal minister. In the cast of his political imagination he resembled Disraeli, though in neither case did the resemblance extend further.

This latter attribute gave a vividness and a theoretic quality to his views on politics which are very rare in an Englishman. At times it gave him, as it did Disraeli, a very sure prescience as to the necessary consequences of events whose causes he recognized so clearly, but even when it led only to *impromptu* and irresponsible suggestions it made his views intensely stimulating. The following comment by him on an article which appeared in this Review two years ago on the subject of the English Democracy will bring this quality of his mind before the reader better than any words of my own, and his concluding sentence suggests the wealth of thought and labour he expended on this and kindred topics.

My knowledge—such as it is—informs me that “Democracy” has never lasted a whole generation. Ferrero’s new history of Rome demonstrates this. When an oligarchy, based on war and farming, perishes, you get a good two generations, or three generations of “Roman Equites.” The prudent and thoughtful oust the political militia. But they always invoke Democracy after thirty or sixty years. Then Democracy develops the “cry” and the “caucus,” and so dies, giving place to Bureaucracy, or Cæsarism, or a combination of the two. My “little knowledge” tells me that this is our disease. But my astonishing—at forty-seven years of age—credulity and buoyant animal spirits say to me “Tush! The English will do something that no one else has done.”

If it were possible to tell one’s friends all that one thinks and writes and does, I should like to show you all the memoranda I have written during the last year. But that would take as long as it has taken to play my part in this obscure drama.

There were very many who had the opportunity of knowing from his conversation what the powers of the

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man were, and they had a profound confidence that gifts and acquirements so extraordinary must eventually find their opportunity for full exhibition to the world at large in memorable achievements. That in a life of fifty years he did much cannot be questioned. That he left a great mark on politics, notably on Irish politics, cannot be denied. But an immense amount of that full life was spent in thinking out problems and amassing knowledge great in itself but far more valuable from the retentive memory which made it so ready for use, and the powers of generalization which could apply its lessons so fully. All this equipped him for a career which was yet to come, and which would, I believe, have left a far greater mark on English history than he was allowed to leave. That career was denied to him. This is the thought that is making so many at the present moment repeat the words, "sunt lacrimæ rerum."

His great literary gifts, too, though they have been visible in a few memorable works—the Introduction to Shakespeare's Sonnets, the Preface to North's Translation of Plutarch's Lives, the Essay on the Poetry of Ronsard, the Addresses on the Springs of Romance Literature and on Sir Walter Scott, and some very perfect translations—never found expression in the *magnum opus* that so great a master of thought and style alike could and would some day have given us. What he accomplished was of the first order in quality, and readers of this Review will remember a remarkable article by so great an authority as Mr Eccles on Mr Wyndham's mastery of French Romance literature,* but the full reach of his mind and knowledge was never represented in his published works. The very richness of his mind made him need time to make his thoughts "marketable," to reduce them to the form which the practical requirements of literature and life demand. Thoughts which crowded his own exceptional intellect and imagination as one whole needed to be broken up and subdivided for others.

I remember one address of his as Lord Rector of Glas-

* DUBLIN REVIEW, Jan. 1911, p. 155.

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gow University which was so packed with thought that it would have formed the subject of a great work. As it stood, while careful readers and thinkers saw how pregnant were its suggestions, it inevitably passed over the heads of an audience which needed for its comprehension subdivision, explication, and illustration for which the opportunity gave him no time or scope. And this instance is typical of many another. Those who had the best opportunity of knowing his mind felt that his work hitherto had been an elaborate preparation for the day when complete and unmistakable public achievement should bring home to the world the full extent of gifts which were known to many friends. That day never came. He was cut off at the very season at which his powers were attaining their full ripeness for practical use, and when experience was making him more fully alive to the necessary conditions for conveying to others effectively the stores of his own mind.

Catholics lose in Mr Wyndham one who had a special sympathy with the ideals of their religion. It was known to many that he thought it a happy omen that his great Land Act was introduced by him in the Commons on Lady Day. The present writer once visited Maynooth in his company and his interest in the work of the Church in Ireland was keen. He was especially eager to secure adequate University education for Irish Catholics, but this desire of his it was left to others to fulfil in their own way and not in his.

In the last twelve years of his life he took great interest in the development of Catholic devotions and doctrines within the Church of England; and those who stayed with him at Chief Secretary's Lodge would be astonished to learn that after a strenuous day of hard work and after eager conversation at night with his friends which had lasted until 2 a.m. he had said prayers for his servants at 8 o'clock in the morning in his private oratory.

I shall not (as I have already said) attempt any detailed estimate of Mr Wyndham's powers and work here and now. The outline of what he actually achieved in poli-

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tics and in literature has been before all the world in the last few weeks in the newspapers. Time and thought are needed for any satisfactory analysis of a mind so far-reaching and gifts so various. Mr Wyndham was a poet* as well as a prose writer, and one cannot but hope that some of his poems will now be published as a volume. He had the poet's imaginative temperament in a very high degree, and it threw a halo round all his undertakings even where they involved dry details. They became poems in his own mind and in his presentation of them to others. He was also a wonderful letter writer. If I mistake not much that is unsuspected by the world at large will be revealed when a representative selection from his correspondence is made public. High as he stands now in the popular estimation, I venture to predict that he will stand far higher when such a revelation has been made of the reach of his powers and interests.

WILFRID WARD

* One of his poems appeared in the present series of the DUBLIN REVIEW, in which he took great interest. I have letters from him on several of the more interesting articles we have published. One of the most remarkable was on Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley, which aroused his enthusiasm. Thompson's literary executors asked Mr Wyndham's permission to publish this letter as a preface to the memorable essay when it appeared as a separate volume—a proposal to which its writer consented.—EDITOR.

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.*

MISS EVELYN UNDERHILL has followed up her general study of "Mysticism" by a book entitled *The Mystic Way* (Dent, 1913. Pp. xi, 395. 12s. 6d. net). In it she applies to the early history of Christianity, and to the life-story of its Founder, the principles which appeared to her to be at the back of all mystical phenomena generally, and the laws of the mystical life as they might be deduced from a wide study of these phenomena. That is to say, she has studied all sorts of cases in which a life in some measure "transcendent" has been lived; she has arrived at certain generalizations to which she attaches value, and which she regards as "canons" of judgment; she applies these to what we know of Our Lord, St Paul, the author of the fourth Gospel, to certain notable personalities in the early Church (notably the little remembered Saint Macarius), and to the Roman liturgy of the Mass; and she decides that Christian mysticism is not the product of its pagan precursors taken singly or in combination, but that "its emergence as a definite type of spiritual life coincides with the emergence of Christianity itself, in the person of its Founder." No one can question the legitimacy of this method in itself, particularly if applied by an independent student. Thus it is legitimate even for a Catholic to assume any hypothesis, as a hypothesis, he chooses, and to see whether the ascertainable facts support it. It is legitimate to try whether, on the hypothesis that Jesus of Nazareth was an *halluciné*, or an impostor, or a revolutionary, the records remain explicable, or are satisfactorily explicable. But directly one has to manipulate the records to suit the theory, suspicion falls upon the theory *pro tanto*; and this in itself is a valuable result. Therefore Miss Underhill's method is legitimate. It is also recommended by her great industry and by her obvious sincerity. Her

The Mystic Way

illustrations are supplied by genuine erudition; her fervour is sincere, and, indeed, such as to render her style distinctly redundant, nor can she say anything once when three times (as some one said) will suffice.

When, however, we observe that she considers the Founder of Christianity to have passed accurately through the stages of mystical growth which she believes can be laid down (with all the scientific exactness of a kind of higher-plane biology) in consequence of a comparative study of expert mystics—St Teresa, Fox, St Ignatius, Tauler, Eckhart, and the rest—we begin to wonder whether the evidence—silent hitherto—be not suddenly witnessing to this strange fact with but an uncertain, or a venal, voice. Not that Catholic theology will *a priori* decide that Christ can not so have humbled Himself as to pass by the same path as must be trodden by His disciples—those steps only excluded which might imply sin. Nor shall we say that certain questions are definitely answered, as, for instance, the problems which Greeks and Latins solved differently—the mystery, to mention one only, of the God-man's knowledge. But we shall anxiously ask ourselves whether indeed the documents are being fairly treated, when we hear that Christ's baptism imported a mystical experience in any way to be set parallel with the "conversion" phase; when His active life is to be regarded as His "illuminative way," and His agony, His "dark night." We cannot be quite appeased when Miss Underhill, while admitting, in some sense, His unique identification with "reality," yet seems to diagnose in Him what we can only call a kind of "progressive incarnation"; and, in short, seems to suggest, despite a confusing confession of belief in a real "resurrection," that His mystical life was, *throughout*, specifically identical (though intensively so superior as to be unique) with that of St Teresa or St John of the Cross. And we are not astonished that Miss Underhill acknowledges that the "witnesses did not know the bearing of the facts which they have reported, or the significance of the sequence in which they are set." "Adequate materials for a bio-

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graphy of Jesus do not (it well may be) exist; but materials for a history of His psychological development do undoubtedly exist." Alas! but failing historical certainty with regard to the objective facts, how be certain of the subjective interpretation of the evidence? Simply because it can be fitted into the theoretic framework, I suppose? But how much harder has not Miss Underhill made her task, by assuming (and in all courtesy we ask: In consequence of her personal investigation? or in consequence of a schooling proper to what is, after all, but a sect among scholars?) a critical position which really destroys all that she seeks to establish, save for those who admit as proven her whole "mystical" position. Thus from the Synoptists little can be gleaned—even the Resurrection is a "confused poem," intrinsically contradictory. Paul got his knowledge of Jesus during his long "brooding" in Arabia over the mystic experience on the Damascus road; the "Johannine mystic" (frankly, a pedantic phrase) was so penetrated with Christ's spirit, that clairvoyance and clairaudience (though not of the vulgar type) enabled him to write with a wealth of detail and a "truth" of language best paralleled from Catherine Emmerich; but, as for history, go neither to him nor to her . . . Miss Underhill trusts Harnack, not realizing how far from borne out are too many of his generalizations by his data; and Loisy, not noticing that the eclipse of that professor shows how he too achieved notoriety mainly by saying what he said *as* a Catholic priest professing to be orthodox, and not by really original or substantial contributions to knowledge. Miss Underhill is erudite, reverent, imaginative, and to some extent original and impressive; but she speaks about her "conclusions," both positive (in the sphere of "mystical science") and negative (in that of criticism), with a serenity which, while confined to general topics, could leave a Catholic interested, polite, and perhaps sceptical; but, when applied to the Person and interior life of Our Lord, in almost every line appear unwarranted, untrue, and even galling.

Sermon Notes of Newman

Dare we then invite her to burn some of her note-books and to close the rest; even to cease reading for a space and to beware lest learning should block the path of wisdom, and lest even the appearance of mere "cleverness" disguise it?

D. T.

IN one respect the recently published *Sermon Notes of Cardinal Newman* (Longmans. Price 5s.) have quite unique interest. They show us Newman's thought without the magical clothing of his style. He tells us in one of these notes that it is the Oratorian way to converse, not to preach. His writing was ever an address inspired by the particular audience to which he desired to convey his meaning. The style differs as the hearers differ—wide, indeed, is the difference between the austerity of the Oxford sermons and the rich imagery and broad effects of the "Sermons to Mixed Congregations." Here we have bare notes which record the substance of what he would say, or had said. His thought is simply in undress.

Apart from this the interest of the sermons naturally varies very greatly. Their very simplicity is a reminder of the simple aim of the man to do the day's duty without ostentation or pretension, of the absence in him of all straining after originality.

To the present writer those notes are most interesting which give the Cardinal's reflections on human life. Some of them are notes for what were probably prose poems of great beauty.

Here is one—belonging to 1874—on the New Year:

1. Difference of feelings of young and old towards a new year.
2. The young with hope and expectation; the mature with anxiety.
3. The young look forward first for a change—each year brings changes. And to them they are changes, as they think, for the better; they are older, stronger, more their own masters, etc.
4. And secondly, the future is unknown, and excites their curiosity and expectation.
5. It is different with those who have some experience of life.

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They look (1) on *change* as no great good; they get attached to things as they are, etc.

6. But (secondly) the ignorance of the future, so far from being good, is painful—in truth it is one of our four wounds. Ignorance of all things, especially of the future—of what a day may bring forth—of suffering, bereavement, etc.

7. Thus, like railway train, bowling away into the darkness.

8. Ignorance what sufferings and bereavements are in store—of death—of the day of death. *We walk over our own dying day*, year by year, little thinking.

9. It may be a work-day, or holiday, or a ‘many happy returns’ [day].

10. All things make us serious. *This we know*, that death is certain; and then the time comes when there will be *no change*—for time is change—and no ignorance.

More remarkable than this is an earlier one for the first Sunday of Lent, 1851, on “the accepted time.” It is one of those singularly faithful delineations of the course of human nature which gained for him such power in his Oxford days.

1. INTROD.—Lent an apostolical observance.

2. And well did it become the Divine Mercy to appoint a time for repentance, who had in the fullness of time died for our redemption. For what is every one’s business is no one’s; what is for all times is for no time.

3. And even those who will not take God’s time, feel a time there must be. They always profess a time; they quiet their conscience by naming a time; but when?

4. ‘Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season,’ etc., Acts xxiv. 24–25.* When the present temptation is out of the way. When the present business or trouble is got through. When they have enjoyed life a little more.

5. When ‘a little more,’ for there is no satisfaction in sin, each sin is the last. But the thirst comes again; there is no term at which we can quit it; it is like drinking salt water—horizon recedes.

* “And after some days Felix coming with Drusilla his wife, who was a Jewess, sent for Paul, and heard of him the faith that is in Christ Jesus. And as he treated of justice and chastity and of the judgment to come, Felix being terrified, answered, For this time go thy way, but when I have a convenient time I will send for thee.”

Study of Bronze Age Pottery

6. End of life, time of retirement. The seriousness will come as a matter of course; passions will naturally burn out—*otium cum dignitate*—alas, the change of Nature is not the coming of grace. We may change, but we shall not be nearer heaven. To near heaven is not a natural change, but a specific work, as much as building a house. It is not a growth till there is something to grow from.

7. Feeling then there must be a time, and having the conscience of men on this point with her, the Church appoints a time and says, 'Now is the appointed time.' She blows the trumpet; proclaims forgiveness; an indulgence—scattering gifts—inviting all to come and claim. Not sternly, but most lovingly and persuasively she does it.

8. Oh for those who have neglected the summons hitherto, year after year, conscience pleading!

9. Or perhaps we have repented just through Lent and then relapsed and undone, and more than undone all.

10. And so we get older, older, and farther from heaven every year, till we come to our last Lent, and we do not keep it a bit the better.

11. Then we come near death, yet won't believe that death is near. Set thy house in order—packing up, and how many things left out. We cannot realize it. All hurry and confusion. Between illness, delirium, weakness, relations, worldly affairs, etc., we shall be able to recollect nothing—all in disorder. No real contrition. And so we die.

12. Ah! then in that very moment of death we shall recollect everything; all things will come before us. We shall wish to speak; it will be too late. We shall have passed from this life; the accepted time will have passed by.

The volume is prefaced by some very valuable and interesting notes by the Fathers of the Oratory, recalling the Cardinal's manner as a preacher. W. W.

IT is not often that a reviewer is confronted with so complete and beautiful a work as that which the Hon. John Abercromby has given to the learned world in his *Study of the Bronze Age Pottery of Great Britain and Ireland and its Associated Grave-Goods* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1912. Two vols. Price £3 3s. od.).

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Certain it is that this magistral work, the first attempt to deal comprehensively with its subject since the paper of Thurnam, must long remain the standard treatise on the subject for, though later discoveries may lead to modifications in the deductions at which the author has arrived, the careful and exhaustive collection of instances and the manner in which they are illustrated leave little or nothing to be done by future writers for some generations to come. How extensively the work is illustrated may be gathered from the fact that there are 1,611 figures of pottery, 155 examples of grave-goods (that is, the objects of flint, gold, amber, or the like, deposited with the remains of the dead, whether buried by inhumation or after cremation) and ten plates showing the character of the ornamentation of the vessels described.

It is, of course, quite impossible to follow the author into the details of his work, but some slight—very slight it must needs be—sketch of some of the conclusions at which he has arrived will give readers a general idea of the archæological and ethnological value of the book wholly apart from the technical and museum worth which it possesses. The bell-beaker or beaker, as the author prefers to call it, the “drinking-cup” of Hoare’s classification, may be looked upon as having originated in the Iberian Peninsula somewhere about 2500 B.C. It seems to have been introduced into Britain about 2000 B.C. by a band of brachycephalic invaders, who found the country occupied by the dolichocephalic race of neolithic times, a people of comparatively refined appearance, with oval faces and regular features.

Their invaders were a sharp contrast to the race invaded for the former had short, square skulls with faces rendered rugged and forbidding by the great development of the superciliary ridges and of the eyebrows. “Many of these invaders must have presented the appearance of great ferocity and brutality, in a degree which far surpasses our modern conventional representation of the criminal of the type of Bill Sykes” (i, 64). These invaders came from somewhere East of the Rhine,

Study of Bronze Age Pottery

perhaps from the confines of Helvetia, whence they may have followed the river, leaving their characteristic beakers as traces of their passage at Mainz, Urmitz, Andernach and other places. Perhaps the dolichocephalic invaders who were about that time taking possession of the Swiss Lake-Villages may have driven the brachycephals from their homes in the first instance, perhaps still later they may have been impelled to migrate by mere love of adventure. It may be assumed that they knew something about the cultivation of the soil; they may, in fact, have been on a par with the warlike and pastoral Zulus and Masai, who also cultivate a little maize and know how to forge iron assegais. It is possible that they had cannibalistic habits, and they were, there is some reason to think, polyandrous. It will be remembered that, according to Cæsar, some of the British tribes were in that stage of civilization at the time of his invasion of the island. They probably had animistic ideas and may possibly have had some notion of higher divinities such as a Sky-God and an Earth-Mother or goddess. It is probable that they spoke an Aryan language.

Arrived at the shores of the Channel they must have made their perilous passage to Britain in coracles or in dug-out boats or on rafts. The number of invaders was probably small, Mr Abercromby thinks that 300 or 400 persons, including women and children, may have been enough, and they may have brought with them some of the animals, cattle, sheep, goats and domestic swine which it was their custom to rear. After their landing, probably somewhere on the coast of Kent, some took a northerly course, others made for the west to the downs of Wilts, where is now that celebrated monument Stonehenge. Not the least interesting portion of the book is that which deals with that much-discussed edifice. The author thinks that the year 1700 B.C., that is, 300 years after the invasion of the brachycephals, may be assigned as the approximate date of its erection. That it was "primarily erected to represent a sepulchral edifice pure and simple" (ii, 94) is his conclusion, but he

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does not, therefore, shut his eyes to the significance of its orientation. It is not, according to his view, the summer solstice which is primarily concerned, for he believes that it "was erected after enormous labour to commemorate annually at midwinter the death of some great divinity, one who supplied grass for the cattle, who rendered the earth fecund, who multiplied the herds, and on whom the people depended for all supplies of food. As grass in particular, as growth and reproduction in general, all seem connected with the earth, they would be regarded as gifts of the Earth-Mother. But the influence of a Sky-God, who sends sunshine as well as storm, rain and frost, must also have been felt, and his good-will was also needed by a pastoral people. As his power in the matter of sunshine decreases visibly in winter and often vanishes, he became associated in this respect with the Earth-Mother" (ii, 95). It is only limited to this extent that Stonehenge can primarily be looked upon as a sun-temple, though in later days true solar worship may have superseded the earlier cult.

From this we may turn once more to trace the course of the invaders through the island. By the end of the nineteenth century the band facing north had reached the Nen and begun to occupy the Peak district. A little later, in or about 1880 B.C., they had crossed the Humber and were colonizing the East Riding of Yorkshire. About 1790 B.C. they crossed the Tweed and by 1700 B.C. had arrived as far north as the Dee. The south coast of the Moray Firth was colonized about 1600 B.C. The rate of their progress seems to have been about fifty miles for a generation. It is not possible in a short notice such as this is to follow the further developments of the invaders, save that it may be mentioned that the earliest beaker found in Ireland would seem to be datable to before 1800 B.C. The end of the Bronze period may be set down at 400 B.C. in Yorkshire and in the more accessible parts of the island, though in the remoter portions, such as Dorset and Ross-shire, it certainly lasted later, as late indeed as about 200 B.C.

Childhood of Art

Enough has been said to show something of the importance of this truly magnificent work, and to make it evident that it is one which no library of the slightest pretensions can possibly be without.

B. C. A. W.

THE extraordinary discoveries in the region of prehistoric art which have been made of recent years, especially in caves in Spain and elsewhere, are gradually beginning to penetrate to the knowledge of the reading public, and it was a happy thought of Mr H. G. Spearing in his *Childhood of Art* (London: Kegan Paul. 1912. Price 21s. net), to give some of the most important of these discoveries to the public in an accessible form. Mr Spearing's idea for his book was, however, of a more ambitious character. He desired to trace one particular line of human development, that of art. Now art, pure or applied, denotes a certain relief from constant strain, a certain amelioration of circumstances and therefore a stage in any particular era of history or pre-history, when there was leisure for something more than the constant and severe struggle for life and food. Commencing with the evidences, now most abundant, for the art of prehistoric man, Mr Spearing works his way through the earlier civilizations of semi-historic times, Egyptian, Chaldean, Cretan, down to Greek Art. His work is profusely illustrated and brings together in that manner a number of instances which must otherwise be sought in the pages of scientific journals or of out-of-the-way and costly works. It is a very interesting book and would be certainly not less readable if it were pruned of some of the rather too numerous moral reflections—the unkind would call them platitudes—which find a place in its pages. Still, as one of the first attempts, if not actually the first attempt, to deal with a most fascinating subject, and if only for the sake of its illustrations—though it has many other claims to respect—this book is well worthy of a place on the shelves of any library.

B. C. A. W.

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IT is rare enough to-day to find a casual reader with a wide knowledge of the works of "the great lexicographer," and the dictum of Miss Jenkyns in Cranford. "I prefer Dr Johnson to Mr Boz as a writer of fiction," is read, as it was written, with a smile. But any well-written book about Dr Johnson, any collection of his sayings, is read, like Boswell's *Life*, with widespread enjoyment, almost equal to that awakened by the best fiction.

A most admirable and living study is *Dr Johnson and his Circle*, which the Home University Library has lately issued (By John Bailey. Williams and Norgate. 1s.). In a small frame Mr Bailey has drawn a wonderfully complete and vivid picture not only of Johnson's own character, works and position, but also of James Boswell, to whom he has shown a rare justice, and whom he has pictured as delightful as, from his book, we have always suspected him to be. Mr Bailey replies in an admirable passage to Macaulay's attack on the man whom Dr Johnson held "in his heart of hearts":

"[Macaulay] seems always to have been one of those active, hurrying, useful persons who

'Fancy that they put forth all their life
And never know how with the soul it fares.'

Whatever can be said against Boswell, that cannot be said. Of this inner wisdom, this quietness of thought, this 'folie des grandeurs' of the soul, he had a thousand times as much as Macaulay. He could not cling to it to the end, he could not victoriously live by it and make it himself; but he had seen the vision which Macaulay never saw, and he never altogether forgot it. Every man is partly a lost soul. So far as Boswell was that he knew it in all the bitter certainty of tears. So far as Macaulay was, he was as unconscious of it as the beasts that perish. And the kingdom of wisdom, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is more easily entered by those who know that they are outside it, than by those who do not know that there is such a place and are quite content where they are."

The book is so full of good and wise things it is hard not to quote at great length. And the quotations them-

Dr Johnson and his Circle

selves, in which it abounds, are chosen with wisdom and skill to show the quality alike of Johnson's conversation and of his writings, both on his serious side and on that which made Miss Burney say that he "has more fun and comical humour and love of nonsense about him than almost anybody I ever met." Garrick, too, said of him: "Rabelais and all other wits are nothing compared with him. You may be diverted by them; but Johnson gives you a forcible hug, and shakes laughter out of you whether you will or no." Humour and common sense are both indeed to be found in abundance even in the carefully elaborate sentences of his written works. Is not Nekayah's reply to Rasselas excellent when he says:

"Whenever I shall seek a wife, it shall be my first question, whether she be willing to be led by reason.

"Thus it is,' said Nekayah, 'that philosophers are deceived. . . . Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of a domestic day.'"

How good, too, is the description of Nekayah's feelings a little while after the loss of her favourite:

"She rejoiced, without her own consent, at the suspension of her sorrows, and sometimes caught herself with indignation in the act of turning away her mind from the remembrance of her, whom yet she resolved never to forget.

"She then appointed a certain hour of the day for meditation on the merits and fondness of Pekuah, and for some weeks retired constantly at the time fixed, and returned with her eyes swollen and her countenance clouded. By degrees she grew less scrupulous and suffered any important and pressing avocation to delay the tribute of daily tears. She then yielded to less occasions, sometimes forgot what she was indeed afraid to remember, and at last wholly released herself from the duty of periodical affliction."

The only chapter in which Mr Bailey has not fully succeeded is the last: "The Friends of Johnson." There is not in this chapter the same life and energy as in the rest of the book; we do not feel, on finishing it, that we have talked with the other friends of Johnson as we

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have talked with "Bozzy" and with the doctor himself. Perhaps if it were expanded a little, and written in more detail, it might gain what it, alone of all the book, lacks of vividness.

The style of *Dr Johnson and his Circle* has all the grace, ease and charm of Mr Bailey's best work. "Whoever wishes," in Dr Johnson's own words, "to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious," would do well indeed to "give his days and nights to the volumes" of Mr Bailey's prose.

M. W.

IN reading *The Victorian Age in Literature* (By G. K. Chesterton. Williams & Norgate. 1s.) we feel we are sitting amid a little group of intimate friends: Mr Chesterton is the central figure. He is, in Dr Johnson's words, "folding his legs and having his talk out." Extraordinarily brilliant, wonderfully true sayings fall from him; he forms vivid pictures of one writer or another:

"John Stuart Mill was the final flower of that growth (rationalism and Bentham's science of self-interests). He was himself fresh and delicate and pure; but that is the business of a flower. Though he had to preach a hard rationalism in religion, a hard competition in economics, a hard egoism in ethics, his own soul had all that silvery sensitiveness that can be seen in his fine portrait by Watts. He boasted none of that brutal optimism with which his friends and followers of the Manchester School expounded their cheery negations. There was about Mill even a sort of embarrassment; he exhibited all the wheels of his iron universe rather reluctantly, like a gentleman in trade showing ladies over his factory. There shone in him a beautiful reverence for women, which is all the more touching because, in his department, as it were, he could only offer them so dry a gift as the Victorian Parliamentary Franchise.

"[Browning] concentrated on the special souls of men; seeking God in a series of private interviews.

"Ruskin had a strong right hand that wrote of the great mediæval minsters in tall harmonies and traceries as splendid as their own; and also, so to speak, a weak and feverish left hand that was always

Victorian Age in Literature

fidgitting and trying to take the pen away and write an evangelical tract about the immorality of foreigners . . . he set up and worshipped all the arts and trophies of the Catholic Church as a rival to the Church itself. . . . This does not alter, as a merely artistic fact, the strange air of ill-ease and irritation with which Ruskin seems to tear down the gargoyles of Amiens or the marbles of Venice, as things of which Europe is not worthy; and take them away with him to a really careful museum, situated dangerously near Clapham.

“Jane Austen was born before those bonds which (we are told) protected women from truth, were burst by the Brontës or elaborately untied by George Eliot. Yet the fact remains that Jane Austen knew much more about men than either of them. Jane Austen may have been protected from truth: but it was precious little of truth that was protected from her.

“But while Emily Brontë was as unsociable as a storm at midnight, and while Charlotte Brontë was at best like that warmer and more domestic thing, a house on fire—they do connect themselves with the calm of George Eliot, as the forerunners of many later developments of the feminine advance. Many forerunners (if it comes to that) would have felt rather ill if they had seen the things they foreran.”

How great a loss it would be to miss these good things and a hundred more as good and true. Yet there are other sayings which rather startle us, and do not bring the peculiar and happy feeling of true discovery. Some of these might, in actual conversation, be softened by the hearty laugh with which the speaker must, we feel, follow up their utterance; others need explanation and elaboration; some need at least defence. But Mr Chesterton never stops to explain or defend: he hurries on without drawing breath and is in the midst of a fresh and suggestive passage almost before we are ready with an objection to the last remark but one.

“By Morris’s time,” he says, we hope not too seriously, “and ever since England has been divided into three classes, Knaves, Fools and Revolutionists.” “Of the Victorian age as a whole it is true to say that it did discover a new thing; a thing called Nonsense.” New forms of nonsense perhaps it did discover, but Mr Chesterton

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seems to forget that he said himself, in an earlier page, "Shakespeare seems rather proud of talking nonsense." Another evident lapse of memory is shown in the assertion that Cardinal Newman was "the one great literary man" of the Oxford Movement. Does not Mr Chesterton forget Dean Church, John Keble and James Mozley, even if for intelligible reasons, he is justified in not here speaking of J. A. Froude or Frederick Faber?

An inconsistency that needs more explanation than any other in this brilliant sketch is that while Mr Chesterton allows in one place, that English literature has always had about it a certain original bent, he seems further on to maintain that the whole originality of the Victorian era was simply a result of the French Revolution, which he calls "the most important event in English history."

"This trend," he says, "of the English romantics to carry out the revolutionary idea not savagely in works but very wildly indeed in words . . . started English literature, after the Revolution, with a sort of bent towards independence and eccentricity, which in the brighter wits became individuality and in the duller ones individualism.

A most characteristic bit of literary criticism must be our last quotation. In commenting on Swinburne's *Before a Crucifix* Mr Chesterton says:

It imagines that the French or Italian peasants who fell on their knees before the Crucifix did so because they were slaves. They did so because they were free men, *probably owning their own farms*. Swinburne could have found round about Putney plenty of slaves who had no crucifixes, but only crucifixions.

The italics are our own. We sometimes wonder if Mr Chesterton has got the ideas of Christianity and small ownership so inextricably united in his mind that he really believes that only a peasant proprietor can be a good Christian.

Much of this, in a long book, might be seriously vexing to a thoughtful reader wishing for explanations he never gets, but in such a small compass we feel we ought to be

Glimpses of the Past

grateful for so much that is brilliant, thoughtful and true, and not cavil where we are puzzled. Remembering always that we are listening to talk, the best we ever heard since Dr Johnson's, we can say nothing but a hearty "thank you" for a most delightful night of it.

A. de H.

IN *Glimpses of the Past* (Mowbray. 5s. net.) the late Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, gives us a delightful volume of reminiscences, extending back beyond the middle of the last century. The eldest daughter of Dr Christopher Wordsworth, Canon of Westminster and later Bishop of Lincoln, and grand-niece of the poet, Elizabeth Wordsworth led a refined and useful life, fruitful in good works and happy in a circle of friends which included Samuel Wilberforce, Whewell (whom she "shows in a somewhat different light from that in which the world generally regarded him," and to whom indeed one of the most interesting chapters of the book is devoted), Conington, Dean Merivale, and Archbishop Benson and his family. It was in 1878 that she received the offer of the position with which her name will always be associated; the first committee for Lady Margaret Hall met early in the following year:

I believe I may fairly claim the credit of the suggestion of "Lady Margaret," as I had become, in my younger days, familiar with her beautiful monument in Westminster Abbey. She was a gentlewoman, a scholar, and a saint, and, after having been three times married, she took a vow of celibacy. What more could be expected of any woman?

It was in October, 1879, that Miss Wordsworth took up her residence at the Hall, five days before its formal opening by Dr Mackarness, then Bishop of Oxford, on the sixteenth of that month. The difficulties which are inseparable from the beginnings of such schemes, and the anxieties, financial and other, are amusingly told: "The modest sum of £10 or thereabouts" for the weekly house

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account "seemed a terrible amount of money"; the library consisted of two books—"a quite unintelligible treatise on sound and colour, and a well-worn copy of *The Newcomes*." There is an excellent account of a visit from Ruskin in 1884. In its initial stages the Hall was heavily handicapped by "the old Oxford Conservatives, who disliked any change," and "by some of the High Anglican party, with Dr Liddon at their head":

The old-fashioned Anglican view was once expressed to me by a cousin of my own, when he said to me, years before this date, that he "did not see how any woman could do any public work for God except joining a sisterhood."

Curiously enough, another section of the clerical world regarded the Hall as "a hot-bed of ritualism," apparently because, although always restrained and moderate, its tone was distinctly Anglican, as opposed to the broader attitude of Somerville towards religious matters.

From this time until Miss Wordsworth's retirement at the age of seventy, in 1909—a period of thirty academic years—the progress of the Hall was steady. It began with eight students, and at the date mentioned sixty-four were in residence. How far she was responsible for its success must be inferred from her modest narrative, or ascertained from others, for her own personality is carefully kept in the background.

The volume contains a number of interesting letters, written by Miss Wordsworth to members of her family, as well as extracts from her diary. One of the most interesting is a description of Queen Victoria's first jubilee:

I never saw her look so nice. Her smile is charming, and her manner (with few physical advantages except a certain *solidity*) quite wonderful. . . . Her voice was quite inaudible; but she has got the art of looking and moving to perfection.

Among the letters of others are some from Charlotte Yonge, one of which contains a reference to Cardinal

Verses and Reverses

Manning which we regret should have been published. But little glimpses here and there show that Miss Wordsworth herself is not in sympathy with Catholic faith or practice; thus, of an invalid French lad she says:

He is very good, an earnest Roman Catholic, delights in going to church, and always asks the curé to let him have the stupidest boys to prepare for first Communion. It was very pathetic to hear that he had been taken to Lourdes and had prayed most earnestly for recovery there, but had to come home just as he went, poor fellow! *It seems most cruel to encourage people in such false hopes.*

Such passages as this, however, are few, and do not detract from the pleasant impression conveyed by the book as a whole. J. B.

MR WILFRID MEYNELL tells us, in his tiny preface, the quaint genesis of the title *Verses and Reverses* which he prefixes to his little book of poems [Herbert and Daniel. pp. 78. 1s. 1913]. It is sometimes of Herrick and Herbert, and oftener of Fr Tabb that these remind us, and we will say immediately that some of them we have found charming with the highly specialized and disincarnate charm proper to these writers. It is not nature, nor incident, nor (directly) persons that inspire Mr Meynell, but at most notions about persons, and even verbal conceits—for “I find,” confesses the writer of *La Petite Culture*, “pleasure in—a pun.” Now this is all very well when his literary acrobatics are as successful as in this poem, “The United States”:

It really is a little odd,
If Marriage has been set by God
Above our human Fates,
To see Divorces, all the same,
In that great Continent whose name
Affirms United States.

America, dear Continent,
If continent you be,

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Why let a knot that's tied in Heaven
Be loosed in Tennessee?
Be careful lest in mock you're given
The title of "the Free."

Here is a quaint not unamiable thought, though expressed with the suspicion of a grin. But when the poet calls St Frideswide the *Oxford Donna* ("not her dons") he is out for a holiday; and when he declares "Not she alone who's labelled 'fast,' But every woman has a Past," he merely winks. Frankly, we do not like his exclaiming, through her mother's lips, of a small First Communicant, "O what a hostess for the Host," and we remember a close relative of this in, we think, *Faith Found in London*.

Now we may say that of singular beauty, in these poems, is the strain of human affection, sanctified and sanctifying, which runs through them. "The Folded Flock," indeed, is worthy of the lyre of "The Shepherdess of the Sheep," whose white poem beautified the earlier book we quoted. "To One who Hastened Heavenward" ends exquisitely: "Christ is the Way: and so Saints even Have lingered on the road to Heaven." "Their Best" is something which even the hard-worked servant girls—who did theirs—can understand and love. We wish we had space to quote "A Christian Comforted." The slender notes of Mr Meynell's chosen music hold here an echo of his greatest master and client, Francis Thompson.

N. K.

A SENSE of humour, like a touch of nature, is apt to make all the world akin, and Mr George Peel's account of *The Tariff Reformers* (Methuen. 2s. 6d.) can hardly fail to delight very many people who are far from sharing its author's uncompromising advocacy of Free Trade. The book is a history of the memorable ten years during which the Tariff Reform campaign has sapped the strength of the Unionist Party. The only people who are too hard hit by it to be likely to laugh good-humouredly are the extreme Chamberlainites. Much of Mr Peel's

The Tariff Reformers

banter is expended on Mr Balfour's attitude in the long-drawn-out campaign. Here I think he quite misses his mark. To anyone who takes in quite clearly Mr Balfour's view of the situation, as revealed in the extracts Mr Peel himself quotes from his speeches, his fundamental consistency is apparent throughout. Mr Peel's thesis is that while Mr Balfour ostensibly favoured Mr Chamberlain's policy he never meant to "adopt for execution a definite economic plan worked out up to the point of facts and figures" (p. 12). With this as his thesis he contrives to make a most amusing picture of Mr Balfour eluding with incredible ingenuity all attempts to make him practical, and yet professing repeatedly that he adhered with ardour to a creed on which he could not be prevailed upon to act. But in point of fact, both Mr Peel's statements are inaccurate. It is not true without reservation that Mr Balfour approved of Mr Chamberlain, and there is no evidence whatever that he had no definite plan of action. True enough, Mr Balfour and Mr Chamberlain were both in favour of Tariff Reform: but Tariff Reform—like a watchword with which this REVIEW has long been familiar, "Liberal Catholicism"—may mean many very different things in its positive connotation, though all who advocate it may agree in general terms as to the extremes they oppose. Lacordaire and Professor Friedrich were both "Liberal Catholics." Mr Balfour and Mr Chamberlain were both "Tariff Reformers." But Lacordaire was a devoted henchman of Rome, while Friedrich needed very little provocation to break with Rome altogether. Mr Balfour and Mr Chamberlain alike rejected the dogmas of extreme Cobdenism. But they were never agreed on a practical programme—and on this all turned in the last resort. Again, as I have said, there is no evidence that Mr Balfour was not ready with a definite scheme. But from the first he pointed out that the concurrence of public opinion was indispensable to proposing it formally. A party cannot carry out a policy against the will of the constituencies. What Mr Balfour said at the outset at Sheffield—that public opinion was not ripe for any

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scheme involving the taxation of food—was precisely the rock on which the whole movement was ultimately wrecked. Had the rest of the party been as wise as he, and never lost sight of this essential condition, the ridiculous *débâcle* we have witnessed would have been avoided. For an inherently impracticable policy would never have been authoritatively put forward. The question of food taxation could have been discussed calmly had it been kept as it was kept in the Sheffield speech outside the sphere of immediately practical politics.

But if Tariff Reform of a mild kind was speculatively favoured by Mr Balfour, Tariff Reform of a very drastic kind was practically formulated by the Chamberlainites in a form which was vehemently opposed in the north. The label "Tariff Reform" took its colour in the popular mind from the definite programme of the intemperate apostles of the movement; and just as Pius IX, in view of the excesses of Acton and Friedrich remarked that a Liberal Catholic was only half a Catholic, so the people who rule our destinies in Lancashire identified Tariff Reform with the disastrous fiscal revolution which was outlined in Birmingham. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

Mr Balfour's evolutions, therefore, were not in the least as Mr Peel represents the extraordinarily adroit efforts to avoid putting into practice his avowed convictions, but the efforts of a subtle and thoughtful mind to hold back zealots whose zeal outran their discretion from impracticable excesses. He had to keep his influence over the Tariff Reformers by emphasizing to the utmost his points of agreement with them. And at one moment, perhaps, he carried this policy too far. But his course was one long-continued effort to keep to the practicable, and not to attempt the absurdity of defying public opinion in a democracy. In the end he failed, but his justification came in dramatic form after he handed the reins over to another. Mr Bonar Law, a pronounced Tariff Reformer, succeeded him as leader, and great were the hopes of the enthusiasts. Yet directly he was in the position which

Fouquier Tinville

made it essential to be practical he had to draw in his horns. The attempt to withdraw Mr Balfour's referendum pledge brought forthwith such ominous signs that he at once had to retrace his steps—but the retreat was not complete enough or prompt enough, and the whole party drove the leader back with insistence to the very position which had been taken up by Mr Balfour. A more thorough justification of Mr Balfour's practical judgment cannot be imagined. It abundantly proved that his successive moves were not those of a clever shuffler, but of a very astute tactician and statesman, who had read public opinion with perfect accuracy. The appearance of shuffling is ever the necessary consequence of thought struggling with brute strength. He could no more go straight in the teeth of the Tariff Reform agitation at its strongest than he could face the constituencies with a policy they condemned. By a fine rhetorical *tour de force* in which he declared that he had no fear of submitting Tariff Reform to the Referendum, he kept the extremists to the realities of the situation without wounding their *amour propre*. If they were, as they said, winning popular opinion to their side, the Referendum would issue in their favour. If not, it was clearly folly to court defeat at the polls by putting a scheme of Tariff Reform including food taxes in the forefront as an election cry.

But all this will be visible to the careful reader of Mr Peel's brilliantly witty pages when once he is put on his guard against accepting the author's initial assumptions.

W. W.

M. DUNOYER'S book on *Fouquier Tinville* (Perrin. Paris), the dreaded Public Prosecutor of the Revolutionary Government during the sixteen months which ended with the fall of Robespierre, is a work which bears the mark of the most painstaking research in the wealth of facts and details which it presents, and also of the most scrupulous fairness of temper in his appreciation of them. But it may well be that for these very reasons, which in themselves are such high merits, the book will be found

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acceptable reading chiefly by those to whom the general trend of events during the Revolution and the outlines of its chief figures are already familiar. It is, in fact, so little a book for beginners that even more expert readers are bewildered by the whirling currents which sway rather than direct the rival factions, and although this bewilderment is perhaps of the period, the author might have enlarged the circle of his readers without being enticed into a general historical survey of the Revolution, or diminishing the prestige of learning which dignifies his work, by including in his pages some explanation of such designations as "Dantoniste" and "Hébertiste," and of the scope and tendency of the various committees which succeeded each other at the head of affairs. To the average reader the French Revolution, in its violent phase, is simply an indiscriminate massacre of priests and nobles by an enraged mob. In reality it was other than this. The bloodshed of the Terror was due, not so much to class hatred as to the jealousy of rival factions, equally enslaved and fanaticized by irreconcilable theories as to the correct interpretation of the rights of man. But the real interest of the book lies in the psychological and moral problem of Fouquier's character.

A man of perfectly respectable though decidedly modest origin, of sufficient education to retain in middle life a capacity for classical quotation, of sufficient standing to procure a legal appointment under the old French judicial system; finally, of sufficient ability to maintain a tolerable practice involving knowledge of legal and equitable principles, if not necessarily a taste for them. Such a man became within the space of a few years the eager instrument of upstart masters for daily committing scores of judicial murders. How did such antecedents lead to such results? That is the first part of the problem raised by M. Dunoyer, the solution of which is hinted at, but not positively declared. It is suggested with apparent plausibility that about 1788 some personal disaster transformed the hitherto respectable lawyer into the hungry and obsequious place-hunter which Fouquier had

Fouquier Tinville

become by 1791, begging for the support of Camille Desmoulins' interest in obtaining an appointment from Danton. The second, and possibly more interesting, problem is to find the key to the contradictions in his public attitude after he had become one of the salient figures of the Reign of Terror. On the one hand, he was cynically lax in observing even such forms as the Revolutionary Tribunal had retained for the protection of the accused. On several occasions he obtained a death sentence knowing that the person convicted was not the person charged. He frequently used language proving that he had made up his mind beforehand as to the number of victims which the scaffold would require on a given day. When the condemnation of Danton and Desmoulins seemed doubtful, he initiated the manœuvre by which a decree of the Convention was obtained incorporating the charges against them, sometime his benefactors, under the head of conspiracy, which the law of 22nd Prairial had made cognizable only by the Convention, punishable only by death. He introduced the system by which rewards were offered to prisoners who would denounce their companions as organizers of conspiracies within the prison walls so that they might be brought to trial in batches and convicted under the law of Prairial. Against all this must be set some mitigating facts. As many witnesses at his own trial testified, he often amongst intimates lamented the terrible work in which he was a principal agent. He occasionally intervened in the proceedings in Court in order that the accused or his witnesses might be given time to speak. But though this seeming impartiality was due as much to hatred of the presiding judge, Dumas, as to any remnant of lenity, he often refused or ignored the petitions of prisoners to be brought to trial, for he knew that trial meant conviction. Lastly, he refused, apparently from no motive of gain or policy, to proceed against the ninety-four citizens of Nantes on the flimsy evidence of the local revolutionary committee. It is not easy to summarize so much conflicting matter. Was Fouquier simply a bloodthirsty bully who revelled in the

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submission of helpless victims while cunningly expressing disgust at his work in order to prepare for a possible reaction? It is more probable he was, like other men, full of inconsistencies which the early disaster already alluded to made inexorable. The Revolution found him a starving *déclassé* with a wife and seven children to whom he was tenderly devoted. He and they must live. It was a time when a man must need take sides, and one side only worked the guillotine. The combined force of necessity and domestic tenderness, rather than native cruelty, induced him to identify himself with the odious work of decimation. Being essentially a mean man, he sacrificed every principle of honesty and justice to serve his own interest. He knew that it was the aim of his employers not to administer justice, but to strike terror; he knew that those whom he arraigned were free from crime, and he was therefore indifferent as to identity of person or adequacy of proof, provided the number of condemned were equal to expectations. He never realized that there is a higher law than expediency or a higher duty than family affection.

Although the lenient view of Fouquier's career to which M. Dunoyer inclines seems tenable, it must be remembered that his contemporaries did not share it. He was execrated even in Revolutionary Paris for his brutal callousness; he was valued by Robespierre for the same reason. He was the too faithful servant of a fallen faction, and himself perished by the guillotine, leaving the family, for whom on the best hypothesis he staked everything, to starvation.

T. B.

WE have it on the authority of Browning that "A man's reach should exceed his grasp." And though he did not perhaps intend this counsel primarily for young authors it may be applied to them, and especially to writers of first novels. A. M. Champneys in *Bride Elect* (Arnold. 6s.) has certainly followed it. She has attempted an enormous reach and her grasp has not fully attained it. But she has done enough to mark her

Homiletic & Catechetic Studies

as a writer of very real promise. The early part of the book is quite excellent, particularly in the description and analysis of Audrey's child feelings. Audrey is always charming and convincing, but, in the later scenes between her guardian and the actress Eve Dufour, there is much more conscious effort, and the impression produced is that Miss Champneys is no longer writing of the things she knows and so fails in perfect truth.

To write from experience, to picture life simply as most of us live it, is becoming less and less usual with the more ambitious modern novelists. Miss Champneys is in the fashion when she introduces several situations not often to be met with, as a child's attempted suicide, a father's vehement dislike of his only son, and Audrey's strange betrothal to her guardian. She deals so skilfully with her plot as to make one wish she would write again without fearing to describe the usual, for she will not easily become commonplace. Even if the story as a whole were less interesting than it is the good style and descriptive power would carry the reader happily from the first page to the last.

M. W.

HOMILETIC *and Catechetic Studies.* (Meyenberg-Brossart. Translated from the seventh German edition. 14s. net. Pustet. In England, B. Herder). In the book before us the English preacher is given every opportunity of drinking deep from the well of German pulpit wisdom. Germans are great orators, and the German Catholic clergy are not behind any other body of men in the art of speaking well. The volume we are reviewing is ponderous enough, but in sacred eloquence the man with the greatest amount of ballast usually soars highest.

There is nothing concerning the art and matter of preaching that cannot be found in this volume. It is a monument of German thoroughness. The book comes to the English clergy through an American translator. But though it went as far as Kentucky to be made English it has lost none of its German idiosyncrasies of speech, and it comes to the English public across the Atlantic with

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all its native depth of thought and involution of sentences. A Fatherlander who has just crossed the North Sea could not be more original in his use of the King's English.

In the introduction, page 15, the German writer is made responsible for the following, by his American translator:

For the homiletic consideration it is wonderfully surprising how the final accounts of the four Gospels and the beginning of the Acts of the Apostles point out to the decisive creation and the assertion of the life of such a teaching office and of the school of faith combined therewith.

Page 48 has the following encomium of love, as a power in the preacher's heart:

Love is also the teacher of all methods, the guide for all old and new ways, the guard against self-sufficiency, against routine and rut, against exasperation and dejection, against all deadly foes of true eloquence. Love is never discouraged either by the presence of great throngs or small audiences.

We have tried most earnestly to gain some profit from the following praise of St Augustine's method, page 575, but have given it up in despair:

Again, many of his written elaborations are hastily planned and indirect preparations, drawn from the superabundant treasury of the speaker; they are crutches and instruments which the rhetorician threw away in the triumph of his speech, which, like an eagle, raised itself and playfully formed into unity what indirect and direct preparation had long ago assumed into the plan like building stones.

On page 757 we notice the following sentence: "Death, however, to genuine sacred eloquence is a miserable confidence in routine."

It is certainly one of the most trying results of the confusion of tongues at Babel, that what in one language looks most decorous when it stands first should be last according to the perverse genius of another tongue.

Betrothment and Marriage

We recommend, therefore, the book wholeheartedly to preachers, not only for the completeness with which it treats of the art of preaching (there are over 800 pages of matter), but also as a gentle warning as to style, by way of "a contrary method."

We are convinced that this excellent and most mannerly of German standard works on preaching has lost a good deal of its native courtesy by emigrating to the Republic of dollars. Thus, in a sketch for a sermon, page 545, it says:

Unnecessary disputation, crafty litigiousness, purse-proud and sordid boast of money bags and gold chests even in legitimate legal demands and transactions, etc. . . . are to be severely condemned. On the background of the vividly perceived and sanguinary love on Calvary, and manifested through the Confessional, by the Son of God, who longs to remit our entire and immeasurable guilt, every kind of unfeeling severity is strongly condemned.

A. V.

B*ETROTHMENT and Marriage* (By Canon de Smet. Translated by the Rev. W. Dobell. Vol. 1. Bruges: Charles Bayaert. 13s.).

We have long felt the need of a handbook in English, suitable for the clergy, on the subject of marriage. We had hoped that the editors of the Westminster Library would see their way to include such a book in their list. Meanwhile Canon de Smet's well-known treatise has made its appearance in English translation. It does not attain the ideal we should like to see realized, but it does substantially meet all urgent requirements.

The moral theology aspect of the question is, of course, the predominant note. This, too, requires a certain amount of dogmatic treatment, which is given with no unstinted hand. But over and above all this the book is enriched with numerous sidelights showing up the various points in their historical, sociological, ascetical, and scientific settings.

First and foremost, the parish priest wants to know all about the subject with respect to controlling the institution in his parish and amongst his own people.

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Complications, involving impediments, are always arising. The priest wants to know whether or not it is a case for the bishop, and if for the bishop, how the details must be set out. For this purpose the book leaves nothing to be desired.

But then we are living in a country where marriage is not generally believed to be a sacrament, where there is an ever-growing tendency to weaken the marriage bond, and where the authority of the Church is not regarded as the final court of appeal. Hence the parish priest has the duty of explaining the institution to those who are not of the fold. There is the apologetic as well as the pastoral aspect of the question. It is this apologetic aspect which calls for further development. We want to know the intrinsic reasons of things as well as the extrinsic.

For instance, the author has a very illuminative chapter on the properties of the marriage bond, in the course of which he has to treat of the derogations from the law of indissolubility. He has to show that the Sovereign Pontiff has the power to dissolve a marriage *ratum sed non consummatum*. He first distinguishes between primary and secondary natural law, and then shows that God can dispense from the secondary natural law and can delegate the power to His Church, who uses it only *ministerially*. Then he gives the history of the development of this doctrine, beginning with the famous controversy between the schools of Bologna and Paris. And there he leaves the question. What the outside world wants to know is the reason why divorce should be permitted in this case and not in others. For us it is enough to say that God says so and the Church says so. But faith seeks to understand. There must be many advantages, spiritual and temporal, attached to this legislation. A modern book on marriage, intended to be a handbook for the clergy, should have an abundance of suggestions to help the priest-apologist in this direction.

The section on "The Regulation of Marriage" is particularly apt and pertinent to the present-day situation. First the right of the Church to institute both diriment

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and impedient impediments is clearly established. Then the question is discussed as to how far the State has similar rights. There is much vagueness of view about this point, even amongst Catholics. Canon de Smet, with a few master distinctions, clears the air. The distinction between baptized and unbaptized persons makes the first great difference. With regard to the baptized, the civil authority has right only over the purely civil effects of marriage. But nevertheless it can take cognizance of offences against public order committed by Christians in their married life, and vindicate the law by the punishment of such crimes as adultery, etc. Also "the State has the right of *recourse to the Church*, and of demanding that it should, in its matrimonial legislation, and especially in the establishment or abrogation of impediments, take into consideration the circumstances and requirements of the faithful among those who are subject to its laws." The Church on her part is always willing to do what she can to meet the demands of the State provided it does not involve a compromise of divine laws.

With regard to the unbaptized the author holds the opinion that the State has the power of regulating the marriages and of instituting even diriment impediments.

Under the same heading there is a very clear statement of the question of vesectomy and fallocotomy. An exceedingly rich collection of references is also given.

The book must be regarded as a gold-mine of information. But there is hardly a single literary grace about it.

J. C.

THE first volume of the *Catholic Encyclopædia* appeared in 1907; the fifteenth and last volume has just reached the hands of the subscribers. And, viewing generally this remarkable production, we may feel a satisfaction that it was not undertaken earlier. We are now sufficiently acquainted with the mind of the twentieth century to pass a judgment upon the issues of thought in science, philosophy and theology during the Victorian era. The expectations of the scientist, the higher critic, and

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the modernist have not been realized, and we see in what direction the Church and the world are likely to move in the immediate future. Historical research, accuracy and achievement, the new birth of philosophy, advanced studies in scripture, the restoration of the chant on scientific lines, the reconstruction of canon law, a new office in preparation, a new biblical text in prospect, and the positive treatment of theology, furnish us with a presentation of Catholic science and its future promise, which a few years ago would have been impossible.

This Encyclopædia, we do not hesitate to say, is the greatest triumph of Christian science in the English tongue. Probably no encyclopædia has succeeded so completely in securing the best talent for its articles. It may be doubted whether any other has broken up so much new ground. Its writers, "representing as they do Catholic scholarship in every part of the world, give the work an international character." (Preface to Vol. I.) It addresses itself to its readers in the most widespread language of the world. Its preparation has given rise to a printing house which may yet be as celebrated in history as the houses of Antwerp, Paris and Venice in days gone by.

We have now under review Vol. XIV (*Simony-Tour*), July, 1912. pp. xv, 800 and Vol. XV (*Tourn-Zwirner*) October, 1912. pp. xv, 800+464A—464H. (Robert Appleton Company, New York.) The last volume includes 25 pages of Errata and additions for the fifteen volumes. If, after the fullness of previous volumes, the reader experience a sense of regret at the evident reduction in the length of articles, he must be mindful of the exigencies of space. He cannot, however, fail to admire the perseverance of those regular contributors who maintain their activity to the last. Besides the ordinary staff (among whom we may single out for special mention Mgr. Baumgarten, Rome; G. Gietmann, Holland; G. Goyau, Paris; W. H. Grattan-Flood; Enniscorthy; H. T. Henry, Overbrook, Pennsylvania; K. Löffler, Münster; F. Mersman, O.S.B., Collegette, Minnesota; M. Ott, O.S.B. ib.; A. MacErlean, Fordham, N.Y.) we have E. Burton

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for English worthies; D. O. Hunter-Blair, O.S.B., on English abbeys; Mgr. Kirsch on biographical and historical subjects; H. Mann on the Popes; S. Pétridès on Eastern Sees; W. Turner on the biographies of philosophers; H. Thurston, S.J., on various rites and ceremonies, to mention only a few.

Taking the needs of the hour as a standard of arrangement, the writer feels, after perusing these two volumes, that certain articles will captivate the attention of a large number of readers. We refer especially to the articles on Woman, Socialism, the Union of Christendom, the Virgin Birth, the Temperance Movement, the Society of Jesus, Spiritism and Witchcraft, Totemism and Statistics. At all events they may be recommended to all whom they concern. The article on Woman (eleven pages) by A. Rösler (Austria) is complete in its survey, profound in its reflections, human in spirit though never sentimental, courageous and decided. It sets up ideals which the ordinary feminist too often fails to appreciate, and should be read carefully by every member of the C.W.L.

Equal in importance and value is the much more extensive article on Socialism by L. A. Toke, where we have a minute and condensed study of the theory and the movement. Socialism is presented as it is in itself, and as inevitably contrasted with definite Christian beliefs, when these are consciously and consistently maintained. The concluding section is a fine analysis of the contention that a Catholic, as such, may be a Socialist, and should prove a serviceable and indeed a decisive contribution to the solution of a problem, which has troubled not a few of our young men. The Union of Christendom is a rich and timely essay of twenty-two pages from the experienced hand of Sydney Smith, S.J. The Science of Theology, so constantly misunderstood, or not understood at all by outsiders, receives, in forty-two pages, massive treatment under its numerous aspects by writers of the first rank, such as J. Pohle, A. Lehmkuhl and A. J. Maas, S.J. As prominent in recent discussion the Virgin Birth is clearly treated, and is followed by

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sections on the Blessed Virgin, and on devotion to her in the light of scriptural and patristic teaching. As affecting a social need of oppressive greatness, the Temperance Movement gives in its eleven pages an almost world-wide survey, and is minutely documented. This study portrays in calm language both the extent of the drink plague and the encouraging progress that has been effected by innumerable workers. A topic of ever-recurring misapprehension and misrepresentation is the Society of Jesus. The article on this subject, by J. H. Pollen, S.J., is not an apology in the ordinary meaning of the term, but a simple statement of the truth extending over sixty closely-packed columns. Along with this ought to be read the article on the Spiritual Exercises of St Ignatius. With the aid of these two articles the curious or suspicious will find their queries anticipated and their doubts removed. The article on Spiritism lays before the reader the Catholic mind on this difficult and perilous subject. A subsequent article on Witchcraft will introduce many to one of the most extraordinary delusions and exaggerations of history. It is sad reading. Totemism, a subject that is little understood by most people and confused by others, is here presented in an intelligible manner by J. Driscoll. Our final leading article is that on Statistics, not merely as concerned with parochial or national estimates, but more especially with the survey of the religions of the world. Interesting and satisfying as the article appears to be, its real value will be rather directive and suggestive than conclusive. It points out what we still require, and sets an example of scientific method and exact calculation.

As is usual in books of this description, countries and buildings have absorbed a good deal of space. Syria has twenty pages. A copiously illustrated article on Spain has thirty-two, including history and literature. The United States occupies only twenty-two. A lengthy article deals with the Slavs. Mention must be made of the thirty-two pages on the Vatican Palace, Council and Observatory, of which twenty-six, by Mgr. Baumgarten, are devoted to the Palace, where the reader will find the

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Vatican described not as a mere mediæval antique, or an art treasury, but as a place where men live and work.

Scripture holds a place of less significance in these than in former volumes; still we have Testaments, Old and New, Synoptics by G. Gigot, Versions of the Bible by A. J. Maas, and the Revision of the Vulgate by Abbot Gasquet, the head of the Commission. He supplies us with an informing account of the object and progress of the undertaking, which will hold the reader's attention to the end. Theology also is less conspicuous than previously. A short article, yet very necessary in these times of increasing indifference, on the nature and sense of Sin, others on Tradition and Trinity (ten pages), and another on the Syllabus and we have done. The article on the Syllabus tells of the long preparation for this notable document and states the various opinions as to its binding force, and concludes appropriately with a reference to the modernist syllabus of Pius X. S to Z do not seem favourable to moral theology. Father Slater informs us about Sunday observance, the word Synderesis, and deals gently with the practice of Speculation. We have also a very important contribution from A. Vermeersch on the subject of Vocation, in which, after discussing the subject at large, he refers to the recent controversy on the matter. He writes also on Vows and Religious, in which subjects he is a recognized authority, and contributes a valuable and lucid treatment of Usury.

Philosophy has no lengthy article; but such articles as we find are important—Soul, Spirit, Spiritualism, by M. Maher. M. P. de Munynck (Fribourg) deals admirably with Space and Substance; D. Nys (Rector of the Institut de S. Thomas, Louvain) treats of Time. The article on Teleology will dissipate the difficulties of many. Truth and Transcendentalism are for those who will not refuse to take the trouble of thinking. Telepathy, on the other hand, is for everybody to read; but after all it is shown to remain an unproven hypothesis and more facts are called for. Vivisection will, no doubt, be read eagerly by many, who will find that its writer does not shrink

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from the issues involved. The article on Thomism has an air of novelty, for it groups and explains the peculiar tenets of the system known by that name in a way which will materially help the student of philosophy.

Among the innumerable biographical articles, St Thomas Aquinas, by D. J. Kennedy, O.P. (Washington), holds a prominent place, being a first-rate and many-sided study. It closes with a testimony to the quality of the translation of the Summa by the Fathers of the English Province. A specimen of an article is reproduced with the English version in parallel columns. The rendering is so concise as to occupy rather less space than the Latin original. A Kempis is appropriately written by Dom V. Scully. The notices of Stradivari, Suarez, Surin and J. Stephenson are all excellent; that of F. Witt is by a sympathetic hand. Tissot and E. Taunton are very interesting, as also are Van Beethoven, Verdi and Jules Verne. Charles Waterton, Cardinal Wiseman, by D. O. Hunter-Blair, and Cardinal Vaughan, by J. G. Snead-Cox, are all models in this style of literary work.

In conclusion we may point out a few minor matters for emendation. The names Rösler and Bolland are spelt one way in the list of contributors and another in the body of the volume. Some of the biographies, as for example, Taparelli and Ubaghs, lack altogether the personal element of the subject noticed. The account of the Ven. A. M. Taigi omits to mention the singular phenomenon of the sun from which she was accustomed to receive her prophetic illumination. The article on the Sistine Choir says nothing of its technique, and that on Syndicalism omits from its bibliography the recent work of L. Garriquet on *L'Evolution actuelle du socialisme en France*. (Bloud. 1912.) In the article on Woman, page 691, we are referred to the expression "Woman belongs at home!"

H. P.

IN his *Problems of Life and Reproduction* (London: John Murray. 1913. Price 7s. 6d.) Professor Marcus Hartog has presented to the reading public a very interesting and

Problems of Life

a very readable work, the result of wide study, careful personal experiment, abundant thought and a just refusal, where unconvinced, *jurare in verba magistri*.

As its title tells us, it deals, in large part, with the problems of Reproduction which involve so many remarkable facts, all of them, one may almost say, of quite recent discovery, and most at least of them interpretable and interpreted in varying manners by varying writers. Professor Hartog has his own explanations of such matters as the so-called "polar bodies," his very common-sense view as to which much commends itself to us, and the curious series of changes which take place in connexion with the dividing cell, mitotic or karyokinetic. It has been too hastily assumed by some that these happenings, which certainly exhibit at least a strong superficial resemblance to the behaviour of iron-filings between the poles of two magnets, were actually referable to magnetic or electrical forces. Professor Hartog seems to have proved conclusively that this is not the case and with every respect—more than once expressed—for "Occam's razor," he postulates a "new force" which he calls *mitokinesis*. His argument in connexion with this matter is one of the most novel and not the least interesting features of this work. Attention may also be directed to the discussion on the much-vexed question of the Heredity of Acquired Conditions in which, as in other parts of the book, Professor Hartog enters the field of scientific polemics and wields therein a doughty blade. In this connexion his re-statement of the old question of Mechanism *versus* Vitalism (though he does not seem much enamoured of the old name "vital force") will be of special interest to philosophical readers as he takes up a frankly "vitalistic" position like so many biologists—as opposed to physiologists, in the narrower sense of that term, many of whom seem to be unable to see beyond their chemico-physical noses. Professor Hartog reprints in this volume the very interesting introduction to the works of a somewhat neglected writer, the late Samuel Butler, which appeared in a reprint of that

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author's *Unconscious Memory* some two or three years ago. Perhaps we may be permitted to comment on one passage in what is an extremely interesting sketch of the rise and progress of the Darwinian theory. It is stated that the late Dr Mivart's criticism of Darwin's views was disregarded because "he evidently held a brief for a party standing outside the scientific world," i.e., because he was a Catholic (p. 246). Considering that Mivart's most prominent criticisms were directed against the adequacy of "small variations" and the abounding influence of Natural Selection, both of which points are being vehemently debated at this very moment, it is a sorry confession for a scientific man to have to make that these criticisms were disregarded for so very inadequate a cause. Perhaps the reason may be found in another quotation from the same chapter, which reveals the fact to those ignorant of it—if such there be—that the *odium scientificum* is not wholly unknown. "Such views"—our author remarks in dealing with some of Weismann's "fantastic hypotheses"—"have so enchanted many distinguished biologists, that in dealing with the subject they have actually ignored the existence of equally able workers who hesitate to share the extremest of their views. The phenomenon is one well known in hypnotic practice. So long as the non-Weismannians deal with matters outside this discussion, their existence and their work are rated at their just value; but any work of theirs on this point so affects the orthodox Weismannite (whether he accepts this label or rejects it does not matter), that for the time being their existence and the good work they have done are alike non-existent" (p. 261).

The last two essays on "Interpolation in Memory" and on "The Teaching of Nature-Study" hardly seem to come within the scope of the title, but assuredly no one who reads them will grudge them their place. The latter especially may be commended to the attention of every teacher, whether biological or not, for it is packed with wise, suggestive and witty (in all senses of the word)

The Theory of Evolution

ideas. The book is adequately illustrated and endowed with one of the most complete indexes which it has ever been our lot to examine.

B. C. A. W.

FATHER WASMANN, S.J., has long been known to men of science as the foremost living authority on ants and termites and their inquilines, and his special books on science in its relation to religion have been noticed in this REVIEW as they appeared both in their German and their English dress. He has not merely contributed of his own work to science but has achieved the even greater end of forming a school of scientific observers and writers amongst German members of his society. Fr Assmuth, now we believe in India, is well known for his observations in the same field of knowledge as that of his teacher, and now we have from the pen of Fr Karl Frank, S.J., a most interesting work (*The Theory of Evolution in the Light of Facts*. Trans. by Charles T. Druery. London: Kegan Paul. 1913. Price 5s. net) containing a chapter by Fr Wasmann on the subject which has formed the work of his life.

The various theories which have been put forward by Lamarck, by Darwin and by the "neo" followers of either of these authorities are very fully considered by Fr Frank, who points out the many difficulties which arise when one tries to square the results of observation with any of the explanations at present before the scientific world.

One of the most interesting sections of the work is that which deals with the common origin of plants and animals. Nearly all modern theories of evolution assume a common low form of life from which branched off in the one direction protozoa and in the other protophyta, the simplest forms of animal and of vegetable life. Fr Frank entirely differs from this view, and, as the result of a philosophical argument of great cogency and interest, concludes that "animals and plants cannot be brought into genetic connexion," and this because, the entire

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“idea” of the two being wholly different, it would be impossible for the one to become the other without a total alteration of its own being.

Fr Frank in this and in other points embraces the polyphyletic view of evolution, which has been set forward as an explanation by more than one writer, an explanation which, whilst believing in transformism within great groups, does not think that it can be shown to account for the groups themselves. The book is one which will interest all philosophical biologists. B. C. A. W.

IT has long been our opinion that a really satisfactory book on Lourdes and its phenomena, written from a thoroughly scientific standpoint and in English, is one of the desiderata of modern Catholicism. If anyone doubts whether such a book would meet with a sympathetic reception we may refer him amongst recently published books to *Medicine and the Church* (sc. of England) and to the chapter on Lourdes in that truly delightful work, *The Corner of Harley Street*. There (and elsewhere) he will find evidence of the change of opinion that has come over thoughtful minds, no longer mere sneerers at Lourdes as a centre of imposture, fraud and hysteria.

In spite of its not very attractive exterior we hoped that *Heaven's Recent Wonders* (By Dr Boissarie. Translated by the Rev. C. Van der Donckt. Frederick Pustet and Co. B. Herder, London, agents. Price 6s. net) might be the book we were looking for. Well, most emphatically, it is not. First of all, as a piece of translation and editing it is about as slipshod a performance as ever came under our notice. It is translated not into English, but into American, and we submit that phrases like “the nun was through with her prayers”—“the day he quit practising”—“way down in my heart”—“I did not understand the first thing of it”—“Say, Father, did you bring a lamp along”—“shivered quite a while,” and many others which we refrain from quoting, whilst quite in place in an American novel, especially of the humorous type, are wholly inadmissible in what purports to be a religious and a scientific

The Apocalypse of St John

work. But worse than this are the constant errors in the spelling of medical words and in medical terminology, showing that no medical man has been asked to read the proofs. The most glaring instance of this kind of thing is to be found in the (quite inadequate) account of the really remarkable case of Pierre Rudder. On p. 35 is a figure entitled "Bones of de Rudder," to which is added, "It can be seen that the broken bone is just as long as the other," etc., etc. Will it be believed that the bones shown—the *only* bones shown—are those of the *right* leg, which was never broken? It was the left leg which was broken and united, eight years afterwards (as we are convinced by a miracle), and the pictures of the bones of both legs—the right is given for purposes of comparison—will be found in the little work on de Rudder published by the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland (*A Modern Miracle*, 1906). So much for the translation, now what about the book itself? This, again, is not at all satisfactory. It is neither a truly scientific work nor a truly popular one. There are excellent cases in it; for example, the cure of Mme Rouchel is one which, so it seems to us, is quite inexplicable on any hypothesis of a non-miraculous character. But they are reported in so confusing a manner that they will not, we are convinced, appeal to a scientific non-Catholic man as they might be made to appeal. We do not desire to labour the case further, but we do venture to say that it is unfortunate that the real case for Lourdes should not be presented in a manner likely to make a serious appeal for a hearing to the scientific opinion of English-speaking countries.

B. C. A. W.

THE *Apocalypse of St John*, a Commentary on the Greek Version. By James J. L. Ratton, M.D., M.Ch., Q.U.I. Pp. xv, 417. Washbourne. 12s. net).

Colonel Ratton is to be congratulated on the care with which he presents the preterist interpretation of the *Apocalypse*. In our day, when the revival of interest in the book is bearing exegetical fruit, it is well that each school should be represented as thoroughly as

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possible. We do not suppose for one moment that the final explanation will be completely attained by any one method of interpretation, or by composing an eclectic mosaic from them all. But each school is of value in emphasizing an aspect of the work and in throwing out certain features in bold relief.

The form in which Colonel Ratton presents his work is excellent. The thesis is clearly stated in the preface. The introduction contains a life of St John, notes on the canonicity and interpretation of the book, and on the Roman Empire, an essay on the date of the *Apocalypse*, an account of the Seven Churches, an analysis of the scheme and symbolism, and a brief account of the Greek text. In his commentary, Colonel Ratton very wisely takes the book verse by verse. He prints the Greek from Brandscheid's text with the variations of Swete's, adds the English from the Douay version, and then makes his own comments.

He regards the Seven Churches as illustrating the Seven Ages of the Catholic Church. Chapters IV–XI, are treated in Alcazar's fashion as "the Jewish theme," describing the fall of Jerusalem in the year 70 A.D. Chapters XII–XIX are named "the Roman theme," and are referred to the fall of Rome, which is dated "about the beginning of the sixth century." The Millennium of Chapter XX is identified with the "thousand years of peace for the Church," from that event to the outbreak of Cæsarism in the Protestant Reformation. And the commentary concludes with expositions of the General Judgment, the New Jerusalem and the Epilogue.

We have nothing but praise for the author's labour and zeal, and for the publisher's care and good taste.

We agree with Colonel Ratton that "the date of the Book of Revelation is of paramount importance as regards its exegesis." But when he tells us that "Catholic writers, almost alone, support the theory that the Book was written in Domitian's reign," and adds not only that they do so "as a matter of tradition," but also that such a date "rests entirely on a casual remark of S. Irenæus,"

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we bow in wondering awe before the cosmic audacity of the utterance. What has Weizäcker to do with the Catholic religion? Yet in his work on the *Apostolic Age* he dates the *Apocalypse* about thirty years after the fall of Jerusalem. Zahn, in his *Introduction*, iii, 412, holds "the tradition, in itself unassailable, that Revelation was written about 95 A.D.," to be corroborated by the conditions of the Asiatic churches. Milligan is emphatic as to that Domitian date. Hort says that, if external evidence alone could decide, there would be a clear preponderance for Domitian; and Peake urges that the external evidence is confirmed by the internal. No one who knew Dr Salmon, will suppose that he had any Catholic leanings; yet he declared that the two principal grounds for asserting a Neronian date had collapsed. He indicated the true date in a way which Ramsay has finely developed by analyzing the phase of provincial Rome-worship implied in the book. To deal fully with this matter would require many pages. So we merely ask the author of this commentary to read at least Moffat's introduction to the book in the *Expositor's Greek Testament*, and to withdraw his implied censure on Catholic writers.

As to the explanation of the number 666 by Nero's name and title, we are at one with many students of the book in arguing that nothing is more unlikely. The Hebrew letters, partly misprinted in Colonel Ratton's work, would not be implied in a book for the Christians of Roman Asia. Both the *Sibylline Oracles*, i, 326, in a passage written about 200 A.D., and the *Epistle of Barnabas* ix, 8, written between 70 and 79 A.D., use the Greek alphabet, the former in computing the sacred name of "Jesus" at 888, and the latter in interpreting the 318 of *Genesis*, xiv, 14, as the first two letters of that name and the sign of the Cross. St Irenæus, the pupil of St John's friend, St Polycarp, confesses himself ignorant of the true solution; but he has no idea of employing any other alphabet than the Greek. And the *Apocalypse* itself plainly has regard to the Greek alphabet, for our Lord is described in it as "the Alpha and the Omega."

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It does not, of course, follow that any name which can be equated to 666 must be that intended. An old writer refused to count his own name, lest it should amount to the fatal number. Indeed, an Irish Unionist pointed out that "Parnell," in Greek form and lettering, amounts to 666, and is connected with boycotting. And no doubt, by judicious manipulation of name and title, an Irish Nationalist could as easily identify Mr Balfour with the political monster.

There are many such points with which we should quarrel. For example, there is a repetition of St Augustine's error in describing St John's *First Epistle* as the *Epistle to the Parthians*. But we have no desire to dwell on minor features of the work. We think it much more serious when the author identifies Daniel's "Fourth Beast" with the Roman Empire. Now the *Sibylline Oracles*, iii, 397, in a passage written between 145 and 117 B.C., is in accord with modern scholarship in explaining that "Fourth Beast" as the Grecian Empire of Alexander, the first being the Chaldean Empire of Nebuchadnezzar, the second the Median Empire of Astyages, and the third the Persian Empire of Cyrus. The Roman Empire is represented in the *Apocalypse*, xiii, 1, 2, by a fifth "Wildbeast," which possesses characteristics of Daniel's four.

Although in such matters as well as in his general position, we are not in agreement with the author, yet we are glad that his preterist view should have been stated so clearly and definitely. At the same time we note that he has not been consistently preterist, as his explanation of the Millennium by the Middle Ages and that of the Seven Epistles by the history of the Church are clearly presentist. In this respect the work has its own lesson to teach, as it shows plainly enough that no one point of view is adequate. It may be frankly said that we are to-day only at the threshold of a sufficient explanation; and it will be to the lasting credit of Colonel Ratton that he has faced the difficulties himself, and encouraged others to toil with him in a mine too long exploited by speculators.

G. S. H.

FRANCISCAN INFLUENCES IN ART

Franz von Assisi und die Anfänge der Kunst der Renaissance in Italien. By H. Thode. Berlin. 1885 and 1904.

Les poètes franciscains en Italie. By A. F. Ozanam. 1852.

A Sieneſe Painter of the Franciscan Legend. By Bernard Berenson. Dent.

Francia's Masterpiece. By Montgomery Carmichael. Kegan Paul.

IN the vast literature that has grown up—and that still grows—round the personality of Francis of Assisi there would seem to be no place left for the meditations of the unlearned. So much has been investigated for us by men who have given a lifelong allegiance to this fascinating subject that it might well be assumed that no aspect of the Saint's life could have been left unexplored. It is, however, the theological and historical significance of the life of St Francis and the growth of his order that, as a rule, arrest the attention of the student, and I venture to think that in regard to the wide domain of Art, of its origins and its relation to the great Franciscan movement, there is still something to be revealed, certain significant developments to be noted.

It would, of course, be quite inaccurate to suggest that this aspect of the subject, of such profound Franciscan import, has been left wholly unconsidered by Franciscan scholars, but certainly the recognition of its value has not yet passed into the domain of common knowledge. More than sixty years ago Frederic Ozanam, writing with rare spiritual insight of Jacopone da Todi, was, perhaps, the first of modern disciples of St Francis to note the connecting link between the spiritual songs of the early friars, the altar-pieces of the Umbrian masters and the evolution of the great mendicant churches of Central and Northern Italy. His Franciscan studies opened his eyes to the fact that Christian art had sprung up in the footprints of the great saints of Tuscany and Umbria. Renan, in his

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well-known essay on St Francis, turns aside for an instant to remark, with his characteristic love of dramatic antithesis, that this "sordide mendiant," this miserable beggar, was the father of Italian art. It was reserved, however, for the German scholar and historian, Heinrich Thode, to attempt to present a synthetic view of the Franciscan movement in its relations to the various branches of religious art—architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, music. Yet, strange to say, this important book attracted for years but little attention; published over a quarter of a century ago, before M. Sabatier had set the fashion in Franciscan studies, it has only recently been translated into French and never into English. Thus, with a full recognition of the hundreds of books on Italian art that have poured from the press in the last half century, and with the scarcely less remarkable output of literature dealing with St Francis, it is safe to assert that on the one hand the Franciscan students have been absorbed in other issues than those of art, and on the other that the modern art critics have sought elsewhere for the origins of painting than in the chapel of the Porziuncula.

If hitherto the importance of the Franciscan movement as the fountain head of religious art has escaped the student, it has been in a measure because he has not grasped the need for ascertaining a first cause. For long years art critics had been in the habit of attributing everything great in Italian art to the effects of the Renaissance, and of judging all art by the canons imposed by Renaissance artists. For three whole centuries the glories of the Renaissance period blinded men's eyes to all that had preceded it. At the Vatican itself, the chapel of Nicholas V, decorated by Fra Angelico with frescoes of an incomparable charm, had fallen into such disrepute that the entrance had been blocked up, and the very existence of the chapel forgotten. Scarcely any one in England, before Ruskin, troubled themselves about the pre-Raphaelite painters. Collectors paid high prices for the decadent religious paintings of the seventeenth cen-

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ture, and the smirking sentimentality of a Carlo Dolci was valued far above the sweet gravity of a Madonna by a Sienese or Umbrian artist. Even when the wonders of *trecento* art became revealed to us, with their vivid appeal to the religious sense, the non-Catholic critic still clung to the prejudices of his youth—the conviction that Christianity, somehow, has always been antagonistic to art—and in default of any better explanation of artistic merits he could no longer deny, has been wont to fall back on the assumption that the influences of the Renaissance had made themselves felt much earlier than it was customary to suppose. Moreover, many art critics are so absorbed in questions of technique that they rarely inquire into motives at all, still less do they seek to discover what influences may have lain behind the imagination of the painter. In point of fact, the whole wonderful efflorescence of art in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries has to be accounted for quite independently of the Renaissance. As yet no universally accepted explanation of its origin holds the field. To a few lovers of St Francis, who are also lovers of art, it seems clear that the impulse came from Assisi. Throughout the thirteenth century the most real and potent influence on the people of Italy is now recognized on many sides to have been the Franciscan movement. The personality of St Francis operated far beyond those with whom he himself was able to come in contact. That it should have been so will surprise none of us. As has been well said of him, “Of all men his conscience was the most limpid, his simplicity the most absolute, his sense of his filial relation to his heavenly Father the most intense,” and his influence on his fellow-men was commensurate with his spiritual gifts. In the ferment of ideas throughout Western Europe which had already produced a number of heretical sects, and in the sudden upgrowth of a strong bourgeois class as the cities of Italy sprang into prosperity, Herr Thode points out how Francis of Assisi was to prove the divinely inspired promoter of peace. Thanks to him, and to the organization of the Franciscan order, the torrent of popular life was

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curbed and guided and kept within orthodox channels. The fact that Innocent III granted to Francis and his wandering friars the right to preach, freely and publicly, not in Latin, but in the young half-formed Italian language spoken of the people, a right which had been denied to all his predecessors, was an event of incalculable significance. It meant the popularization and deepening of religious faith, the purifying of morals, the development of an individual and evangelical Christianity. And as the first friars, spiritualized by personal intercourse with their founder, spread themselves over the land, preaching in burning words the inexhaustible love of Our Lord for all men, there followed an extraordinary revival of personal piety, of the sense of sin, of the individual striving after holiness. History tells us of the marvellous effects of the preaching of a St Antony, a St Bernardine, a St John Capistran, healing bitter feuds and bringing whole cities to repentance, but in some measure the same effects were produced by a host of unknown brethren, bearing the words of the Gospel into obscure hamlets and remote mountain villages. Moreover, the practical effect of the friars' preaching was enormously enhanced by the vow of apostolic poverty followed with absolute literalness by the first disciples of St Francis. That men should give all to God in His poor and keep nothing back for themselves, nay, should rejoice openly in humiliation and pain and want, touched the imagination of the people as nothing else could have done.

So strong a spiritual impulse, moving and vivifying a whole people, was bound to create for itself a mode of popular expression. The mere preaching in the vulgar tongue gave to the language a suppleness and richness of vocabulary that it had not possessed before. The next gift of the order to the people was the *laudi*, or divine praises, popular religious songs which were taken up with extraordinary enthusiasm. They quickly spread from the plains of Umbria to the valleys of Tuscany, passing from mouth to mouth, a natural expression of simple joyous faith. Francis himself, as we know, in the ecstasies of

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divine love and gratitude, would break into song—one remembers a charming description of him given by Celano, singing in French and making believe to accompany himself on the viol—and his example was followed by not a few among his first brethren. There was Brother Pacificus, known before he hid his identity under the friar's habit as the king of verse, and Fra Jacomino of Verona, and St Bonaventure, poet as well as doctor and historian, and finally, most amazing of all the followers of Francis, there was the poet-mystic, Jacopone da Todi. Apart from one or two Latin poems, among which, of course, the *Stabat Mater* stands supreme, Jacopone wrote in the dialect of the Umbrian hills, the language of the peasant and the goat-herd, never before turned to literary use. Thus were laid the foundations of Italian poetry, the canons of which were soon to be established for all time by the author of the *Divina Comedia*. And when we remember that Dante began to write the *Inferno* in Latin hexameters, and then breaking off, turned, like Jacopone, before him, to the vulgar tongue, it is, as Ozanam points out, not fanciful to assume that the example of the friar, whose poems, sometimes tender, sometimes satirical, enjoyed so unquestioned a popularity in his day, may not have had due weight with him.

It has been observed that a great popular movement finds expression in song and verse far more quickly than in painting or sculpture. Mr Berenson, in his essay on Sassetta—perhaps the happiest of all the interpretations of the Franciscan legend—suggests that “it is only when literature has translated an epoch into a series of splendid myths, that the figure arts can be called in to give the ideals of that epoch visual form.” The delay is likely to be still more prolonged, when, as in the instance before us, the very means of giving plastic expression to the legends had to be evolved. Painting, as a method of interpreting life, did not exist in the days of St Francis—else surely we had had a more authentic portrait of the *poverello* than any that exist—and sculpture, dead for centuries, had to be born anew. Yet the need for visual representa-

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tion of events burnt deep into the consciousness of the people. It was imperative that a more popular and visible record than tradition and word of mouth should be available of all they held so dear. It is not to detract from the genius of Giotto to assert that, in a sense, he was the instrument of the will of the people when he recorded the life of St Francis in that marvellous series of frescoes on the walls of the great church that had sprung up to his memory at Assisi. Never before on a large scale had a series of historical events been related in fresco: the method of composition, the art of posing the human figure, the very perspective had to be, if not discovered, at least developed and perfected to a degree undreamt of until then. No more glorious theme could have been presented to a *trecento* painter, and presented in the very cradle of the Franciscan family. It was a unique opportunity for a great creative artist. No tradition existed to shackle or distract him, and, daring naturalist as he was, to borrow a Ruskinian phrase, Giotto turned to Nature and boldly used the life around him as the vehicle of the Franciscan story. Thus, he became, to quote Ruskin once more, "the undisputed interpreter of religious truth, by means of painting, over the whole of Italy." As a result Giotto's rendering has lived to this day, influencing all our conceptions of the Franciscan legend, not less surely than, two centuries later, the Raphael cartoons moulded the popular interpretation of the life of Our Lord.

The Franciscan influence over painting was, as we know, far from being restricted to the Franciscan legend. In Giotto's own case his life of St Francis at Assisi pointed the way to his life of our Lady in the Arena Chapel at Padua. By treating the Gospel story in a series of scenes with a vigour and freshness and naturalism even more marked than at Assisi, he broke down for all time the cramping traditions of the Byzantine school. This much is admitted on all sides. It has been left, however, for Herr Thode to point out for us, what has wholly escaped the art-critic, that in the various renderings at

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Padua and elsewhere of scenes from the New Testament that we owe to Giotto and his school, the actual representation of each incident is not due, as has been assumed, to the imagination of the painter, but follows with remarkable fidelity the famous *Meditations* on the Life of Christ, long attributed to St Bonaventure, and certainly of Franciscan authorship. The *Meditations* contained many naïve and tender details of the life of Our Lord, more especially in all that concerned His Blessed Mother, beyond what is contained in the Gospels, and enjoying a wide popularity, they became the source from which both poets and painters freely drew their inspiration. Herr Thode devotes a fascinating chapter to this important aspect of his subject, and demonstrates beyond question an indebtedness on the part of Giotto, as regards his New Testament frescoes, almost as marked as for the Franciscan legend itself.

This indebtedness was specially great in reference to the important position to be accorded henceforward in art to the Madonna. As the human aspect of the life of Our Lord became emphasized in the preaching of the friars, the figure of His Mother became more individualized and, above all, more maternal. Her sorrows, preached so eloquently by St Bonaventure and sung by Jacopone da Todi in the *Stabat Mater*, brought home the reality of the sufferings of her divine Son in His Passion as nothing else had done. In a measure the Crucifixion came to be seen through her eyes, and in all the pictorial representations of it, in every Pietà, in every Deposition from the Cross, the figure of Mary is symbolical of maternal grief, and brings to the artist a welcome note of feminine beauty and tenderness into a scene of woe and pain. It is easy to understand how gladly painters would respond to the popular devotion fostered by the Franciscans, and indeed we know that, from Cimabue to Raphael, the figure of the Madonna progresses in every attribute of feminine perfection.

All through the fourteenth and the early fifteenth century the art student may, if he will, trace the influence

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of the Franciscan ideal. Every lover of the work of the della Robbia must have realized how strong the Franciscan influence was upon Andrea. His reliefs at Franciscan shrines, giving prominence to the saints of the order—at Santa Croce, at the Osservanza outside Siena and, above all, at La Verna—are distinguished by a beauty and a tenderness that he has not attained to elsewhere. It is to Andrea too that we owe what many have felt to be the most satisfying representation of St Francis that has come down to us: the terra cotta figure at Santa Maria degli Angeli, with the sensitive suffering face and the beautiful slender hands.

Again, the intimate appreciation of Nature revealed in the flowers and plants and birds that the pre-Raphaelite masters, led by Giotto, loved to introduce as accessories alike into fresco and altar-piece, may surely have received its first impetus from Francis's love of the beautiful and his vivid sense of the divine immanence in all created things. In this and in other ways his spirit permeates the school that sprang up within sight of Assisi. It is true the Umbrian artists learned their sense of form and movement—as far as they ever acquired it—from Florentine masters, but their real individual charm, their pure loveliness, their atmosphere of aloofness from the world and their unrivalled space-composition, inducing in the onlooker an extraordinarily vivid sense of religious peace, they acquired in their own province, amid those exquisite undulating plains on which the pink almond blossom mingles with the olive-trees in the springtime, where St Francis lived and preached and stirred men's souls.

Not less marked was his influence in Siena, whose inhabitants were admittedly of an emotional and mystic temperament. There St Bernardine, greatest of revivalist preachers, renewed the first fervour of early Franciscan days, and exercised an authority over his townspeople no less potent than that wielded in earlier years by Catherine herself. Even to-day, with the great rival churches of St Francis and St Dominic rising up on

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either hand, this loveliest of Tuscan cities seems divided in allegiance between the two mighty saints it has the honour to claim. In all Christian art no saint is more familiar to us than St Bernardine, a beautiful austere figure with glowing eyes and toothless jaw, holding aloft the mystic symbol of the Holy Name. Would that we could have inherited so vivid, so unquestioned a portrait of St Francis. We find him in countless altar-pieces of the Sienese school, a living testimony to the power of his spoken word, and it is to him and to the religious fervour he kindled, that the school owes much of its exquisite spirituality. Even Pinturicchio, so often a gay *raconteur* rather than a religious painter, is stirred to spiritual heights when commissioned to paint the Glorification of St Bernardine in his little chapel in Ara Coeli. Never was Pinturicchio so tender, so instinct with piety as in these lovely, luminous frescoes, illustrating a Franciscan legend for a Franciscan church.

The most perfect Franciscan fruit of the Sienese school is, however, due to a younger contemporary of the saint, who has bequeathed us what has been described as "the most adequate rendering of the Franciscan soul that we possess in the entire range of painting." Thanks to Mr Berenson, who, as is well known, reconstructed the altar-piece of which the nine panels are now scattered among various collections, this masterpiece by Stefano Sassetta has been rendered familiar to many of us in reproductions. In the little scenes, faultlessly grouped, we discover slim ethereal figures that might have stepped from the pages of the *Fioretti*, and, closely examined, the symbolism is found to be wholly drawn from Franciscan sources. The happiest use has been made of the luminous Umbrian landscape, and the personality of Francis himself is almost wholly satisfying, whether passing through the flames before the Soldan, or receiving the Stigmata, or as a slender youth, having cast off his garments, sheltering beneath the cloak of the Bishop of Assisi. The series closes with a "Glory of St Francis," which has but to be compared with the similar theme by the Giottesque school in

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the lower church at Assisi, for us to realize its superiority in spiritual significance. With outstretched arms and upward gaze, the saint, poised between sea and sky—"the great cloister which his Lady Poverty brought as dower to her faithful knight"—is transfigured in ecstasy amid a circle of winged cherubim. All the accessories of this delightful panel add to its value, and even allowing for the pardonable partiality of an owner, Mr Berenson is surely justified in his enthusiastic encomium of a composition which, as he rightly says, bears the true Franciscan perfume of soul.

I think, too, there is no unfairness in claiming Fra Angelico, faithful Dominican as he was, as a product, in part at least, of the Franciscan spirit. We know how ten long years of his early manhood were spent in Umbria, in the very midst of the Franciscan tradition, sometimes at Foligno, sometimes at Cortana, so that it is impossible to assume that Assisi and its wonderful church were unknown to him. We know how receptive his gentle, beauty-loving nature must have been to the loveliness of the Umbrian landscape, and indeed how the Franciscan gaiety of soul permeates his pictures. Visitors to San Marco will remember, too, how prominent a place is accorded to St Francis in some of his frescoes. Finally we may take it as a fact—it has been clearly demonstrated by Henri Cochin, the most discriminating of his biographers—that when, in his celebrated "Last Judgment," Fra Angelico painted the souls in Paradise dancing hand in hand in a flowery meadow in the ecstasy of their celestial joy, he was not reproducing, as has often been assumed, a vision of bliss that had come to him in his monastic cell, but he was simply illustrating, with accurate precision, a well-known *laude* by the Franciscan poet, Jacopone da Todi.

An instructive example of direct pictorial inspiration by the Franciscan Order has been established by that Franciscan enthusiast, Mr Montgomery Carmichael, in his singularly interesting volume on Francia's great masterpiece at Lucca. This picture, described indif-

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ferently by bewildered art-critics either as an Assumption or a Coronation of Our Lady, Mr Carmichael demonstrates beyond argument to represent the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Not only does he show how every detail of the composition was inspired "at the pure fountains of Franciscan symbolism," but he is able to establish that all other pictures of the Immaculate Conception of the same type in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were painted for Franciscan churches or for chapels dedicated to the Conception. In other words, it was the Franciscan preaching of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception which created a demand for the picture and suggested the type the representation should take. Yet, as Mr Carmichael complains, in the face of facts of this nature, there are still art-critics who do not trouble to inquire into the *provenienza* of a religious picture, whence it comes, or on what theological dogma it is based.

I have spoken so far only of painting, but the influence of the order on the development of architecture was scarcely less noteworthy. Nothing could have been further from the ideals of St Francis, or even of that minister in the early history of the friars in England, who was so enamoured of poverty that he ordered the stone walls of the friary at Shrewsbury to be pulled down and replaced by walls of clay, than that his spiritual sons should come to be associated with a type of very spacious and very sumptuous church. Yet this development came about almost inevitably, partly through the needs of their apostolate, but mainly perhaps through the goodwill of the inhabitants of the towns in which the friars settled. It must be remembered that up to the foundation of the mendicant orders the Benedictines and other religious communities had been in the habit of building themselves monasteries in retired spots, and of deliberately shutting themselves off from the world. The friars, equally deliberately planted themselves down in the crowded city, usually in the poorest quarter, sharing in the life and privations of the people around them,

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espousing their cause, reproving their vices, instructing their children. And the citizens gladly lavished of their best on the friars in return. In the big cities, such as Venice, Bologna, Milan, Florence, where the bourgeois class was rapidly rising to wealth and power, large sums were forthcoming, and with quaint inconsistency men showed their appreciation of evangelical poverty by thrusting wealth upon it. The greatest architects of the day were employed in building the friars' churches—we know that Arnolfo di Cambio himself designed Santa Croce—and within their walls every rich family that founded a chapel added something to the accumulation of treasure.

The friars' churches were needed for a twofold purpose: to shelter the congregations that thronged to the preaching—even to-day the Italians have a marvellous appetite for sermons—and to provide a sufficiency of altars for a large community of priests celebrating daily Mass. From that point of view the type of Franciscan and Dominican churches represented by Santa Croce and Santa Maria Novella in Florence, the Franciscan and Dominican churches at Siena and San Francesco at Pisa, great edifices with long naves unencumbered by pillars and a number of small chapels in a row on either side of the high altar, admirably fulfilled their double purpose, and I venture to think this was the primary consideration. Artistically they possess the merit of a simple and stately spaciousness, of offering interesting problems in roof construction and, with their vast wall spaces, of lending themselves well to fresco decoration. Herr Thode draws a detailed comparison between the varying types of Lombard, Venetian and Umbro-Tuscan church built for the Franciscans, and traces them all back to the French Gothic type of church originally evolved by the Cistercians. It was the merit of the friars to have popularized this type in Italy. Mr Berenson, on the other hand, sees in the Franciscan churches merely that "perfect effect of space" after which every Italian architect strove, and notes incidentally that the Renaissance, even in

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church building, marks no such break with the past as is often supposed.*

Thus, in architecture, scarcely less than in painting and in poetry, the Franciscan influence made itself felt, a creative impulse which preceded by two centuries that revival of Greek learning, which, we used to be taught, dispelled the darkness of the Middle Ages. If the value of the Franciscan movement in the progress of European civilization is once conceded, it is noteworthy how many developments it explains and problems it helps to solve. Supplied with this key, we can trace the upgrowth of poetry and the fine arts direct from the free religious life that had its cradle in the Porziuncula chapel, and that, allying itself with the remarkable technical gifts of the Tuscan people, produced that marvellous wealth of *trecento* and *quattrocento* productiveness which now draws us to Italy far more potently than the creations of later centuries. The triumph of the Renaissance has been long and complete: to-day some of us turn with a wistful yearning to the simpler, graver forms, instinct with Christian feeling, bequeathed to us by the centuries when the spirit of Francis of Assisi was still a compelling power among men.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

* See *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art*, pp. 65-6.

THE COURT AT BERLIN in 1888*

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS OUROUSSOFF.

BERLIN, Sunday, 17-29 April, 1888.

THE other evening at the Koutouzoff's we were saying how useful it is to write down everything one hears that is going on around one. For we are living in such an interesting epoch that everything relating to this time will one day be of value. The main thing is to be absolutely truthful and conscientious in such memoranda and not to try for any style.

Count Koutouzoff told us how one day, shortly before Emperor William I's death, he presented to him a deputation of the Kalouga regiment. The old emperor was in Russian uniform; while he was receiving the deputation the soldiers of the guard passed, as usual, at noon, before his window. The Emperor turned to Koutouzoff with the words: "I must show myself to the people, because for several years now they expect me at this hour and absolutely insist upon seeing me." This "I must show myself" was rather curious, and he added: "I like this much better than the contrary."

Koutouzoff, standing at the side of the Emperor William at the historic window, did not grasp what he meant by his last words and looked at the Emperor in astonishment. The Emperor explained: "In the year '48 this same place was filled with a furious, menacing crowd glaring at me with hatred; and now they will wait for hours in order to cheer me with enthusiasm and do not know how to express their love sufficiently."

What reverses there are in the histories of peoples!

How amazing it is, for instance, to think that this very Friedberg whom the Emperor Frederick has just en-

* This interesting extract from the private diary of Princess Ouroussoff has been placed at our disposal for publication by Mr Maurice Magnus, with the consent of its author. [EDITOR, D.R.]

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nobled, giving him the title of "von" and the Black Eagle, was one of those who during the days of the Revolution in May, 1848, carried the socialistic flag and was at the head of the set who insisted that the King should bow before the victims of these terrible days who were carried in triumph before the palace. Count Doenhoff who told us this added in parenthesis that this Herr Friedberg was really a man of great merit and "in '48 everybody was Revolutionary."

While we were with the Countess Koutouzoff, Grand Duke Vladimir passed through Berlin on his way from Paris to St Petersburg. The gentlemen of the Embassy went to see him. On their return they told us that the Boulangistic movement had taken on immense proportions and was paving the way for the monarchists. I told the Military Agent that the admirable discipline of the German troops filled me with fear. He replied: "Nevertheless they have their weak points, you must not forget that in the year '70 the French were only prepared to fight with Prussia alone and unexpectedly found themselves faced with all Germany." This reminded me of what my dear friend, Baroness Wolff (who at that time lived in Stuttgart and did not believe in a united Germany) used to say to the French Minister, of whom she saw a great deal: "Their friendship only goes as far as the 'Bierkneipen'—no further. They drink together, that is all." Events have indeed proved her wrong.

I regretted very much I was unable to be present at the funeral of the old Emperor, but I have heard it said that it was very difficult to recognize the different princes. The princes all wore Prussian uniform which rather spoiled the spectacle.

Prince William walked alone behind the coffin with head erect. He is not one of those whom sorrow humbles. His step was as firm and military as if he were on parade. . . . Many people criticized this haughty attitude, and yet I have heard from three persons who were present at the death of his grandfather that immediately after the end he threw himself into an armchair and wept like a child.

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The Emperor William had asked that his body should be decorated with the Russian Cross of St George which he loved so much that he wished to carry it with him to the grave.

Countess Shouwaloff, our ambassadress, showed the delicate attention of placing upon his coffin a gigantic Cross of St George in flowers. It is said that the funeral procession of the princes was not at all impressive and that the cortège followed Prince William in great disorder. This is very characteristic of stolid Germany, always so rigorously correct and yet which, when the one who knew so well how to keep it in step, so to speak, was no longer there to guide, became troubled and confused.

The town with its black decorations and catafalques was indeed a dismal sight.

The Princess Amelia of Schleswig-Holstein (the aunt of the Princess Imperial) stayed here for one day. We saw a great deal of her, were with her up to the very hour of her departure, and accompanied her to her railway carriage.

She had been staying in Charlottenburg and said that the Empress is wonderful. She is always strong and never shows the least weakness. She never forgets the part which she has set herself to carry out. Before her husband she is ever courageous and brave. When she leaves him she opens all the windows in order to breathe. She forbids all tender emotions, anything that might weaken her, all allusions to the state of the Emperor. It is very difficult for the children, especially for the Crown Prince, who has much heart and is demonstrative. Always to speak of indifferent matters is very difficult, and it seems to them very unnatural to avoid the subject with which every one is preoccupied. This situation, which is so abnormal and strained, unnerves the Crown Prince to such a degree that when he is with his parents he becomes paler and paler until, as his wife says, he turns almost green. The Empress never leaves him alone with his father.

This great difference of character between mother and

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son is bound to react upon their relations to each other. Goltz (Count von der Goltz, aide de camp in chief of Emperor William I) told us that when the Crown Prince arrived at San Remo he was very coldly received by his mother who did not even embrace him. Just now the situation seems to be especially strained, for the Countess Brockdorff (Grand Mistress to the Crown Princess) who is very devoted to her Princess, could not help crying the other day. But the Crown Princess herself takes everything with the greatest tranquillity, and if anyone expresses any surprise at this, she says with the greatest simplicity: "William does not like excitable women."

While we were visiting Princess Amelia, a servant of the Court came to bring from the "Frau Kronprinzessin" a bottle of milk and a box of English biscuits for her aunt's journey. The great simplicity of this Court again struck me.

The Crown Prince does not at all like the Princess Amelia going regularly to Pau in the South of France. He thinks it out of place for a German princess who is so closely related to the reigning family.

He has the idea that everywhere in France the Germans are detested and insulted, and the Princess Amelia said sadly to us: "It is quite dreadful to hear William talk in this manner; these good Bearnais do not dream of war nor of hating anyone. One is so safe and quiet in their mountains."

April 20.

"Where was Bismarck in '47?" I asked Goltz the other day, "what was he doing then?"

"He was in the country," Goltz replied, "and only came to town for a few days; he stayed with me and the only luggage that he brought with him was a tooth-brush. He was young and modest then. Nobody could have foreseen what he was to become one day!"

Every one here is very indignant that the Polish ladies in Posen talk in French. They say that no other language but German should be used in speaking to a German Empress. We let them talk and then retort

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that they make a great ado because in our Baltic Provinces the Government enforced the use of the Russian language! Where then is their sense of justice? But it is useless to look for that in this world. The whole affair of this trip to Posen is much criticized; it would have been better to begin with a visit to a German Province it is said, besides the expenses of the reception were enormous. Above all, wherever one goes the Empress Frederick is much criticized. The wife of Professor Helmholtz, the wife of Privy Councillor Leyden and another lady of the same circle have got up a sort of complimentary address to the Empress, full of eulogies, which all German ladies were to sign. But none of the ladies of the aristocracy would put their names to it. The document was sent away from all the houses to which it was taken. There were hardly six thousand ladies in all, mostly from the middle classes, who were willing to sign it. Princess Radziwill-Sapieha told me that she considered the whole thing a gross impertinence, one does not give certificates to sovereigns! If the possibility of a vote of praise be admitted, that of a vote of blame is also implied and all that kind of thing rests on a purely democratic basis.

Many other ladies refused to sign for other reasons. They are so bitterly prejudiced against the Empress Victoria that they will not even credit her with nursing her husband well. They actually accuse her of tormenting the Emperor Frederick in order to satisfy her ambition, insisting on his showing himself to his people and forcing him to drive out. Even the quiet of the Palace at Charlottenburg, they say, is disturbed by English workmen and English architects, making preparations for the arrival of Queen Victoria, who is to occupy the apartments of Queen Louise. These rooms, so full of memories which have been sacredly venerated, are all changed now and restored. This is looked upon almost as a sacrilege. Everything is turned upside down, the bed of Queen Louise, being very old, actually fell to pieces when it was moved. The Berliners and all the people of the old regime are furious about it all.

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April 23.

The engagement of the Prince of Battenberg is making a great deal of talk; it is the struggle of one man against two women: mother and daughter. For it is said that Queen Victoria has washed her hands of the matter. I remember last year in Potsdam how the present Crown Prince, at that time Prince William, told me with his sympathetic and charming frankness: "Prince Battenberg is an impossible individual. His politics are feminine politics, founded on intrigues; it is unbelievable that this little atom of a prince should have come near to embroiling two great Powers like Russia and Germany in a quarrel." I answered: "A microbe is only a little thing, but it is big enough to poison a man much bigger than itself." He laughed and replied: "Yes, and it took a great surgeon like our Chancellor to rid Europe of the microbes by which she was infected and make her well again."

Upheld by his future sovereign Bismarck might well conquer again. We saw him leave the Palace at Charlottenburg the day that this question was to be debated. The people cheered him. He makes an immense impression; he is such a veritable colossus physically that from the first moment he imposes himself by sheer strength. His stature is so powerful that it seems greater than nature, almost like the giants of Michel Angelo.

While the Empress was at Posen, the Crown Prince rode in the Tiergarten for an airing, and from there he went, as if by chance, to the Palace at Charlottenburg, where he stayed alone with his father for a long time. It is said that the Emperor, who could not speak, wrote on a piece of paper, which he handed to the Crown Prince, the following words: "Learn from your father to suffer without complaining." This is the sole message of this reign; from a Christian standpoint, it is worth many others.

April 24.

An individual, while out walking was taken for Mackenzie (the English physician who was treating the

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Emperor and who had been sent by Queen Victoria) by the furious mob which threatened to tear him to pieces. The police had to interfere in order to save the poor man, who cried out: "I am not Mackenzie, and if I were I would have killed myself before this."

Upon which the crowd let him go. Every day brings new proofs of the unpopularity of the Empress. A caricature of her together with Mackenzie was found at Potsdam and underneath was written this cruel inscription: "The murderers of the Emperor."

A story is told that a gentleman who was buying some apples in the street, asked for only good ones, and the woman who sold them replied: "Don't you worry, sir, all the spoilt ones are put aside for the Crown Princess" (this being during the lifetime of the old Emperor). This story, and many others of the same kind, may be inventions, but the fact that they are current and are invented show the tendency of the people's feeling.

Every day for hours the people await their Emperor. They realize that they will not have "unseren Fritz" for very much longer. His terrible sufferings so heroically borne call forth universal admiration and respect.

The sister of Mr van der Hoeven, the Baroness Schilling, the other day was among the crowd which waited before the Palace at Charlottenburg, when a lady had the happy idea of making a collection in order to offer the Emperor all the violets which could be bought in the neighbourhood. This lady went to take them to the Palace and was received by the Emperor himself. She brought away as a precious souvenir the little piece of paper on which the poor sufferer had expressed his thanks.

Count Perponcher (the Marshal of the Court of the Emperor) says that the Emperor now writes with extraordinary rapidity, but so illegibly that it is only deciphered with the greatest difficulty. In fact, sometimes, it is impossible to do so. Often he is understood from the movements of his lips. Prince Anton Radziwill, the other day, was fortunate enough to grasp in this manner what

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he wanted, and the poor Emperor looked so pleased at having been understood. How dreadful it must be for him not to be able to speak.

Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the Emperor has not the unlimited confidence in Mackenzie with which he is credited. When Count von der Goltz said to him: "Now that the weather is getting finer, the physicians hope for an improvement," the Emperor shook his head and signed that he did not believe that the physicians knew so very much.

The appointment of General von Blumenthal to the rank of Field-Marshal took place so soon after the death of Emperor William that the new Emperor sent him his own Field-Marshal's baton in order that he might carry it at the funeral ceremonies. This seemed like a lack of respect for the wishes of the deceased, and a criticism of his actions; but the reason for it is very touching.

Here is the story which throws a new light on the incident. During the Austrian war, the Crown Prince Frederick served under the orders of General Blumenthal who had merited and was to have received the Field-Marshal baton. But instead, it was given to the Crown Prince. Now the moment that it was in his power he made him this noble restitution. In a letter to his wife in 1866 Blumenthal had criticized the Crown Prince and complained of the difficulties provoked in the army by his presence, and that, thanks to the Prince, he, the General, could not do his duty properly. This letter was intercepted by the enemy and was published in the Austrian papers. After that the Emperor William could not send him the baton which he had fully earned, so left his son this opportunity of showing his greatness of soul and generosity.

The Emperor is in a very critical condition. Pneumonia due to a cold is feared. He has been very unwell for several days and Doctor Bergmann suggested to the Empress the necessity of issuing a bulletin.

The Empress was so annoyed about it that she tore up

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the bulletin written by the doctors and said: "I shall issue a better bulletin by driving with the Emperor to town." She then took a two hours' drive with him in a cold biting wind.

The Emperor, stimulated by the enthusiasm of the people who lined the way cheering him, sat straight up without leaning back upon his cushions and smiled in response to their greetings. Hardly however had he left Charlottenburg than he sank back exhausted and pale into his carriage as if a spring had broken in him. That was the reason of the great difference in the impression he made on those who saw him drive out of the Palace at Charlottenburg, and on those who only saw him in the neighbourhood of the castle at Berlin. This long drive had fatigued the Emperor to such a degree that Professor Leyden, usually very cautious, who had been called to him, told us: "It was altogether too much, the Emperor could not possibly stand such a long drive. But the Empress always thinks that he needs to be encouraged, and not to be allowed to give way to his illness. Sometimes she goes too far without taking into consideration the weakness of the invalid."

The patience and serenity of the Emperor are splendid, says Leyden. Not a moment of weakness; one is never sure if he is hiding his uneasiness or if he is really not disquiet. He is always affable and playful with his physicians and never betrays the real state of his mind.

April 25.

We have just seen Queen Victoria driving in an open carriage with the Empress. She bowed very sulkily. The Empress, although she resembles her mother very much, still has a winning expression and bows with a degree of dignity and amiability.

The Berlin people, always greedy for spectacles of this kind, came in large crowds to see and greet the two sovereigns. But in order to get an idea of real popular enthusiasm, one must have heard how differently the Crown Prince, who passed a moment later, was received and cheered.

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One must also see the latter in the morning when he returns from the parade at the head of his regiment, standing aside in order to let the troops file before him. He usually stands at the corner of the Friedrichstrasse, which has thus already become historic, almost like the window of Emperor William I. Every morning you see the crowds gathering there.

The Crown Prince has a serious expression of a man who has a mission to fulfil, and to this look of destiny he adds a most penetrating glance.

He is the embodiment of strength, youth and hope. He is acclaimed every day anew as if he had just gained a victory. Hats fly into the air, and from all balconies and windows there is a waving of handkerchiefs. The crowds cheer, they throw him flowers, and the air vibrates with excitement and enthusiasm.

The fact that a dinner was given at this time of mourning for sixty persons in honour of Queen Victoria is sharply criticized.

It seems, too, that the parade also held in her honour, proved to be anything but brilliant from a military standpoint. Both men and horses were new to the work and had not been sufficiently trained. It is said that it was impossible to really hold a parade before the first of May. Until then the recruits are being drilled.

Taken all in all, it was a poor parade at a badly chosen time.

April 27, 1888 (May 9, 1888).

We have been to the studio of the sculptor, Begas. It was very interesting. The artist is very sympathetic; he has a beautiful face, a real artist's face. We saw the gigantic fountain which he is preparing for Berlin and which will certainly be an ornament to the town.

On the subject of this really splendid fountain, a very characteristic discussion took place with the Prince. The latter wanted the fountain executed in granite and bronze. Begas assured him in vain that this was impossible, but the Prince would not give in. He allows no contradictions. When Begas tried to prove to him the absolute impossi-

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bility of his idea, Crown Prince William said impatiently: "How obstinate these artists are!"

He is a real autocrat in his utter inflexibility, and I recall on this occasion his words of last winter when he told me he thought that the Emperor of Russia was to be envied for his power and that it is a fine thing to govern without a Parliament, without impediments, without being hindered on all sides, and in his young, energetic, manly face glowed a will strong enough to impose itself at all times and everywhere.

My sister made an observation with which Begas fully agreed—that in the face of the Chancellor (Bismarck) the whole force, the character is expressed in the development of his forehead, the upper part of the face. Whereas with the Crown Prince on the contrary, the character is to be seen around the mouth and in the lines of the chin, which is the salient point of his face, despite the penetrating force of his glance.

The first thing that the new Empress busied herself about on her return from San Remo was to arrange for the dowry of her daughters; she went as far as she could. Now the Princesses will have what no Princess of Prussia has had up to the present time.

Last Sunday we went to the Russian opera. A fairly sympathetic reception was accorded to the work, which is really very beautiful. When the director of the company appeared, the public cried: "There is Glinka," and yet this same opera was written by Glinka at Berlin! The success did not continue. The Germans are never able to judge objectively, from a purely artistic standpoint; their judgment is always influenced by their national likes and dislikes. When some months ago Tschaikowsky wanted to present his superb work to the Berlin people, the symphony entitled "The Year 12," at the first note of the Marseillaise a great number of people left the hall! If they could only forget their politics in the domain of art!

May 6, (18) Friday.

We dined at the Leydens' with Mackenzie. He is a tall

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thin man with the face of a Jesuit. He looks very worn out, and he talks about the Emperor immediately, without being asked, and of the general dislike which is shown toward himself. One sees immediately that this subject dominates all others in his mind and that he cannot banish it from his thoughts. He is tactless, for it is a lack of taste and education to criticize the Germans in a German house. Nervous irritability characterizes all he says. After dinner he talked with us for a long time. He told us that the Germans are the least courteous people in the world, that they had more prejudices than anybody else. German physicians, he said, were not half as good as the English, who have far surpassed them in every way. For instance, they use surgical instruments which the English have discarded for the last fifteen years, replacing them by much better ones. They do not want to learn anything from foreigners and will only admit their own inventions. They have lagged behind in all scientific discoveries in the domain of hygiene and comfort. They are devoured by hatred and mistrust of everything that comes from any other country.

“If the Empress did not uphold me I could not open a window in Charlottenburg,” he said to us.

One really hopes for the death of the Emperor! We asked Mackenzie whether he could possibly last a few more weeks. “Weeks!” he repeated, “if nothing special happens, he will live another full year, and there is one chance in a thousand that he might recover entirely.” He then reverted to the dislike shown by the Germans for everything that is foreign. “Look at this Russian opera,” he said, and added “we English love the Russians much more than they. They are convinced that they can vanquish everything even with the French against them. They are devoured by hatred for all other nations.”

Saturday, May 7-19.

There was an evening party at the Shouwaloffs' with Russian singers. The attitude of German society confirms the words of Mackenzie. The voices of the singers were

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immense, but they lacked schooling, and the absence of sufficient knowledge to direct and control their strength called forth very malicious remarks. We heard some one say: "This would be a good way of getting rid of the Bulgarian Prince—one would only have to send the Russian singers to him and he would fly before them, for they do not sing, they bellow. It is a deafening row." There was a certain amount of truth in these criticisms. It is a great pity that these pioneers of an art which is so little known here should not have been equal in quality to the music of which they are the exponents.

Sunday, May 8-20.

When we were about to make an after-dinner visit at Madame Leyden's we saw a Court carriage approach the porch a little in front of ours, and oddly enough the coachman, who was in Court livery, turned round to us as if to answer an inquiry we never should have thought making, and told us he had brought "Mackenzie." Sure enough there he really was in Madame Leyden's reception room. After the usual preliminary greetings he began again to speak of the Emperor: "I am accused now" he said, "of exhibiting a wax doll to the public in place of the Emperor."

"How is the Emperor?" I asked him.

"Oh, well enough," said he, "if he were less awkward he would be able to speak quite nicely, but he does not yet know how to find the opening of the tube although he has carried it now for several months. I have never seen anyone so awkward."

It is evident that he is very unsympathetic in speaking of his august patient. He complains of the difficulty of making the Emperor eat. He has only eaten to live and has no favourite dishes by which his appetite could be tempted.

May 24.

To-day is the wedding day of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Crown Prince (in 1888 he married Princess Irene, of Hessa). The weather was magnificent. We saw

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all the princes on the way to church, the bridegroom at the side of his brother. The Emperor looked so very ill and it was so painful to see how changed he is, breathing with such difficulty that everybody was touched; many wept, especially our Grand Duchess Sergius and the Princess of Meiningen (Hereditary Princess of Meiningen, elder sister of the Crown Prince). The Emperor stood upright and at one part of the ceremony he signed to the young pair to kneel down. They say that it was most touching to see the Emperor bless his children.

It seems that Prince Henry is very much in the good graces of the Queen of England because at the death of the celebrated John Brown he said very naturally and without the least malice: "Poor Grandmamma! How sad for her to lose such a faithful servant." This touched the heart of the old Queen and since then she has adored the young prince. I tell this little anecdote as it was told to me, without believing it.

May 14-26.

Yesterday we passed the evening at the Crown Prince's. It was very interesting. We were invited for half-past eight. Countess Brockdorff, Mistress of the Court of the Princess, Fraulein von Gersdorff, Lady of Honour to the Princess and the Aide-de-camp on duty, Herr von Pfuel, were in the salon when we arrived. A moment later, the Princess entered with her husband. Their reception was most cordial and amiable. There is something so good and manly and candid in the manner of the Crown Prince that one is drawn towards him from the first. He is very natural and at once one feels at ease with him, all sense of stiffness and constraint is immediately banished. When he looks at you with his clear, profoundly penetrating eyes, you feel the greatest confidence in him and that it is useless to try to hide anything from him.

With the exception of ourselves there was only General von Werder and a very sympathetic personality, a Herr von Bülow. I sat between the Crown Prince and this Herr von Bülow. The Prince asked the Princess that we should pass into the other salon and be seated there because Herr

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von Werder suffered from rheumatism and could not stand for very long. Accordingly we went into the other room at the side, which was very large and sumptuous. It was a mauve salon elegantly furnished. We took our places at a round tea-table decorated with superb Potsdam roses. We talked about Carl Schurtz and America—also of the ovations that the Prince received every morning. The Prince said jokingly: “Some of the newspapers say that I pay the public to cheer me like that.”

“That must be very expensive for your Imperial Highness,” I replied, “for the crowd of enthusiasts is very large.”

Whereupon the Crown Princess expressed her fears lest the Prince’s horse should take fright because of all the flowers that are thrown to him. “It is to be hoped that by this time the horse is well trained not to be afraid of such ovations,” I said to her.

The Crown Prince looks much younger than he is. One is tempted to make him laugh if for nothing else but to see his face light up and lose for a moment the serious expression which the present circumstances have stamped on his features. The Prince asked me where we were going to spend the summer. I replied: “In Livland on our estate.”

“Are you much bothered there?” he asked me.

According to Court etiquette I probably should have said: “Yes,” and I fear that the conversation which followed has compromised me for the rest of my life.

“No,” I had the audacity to answer, “it is compulsory that the Russian language should be learnt and the barons make a terrible row about it and pose as martyrs, but since I have been in Trient and have observed the situation created by the German officials and officers there, in consequence of the weakness of the Austrian Government, I have realized the necessity of Russification. If you want to insult anybody at Arco, all you have to do is to call him a ‘Tedesco.’”

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The Crown Prince immediately grasped the idea that there might be reasons of State which demand certain measures and even severe measures.

"You are right," he said, "no Government could tolerate such a state of affairs."

Then the Crown Prince questioned me about the measures which had been taken to introduce the Russian language. After quietly listening to me, he said: "Oh, is that the situation? Matters have always been presented to me quite differently. It is difficult, of course, to judge things at such a distance without prejudice." He was very moderate; very tolerant, very sincere.

"And how is it with regard to religion?"

I explained to him as well as I could that in this nothing had been changed.

"And about marriages?"

"The old law remains," I said, "only an end has been made of the exceptions which from a legal point of view were not judicially regular and from which no good has come."

The Crown Princess listened to us the whole time most attentively. I must confess that this worried me. To begin with, it is difficult to carry on a conversation in a language which one does not speak very well with a third person listening: we were speaking in German, and while the Crown Prince was serious and had a calm, pleasant air, the Crown Princess was all passion. Nothing hinders sane judgment as much as passion. The Crown Princess did not judge matters as did the Crown Prince, with his statesmanlike reason, in an objective manner, but with her heart, with her strong Lutheran sentiment.

The Crown Princess spoke of religious persecutions.

"How can this be?" she said. "A lady whom I know very well told me personally that she had been forced to christen her child in the Greek church, although she had married before the publication of the new laws. Therefore, she really had the right to have the child christened according to her own religion." The Princess

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spoke with rancour, with fanaticism, trembling with emotion.

“Pardon me, madam,” I replied, “this lady has erred from the truth. We have no law which has a retrospective force; the children of mixed marriages contracted before the publication of this law can be brought up in the Lutheran faith, although it is no longer allowed where the marriage has taken place since the promulgation of the law. However, I regret this law very much, since it seems to arouse so much anger.”

“But how can that be the case—the lady I speak of told me this herself?”

“Madam, there is no pose more interesting nor easier than that of a martyr. Many people exaggerate in order to make themselves more interesting.”

“Yes, but I have seen pastors who came here and were sent back within twenty-four hours because they were Lutheran ministers.”

“No, madam, not one was sent back for that reason, but because they had acted against the law. We Russians are much too lenient to be oppressors.”

“Yes,” said Werder, for the conversation which had been begun by the Prince with myself, had become general; “but where hatred against the Germans commences, all leniency ceases.” Was this the same Werder who was spoiled, flattered, yes, even adored in Petersburg, taking part against me! How much I could and should have said keeps coming into my mind now, but at the time I was paralyzed by the difficulty of defending myself in a foreign language.

The Prince tried to turn off the conversation into a joke—with much tact, I must say. Werder accused the Ministers Tolstoi, Pobedonostzeff, Mansseine, of being German haters.

“I am quite ready,” I said, “to admit you may be right in some things, but for heaven’s sake do not say that we oppress religion.”

The Countess Brockdorff was beside herself. “I really

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cannot eat," she said; "I am a descendant of a Huguenot family, so that I understand quite well what our poor co-religionists have to endure. They are the Huguenots of the North. Thank heaven we are not living any more in the time of the St Bartholomew night! You certainly made war in '77 for your co-religionists, and now you expect us to see ours oppressed and tormented!" It was very painful and I was glad to close a conversation which, while little courteous to us, was certainly amusing for no one. I came out quite vexed. In addition to the wounds which had been inflicted upon my national feelings, I felt sure that I had not been understood and was a sort of a weather-cock in the eyes of the Crown Princess, who, deeply honest and intransigent herself, cannot understand any sort of compromise. She seems to be firmly caught in a net of all kinds of Germanic prejudices into which also are imprisoned Countess Brockdorff, the Court preacher Stoerker, and the Evangelical Missionaries. Her influence on the Crown Prince will be like that of a drop of water that persistently falls on the same place so that finally even the stone is worn away.

PRIMKENAU (the Castle of Duke Ernst Guenther of Schleswig-Holstein, brother of the Crown Princess).

We spent five days at Primkenau; it was simply charming. The country is pretty, the Duke most amiable. We took delightful walks and had most interesting conversations on the history of Schleswig-Holstein, the marriages of the Princess Victoria and the Princess Kalma, on family relations and the Castle's ghosts. Besides the young Misses Cerrini and the other neighbours on the estates, we made the acquaintance of a Herr von Marschall of the Guard du Corps, beligerent and anti-Russian. He spoke of the war with much assurance. How in three months they would finish with France, then would aid the Austrians to finish with us and how they would then

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occupy the Baltic Provinces, in the meantime ruining us entirely. All this is to be done at lightning speed.

The castle is most picturesque, but not large. We lived in an annex which has been built for the reception of guests. Dinner was very early at Primkenau, but in spite of that one had to appear in evening dress. A change four times a day was inevitable. The meals were almost too ceremonious, in fact they bordered on stiffness. One morning we visited the small church at Primkenau in which the Princesses were brought up in great piety, so much so that the Princess Kalma refused to marry a charming Prince lest she should have children who would not be purely Protestants. When the Princesses went to France for the first time, their guardian, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, made them promise never to enter a Catholic church, even for a moment. I remember very well how Princess Louise on one occasion, while we were making an excursion in the neighbourhood of Pau, insisted on waiting outside the church while we visited it. She was not to be persuaded to enter. "If you do not visit any churches in Italy," we said to her, "you will be deprived of the pleasure of seeing the finest monuments of art, the statues of Michel Angelo and the most beautiful paintings." But she remained inflexible, and only replied that her uncle had forbidden her to do so.

The grandmother of Duke Ernst Guenther was not of royal blood; she was a Countess Danebrook, I believe. In that way they are related to Count Stolck Winterfeld, whom we met at Pau.

MARIENBAD, June, 1888.

The Emperor Frederick is dead! We telegraphed to the Countess Brockdorff and have received a most kind telegram in reply. We could not venture to address the young Emperor directly, as we did a year ago, when, on the 22nd of March, the occasion of the birthday of the old Emperor, his grandfather, I sent him the following telegram:

"We beg your Royal Highness to accept the sincere

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congratulations of the Russians staying at Arco, and to place them at the feet of His Majesty the Emperor.”

To which I received this following answer: “I am directed by my grandfather to thank you sincerely for the good wishes which you have expressed on the part of your compatriots, and beg you to express his thanks to them. He is well. A thousand greetings from me.

“William, Prince of Prussia.”

We devour the newspapers. The proclamation is superb and the speech also. May God aid the young Emperor and spare us a war.

THE LIGHTING OF CHURCHES

Repelle tu caliginem
Intrinsecus quam maxime,
Ut in beato gaudeat
Se collocari lumine.

—*Hymn for Matins, Fer. V.*

THERE is an ancient anthem which is occasionally sung by Cistercian monks after Benediction: "Mane nobiscum Domine, quoniam advesperascit, ut per Te, nostrum Viaticum, perducamur ad diem claritatis æternæ." A sunset look, with a sense of the divine presence, the harbinger of the sunrise glory of the eternal day—these ideas seem to me to afford the keynote, the poetry, the inspiration, which should guide those who would rightly design and carry out the illumination of churches. The lighting of churches is twofold: that by day, which is natural, and that by night, which is artificial. Of the liturgical or ceremonial lights, as such, I do not propose to treat, except incidentally. So often, however, is the day in London as dark as night, that the normal conditions of nature have to be overlooked, for day and night are almost one. But this is no reason for intensifying the evil, as so many architects have done.

It was in contemplating the appalling darkness of our cathedral in Westminster, early morning, midday and afternoon, during nearly one-half of the year, that I was led to consider and examine the true principles of lighting churches, in the hope of arriving at some acceptable and practical conclusions. Whether I have in any sense succeeded my readers must judge. To criticize, without suggesting a remedy, is a very unprofitable and often a very provoking proceeding. To become conscious of the justice of a criticism, and yet to refuse the remedy, is equally unprofitable, not to say still more provoking. Nevertheless, it is easy to err, for some love darkness and some love

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light, and some cannot even agree as to which is which, for light has this marvellous property, that it blinds you when it stares you in the face, and most beautifully and bountifully illuminates, when the source from whence it proceeds is concealed.

Now the lighting of Westminster Cathedral, which is of necessity the most interesting church in the country for Catholics, leaves, I venture to say, much to be desired. The principal cause of its shortcomings is that it exaggerates and emphasizes the evils of the normal London atmosphere. The centre of the building, the crossing between the sanctuary and nave, at the junction of the quasi-transepts (for they are not real transepts but rather lateral chapels), which according to true and traditional design should be the most lightsome, is the darkest and gloomiest portion of the cathedral, so that the great Rood is actually invisible during several months of the year, except for occasional and exceptional bursts of sunlight. On the other hand the apse behind the high altar, which should be comparatively darksome, is always the lightest part of the church, sometimes so bright that it makes the high altar invisible, and this, curiously enough, just when there is the greatest amount of daylight outside. It is sometimes even too bright for the singers, and a dark blue blind is drawn down to soften the light. Although the downdrawn blind improves the general appearance of the church, and enables one to see the high altar again and the ministers thereat, a blind never looks well in a church. It is too domestic, and suggests stained glass which is not there, but ought to be. I believe the real reason why Cardinal Vaughan's great Rood is so little appreciated and admired is that it is never properly lighted, the greater light being behind instead of in front. I am judging from the congregation's point of view. No doubt if you go into the apse, where stand the organ and choristers, and look up at the mighty Rood, the effect is very fine and solemn, I might almost say awe-inspiring. To reverse, therefore, the "light conditions" of the nave and sanctuary would more than double the

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beauty and solemnity of the cathedral; in fact, it would carry out Bentley's idea, for in none of his drawings has he pictured an invisible Rood, and an impalpable nave! How indeed could he, unless he had made artistic as opposed to architectural drawings?

The mosaic pictures also of the side chapels are generally almost invisible, and never really effective, for want of proper light, more especially those on the north side of the church. Here the mediæval aphorism comes in appropriate: "De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio." The mosaics might almost as well not be there at all.

In the elaborate Gothic church in Farm Street a similar fault must be found. The clerestory, which ought to be the most lightsome part of the church, is the darkest, and the aisle chapels, which ought to be comparatively dark, are the most lightsome, because they have no stained glass at all, while the clerestory windows are filled with coloured and somewhat opaque glass. At St George's, Southwark, the aisles look handsome, being sufficiently lighted, notwithstanding their stained windows; but the central nave, having no clerestory, is depressing and gloomy in the extreme. I have seen this church pitch dark at noon on a winter's day. The Carmelite church in Kensington would be well lighted if all the clerestory windows had not been filled with hot red glass. The result in all these churches, which I have mentioned as typical exemplars, is not the "dim religious light" dreamt by the poet, but rather the melancholy, murky gloom suggestive of Dante's antechamber of Hades. Occasionally when the sun shines out bright—and this is rare in London except in August when every one is out of town—then for a brief space there is a refreshing and lightsome glow about them. When there is no light outside how can the interior be dim or religious? It is darkness pure and simple, which is nothing.

I once heard a very Roman Archbishop complain: "You Goths build churches with high walls and flying buttresses and clustered columns to destroy what you can

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of daylight. Then you put in long narrow windows to let a little light in. Then you fill these windows with carved traceries and stained-glass pictures to keep the light out again. Then you multiply your lighted candles, or gas or electric burners to overcome this darkness, and last of all there is the bill to pay!" This is often done, it is true, but the folly may be committed in any style. Gothic architecture is, after all, the most lightsome of all styles, for its fault, if it has a fault, is that its very walls may be, if the architect is so minded, all traceried windows. Witness the countless windows of Cologne Cathedral, windows all round and about; or take York Minster, great perpendicular windows reaching from the vaulted roof to within 20 feet of the ground, at the east and west ends, north and south double transepts; or Gloucester Abbey or Bath; or Norfolk churches innumerable.

In the early ages churches had to be built like fortresses, and glass was almost impossible to obtain, hence the small apertures to keep out robbers and the cold. But in later and more civilized days walls of windows took the place of solid brick or stone; the art of painting stained glass was brought to perfection, which in a clean and bright atmosphere produces the dim religious light, which was all glow and colour—anything but murky darkness.

The conclusion, then, to be drawn from these and similar considerations, is that in England, and more especially in our smoky and fog-laden towns, churches cannot be too well windowed, especially if the light comes from above and behind. I would give as an example of what ought to be, and can be, the Oratory, Brompton. It is without a doubt the best lighted church in London, except perhaps St Paul's; but Wren's glorious masterpiece has of late years been very much darkened by heavy, opaque stained glass of Byzantine type. I do not complain of the east end, or of the west end, or even of the north and south transept windows. The effect is delightful, for no church should have east end windows at all except for stained glass display. But surely the clere-

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stories of the choir should never have been glazed in colour, for the result is to make the magnificent new mosaics practically invisible during half the year. These windows should have been placed by preference in the nave aisles, which have a flood of light where it is not particularly wanted. The clear translucent glass of the dome ensures, however, a stream of light from above, and so the due proportion and distribution of light and shade is on the whole preserved, the maximum of light being at the centre, with all the diverging vistas toning off into twilight as they recede from the gaze of the spectator.

This cardinal feature of successful design is above all things resplendent in St Peter's gigantic dome in Rome. It is the one part of Michael Angelo's noble design which is universally admired and appreciated, in which he is acknowledged to have excelled in beauty the great domes of Florence, Venice and Constantinople. But unfortunately it is, as I have already pointed out, completely absent from Bentley's design at Westminster. The simplest way to remedy the defect would be to cut out a large lunette from the top of the central dome next to the sanctuary, like the great hole in the roof of the Pantheon at Rome—the first great effort in dome architecture. There the aperture, or eye, which has always been open to the sky, is twenty-eight feet across, whereas the dome itself is one hundred and twenty feet in diameter. In the same proportion the opening at Westminster should have a diameter of not less than fourteen feet, and by reason of fog and rain, and dirt and dust, it could not be left open, as in Rome, but would require glazing with a great single concave sheet of glass, unless it were thought advisable to break up and divide the aperture into latticed segments, similar to those in the upper windows, right and left of the sanctuary. Around, on the side of the dome, might be written in letters of gold upon an azure ground, this legend in sparkling mosaic, "Dixit que Deus: Fiat lux, et facta est lux." Eventually, if this arrangement proved disappointing, a dome somewhat

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loftier than that over the sanctuary, and as strictly Byzantine in character, might be erected, but the windows would have to be doubled in number, halving the intermediate spaces, as in St Sophia's.

These considerations are, no doubt, chiefly æsthetic, and might perhaps be ignored if they did not also happen to be practical and economical. I am sure Mr Bentley, if he were alive, would not like to have to pay the bill for lighting up his cathedral for daily Office, High Mass, and Benediction, which must run into something like four figures before the year is out. The narthex is always dark, and this could be remedied at once by inserting a window in the south wall on the right-hand side, similar to the very handsome window which is already found in the west wall of the Baptistery, and also by inserting another semi-circular window over the north door on the left-hand side of the narthex, thus producing a double stream of light right through. How often do architects forget that light only travels in straight lines, and does not run round corners at right angles to the windows, as water would do if once admitted.

I have referred to the excess of light behind the high altar, and the lack of it in front. Now the quasi-east windows (which really look south) stare you in the face from under the arch of the great baldachino and blind your eyesight on a really sunny day. The two central ones might be closed, and I believe it has been seriously contemplated; but then the choir would be in semi-darkness. Or they might be filled with rich stained-glass as it has been done with the east end windows of St Paul's. This would be a decided improvement; but again the choir would lose some much-needed light. There remains the plan which commends itself most to me of adding an apse immediately at the back of the baldachino similar to the apses which already flank it on either side, apparently serving the purpose of buttresses. This third apse should be open, with the four beautiful marble columns now standing in St George's Chapel, to support the plinth and cornice; the upper part, that is the conch or

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semi-dome, being solid, closed and decorated with mosaic and mother-of-pearl. The whole baldachino might with great advantage be surmounted with a dome of mother-of-pearl, and each of the side apses also with similar semi-domes. This would give that dignity which is now wanting, owing to there being no sufficient superincumbent mass above the arch and pillars, and would look thoroughly eastern.

Before leaving the subject of the ideal lighting of churches—i.e. from above and at their centre—I would recall to mind that it is this feature which predominates in most of the great Byzantine and Romanesque churches of the Continent, as well as in our Norman and Early-English Cathedrals and Abbeys. Witness the celebrated lanterns at Burgos, Ely, Toulouse, Old St Paul's, and the original designs for Milan and Cologne. Later on, the central tower or lantern was very generally abandoned in Gothic churches, because of the danger of the subsidence of the foundations caused by the enormous weight of stone which this construction required in order to make it completely effective. Indeed, the reason St Maclou at Rouen is so much more beautiful than either of the other larger and more marvellous churches of that city, the Cathedral and St Ouen, is without a doubt because of its pierced central tower, and the slanting rays which descend from its high traceried clerestory windows. It will be remembered that to make up for the want of overhead light falling from a central dome or tower the clerestory windows were in later Gothic times very generally enlarged; and in England more than half the parish churches were stripped of their old pointed timber roofs in order to add wide perpendicular clerestory windows, and the roofs, thus raised, were flattened so as not altogether to obliterate the dwarfed towers. This treatment could be applied to St George's, Southwark; or, next best, a number of dormer windows might be cut into the central roof of the nave, as many on either side as there are arches beneath.

In concluding this portion of the subject I will only add

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that it is impossible to carry out the ideals of sound ecclesiological tradition, if due orientation is not observed. The orientation of churches, with their reredos windows towards the east, to catch the glory of the morning sun, and their principal entrance to the south, so that their porches may be warmed and dried all the year round, is based on the laws of Nature, no less than in the symbolism of Grace. Whoso departs therefrom enlarges not the bounds of freedom, but wanders like a dissenter into the wilds of Nonconformity. Let us, therefore (to paraphrase the words of a great and devout writer), eschew the twin evils of modernism and foreignism, and cultivate in architecture a healthy sentiment of patriotism and anti-quarianism. Why should we cease to be English, French or German because we are Catholic? or less Greek, Latin, or Goth because we are reasonable, and give the first place to the requirements of health and comfort, knowing full well that true Art is a humble and accommodating maiden, not a haughty, domineering virago? It is impossible to disperse the fogs and darkness of the great industrial cities of England. We must, therefore, take the circumstances as we find them, and not being able to abolish, circumvent them.

I now come to the second part of my theme, the lighting of churches by night, or, for the sake of our smoky, fog-ridden towns, by day-darkness.

There was a time, even in my own lifetime, when this problem was simple, and the result always beautiful, because there was no other light in dark churches than that shed by single or clustered candles. We still speak of candle-power as the measure of artificial light, but the soft, soothing effect of that light is lost in the multiplying power generated by gas and electricity. The age of gas is, we may hope, passing away; the age of electricity has come to stay; but the adaptation of both is much the same. In Catholic churches the problem is more complicated than in Protestant churches, because of our symbolical lights upon the altar, because of our lamps suspended in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, around the tombs of saints,

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and in front of relics and holy images, pictorial or statuary. We not only require light to read by and to follow the services intelligently, but we also wish to maintain the serenity and symbolism attached to the requirements of the sacred liturgy. From this mystic need I deduce the fundamental principle that the lighting of the sanctuary should be such that the symbolical lights should not appear to be dimmed, or their significance diminished. Now these lights are, strictly speaking, all regulated as to number and position by the rubrics, and the illumination of altars by gas-jets or electric sparks, such as may be seen here and there, especially in America and Canada, is undoubtedly an abuse. A light shining in a dark place is a symbol of Faith. Multiply lights excessively, and you obtain a bonfire, which in England is rather symbolical of Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot than of the visions of Ezechiel and the Apocalypse. Innumerable jets of gas or countless clusters of electric lights, staring one out of countenance, seem more appropriate to the ball-room, or concert hall, than to the mysteries enacted in a Catholic sanctuary.

The lights which illuminate the sanctuary, therefore, in so far as they are not strictly liturgical, should be as much as possible out of sight or altogether invisible. Light should be there in bright and joyful abundance, but whence it comes and whither it goes should not appear. "Mane nobiscum Domine quoniam advesperascit" is the keynote. We wish for the long solemn shadows cast by the setting sun. This effect may be achieved in many ways. It has been brought to marvellous perfection in many a country house and picture gallery, and in many a town mansion, where the electrified wires appear not, nor their burners: nothing but the resultant light.

No invention of modern times has done so much to diminish the beauty and devotion of Catholic worship as the invention of gas and electricity, nor so little to damage the dignity and reverence of Protestant worship; and the reason is that Protestants only require light for practical purposes, whereas Catholics use light for symbolical and

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worshipping purposes, and too often the lights which are useful annul the lights which are mystical and ornamental. Perhaps the best (or the worst, according as we view it) example of this detriment to the sanctuary is in the old pro-Cathedral at Kensington, now Our Lady of Victories. I know of no church where the candles are better arranged for Benediction: the six tall candles on the chief candlesticks, four more intervening a little below, and then two seven-branched candlesticks. Not too many, and sufficient space between each to set forth the symbol of Faith, "a light shining in a dark place." But just as Benediction is about to begin horrible gasflarers are turned on inside and on standards in front of the sanctuary. The liturgical lights are reduced to insignificance, and the garish glare of the street takes their place. "Fortis ut mors dilectio, dura sicut infernus oemulatio: lampades ejus lampades ignis atque flammaram." The one light is soft and beautiful like love which is heavenly, the other like love which is jealousy, hard as hell.

In churches which have a Rood-screen, or even a Rood-beam only, the concealment of the source of gas or electric light can be most effectively arranged by placing a row of electric lights along the inside of the beam, as I have seen it done in several Anglican churches. The light, thus hidden, glows soft and radiant. The altar is bathed in glory. The source of light is invisible. In churches which have no Rood-beam there is, generally speaking, a chancel arch, and this, if it stands out a little from the flat surface of the walls could be utilized instead.

This brings me back to Westminster Cathedral. A column of lights on either side and within the projection of the chancel piers would throw a magnificent light upon the marble columns of the baldachino, and the frontal, Cross, and candlesticks of the high altar; nor would it reduce to insignificance the lights which burn upon the six great candlesticks. Moreover, from an architectural point of view there is not sufficient room for the six clusters of lights which at present hang from the gilded rods, sticking out upon the marble arcades which

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screen the recessed walls of the north and south choir galleries. Who is it that fishes over the chapter's heads with electric bait? Not Saint Peter, I trow. Last All Souls' day the service was beautifully appointed. The day was by no means gloomy, and at the appointed time the tapers were lighted and duly distributed among the clergy. For a moment the solemnity of the scene was most striking, and in complete harmony with the plaintive chant of the solemn commemoration. Then suddenly the dangling lights were switched on, the air of Requiem departed, and the spirit of Bond Street seemed to take possession. I hope I am not incorrigibly perverse, but my thoughts were turned to jewellers' shops and motor-cars speeding to destruction, when they should have been devoted to the poor souls in Purgatory, to be refreshed by the prayers of Holy Church.

The pendants in the cathedral nave are decidedly happy and appropriate because they appear to hang straight down from the vaulted domes. In reality they hang from brackets; but these brackets, not being gilded, and being raised high above the clerestory windows, are scarcely visible. Moreover, they hang well away from the arched recesses on either side, and do not look cramped or crowded. On the contrary, they furnish as with pendant pearls the empty vastness of the nave, and seem to afford some respectful sense of companionship to the otherwise solitary, awe-inspiring Rood.

The lighting of the side-chapels, especially the Lady Chapel and the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, both by daylight and electric, is most unsatisfactory, yet a trifling change would make it very effective. The little east windows in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament should undoubtedly be both blocked up, unless they have stained glass of the richest and deepest colour put into them. The Lady Chapel was designed by Bentley for the Sacrament Chapel, and of course he left out any east windows. The north chapel, therefore, requires this alteration, and both chapels would be immensely

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improved by having lunettes, two in each, inserted in the roofs. They should have drums to raise them some two or three feet above the vaults, and then they would be invisible, and having a single saucer of glass to cover them would admit the maximum of daylight, as may be proved by observing the effect in some of the side chapels at the Oratory, or in the side chambers of the Tate Museum. As for the electric pendants of these chapels, they are pretty enough and quite Byzantine so long as they are not lighted. But directly the light is switched on they hide everything about the altars—candlesticks, mosaics, marbles and all, and reduce the symbolic lights to insignificance. Nothing however would be easier than to conceal these devotion-destroying lights by placing them behind the mosaic pendants, instead of below and above; and if it is thought desirable to have some pendant lights to show that are seen of the people, and at the same time not to kill outright the altar candles, the burners should be so arranged as not to give much more than a two or three candle-power, so that they would supplement without supplanting the symbolic lights.

On looking over what I have written, I feel that it almost seems as if I were too ready to criticize Westminster Cathedral; but this is not really so, for no one I think more sincerely appreciates our Constantinopolitan Cathedral than I do, nor values higher its capability of being made a monumental example of Catholic architecture in its sanctity, solemnity and sublimity. It is in a style which is neither English, nor Roman, nor Greek, but has something in it of that cosmopolitanism which is akin to true Catholicism, and which to-day is growing in popularity with the educated classes of all nations. And if I have taken it as at present furnishing an example of much which should be avoided in the lighting of churches, it is only because I believe that with a slight turn, so to speak, of the cathedral kaleidoscope, it might be made one of the most perfect sanctuaries in Christendom. Its daily round of worship, both in music and *mise en scène*, is

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second to none, and if the defects of the lighting were set right on principles at once common to utility and beauty, Westminster Cathedral would be an example of reverent worship in stately surroundings worthy to be copied by those who live at home, or come to us from the dominions beyond the seas. It would fulfil in its architectural way the prayer of the Thursday Hymn, "Do Thou repel the darkness which blinds us all within, that one day, filled with light, we may rejoice in Heaven."

EDWIN DE LISLE.

NOTE.—The Editor has printed Mr de Lisle's remarks on an interesting subject, although personally he dissents widely from some of the criticisms on the lighting of Westminster Cathedral which the article contains.—EDITOR D.R.

IF HOME RULE IS DEFEATED*

FEW critics of the present Home Rule Bill, whether favourable or unfavourable, have had the strength of mind to refrain from prophecies of the future of Ireland under Home Rule. From the Unionist camp have come prognostications of intolerance and persecution, whether by means of discriminatory legislation or a biased executive, of a complete shattering of credit in the industrial North and of that general exodus of the upper classes which was predicted after the legislation of 1869 and of 1881, but has been unaccountably postponed. On the other side, Liberal and Nationalist speakers and writers have been equally prodigal of speculations on a future in which the general *couleur de rose* is to be formed from orange and green blended in due proportions into an eternal harmony.

I do not intend here to discuss the possible effects of establishing a subordinate Parliament in Dublin. The most that can be said is that they could scarcely prove either so good or so bad as they have been painted. A subject better worth discussion is the possible course which events will take if the present Bill is defeated and Nationalist Ireland in consequence loses all hope of obtaining a measure of self-government within the next few years. Unionists, both Irish and English, have discreetly avoided all mention of the hypothesis, because it is their professed belief that the Home Rule movement is an artificial one, engineered by agitators, lay and clerical, for their own ends. At the same time, they are ready to maintain, if the argument should appear relevant, that the clergy, with the awful example of Portugal before their eyes, are secretly averse to Home Rule, and that the Nationalist M.P.'s and organizers care less for a

* The Editor inserts this article written by an advocate of Home Rule in accordance with the tradition of the *Dublin Review* that on such topics both sides should have a hearing.—EDITOR D.R.

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visionary scheme of constitutional reform than for the salaries which must come to an end if that reform is carried out. Hence, Professor Mahaffy and critics of his type are at pains to explain the persistence of the demand for a measure which scarcely any considerable class in the country sincerely desires.

Nor is it surprising that Nationalists should have been chary of surmise on the effects of the defeat of the Bill. They are well aware that the electorate of Great Britain is not amenable to threats, from whatever quarter they may be delivered. Certainly the reception given by the man in the street to the menaces of civil war which have reached him from North-East Ulster has not been so encouraging as to induce the Nationalist Irishman to follow the example of his northern compatriot. Moreover, the reputation of the Irish Parliamentary Party has been staked on the passing of the present Bill; the rejection of the Bill must mean the ruin of the Party: so that it is scarcely to be expected that any member of the Party should dwell overmuch on a contingency so fraught with disaster.

It is, however, a contingency that must be faced if, as still seems possible, the Government appeals to the country before Home Rule actually comes into effect and is rejected on that appeal. The Unionist Party will doubtless repeal the Act; it will probably bring in measures for the expediting of land purchase and for the promotion of trade, provided always that the trade so encouraged does not injure any English industry by its competition. It may even, as suggested in the official statement of the case "Against Home Rule,"* encourage Irish agriculture by imposing a tax on imported foreign wheat and flour, though that seems less likely than it did a year ago. It has been generally taken for granted that the Irish people will accept such reforms with gratitude or at least with acquiescence, and that the Nationalist Party in the House of Commons will be debarred from effective action

* p. 277. Mr A. W. Samuels, K.C., on "Possible Irish Financial Reforms."

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by the simple mechanical fact of a large Unionist majority.

That all such dreams of a quiescent and apathetic Ireland must inevitably lead to a rude awakening, will be admitted by all who are familiar with the temper of the Irish people. The effect of a rejection by the British electorate of the present Bill will be far-reaching in two directions—firstly, on Irish political parties as at present constituted, and, secondly, on the relation between the peoples of Ireland and England.

The reputation, the very existence of the Irish Parliamentary Party is, as I have said, staked on the present Home Rule Bill. During the past ten years, the question has been constantly discussed in Ireland whether the Parliamentary tactics invented by Biggar and perfected by Parnell have not been rendered obsolete by revised methods of Parliamentary procedure and the increasing interdependence of English political parties. All the tendencies of the time are against Parliamentary methods and in favour of direct action. The fight for the Union is to be conducted by rifles in Belfast rather than by words at Westminster. The Conservative leader has declared that there is no act which would not be justified in the struggle against Home Rule. The Ulster Unionists have ostentatiously quitted the House of Commons during the second passage of the Bill, and are attempting to persuade the electorate of Great Britain and Ulster that there is no moral force behind a measure which has been twice deliberately passed by a majority of the Parliamentary representatives of the United Kingdom. Sir Edward Carson has reiterated his determination never to submit to a Dublin Parliament, however many general elections may go against him. It is not surprising, then, that Irish Nationalists sometimes ask themselves whether they, too, should not desert the tedium of tactics for some alternative more in harmony with the ideas of the present day.

The opposition to Mr Redmond's policy has come in the main from two sources. Mr William O'Brien has pleaded, on the one hand, for a policy of conciliation

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towards landlords, towards devolutionists, towards moderate Unionists, and still refuses to admit that Home Rule can come without their co-operation. The Sinn Fein Party, on the other hand, stands for a more extreme policy, in which Parliamentary agitation is to have no part and members are not even to be sent to Westminster. To all criticism from either quarter, Mr Redmond has replied in effect that his policy must be judged by its result, and that that result can only be the passing of a satisfactory scheme of Home Rule by a Liberal government. Accordingly, the Irish constituencies have with few exceptions determined to give Mr Redmond the chance of fulfilling his promises. But, should he prove unable to fulfil them it is improbable that Nationalist Ireland will continue to support a leader whose tactics have resulted in failure.

Already the Irish elector has had to make sacrifices for his belief in the Party. The Lloyd-George Budget of 1909 was by no means universally popular in Ireland: the Insurance Act is in some districts excessively unpopular: the restrictions on the exportation of cattle in 1912 were only endured with passive resignation from the fear of embarrassing the Party and so jeopardizing the passage of the Bill. If it is found that these sacrifices have been made in vain, the Nationalist Party which was primarily responsible for them cannot hope to maintain its influence over the Irish people.

Nor should it be assumed that Mr Redmond's loss will necessarily mean a corresponding gain to Mr William O'Brien. The latter stands first and foremost for a policy of conciliation towards moderate Unionists, and is understood to expect Home Rule under another name as a gift from the Tories. But it is unlikely that the Irish people will regard with Mr O'Brien's incredible optimism the Party whose present watchword is "We will not have Home Rule under any shape or form." Moreover, conciliation is a hard game to play when the other side resolutely refuses to be conciliated; and the reception given to Nationalist overtures by the Unionists both

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of Ulster and the South at the present time is not calculated to incline Nationalist Ireland to conciliation in the hour of defeat, when the natural impulse must always be to rush into extreme measures.

The third course which lies before the Irish people is to support some party more extreme in its objects and methods than either the official or the independent Nationalists. The nucleus of such a Party already exists in the National Council of Sinn Fein together with its provincial branches. It possesses a weekly organ in the Press under the editorship of Mr Arthur Griffiths. Some years ago the Sinn Fein movement appeared to be making considerable progress in the country. It captured a large number of seats in the Dublin Corporation. Sinn Fein branches sprang up in the country towns. A Nationalist member of Parliament resigned his seat, and fought (and lost) it on the Sinn Fein programme. But Ireland as a whole was not ready for the policy. She was still resolved to give Mr Redmond his opportunity. As long as a vote in the House of Commons could be of any service, she was unwilling to elect members whose place was to be in Ireland and not at Westminster. The Sinn Fein leaders themselves have expressed their willingness to give Parliamentarianism one last chance, and have deliberately refrained from action during the past few years.

Obviously, if Home Rule is defeated at a general election and the Unionists come back in a large majority, the situation will have completely altered. Votes in the House of Commons will be valueless against a solid Unionist phalanx. Once more the fight will shift from Westminster to the hill-sides of Ireland. Even if the Sinn Fein leaders show themselves unequal to the situation, leaders of the extreme party will arise as they have always arisen in the past after the failure of constitutional agitation. In the closing days of Mr Balfour's government, when it seemed for a while possible that the representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament would be numerically reduced, Mr John Dillon suggested as a

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possible course of action the withdrawal of the entire Party from Westminster. If a leader for the extremists should be wanting, it is conceivable that one may yet be found within the ranks of the present Parliamentary Party.

It may be taken as inevitable that there will be a renewal of agitation. The only question is in what form the new agitation will present itself. The Sinn Fein Party has outlined many of the steps which might be taken by an Ireland tired of expending her energies at Westminster—some of them manifestly impracticable, others both feasible and beneficial. First of all, there is the systematic survey of Ireland with a view to the profitable development of its natural resources and the collection of "American dollars" not for the upkeep of a party but for the promotion of industries in Ireland—as an investment instead of a charity. Then there is the organization of an efficient Irish mercantile marine, and the restoration of Ireland to that place in the world's carrying trade which she occupied from 1782 till the Act of Union. Another favourite project of the Sinn Feiners is the creation of a body of Irish consuls who will, acting without official recognition, promote Irish trade in the chief towns of Europe and America.

The schemes which I have mentioned might, of course, be carried out under any system of government and are practically independent of politics. Others, however, would entail the establishment of an independent executive somewhat of the type, one would imagine, that the Northern Unionists propose to establish for Ulster. Mr Griffiths suggests, for instance, the setting up of National Courts of Law which would act independently of the official bench and bar, on the analogy of the Courts of Papineau in Canada, of Deak in Hungary, and of O'Connell's Repeal Courts. Other projects are a general strike against paying taxes and a widely prosecuted campaign against enlistment in the British army.

It is obvious that ideas of this kind could scarcely be carried successfully into the sphere of reality, even if

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public opinion were unanimous in their favour, and that insuperable difficulties are bound to beset the path of Provisional Governments in whatever quarter of Ireland they may be set up. I have mentioned them only with the object of showing what methods of agitation are likely to be suggested if the need for agitation should arise.

The most practical methods are still, as they have been in the past, closely connected with the land question. They have not been touched on by Sinn Feiners, because the Sinn Fein Party stands ostentatiously for the ideal of a united Ireland as opposed to the agrarian war of class against class. The aim of Sinn Fein is to bring the question of national independence back to the position which it held before Parnell and Davitt yoked it with the land question. Nevertheless, there is a strong likelihood that, if Home Rule is not granted, the agrarian agitation will break out once more. In the congested districts it is often the case that one farmer holds for purposes of grazing as much land as would more than support a whole townland if broken up into agricultural holdings: in the fertile counties of Leinster, cattle have long since taken the place of men, and the number of acres under tillage is infinitesimal compared with the number under grass. Hence, even now there are isolated and sporadic outbursts of "cattle driving." They are entirely unorganized, and are not encouraged by the Nationalist leaders for fear of embarrassing the Government. In the event of the present Bill being defeated, it is much to be feared that "cattle driving" will become increasingly frequent. The landless man, the possessor of a few barren acres, has a legitimate grievance when he sees the most fertile land in the country held by graziers on the "eleven months' system." Moreover, he has on his side some measure of economic justice; for, though the individual landowner may make a larger profit by letting his land for grazing purposes, the actual product of the soil under tillage would often be greater and would support more families, though the profits would be more widely distributed.

Another weapon in the hands of the Nationalist farmers

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would be a refusal by purchasers under the Land Acts to pay their purchase annuities. Many of them have had great difficulty in paying them of late owing to the outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease and the consequent disaster to the cattle trade. If disappointment at the indefinite postponement of Home Rule is to be added to their resentment of the restrictions imposed by the British Government upon the export of cattle, there is every fear that a large proportion of the purchase annuities will not be paid. It would be unnecessary to enter in detail upon the difficulties which such a course would entail upon the responsible Government: for it is difficult to see how substitutes could possibly be found for the present occupants of the land by means short of another "plantation."

Nor under such circumstances would Ulster itself be free from considerable danger of reprisals. Travellers for Belfast firms find some of their best markets in the other provinces of Ireland and in those parts of America which are most strongly imbued with Nationalist ideas. Money from Leinster and Munster finds its way into the Belfast banks. An organized refusal by the rest of Ireland and Irish America to patronize Northern banks and firms might induce the business men of Belfast to look on even hypothetical ruin under a Dublin Parliament as a preferable alternative.

Opponents of Home Rule will, no doubt, reply that we need have no fear of such an eventuality. Ireland, they say, is becoming prosperous: witness the ever-increasing sums of money in her savings banks. The farmer who has purchased his holding is not going to give up the substance for the mere shadow of political reform. Co-operation will teach the people to cease from meddling in politics. Now that the land hunger has been in some degree satisfied, agitation can never flourish as it flourished thirty years ago.

To all who genuinely hold such opinions I can only say that similar opinions were held by their grandfathers before them, whenever an interval occurred in

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the long course of Irish agitation. It was asserted as authoritatively in 1829 that Catholic emancipation had taken the heart out of the movement for repeal, as it is to-day, that the desire for Home Rule has been killed by the Land Act of 1903, and the bestowal of old-age pensions. O'Connell conducted his followers by legal and constitutional methods for a while: when these failed, Ireland broke into the armed insurrection of 1848. I do not maintain that open rebellion is conceivable at the present time. I would, however, point out that throughout the nineteenth century calm has invariably been the prelude to a storm.

The great fault of English politicians has always been that they have ignored what Professor Kettle has called "the open secret of Ireland," her craving for the recognition of her nationality. They have persisted in prescribing material panaceas for a spiritual need and in asking her whether she is not really cured at last. Such remedies as Land Acts can never be accepted as a substitute for self-government. As Mr Winston Churchill well said, Ireland will never barter her soul for a tax on imported butter.

How is it, then, that Ireland has for some years past been peaceful, passive, apparently apathetic? The answer is in reality a simple one. The Irish Nationalist is not such a fool as to embark on a course of reckless agitation when there is nothing to be gained by it. At present he has definitely committed his fortunes to the care of the Parliamentary Party, and his whole interest lies in keeping quiet. Agitation is not an end in itself, nor is it a form of pastime to the agitator. There is no Irishman who would not prefer peace to hostility, provided only that it be peace with honour. There is no district where the Nationalist would not live in complete harmony with his Unionist neighbours, once his inextinguishable craving for self-government is satisfied. But until that satisfaction is granted, there can never be permanent peace. Ireland is not, and does not seem likely to become, West Britain.

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And if Unionist critics point to the deficiency in Nationalist Ireland of that emotional, almost hysterical devotion to the catchwords of a party, which has of late been so much in evidence in North-East Ulster, they should remember that Home Rule is no new issue. It has been before the people for more than one hundred years. The enthusiasm of a day may flare into sudden violence: the considered ideal of generations has no need of such demonstrations of its stability. Past misfortune has taught Ireland to possess her soul in patience: it has not taught her to forget the cause which has inspired a century's labours.

On the question whether there might possibly be an outbreak of religious persecution on the part of Irish Catholics I have not touched, because in the history of Ireland there has never been any instance of the persecution of non-Catholics on account of their religion. At the present time it is utterly impossible, even though some of the language uttered by Protestant speakers and the treatment accorded to Catholics in Belfast have been of a nature well calculated to invite reprisals.

So much, then, for the result, so far as Ireland is concerned, of a defeat of the Home Rule Bill. The effects will be mainly sensible in Ireland, though they may easily prove a thorn in the side of any English Government. Of greater importance to England and to the Empire generally will be the altered moral relation of the Irish Nationalist towards England.

One of the most striking phenomena of Irish life in recent years has been the dying down of anti-English feeling since the Boer war. Irish Nationalists recognize that it was not so much the English people as the House of Lords that was responsible for many of Ireland's grievances during the nineteenth century. Now, the Irish democracy looks to English democratic feeling as its natural friend and ally. It believes, rightly or wrongly, that the people of England are in favour of permitting Ireland to manage her own affairs. It is willing to let bygones be bygones, and by accepting the present Bill

If Home Rule is Defeated

to turn its eyes from memories of the dead past. It recognizes that England is freely offering compensation for injustices which she committed more through ignorance than through malice, and as freely proclaims its acceptance of her terms. If Home Rule should come into effect in the course of the next two years, there is every prospect that the eternal Irish question will attain a satisfactory conclusion by common consent of England and Ireland.

If, however, the present Government dissolves Parliament before a subordinate legislature is actually established in Dublin, and if the British electorate by returning a majority of Unionists at the polls declares against any scheme of Home Rule for Ireland, incalculable harm will be done to the relations between the two countries. Ireland will conceive herself to be deserted by the British democracy in which she had put her faith. The growing feelings of trust and confidence will be rudely shattered. The suspicion and veiled hostility which had so nearly died away will revive as vigorously as in former years. Ireland will once more be the danger spot of the British Empire.

And though Irish Nationalists are willing to-day to take their places in that Empire in all loyalty and affection as citizens of a self-governing Ireland, it does not follow that they will be equally ready to do so on a future occasion. When confidence has once been betrayed it can never be restored in full, and a measure extorted by years of unremitting agitation can never carry with it the same power of healing old wounds as if it had been a free gift. England has an opportunity to-day which may never present itself a second time: it is for her to decide whether she will let it slip as she has let slip so many opportunities in the past. But, before she commits herself irrevocably, she should remember that, though the passionate desire of more than a century may not proclaim itself in violent acts, yet it is not easily extinguished, and that, though Ireland is wrapt in profound peace, it is not the peace of apathy, but the anxious silence of expectation.

CHARLES BEWLEY.

PAPAL DISPENSATION FOR POLYGAMY

THE Church's approval of celibacy and strict maintenance of the Christian ideal of marriage have always seemed to Protestants to be her most vulnerable points of attack; in fact, the history of Protestantism shows from the beginning a continual anticipation of the great day when the Catholic pretensions will be unmasked; when the great discovery about the Church's *real* machinery for marriage will be made, and Catholics will be seen to be "no better than other people." At any rate, such is the inference to be drawn from the numberless misrepresentations, of facts as well as of principles, that are to be found in the works of Protestant historians—misrepresentations due for the most part to ignorance, and to the honest conviction that the Catholic theory of the absolute indissolubility of marriage is mere hypocrisy, and therefore is secretly and freely evaded in practice. The ignorance is passing, in consequence partly of stricter historical methods, partly of the way in which Catholics have begun to fend for themselves (one of the best examples is not inappropriate—Father Bridgett's account of the Vicar of Mundford and his "two wives"); the statement of St Thomas that Pope Lucius gave a dispensation to the Bishop of Palermo, *qui erat bigamus*, would not now arouse the same interest as of old. The ignorance is passing; but the prejudice remains, still leading historians to accept evidence on which they would be the first to pour scorn, were it brought up to maintain a point that told against them.

Such a striking example of this prejudice and its working occurs in Professor A. F. Pollard's *Henry VIII* (London. 1905. p. 207) that the present writer has taken some pains to examine the original documents which bear on the facts in question. The passage runs thus:

Besides the "great reasons and precedents, especially in the Old Testament,"¹ to which Henry referred, he might have pro-

¹ *Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII*, iv, 4,977.

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duced a precedent more pertinent, more recent, and better calculated to appeal to Clement VII. In 1521 Charles V's Spanish council drew up a memorial on the subject of his marriage, in which they pointed out that his ancestor, Henry IV of Castile, had, in 1437, married Doña Blanca, by whom he had no children; and that the Pope thereupon granted him a dispensation to marry a second wife on condition that if within a fixed time he had no issue by her, he should return to his first.¹ A licence for bigamy, modelled after this precedent, would have suited Henry admirably, but apparently he was unaware of this useful example, and was induced to countermand Knight's commission before it had been communicated to Clement. The demand would not, however, have shocked the Pope so much as his modern defenders, for on September 18, 1530, Casale writes to Henry: "A few days since the Pope secretly proposed to me the following condition: that your Majesty might be allowed to have two wives. I told him I could not undertake to make any such proposition, because I did not know whether it would satisfy your Majesty's conscience. I made this answer because I know that the Imperialists have this in view, and are urging it; but why, I know not."²

Ghinucci and Benet were equally cautious, and thought the Pope's suggestion was only a ruse; whether a ruse or not, it is a curious illustration of the moral influence Popes were then likely to exert on their flock.

Professor Pollard's general contention is clearly that the Papacy was prepared to play fast and loose with marriage laws and dispensations, according to political exigency, and he brings to support this contention two particular cases. One has to do with a Pope who is not specified, but proves from the dates to be Nicholas V; the other with Clement VII, and such is Professor Pollard's authority that a writer in the *English Historical Review* feels himself justified in quoting them without qualification of any sort:³

The Pope had recently allowed the King of Castile to take two

¹ *Calendar of State Papers* (Spanish), II, 379.

² *Letters and Papers*, IV, 6,627, 6,705, App. 261.

³ "German Opinion of the Divorce of Henry VIII," by Preseroed Smith (*English Historical Review*, vol. xxvii, No. 108, Oct. 1912, p. 673.) The writer gives a reference to the Spanish State Papers, and another to Pollard.

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wives. Clement VII at one time proposed this solution of the difficulty to the English ambassador.

To take first the case of Nicholas V and Henry IV of Castile. Professor Pollard quotes in evidence one document, which he dates 1521. Since, then, the events to which it refers occurred two generations earlier, in 1455, we have a right to demand one of three things: (1) corroboration in the contemporary evidence, (2) failing this clear proof that the document is of sufficient historical value to outweigh all contemporary evidence, (3) *a priori* probability that the contemporary accounts are wrong, and the later document right.

Of corroboration in contemporary evidence there is none, and it must be borne in mind that the crucial point of the whole reign was the impugned legitimacy of the King's daughter Juana—known as *la Beltraneja*, from her supposed father, Beltran de la Cueva. Fernando del Pulgar, who was secretary to Henry IV, and Alonso de Palencia, also a contemporary, both wrote histories, and both know nothing of this remarkable bull of dispensation.¹ Mariana, writing in the time of Philip II, knows nothing of it;² and, to come to later times, Lafuente³ and Colmeiro,⁴ de Nervo,⁵ Prescott,⁶ and Watts⁷ have no mention of it. In fact, the only history of Spain in which it appears is that of Burke,⁸ who alludes to it with some misgiving, in a footnote, *on precisely the same evidence* as Professor Pollard—the document of 1521.

¹ Pulgar, *Cronica de los Reyes Catolicos* (Valencia, 1780), ch. ii; Alonso de Palencia, *Cronica* (MS.), pt I, ch. iv (quoted in W. H. Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella* (ed. Kirk), pt I, ch. iii, p. 80).

² *General History of Spain* (tr. Capt. John Stevens, London, 1699).

³ *Historia General de Espana*, tom. ix (Madrid, 1842).

⁴ *Cortes de Leon y de Castilla*, parte 2da (Madrid, 1884).

⁵ *Isabella the Catholic* (tr. Lieut.-Col. Temple-West, London, 1897).

⁶ *loc. cit.* Also on p. 117 Prescott gives a careful account of the circumstances upon which the popular belief of Juana's illegitimacy was founded.

⁷ *Spain* (711-1492 A.D.), in the "Story of the Nations" series.

⁸ *History of Spain, to the Death of Ferdinand the Catholic* (ed. Hume), vol. II, p. 31. On p. 37 he mentions Henry's divorce on the ground of impotence as an accepted fact.

for Polygamy

This argument from silence is not all. The later document asserts that there was no divorce (the old word for declaration of nullity), but a Bull of dispensation for bigamy; yet all the other evidence makes the divorce as certain as any fact in history.

The marriage between Blanche and Henry was publicly declared void by the Bishop of Segovia, confirmed by the Archbishop of Toledo, "*por impotencia respectiva*, owing to some malign influence." (Prescott,¹ on the authority of Pulgar, Palencia and Aleson.)

The divorce was first granted by Luis de Acuña, administrator of the Church of Segovia for the Cardinal D. John de Cervantes, and afterwards confirmed by the Archbishop of Toledo, commissioned by Pope Nicholas (Mariana).²

Colmeiro ("anulado su primer matrimonio") says the same,³ and all the other historians are in agreement. Professor Pollard does not even mention, much less attempt to discredit, this irreproachable tradition.

It is clear, then, that those who drew up the document upon which Professor Pollard bases his statement must have been in exclusive possession of information that had been kept absolutely secret during the troublous times of the previous seventy years, and that the secret would have died with them, had it not been preserved in obscurity to be published among State Papers in England more than three hundred years later. It will be necessary, therefore, now to examine this document, by which Professor Pollard lays store so great that he does not even think it worth while to mention the existence of other evidence. The relevant passage of this "Memoir (of the Privy Council of Castile) on the Opportunity of a Marriage between the Emperor and a Princess of Portugal" is as follows:

. . . The right of succession belonged to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, since Queen Isabella was the daughter and heiress

¹ *loc. cit.*

² *op. cit.* Book xxii, cap. vii, p. 380.

³ *op. cit.* p. 3.

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of King Juan II of Castile, father of King Henry IV of Castile, and Doña Juana was generally believed not to be the daughter of King Henry IV, but of Beltran de la Cueva, Duke of Albuquerque, on which account she was publicly called "La Beltraneja."

Even if she had been the daughter of King Henry IV of Castile, she would not have been his legitimate child, on account of the following reasons. King Henry IV married, in the year 1437, Doña Blanca, a princess of Aragon, and sister of King Ferdinand the Catholic. He had no issue by her, and some people pretended that it was the fault of the Queen, whilst others thought that the King was impotent. After having been married some years King Henry IV wished to take another wife, and the Pope gave him a Bull of dispensation, permitting him to contract another marriage, on condition that he should return to the first wife if within a fixed time he should not have issue by his second Queen. King Henry IV accordingly married Doña Juana, the sister of King Alonso of Portugal, his first wife, Doña Blanca, being still alive.

It is generally believed that King Henry IV had no children by his second wife during the period of time fixed in the Bull of dispensation, and, in fact, not even afterwards. Supposing, therefore, that Doña Juana the Excellent, who now lives in Portugal, is the daughter of King Henry IV of Castile, she would not be his legitimate child, since she was the offspring of a mother whose marriage had become, after the time fixed in the Bull of dispensation, null and void.

King Henry IV wished to take another wife, and the Pope gave him a Bull of dispensation, permitting him to contract another marriage, on condition that he should return to the first wife if within a fixed time he should not have issue by his second Queen! No evidence is brought forward in support of this bald and amazing statement; and this in spite of the fact that previously, as we have seen, it had been unknown. No attempt is made to account for this concealment, or for the existence of the universally accepted account of a decree of nullity.

The document then does not appear to be intrinsically authoritative. Does it reflect authority from the integrity of those who drew it up? Unfortunately, no one knows who they were! There is no trace of the document in the Spanish records of the Cortes held at this time, and yet

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these records show¹ that the Emperor Charles V was being urged by his Spanish subjects to marry as early as 1518 in the Cortes of Valladolid, that he was urged again by another Cortes of Valladolid in 1523, and that only in 1525 did the Cortes of Toledo begin to hint at Doña Isabel of Portugal, for an admirable reason, as being *una de las personas excelentes que hoy hay en la cristiandad*. However, granting even that the document is not the draft of some motion that was never put, but was actually passed by the Cortes, it is none the less valueless as evidence for the reign of Henry IV. The Cortes was made up of men who were no more accurate historians than profound theologians, and what history or theology they had would weigh for nothing against immediate political necessities. There is one paragraph in the document that rings true; it is this:

Doña Juana the Excellent is still alive, and in the power of the King of Portugal. The war with the King of France is not over, Castile is not quiet or contented. Thus, the King of France has it in his power to conclude an alliance with the King of Portugal, and to make use of the pretended rights of Doña Juana, who is called the Excellent, in order to raise up serious difficulties for the Emperor in Spain.

This paragraph in 1521 rings true, and is not its truth sufficient alone to discredit unsupported assertions made elsewhere in the document with reference to any disabilities of Doña Juana, "who is called the Excellent"?

There is, however, still further evidence contained in the document, that bears upon its historical value. The Bull of dispensation for bigamy is only the first of three stories which are to prove Juana's illegitimacy. The second is, that when the Princess was born, "certain taps were administered to her on the nose, in order to give it the form of the nose of King Henry IV"; the third is, that attempts were made to exchange the Princess on the day of her birth for the son of a lady who was delivered

¹ Colmeiro, *op. cit.* pp. 118 sqq.

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on the same day; she, however, refused to part with her child. Both of these stories, of course, owe their point to the supposed paternity of Beltran de la Cueva.

Doña Juana was born in 1462; the document containing this *chronique scandaleuse* was drawn up sixty years later: and this is the valuable authority on which Professor Pollard and his unwary follower in the *English Historical Review* are prepared to flout all other evidence, contemporary and subsequent!

It remains to examine the third ground—the *a priori* probability of Professor Pollard's story. It should not be necessary to point out that the attitude of the Church towards polygamy was neither ignored nor disputed. There was not a canonist or a theologian to whom it would have occurred to qualify in any way such a passage as this, from the Profession of Faith required of Michael Palaeologus by Gregory X at the Second Council of Lyons, in 1274:¹

. . . The same Holy Roman Church holds also and teaches . . . that neither is one man allowed to have several wives at the same time, nor one woman several husbands.

It would be absurd to quote any one of the canonists in support of a statement which none of them attempts to deny, and the complete *consensus theologorum* may be illustrated from St Thomas² and Duns Scotus,³ who agree in maintaining that in such a matter, of which the law is not of human institution and tradition, but divinely printed upon the heart, dispensation could come only from God by internal inspiration (St Thomas), or by a special revelation to the Church (Duns Scotus).

In short, then, Professor Pollard is willing to believe that Nicholas V, the Pope of moderation and learning, in spite of canon law, in spite of previous theologians, great and small, without consulting those of his own

¹ Denzinger, *Enchiridion*, 465.

² *Summ. Theolog.*, Suppl., qu. LXV, *De pluritate uxorum*.

³ *Questiones*, lib. IV, dist. xxxiii, qu. I.

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time, gave to Henry IV of Castile *out of sheer caprice, in place of the decree of nullity that Henry, owing to the special circumstances, had the right to expect*, a Bull of dispensation which is without parallel in the whole history of the Church.

So much for Nicholas V and Henry IV of Castile. Professor Pollard has based his assertion of what is all but inconceivable on a document of no historical value, in the face of irresistible contemporary evidence. With regard to Clement VII and Henry VIII there is less to be said. It is clear from the letters of Henry's agents in Rome, Casale, Benet and Ghinucci,¹ that there was a short period (September—October, 1530) during which the Pope discussed the possibility of granting the dispensation for two wives, which Henry had sent Knight in 1527,² and Briant and Vannes in 1528,³ to obtain. Professor Pollard quotes Casale's letter; then, passing lightly over Benet's suggestion of a ruse, he proceeds to a comment on the evil moral influence of such Popes as Clement—presumably upon the upright and innocent Henry and his accomplices. Had Casale's been the only letter bearing on the subject, all might have been well, but there is an excellent *pendant* to it in a letter of Benet's, dated October 27, 1530,⁴ for which Professor Pollard has not found space, although he refers to it. The account of it, as given in the *Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII* by the Editor, is as follows:

The Pope will proceed only according to law. . . . Shortly after Benet's coming there, the Pope spoke to him of a dispensation for two wives, but so doubtfully, that Benet suspects he spoke it for two purposes; one was that he should break it to the King, and see if it would be accepted, "thereby he should have gotten a mean to bring your Highness to grant that if he might dispense in this case, which is of no less force than your case is, consequently he might dispense in your Highness' case."

¹ *Letters and Papers*, iv, 6,627, 6,705, App. 261.

² Letter of Henry VIII to Knight, in MSS. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, No. 318, f. 3 (published in *The Academy*, vol. xv, p. 239).

³ *Letters and Papers*, iv, 4,977.

⁴ *ibid.*, iv, 6,705.

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This, if it was so, was as pretty a move as ever astute diplomatist planned. If Henry took the bait, and pressed eagerly for a dispensation to have two wives, he would ruin *ipso facto* his main legal case, which turned on the contention that Pope Julius had acted *ultra vires* in granting him the far more admissible dispensation to marry Katharine, his brother's wife. However, the rest of the letter does not go to support this. The document continues:

The other (purpose) was to entertain the King, and defer the cause. *Benet asked the Pope whether he was resolved that he could dispense in that case. He said "No," but he had been told by a great doctor he might, for the avoidance of a greater scandal; but he would advise further with his Council. Lately he has said plainly, that he cannot do it.*

Casale's letter was certainly shorter and more convenient for quotation, but in preferring it to this letter of Benet's, when it was his intention to reveal the mental and moral attitude of the Pope, Professor Pollard surely is not behaving fairly to Clement, to his readers, or to himself.

In 1724 there was published in London a *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, by a certain Dr Richard Fiddes. It contains a comment upon the method of Bishop Burnet, which it is impossible not to present for the consideration of Professor Pollard—the more so, since, by a coincidence, it was evoked by Burnet's attack upon Clement (on evidence flimsier than his modern successor's) as instigator of Henry to bigamy. This is Dr Fiddes' comment:

That the excess of of his zeal against Popery should sometimes transport him beyond his usual Temper and Moderation, may more easily be accounted for; but that he should so far forget, or rather appear to forget himself, as to shew no Regard to known Facts . . . discovers a Negligence, to say no worse, by no means reconcileable with the character of an exact Historian.

NORMAN EVANS HARDY.

NOT FOR ME!

DEAR Love, when thou art gone
Will the sun still shine on,
And stars gleam one by one?
Not for me!

Will the grass still be green,
And the daisies laugh between,
To the splashing of the stream?
Not for me!

Will there still be pause and rest,
While the birds within their nest
Twit of home which is the best?
Not for me!

Will there be full pulsèd life,
Ambition, love and strife,
With fame and glory rife?
Not for me!

Will there still be morning calm,
And midday's perfumed balm,
And twilight's dusky charm?
Not for me!

Love—when thou art away,
Will there still be night and day,
And song, and mirth and play?
Not for me!

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Then, Belovèd, wait for me—
Till the shadows kiss the lea,
And the sun dies o'er the sea,
Wait for me!

Love—I beseech thee stay
Just one more human day—
Till God calls both away—
Thee and me!

Carlsruhe, August 1909.

SIR NICHOLAS O'CONOR

Dictionary of National Biography. Second Supplement, Vol. III.
Smith, Elder and Co.

IT is now five years since I saw the subject of this brief notice, yet though five eventful years have gone his memory is still to me a thing sharp and definite. Sir Nicholas O'Conor was not one of those people whom one forgets in this drab age of efficient earnest mediocrities, his figure flits before one as something of a day long past—the day of Grand Seigneurs, of aristocracy, of leisure—of men who quietly rose to great positions because it was obviously proper that they should do so.

Sir Nicholas always seemed to me, somehow, to have stepped out of the pages of one of Thackeray's eighteenth century novels, or the memoirs of Horace Walpole. His tall frail figure, his languid, almost weary, movements, his charm of manner, his soft and gentle voice all served as a singular setting for his eyes which once seen were never to be forgotten, they were of a deep intense blue, and seemed indeed to have an almost hypnotic quality—penetrating yet kindly, they compelled truth yet disarmed fear or suspicion—at times they danced with the humour which must necessarily be the heritage of those who bear his name—at others they showed that strange sympathy with pathos and suffering which in an Englishman would be sentimentality but in Irishmen comes of understanding.

The story of the main struggles and oppositions of O'Conor's tempestuous diplomatic career before he was appointed to Constantinople is admirably condensed by Lord Sanderson in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

O'Conor had given little promise of his ultimate eminence before 1883, when, being secretary of Legation in Peking at the time of the death of the British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, he showed such capacity as *chargé d'affaires* that his career was thenceforth assured.

Of the time immediately following this first attain-

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ment of a prominent position, Lord Sanderson writes as follows:

After a brief tenure of the post of secretary of legation at Washington, O'Connor in January, 1887, succeeded (Sir) Frank Lascelles as agent and consul-general in Bulgaria. The principality was at the time in a critical situation. Prince Alexander, whose nerve had been shaken by his forcible abduction, having failed to obtain the Czar's approval of his resumption of power, had abdicated in September, 1886, and the government was left in the hands of three regents, of whom the principal was the former prime minister, Stambuloff. For the next few months, in the face of manœuvres on the part of Russia to prolong the interregnum or procure the selection of a nominee who would be a mere vassal of Russia, vigorous endeavours were made by the regency to obtain a candidate of greater independence, and on July 7, 1887, Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg was elected, and Stambuloff again became prime minister. O'Connor who united great shrewdness with a blunt directness of speech, which, although not generally regarded as a diplomatic trait, had the effect of inspiring confidence, exercised a steadying influence on the energetic premier. Excellent relations were maintained between them in the course of five years' residence. Among other results was the conclusion in 1889 of a provisional commercial agreement between Great Britain and Bulgaria.

In April, 1892, O'Connor was again appointed to Peking, this time in the position of envoy to the Emperor of China, and to the King of Korea. A notable change in the etiquette towards foreign representatives was made by the court in his reception at Peking; he was formally received with the staff of the legation at the principal entrance by the court officials and conducted to a personal audience with the Emperor in the Cheng Kuan Tien Palace. In July, 1894, the disputes between China and Japan as to the introduction of reforms in the administration of Korea led to open war between the two countries, and O'Connor's responsibilities were heavy. The Chinese forces were routed by land and sea, and in April, 1895, the veteran statesman Li-Hung-Chang concluded the treaty of Shimonoseki, by which the Liao-Tung Peninsula, the island of Formosa, and the Pescadores group were ceded to Japan, China agreeing further to pay an indemnity of 200 millions of taels. Popular excitement in China ran high during these events. The Chinese Government provided the foreign legations

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with guards of native soldiers, who, though perfectly well behaved, did not inspire complete confidence as efficient protectors. The British admiral gave the British legation the additional safeguard of a party of marines. Almost immediately after the ratification of the treaty of Shimonoseki a fresh complication occurred. The French, German, and Russian governments presented to Japan a collective note, urging the restoration to China of the Liao-Tung Peninsula on the ground that its possession, with Port Arthur, by a foreign Power would be a permanent menace to the Chinese capital. The course pursued by the British government was not calculated to earn the gratitude of either of the parties principally interested. They declined to join in the representation of the three European Powers, but they did not conceal from Japan their opinion that she might do wisely to give way. Japan with much wisdom assented to the retrocession in consideration of an additional indemnity of 30 millions of taels. In recognition of O'Connor's arduous labours he received the honour of K.C.B. in May, 1895. Meanwhile the signature of peace was followed by anti-foreign outbreaks in several provinces of China, in one of which, at Kucheng, British missionaries were massacred. The Chinese government, as usual, while ready to pay compensation and to execute a number of men arrested as having taken part in the riot, interposed every kind of obstacle to investigation of the real origin of the outbreaks and to the condign punishment of the officials who secretly instigated or connived at them. In the end, after exhausting all other arguments, O'Connor plainly intimated to the Tseng-li-Yamen that unless his demands were conceded within two days the British admiral would be compelled to resort to naval measures, and a decree was issued censuring and degrading the ex-vice-roy of Szechuen.

In October, 1895, O'Connor left China to become ambassador at St Petersburg. In the following year he attended the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas II, who had succeeded to the throne in November, 1894. He received the grand cross of St Michael and St George and was sworn a privy councillor in the same year. He was as popular at St Petersburg as at his previous posts, but towards the close of his residence our relations with Russia were seriously complicated by the course taken by the Russian government in obtaining from China a lease of Port Arthur and the Liao-Tung Peninsula. The discussions, which at one time became somewhat acute, were carried on by O'Connor with his usual tact.

An awkward passage at arms with that not very

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scrupulous diplomatist, Count Muravieff, raised a somewhat difficult situation for O'Connor at this time; but in 1898 he was promoted to the position of Ambassador in Constantinople, in which he left so considerable a mark. It was at this period of his career that I first knew him.

Sir Nicholas O'Connor commanded respect and goodwill before he spoke, and while never swerving from any task, no matter how unpleasant or dangerous, could maintain a personal hold over the affection of those to whom he might be opposed right through either a negotiation or an argument.

One of the most striking examples of this peculiar characteristic lay in his personal relations with Abdul Hamid. Though perhaps no ambassador had more frequent cause to vex and thwart the policy of that strange being—though the whole of Sir Nicholas's term of office was one long series of inevitable conflicts between the Palace of Yildiz and the British Foreign Office—yet if there was one person whom Abdul Hamid cared about, whose word he trusted, and whose conversation he enjoyed, it was the British Ambassador's.

Surrounded by spies and blackguards of every description, feeling that his failing health and intellectual vigour must sooner or later put a period not only to his policy but perhaps his dynasty and his empire, seeing his authority undermined both from within and without—holding the Powers at arm's length with bribes and concessions, crushing the corrupt bureaucracy which eventually overthrew him by means of espionage, collusion and terrorism—fending off the Balkan States by a hundred subtle turns and devices—keeping the tottering fabric of Asia together by every kind of ridiculous or criminal expedient—this weary, harassed, tragic soul turned in relief to the one personality who, though it represented an odious and fatal policy, yet was direct, honest, sympathetic, and understanding.

I cannot myself imagine a more remarkable evidence of the natural qualities of diplomacy innate in Sir Nicholas O'Connor than the fact that through the whole of the

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period of his office at Constantinople there was never a day when British policy was in doubt, nor yet ever one when it's representative was disliked.

England then had no favourites, and was openly hostile to the whole of the Yildiz policy—yet the Ambassador himself was the only person in Constantinople who was on good terms with the autocratic ruler whom he did not fail to check, restrain, and admonish directly or indirectly every day in the year.

It was only a few weeks after Sir Nicholas O'Conor's death that the storm burst and the Hamidian *régime* came to its end; it is something of a tribute to the work which he had done—that the whole of Turkey, Christian and Moslem alike, turned naturally and unceremoniously to England as the one Power which through all the years of horror and terrorism, had stood aloof from base intrigue or countenance of wrong, and was believed to be the true friend of the Ottoman race and its subjects.

There was another characteristic of Sir Nicholas O'Conor, known perhaps to only a few—and that was his heroic devotion to duty and his absolute indifference to physical suffering.

His doctors warned him month by month that his health demanded home and permanent rest—but his own bent was rather to work and die than to live and be idle.

Week by week I saw him lavishly expend the last reserves of energy and vitality which he might have used to recuperate his exhausted constitution but which he preferred to give to his country.

He grew weaker in body, but his mind remained as clear as ever, his temper unruffled, his calm unmoved. Twice he descended into the valley of death, twice he stood on the brink of the grave, twice devoted nursing and medical skill drew him back to life. To have sought honourable retirement meant many years of pleasure, for no man had keener enjoyment in literature, conversation and companionship—but deliberately he abandoned life and took up his fatal task with full knowledge of what its inevitable end must be, but without for one moment

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considering any other course as either possible or honourable.

With an heroism as quiet and gentle as his nature he worked on until the last moment and then with a smile paid the price.

It is given to many men to die for their country in different ways, yet assuredly no man ever did so with a better grace and less regret than Nicholas O'Connor. It was with something of that instinctive sense of the fitness of things which is given to Orientals that the ex-Sultan decreed that the British Ambassador should have a soldier's funeral. All the morning the guns thundered across the Bosphorus and the streets of Pera echoed to the shuffling tramp of Turkish soldiers, the throbbing of drums, and the wild plaintive notes of military music. Those paynim strangers honoured our Christian knight's burial as might the wild followers of some Atabey of the twelfth century have done for a crusading baron who died within their gates during a truce.

Five years have gone by since he passed away—the scenes of his labours in the Balkan Peninsula, in the Far East and in Turkey have changed beyond recognition. China a Republic, Turkey stript of Palace and Sultan, Bulgaria in six short months passed from the zenith to the nadir of Fortune. Yet one thing has not changed and that is that, in all those places, there are men who cherish with affection and goodwill the memory of the devout, heroic Irish gentleman who sleeps among the cypress trees of Haidwr Pasha.

MARK SYKES

RICHARD WAGNER: A CENTENARIAL SKETCH

I. HIS LIFE.

A HUNDRED years ago, on May 22, 1813, as the sun pierced the early morning mists which shrouded the sleepy old town of Leipzig, Richard Wagner was given to the world. His father was an actor and his childhood was spent in an atmosphere of the stage. It was therefore natural that he should develop a love for music and poetry. In the latter direction, particularly, his talents early distinguished him from his playmates.

One day at school the boys were told to write a poem on the death of a fellow-pupil. Richard's effort was so good that it was printed. Whereupon he was seized with a desire to become a poet. The Greek tragedians and Shakespeare he studied enthusiastically, to the sad neglect of the rest of his work; and he completed a great tragedy, in the course of which forty-two characters met their deaths! Not long after this he heard a Beethoven symphony. "I got a fever, was ill, and when I recovered was a musician" (*A Pilgrimage to Beethoven*). The tragedy must now be put to music. Harmony was learnt in secret terror lest the great work should be discovered. Needless to say, it was, and as he was destined to be an artist, a "family row" ensued. But eventually he was allowed to follow his inclinations and an excellent master was found for him.

From that moment he began to enlarge and unfold his powers, ever developing his music, his poetry and his philosophy, until his last great work, *Parsifal*, burst upon the world. He was destined to hear it but once.

This advancement, however, was not to be entirely unrestrained. And one of the most serious checks occurred when he was a student at Leipzig. Wagner with his artistic temperament was just the character to be seized by the lure of the green table. Starting one night

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at a gambling house with the desire of winning six shillings to pay for a piano score, Richard nearly ruined himself for life. At last one night came the climax.

It suddenly struck me that only by dint of big stakes could I make big profits. To this end I decided to make use of my mother's pension, of which I was trustee of a fairly large sum. That night I lost everything I had with me except one thaler; the excitement with which I staked the last coin on a card was an experience hitherto quite strange to my young life. As I had had nothing to eat, I was obliged repeatedly to leave the gambling table owing to sickness. With this last thaler I staked my life, for my return to home was of course out of the question. Already I saw myself in the grey dawn, a prodigal son, fleeing from all I held dear, through forest and field towards the unknown. My mood of despair had gained so strong a hold upon me that, when my card won, I immediately placed all the money on a fresh stake, and repeated this experiment until I had won quite a considerable amount. From that moment my luck grew continuously. I gained such confidence that I risked the most hazardous stakes: for suddenly it dawned on me that this was destined to be my last day with the cards. My good fortune now became so obvious that the bank thought it wise to close. Not only had I won back all the money I had lost, but I had won enough to pay off all my debts as well. My sensations during the whole of the process were of a most sacred nature: I felt as if God and his angels were standing by my side and were whispering words of warning and of consolation into my ears.

Once more I climbed over the gate of my home in the early hours of the morning, this time to sleep peacefully and soundly and to awake very late, strengthened, and as though born again.

Richard Wagner's *My Life*.

Gambling lost its fascination for him as quickly as it had seized him.

In his twenty-first year he became Musical Director at the Magdeburg Theatre and there met Minna Planer, an actress whom he afterwards married. She never understood him. She was young and pretty but had no strength of character. Wagner's love for her soon died and he was saddled with her throughout his trying

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years of poverty. This for the man who wrote "The Need of Needs for the Human Being is the Need of Love." Next he wandered to Riga, to London and so to Paris, where he felt that at last he was to become famous. Bitterly his hopes were shattered. Articles, criticisms, short stories, arrangements of works for various instruments, he was compelled to write, to keep himself and his unloving wife from starvation. He was forced into selling his sketch for *Der Fliegende Holländer* to a French opera writer, but in the spring of 1842 determined that he also would work it out.

Nine months had passed since he had been in an atmosphere of music. He hired a piano.

After it came I was in an agony of terror. I feared that I should find I was no longer a musician. I began with the Sailors' Chorus and the Spinning Song; everything went splendidly and I shouted aloud for joy. I was still a composer! In seven weeks the opera was finished.

Autobiographical Sketch.

Again a few months of suspense and idle correspondence. Then at last came relief. The news arrived that *Der Fliegende Holländer* was accepted for Berlin; *Rienzi*, a previous work, was to be produced at Dresden. With a light heart he made preparations for his return to his native land. On the journey home he saw for the first time the glistening waters of the Rhine, the most beloved and the most fought-over of German rivers. Hot tears chased one another down his cheeks as he stood upon the banks and swore eternal loyalty to his glorious Fatherland. Little did he think that seven years later he would flee its borders as a political refugee, to drag out eleven long years of exile. Such, however, was to be his fate.

At Dresden he was made "Kapellmeister." His régime, which began so hopefully, after an enthusiastic reception of *Rienzi*, developed into a series of misunderstandings with the authorities. He was too advanced for his times. *Der Fliegende Holländer* was coldly received; *Tannhäuser* frankly voted "too epic." Then came the trouble of 1848,

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his determined support of the Revolutionaries and his flight, aided by his faithful friend Franz Liszt.

His years of exile were busy ones. During this time he accomplished his most important literary work, setting forth his views, answering his opponents, paving the way for his *Ring des Nibelungen*, the text of which he also wrote and published. It remained unnoticed in Germany. He completed several operas and another was begun. In 1859 he said: "It cuts me to the quick that I should have to remain any longer perhaps the only German who has not heard my *Lohengrin*." With the following summer, however, came freedom; and now but four years separated him from the greatest event of his life. In 1864 Ludwig II of Bavaria offered him his protection.

Wagner writes to Frau Wille, who had seen him but a few days before a broken man, a man without a prospect—

I would be the most ungrateful wretch did I not immediately let you know of my boundless good fortune! You know that the young King of Bavaria sent for me. To-day I was taken to see him. Unfortunately he is so handsome and talented, soulful and manly, that I fear his life must, like a fleeting, heavenly dream, melt away in this vulgar world. He loves me with the warmth and fervour of a first love. He knows everything about me and understands me like my own soul. He wishes me to remain by him for ever, there to labour, rest and produce my works; he will give me everything I need for this; I am to finish the *Ring* and to produce it as I will. . . . Can this be aught but a dream?

It was, indeed, a little too good to be true. He had not been long in Munich before the trouble began. The King of Bavaria was housing a Revolutionary! Actually having his meals with him! Making no secret that he was supporting him on the Civil List! This was too much. The storm in a teacup spread until Ludwig could not disregard it. Wagner's life was not safe. So he was packed away—with money enough in his pocket—to Switzerland, where he worked on and on, a veritable fountain of genius. The *Meistersinger* was produced in 1868, and Wagner himself came to hear it. He received, from the royal box, an

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ovation rivalling that which had greeted him on the production of *Rienzi* twenty-six years before.

So steigst du denn, Erfüllung, schönste Tochter
Des grossen Vaters, endlich zu mir nieder.

Goethe.

Two years went by, and he had ceased to mourn the death of his first wife. He now married Liszt's daughter, Frau Cosima von Bülow, who was separated from her husband. His "Need of Needs" was fulfilled. Meanwhile the composition of the *Ring* continued and in 1874 was finished.

Wagner required for his *Nibelung* work a proper Gala House, far from the hurry and scurry of the world, not to give amusement and sensation, but for people who felt the impulse towards musical absorption and who sympathized with the Master in his great reformatory ideas, and especially for those who did not oppose his instruction and advice.

Thus speaks Max Chop in his "Erläuterung" to *Das Rheingold*, of the need which was eventually fulfilled by the Bayreuth Theatre. Would that we had here space to give the history of that unique undertaking! But we must content ourselves with saying that, in spite of the strenuous efforts of Wagner and of those who had at last recognized his magical genius, the whole undertaking was upon the point of falling through, when King Ludwig once more stepped into the breach. Bayreuth Theatre was completed and close by was built a house for Wagner. There during the glorious summer of 1876, in the midst of a crowd of enthusiasts, was the *Ring* for the first time completely performed. Even Joseph Bennett, one of the Master's most bitter enemies, felt bound to say: "For more than twenty years has Wagner been an object of derision, and the answer to all these attacks is—Bayreuth!"

His work was nearly achieved. One more opera was still to come, the gem of his whole life. *Parsifal* was written at and for Bayreuth and Bayreuth alone. Never

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did he wish it to be heard outside the walls of the theatre designed by him and built for him. In 1882 it was produced. And now he wished only for death.

J'ai marché devant vous, triste et seul dans ma gloire,
O! Seigneur! j'ai vécu puissant et solitaire.
Laissez-moi m'endormir du sommeil de la terre.

Alfred de Vigny.

He had not long to wait. At Venice in February, 1883, Wagner was in the best of spirits. His heart, nevertheless, was in a dangerous condition. He fought bravely the attacks which now came frequently upon him; but on the 18th he died suddenly in his study. The news flashed across the world. Not only the greatest opera writer was dead, but a mighty man. He was buried at Bayreuth. The aged Abbé Liszt, his greatest and oldest friend, was at his burial.

II. THE MAN.

WAGNER had a system of art to give to the world. To carry out this mission, he suffered hardship and poverty, criticism and enmity. Herein lies his greatness as a man. Had he been ready to disregard his artistic scruples, to write opera as the public wanted and not as his conscience and genius demanded, he might have led a rich and comfortable life. During his time he was outshone by Meyerbeer and Spontini, Mendelssohn and Schumann, but in reward his name is inscribed in golden letters in the annals of fame. In the sense that he suffered patiently his trials, he proved that Carlyle was right in defining genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." But in another sense the definition does not hold good. Perseverance in dry study, for instance, is not easily coupled with such artistic impetuosity as his. We know from his own lips that he was incapable of pursuing studies which did not interest him, and that his greatest struggle was in the mastery of those dull mechanical subjects, harmony and counterpoint.

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It was his impetuosity which caused his high spirits and his violent, though fleeting, outbursts of temper.

His imagination was so vivid that at times it was a veritable torture to him. He was once obliged to spend a night alone at Brünn:

I went through agonies of fear of the cholera which, as I unexpectedly heard, had broken out in this place. There I was, all alone in a strange place, my faithful friend just departed, and on hearing of the epidemic I felt as if a malicious demon had caught me in his snare in order to annihilate me. I did not betray my terror to the people in the hotel, but when I was shown into a very lonely wing of the house and left by myself in this wilderness, I hid myself in bed with my clothes on, and lived once again through all the horrors of ghost stories as I had done in my boyhood. The cholera stood before me as a living thing; I could see and touch it; it lay in my bed and embraced me. My limbs turned to ice; I felt frozen to the very marrow. Whether I was awake or asleep I never knew; I only remember how astonished I was when, on awakening, I felt thoroughly well and healthy.

My Life.

One of his most salient characteristics was optimism. Hardly once during his whole lifetime did he doubt that he would eventually be recognized at his true worth by the world. Already at Magdeburg, before he had completed his first opera, he tells us that he kept copious notes "for his future biography"! And writing with approval of a sketch which Kietz, an artist, was making of him in Paris, he says:

No evening ever passed during which I did not succeed in shaking off the depression caused by my vain endeavours and by the many worries I had gone through during the day, and in regaining my natural cheerfulness, and Kietz was anxious to represent me to the world as a man who, in spite of the hard times he had to face, had confidence in his success, and rose smiling above the troubles of life.

My Life.

From the point of view of his character, a perusal of the short stories he wrote when in Paris well repays the

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trouble. They make delightful reading, these tales which, while full of pathos, ever breathe the subtle humour which never deserted him even in the most trying moments of his life. Nietzsche, the philosopher, wrote to Professor Rohde of his first meeting with Wagner :

Wagner played to us before and after supper and got through every one of the more important passages of the *Meistersinger*. He imitated all the voices and was in very high spirits. He is, by the by, an extraordinarily active and fiery man. He speaks very quickly, shows considerable wit and can make a private company of the sort assembled on that evening quite jolly.

His first marriage was the greatest mistake of his life. That wonderful love, the "love which is stronger than death," was with him almost a religion. It made a void in his life, which was only filled when he married Cosima at nearly sixty years of age. Meanwhile, he satisfied his craving by means of "Platonic friendships," which, innocent though they might be, were often the cause of his wife's easily-roused jealousy.

It is a notable fact that, numerous as were the enemies of Wagner, he did not often know them personally. The reason is not far to seek. His personality was such that he made friends with almost every one with whom he came in contact. He stood upon a higher level than other men, and impressed his friends with his ideals by sheer force of the man in him. We quote another of Nietzsche's letters in which he speaks of Wagner. This one was written to Baron Gersdorff.

No one can know him or judge him, because the whole world stands upon a basis different from his, and is not familiar with his atmosphere. He is ruled by such an absolute kind of ideality, by such profound and touching humanity, and by such a lofty and serious interest in life, that at his side I feel in the presence of the divine.

At the same time, Wagner was very far from the "perfect man." In spite of his magnificent brain and his

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wealth of knowledge, he was decidedly narrow minded. He rivalled Spontini as a megalomaniac. Owing to his inordinate pride, when it came to a question of art, he *knew* what was right, and if the world did not agree with him—well, the world was wrong! True, sometimes the world *was* wrong; often, it was right. It was from this conviction of his own infallibility that most of his writings drew their inspiration.

III. THE AUTHOR AND PHILOSOPHER.

IT was not willingly that Wagner turned from composition and poetry to enter the realm of prose. It was always under the goad of necessity of one kind or another. In Paris, it was a case of writing or starving; at Dresden, it was the blundering methods that were injuring the sacred cause of Art, which compelled him to take up his pen again; and at Zurich it was the need of a concise statement of his system of artistic philosophy. Years before Wagner was born, Wieland had written a phrase which might well have been coined for the Master.

The arts are regarded by the masses as mere instruments of sensual pleasure; to restore them to their first dignity, and place them once more upon the throne so long usurped by fashion, luxury and rank sensuality, is indeed a great and bold undertaking.

Yet superficially many of his writings had little to do with art.

What perplexes most is the fact that Wagner's writings do not fit into any known category. The artist finds them too philosophical, the philosopher too artistic; the historian does not realize that the cognitions of a great poet are "compressed facts"; he despises them as dreams; the educated æsthetic dreamer beats a timid retreat before the energetic will of the revolutionist, who desires anything but "*l'art pour les artistes*," and wishes to remodel the whole world with the help of art. In short, these writings deserve in some respects Nietzsche's title "*For all and no one*."

Richard Wagner, by H. S. Chamberlain.

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Certain at least it is that politics and philosophy came largely into the foreground. But Wagner wrote to Liszt: "I am in everything which I do and meditate only an artist, solely and entirely an artist." And it was true.

Where the statesman despairs and the politician is helpless, where the Socialist torments himself with impracticable systems, and even the philosopher can only interpret, never foretell, because the phenomena before us can only display themselves in an unconventional form, not to be brought evidently before the senses, the clear eye of the artist will discern the forms by which his desire for what alone is true, his desire for humanity, will be fulfilled.

Opera und Drama.

Let us briefly scan his philosophy. In his early years Wagner erroneously imagined himself to be a disciple of Feuerbach. He read *Über Tod und Sterblichkeit*, and was fired with enthusiasm for the philosopher as manifested therein. In feverish haste, he wrote for other volumes by the same author. He could not obtain them. But even as he wrote, Feuerbach had changed the opinions he had held in this work of his youth. Later, Wagner himself realized that even what little he had read of him had contributed to sow confusion in his earlier writings.

In 1854, Schopenhauer came to him "as a gift from heaven in his solitude." At last he held in his hands the expression of a philosophy which had long lain in embryo in his own mind. Indeed, much of what he wrote under the apparent influence of Schopenhauer was completed before he ever heard of *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*. But he had been groping in the dark. Now his path was defined by the light of this famous book. This gave a wonderful impetus to his productive powers.

Kunst und Revolution was written under the disguise of a political pamphlet. *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft* H. S. Chamberlain has called an "affirmation in terms of general philosophy." These were followed by his main thesis, *Opera und Drama*, and its supplement *Eine*

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Mittheilung an meine Freunde, wherein he expounded his theory of art. "The drama is the highest art, and the most perfect drama is the purely human drama." By the drama, he meant the union of several arts, so combined that what was left unexpressed by one would be effected by another. He was not the first to have had this idea, but he was the first to carry it into effect. Goethe, speaking of poetry, painting, song, music and acting, said that "if all these arts were made to work together, with the charms of youth and beauty, in a single evening, and all of a high degree of excellence, there would be a feast such as no other could compare with." Other poets had said much the same.

Completing each other in changeful play, the sister arts will disport themselves together, in pairs or singly, as is required by the dramatic action, which alone prescribes the measure and intention. Now the plastic movements of the actors pause to follow the passionless musing of the thought—now the thought comes forth to life, and finds direct form in the gesture; now the stream of feeling, the thrill of wonder, will be rendered by music alone; now all three in common embrace will carry out the will of the drama in direct and puissant action. For there is but one thing which all the arts here united must desire, if they would freely exert their powers, that is, *the drama*; their only concern must be to fill its intention. If they are conscious of their purpose, and direct all their efforts to its fulfilment, they will have the strength to cut away the egoistic offshoots of their own special being, and the tree will grow, not sideways to a ragged deformity, but upwards, spreading its branches, leaves and twigs proudly aloft to its crown.

Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft.

IV. THE POET-MUSICIAN.

R *RIENZI* and *Der Fliegende Holländer* were Wagner's first works of importance. Despite the fact that he wrote them almost simultaneously there is a world of difference between the loud, pretentious but fine opera on the "Last of the Barons" and the shorter, simpler more poetic ballad of the ever-roaming Dutch sailor who was

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released from the curse under which he wandered by the beautiful Senta.

As far as my knowledge goes there is no parallel case in the life of any artist, of such an astonishing change in so short a space of time, as that shown by the author of these two operas, of which the one was hardly finished before the other lay completed on his desk.

Collected Works, Vol. I.

The great divergence between *Rienzi* and the *Holländer* lies in the poetry. Some people say that Wagner was a musician become poet; others maintain that he was a poet who became a musician. A critic once wrote of a Wagner opera that the text was a proof of his real aptitude as a librettist, and that it was a mistake for him to devote himself to composition! As regards *Tannhäuser* Laube used to declare it was a misfortune that he had not found an able dramatist to supply him with a decent book of words! Those who think that his original genius lay in composing see a confirmation of their view in the marked improvement in the poetic qualities of the *Holländer*. Those who regard him as a Poet-Musician, on the other hand, point to it as an argument on their side. Wagner wrote that "the indispensable fountain of artistic expression is language." In his first opera the music was not pliant enough to interweave the poetry without a certain amount of distortion of the latter. When he came to the *Holländer*, however, he felt more confidence in himself as a composer and was therefore enabled to adhere more closely to poetic form.

An amusing story is told of Wagner in relation to *Rienzi*.

On his return by train to Dresden from Berlin, where he had conducted a thoroughly unsatisfactory production of that work, he and his wife chanced to get into a carriage with but one other passenger. Wagner, full of the unpleasant recollection of his experiences, retired to a corner and remained buried in thought. He was presently roused from his meditations by the high-pitched voice of his wife, hurling imprecations at her

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fellow-traveller. It transpired that the two had, in the course of conversation, touched upon the new opera *Rienzi*, and that the stranger, though he had not seen it himself, had permitted himself to criticize it severely. Frau Minna, without disclosing her identity, had then pitched forth into such a panegyric, pointing out to him that he "did not know *whom* he might injure by such idle nonsense," that the stranger, the perspiration streaming down his face, beat a hasty retreat at the next station. Whereat Wagner philosophically treated himself to a hearty laugh.

With *Tannhäuser* Wagner entered the realm of German myth, of which he was so learned a student. It was perhaps a part of that burning patriotism which comes only to those who have lived abroad and which had seized upon Wagner in its most virile form, that he now longed for everything German. At least from this moment he never forsook the field of German legend in his search after subjects for his works. But in *Tannhäuser*, as in all his later dramas, he did not keep strictly to the myth as related. A salient point was selected and round it he weaved his art. All unnecessary matter was omitted; all by-play eliminated. The "purely human" alone was dealt with. "Few incidents, thoroughly treated" was his motto. With *Tannhäuser* too, and even to a greater extent with *Lohengrin*, he broke away once and for all from operatic convention. What he termed the Word-tone-drama was evolved. The place of the unmeaning melodies, which, interspersed with dry recitative, follow one another throughout the Franco-Italian operas, was taken by his system of thematic phrasing with all its poetic fragrance. By means of his themes and their infinite variations, Wagner not only paints to perfection the characters in all their moods, but directs the whole current of our thoughts. It was the network formed by these themes that inspired Franz Liszt to write of *Lohengrin*:

The distinguishing feature of this opera is its unity of conception and style; there is not a single melodic phrase, still less

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an *ensemble*, nor indeed a passage of any kind, the peculiar nature and true meaning of which would be understood if it were separated from its connexion with the whole work. Every part connects, binds together and enhances the rest. All is of a piece, and so united that the parts cannot be torn asunder.

Liszt: Collected Works, Vol. III.

Up to the time when Wagner had finished *Lohengrin* he was feeling his way in the new field of art which he was creating for himself. Now comes the great point of division in his works. He had matured. His own experience had taught him. His writings, his "setting of his system on paper," had cleared his brain. Schopenhauer had confirmed him.

All the dramas yet to come had taken shape in his mind. He awaited only the occasion to bring them forth. *Rheingold* and *Walküre*, the first two evenings of his Trilogv, were begun but broken off because he saw no chance of their ever being performed. At the request of the Emperor of Brazil he set to work on *Tristan und Isolde*. The King of Bavaria wanted a work, and *Die Meistersinger* was produced. Although all these works were elaborated side by side during the course of many years, their variety once again bears witness to the amazing fertility of Wagner's brain.

Each of the four great works of this period has its own style of orchestration, from the simplicity of *Die Meistersinger* to the lavish splendour of the *Nibelungen*; its own peculiar polyphonic texture, from the finished and intricate counterpoint of *Die Meistersinger* to the compact harmonic progressions of *Parsifal*; its own manner of employing modulation, from the chromatic changes of *Tristan* to the almost Mozartian colouring of *Siegfried*, etc., etc.; just the same characteristic contrasts are observable in the poems, in the verse metre, in the use of assonance, alliteration and rime, from the weighty alliterative verses of the *Ring* to the flowing diction of *Die Meistersinger*, with the astonishing art of its rimes; in their psychic character, from the ecstatic mysticism of *Tristan* to the directness of the *Nibelungen*; in their thoughts, from the symbolic conciseness of *Parsifal*, embracing

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a whole world within itself, to the simple depths of *Die Meistersinger*.
H. S. Chamberlain: *Richard Wagner*.

Die Meistersinger has been compared to Goethe's *Faust* in that it was a work protracted over a very considerable portion of the author's life. Twenty-four years passed between the writing of the first sketch and the completion of its poetry and music. It is remarkable among his works in more than one way. It is his only comic opera. From the deep, mythical, significant, heroic drama, Wagner turned, and with a hand just as deft set down his wonderful character study of Hans Sachs, which overflows with good humour from start to finish. It is essentially the work of the musician. To read the poetry gives one little notion of the real Hans Sachs. But the music portrays to perfection the melancholy which underlies the merry exterior of this powerful man. We can understand Wagner's sympathy for him. He also was a Hans Sachs. He also knew how to conceal his sorrows beneath a veil of gaiety.

Der Ring des Nibelungen is the most wonderful trilogy ever written. It first took shape in the Master's mind as *Siegfrieds Tod*, a drama comprising almost everything which is now contained in the four parts of the cycle. But though this might have succeeded as an Italian opera, it did not satisfy Wagner's critical sense. Too much of what had gone before had to be related. There was too much introduction before he could arrive at the "purely human." So he altered it and wrote an introductory drama *Der Junge Siegfried*. This necessitated the others which now form the first two evenings of the *Ring*, *Das Rheingold*, the introduction showing how the ring came to exist, and *Die Walküre*. *Siegfrieds Tod* in its new form was called *Götterdämmerung*; its forerunner simplified to *Siegfried*. But the poetry completed and the music begun, Wagner's heart failed him for once. The work was far beyond the scope of any German stage, even in its lengthened though simplified form. How simplified it is compared to the legend as written

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can be seen at the first glance. It was the great German epic. Its fame had caused many attempts at dramatization, with no conspicuous success. Then came Wagner. He was too much of a poet not to perceive that it was too unwieldy for dramatic treatment as it stood. He therefore selected the death of Siegfried, a minor event, and around and upon it built this wonderful monument. When at last he did complete it for the Bayreuth festival, painting it and filling in the crevices with his glorious music, what wonder that the heart of every German was thrilled with pride? It is of course in *Götterdämmerung* that Siegfried meets his end. There the poetry and the music, in which we recognize again the themes and thoughts we have followed throughout the previous scenes, rise to heights sublime. Wotan, the god, the real hero of this final form of the original *Siegfrieds Tod*, pervades the whole atmosphere. Ever-present in spirit, he watches and comments upon every event through the medium of the music, yet never once figures upon the stage—the only case in the history of drama in which the hero does not appear. We will only make one quotation from the poetry, and this merely to illustrate the power Wagner could put into the words where it is the *words* rather than their accompaniment to which he would direct our attention. It is a masterpiece of alliteration.

Nicht Gut, nicht Gold, noch göttliche Pracht;
Nicht Haus, nicht Hof, noch herrischer Prunk;
Nicht trüber Verträge trüglicher Bund,
Nicht heuchelnder Sitte hartes Gesetz:
Selig in Lust und Leid lässt—die Liebe nur sein.

In the *Holländer* the prevailing sentiment was the ardent desire for death. In *Lobengrin* the longing for love was the chief motive. In *Tristan und Isolde* these two sentiments are united. "Longing, longing unquenchable; desire always renewed—languishing and thirsting; only release—death, destruction, never waking again." Thus Chamberlain quotes Wagner as describing it. It is not death in its negative form for which they pine, however.

Richard Wagner:

Max Chop describes it as the desire for death "in order to fulfil in the everlasting night of eternity spiritual and absolute possession and the welding of their souls." Briefly the story may be told. Tristan, the faithful friend of King Marke, is sent across the sea to fetch Isolde, the royal bride. From the instant their eyes meet mutual love springs into being, and Tristan's honour bids him shun Isolde. But just before their arrival at the port, the latter, resolving rather to die than wed another, summons the hero to her presence and challenges him to drink with her the draught of death. Brangäne, however, to whom the mixing of the potion has been entrusted, has prepared a love-draught instead of the poison, with the result that instead of dying in one another's arms, to meet again in eternity, they merely lose all consciousness of passing events and Isolde falls upon his breast just as their arrival and the coming of King Marke are heralded. As the curtain is raised upon the second act the King has just departed for the chase, and Isolde joyfully gives the signal that Tristan may come to her apartments. Once more they prepare to die together. King Marke, warned by Melot, returns to find the heroine in the arms of Tristan. Hardly can he believe his eyes. Can this be his faithful friend, Tristan? The latter has no defence. Gently he kisses Isolde and turns—to throw himself upon the sword of the treacherous Melot. Again they are foiled. Tristan is but wounded. In the third act we find him awaiting Isolde, who has been sent for by Kurwenal, Tristan's bosom friend. In the delirium of his joy at her arrival the hero tears open his wound and dies in her arms. But their fate is fulfilled. Isolde cannot live without him and, summoned by his spirit, she sinks dead to earth. According to the legend, "the ivy and the vine have grown up in eternal embrace on *Tristan und Isolde's* grave." Catulle Mendès wrote: "C'est le plus miraculeux drame d'amour qui a été écrit par un être humain." "Longing for love and longing for death in his own breast; *that* is the source of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*," says Chamberlain.

A Centenarial Sketch

This opera is a change from his other works in two ways. It is the only one with a small cast. It is even smaller than it appears on the programme, for all the characters beside the two principals are but very secondary. The application of the thematic system is also varied. *Tristan and Isolde* are love personified. Consequently no particular *personal* themes are allotted to them as to the characters in the *Ring*, for example. The themes are constructed upon their moods and sentiments.

Space—that relentless enemy of critic or biographer—prevents us from entering into any details concerning *Parsifal*. *Tristan* has been and will always remain Wagner's *chef d'œuvre* to the outside world. Only to the audiences which flock to Bayreuth is it given to know *Parsifal* as it really is. The copyright laws, by which it is next year given to the world, to be buffeted about upon the waves of possibly unfeeling criticism, can make no difference to this. *Parsifal* is Wagner's gift to Bayreuth; *Tristan* his gift to the world.

DONALD DAVIDSON

THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN FRANCE*

ON the 9th of December, 1905, the law was promulgated in France which by decreeing the separation between Church and State broke the compact which a little more than a hundred years ago had united by a solemn *concordat* the Catholic Church represented by Pius VII and the French State represented by Bonaparte, the first Consul. Beginning from December, 1906, a year after the passing of the law, the French State absolved itself from the obligation of paying to the ministers of Catholic worship, bishops of dioceses, vicars and curates of parishes, the emoluments which they had in 1807 bound themselves to pay to compensate for the revolutionary spoliation of ecclesiastical goods. The figures of these emoluments amounted to 35 million francs a year. On the other hand the Church gave up all interference in the nomination of bishops and of parish priests. This violent rupture of the contract which joined Church and State, effected with a contempt of all rights and conventions by one alone of the two contracting parties, had been preceded by various measures calculated to diminish the influence of the Church in France. In 1886 a law had ordained that all the State schools should be gradually laicized. In 1904 a new law forbade private as well as public teaching to all the members of religious congregations, and next year, 1914, the delay fixed for the complete execution of this last law expires. In 1901 the law concerning the associations had the desired result of suppressing all the teaching congregations and only allowed the survival of nursing orders and of a few convents of contemplatives.

These last laws attained their full and entire effect.

* In writing this article I have made use of information given by *L'Action Sociale de Reims*, by the *Bureau de Renseignements et d'Informations*, by the reports of various conferences and by an article by Georges Goyau published in *Le Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*.—G.F.

Religious Situation in France

The law of separation has now been working seven years, and the moment seems a favourable one for examining the religious situation of France under the new *régime*.

I

Under the *concordat* the French Government nominated the bishops and the Pope gave them their canonical institution.

Hence it was necessary that a bishop in governing his diocese should please both the Pope and the French Government. This situation sometimes led to conflicts, sometimes to mutual concessions which later caused the complaint that only men of mediocre worth were raised to the Episcopate. It cannot, however, be said that a system which gave to the Church of France such prelates as Mgr Parisis, Cardinal Pie, or Mgr. Dupauloup, was an irremediably defective one. Immediately after the separation Pius X filled up from information given him by various superiors, in particular by the directors of Saint Sulpice, the fourteen sees which the difficulties pending between the Holy See and France had left vacant. After this first series of nominations the Roman Curia asked the bishops of any province of France to which a vacant see might belong, to suggest three candidates from among whom the Pope would select, and several were chosen in this manner. But since the nomination in 1907 of the coadjutor of Mgr Fiard, Bishop of Montauban, who was appointed by the Curia and who was not among the three candidates suggested by the bishops of the province, Rome has no longer asked for any official suggestions. The French bishops are appointed at Rome like those of missionary countries without the French Church being consulted, on the information directly collected by the Curia. There is no episcopacy in the world which is more in the Pope's hands.

In their turn the bishops appoint the *curés* as they please. Already under the *concordat* they could appoint all the *curés* of small rural parishes and of the subordinate urban parishes. But for their nominations to the more

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important parishes, called *cures de canton* or *doyennés*, they had needed the government assent. The appointments to these last parishes were for life. To-day the bishops have complete liberty of nomination; they depend only on the Pope and on canon law.

In the same way the bishop is free to name his vicars-general and all the members of the *Curie épiscopale*. Formerly, the vicars-general could not be appointed without the assent of the government. The chapters of canons attached to the Cathedral Churches have long been reduced to a purely honorary position, so that the bishop is absolute ruler in his diocese. Ecclesiastics who believe themselves wronged by an act of episcopal jurisdiction can have recourse to Rome.

The French priests are recruited almost entirely in the seminaries. The *petits séminaires* are establishments of secondary education where practically the programme of the State universities is followed, so that at the end of the course the students can if they will enter for the first part of the bachelor of arts degree.

Elementary science is studied there, English or German, and above all the humanities. The students are thus prepared to enter the *grand séminaire*, where they will study philosophy and theology.

These students pay very small pensions and are for the most part recruited from the lower ranks of society. Catholics in easy circumstances prefer to send their children to the *collèges libres*, and if they have a vocation they mostly enter religious orders; there are very few secular priests belonging to middle-class families. The obligation of military service had already at the end of the last century diminished the number of vocations. M. Paul Dudon estimates that in 1906 there were wanted 3,199 priests in order to fill every post. The separation law which removed the state guarantee for ecclesiastical revenues still further diminished the numbers recruited. In 1910 the *Bureau de l'Alliance des Séminaires* stated that the number of seminarists had been lowered by one-half. The buildings of both *grands* and *petits séminaires*

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being part of the episcopal revenues have since 1907 returned to the State, and the bishops have been forced to find for their pupils, the candidates for the priesthood, chance shelters, generally indifferent, small, and badly managed. Hence there has been since 1907 a sudden falling off in the population of the seminaries. This diminution has spread from the *petits* to the *grands séminaires*. The consequences of this diminution will be felt for some years yet, and although it seems from certain indications that there is again an upward tendency, it is improbable that the numbers should again reach their former level. It has indeed been possible during these last years to build, adapt or procure new establishments. The financial position of parish priests has been regulated. There is no longer the same uncertainty; the future may be foreseen. Those families who hesitated, not in the face of difficulties, but in the face of the unknown, are regaining confidence, and no longer refuse to trust their children in a vessel which is still poor and even poorer than it was, but which at any rate appears to them seaworthy.

Philosophical and theological studies are carried on at the *grand séminaire* and last on the average fully five years. They comprise at least one year of scholastic philosophy and rather more than three years of theology. The professors of the *grand séminaire*, who formerly were often Lazarists and Sulpicians, that is to say, specialists, are now, since the congregations were dispersed, priests of the diocese, chosen by the bishop. Once ordained about the age of twenty-five or twenty-six, the young priest is attached as *vicaire* to an important parish. Under the direction of the *curé* with whom he lives he is initiated into the work of the ministry. He is still obliged to pass four annual examinations to show that he has kept up during the year with the most important questions of ecclesiastical science. Then at the end of some years, averaging from four to eight, the *vicaire* is appointed parish priest. In France the majority are country parishes where nearly the whole population is agricultural.

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Let us now see what is the condition of the *curés* and of the parishes.

II

The Law of Separation ordered that all edifices used for worship, as well as all ecclesiastical property should be put in the hands of *associations cultuelles*, "drawn up," said the fourth article of the law, "according to the regulations of the general organization of worship." For Catholics this evidently meant (for the general terms of the law included also Protestants and Jews) associations approved by the bishops and by bishops in communion with the Pope. Since then the *Conseil d'Etat* has always interpreted the law in this sense. For reasons of which he alone is the judge, Pius X forbade Catholics to form such associations. The French Church obeyed promptly and generously. As a matter of fact the religious edifices have remained at the disposal of the faithful, and in consequence of the priests, but the Catholics have no official organization which can enter into communication with the proprietors of the edifices, the State, the department, or the commune. The *curé* has the free use of the church and of its furniture, he can keep the keys, regulate the ringing of the bells, the hours of opening and closing, but, if the edifice is in need of repairs, the proprietor, the State, the department or the commune, can refuse even to discuss the matter with the *curé*. He has no rights, he has no title to attention. He is not the proprietor, he is not the tenant, he is not even the usufruct, he is the occupier. The law gives him the right of occupying the buildings, of making use of them and of their furniture so long as they remain in existence. The *Conseil d'Etat* has up to the present always safeguarded the rights of the *curé* and of the Catholic *curé*, whether against a truculent and usurping mayor or even against a schismatic or dismissed priest. Three such cases have occurred, one in the Lot-et-Garonne, one in L'Yonne, and a third at Lyon. Although these intruders had formed *associations cultuelles* in accordance with the law, the *Conseil d'Etat*,

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on the complaint of the rightful *curés*, dispossessed them and ordered the surrender of the place of worship to the *curé* in communion with his bishop and with the Pope. All the same the difficulties are obvious; many minds are preoccupied with them. In order to prevent ecclesiastical buildings from falling into ruin through the carelessness of negligent or sectarian municipalities many churches have been classed as historical monuments. Thanks to the skilful and eloquent campaign carried on by M. Maurice Barrès, a Paris deputy as well as a member of the French Academy, it seems that we may hope soon to see established legal conditions which will secure the preservation of the churches, however humble, and by the same act secure to the *curé* the definitive occupation of them.

The presbyteries belonged in general to the communes. The Law of Separation left this unchanged, and put them at the disposal of the *associations cultuelles* for the *curé* to live in them. Failing an *association cultuelle* the presbytery has no longer any legal destination. The question of lodging the *curé* has become a sorrowful problem. Rome removed many difficulties by allowing a rent to be paid for the presbyteries. This rent is almost everywhere below the real value, but low as it is it is still a burden on the *curé's* slender pittance.

Before the separation the country clergy received a stipend of 900 francs, which might rise to 1,100 francs in the country parishes, and rarely to 1,500 in the urban parishes. Since the separation the bishops have hardly anywhere been able to keep up this stipend. In many dioceses it has gone down to two-thirds, that is 600 francs, and in some cases even lower. It is the bishop who is responsible for these stipends drawn from the offerings of the faithful, who have in fact consented to pay a voluntary tax for the support of their clergy. This tax is without any fixed basis and depends only on good-will and a sense of duty. The most important subscriptions are sent in direct by the subscribers. But it is the collections that chiefly make up the church funds, collections made in the churches or from house to house: in the towns

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the clergy have lay help in the house-to-house collections; in the country it is the *curé* who must himself beg from door to door, and it is not without alarm that most of them see the date of their annual rounds approach.

Certain bishops have attempted to levy a tax on every parish; it is an attempt that only partially succeeded; for instance, in the diocese of Bayonne 224 parishes provide the full voluntary assessment that the bishop asks of them, but 277 only provide a portion of it. The Archbishop of Chambéry announces that he must have another 60,000 francs; the Archbishop of Auch is short by 40,000; the Bishop of Puy calculated that he must have 75,000 francs—he announced this to the faithful, but obtained no more than 26,936 francs. And sorrowful emotions are justified when it has to be stated that in several dioceses the generosity of the faithful is inclined to diminish rather than to increase. The diocesan coffers are far off, the people do not understand the organization. A certain sloth of mind prevents their reflecting. They see the Church still alive, and influenced by the spirit of economy they begin to think that in order to live she does not really need all they had at first intended to put on one side for her.

The Church of France sees the danger and points it out without too much insisting on it. As a matter of fact, the *curés* and *vicaires*, whom a hostile press during the time of the *concordat* had represented as money-loving, have taken a singular revenge on their detractors. Without saying a word they have given up the immense fortune which the acceptance of the *associations cultuelles* would have allowed the Church to keep, and they wait from day to day for a little casual help from the faithful, a few subsidies from the bishop's house. The vestry boards and the episcopal funds possessed before the separation real estate and capital. These goods may be valued at 332,609,000 francs. In the absence of *associations cultuelles*, which had been made by law the only organism qualified to receive funds, all this property had become

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legally without owners and in consequence reverted to the State. It was the same with the 19,123,000 francs of the ecclesiastical superannuation fund, as well as with the foundations for Masses amounting to 50,000,000 francs. Parliament in both these last cases agreed to confide the management of these funds to approved ecclesiastical representatives, but Rome was afraid that such committees would prove to be *associations cultuelles* disguised, and the old priests and the dead were thus despoiled in their turn.

It may be said truly that the country parish priest in France is in a miserable position. The average extent of his resources, including casual help, does not amount to more than from 1,000 to 1,100 francs, that is, from £40 to £44 a year! Most of their budgets do not rise as high as the figures quoted. And yet they do not complain. They see the prejudice against them diminishing. They feel that the people are getting nearer to them. Nearly everywhere they organize associations for the boys to meet on Sundays and Thursdays, and they urge devout women to undertake the care of the little girls. The priest is no longer an official, he has more freedom of movement, he excites less envy, less jealousy. He does his military service like every one else. He is nearer to the people and the people draw nearer to him. That is all that can be said at present, after seven years of the new *régime*. It will be impossible to judge of the real results until twenty years have passed.

III

In the towns and in Paris, in particular, other problems present themselves. But it must never be forgotten, if French affairs are to be judged truly, that the towns represent but a small part of the whole, that Paris in its turn is a sort of monstrous exception, and that in the end it is rural France that is the very substance of the nation.

Paris under the *concordat* lacked churches: a parish such as Notre-Dame-de-Clignancourt included 121,000 souls; 96,000 were included in the limits of Sainte

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Marguerite; 90,000 in those of Saint Ambroise; 83,000 in those of Saint-Pierre de Montrouge. In thirty-eight parishes in Paris the proportion of the priests to the inhabitants was notoriously insufficient, as there was but one priest to 5,000 of the faithful. Also those on the watch testified that there was an almost complete absence of religious practices in the suburbs of Paris; and a priest of the suburbs in 1889 urged Catholics to interest themselves in that "China surrounding Paris which counts nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants." M. L'Abbé Raffin drew up the statistics of religious and civic funerals from 1883 to 1903. He proved that during those twenty years the number of civil obsequies had totalled 225,395; that is, there were on an average 10,000 such funerals in a year from among those of the 53,000 Parisians who die annually. He observed that it was chiefly among the poor that civil burials were so numerous, for instance, in 1888, in the five more expensive classes of funerals, the number of purely civil ceremonies did not rise above 4 or 5 per cent, and on the contrary in the workmen's world it rose to from 25 to 30 per cent. It became necessary therefore to increase the number of parishes and the places of worship as well as the number of the priests. But too often ministers had to be treated with, who applied and handled the *concordat* in a sense hostile to the interests of the religious apostolate. Where there was everything to be done it was often very difficult to begin doing anything, and the project of the erection of a church, and even more so of a parish, was met with administrative difficulties that were often invincible.

The Law of Separation has freed the Church from all these shackles. There are in the Paris of 1913 nine more parishes than in 1905: these nine parishes include 250,000 inhabitants. In the suburbs of Paris in 1913 there are fifteen more parishes than at the time of the separation; they include 215,000 souls. Also in Paris itself and its suburbs there have been opened twenty-four chapels of ease, to respond to the religious needs of 166,500 souls. Putting these figures together we conclude that more than

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630,000 souls, condemned seven years ago by the distance from places of worship to an almost incurable religious famine, have seen in a short time God draw nearer to them and take up His place close to them. 630,000 souls are more than are to be found in the town of Marseille.

The task is not finished: forty other parochial boundaries are by now planned out on the vast surface of the diocese, and the Archbishop counts on having these forty parishes in a state of activity in five years from now.

These churches not only serve the convenience of the former numbers of the faithful; they attract and group new ones. Twenty years ago in a whole suburb of Paris, where now stands Notre Dame de Rosaire, there was but one family who attended the services of the parish church at a distance of nearly two miles. To-day on the same ground 4,000 hosts are needed for distribution in the Paschal season. In one such case in the suburbs in four years time, thanks to the erection of a chapel of ease, the number of dying who receive a priest has been multiplied by five, and the number of first communions multiplied by six.

Even when priestly ministrations only touch the minority, and even a very small minority among the crowds of the suburbs of Paris, the presence of the priest is beneficial. The ignorant crowds who see the priest come among them accustom themselves to him little by little; Mass may not yet attract them, nor sermons; but if the priest displays in his church magic-lantern pictures intended to reveal to the spectators the history of Christ, the people come in crowds to this new form of service, which they call in a rather picturesque phrase *La Messe du Cinéma*, and for the first time the name of Jesus sounds in their ears.

Similar troubles existed, and exist, in many large provincial towns; in most places the episcopate has set to work to remedy them. And since the Church, as we have said, has no legal existence, as she cannot be the proprietor of even the edifices that she builds, the *curé* is

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only the tenant of the churches. The property generally belongs to shareholders. In the diocese of Paris these shareholders are grouped in two joint stock companies which have rendered to the Church the valuable service of acquiring and preparing suitable plots of land, and who claim from her as a rent for the funds they have sunk in these undertakings an interest of 4 per cent.

IV

Everywhere, in the country as in the towns, the clergy have always clung to catechism classes as the means of securing the religious instruction of the children. The law of 1881 which forbade the elementary schoolmaster to teach the catechism in school made the work of religious instruction a still more urgent duty for the clergy. But in the towns, in industrial centres, the priest cannot suffice for the work. Helpers have come to him from various quarters. In Paris in the first place there is the *Œuvre des Faubourgs* which visits and looks after 250 families and more than 10,000 children, and sees that they regularly frequent the schools and catechism classes of their district. Next there comes, in Paris and in the provinces, the great *Œuvre des Catéchismes*: this work, which was founded in 1885 by Cardinal Richard with 200 ladies who catechized 2,000 children, was erected by Leo XIII on May 31, 1893, into an archconfraternity to which all the French societies of catechists may be affiliated. This confraternity includes voluntary catechists and members who pay a subscription; at the present time it numbers in Paris 4,300 ladies, who catechize more than 44,000 children, and in the provinces 33,000 ladies who catechize 150,000 children. In the department of the Lozère alone 750 women, mostly peasants, catechize 7,200 children; nearly 500 of them make every year a retreat of five days in order to maintain in themselves this spirit of the apostolate. A Catholic Congress such as that which was assembled at Paray-le-Monial in October, 1909, at the initiative of Mgr Villars, Bishop of Autun, witnesses to the present anxiety of the

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French Church to adapt its methods of religious instruction to the spiritual needs of the populace or to perfect what may be called the pedagogy of the catechism. Examinations of religious instruction, such as the Bishop of Paris has lately established, are a highly original institution. A year after his solemn first Communion the candidate may by means of an examination obtain the elementary certificate of religious instruction; then, the following year, after two months of new studies, of which a committee estimates the results, he may aspire to the higher certificate. These are the first two degrees of tests. In 1912 the first was undergone by 1,623 boys, of whom 1,121 came through successful. In the second there were 596 candidates, of whom 404 were passed. At the same session 1,126 little girls obtained the elementary certificate and 493 the higher one. The judges demand more and more; indeed the zeal of the candidates and the good will of their families make it possible to raise the level of the examination. Whereas in 1911 the percentage of candidates passed was 80, in 1912 it was no more than 67. The two final examinations, the *concours inférieur* and the *concours d'honneur*, must be passed by those who wish to enter the ranks of voluntary catechists.

V

The Church at the same time, profiting by still existing clauses of the law of 1850, keeps up in the measure which the law and her own resources permit, organizations of primary and secondary education. She had at the opening of the twentieth century, 1,600,000 children in her elementary schools, and she educated in her secondary schools 91,140 pupils, while those in the State institutions numbered only 84,742. The law of July 7, 1904, which forbade all teaching work to the religious congregations, singularly hampered the Church's activity in this direction. Out of the 16,904 elementary schools in the hands of congregations which existed in 1904, 14,404 were immediately closed; they could not all be reopened with a new staff, and the free elementary teaching

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in 1907 had 318,310 pupils less than in 1900. As regards secondary education the colleges governed by congregations had at once either to disappear or to be confided to another staff. There were in 1906, 104 free colleges less than there were in 1898—and the clients for free instruction had between these two dates diminished by 22,223 pupils.

But all the time the Church fights on and holds her place. The congregationalists became secularized laymen and placed themselves at her service.

The dispersion of the congregations was a very heavy blow. In these wonderful organisms built up with foresight by the ancient spirit of Christian charity, each may count upon all and all upon each. Mutual assistance in case of accident, illness or old age—all this in the congregations worked spontaneously by the very act of leading a community life. Needs were reduced and expenses restrained, preoccupations concerning the individual future, or the bread of the day after to-morrow, did not arise to abate or foil the transport of devotion.

To-day the Church in France has to do with separate individuals who, under control, are always ready to give free teaching, but what these individuals lack for their future is the personal security which the enrolling in a congregation insured, the satisfaction of belonging to a body by which they might feel themselves upheld, supported and protected. Moreover, these new teachers, both men and women, may have the charge of families, whom it is their duty to care for, and to the level of whose support they must try to raise the remuneration of their work. This causes a very notable increase in the expenses of parishes and dioceses.

Ecoles normales have been founded: those which the association of the district for elementary free teaching has organized in the diocese of Lyon are particularly remarkable. In Paris the *Ecoles normales supérieures* train both women professors for the *Ecoles normales primaires libres* and professors for the houses of secondary teaching for girls. In the diocese of Paris since October 1,

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1910, the career of free teacher, male or female, has its status, the salaries are fixed, the conditions of advancement defined, even a system of retiring pensions is being organized. It is desired that there should be no risk of condemning those who embrace these offices to the miseries of a forsaken old age.

Thus that free education, which seemed wounded to death, can face the future with confidence. In some dioceses, by the initiative of the priest who has charge of the general direction of the free teaching, teachers' conferences are organized between all the priests holding educational functions.

The law of 1875 on the liberty of higher education (*enseignement supérieur*) continues, in spite of the menaces that threaten it, to be used by the Church at Paris, Lyon, Angers, Lille, Toulouse, and the establishments of higher education which she possesses in these various towns have during the last few years started certain new branches of teaching. At the Catholic Institute of Paris a Professor's chair has been founded which disputes with the psychophysiological materialist the monopoly of studies relating to the nature and formation of the child; and in this *Institut Catholique*, which since the Law of Separation has only been able to continue in its buildings by burdening itself with a very heavy rent, we have seen created three years ago a methodical teaching of the history of religions confided to chosen specialists. Finally the teaching of the Semitic languages, which seems in the State professorships to be more and more consigned to a secondary place, finds in the *Institut Catholique* of Paris a centre of expansion. The works of University Extension started by the Catholic faculties of Lille and Angers and the appendant schools of industry and of agriculture founded under their auspices, show how much of the free teaching is given to training for the great duties of society. It must, however, be realized that the number of the pupils of the Catholic higher education is out of all proportion to the number of the pupils of secondary

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education. While the Church in its colleges gives this latter teaching to half the school-going population, its faculties of higher education have only an exceedingly low number of scholars, probably less than one-tenth of all the French students. This difference may be attributed to three causes: (1) To the superior organization of the scientific implements provided by the Government; (2) to greater hopes of success in examinations and in life; (3) to there being less reason to fear for the young people's faith.

VI

By the side of the elementary education, properly so called, the Church has more and more created and developed a professional education. The great *Société de Saint Nicholas*, founded in 1827 by M. de Bervanger and Comte Victor de Noailles and directed by a Catholic lay committee, gives in four houses (at Paris, Issy, Igny and Bezenval) a professional education to children whom it adopts from the age of eight. The *Société des Amis de l'Enfance*, also Catholic, founded in 1828; the *Œuvre des Orphelins apprentis d'Auteuil*, founded by the Abbé Roussel; the *Œuvre du Berceau de Saint Vincent de Paul*, established near Dax, are occupied with the education and apprenticing of their young pupils. The *Ecole Commerciale des Francs Bourgeois*, created in Paris in 1823 by the brothers of the Christian school, prepares its pupils for the commercial, industrial and official professions. The *Société des orphelinats agricoles*, established in Paris by Catholic initiative, has opened in the provinces a certain number of orphanages especially destined to prepare their pupils for rural life. The recent foundations of the workshop for apprentices to locksmiths and mechanics at Notre Dame du Rosaire, of the workshop directed by the Abbé Rudinsky at La Chapelle, of the workshop of apprenticeship to carpentry and cabinet-making of Kremlin-Bicêtre, of the workshop of mechanics at St Hippolyte, of the workshops of carpentry, cabinet-making and carving founded by the Abbé de Miramom

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in the eleventh *arrondissement*, and the workshop of preparation for apprenticeship of Javel, founded by the Abbé Blain des Cormiers: all these witness that the clergy of Paris are occupied with the apprenticeship crisis and anxious to find a remedy for it. It was on account of this anxiety that at the diocesan congress of 1912 the Abbé Chaptal proposed that a course of manual labour should be instituted among Catholic works for schoolboys from 11 to 13 years of age, and that the greatest possible number of workshops of apprenticeship should be founded under Catholic patronage.

The *Œuvre des écoles professionnelles des jeunes filles*, founded in 1871 under the direction of the future Cardinal Langénieux, subsidizes at the present time fifteen professional schools for girls, of which fourteen are directed by the sisters of St Vincent de Paul.

In another department, Catholic initiative at the instigation of Mme de Diesbach has, since 1902, gone ahead of the State as concerns domestic training. The *Ecole ménagère normale*, founded in Paris in 1902, by the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul of the Rue de l'Abbaye, has organized, from 1902 to 1912, 143 centres of domestic training, of which thirty-six are in Paris and the suburbs. A *cours normal* of Catholic domestic training, destined to mould mistresses of domestic training for Catholic schools and other works, has been working since 1910 under the auspices of the archdiocese.

VII

Following on the parochial courses of catechism, to complete them and make a success of their fruits the Church has instituted clubs (*patronages*). The promoters of these good works do not content themselves only with preserving the young man from the dangers and attractions of the streets, they pursue also a double training—the apostolic and the social. The Church accustoms these young men on the one hand to defend among their fellows the honour and interests of the faith, and on the other hand to defend in the name of their faith, with

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whomever it may concern, the economic and social claims of their brethren. Thus is the horizon of the young Christian enlarged in the clubs of to-day. "You will become a good fellow," his father and mother have said, when sending him there, "and your future will gain by it." But in the long run we see that the young Christian is won by the attraction of interests exterior and superior even to those of his own future, by a certain taste for religious activity, and by a certain taste for social activity.

In the clubs vocations to the priesthood come to light and certain children of the club take an interest in professional questions which foreshadows their becoming excellent "ringleaders" in the good sense of the word for future Christian syndicates. Understood in this fashion, practised in this fashion, the club is not merely an institution of moral health, it is one of the tools for the active spread of the Kingdom of God.

The diocese of Paris alone numbers at present 212 clubs for boys and 254 for girls, which act respectively on 45,000 and 60,000 souls. Holiday colonies are joined to them by means of which the priests have the opportunity of a long contact with their young souls. All this is new and all this is profusely developing.

All the "after-school" attempts by which the State tries to enter into rivalry obtain only very mediocre results. M. Edouard Petit, an *inspecteur général de l'instruction publique*, publishes every year reports on these attempts, in which the very optimism that inspires him is sometimes pierced by great uneasiness. Children whom certain "lay" masters flattered themselves that they had removed from the influence of the priests come to the parochial club in order to seek the priest's counsel.

The creation and administration of the clubs, for the last fifteen years, have given rise to a whole series of studies and numerous discussions in congress. We have had *journées de patronage*, on which the directors of the chief works for the young exchanged their experiences and their views. We have had exhibitions where the

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installation, the tools and the progress of clubs might be examined near at hand by means of *schémas* and statistics. A review has just been started called the *Revue des Patronages*. Thanks to this initiative the art of starting a club and of organizing it; of rightly directing, while respecting, the responsibilities of the young men, the art of preparing them for civic life and of strengthening the germs of religious life are on the road to constituting a regular science.

Finally the *Fédérations gymnastiques et sportives des patronages de France*, started in 1898 by Dr Michaud, assembled in 1911 one thousand gymnasts for the *Fêtes de Nancy*, and number in 1912, with local branches, more than 1,300 active societies and nearly 130,000 active members.

It does not enter into our scheme to describe, or even to mention, the relief works which make Catholic charity live and prosper. There are more than 4,000 of these works and the number of persons they help is, failing statistics, impossible to estimate. Georges Goyau remarks that the great originality in the efforts of Catholic help in these later years has been the multiplication of works of social education. Hence has grown more and more a "patriarchal" conception of good works. The workers aspire and incline to-day to associate the sufferer with his own uplifting, to give to him a share of collaboration, or even of direction, in the effort that is made to assist and restore him. The works of charity most in favour among Catholics are henceforward what I shall call preventive works. To anticipate distress by a healthy domestic and professional education, such is the aim of the founders of the relief works of to-day. They do not face only the fight against the results of distress but the fight against all that produces it.

VIII

Since 1867 there has existed in Paris an association of bricklayers and stone-cutters having as its end the instruction of its members, natives mostly of Limousin,

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and the amelioration of their lot. The oldest Catholic social work was the *Œuvre des Cercles catholiques d'ouvriers*, founded in 1871 by Count Albert de Mun and the Marquis de la Tour du Pin la Charce; this owes its importance less even to the 400 clubs of workmen scattered through France, of which eight are in Paris, than to the movement of economic and social studies undertaken by the commissions of the *Œuvre des Cercles*. To this *Oeuvre* were due the projects for social laws that have been presented in Parliament by certain Catholic deputies even before the State purposed to work out a scheme of social legislation.

The *Union catholique du personnel des chemins de fer*, founded in 1898 to "keep all its members Christians" and to "better their lot" by assisting charitable, economic and social institutions, was, at its commencement, at the moment when its first nights of Adoration took place in the basilica of Montmartre, solely composed of a few hundred railwaymen of Paris. Following on a pilgrimage to Lourdes in 1899 it spread little by little over the whole of France. It comprised in 1912, 418 branches with about 50,000 members. The Sisters of the *Présentation de Tours* direct the *Association et Société de secours mutuel pour les demoiselles de commerce*. The Catholics of Paris have taken part in the syndicalist movement by several important creations. First of all should be quoted the initiation of seventeen old pupils of the Christian Brothers which blossomed in 1887 into the creation of the *Syndicat des Employés du Commerce et de l'Industrie*; this syndicate numbered at the end of 1912, 7,132 members; it had its two candidates elected in 1904 on the reconstruction of the *Conseil supérieur du travail*, and its secretary-general, M. Viennet, became in 1911 *conseiller prud'homme*,* defeating one of the leaders of the *Confédération générale du travail*. This syndicate is employed in promoting in the provinces the existence of

*The *Conseil des Prud'hommes* is a counsel of experts of the most experienced masters and workmen of a calling or trade whose task it is to decide all disputes.

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branches or of national syndicates fit to be the nucleus of a federation of syndicates of Catholic *employés*.

The organization called *de l'Aiguille*, an association of needlewomen and their employers, was first in opening certain restaurants for working women.

The syndicates of workwomen, of *employés*, of teachers, of nurses, and the *Syndicat du Ménage*, of which the three first date from 1902, form together the *Union Centrale des Syndicats professionnels féminins* of the Rue de l'Abbaye; they unite, according to the report of January 19, 1913, 5,514 working women; the union has founded forty-four syndicalist sections, of which twenty-five are in Paris; it has an organ which is called *La Ruche Syndicale*. The female syndicates founded in November, 1908, in the Rue Gomboust in Paris, number already 400 syndicalists, and have organized a public stove for the use of fifty young workwomen. The attempts at Catholic syndicalism for women tried at Lyon by Mlle Rochebillard, at Grenoble by Mlle Poncet, have spread widely. Finally a quite recent attempt, made in Paris under Catholic initiative, to form home workers into a syndicate seems likely to be thoroughly effective.

IX

Since the opening of the twentieth century two institutions have been organized in which French Catholics find light and strength for their social action. On the one hand the *Action Populaire* of Reims, founded at the beginning of 1903, circulates widely pamphlets on economic questions; it publishes annually a *Guide social* and, since 1910, an *Année sociale internationale*; it edits a *Manuel social pratique*; collections of monographs on various branches of social work; it started in 1907 *Feuilles sociales* destined for popular propaganda; it publishes leaflets, *Plans et Documents*, destined for study circles, popular reviews called *Revue de l'action populaire*, *Peuple de France*, *La Vie Syndicale*, and finally a doctrinal review: the *Mouvement Sociale*. It sends emissaries to the different diocesan congresses to speak to their hearers of

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the social and religious tasks that need accomplishing, and constitutes a very keen, very rich centre of initiative, whence all manner of ideas swarm, and where people of goodwill are prepared to devote themselves to Catholic good works. It was calculated in 1911 that the representatives of the *Action populaire* had already appeared at nearly 200 congresses. Then, since 1907, the directors of this work have themselves organized congresses; a general congress of the work in 1907 and 1911, and at different dates special days for ecclesiastical subjects, for questions dealing with women's interests, and for syndicalist workmen. In 1912 came a week for directors of diocesan works, and this was attended by priests of twenty-seven dioceses, who for the space of eight days mutually enlightened and strengthened one another. It may indeed be said that it is in reunions of this nature, prudent but fruitful, that the hidden life of the Church of France is wrought out and ripened and that future social action is concerted.

On another side the *Semaines sociales* which, since 1904, are held annually in some corner of France, carry from one end of the country to the other the teaching of Catholic doctrine on the social problem, the teaching of Catholic methods of raising the masses and a more practical, more local teaching, destined to apply to the needs and distresses of the region where the week is held the principles of social Catholicism. We have seen inaugurated in 1911 in the district of Lyon agricultural social weeks, where sixty young men, destined to be in their villages the leaders of social action and the representatives of the Catholic idea, came for instruction and training. The annual congresses of the *Association Catholique de la jeunesse française*, which numbers 12,000 members, always sets a social question for study; in 1912 it was that of professional organization. Certain diocesan congresses, especially in Paris, sometimes set themselves a social programme; the question of workmen's dwellings, for instance, occupied the congress of 1912. And the *Société immobilière de la région parisienne*, a great society for building churches, shortly after this congress decided to

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add to its capital with a view to constructing some workmen's dwellings near two of the churches that belonged to it. The parochial committees already instituted in a great number of Parisian parishes are invited by the Archbishop to make a study of the social conditions of their district, and thus to collect for their priest the elements of a social map of Paris.

Then a most important institution, the Social Bureau, initiated in Belgium, was in 1908 inaugurated in Paris. To the Social Bureau of Paris other bureaux working at Angers, Lyon, Toulouse, La Roche sur Yon, Rennes, Marseille, Besançon, may be affiliated. The Social Bureau of Paris is an Intelligence Office, a centre of documentation, and at the same time an incentive to initiative at the disposal of Catholic works and organizations in the district of Paris.

The section of *Enseignement Sociale* gave ninety conferences in 1910, 150 in 1911 and thirty-five in the first half-year of 1912. It organized three social days at Plaisance, Menilmontant and Grandes Carrières; two other social days were especially reserved for women's works and organizations. It has drawn up and spread propagandist tracts on Sunday rest, cheap dwellings and syndicalist organization. Every month it publishes a *Correspondance* which procures for journals, bulletins and reviews of Catholic works and associations, articles on social and economic questions and also information on the various social movements and the different sections.

Finally, the Social Bureau, in agreement with the existing women's organizations, has created an *Office du Travail feminin*, a special centre of information concerning these professional organizations.

X

Suitable publications set forth fully all Catholic teaching and sometimes in a slight measure supplement it. The creation of organs stripped of all political character, giving at once news of the life of religion and information for religious activities, is a quite recent phenomenon in

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the Catholic life of France. The first thing in the dioceses was the *Semaines religieuses*, of which the first, that of Paris, dates from 1853. The attempt was imitated in 1861 at Orleans and at Toulouse, in 1862 at Marseille and at Montauban, in 1863 at La Lorraine, Limoges, Bourges and Angers. Nearly every diocese to-day has a *Semaine religieuse*.

Then less than twenty years ago the idea of a parochial press arose and the success of this idea is one of the most decisive episodes in the Catholic revival of to-day. The first parish magazines made their appearance in France towards the year 1895. Little by little the bishops realized the happy results effected by these periodicals, and founded *Unions Diocesaines* of magazines which now exist in almost all the dioceses.

The political press which professes (and has proved these professions) to submit in all things to Catholic teaching is represented in France by *La Croix* (indifferent on the constitutional question); *Le Soleil* (royalist); *La Democratie* (republican); *L'Univers* (royalist); *La Libre Parole* (constitutional). Other journals are very favourable to Catholicism, but as their editors do not submit to the laws of the Church, and in particular to that against duelling, they cannot be given the title of Catholics. Of all these journals *La Croix* alone, thanks to the various industries invented by its founders, the Assumptionist Fathers (1883), has a wide connexion and a very important circulation. It is read by Catholics, more zealous and convinced than influential, and by a good part of the clergy. It is, moreover, a well edited paper, and can bear comparison with all the others.

Around *La Croix* has been organized the institution which the Assumptionists call the *Maison de la Bonne Presse*, which has taken for its mission the organization of pilgrimages in France and also to Rome and Palestine, and of issuing all sorts of publications, useful for Catholic defence and propaganda.

The *Maison de la Bonne Presse*, in spite of its rather exclusive title, is not the only firm which publishes good

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books. The *Action Populaire* of Reims, of which we spoke above, and which is directed by priests who had, and still have, ties with the Society of Jesus, has issued during the last ten years a considerable number of volumes, of tracts, of pamphlets which form a precious storehouse for those, whether priests or laymen, who desire to devote themselves to the social apostolate.

The great Catholic publishers keep up their traditions; the Letouzey firm publishes the *Revue du Clergé Français*, a *Dictionnaire du Bible*, a *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*; the firm of Beauchesne publishes the *Revue pratique d'Apologétique* and a *Dictionnaire d'Apologétique*; the old firm of Gabalda-Lecoffre publishes the *Revue biblique*, the series *Les Saints*, directed by M. H. Joly, Member of the *Institut*, a much-esteemed library of religious history; the young firm of Bloud publishes under the title *Science et Religion* a series of pamphlets touching on the most various subjects, and of which some are little masterpieces of concentrated science, good quality and clear exposition; under the title of the *Pensée Chrétienne* we have texts and commentaries; the same firm calls on learned specialists to put within reach of the great public the leading manifestations of religious thought from the times of the apostles to our own days, from St Paul to Moehler and to Newman. M. l'Abbé Hemmer has also begun with Alphonse Picard a collection of the principal writings of the Fathers. All these publications have prospered. It seems, however, that the more scientific publications have for the last few years found an increasing difficulty in spreading and in finding readers. At the same time associations of artists, the *Société de Saint Jean*, the *Rosace*, *les Catholiques des Beaux-Arts*, are striving to renew all branches of Christian art, and among them are to be found masters like Maurice Denis, Desvallières, Pinta, Aman Jean, Brother Engel, Vincent D'Indy. A literary association, the *Société de Saint Augustin*, gathers around the *Cahiers de l'Amitié de France*, while poets such as Robert Vallery Radot, François Mauriac, André Lafon, Péguy, Le Cordonnell, Francis

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Jammes and Claudel revive French poetry by steeping it anew in the well-springs of Catholic inspiration.

What is lacking in the Catholic press is neither zeal nor talent, nor science, it is rather objectivity and complete documentation. An author has the right, even the duty, of expressing and defending his own ideas, he has not the right of choosing arbitrarily his documents and his quotations; the reader should have all the evidence under his eyes. We have too many advocates, not enough reporters.

The *Journée Documentaire* organized in 1913 by the *Bureau d'Informations religieuses et sociales* showed, however, a more and more scrupulous anxiety on the part of Catholics for a setting forth of substantial documentary evidence.

Finally, special notice must be given to a means of popular apologetic inaugurated with great success during the last fifteen years, that is, magic-lantern lectures. The *Ruue des Conférences* and the review entitled *Le Fascinateur*, published respectively since 1897 and 1902 by the *Maison de la Bonne Presse*, are valuable guides in this matter. Entire collections of slides have for their end the seconding of the catechism teaching. At a clerical congress held at Poitiers in 1906, 250 to 300 priests of the diocese expressed the wish to have the help of lantern slides in teaching the catechism; the winter of this very year, in the diocese of Beauvais alone, eight diocesan societies circulated among themselves about 70,000 views. The Congress of this work held in 1912 showed that in a diocese such as Marseille the figures of the lectures rose in one year from 219 to 420. A diocesan work for the preparation of slides was organized in November, 1912, in the diocese of Paris. In July, 1906, a Protestant writer, M. P. Donmergue, declared, on the occasion of the general congress of the work of lantern slides held at the *Maison de la Bonne Presse*, that this is one of the "boldest and most modern forms of the Catholic propaganda in France."

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XI

A framework is needed for each of these undertakings; all need to come in contact with the society of the French community. For this lay co-operation is indispensable, and it has been necessary to invent a regular organization. The general tendency of the French episcopate seems to be to organize Catholics into associations—of the parish, of the canton, of the diocese, absolutely dissociated from any party and from any political point of view; solely occupied with the development of Catholic life and the defence of Catholic interests. In this respect, as in many others, the Archdiocese of Paris possesses organizations which may serve as a type.

According to the plan designed by the Archbishop of Paris each parish should have a parochial lay committee, recruited by the *curé* and charged with seconding the work of the clergy and of promoting, under the direction of the hierarchy, all undertakings useful to the religious, moral and social welfare of the parish. It remains dissociated from political action, and the organization and exercise of religious worship are outside its province. This committee is concerned only with religious activities. It may be divided into several sections occupied respectively with works of religion and piety, works of instruction and education, works for the young and for their perseverance after school-days, charitable and social works, publications and works of propaganda. Programmes drawn up for the moral observation and social study of the district, programmes aspiring to social activities are proposed to the members of the parochial committees.

The report presented to the diocesan congress of 1912 pointed out the existence of ninety-two parochial committees, the congress of 1913 learnt that the figures had risen to 108, representing two-thirds of the parishes of the diocese. Out of these 108 committees, seventy-six had sent to the organizers of the congress a report of their works. In certain parishes these committees state with great precision the religious statistics and list of parochial

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undertakings: it is a labour to which the archbishop urges them and should serve, according to M. l'Abbé Couget's expression, "to establish methodical and scientific conditions in which to exercise the apostolate."

Among the undertakings begun by certain parochial committees of Paris may be quoted the creation of after-school institutions, the opening of professional workshops, the creation of workmen's gardens, the search for practical measures for putting an end to night work in the bakeries, and the affixing in hotels frequented by foreigners of notices in different languages announcing the hours of services.

At the diocesan congress of 1913 particular mention was made of the initiative taken by the parochial committee of *Sainte Geneviève des Grandes Carrières*, which was working at forming syndicalist associations of *employés* and workmen; of that of the committee of *Notre Dame de Plaisance*, which was studying the question of apprenticeship; of that of *Notre Dame d'Auteuil*, which was concerned with the housing of families burdened with children. Other committees had, during the year 1912, organized a struggle against pornography, and against the immorality of the cinematograph. The observance of Sunday rest and the means of facilitating this observance for butchers, grocers, dairymen, and pork-butchers, occupied several of these committees; parochial leagues of customers have been formed. The parochial committee, as Mgr Gibier, Bishop of Versailles, remarked, thus forms a regular syndicate of initiative.

Above the parochial committees works the diocesan committee, which meets about four or five times a year. Every year some member of the diocesan committee visits the parochial committees of one district of Paris, and a general annual meeting calls together all the members of the diocesan committee and a delegate from each parochial committee. It was decided in February, 1913, that every three months all the members of the parochial committees of one of the three archdiaconates of the diocese

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should meet among themselves. Thus are assured at once both freedom of initiative and unity of inspiration; every year in Paris a great diocesan congress sets for study the most urgent questions, and concentrates during three days the energies of Catholics. Such congresses are equally frequent in most of the provincial dioceses.

The men's parochial clubs (*Unions*) develop with success in a certain number of parishes in the diocese of Paris: the objective assigned by Cardinal Amette for the parochial committees is above everything the creation and development of these clubs. All the practising Catholics of the parish are admitted, and even those who without fulfilling all the duties of religious practice make, nevertheless, a public profession of Catholicism, for instance, by choosing for their children a Catholic school or club. "In such a suburban parish," writes M. L'Abbé Yves de la Brière, "the parochial club has as many subdivisions, with a head responsible for each one, as the parish itself has districts, sections and streets. It is the rough draft of what will be one day the general organization of Parisian Catholics."

In the dioceses of the departments they are endeavouring to organize in the same manner, on the one hand parochial societies, on the other a central bureau, to which they are all attached, and sometimes, as intermediary organs, cantonal committees. The diocesan clubs tend to bring together on religious grounds (and in certain dioceses with a view to political action) the Catholics of all shades of political opinion.

It may be seen from this *résumé* that Catholicism in France is passing through a crisis from which it may and should emerge strengthened and rejuvenated. It is not true, as some are pleased to say, that the Separation has of itself strengthened the Church. It must on the contrary be recognized that in despoiling her it has taken from her many means of action. The Church no longer exists in the eyes of the French State; she can no longer possess anything or perform any act denoting existence. In refusing

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to organize *associations cultuelles* the Church of France not only renounced all her goods, she renounced the legal status which the State was arranging for her. Pius X judged that the conditions imposed by the State on these associations were unacceptable, in opposition to the laws of the canonical hierarchy; the bishops, the priests, all the French Catholics obeyed at once. But the Church of France remains with no legal status whatever. Clearly this situation cannot continue. By force of circumstances combinations must be formed, intermediaries between Church and State, intermediaries accepted by both parties, must be found. The Church commands the consciences of Catholics, the State allows to Catholic citizens freedom of worship. It is clearly in this direction that the reconciliation will be made—and perhaps the welding together. Already the *sociétés immobilières* which build churches and afterwards let them to the clergy have opened up one path. Others will be opened, until the day when Catholic citizens will compel the State to speak with the Church. In choosing to ignore Rome, France loses more than Rome. So many interests of every sort are linked with our Catholic past in Assyria, in Turkey, in Morocco, even to the Far East, that one day or another when the present political *personnel* is altered, when fresh men may change their predecessors' tactics without seeming to blame their own past actions, official relations, temporary or permanent, will be renewed with the Holy See and these relations will in the end bear fruit.

The Church, not only set free from all tie with the State, but even deprived of all legal status, remains living and very free—but very poor, and dependent on the alms of the faithful. In return the faithful are attached to her all the more because they keep her alive. And the better they fulfil their task as faithful Christians the better they will understand their duties as citizens. They will apply themselves to regaining in their towns the influence they have lost and the position which is their due. Up to the present, attached for the most part to political systems

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barred by limitations, more capable of criticizing and of opposing than of effective action, they have groped about and sought in various systems their political instrument. They will find it not by forming a separate political party, but by entering, each one according to his temperament and his convictions, the various parties already formed, and impressing on them a respect for their convictions, and by all uniting at the elections on questions of interest to their Church. It seems indeed as though this were the very course recommended by Pius X. A Catholic party indifferent to political forms would only isolate Catholics and make them suspect by all. This indifference, this civic scepticism, practised for example by Louis Veillot, contributed not a little to dismiss Catholics as such from the handling of public affairs and to take away from them all influence. Our religious dogmatism has no need of a lining of political scepticism.

Bishops, priests and faithful are absolutely devoted to Rome and obedient to the Pope. It has been sometimes asked in Rome whether we want a national Church. I ventured as early as 1901, in reply to Brunetière, to assert that such a thing could not exist.* A schism in France has become impossible. Neither bishops nor priests would be found to attempt it, nor faithful to follow it. The event has confirmed these previsions. After the Separation all that the Pope ordered was immediately executed. At one word from him our bishops and priests gave up their palaces and their presbyteries and abandoned all their goods. Nowhere else has there been such docility and such unanimity. In France, too, there has been the greatest intellectual docility. Apart from the case of the Abbé Loisy after the encyclical on Modernism and the recent condemnations every one has submitted. And this has been done with a good will and without any reserves. Modernism does not consist in such and such a boldness of

* "Voulons-nous une Eglise Nationale" ? par F. Brunetière (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, November, 1901). "Pouvons-nous avoir une Eglise Nationale" ? par G. Fonsegrive (*Quinzaine*, December, 1901).—G.F.

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thought, the Modernist is he who prefers his own thought to the thought of the body corporate, to the thought of the Church. Modernists of this kind, apart from Abbé Loisy, there have not been in France even among the priests and laymen who may have been condemned. Perhaps there has been some diminution in the ardour for study and zeal for religious research of the scientific order, but even in this slackening one may see a manifestation of docility.

Our episcopate might also be reproached with not having manifested sufficiently its cohesion and the unity of its views. In every diocese the particular bishop guides his flock without troubling himself greatly as to the actions of his neighbours. Thus we have seen institutions, like the daily attendance at the *lycées*, condemned by one Archbishop, sanctioned by all the others, a particular journal condemned by some, silently absolved by others. Directly after the Separation the convocation of two plenary assemblies of the episcopate led people to hope that in the future our bishops meant to reunite and to understand each other. People said that it was with the object of obeying a wish expressed at Rome that they have not again met, so that this absence of national cohesion arose only from their attachment to the centre of unity. There is no reason to fear any more the Gallicanism of the Church. Our Church is truly and absolutely Roman. Therefore every attack on its members attaches them more strongly to the source and centre of their life.

The religious life is everywhere increasing in depth and intensity. Unbelief will no doubt make still further progress among the people, but not among the upper classes of the nation. Catholics are numerous in the learned assemblies at the *Institut de France*. They have regained in the higher official education some posts which they ought never to have lost. The unpopularity of the priest in the towns is growing less; cultivated young men welcome him and even seek him out of their own free will. The human mind has found the limits of science and

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has felt that they are narrow and hard, all men of culture recognize to-day that our whole life is, as it were, bathed in mystery. Faith is no longer a suspect but a friend. Those who have it not are seeking it, and those who have found it treasure it. Those even who despair of finding it respect it. And all, or nearly all, recognize that truth can only be where she declares herself, where she is supplied with all she needs to make her accessible to man—that is to say, in Catholicism, and finally in Rome.

G. FONSEGRIVE

AN INDIAN MYSTIC: RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Gitanjali (Song-Offerings). By Rabindranath Tagore. A Collection of Prose Translations made by the Author from the original Bengali. Macmillan and Co. 1913.

IT has been my bad fortune to hit upon few translations or imitations of Eastern, and particularly of Indian, literature which have at all appealed to me. I have striven to assimilate such ancient scriptures as duty dictated, and I have carefully read the modern examples of spiritual compositions which connoisseurs commend to us. The Bahai literature has seemed to me incomparably banal; the great quantities of Indian and Chinese adaptations poured forth by Theosophical or Buddhistic societies have appeared to me dull or false in spirit, and translated into English which I perceive to be bad and am told is inaccurate; beautiful poems like Sir Edwin Arnold's or Fitzgerald's are in scarcely any sense (experts assure us) true interpretations of genuine Indian or Persian sentiment, and are in less close psychological or literary relation to any Oriental original than, say, Mr Gilbert Murray's "translations" are to Euripides—whose inability to write as beautifully as his English disciple we so often regret.

When, therefore, I am shown prose poems of a beauty so supreme, so magical as are Mr Tagore's, and observe on the title-page that they profess to be his own translations from the Bengali, my pleasure is obviously intense and double. The material is lovely in itself, and it is also what it professes to be, namely, an Indian expression of Indian thought and emotion.

Of course, the brief statement, "Prose Translations made by the Author," does not quite satisfy one, and does so the less in proportion as the English into which the Bengali has been translated is perfect. And this English is very perfect, almost too much so. "Thy awful white

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light with its pathetic shadows" (p. 64). Is "pathetic" not a purely Western appreciation, and modern at that? Has then the translation been worked over by an Occidental *littérateur*? If not, how much excellent Western work must not have been assimilated by an Eastern for him to write, unaided, so modern an English (and we are reminded of the modern highly anglicized Krishna literature)? How far is genuine Indian thought, in these poems, enriched, or diluted, by European ideal? And we find ourselves asking, how can we, the non-expert in that "genuine Indian thought" appreciate the presuppositions, the implications of these pages? how judge to what extent the racial categories, which we are led to believe are so different from ours—those of personality, individuality; causality, sequence; nothingness, origin, becoming—have been deserted or modified or transcended?

Mr W. B. Yeats, in his extremely interesting *Introduction*, leads us to suppose that whatever Mr Tagore may or may not have assimilated, we have here genuine development, a true vital uninterrupted process, and no artificial mosaic-work of ideas or phrases. Mr Tagore's thought has a "history": its evolution leads it through the love of "nature" to that of woman, and thence, through sorrow, into the love of philosophy and of God. The environment of childhood guarded it; long meditations deepened it; a real popular cult has further established and (who knows?) modified and localized it. Its very "innocence and simplicity" Mr Yeats finds pleasure in thinking hereditary (p. xxi), and believes that behind the contemporary influences stretch those generations of convergent forces, which have helped to make greatness, as it were, innate in certain Indian families and in Mr Tagore's in particular.

For its full power to reveal itself, especially as a popular and racial asset, Mr Yeats demands that Bengal civilization should remain unbroken, that a "common mind" may make the common assimilation of Tagore's poetry possible. Here all will be wholly in accord with him; but I am uneasy directly he begins to talk about Renaissance.

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A "new Renaissance," he surmises, has been born in India (p. viii). This is what is frightening. A thoughtful article in the *British Review** recently deplored the artificial revival—as sterile as that of English Gothic—of mediaeval Indian art. Let there be fallow years, the author prayed; slow assimilation of new elements; rich harvest (the richer because long-deferred) of a new, yet indigenous art. Were Mr Tagore's work a conscious reproduction (this it is not, however) of the old, or even its deliberate "reinterpretation," it were but a futile modernism. But it is, I honestly believe, spontaneous. It is the mark of genius that it is unaware of much—perhaps of most—of its own meaning when it speaks, or when it yearns; it is taught, by its own utterances, how far greater was the reality to which it aspired and of which it caught the fleeting intuition, than it was consciously aware. Mr Tagore, with all inspired seers, shares this divine ignorance, and is rewarded with this rich astonishment. "Ever in my life have I sought thee with my songs. It was they who led me from door to door . . . *It was my songs that taught me* all the lessons I ever learnt; they showed me secret paths, *they brought before my sight many a star on the horizon of my heart. They guided me all the day long, . . .* and, at last, to what palace-gate have they brought me in the evening at the end of my journey?" "I boasted among men that I had known you . . . They come and ask me, 'Who is he?' I know not how to answer them. I say, 'Indeed, I cannot tell.' . . . I put my tales of you into lasting songs. They come and ask me, 'Tell me all your meanings.' I know not how to answer them. I say, 'Ah, who knows what they mean!'" (pp. 92-3).†

"And you sit there smiling." *Omnia exeunt in mysterium?* and that the seer too should realize this is the best proof, and safeguard, of his revelation.

* *The New Delhi*, Sept., 1913.

† Send me no more

A messenger

Who cannot tell me what I wish.

Spiritual Canticle : St John of the Cross.

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But it is precisely what Mr Yeats means by "Renaissance" which frightens me. He declares (p. xvii): "Since the Renaissance the writing of European saints . . . has ceased to hold our attention." At first I thought that he meant the writings of post-Renaissance European saints. This would have been an extremely interesting fact of observation, worthy of much study, and probably almost entirely true, though suffering manifold exceptions. St Francis of Sales and Francis Thompson have supplied exceptions. But on second thoughts I believe Mr Yeats implies that since the new light and "humanity" introduced by the Renaissance, the peculiarly European school of sanctity—Catholicism, in fact, as such—indeed, Christianity—has ceased to govern our ideals and interests; for forthwith he instances St Bernard, who was not post-Renaissance, and St John of the Cross, who, spiritually speaking, is not so, either, in the very least; and again, à Kempis, and even the Book of Revelation, which is not even European. "What," he asks (p. xviii), "have we in common with its violent rhetoric?" Well, we take leave still to find in the Apocalypse some of the most thrilling, most sensitive, most delicately mystical literature that ever has blossomed in our desert; and there is nothing, scarcely, save the *Canticle*, of which Mr Tagore reminds us more frequently than the tremulous passion of the Carmelite's love lyrics,* and the triumphant pæans of the *Imitation*.† This implies that the Renaissance has exercised that sterilizing effect in Mr Yeats's own case—since he is now precluded from "attending to" some of the most marvellous and creative literature discoverable—

* Writing as I am at a distance from all books, I shall be unable to illustrate this point as fully as I should like, or even adequately to verify my references.

† Would that Mr Yeats had not mentioned St Bernard's refusal to look at the Swiss lakes. I need not dispute the accuracy of his version of the story; but I have long been convinced that the saint, wearied to death by the daily enthusiasm of his companions, ended by professing he had not noticed the view at all. Exactly thus, at the close of Mr Yeats's introductory panegyric, which I mistakenly read first, I very nearly never went on to the poems themselves.

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which it did in a true sense exercise in European art, literature and religion. Oscar Wilde saw that perfectly well, and said as much in one or two pages of, I imagine, *De Profundis*. Aubrey Beardsley got at the same thing in a different way, when he declared that the Oratory was the only place in London where you could forget it was Sunday. . . . Alas! true as it may be that we are now no more creative (whether or no that be because we have "so much to do") (p. xii), our "violent history" has contained much besides a "sanctity" born "of the cell and of the scourge"; to find St Francis and Blake "alien" in that history implies that it has been not read, or misread; and in Tagore's mystical intuitions we shall find those elements which are ascetic and renunciatory as truly as in our European saints we should recognize all that is positive, inclusive, and creative.

I have no notion how far Mr Tagore's background is likely to be Buddhist; still, since Mr Yeats's informant equivalently said of him, "He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live" (p. ix), and since the poet himself cries aloud: "Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. . . . No, I will never shut the doors of my senses," we are tempted to think he is at least reacting against the Buddhist inter-connexion of Life, Desire and Pain, and to that extent proves himself touched by the spell of the Negative, of Abdication. We do not set out to deny save what we are half tempted to believe.

And there is, in fact, a strong preliminary note of pessimism in his words upon Desire.

When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, O thou holy one, thou wakeful, come with thy light and thy thunder (p. 31).

All desires that distract me, day and night, are false and empty to the core (p. 29).

I have spent my days in stringing and in unstringing my instrument.

The time has not come true, the words have not been rightly set; only there is the agony of wishing in my heart (p. 11).

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This implies that, to gain the supreme and Ultimate, much that is immediate and fragmentary must be abandoned; the relatively worthless does exist, and not everything is equally a vehicle for the All. Partly a stern personal discipline will achieve this "mortification," but partly the Divine of its own accord co-operates.

My desires are many and my cry is pitiful, but ever didst thou save me by hard refusals; and this strong mercy has been wrought into my life through and through.

Day by day thou art making me worthy of the simple, great gifts that thou gavest to me unasked, . . . saving me from perils of overmuch desire . . .

Day by day thou art making me worthy of thy full acceptance by refusing me ever and anon, saving me from perils of weak, uncertain desire (p. 14).

"*Nostras etiam rebelles ad te compelle uoluntates,*" prayed Augustine, "Save me from myself."

But, as I said, Self too must act, and Self is afraid.

I shrink to give up my life, and thus do not plunge into the great waters of life (p. 72). I am uneasy at heart when I have to leave my accustomed shelter (p. 58).

Obstinate are the trammels, but my heart aches when I try to break them.

Freedom is all I want, but to hope for it I feel ashamed.

I am certain that priceless wealth is in thee . . . but I have not the heart to sweep away the tinsel that fills my room.

The shroud that covers me is a shroud of dust and death; I hate it, yet hug it in love (p. 22).

So Catullus:

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris.

Nescio: sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

Still, Catullus too rose to the resolve: *hoc est tibi peruincendum*. And so Tagore: "I come to ask for my good, I quake in fear lest my prayer be granted" (p. 23).

And the granting begins. The Lover-King comes

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suddenly in the night, and brings, not a rose-wreath, but a sword—"thy dreadful sword."

I sit and muse in wonder . . . I am ashamed to wear it . . . It hurts me . . . Yet shall I bear in my heart *this honour of the burden of pain*. * . . Thy sword is with me to cut asunder my bonds. . . . From now I leave off all petty decorations No more doll's decorations for me! (pp. 46-7).

My soul has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our vision; they would come between thee and me; their jingling would drown thy whispers . . .

The child who is decked with prince's robes and who has jewelled charms round his neck loses all pleasure in his play; his dress hampers him at every step (p. 6).

Hence Pain is realized to be not honour only, but a "sweet music" (p. 51), an "opened red lotus" whereon joy sits still (p. 53); there is such a thing as an "ecstasy of pain," experienced at the final stroke of death to self (p. 48); separation and pain are recognized as fruitful:

It is the pang of separation that spreads throughout the world and gives birth to shapes innumerable in the infinite sky.

It is this sorrow of separation that gazes in silence all night from star to star . . . It is this overspreading pain that deepens into loves and desires, into sufferings and joys in human homes; that melts and flows in songs through my poet's heart (p. 78).

"This my sorrow is absolutely mine own": the poet gives it to Him to whose giving all other gifts belong (p. 77).

Hence desire can kindle light (p. 21), for even while "I know thee as my God and stand apart . . . I stand not where thou comest down and ownest thyself mine" (p. 71); nor dare to vaunt a vision wherein "I do not think of thee; I am too near thee,"† yet "in the depth of my unconsciousness rings the cry—I want thee, only thee . . . My rebellion strikes against thy love, and still its cry is—I want thee, only thee" (p. 30).

* Cf. p. 5, "Pluck this little flower and take it. . . Honour it with a touch of pain from thy hand and pluck it."

† Cf. Mrs Browning.

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Thus we have been brought to the complete transfiguration, or rather interpretation, of Desire:

“All my illusions will burn into illumination of joy, and all my desires ripen into fruits of love” (p. 68).

The soul has therefore abandoned itself and found its home among the poor and weak things of the world. “O fool, to try to carry thyself upon thy own shoulders! O beggar, to come to beg at thy own door” (p. 7). But stern self-rebuke softens (else it were a nascent root of bitterness) into a gentler sense of brotherhood:

Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost . . . to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest and lost.

My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and lost (p. 8).*

Still, once there, the soul is met by the divine Cophetua.

They see thee come down from thy seat to raise me from the dust, and set at thy side this ragged beggar-girl a-tremble with shame and pride, like a creeper in a summer breeze (p. 33). Masters are many in your hall, and songs are sung there at all hours. But the simple carol of this novice struck at your love. One little plaintive strain mingled with the great music of the world. . . . You came down; you stopped at my cottage door (p. 42).†

Even so came Solomon to the Shulamite, long ago.

* This systematic refrain is a notable feature in Mr Tagore's songs, cf. XVII: “I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands.” XLIX: “You came down and stood at my cottage door.” LIII: “Beautiful is thy wristlet, decked with stars.” LX: “On the seashore of endless worlds children meet . . . On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.” This is as poignant as Dowson's “I have been faithful to thee, Cinyra, in my fashion.”

† This image of the beggar-maid is frequent. It holds, though, a double doctrine. The King himself comes a-begging. “‘What hast thou to give me?’ Ah, what a kingly jest was it to open thy palm to a beggar to beg.” She gives him from her wallet “the least little grain of corn.” And at night, in that same wallet she finds “the least little grain of gold.” “I bitterly wept and wished I had had the heart to give thee my all” (p. 43).

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The Lover-King is splendid in gifts, and the beggar-maid—unlike the mendicant grown suddenly rich in middle-life, and helpless to use his wealth—finds herself fit to take. “Thy infinite gifts come to me only on these very small hands of mine. Ages pass, and still thou pourest, and still there is room to fill” (p. 1).

And the only return asked is, Love and self-oblation, and this, since the recipient is a poet, expressed in song. Nor, because of his felt finitude, need he fear a swift exhaustion of song's source in him. Better than Apollo, of whom Plutarch told how he adapted cunningly his inspiration to the scale of his human lyre, and made his Prophet sing higher themes, yet in no higher manner, than were suited to her woman's powers, this Spirit has

made me endless . . . at the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart loses its limits (p. 1) . . . I thought that my voyage had come to its end at the last limit of my power . . . but I find that thy will knows no end in me. And when old words die out on the tongue, new melodies break forth from the heart (p. 29).

Thus the singer's office is, just to sing.

I am here to sing thee songs.

In thy world I have no work to do; my useless life can only break out in tunes without a purpose . . . It was my part at this feast to play upon my instrument, and I have done all I could (p. 13). I know thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that only as a singer I come before thy presence.

I touch by the edge of the far spreading wing of my song thy feet which I could never aspire to reach.

Drunk with the joy of singing *I forget myself and call thee friend who art my lord.*

I am non dixi seruos. And since worship both of friend and of God ends best in silence, he will cry: “My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master-poet, I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for *thee* to fill with music” (p. 6). And at the sound of *his*

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music, "Speech breaks not into song," "I ever listen in silent amazement" (p. 3).

Factum est silentium in caelo.

"Now, I ask, has the time come at last when I may offer thee my silent salutation?" (p. 14). "I will . . . lay down my silent harp at the feet of the silent" (p. 92).

What, meanwhile, is the theme of his song? Clearly, the One: but, first, the One in the many. "Oh, grant me my prayer that I may never lose the bliss of the touch of the One in the play of the many" (p. 59). How curious is this invasion of pure Plato! Yet all the wonted imagery recurs; and, for the Indian too, "life, like a dome of many-coloured glass stains the white radiance of eternity."

O thou beautiful, there in the nest it is thy love that encloses the soul with colours and sounds and odours* . . . [and after a picture unexampled in delicacy and radiance of touch, of golden, silent dawn, and of the lonely peace of evening, he concludes:] But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance (λευκή δ' ἐπιδέδρομεν ἀγλή). There is no day nor night, nor form nor colour, and never, never a word (p. 63).†

But the white radiance, often aspired to, is distant. Nature, *daedala rerum*, must first be realized.

When I bring to you coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colour on clouds, or water, and why flowers are painted in tints—when I give coloured toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance I know why there is music in leaves, and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth—when I sing to make you dance. When I kiss your face to make you smile, my darling . . . (p. 58).

* In how different a spirit Arthur Symonds wrote, in *Amends to Nature*:

I have loved colours, and not flowers;
Their motion, not the swallows' wings;
And wasted more than half my hours
Without the comradeship of things.

† Here, then, are Odysseus and the Elysian calm; and Shelley; and Plutarch's supreme vision of Osiris.

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Torquatum uolo paruulum—but what vision had Catullus, of all the sweet sights he saw, and among them the baby with his tiny hands and little laughing lips—to equal this mystic's intuition? Theocritus loved children, and scarce a lullaby can surpass his crooning Sicilian song, *Εὐδερ' ἔμα βρέφεια*. . . . Yet it witnesses to no more tender an ecstasy than does the whole of Song LXI—"The sleep that flits on baby's eyes—the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps—does anybody know where it was born?" And there is never a hint, in those European poets, of the mystery behind the childish brow. The whole strange hymn we have already alluded to tells again and again how "Children have their play on the seashore of worlds: on the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances" (pp. 54-5).*

Yet, on the whole, these few simple allusions to children stand out among poems where the personal touches are immediately transfigured and pass into the mystical. For the most part, the travellers and the companions and the priests misunderstand the singer and pass him by. His true communing is with the world we call inanimate. Not that companionship need hide God. But creeds do, he feels, and codes.†

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee.

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil . . . Our master has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever.

* So, too, Wordsworth was glad to have sight "of the immortal sea which brought us hither, And see the children sporting on the shore, And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

† Yet Mr Tagore has an ethic. "Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.—I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts . . . to reveal thee in all my actions, etc." (p. 4, and cf. p. 28).

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Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow (p. 9).

When the hour strikes for thy silent worship at the dark temple of midnight . . . when in the morning air the golden harp is tuned, honour me, commanding my presence (p. 13).

Yet this human fellowship is rarely made much of: "domestic walls" seem "narrow" (page 27); nations suffer the "clear stream of reason" to lose its way in "the dreary desert sand of dead habit" (p. 28). He will be an acolyte of a cosmic worship, perhaps too little mindful of how happily Ion sang at his task in the Delphic shrine; and how divinely Samuel's slumbers were attended "or ever the Lamp of God was extinguished" in Jahveh's house. "There was no Ark" in his worship; the world and himself were sufficient shrine.

Mine eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, "Here art thou."

The question and the cry, "Oh, where?" melt into tears of a thousand streams and deluge the world with the flood of the assurance, "I am!" (p. 10).

"Ah me," wrote the European, "Ah me; lo here, lo there; lo, everywhere!" "The Angels keep their wonted places" in West and East alike. "Lift but a stone . . ." says Thompson. "Lift the stone, and thou shalt find me: cleave the wood, and there am I," spoke the Papyrus. Listen to the words of the Indian poet when he detects in all he cares to contemplate "the many-splendoured thing."

Light, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light, heart-sweetening light!

Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre of my life; . . . the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. Lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.

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The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling,
and it scatters gems in profusion . . .

The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy
is abroad (p. 52).

Is not this the *Ver Nouum*, the *Peruigilium Veneris*?

When the creation was new and all the stars shone in their
first splendour, the gods held their assembly in the sky and sang,
"Oh, the picture of perfection! the joy unalloyed!" (p. 72).

How better did Job hear the morning stars sing to-
gether, and the sons of God shout for joy?

But we will not linger over the mere *maya*, the exqui-
site illusion and the mirage. All that seems does but convey
and cloak him who Is; yet is there no need to be "sore
adread, Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside";
for, though "thy gifts . . . run back to thee undiminished
. . . thy worship does not impoverish the world" (p. 70).
We have both Him, and all of it.

Yes, I know, this is nothing but thy love, O beloved of my
heart—this golden light that dances upon the leaves, these idle
clouds sailing across the sky, this passing breeze . . .

The morning light has flooded my eyes—this is thy message to
my heart. Thy face is bent down from above, thy eyes look down
on my eyes, and my heart has touched thy feet" (p. 54).*

But not only are these things his message and his gift;
he is present in them:

He it is, the innermost core, who awakens my being with his deep
hidden touches . . .

He it is who weaves the web of this *maya* in evanescent hues of
gold and silver, blue and green, and lets peep out through the
folds his feet, at whose touch I forget myself (p. 67).

- He passed through the groves in haste,
And merely regarding them
As He passed
Clothed them with His beauty.

Spiritual Canticle.

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Earth is *der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid*, and man may be "caught up in the whirl and drift of the Vesture's amplitude." But better still, He *lives* in all these things, and every joy of mine in them, is a meeting of myself with him.

Thou settest a barrier in thine own being, and thou callest thy severed self in myriad notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me.

That I should make much of myself and turn it on all sides, thus casting coloured shadows on thy radiance—such is thy *maya*.

The fragrant song is echoed through all the sky in many-coloured tears and smiles . . . waves rise up and sink again, dreams break and form. In me is thine own defeat of self.*

The great pageant of thee and me has overspread the sky. With the tune of thee and me all the air is vibrant, and all ages pass with the hiding and seeking of thee and me (p. 67).

Dare I say of what this vision of God, generous in gifts, present with and active in his gifts, most reminds me? Of the *Contemplatio ad Amorem*, in the Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius of Loyola. But the yearning of the soul, and its fear, and flight, and the wooing of the divine lover—these carry us once more to the *Hound of Heaven* and to St John of the Cross.

The soul in one mood wakes and wants: messengers greet her and speed on their way: by the door she sits smiling and singing, "and the air is filling with the perfume of promise" (p. 36).

Have you not heard his silent steps?

He comes, comes, ever comes.

Every moment, and every age, every day and every night,

He comes, comes, ever comes . . .

(In every song) in the fragrant days of sunny April through the forest path . . . in the rainy gloom of July nights. . . In sorrow

* Here is a marvellous Indian conception "The screen that thou hast raised is painted with innumerable figures with the brush of the night and the day. Behind it thy seat is woven in wondrous mysteries of curves, casting away all barren lines of straightness" (p. 66).

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after sorrow it is his steps that press upon my heart, and it is the golden touch of his feet that makes my joy to shine (p. 37).

Oh, my only friend, the gates are open in my house—do not pass me by like a dream (p. 18).

But there are times too when the soul, licitly or illicitly, is asleep.

The whole of the wonderful poem XLVII is instinct with the sleep-*motif* (may I call it?) and of the *Canticle*, except that here it is not the Lover who must not be awakened, but the Beloved, wearied with watching, begs to be allowed to sleep until He come, that "my return to myself be immediate return to him." The way must be left open to him; not birds, not winds, must arouse the soul; his touch alone must banish sleep; his smile must shine out and unseal the closed eyes; the first thrill come from his glance (p. 39). And easily he comes, a solitary wayfarer through the scornful crowds who laugh at the tired girl. She has given up effort, simply trusting to his advent. "I fought for what I had travelled, and I surrendered my mind without struggle to the maze of shadows and songs." Yet not the inmost of the mind, only its surface of self-willed agitation, and directly the attempt to *force* the divine advent is abandoned, "I saw thee standing by me, flooding my sleep with thy smile" (p. 41). "In the morning I woke up, and found my garden full with wonders of flowers" (p. 76). So is the coming of the Kingdom, in St Mark's sublime intuition. The seed is sown; the farmer wakes, and sleeps, and dawn and night follow one another, and lo! on a sudden the miracle is accomplished and the seed has sprung up, the delicate blades glamorous over the red earth, "he knoweth not how."

Such is the lover's goodness, that he will forgive even the sleep of indolence. "On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas! my mind was straying, and I knew it not" (p. 16). "He came and sat by my side, but I woke not" (p. 20). And yet sleep can be trusted, for even sleep itself *he* gives to his beloved: *In pace in idipsum . . .* "Let me

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give myself up to sleep without struggle, resting my trust upon thee. It is thou who drawest the veil of night upon the tired eyes of the day.* *Let me not force my flagging spirit into a poor preparation for thy worship*" (p. 20).

Entering my heart unbidden even as one of the common crowd, unknown to me, my king, thou didst press the signet of eternity upon many a fleeting moment of life. [Thus suddenly the soul wakes to the Logos of the world: so suddenly our tavern becomes Emmaus . . .] Thou didst not turn in contempt from my childish play among dust, and the steps that I heard in my playroom are the same that are echoing from star to star (p. 35).

But this mystic perceives more than that the soul is ever the beggar-maiden made into a queen. The King himself is come to minister; to toil even. He on his side asks, "Give me to drink," and to the very end cries out, "I thirst."

Thine eyes were sad when they fell on me; thy voice was tired as thou spokest low. "Ah, I am a thirsty traveller." I started up from my day dreams and poured water from my jar on thy joined palms. . . . The memory that I could give water to thee to allay thy thirst will cling to my heart and enfold it in sweetness (p. 49). And although "I gave (my time) to every querulous man who claims it, and thine altar is empty of offerings to the last, at the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate be shut; but I find that yet there is time" (p. 76). *Nec clausa est ianua.*

Thus it is that thy joy in me is so full . . . *O thou lord of all heavens, where would be thy love if I were not?† In my life thy will is ever taking shape.* Thy love loses itself in the love of thy loves, and there art thou seen in the perfect union of two (p. 57).

What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God, from this overflowing cup of my life?‡

* Elsewhere he speaks of the "coverlet of sleep." Are these metaphors as new to Indian ears as Propertius's "curtain of darkness," *nox obductis tenebris*, was to Roman?

† Compare Mrs Meynell's triumphant homage "to the Body," without which all colours were dark, all music dumb.

‡ Look not thou down, but up,

To uses of a cup

The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal;

An Indian Mystic:

*My poet,** is it thy delight to see thy creation through my eyes and to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to thine own eternal harmony?

Thy world is weaving words in my mind and thy joy is adding music to them. Thou givest thyself to me in love and then feelst thine own entire sweetness in me (p. 61).

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moulded men;
And since, not even when the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst,
So take and use Thy work, &c.

It would be absurd to suggest that I can properly set out Mr Tagore's metaphysics in these pages. I do not suppose I have any adequate understanding of it, and I hope he has not himself. He has, however, magnificently the mystic's intuition of his divine union of soul with the Ultimate. It is especially enshrined in the series of poems, XXIX to XXXIV. He begins by recognizing the real, yet still human self, prisoned with the false self of selfishness. "He whom I enclose with my name is weeping in this dungeon. I am ever busy building this wall all around and I take pride in this great wall, and I plaster it with dust and sand lest a hole should be left in this name."† He goes forth to his tryst, dogged by this shadow-self. "He is my own little self, my lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company." "Prisoner, tell me who it was that bound you?" "It was I," said the prisoner, "who forged this chain very care-

The red wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow:
Thou, Heaven's consummate cup, what wouldst thou with
earth's wheel? *Rabbi ben Ezra.*

* A subtle article was written not long ago in the *British Review* on the Poetry of God.

† And here he is linked, irrefragably, with the whole Gnostic lore of names, and the white tessera of the Apocalypse, with its new secret name.

Rabindranath Tagore

fully." World-loves capture him, sentinel, and leave him no peace. "But *thou* keepest me free," and even "if I call not thee in my prayers, thy love for me still waits for my love." Is not all this à Kempis; and is it not St Paul, and He who, when we are faithless, is faithful still?

When it was day they came into my house and said, "We shall only take the smallest room there . . . We shall help you in the worship of your God and humbly accept only our own share of his grace," and then they took their seat in a corner and sat quiet and meek . . . But in the darkness of night I find they break into my sacred shrine, strong and turbulent, and snatch with unholy greed the offerings from God's altar."

"Ah," sighs the soul, "let only that little be left of me whereby I may name thee my all . . . Let only that little be left of me whereby I may never hide thee. . . ."

The cloudlet shall be melted by the sun, and made one with its light (p. 74); *cupio dissolui*.

We are not careful (nor indeed skilled) to discern in what this language differs from true Pantheism. *Viderint Indi*. Whatever their ultimate thought, mystics have but one tongue in all the world and in all ages.

Yet Mr Tagore's concluding poems (CXXXVI onwards) on death do not fully satisfy the claims of a Christianized conscience, exquisite though they be. Doubtless he welcomes death, God's messenger, for whom he watches, with whom he weds. For Death he has reserved the "full vessel of my life" (p. 83), more as a courtesy due to a guest, than because he, "*uitæ plenus conuiuæ*," must retire, leaving all, and left by all, especially by that dear eternal illusion, Nature, which will continue its tireless process (p. 86), "and I not there, and I not there."† Yet that melancholy is not absent in his

* He struck me on the neck
With His gentle hand,
And all sensation left me.
I continued in oblivion lost, &c.

The Dark Night. St John of the Cross.

† Cory, in his *Ionica*, gives more poignant expression than any I know to this sense of helpless exile.

An Indian Mystic:

courteous, quiet farewells—delicately reticent and undistressing as any epitaph in the Greek Anthology. Yet, if his hands, as he goes, are empty, his heart is expectant (p. 86); “when I give up the helm, I know that the time has come for thee to take it: these my little lamps are blown out at every little puff of wind, and trying to light them I forget all else again and again. But I shall be wise this time and wait in the dark, spreading my mat on the floor; and whenever it is thy pleasure, my lord, come silently and take thy seat here” (p. 90). For the power which made him blossom forth into the forest of life is that which shall “turn again home”; and, because he loved life, he will be able to love death (p. 87).

For in life he holds himself to have touched God: so much so, that he will be *satisfied* with that. Here he is wrong. Without revelation none can tell what further forms of consciousness await the soul when death has dawned. The less we believe in a revealed heaven, the less we dare to dogmatize what *can* or does not or cannot exist. For scepticism should look to right and left. However, Mr Tagore can write:

“If it is not my portion to meet thee in this my life, then let me ever feel that I have missed thy sight” (p. 73), and the poem waxes melancholy. Here is an *exclusion* of faith, even of hope. But on experience he can stand, and recover himself:

When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable.

I have tasted of the hidden honey of the lotus that expands on the ocean of light . . . In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I caught sight of him that is formless.

My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with his touch who is beyond touch; and if the end comes here, let it come—let this be my parting word (p. 88).

[And he goes forth into the lovely evening lane; the wind is up; the river is a-ripple . . .]

And there at the fording in the little boat the unknown man plays upon his lute (p. 69).

Rabindranath Tagore

Has that line, for mystic intensity, been surpassed in any language?

I have made these many extracts, that I might be dispensed from comments that need must laud the poet, and humiliate myself. For it is humiliating to praise what is obviously supreme, and in doing so to reveal how little one has grasped of what is so great.

I have, too, arranged these citations somewhat schematically. I have placed first the musings on the nothingness of things: on desire and its delusion; on the *maya* of life and on renunciation. Then I have indicated what, in this Indian, answers to the Dark Night of the soul, and the worship of the sharp kiss of pain. Then, what implies the gradual discovery of the One in the many, of God in contemplation of created loveliness, and in the companionship of his chief image, man. Finally, I have shown how here, too, the soul is gathered towards a more immediate intuition in a wedlock with the Ultimate even in this life, to be consummated, however, in the "light of death." Miss Underhill, in her *Mysticism*, or more certainly, her *Mystic Way*, will doubtless have placed these facts, thus ordered, in their relation to similar facts elsewhere verified. I have not meant to hint at anything of this.

But to one in whom the "Renaissance" has not sterilized the impulses set going by that *Vita Nuova* which is Christianity, there will be noticeable in these exquisite poems a lack of that illuminative, stabilizing, virilizing "sense of sin," actual, and perhaps especially "original," which is an enriching Christian asset. Mr Tagore's philosophy is for those few souls who seem to sing their way straight to the stars, unfettered, and from whose wings the dust seems to fall as by itself. Noticeable, too, is the lack of adequate emphasis upon that self-realization which is only properly achieved by self-sacrifice for fellow-men, by self-immersion into the greater Whole made by brotherhood. Above all that Name

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is lacking without which the sweetest and strongest literature of Rome seemed insipid to Augustine. Therefore, too, for Mr Tagore the world is less living, less sacramental than to the Christian: history is practically meaningless; progress is without definite goal. The weaning of the soul from things is, in the long run, an emptying of them away; its tabernacling amid men, consequently, is its abdication of its best Kingdom. So many ideals, so many facts, so much force, above all, such a Person, does Christianity possess, which Mr Tagore does not. Yet will we be careful, remembering "There is no expeditious road To pack and label men for God And save them by the barrel-load." Often enough when we deem them "lost in dusk of life abroad," errant from God, we know not "the circle that they trod. Death dawned—Heaven lay in prospect wide—Lo, they were standing at His side." Mr Tagore has grasped that to whomso of mankind wills "He gave power to become Sons of God," but not that "unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth all alone." For the Christian, all life may be, increasingly, one long Holy Communion; yet must it be, no less, one long and solemn Mass.

C. C. MARTINDALE

CHARLES PEGUY

DES " Cahiers de la Quinzaine " un auteur, Romain Rolland a conquis le public en Angleterre; mais en voici un autre, bien spécial, bien rare, bien extraordinaire qui, s'il gagne moins de public en étendue créera un enthousiasme plus intense chez ceux qui le goûteront. Les captivés par l'aimant de la pensée juste, large, profonde de Charles Péguy ne se fatigueront pas de ses répétitions posées comme des tonalités d'où sortent chaque fois de nouveaux développements.

Péguy " voit " sa pensée, et il en voit tellement toutes les faces qu'il les exprime toutes et nous ne voulons en perdre aucune dans les œuvres où il s'élève le plus haut —où l'Inspiration coule comme la lave et a besoin de tous ses mots, de toutes ses redites pour s'exprimer entière ; ces œuvres sont :

Le Porche du mystère de la deuxième vertu.
Le mystère des Saints Innocents.

et un ou deux Sonnets de la " tapisserie de Ste Geneviève."

Par contre dans des œuvres pleines de verve, mais d'une inspiration moins haute, le dessin renforcé qui accuse admirablement cette pensée, qui coule en reflétant sa vision, devient trop accusé dès qu'il descend de ses hautes et admirables envolées, et nous trouvons dans la réponse à M. Laudet des pensées justes et raisonnables, mais non sublimes, et trop dessinées et trop emphatiques.

De même dans " Notre Jeunesse," dans l'"Argent," un peu noyés sont des bijoux qui nous font frémir d'aise; c'est que Péguy, vénérateur du labeur sans ambition, de la pauvreté, de l'enfant, de l'ouvrier, donne un son plein, simple, ses poèmes sont des fresques, ses lignes nous font penser à Puvis de Chavannes. Avec lui nous sommes dans la nature et dans le naturel; s'il lui vient l'expression la plus familière il la mettra telle que dans la bouche même de Dieu.—Nous plongeons dans des pensées de l'Eternité, dans les profonds mystères de l'âme et nous voilà sur

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nos pieds, et Dieu se fait familier et joue avec nous—et nous prend où nous sommes, et nous nous retrouvons aux jours des patriarches quand l'Éternel jouait avec les hommes et s'intéressait à leurs serviteurs et à leurs troupeaux—et la vérité est qu'il en est toujours ainsi et que si nos yeux sont ouverts, si nos âmes sont ouvertes, le familier est grandiose et le sublime est à notre portée.

Nous voilà loin des artificialités de pensée et de style, du convenu et du classique d'auteurs à bruyante renommée actuelle.

Il semble quelquefois avec ces auteurs que nous assistions aux ébats périlleux d'un acrobate sur la corde raide.—Ici point de ces tensions artificielles—nous sommes dans l'éternel humain et nous pourrions employer ces paroles avec lesquelles Péguy décrit la Ste Vierge pour définir son genre :

A celle qui est infiniment haute
Parce qu'elle est infiniment descendante
A celle qui est infiniment grande
Parce qu'elle est aussi infiniment petite
A celle qui est infiniment touchante
Parce qu'elle est aussi infiniment touchée.

Nous avons ici l'antique au lieu du classique, le bizarre au lieu de l'artifice.

Dans cette exaltation de l'humble travail, de l'enfant de la nature et de la religion, nous trouvons le détail infime et le point de vue éternel; ces sujets humains et éternels nous font respirer l'atmosphère des poèmes épiques, les familiarités grandioses de l'ancien testament, l'âme du peuple, le reflet de la nature et l'essence de la religion.

Ce qu'il exprime d'une façon intéressante c'est l'état religieux latent inarticulé dans la nature; l'hommage inconscient que la création rend à Dieu; le service qu'il tire de l'innocence et même de l'ignorance et surtout de l'enfant; de l'enfance qui Lui a fourni les prémices de ses martyrs et les premiers entre ses Saints.

Charles Péguy

Car les enfants sont plus mes créatures que les hommes.
Ils n'ont pas encore été défaits par la vie de la terre.
Et entre tous ils sont mes serviteurs.
Avant tous.
Et la voix des enfants est plus pure que la voix du vent
....
Dans la vallée récoîte.

Ignorance de l'enfant, innocence près de qui la sainteté même,
la pureté des Saints n'est qu'ordure et décrépitude.

Enfants vous êtes les maîtres. . . .
Un regard, un mot de vous fait plier les plus dures têtes,
Vous êtes les maîtres et nous le savons bien—
Nous savons bien pourquoi. Vous êtes tous des enfants Jésus.—

Les objets inanimés prennent une signification sacramentelle de leur office simple ou auguste :

Dans la pierre du seuil et dans la pierre du foyer et dans la pierre de l'autel.

Nous retrouvons un peu le sentiment de St François dans ce règne de Dieu dans toute la nature :

Dans l'aigle ma créature, qui vole sur les sommets.
Et dans la fourmi ma créature qui rampe et qui amasse petitement
Dans la terre.

Dans cette hommage universel Dieu admet même (avec difficulté) les riches.—

Les riches

Qui ne veulent pas être mes créatures
Et qui se mettent à l'abri
D'être mes serviteurs.

Et Il se trouve aussi :

Dans le travail simple et dans la lumière et dans les ténèbres.
Et dans le cœur de l'homme qui est ce qu'il y a de plus profond dans le monde.

Charles Péguy

Mais au delà de toutes ces choses, au dessus de la création brute et du labeur voulu et de l'innocence inconsciente, au delà de la Foi et de la Charité ce qui domine, ce qui fait marcher le monde, ce qui gagne le ciel ce qui mène à la Vie: c'est l'Espérance, une toute petite fille:

La Foi est une épouse fidèle,
La Charité est une mère ardente
Mais l'Espérance est une toute petite fille.

La Foi est celle qui tient bon dans les siècles des siècles,
La Charité est celle qui donne dans les siècles des siècles.
Mais ma petite Espérance est celle
Qui se lève tous les matins.

La Foi est celle qui est tendue dans les siècles des siècles.
La Charité est celle qui se détend dans les siècles des siècles.
Mais ma petite Espérance.
Est celle qui tous les matins
Nous donne le bonjour.

Dieu ne s'étonne pas de la foi des hommes . . .
La foi çà ne m'étonne pas.
Çà n'est pas étonnant
J'éclate tellement dans ma création.

Ni de la Charité:

" Ces pauvres créatures sont si malheureuses qu'à moins d'avoir un cœur de pierre, comment n'auraient elles point charité les unes des autres."

Mais l'espérance, dit Dieu, voilà ce qui m'étonne.
Moi-même.

Çà c'est étonnant . . .

Que ces pauvres enfants voient comme tout çà se passe et qu'ils croient que demain çà ira mieux. Qu'ils voient comme çà se passe aujourd'hui et qu'ils croient que çà ira mieux demain matin.

Çà c'est étonnant et c'est bien la plus grande merveille de notre grâce.

Et j'en suis étonné moi-même.

Et il faut que ma grâce soit en effet d'une force incroyable.

Et qu'elle coule d'une source et comme un fleuve inépuisable.

Charles Péguy

Depuis cette première fois qu'elle coula et depuis toujours qu'elle coule.

Dans ma création naturelle et surnaturelle.

Dans ma création spirituelle et charnelle et encore spirituelle.

Dans ma création éternelle et temporelle et encore éternelle.

Mortelle et immortelle.

Et cette fois, oh cette fois, depuis cette fois qu'elle coula, comme un fleuve de sang du flanc percé de mon fils.

Quelle ne faut-il pas que soit ma grâce et la force de ma grâce, pour que cette petite espérance, vacillante au souffle du péché, tremblante à tous les vents, anxieuse au moindre souffle, soit aussi invariable, se tienne aussi fidèle, aussi droite, aussi pure, et invincible, et immortelle, et impossible à éteindre; que cette petite flamme du sanctuaire.

Qui brûle éternellement dans la lampe fidèle.

Une flamme tremblotante a traversé l'épaisseur des mondes.

Une flamme vacillante a traversé l'épaisseur des temps.

Une flamme anxieuse a traversé l'épaisseur des nuits.

Depuis cette première fois que ma grâce a coulé pour la création du monde.

Depuis toujours que ma grâce coule pour la conservation du monde.

Depuis cette fois que le sang de mon fils a coulé pour le salut du monde.

Une flamme impossible à atteindre, impossible à éteindre au souffle de la mort.

La petite espérance s'avance entre ses deux grandes sœurs. . . .

Perdue dans les jupes de ses sœurs

Et on croit volontiers que ce sont les deux grandes

Qui traînent la petite par la main.

.....

Et en réalité c'est elle qui fait marcher les deux autres et qui les traîne.

Et qui fait marcher tout le monde.

Et qui le traîne.

Car on ne travaille jamais que pour les enfants.

Si l'Espérance tient au cœur de Dieu, si elle soulève le monde, si elle mène l'homme, si pour ainsi dire, elle

Charles Péguy

va vers Dieu; de Dieu vers l'homme descend un baume, un bienfait, un don inestimable: la nuit.—Dieu aime la nuit car c'est elle seule qui peut apaiser toutes les angoisses de l'homme, ses troubles et ses tortures,—c'est encore la nuit qui fut la seule suite possible à la plus grande tragédie du monde. Le silence est l'expression la plus intense et la seule adéquate de la douleur d'une mère, et la nuit est le seul terme possible aux tragédies humaines et surhumaines; aussi Péguy ne se lasse-t-il pas de chanter la nuit et le silence.

Une mère devant son enfant malade.

Avait le regard fixe et en dedans et le front barré et elle ne disait pas un mot comme une bête qui a mal, qui se tait.

Un père ne craint pas le temps où il ne sera plus, son travail exempt d'ambition, exempt d'agitation, ressemble au travail patient de la nature, il prépare l'avenir de ses enfants, qui sera le même que celui de leur père:

Et il pense avec tendresse à ce temps où il ne sera plus et où ses enfants tiendront sa place.

Dans le silence Dieu entend ce qui soulève le cœur de l'homme; le silence est l'expression d'une multitude innombrable de prières inarticulées, que Dieu connaît.

Après, le tableau saisissant de l'armée des prières qui fendent le flot de la colère divine, armées, comme un vaisseau de son éperon, de ces mots:—"Notre Père," cette barrière inventée par le Fils, cette fine pointe d'avant d'un navire; ces deux mains jointes invincibles derrière lequel tout le flot de prières, tout le flot des pécheurs s'avance.

Il a bien su ce jour là ce qu'il faisait mon fils qui les aime tant.

Quand il a mis cette barrière entre eux et moi; Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux, ces trois ou quatre mots.

Cette barrière que ma colère et peut-être ma justice ne franchira jamais. . . .

Je m'égaré dans les citations, mais comment faire,

Charles Péguy

comment laisser de côté ces pages saisissantes décrivant toutes les misères de l'homme, non sans une question implicite qui laisse une petite place à l'espérance? Tout n'est pas fermé par un mur d'anéantissement et d'irrémissible misère et cependant les pauvres hommes sont si las, si fatigués de la vie, si courbés, si rompus, si voûtés, si ridés, si fanés, si tannés, si noyés de sanglots, si noyés de travail que Dieu s'adressant à la nuit :

O nuit sera-t-il dit que tout ce que je pourrai leur offrir et que mon

Paradis ce sera cela.—Ce que toi :

O nuit, quelquefois tu obtiens,

Qu'ils tombent dans un lit perdus de lassitude.

Il faut bien encore citer quelques pages sur la nuit entre toutes les nuits. La nuit que Dieu n'oubliera jamais :

O jour, ô soir, ô nuit de l'ensevelissement.

Tombée de cette nuit que je ne reverrai jamais. *

O nuit si douce au cœur par ce que tu accomplis.

Et que tu calmes comme un baume.

Nuit sur cette montagne et dans cette vallée.

O nuit j'avais tant dit que je ne te verrai plus.

O nuit, je te verrai dans mon éternité.

Que ma volonté soit faite. O ce fut cette nuit là

Que ma volonté fut faite.

Nuit je te vois encore, trois grands gibets montaient

Et mon fils au milieu.

Une colline, une vallée. Ils étaient partis de cette ville

Que j'avais donnée à mon peuple. Ils étaient montés

Mon fils entre ces deux voleurs. Une plaie au flanc

Deux plaies aux mains. Deux plaies aux pieds. Des plaies au front.

Des femmes qui pleuraient tout debout. Et cette tête penchée qui retombait sur le haut de la poitrine

Et cette pauvre barbe sale, toute souillée de poussière et de sang.

Cette barbe rousse à deux pointes.

Et ces cheveux souillés, en quel désordre, que j'eusse tant baisés.

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Ces beaux cheveux roux, encore tout ensanglantés de la couronne d'épines.

Tout souillés, tout collés de caillots. Tout était accompli.

Il en avait trop supporté.

Cette tête qui penchait que j'eusse appuyée sur mon sein.

Cette épaule que j'eusse appuyée à mon épaule.

Et ce cœur ne battait plus, qui avait tant battu d'amour. Trois ou quatre femmes qui pleuraient tout debout. Des hommes je ne me rappelle pas, je crois qu'il n'y en avait plus.

Ils avaient peut-être trouvé que ça montait trop. Tout était fini, tout était consommé. C'était fini.

Les soldats s'en retournaient, et dans leurs épaules rondes ils emportaient la force romaine.

C'est alors, ô nuit que tu vins. O nuit, la même

La même qui viens tous les soirs et qui étais venue tant

De fois depuis les ténèbres premières.

La même qui étais venue sur l'autel fumant d'Abel et sur le cadavre d'Abel, sur ce corps déchiré, sur le premier assassinat du monde;

O nuit, la même tu vins sur le corps lacéré, sur le premier, sur le plus grand assassinat du monde.

C'est alors, ô nuit, que tu vins.

La même qui étais venue sur tant de crimes

Depuis le commencement du monde;

Et sur tant de souillures et sur tant d'amertumes;

Et sur cette mer d'ingratitude, la même tu vins sur mon deuil;

Et sur cette colline, et sur cette vallée de ma désolation

C'est alors, ô nuit, que tu vins.

O nuit, faudra-t-il donc, faudra-t-il que mon paradis

Ne soit qu'une grande nuit de clarté qui tombera sur les péchés du monde ?

Sera-t-il alors, ô nuit, que tu viendras ?

C'est alors, ô nuit, que tu vins ; et seule tu pus finir,

Seule tu pus accomplir ce jour entre les jours.

Comme tu accomplis ce jour, ô nuit accompliras-tu le monde ?

Et mon paradis sera-t-il une grande nuit de lumière ?

Et tout ce que je pourrai offrir.

Dans mon offrande et moi aussi dans mon offertoire.

A tant de martyrs et à tant de bourreaux,

A tant de purs et à tant d'impurs,

A tant de pécheurs et à tant de saints,

Charles Péguy

A tant de fidèles et à tant de pénitents,
Et à tant de peines, et à tant de deuils, et à tant de larmes et à
tant de plaies,
Et à tant de sang,
Et à tant de cœurs qui auront tant battu
D'amour, de haine,
Et à tant de cœurs qui auront tant saigné
D'amour, de haine,
Sera-t-il dit qu'il faut que ce soit,
Qu'il faudra que je leur offre,
Et qu'ils ne demanderont que celà,
Et qu'ils ne voudront que de celà,
Qu'ils n'aient de goût que pour celà,
Sur ces souillures et sur tant d'amertumes,
Et sur cette mer immense d'ingratitude
La longue retombée d'une nuit éternelle ?

Je voudrais encore suivre Péguy dans les pages char-
mantes où il chante la Sainte-Vierge, dans les vaillantes
paroles consacrées aux Français; au loyal service d'un
seigneur français; d'un St Louis, d'un Joinville; aux
merveilleux jardins, aux très douloureux jardins d'âmes
... à un beau jardin français. ...

C'est là que j'ai cueilli mes plus belles âmes silencieuses. ...

Enfin dans un chant saisissant où l'enfant reparait.

Quand un mot d'enfant tombe
Comme une source, comme un rire,
Comme une larme dans un lac.

O hommes et femmes assis à cette table soudain courbant le
front, l'œil fixe, et les doigts immobiles et arrêtés, légèrement
treublants sur le morceau de pain,
Les doigts agités d'un léger tremblement,
La respiration arrêtée,
Vous écoutez passer
Votre ancienne âme.

Mais il faudrait le lire puisque je ne puis citer toutes

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ses beautés, ni une multitude de réflexions pleines de bon sens et de vérité qui touchent à tous coups à notre vie, à nos besoins quotidiens spirituels; nous y trouverons le bon sens, le sens juste, et le pittoresque et la beauté, et un renfort spirituel et un soulèvement et abreuvement. Péguy est-il l'initiateur spirituel dont chaque époque a besoin? Celui qui sait parler à son temps des choses éternelles que chaque génération a soif de s'entendre dire par un homme à elle? Certes ceux qui boiront de cette source, et se nourriront de ce pain trouveront un fleuve, une eau vivante; ils auront l'horizon élargé, et cette profonde satisfaction et enchantement qui vient d'une réponse pleine et forte à nos besoins et aspirations.

Cette voix a-t-elle déjà une influence? Il serait prématuré de le dire. Péguy est le centre d'un groupe littéraire. De nombreuses voix s'élèvent catholiques à divers degrés; les uns ou vivant du catholicisme, ou s'en servant comme terreplain de succès en art; peinture, musique, littérature; des peintres d'un talent aussi divers que Maurice Denis ou le frère Angel, des littérateurs—tels que Pierre Claudel, Francis Jammes, des musiciens, la schola cantorum, la manécanterie des petits chanteurs de la croix de Bois; des groupes religieux ou politiques tels que l'ex-Sillon, la Jeunesse Catholique, l'Action française, l'Amitié de France—pour ne parler que des plus jeunes et laisser de côté les plus anciens renoms,—les César Frank, Barrès, Bazin, Jules Lemaître, et les pionniers depuis longtemps sur la brèche tels que Fonsegrive et Laberthonnière.

Les uns catholiques de la plus grande ferveur, les autres attirés par cette Eglise qui leur semble être la seule base de force et de solidité aussi bien pour la pensée que pour la stabilité sociale; les autres s'en servant uniquement comme d'un moyen à succès: tous au moins indiquent une préoccupation générale et nous feraient craindre que la mode ne se mette du côté de la religion. Ainsi nous voyons d'horribles caricatures de talent de la religion mystique, telle la "Cité des Lampes." Nous voyons un essai d'accaparement de la religion par la politique essayé

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par l'Action française, et avec un certain succès. Ce groupe, défiant au besoin les lois de l'Eglise, éprouve la nécessité d'essayer de se servir d'elle pour assommer—j'allais dire leurs frères en la foi; mais ce groupe, a-t-il une foi? a-t-il des frères?—pour faire assommer en haut lieu tout catholique qui ne partage pas sa doctrine politico-sociale.

Nous voyons le mysticisme servir de thème à des auteurs plus ou moins catholiques; ici sans doute on peut reconnaître l'influence de Huysmans. Il a mis en branle tout un goût du mysticisme et des hautes expressions du culte et de l'art religieux. Combien par exemple sont ceux qui écœurés par la laideur, ont pu, guidés par les indications de Huysmans, trouver à la chapelle des Bénédictines de la rue Monsieur—dans l'expression simple d'un beau culte liturgique, si pur, si parfait—un accès au culte de l'Esprit. Ils n'avaient pu le démêler au milieu des écœurements produits par les chantres d'Opéra, les ornements baroques, les distractions et les exhibitions de modes dans tant d'Eglises.

Parmi les plus pures et complètes manifestations catholiques de tous ces artistes et auteurs, le fils de St François, le frère Angel et Péguy me semblent les plus véritablement imprégnés de conviction et de vie religieuse. Sans doute Péguy n'est pas encore arrivé à l'humilité ni à la charité chrétiennes (qu'il lui semble si naturel que l'homme ait); mais il connaît son catholicisme à fond, et sa voix d'un noble désintéressement qui a su lutter;—avant ou après son retour à la foi, peu importe—a su lutter contre ce qu'il considérait comme une iniquité sociale, ne s'intéressant nullement au personnage (de Dreyfus). Cette voix, noble instance de haute recherche de pureté politique et intellectuelle ne peut dans sa vaillance que trouver des échos. Mais est-ce à tel ou tel homme qu'il faut attribuer cet éclatement et ce renouveau de foi, ou n'est-ce pas plutôt, sous l'action divine, à la nature même de la foi française, indestructible, refoulée d'un côté, surgissant de l'autre. Les uns voudraient la soutenir à l'aide de supports usés: royalisme, conservatisme, con-

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cordats, et tous leurs instruments s'effondrent dans leurs mains. Elle surgit neuve et vivace dans d'autres milieux.

Les autres veulent l'anéantir; ils n'arrivent qu'à la rejeter dans une concentration nouvelle, sur d'autres instruments; une jeunesse l'acclame et la pratique.

Tout un régiment ayant à la chambrée ses emblèmes religieux; plusieurs casernes de soldats disant le rosaire perpétuel et médité—soit au poste, soit à la corvée, soit au repos: voilà des indices d'une jeunesse qui prend la Foi au sérieux—et qui l'ayant pratiqué aux moments les plus orageux et indisciplinés de la vie saura sans doute la porter par toute la France et continuer la tradition apostolique de leur pays.

M. ASHBOURNE

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AT last the curtain has rung down upon the wretched Balkan drama, and for a decade at least, there is reasonable hope to believe that the peoples of Europe will be able to pursue their ordinary avocations free from the nightmare that a conflagration originating in this quarter, spreading afar, might draw them within its devastating embrace. The calm that has followed upon the Treaty of Bucharest affords welcome opportunity for the student of Near Eastern affairs to attempt a judicial survey of the situation as it exists to-day in all its changed aspects. Impartial opinion cannot otherwise than agree that there is little profit to be gained by dwelling at length upon the sordid intrigue and savage strife which has blotted the pages of Balkan history during the past ten months. Indeed, were one disposed to undertake so stupendous a task as to apportion in a proper degree blame and credit upon the several States involved, it is certainly open to doubt whether, as yet, there is available sufficient data of a reliable nature to enable one to search the truth. Recrimination and counter recrimination, accompanied by a wealth of ugly detail, are forthcoming in abundance. If they have achieved no other purpose these charges have at least convinced Europe of one thing—that the time-worn prophecy as to the unspeakable horrors that would inevitably distinguish hostilities in the Near East, has been more than fulfilled. It cannot be forgotten that in lending the columns of a journal to recitals of atrocities, there are limits of decency beyond which no editor will go. Bearing that fact in mind, we have still before us a crimson stream of stories, considered to be printable, describing massacre and rapine, and these sufficient in bulk and circumstantial enough in detail to have benumbed the humane senses of a world in which tenderness is not the uppermost characteristic. Not a single State,

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as far as can be judged at present, is entitled to escape some measure of censure. It is true that the evidence available up to now shows that in the committal of actual atrocities the Bulgarians were the worst offenders, and for that reason there is a disposition to discount the counter-charges which they have launched against their former allies. Nevertheless, if independent testimony as to acts which may be said to come within the category of atrocities is lacking in the case of the Greeks, Servians and Montenegrins, inhuman treatment of a glaring nature has not infrequently been laid to their charge. No Commission of Inquiry, such as has been suggested in many quarters, can possibly ascertain the truth at this juncture. Veracity as it is known in the West is a rare virtue in the East, if indeed it is looked upon at all as a virtue in this region. Apart from such circumstance, sufficient in itself to obstruct impartial investigation, doubtless in the disturbed areas no time was lost in obliterating all traces of past crimes. On the whole, then, the subject is one which may well be consigned to oblivion, and none will deny that the Great Powers have been wise in declining the responsibility of fixing the blame. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs certainly voiced the opinion of Europe when he declared, "all the belligerents alike have only too frequently infringed the laws of humanity by cruelties for which neither the desire for victory nor the despair of defeat can furnish any excuse." Sir Edward Grey, it will be recalled, uttered sentiments of similar purport, and, moreover, in pursuance of his non-committal policy declined to publish reports from Consuls, and complaints from belligerents, such as might be likely to convey the impression that any one nation was more culpable than another. We cannot assume that responsible statesmen speaking in this strain on behalf of Great Powers are without evidence to support their words. That they refrain from producing such evidence merely indicates that they have decided not to prolong a discussion from which they believe no one of the Balkan Kingdoms can emerge with clean

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reputation. When Ministers in office are compelled to pursue this course of indiscriminate condemnation, armed as they presumably must be with facts supplied by authorized agents on the spot, then it is comparatively easy to gauge the state of public feeling in its relation to the misdeeds of the communities of south-eastern Europe. If we mistake not, the opinion is universal in all Western countries that the Balkan Peninsula is outside the pale of civilization. The second struggle—the struggle among the Allies—was clearly conducted under those conditions of barbarism which belong to the darkest periods of the Middle Ages, and was rendered all the more hideous and destructive by reason of the fact that the ingenious strategy and effective weapons of the twentieth century were employed. Thus with reluctance we come to the inevitable and unhappy conclusion that the protracted conflicts so recently closed in the Near East are without a single redeeming feature. The victors' gain against the Turk is to be measured only in a material sense; in a moral sense, they are in a far worse position than ever they were before they swept the plains of Macedonia and Thrace. It would be erring on the side of mildness to characterize the fratricidal strife which produced all these evil consequences as a blunder due to swollen-headed diplomacy. For so furious and purposeless a war was infinitely worse than a grievous mistake; it was a demented crime deliberate in its affront to civilization—whole nations of armed madmen running *amok*, heedless of the spectacle that they were making of themselves and caring nothing for the world's censure. While it is difficult to sift conflicting accounts and apportion blame for the savage conduct of the campaign, there seems little doubt as to Bulgaria's culpability for the outbreak of hostilities. Indeed, Europe accepted as correct the Greek and Servian version that Bulgaria made the first serious military move. Recklessly she staked her national existence in the hope of winning the hegemony of the Balkans. It is difficult for any detached student of recent events to comprehend the mental attitude of a

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Government that, having emerged with the major share of honour and glory from one victorious war, should so lightly plunge into a second conflict against its former allies. Was it seriously believed that Rumania, who had not concealed her discontent with the compromise arrived at in regard to territorial compensation, would continue quiescent? Apparently the Sofia Government was fully prepared to take the risk of invasion from this side. For all available troops were concentrated to meet the Greeks and Servians, and no military preparations were made as against the probability of a Rumanian advance across the Danube. Likewise Bulgaria deluded herself into the belief that the Treaty of London and the restraining influence of the Great Powers would induce the Turks to remain passive spectators. Accounts settled, so she thought, with Constantinople and Bucharest, the field was left clear for her definitely to impose her will and authority upon Greece and Servia. To have so gravely miscalculated the peril of the moment would seem to argue that the nation had completely taken leave of its senses. As a matter of fact, all circumstances combined against the Bulgarians as a people. To begin with, they were particularly ill-served in the matter of their leaders. It is notorious that the personal ambitions of King Ferdinand, encouraged as they were by a strong military party, knew no reasonable bounds. Having, in deference to the desires of Russia, consented to abandon the project that he had long cherished of a triumphal entry into Constantinople, he was anxious to extend his domains in other directions at the expense of his neighbours and allies. When he called Dr Daneff to power the last hope of a peaceful settlement vanished. It was this statesman whose truculent, though doubtless well-meaning, diplomacy rendered difficult in the recent past the negotiations both with Turkey and Rumania. Immediately all moderate influences in the land were suppressed, and before many hours had elapsed the nation took its headlong leap to disaster. The Bulgarian people themselves do not appear to have had much voice in the fateful decision.

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At the time, the country was chiefly populated by old men, women, and children. All able-bodied males were mustered at the front, awaiting the order to advance against the Greeks and Servians. Inured to military discipline and to war with all its hardships, and finding their hatred revive against old enemies who had been merely temporary allies for expediency's sake, they turned their faces towards their new foes not sullenly, as some writers would have us believe, but confidently. Within ten days the Bulgarian armies, whose glorious deeds in Thrace had deservedly evoked the admiration of the world, were in full retreat; Sofia, the capital, was menaced from all sides; and the national existence trembled in the balance. That the Bulgarian soldiery maintained their reputation for dogged fighting is apparent in all accounts of hostilities. Although their *débauche* was accomplished in about half the time that it took the Allies to bring about the rout of the Ottoman forces, and the numbers engaged were considerably less, it is estimated that the total casualties were somewhat in excess of those sustained in the latter campaign. Obviously in certain important respects, the Bulgarians were at a disadvantage. No one denies that they had borne the brunt of the fighting against Turkey. Furthermore, the bulk of their forces had been rapidly transported from Bulair and Chataldja; positions on fresh ground were quickly taken up opposite the Servian and Greek armies; and a plan of campaign to meet new conditions hastily devised. Certainly the enemy was not hampered to the same extent by like drawbacks. It is plain that the morale of the Bulgarian people, subjected as it was to a strain which might well have terminated the existence of any nation, came through the ordeal not without credit. History will, the writer ventures to think, say of them that in the hour of their supreme crisis they exhibited a stoicism which has few parallels, even among Oriental races. The fears expressed in the capitals of Europe that military disaster would be followed by internal revolution were wholly falsified by subsequent events. Dr Daneff

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resigned; that was all. For the rest, the nation appears to have been united in its calm sorrows. "The Near East," a well-edited review that gives impartial accounts of the march of affairs in this region, records "that King Ferdinand after attending a requiem for the officers and men killed in the war returned on foot to his palace. The streets were crowded with loyal people who rent the air with cries of 'Long live King Ferdinand!' and 'Long live Bulgaria!'" and the eye-witness who describes the occasion gained the impression that their patriotic feelings had, if anything, been intensified by the misfortunes of the war. Nothing will persuade the Bulgarians that, had the issue been left a straight one as between themselves and the Servians and the Greeks, then they would have triumphed; and in his address to the troops at the front, after the conclusion of peace, the King himself declared that "the struggle would have been crowned with success but for unfortunate political conditions which paralysed our forces." When, however, we recall that Bulgaria mobilized no armies against Rumania and Turkey and that the disastrous nature of the defeats inflicted upon her by Greece and Serbia were beyond question, we find it hard to accept the theory thus advanced.

In dealing somewhat lengthily as I have done with the attitude of the Bulgarian people, I am concerned not so much with speculation directly relating to the campaign itself, as I am with the deductions that may reasonably be drawn as to what the future holds for them. That they are totally eclipsed at present is painfully evident. But the sterling qualities which they have displayed both in peace and war must ultimately serve them in good stead. One may with safety hazard the prophecy that their recovery will be swift, and that, as in the past, they will play a prominent part in deciding the destiny of the Balkans. To-day, they are an immature people with all the vices and, as we have seen, not a few of the virtues attaching to the backward state to which they belong. The former, time will correct or modify; and the latter

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will surely expand and mould a stable national character. Bulgaria's bold attempt to constitute herself the "Prussia of the Near East" was clearly premature. Neither her cultural development nor her constructive capacity warranted so grandiose an ambition. At the critical moment she lacked the rulers gifted with the courage to direct the will of the nation in the path of wise restraint; but the masses remain as before, industrious, patient, and honest in time of peace, brave, dogged, and determined in time of war. That she merited a check, and in her plight is deserving of but little sympathy, is not to be gainsaid. Serbia and Greece certainly could claim good cause in embarking upon another war. Bulgaria failed to accomplish the obligations that she had undertaken in the Treaty of Alliance. Her partners, therefore, were called upon to put forth greater efforts in the Macedonian theatre of operations than they had bargained for, and, in addition, Serbia lent valuable aid to the Bulgarians outside Adrianople. As events unfolded themselves, it was not surprising that situations arose for which provision had not been fully made in the formal agreement between the Allies. For example, the action of the Great Powers at the instigation of Austria-Hungary, and Italy deprived Serbia of a proper outlet on the Adriatic; and when at one time matters were acute between Belgrade and Vienna, indignation was rife in the former capital, because Bulgaria showed no willingness to join forces in repelling the expected Austrian attack upon the Sanjak of Novibazar, a contingency not then deemed to be so remote. Serbia and Greece naturally looked for compensation as a result of services required of them outside treaty obligations, no less than for territory taken from their portion of the spoils by the exigencies of higher political conditions over which they could exercise no control. To Bulgaria's assertion that the lion's share of the fighting had fallen to her, they replied that she had, as contemplated from the outset, secured the lion's share of the reward. If the lion had found the work tougher than he expected, then that was due

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to original miscalculation of his own capacity, and the lesser lights in this political menagerie could not possibly give him part of what they considered to be their already insufficient meal. Events have substantially proved that the association of the Balkan States in war against the Ottoman Empire was not, in the strict sense of the term, an alliance. It was a military league which ceased automatically to exist so soon as its main purpose, the overthrow of Turkey in Europe, was accomplished. From that moment old-time feuds began to assert themselves and individual ambitions were placed before every other consideration. It may be urged that as Bulgaria was the aggressor no blame should attach to other States, and that, leaving altogether on one side this aspect of the question, the Great Powers, because of their own dubious methods on occasions, are not entitled to adopt a censorious attitude towards the little States. But it must not be forgotten that long before the second outbreak of war, the world was exasperated with the tortuous and grasping diplomacy of the Allies, and, that when, after the manner of thieves, they fell out over the booty, the savagery of the fighting again and again outraged humanity. As time went on, the sheer hypocrisy of the whole episode dawned upon the minds of men. It was recalled how the Christian allies entered the field with a fanfare of trumpets, proclaiming that at last they were about to relieve their brothers in Macedonia from the Turkish yoke, and avenge the wrongs of centuries. "The Cross against the Crescent!" was the war cry of these modern crusaders, shouted from the mountain tops so that all the world could hear. And what has been the sequel? Christianity, as it is popularly misunderstood, has received a set-back from which it will take generations to recover. Intelligent public opinion long divided on the subject is unanimous in one belief—that the despised Turk is no worse than the so-called Christian communities of south-eastern Europe. It is indeed no exaggeration to say that the disgusting conduct that characterized the war among the little States has led to a pronounced

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reaction in favour of the whole Moslem world, and particularly of Osmanism. All honest, no less than all religious people deeply resent that Christianity should have been employed as the cloak for so colossal a piece of cant, and so cynical a process of despoliation as we have just seen exhibited in the Balkans.

Let us picture what course events might have taken had selfishness not been allowed to dominate the policy of the Allies. When they embarked upon hostilities against Turkey, they commanded a large share of sympathy in all countries throughout Europe. From Russia, they enjoyed support of a positive kind. Altogether, the moment was singularly opportune for them to demonstrate to the world that a strong Federation of States which must in future be reckoned as a Power, had been called into being. The political divisions in Europe actually favoured their policy inasmuch as it ensured them a period free from intervention, in which they might consolidate their strength and position. The Great Powers, without exception, were sincerely anxious to avoid war. In other words, Europe was plainly unprepared for an Armageddon. With Russia acting as a check upon Austrian diplomacy, the Allies were given a clear course. The former Power, as we have said, assumed the role of principal adviser and friend. It was the aim of M. Sazonoff to unify the Slavs of the South. That Austria-Hungary should resent such policy was perfectly natural and accorded with historical precedent as well as with her own racial and geographical exigencies. The prowess displayed by the Allies in the field surprised Europe and called forth the enthusiasm of their admirers. Russia saw that her daring diplomacy had been crowned with success and that her long-cherished dream of a stable Federation of Slav States had been realized, as it were, in a single night. In the face of this great fact accomplished the diplomacy of Austria was bankrupt, and her ally, Germany, perceiving that the balance of power had undergone a dramatic change in favour of the Triple Entente, immediately prepared for a large increase in her military forces. And then swiftly

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came the transition. Suddenly the edifice of the Balkan Alliance collapsed like a box of bricks. The new Power in south-eastern Europe vanished as quickly as it had appeared. Thus the Balkan Peninsula reverted very much to its former state and significance. Pan-Slavists who had paraded the streets of St Petersburg cheering wildly after each victory over the Turks, openly confessed their bitter disappointment, and to-day "brother Slav" is an object of contempt among all intelligent Russians. It must not be supposed, however, that chagrin in St Petersburg was necessarily to be followed by rejoicing in Vienna. For while Russia did not see realized her grand scheme of a Balkan Federation under Slav domination, the net results of the prolonged turmoil in the Near East favour her interests more than they do those of Austria. To appreciate the truth of this statement it is desirable to go back to events that preceded the conclusion of the Treaty of Bucharest. It was without doubt opposed to Russian policy that Bulgaria should become all-powerful in the Near East. Russia herself looks forward some day to taking over the last remnant of Ottoman dominion in Europe and with it the valuable prize of Constantinople. On more than one occasion the ambitions of King Ferdinand clashed with the policy of the St Petersburg Government. That pressure was brought to bear upon him from this quarter to forego an attack upon Chataldja and abandon the idea of a triumphal entry into Constantinople, is an historically accurate fact. When, later, he withdrew his armies into Macedonia to menace the Servians and the Greeks, the opinion was generally rife that in the event of war the all-conquering Bulgarians would crush their enemies. Again Russia became alarmed. Serbia was her favourite protégé in the Balkans and, moreover, offered a convenient barrier to Austrian aggression. In the nature of things the new development could not have been otherwise than pleasing to Vienna. But the possibility of Rumania becoming a deciding factor in the situation does not appear to have been sufficiently taken into account. Russia, anxious to save Serbia, having withdrawn her

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veto upon an invasion of Bulgaria, the Bucharest Government seized the golden opportunity, and, without paying heed to the behests of Austria who was naturally anxious to see the defeat of Servia brought about, alone pursued a line of action consistent with national interests. As to the lack of ethical justification alleged against Rumania little comment need be offered here. It may be remarked, however, that of all communities in the world the nations of the Near East have shown themselves to be least conspicuous in that almost unknown quality—political morality, and not one among them is entitled to cast a stone at his neighbour. Rumania claimed that in return for her priceless neutrality she had been shamefully treated by Bulgaria, and that, moreover, the memory of 1878 should preclude harsh judgment upon her subsequent conduct. Bulgaria, replied that she had settled the bill once and, as before, she viewed the demand for territorial compensation in the light of blackmail. Whatever opinion may ultimately prevail as to the justice or otherwise of the case, there can be no doubt as to the efficacy of the action. In striking contrast with former negotiations among the disputants the process of Oriental bargaining was cut short, and Bulgaria with wry face drank the cup of sorrow down to the last dregs.

Without losing so much as a single soldier, Rumania at one stroke secured for herself a dominant position in the Near East. While the other States are recuperating from their heavy losses she finds herself in possession of a fresh army composed of 350,000 men with 500 guns, while her finances are prosperous, and her people thriving. No effort of imagination is required therefore to see that Rumania is destined to exercise an important influence upon international affairs during the next decade.

In attempting to analyse the new factors that now constitute the situation in the Near East, it should be borne in mind that the leaning of Bulgaria to the side of Austria, and what might be termed Rumania's slight inclination to that of Russia were merely temporary developments due to the requirements of the moment.

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Expediency alone governs the relations of the Balkan States towards each other, and of the Great Powers towards the Balkan States. In this connexion we may surmise that had Russia known with certainty that Servia and Greece would defeat Bulgaria then she would never have given her consent to the Rumanian advance. Also we may be sure that Austria's desire to see Servia crushed was responsible for her belated amiability to Bulgaria. Neither Russia nor Austria succeeded in gaining her own way; but, as we have pointed out, if anything the balance of advantage rests with the former Power. For, in spite of all threats and obstruction from Vienna, Servia has expanded her frontiers to no small extent and will enjoy restricted access to the Adriatic and, through Greek territory, to Salonika—the one-time goal of Austrian aspirations. The exact place of Bulgaria in the new setting of the Near East must of necessity remain obscure until, so to speak, she can recover her breath. Russia, when at the eleventh hour she saw the mischief that had been wrought, vainly endeavoured to render her some service and thus entice her back to the Slav fold. But Greece, obdurate to the last, forced Bulgaria to surrender all save a small section of the Ægean coast. In regard to this issue, the interests of Russia clashed somewhat with those of her ally, France. Here once again, the complexity of the Near Eastern situation manifested itself.

Greece has undergone a thorough process of national rejuvenation. Led by a young and enterprising soldier-king whose exploits on the battle-field have earned for him a military reputation of no little renown, and possessing a Premier like M. Venizelos whose ripe experience and constructive capacity have placed him in the front rank of European statesmen, the people are confident that they are marching towards the time when the taunt that the modern race disgraces its glorious tradition can no longer be lightly flung at them. Greece has secured one of the richest areas of Macedonia, and she is losing not a moment in taking cultural measures for

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its development. She is credited with the policy of seeking by energetic means to withdraw all the Greeks residing in the Balkan Peninsula within her new borders, a policy that might well be described as "the Greeks for Greece, and Greece for the Greeks." And finally, she is about to expand her forces both on land and sea. The nation is greatly impressed with the value of sea-power and is particularly proud of the part played by its navy during the recent war. As a friend, and conceivably as an ally, France has not been slow to estimate the naval potentialities of Greece in the Mediterranean, a region in which she is obliged to keep constant watch upon the growing forces of the Triple Alliance. Nor is the latter country otherwise than responsive to such a relationship with France, for she has good reason for suspecting the intentions of Italy. The possession of Crete and ultimately of the majority of the Ægean Islands, upheld as it doubtless will be by a navy of no mean order, trained and organized according to British methods of seamanship, is bound to render Greece a factor of no little account in the Eastern Mediterranean, and one that cannot otherwise than be welcomed by France and Great Britain. And here it may be remarked that King Constantine's "indiscretion" on the occasion of his recent visit to Germany—an innocent and spontaneous expression devoid of the least trace of *arrière pensée*—which at the moment of writing appears to have caused a good deal of heart-burning in Paris, cannot be allowed to stand in the way of an *entente* based on mutual necessities. France, therefore, realizing the true sentiment of the Greeks, will undoubtedly come to an advantageous arrangement in regard to naval affairs. At the same time, she will not refuse to open her coffers to the Government of a country which, if it is to prove of real service as a friend or ally, must be assisted to develop its resources and consolidate its strength.

It has been abundantly proved that the recent conflicts, far from solving the complex problems of the Near East, have only served in many important respects to intensify

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them. From within, discord is bound to continue. As of old, Bulgarian bands will roam Macedonia and the conditions will only be slightly changed in that these *Komitajis* will have as foes Servians and Greeks instead of Turks. The existence of the new Albania under the tutelage of Austria and Italy and pressed on all land frontiers by Greek, Servian, and Montenegrin, will prove precarious in the extreme. While the enmity and malice arising out of the fratricidal struggle remains unabated, and it is plain that many years must elapse before the memory of past events loses its vividness, no one can foretell with any degree of accuracy the course of diplomacy. On the one hand, we hear of a commercial *entente* between Rumania and Servia, of projects to construct a new bridge across the Danube and link up communication between the two countries. On the other hand, we are told that Austria is aiming at the creation of an alliance between Bulgaria and Rumania. As for the latter, there is, furthermore, every reason to believe that the Kaiser is alive to her potential value as an annex of the Triple Alliance. It is now admitted that the Kaiser's influence contributed largely to bringing about peace on terms desired by Rumania. Furthermore, German subjects have recently acquired some valuable oil interests in the country, a move that is obviously connected with the efforts of the Government to combat the monopoly of the Standard Oil Group in Germany. Taking all these significant circumstances into consideration, it may therefore be assumed that, as before, Rumania will lean to the side of the Triple Alliance. For the time being, as already remarked, the position of Bulgaria is uncertain. No doubt, Russia will strive to bring once more into close relationship that country and Servia. The task before her is a hard one. The Servians are now more than ever convinced that if they wish to preserve their nationality, they must pursue a separate policy from that of their neighbour. In short, the Slav ideal has been rudely shattered and perhaps destroyed altogether. Finally, the Ottoman Empire presents in itself a problem of first

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magnitude. That, owing to the quarrel among the Allies, the Turks were able to recover some of that which they had lost will avail them nothing. The additional burden thus entailed can only render more serious the plight in which they find themselves. The Committee of Union and Progress has revived the worst methods of Abdul Hamid, the Treasury is empty, and the Government unstable. By common agreement the future of Turkey lies in the Middle East. But what do we find there?—the existence of problems no less acute than those which in bygone days troubled Ottoman rule in Macedonia, the problems raised by the discontent of the Armenian and Arab communities. Not without its irony is the circumstance that while advising the Porte to forget the past and turn with light heart to the rich and fertile plains across the Bosphorus, the Powers are engaged in marking out for themselves spheres of influence in this region. Germany will be permitted to construct the Baghdad Railway to a point where British interests in their relation to the Persian Gulf intrude; the opposition of France may be bought out by recognition of her special rights in Anatolia. But let us not hasten inconsiderately to condemn the action of the Powers in regard to this and other matters relating to Eastern policy. Rather let us share the broad and common-sense view of Sir Edward Grey when he declared “The first business of the Concert of Europe is to preserve itself and to preserve harmony among its component parts.”

THE FAR EAST

AS we have seen, interest in international politics has been almost wholly concentrated upon the rapid march of events in the Balkans. Because, however, public attention is, for the time being, restricted to one sphere that happens to be in close relation with Europe, and the scene of dramatic incidents such as afford newspapers ample scope for their enterprise, it must not be imagined that the rest of the world and its affairs are at a standstill.

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In the remote East, where the problems to be met with are on a scale commensurate with the vastness of the region to which this designation applies and with the enormous populations that constitute its inhabitants, developments of tremendous significance have been shaping themselves. It is no exaggeration to say that to-day we are on the eve of the completion of several great projects, the ultimate effect of which will be to revolutionize the relations between East and West. On the one hand, we hear of the last engineering obstruction to communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific having been removed, and before long water will be flowing through the Panama Canal from one ocean to the other. On the other hand there is news of the progress of Russia's gigantic scheme—a railway along the course of the Amur River that is to establish all-Russian communication with the Far East and lead to the development of the incalculable wealth of Siberia. The Panama Canal and the Amur Railway will be completed about the same time. Other important projects, advanced beyond the paper stage, will quicken the journey between East and West. For example, the Chinese capital is to be linked up with the Trans-Siberian Railway by means of a line running through the heart of Mongolia. It will then be possible to travel from Paris to Peking within eight and a half days. These expansive activities are in themselves sufficient to render contemporary history remarkable from the point of view of sheer human achievement. But the influence that they are bound to exercise upon the world's destiny will supply many eventful episodes to the story of the nations. As communication spreads between East and West, with all that this implies, it is becoming increasingly hard to maintain the barrier between the Asiatic and the white races. Hence, we see in both spheres enormous legions preparing for the coming struggle. The convenience of the Panama Canal will enable the United States to become a great Power in the Pacific. Russia, with a haste that almost amounts to panic, is sending train-loads of peasants eastwards. At last, she has come

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to the realization that she cannot hold territories that are not populated and developed. After the experience of 1904-5 she is bent upon having on the spot an efficient army composed of settlers rooted to the Siberian soil. Then, if we glance in another direction, we find that the British Colonies are again exhibiting a restlessness that is quite natural in regard to their interests in the Pacific; and the day when a strong British squadron is to be seen in these waters cannot long be postponed. Japan, on her side, is in the fortunate position of possession. At her disposal is an army of a million men for employment on the Asiatic Continent, while on sea she holds more than a two-Power standard advantage. Not content with her present margin of superiority she is elaborating programmes of military and naval expansion. In spite of the circumstances that her people are groaning beneath the weight of heavy taxation her fixed and determined policy is to maintain the predominance that she enjoys in the Pacific. Thus in Asia, as in Europe, we see the nations concerned with feverish competition in the matter of armaments. The problem around which this competition centres is no new one. But it is undeniable that the events of recent years have complicated and enlarged the difficulties of the situation. In former times, Russia was the sole barrier against the aggression of Asia. For it was upon Russia that the Mongol hordes spent their force. When certain critics, unmindful of the many charming attributes of the Russian people, dwell unduly upon the defects of their character, they are apt to forget the truth of history. Sufficient allowance is not made for the circumstance that Russian character is not wholly emancipated from the oppression of Mongol influences; that, in short, it is hardly as yet nationalized in the strict sense of the term. The flaws that survive, however, are small compared with the composition as a whole, the outstanding features in which are generosity, and kindness. When we reflect how much the rest of the world owes to Russia, we cannot but deplore the harsh and ignorant criticism that is not infrequently heard in

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regard to the minor defects of her people. Owing to her geographical situation athwart Asia Russia has suffered much. Too often it is forgotten that the present-day prosperity of the rest of Europe is due to the circumstance that we have been able to pursue our activities, while Russia alone kept watch and ward on the distant frontiers of east and west.

This slight digression in discussing the debt we owe to Russia at least serves to draw attention to one important aspect relative to the main theme. The situation as it is now unfolding in the region of the Far East is creating an entirely new set of political conditions. No longer does Russia stand alone. Maritime development has brought close together the sea-frontiers of remote Asia and of Anglo-Saxon communities occupying territories in the Pacific. Broadly speaking, the interests of the United States, of the British Empire, and of Russia are to-day identical. Policies may differ in detail according to the requirements of the moment, but in the main all three nations are bound together in that they are animated by a common and natural motive—the motive of self-preservation. In speaking in this strain, the writer is anxious to avoid creating the impression that he is subscribing to the belief in a Yellow Peril, as such is generally understood. What is to be feared, however, is aggressive diplomacy on the part of Japan; and certainly her military preparations lend colour to the idea that she is preparing as against the day when she will step out from among the Asiatic nations and will demand for her own people the right to enter the white man's domains without let or hindrance. As to whether we have moral warrant for resisting her claim is a question which, owing to the limitation of space, we cannot discuss here. Nevertheless, in passing, it is opportune to remark that when the issue does become acute, as it inevitably must, considerations of expediency will alone decide. In saying this, we must not be taken to imply that on ethical grounds the white races are not justified in excluding Asiatics from their midst, for abundant reasons

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of a convincing nature exist to the contrary. That which the Japanese may require to-day will ultimately be demanded by the Chinese so soon as they, too, become strong in military force. For this question of racial discrimination may be said to afford the Yellow peoples ground for common cause. But in that sense it cannot become ripe for decision until many years have passed. Nor, if Western Powers maintain their strength in the Pacific and exhibit unity of purpose, need the problem ever be settled in a manner contrary to their fundamental interests. Therefore statesmen who owe a duty to posterity no less than to the present generation should not fail to take note of Japan's military and naval preparations; for obviously these are part of a prearranged plan for the initiation one day of vigorous methods of diplomacy.

In the meantime, it is highly instructive to examine the relations existing between China and her island neighbour. The idea prevalent in some quarters that these two nations would before long ally themselves against Western countries, thus constituting in fact a real Yellow Peril, fails to take into account many important circumstances. To begin with, the Japanese regard themselves as an altogether superior race. That view is not shared by Western observers who have come into contact with both peoples. Invariably the impression left on the mind of the visitor to the Far East is that the Chinese are in every respect preferable to the Japanese. It was the Chinese, not the Japanese who in bygone times spread enlightenment far and wide; and when due allowance has been made for Japanese talent in the direction of adaptability the fact remains that nearly every praiseworthy feature in their national life which they would have the world believe is peculiarly Japanese in character, has its basis in the ancient culture of the Middle Kingdom. Yet forgetting this historical fact, the average Japanese shows not a little of umbrage when, as is not infrequently the case, he is looked upon as having much in common with the Chinese. To be strictly truthful, it is the latter whom the comparison offends. It would seem then that if Western

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progress is to permeate China and restore her to the forefront of nations, it were better that reform be introduced direct from the West, and not through the medium of Japan, the one-time pupil of the master whom she now seeks to instruct. For, as we have seen, the Japanese hold the Chinese in contempt; while there is no denying that on their side the Chinese, conscious of an illustrious past and irritated beyond endurance by the pompous behaviour of Japan whom they regard as a hobbledehoy among the nations, prefer to receive enlightenment, not from their neighbour, but from its true source in the West. The cleavage between Japan and China is, therefore, at present very wide, and not one but several generations must pass before it can be bridged. The spectre of a Yellow Peril, as such is popularly conceived, consequently fades far into the future. In the meantime, Japan is seeking to work out an Imperial destiny and this aim she can only accomplish at the expense of China who now literally lies helpless at her feet. Fortunately, Yuan Shih-kai is under no illusion as to the danger that lurks at the very portals of the Republic. It was he who so strenuously opposed Japanese intrigues in Korea as far back as 1894, and who later, on the eve of his banishment, obstructed their aggressive policy in Manchuria. Left to herself China under his guidance is capable of taking the place that is rightly hers among the great countries of the earth. But so long as Japan is determined to prey upon her weakness, always employing an underhand means to a selfish end, so long will China's fate tremble in the balance. That the Japanese fomented and aided the rebellion in the south is now proved beyond shadow of doubt. For their authorities to explain, as they have done, that the officers who fought in the ranks of the rebels were on the reserve list, acting entirely of their own accord, is hardly convincing to anyone acquainted with the ways of Japanese diplomacy. During the rising in the Philippines, after the American occupation, the Washington Government complained officially that Japanese officers were giving their services to the insurgents, and

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received an explanation similar to that now tendered in the case of the Chinese disturbance. The writer is not endeavouring in any way to excuse the outrages committed at Nanking; but it is quite clear that the Japanese by their meddlesome intrusion were provocative in the extreme. China at the present moment is passing through a crisis the gravity of which it is impossible to exaggerate. If, as all her friends sincerely wish may happen, she is to emerge from the ordeal successfully, care must be taken to see that she is accorded some measure of fair play. I repeat that Japan is anxious to profit by the plight of China and at the same time to obstruct her progress. To assist her in this sinister plan would be unworthy of Great Britain. Let us not forget that the main purpose of the alliance as expressed in the Treaty is to maintain unimpaired the *status quo* in the Far East. For our part, we have everything to gain in extending a friendly hand to China. As a market she presents illimitable possibilities. Allow her to become strong within reasonable limits and she will prove of inestimable value in maintaining the political equilibrium in the remote East. As far as Japan is concerned, plain speaking will lose us nothing. For many a year to come she will require the continued support of British financiers, and this circumstance alone will effectually induce her to pay heed to counsels of moderation, should such be forthcoming at the right moment.

LANCELOT LAWTON

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.*

A poet of one mood in all my lays,
Ranging all life to sing one only love . . .
The countries change, but not the west-wind days
Which are my songs. My soft skies shine above,
*And on all seas the colours of a dove,
And on all fields a flash of silver greys.*

I make the whole world answer to my art
And sweet monotonous meanings. In your ears
I change not ever, bearing, for my part,
One thought that is the treasure of my years,
A small cloud full of rain upon my heart
And in mine arms, clasped, like a child in tears.

Mrs Meynell's sonnet, *A Poet of One Mood* (*Poems*. By Alice Meynell. Burns and Oates. 1913. 5s. net) reveals how completely is hers that self-awareness, self-valuation, which is the privilege and often the torment of true poets. For even the "nature-poets" must surely, at their hours, realize, like Mrs Meynell's "Narcissus," that the Face they see in Nature is their own. And often enough it is a stern face, or exhausted, or horror-struck, and more than often sad. Thus it is that Mrs Meynell appraises in herself a certain continuity of mood, to be expressed in the silver-grey embroidery of "sweet monotonous meanings." It would be curious to note how often the word "grey" recurs in this small volume. "I dedicate my fields when Spring is grey," sings her unawakened Neophyte; "A poet's face asleep is this grey morn" of February, with its "colourless sky of folded showers, And folded winds." The Moon tells the Sun how she makes "Pensive thy delight And thy strong gold, silver-white"; the "Spring" has but "promises," "hints," "dim hopes"

Poems by Alice Meynell

of the summer she yields to and prepares. There are but faint "tones" of its coming glory in her seas. And essential "greyness" permeates, more than any mere word can state it, such poems as *Twilight*, *The Day to the Night*, the wonderful *Song of the Night at Daybreak* (pure inspiration this, issuing at once into a song and a philosophy), and is in all this exquisite picture:

. . . The stony fields, where clear
Through the thin trees the skies appear,
In delicate spare soil and fen,
And slender landscape and austere.

Needless to say, we do not deprecate this greyness. We love it. We have loved, too, the sharp relentless horizons of Provence, the unmitigated colouring of its stones, its sky, its flaming Junes. But we have returned to feel how grateful were the veiled contours and half-tints and tones and elusive distances of England. One of the gladdest discoveries of our boyhood was that page in Stevenson's *Sire de Maletroit's Door*, where he lingers over the clear, essential dawnlight, flooding the colourless valley. Therefore we do homage to Mrs Meynell's grey poems, and we observe how utterly different is their tint from the wanness, say, of Matthew Arnold's verses, which so many nickname silver-cold in their perfection; and how, if it abolishes the flamboyance of an Omar even when the theme is treated (as in the poem *To Any Poet*) so similarly to one of his, the vitality survives.

Moreover, Mrs Meynell has, of course, no programme. She does not set out to write grey poems of malice prepense. Genius cannot work with programmes. It does not want to schedule ideas, nor to carry through business *coups*. It expresses as best it can the contents of its soul, never expecting to exhaust in words a meaning of which it ought itself to be not fully conscious, and of which we, the readers, may sometimes grasp more, though often less, than does the poet. The poet *hints*; and grey is, of course, a colour in which hints flicker best. Hints may be

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deliberately given to the malicious, because they deserve nothing better; to the complacent, because it is pleasant to see them flounder; to the spiritual, because they not only quite understand, but object to their sympathy being expected to need laborious explanations.

We ought, however, at once to say that this grey mood is not wholly undifferentiated. To start with, the quite earlier poems are less sombre than the midmost, but (I suggest) less profound, and naturally less experienced. A real note of gaiety appears in the later poems, a robuster optimism: so the "Watershed," the "Unto Us a Son is Given"; so "Manchester Square," and the poem with which this last collection opens is (we delightedly remember), all the way through, white.

Besides, a quite masculine sense of humour is strong in the new *Publican and Pharisee* parable (p. 105), and the poem *To the Body* shows a fine use of scientific categories. Already in the *Unmarked Festival* there was a definitely common-sense frankness—"Who knows, was earth cold or sunny, sweet, At the coming of your feet?"—the lovers have forgotten. Perhaps a truest mark of *greatness* is in that power of "inclusive vision" which leads the soul rapidly to universal implications. This is responsible for the recognition of Christ hidden in ripening field and vineyard, but also for the lines, "My shroud was in the flocks; the hill Within its quarry locked my stone. My bier grew in the woods . . ." (a stern poem).

But most of all is this real "greatness" (and Aristotle wisely willed all beauty to have a μέγεθος τι were it to be perfect) seen in that poem *Christ in the Universe*, which places upon its author's head no fading bay-leaves.

But dear too are the tiny meditations, *I am the Way* and *Via Veritas et Vita*.

C. C. M.

IT is a common experience that after an arduous and difficult effort to produce a great picture the artist's hand gains peculiar ease and freedom for lighter work.

An Average Man

Never has Father Benson had a freer, easier movement of his amazingly facile brush than in *An Average Man* (Hutchinson, 6s.), the sketch that has succeeded the dark rich picture entitled *Come Rack, Come Rope*. *An Average Man* must have been delightfully smooth going after the historical work. And it is not the kind of easy writing that makes hard reading; it is so extremely witty, especially in the second part. The Brandreth Smiths grown rich are amazingly good, their attitude towards their neighbours, their servants, their duties, is most delicately presented. But perhaps the servants' ball is the climax of description, the speeches at supper are perfect. Underhill, the old butler, and the new valet become almost sublime. Percy Brandreth Smith's last view that night of Underhill, who has hitherto preserved an almost Episcopal attitude, must be quoted:

In spite of the heaviness that lay on his eyes almost like a physical external pressure, he jumped straight out of bed and ran to the window, so soon as he heard the sound of wheels and understood what it meant. Romance gilded the thought even of servants driving away in the chilly dawning, back again to duty.

The back door was just within range of his window, where the brakes were drawn up; and in spite of the cold he watched with absorbed interest the cloaked and hooded figures climb up into the carriages. Underhill was there, presiding, resembling a very dissipated host. Percy could see his crumpled shirt-front, and made out, with immense delight, a large pink paper cap, obviously from a cracker, which crowned that austere and venerable head. Once, as the second brake drove off, the butler gravely executed a few Highland steps on the cobble-stones, flinging up a large hand in the proper manner, in farewell to the waving, jolting figures in the brake.

If this were all! If wit and irony and clear presentation of pleasant scenes were the only object of *An Average Man* it would not leave the heartache in its reader that it undoubtedly does. For underneath the smug suburban surroundings of the earlier part and the larger but equally conventional life of the county there have been simmering

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the elements of a spiritual tragedy. *The Conventionalists* is the story of the triumph of the soul called to come up higher, to escape from the limits of the average man. *An Average Man* is the story of the failure of the soul to be faithful to its vocation. This living, busy, fussy, pleasant, tyrannical world stifles the poor, eager thin soul of Percy Brandreth Smith. The story of the process is wonderfully skilful and exceedingly painful. The very wit and irony of the book makes the pain of it the greater. Sometimes that wit and irony give a sense of hardness, a want of sympathy with the sorely, insidiously tempted youth. And Father Hilary is of so little use, his spiritual gifts somehow do not carry conviction, he is a mere outline in the background of a brilliantly suggestive sketch.

That *An Average Man* has the unavoidable limitations of a sketch or a series of sketches cannot be denied, one impression succeeds another, each full of life, but except in the scenes that are almost purely ironical, there is a sense of the absence of substance, there is too much reliance on rapid suggestion, on broken sentences, even on spaces, hyphens and dots! This defect is much more obvious if the book is read aloud. The whole story is an impression to be received at one glance if possible by an undisturbed reader. S.

IN *Dante and the Mystics* (Dent & Sons, 7s. 6d.) Mr Gardner has added a volume more to the credit side of his account with the lovers and students of Dante. There are books on the *Commedia* which we could not do without, but which savour too much of the class-room to be anything but a necessary evil. And there are others, excellently written, which we are weak-minded enough to read in the hours which should be given to the master. But there is happily a third class welcome at all times for the insight that they give us into the mind and purpose of the poet.

For if it is true that the reward of the artist is "joy" as distinct from "pleasure," it is also a matter of experience that that joy is shared in some degree by those who

Dante and the Mystics

understand his work and make his aim their own. And this in the present case is not the study of Florentine or Roman history or even of Catholic eschatology, but "the end of the whole and of the part is to remove those living in this life from their state of misery and to lead them to the state of felicity." And so the author of *Dante and the Mystics* puts the *Commedia* and especially the *Paradiso* in its right setting, and traces the influence on Dante of the great mystical writers from St Augustine to his own time.

It is not necessary either for Mr Gardner's purpose or our own to be assured that Dante is directly indebted to his predecessors in any particular passage; nor need we be anxious to determine what should be classed as suggestion and what as illustration. Indeed the final chapter on the Science of Love, in which passages are cited from St John of the Cross, helps to bring home to us that we are dealing with a spiritual and not a mere verbal tradition, a real human experience, belonging no doubt in its richness to few, as the gift of musical expression belongs to few, but shared in some degree by a sufficient number to satisfy us that it is not a folly or a disease or a pretence. We find in writers who worked independently the same thoughts expressed often by the same symbols, because the thoughts stand for a real experience common to all who attain to it, and because the symbolism is largely drawn from that Divine Word which has ever been the inspiration of the mystic. The illustrations from St John of the Cross of the restraint of glory as the poet enters the sphere of Contemplation, and of the ladder leading to the Starry Heaven, which the feet of men no longer trod, are both apt and beautiful.

The book as a whole is avowedly an attempt "to interpret the mysticism and allegory of the *Divina Commedia* in the light of the letter to Can Grande," in which the poet refers his readers to the writings of Richard of St Victor, Bernard and Augustine. The genuineness of the letter is disputed, but Mr Gardner wisely spares us the arguments on either side. Instead of discussing the

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evidence he puts the matter to the proof by taking this hint as a guide to the interpretation of the *Paradiso*. And the result is a delightful book, and the practical verification of his theory.

There remains the question whether and how far we may follow the letter in its suggestion that Dante claims for himself "some ineffable spiritual experience" as implied in the last canto of the *Paradiso*. Is he a mystic in the higher sense, or merely a gifted retailer of the experiences of holier men? The answer will depend in part on our estimate of the man. And if we cannot forget that he is the friend of Forese Donati, he is none the less the author of the *Paradiso*. The contrast is not sharper than that between the student of Carthage and the Bishop of Hippo. And on the whole we are inclined to agree with Mr Gardner that Dante had some first-hand knowledge of the *regno santo*.

On the other hand we are bound to say that Mr Gardner has left the problem of Matelda, as he found it, unsolved. We cannot identify her with *both* the Mechthilds, and we see no reason for preferring either. But in truth Mr Gardner only wanted an excuse to add another delightful chapter to this fascinating book. A.H.N.

THAT a Memoir of the late Father Gallwey has now been published is matter for rejoicing to his many friends, and we owe Father Gavin a deep debt of gratitude for his delightful book (Burns and Oates. 3s. 6d.), the more so that there were many difficulties in the way. Father Gallwey himself seems to have done his very best to prevent his holy and most hidden interior life from being known, and even the history of his dealings with other souls, as nearly all the letters received by him appear to have been lost, or destroyed, including those from, and to, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, which would have been doubly precious to so many of us. In fact, he acted upon his own words to a friend who remarked, "They will be writing your life some day." "I shall take good care that they don't," was the reply. Under these circumstances it

The Story of Mary Dunne

was not possible to write a full memoir of the saintly Father, but Father Gavin has given us a most interesting and graphic description of that long life, so heroic in its holiness, in its constant war on self and a strong natural character, so tender in its piety, in its care for the sick and dying, and so fine in its unceasing work for souls and for the Church. Father Gavin gives us his recollections of twenty-four years passed in the same house with Father Gallwey, to which are added those of several other fathers who had been in close touch with him. As we should expect, all speak of his heroic obedience, his fidelity to rule, his love of prayer. One touching sentence in particular helps us to realize the meaning of the last-named characteristic, "He would find his way back to the Chapel, like a bird to its nest, after every call to the parlour or to the Church."

Of what might be called Father Gallwey's ruling passion, his love for the poor—a passion to which all who knew him could bear affectionate witness—Father Gavin gives many interesting anecdotes. In this short notice we can but draw attention to a few points of special interest in the memoir, while we heartily commend it to our readers' notice.

M. M. M. S.

THE *Story of Mary Dunne*, by M. E. Francis (John Murray. 6s.), is a thing of wonderful beauty—a poem telling of the independence of the soul—the triumph of the spiritual element over all others. It would be difficult to find in fiction a more exquisite picture of the greatness of purity than that given in the story of Mary Dunne. Mary, the victim of the vice of a great city, cannot tell even her mother what has befallen her. M. E. Francis cannot tell the story for her. The so-called "candour" of the present day that loves to touch pitch and vaunt its "healthy" immunity from stain is absent from this book. Is it in consequence an uncandid, unreal story? It seems to us to have a clear realism of its own. Mary in her happy youth, in her despair, in her exquisite healing, in her gradual realization of her own innocence, in her sympathy with

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the agony in which Mat repudiates her, in the courage that for his sake breaks through the reserve of her maiden soul in the scene of the trial—all this is the very realism of virtue.

All through the author shrinks visibly from the task she has undertaken, she clings to the sweet home life on the mountain side, to her exquisite delineations of nature, to the humorous aspect of her creations, to the study of the Irish character, which she has penetrated very deeply. And this very shrinking helps the picture, helps the glow and warmth and life on the one side to make a more powerful contrast to the half-perceived devilish underworld of vice, claiming as its victim the fairest and most innocent character in the book. Mary's mother is a literary triumph; every word she says has the quality of absolute truth. The finest chapter in the book is the one in which Mrs Dunne brings Mary home. It has qualities that recall pages in *The Heart of Midlothian*. The girl is in the hospital in black despair, refusing to go home, refusing to go anywhere else, defeating the good intentions of doctor and nurse. Then the unexpected mother arrives.

The scene that follows is poignant in its anguish, great in its simplicity, finer than the more ambitious scene of the trial at the end of the book. The intensity of the mother's suppressed emotion, the tact, the absolute faith in her child, "the authoritative tone with its wholesome sharpness," "the mingled gratitude and dignity" of the attitude towards the nurse and doctor, even the insidious smell of the peat-smoke in the coarse clean clothes that she has brought for the poor child to wear; every word down to the "Don't be forgettin' your petticoat, Mary," all help to make the picture intensely real and definite. Nor is Mary herself, gradually unwillingly responding, yielding, and at last conquered, less successful.

M. E. Francis, in attempting from a sense of duty, to deal with a most painful question, has not lost the delicate and exquisite qualities which distinguish her usual work: they are intensified and ennobled in *The Story of Mary Dunne*.
S.

Works of Francis Thompson

SO much has been written in the past few months on Francis Thompson that a further individual analysis of his work would probably be so unwelcome as to be left unread. It is better, therefore, to take stock of the general situation, and review his immediate position. The day longed for, yet dreaded, at last has come—it dawned, in fact, when Mr Wilfrid Meynell gave to the world the three volumes lying before us: *The Works of Francis Thompson* (Vols. I and II, Poems. Vol. III, Prose. Burns and Oates. Each vol. 6s. net).

It has been said that Ushaw in these latter years has given two stars to the literary firmament—Lafcadio Hearn and Francis Thompson, and the juxtaposition of those two names was a rude jar on those who know. True Lafcadio Hearn was at Ushaw. So Renan was at St Sulpice. And the comparison goes deeper still, for what each Alma Mater had peculiarly to give, precisely that was debased by Lafcadio Hearn and Renan. It is enough that Thompson and Hearn went forth from Ushaw with faces set respectively North and South. So much, indeed, was Thompson the product of Ushaw that it is difficult to understand how his work has been so subtly divined and comprehended. We, who “knew of what he sang” by our very birthright as sons of the same mother, trembled in those early days at the thought of what might be said when the “song-bowed Scythian” should be swept, as one day we knew he must, into the sphere of lay criticism: when his poet’s soul should be spitted on point of journalist pen; when his “music of skiey-gendered rain” should be electrically charged, and the analysis set forth in dull formulæ.

And yet the day we dreaded we longed for too, with pride of possession, for we knew that there must be some to say he had not “sung ill.” And so it has turned out. Ampler far than his friends and admirers dared expect has been the praise bestowed on the body of his prose and poetry, here gathered together for the first time, and heaped up in noble profusion. The edition itself bears that *cachet* of elegance which we are being led to expect

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habitually from its publishers. In this Thompson has been fortunate, as he was fortunate in his editor. That this definitive edition of his poems and scattered prose (a large amount of both being here published for the first time) should provoke and challenge the literary world was to be expected. That Thompson should undergo from critics like that of *The Times*, and Mr Lascelles Abercrombie in the *Manchester Guardian*, something in the nature of a poet's apotheosis was, from reasons already given, less to be expected. If the vision of a leading literary Catholic weekly, with its hesitant praise and apologetic depreciation, was hopelessly dulled as to Thompson's true significance, how should they, who knew not Sion, understand the songs he sang? Even his friends, fulfilling the poet's own words, have said "Of what is this he sings?" How then shall they of alien thought and faith understand his "alien tongue" telling of "alien things?"

For, be it said at the outset of all criticism, Thompson was first and last a Catholic, and one *segregatus a populo* at that. He happened also to be a poet. Herein lies no disparagement of his art, but a truth that is the key to all understanding of him. That he might have been a really great national poet had he not deliberately set his feet out of the popular track is proved, we think, in his occasional odes, the "Jubilee," "Peace," "Cecil Rhodes," for instance. "Few laureates," says Mr Lascelles Abercrombie, "can compare with Thompson for success in deliberate celebrations." Moreover, the pagan strain, showing wildly at times, in riotous image and sentiment, might have led him to rival Keats and Swinburne. He chose to:

Teach us how the crucifix may be,
Carven from the laurel tree.

That was his way. "Ah! fettered then," the secularist exclaims. Even so, fettered—as Raphael was, as Æschylus even was. Critics, notably Mr Austin Harrison in the *English Review*, have taken it amiss that his song was

Father Ralph

bashful of earthly love. Well, Botticelli was not a Boucher, and is the twentieth century so decadent as to withhold admiration from ascetic restraint which springs not from art, but from the very innocence of one *impollutus in via*? If so, let us back to pagan Augustus for our canons.

That, we repeat, was his way, and it is a critic's primary business to appraise a poet's orientation before appraising his vision. The necessity in the case of Thompson is particularly imperative, or his lines will wander unhealthily, his colours glow garish, his at times overwrought imagery take on an air of bombast. To Mr Harrison it is all a "wordy hugger-mugger" "sheer word-chaos," "over gargoyled," a "cacophony," a "diarrhœtic flux which shrieks and hisses by its turgidity (*sic*), its linguistic nodes and rugosities." To a critic in *The Times* these horrifying experiences of Mr Harrison are caused by nothing more alarming than the "whole outer form of things flowering with the radiance of the inner beauty" of the poet's vision. To Mrs Meynell, in *The Sphere*, it is "resplendently-coloured art" with "riches heaped too close." To many a devout lover they are blemishes loved, in their setting, for their own sake, like the human lapses of genius, or flaws in Nature and beauty.

A writer of fine appreciation in the *Ecclesiastica Review* asserts that Taine's critical tests—race, *milieu*, moment—break down utterly in Thompson's case. To the present writer they were never so brilliantly apt, for his Lancashire Catholicity was the very spring of his muse; the vision of the Son and the Mother, enthroned throughout his pages, was the unfading imprint of his early, almost mediæval view, which was Ushaw's; and the moment—Ah! that was the *In hoc signo* blazing across the "watches of the dark" when London's pagan flood swept round him.

F. G.

MR GERALD O'DONOVAN'S story of *Father Ralph* (Macmillan. 1913. 6s.) puzzled us by its simultaneous creation in us of contradictory impressions;

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one of its extreme verisimilitude and one of the complete impossibility of life being anywhere at all like that. Afterwards we perceived that this was due to the fact that each event and every phrase might quite well be, phonographically or photographically, the reproduction of an historical fact, but that it was quite certain that no section of reality could be composed entirely, or even chiefly, of these. To begin with, it could not hold together for an hour. Next, it would be quite unlike any other part of the world's behaviour where, however, similar forces operate. We then observed in this story of the religious initiation, development and apostasy of an ordinary Irish boy, two special foci of unreality. These were, first, the hero himself; and then the pages in which the writer is speaking well of those satisfactory exceptions (as he deems them) in the system he is attacking. The hero never "lives" for a moment, except when he is just a boy, and except where he momentarily jars on us, as revealing himself priggish when surrounded by the coarse and stupid, and narrow when confronted by the pietistic. Thus he permits himself to tell his mother that her devotional practices are "rather footling." The kindlier references to the Irish clergy—thus, the picture of Fr. Sheldon, the gentle Modernist, is meant to be attractive; the Jesuits are spoken of as relatively "brilliant," as "scholars," and the like—are too obviously put in by the perfunctory care for "balance" of a writer who foresees the criticism that his work is too monochrome; or even who is trying so laboriously to be fair, that we feel no equity can be genuine which is not more spontaneous.

Descriptively, then, we are sure that this book may be true in detail—for everything happens somewhere sometime—but untrue as a picture: it were as easy and as untrue to picture Oxford just as obscurantist, public schools as "sinks" or "dens" of iniquity (we have seen it done), or London society as composed entirely of divorcées. As for the intellectual thesis, with which the novel is involved, it professes to be that of Modernism,

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and despite certain rare references to Leroy, Loisy, Blondel and the Syllabus, we will permit ourselves to say quite frankly that granting to the uttermost the accuracy in description and comment of all the rest of the book, here the author has not a notion what he is talking about. Modernists, we have constantly had to think, defend Modernism quite uncannily ill; but here, really the author writes about it much as novelettes do, we imagine, about duchesses.

What we have said in no way implies that the novel is worthless, even to those it attacks. Caricatures are of constant value to those whose faults they exaggerate. Thus correction becomes possible. Too often, almost any Christian must lament he is but the caricature of Christ. Too often, her representatives must feel that they do but disguise the Church. Out of a great mass of material we choose the relation between the ecclesiastical authorities and the large shopkeepers and publicans; between the cathedral, seminary or convent, and the emporium, and in general the question of finance, as connoting a problem which not we are wise to solve. In the name of Christianity, however, we long to see it studied by all, and solved, both in theory and practice, by the different categories involved. This question, and that of ecclesiastical education, which is very rapidly solving itself, are really those which in this book bulk largest. Against unpleasant ecclesiastical portraits, exquisite studies like Mrs Fahy and Jack Devine are to be set: against the ideal Maynooth, whether Mr Donovan's, who hates it, or the Bishop's, who delightfully describes it as the "greatest seat of learning in the whole world," is that reality so discernible to the tutored eye—discernible even in these pages of this melancholy volume, and much more so to those whose privilege it has been to spend a space of years or even months in that strange country where the supernatural is an element so unusually strong in the medley of good or ill which makes a world or a Church.

R. N.

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MR W. S. LILLY, in *The New France* (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.) gives a substantial and vigorous account of the relations between the Church and the Revolution, reviews once more the careers of Fouché, Talleyrand and Chateaubriand, and discusses the ethical import of certain novels of Paul Bourget. It is a leisurely but a profitable volume, and even if one disagrees (as we happen to do) with some of Mr Lilly's judgments on men, events and political theories, there can only be one opinion about his conspicuous thoughtfulness and the breadth of his information. But we wish he had chosen another title, or that he had justified this by an additional chapter defining the sharp antagonism between the rising generation of Frenchmen and the last. If the new France does not mean contemporary France exclusively, it ought surely to include it. The recrudescence of Parliamentary Jacobinism, to be sure, is a recent phase which Mr Lilly does not hesitate to connect with the vital principles of the Revolution; and no doubt a Brisson, a Combes, a Pelletan figured as the depository of the purest Republican tradition. But then the new France, in the sense in which we should prefer to use the phrase, thinks Combes and Brisson *vieux jeu*. This is as true of the younger Syndicalists, who are tired of seeing anticlericalism mask the well-fed selfishness of the Radical oligarchy, as of the young lions of l'Action Française. And perhaps, it is even truer of the great mass of moderate Frenchmen—definitely if somewhat lethargically Republican—who are more and more dissatisfied with the normal play of representative institutions in France. The policy of the *bloc* (and we are not thinking only of its religious policy) does not and did not express the general will. If a *personnel* essentially unchanged still directs a creaking machinery, that only shows how hard it is to make the general will effective or, if you like, how easily a democracy is corrupted. But no one knew this better than Rousseau himself.

We need not say how heartily we agree with Mr Lilly in detesting Rousseau's conception of the relations between society and the spiritual beliefs of its members,

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or the dangerous sophistries which support his projected state-theism. At the same time, Mr Lilly seems to us, in his attack upon the *Contrat Social*, to have forgotten, like most English critics, that this wonderful tract was not intended for an account of historical fact, but of what an organized society implies. Nor is it an exposition of the benefits of democracy. We venture to add that the dogmas of liberty and equality cannot be disposed of by a mere appeal to the most obvious facts of life, which remind us at every turn of our subserviency and our differences.

Two extremely interesting chapters of this book are devoted to the history of the Church of France in the Revolutionary period. Mr Lilly's vivid account of the state of religion just before the great upheaval, the schism of the *assermentés*, the various parodies of public worship which enjoyed the brief patronage of the men in power, above all of the heroism of Catholic martyrs in the years of persecution, is supported by copious references to contemporary testimony, as well as to the most authoritative recent literature on the subject, from Edmond Biré's well-known work to the researches of the Abbé Delarc and a number of other local historians. It is, we own, a pleasure to see M. de Pressensé so often quoted: surely no living publicist has served such irreconcilable ideals in succession!

Guided by M. Louis Madelin's recent biography, Mr Lilly resumes the chief stages of Fouché's astonishing career in a most instructive chapter. We are not quite sure if he can fairly be called a typical Jacobin; for does not the adjective suggest that a peculiar degree of pliancy and indifferentism is characteristic of the sect? The estimate of Talleyrand is not a whit too severe. On Chateaubriand Mr Lilly writes of course in a far more sympathetic vein, and the protest with which that chapter begins was well worth making. *Conclure des mœurs aux croyances* is a tendency of the Protestant mind from which Chateaubriand's reputation has suffered greatly, especially in this country. It is quite true that in his own certain

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weaknesses of his character have received no more attention than they deserved; but though Sainte-Beuve's spiteful judgment upon the man is no longer considered as authoritative, the glory of the great writer has not escaped untarnished from the effects of that general reaction against the romantic ideal which is gathering strength every day in French criticism; and we should have been glad to know what Mr Lilly makes for instance of the damaging indictment of Jules Lemaître. As for Chateaubriand's politics, his honour is quite safe, but his constitutionalism probably commends itself more naturally to British Whiggism than to Frenchmen of any political complexion whatever. The new royalism heartily repudiates Chateaubriand.

The book ends with reflections on Paul Bourget's fiction in its sociological significance, and a *résumé* of two or three of his works which ought to be still better known than they are in England. Mr Lilly somewhat confidently takes M. Bourget's supremacy among living French novelists for granted. If we are not greatly mistaken, though his admirable intelligence is universally appreciated, good French critics do not usually regard him as unrivalled, whether as a master of language or as a creative artist. Few of his contemporaries have dealt so consistently with the exceptional or have dissected curious cases with greater fluency. But for that reason, and because after all M. Bourget's intellectual training is that of an older school, he is hardly the novelist whose creations throw most light upon the new—or let us say the newest—France.

F.Y.E.

THERE has appeared among the large output of verse this summer a little volume of poems very different from those of the "Georgians" as the younger school are pleased to call themselves, both in its qualities and in its defects. Some of these verses date back as far as nearly forty years ago. *Poems of Henrietta A. Huxley, with Three of Thomas Henry Huxley* (Duckworth and Co.) is the title, and it at once gives the keynote to

Poems of Henrietta A. Huxley

the little book. It is the record of a great married love and a terrible enduring loss. Other things may come, glinting in and out, light and humorous, but they are merely incidental. In March, 1887, the great scientist wrote the first poem in the book beginning:

Dear wife, for more than thirty years . . .

In 1892 there are three poems on the death of Tennyson, one by Thomas and two by Henrietta Huxley, showing the deep sympathy of real understanding with Lady Tennyson—they had instinctive foreknowledge of their own great parting then. In "A Wish" the dread that must attend on the great human affections is finely expressed, opening with the line:

If Death would but forget him for some years . . .

Only two pages further on we come to "A Question" which seems to us one of the happiest of the valedictory poems in the book.

If you were here,—and I were where you lie,
Would you, Beloved, give your little span
Of life remaining unto tear and sigh?
No—setting every tender memory
Within your breast, as faded roses kept
For giver's sake, of giver when bereft,
Still to the last the lamp of work you'd burn
For purpose high, nor any moment spurn.
So, as you would have done, I fain would do
In poorer fashion. Ah, how oft I try,
Try to fulfil your wishes, till at length
The scent of those dead roses steals my strength.

Beautiful as these verses are they are not, perhaps, as original as some of the others dealing with the same subject. There is a quality of absolute simplicity and truth in them all, the often unconscious revelation of a great deep heart. There is nothing little in the book, nothing decadent, almost nothing of the spirit of modern

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life. It is the work of a nature that needs heights, is impatient of fetters and must go out from shelter into the wind and rain. There is much said in the present day as to the cultivation of individuality; it is open to doubt whether women especially were not more strongly individual when under old world domestic conditions they were nearer to a natural life and less self-conscious. Here is the record of a great self-devotion and in it may be seen the growth and energy and the struggles of a strong personality. For to lose self is to find it, to cultivate self is to lose it.

It is not improbable that at a moment when the science of versification has attained a high standard of perfection the critics will be severe to the metrical defects of some of these verses, but if the purists are incapable of appreciating the high thoughts of this exquisite record of human love and pain the loss is their own. Catholics may recognize that their own sorrows have a fuller measure of consolation than is breathed in these verses (and there are lines among them that are painful to the believer), but they will recognize the deep dominant note of submission to God's will, and feel that the heart of the writer is in the hollow of His Hand. S.

THE articles which have appeared in this REVIEW describing the foundation and subsequent proceedings of the Portuguese Republic will not have led our readers to expect much good of Senhor Affonso Costa and his friends. But happily their countrymen are not all like them. The pamphlet entitled *Portuguese Political Prisoners. A British National Protest* (with Preface by the Earl of Lytton, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, and the Hon. Aubrey Herbert, M.P. L. Upcott Gill. 6d.) is not written in any spirit hostile to Portugal. Nor is it anti-Republican. Lord Lytton in opening the protest meeting at the Æolian Hall said:

We are not concerned with the question of what kind of government the people of Portugal may choose to live under. We are

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asking for nothing in the resolution which will be submitted which is not asked for equally by moderate Republicans in Portugal itself. Our object is not to protest in any way against the political state of Portugal . . . We are merely protesting against certain acts of injustice and persecution which cannot fail to arouse indignation in the minds of all those who are made acquainted with them.

It must be borne in mind that Revolutionary Governments are almost invariably accused of persecution, and in the present instance some of the accounts which have aroused the strongest feeling in England have been proved to be exaggerated and inaccurate. But the Duchess of Bedford went to Lisbon and personally inspected the prisons, and her fine speech describes only what she saw herself and what she heard from the lips of the prisoners. For details we must refer our readers to the pamphlet, but we may here mention cases of men arrested on suspicion, kept for two years in the criminal convict prison without trial, and then condemned to six years' solitary confinement and ten years' deportation to West Africa; of others left for four days without food; of prisoners sleeping in verminous cells on boards with their hands handcuffed behind them. It is said, moreover, that even in the accounts of trials which have ended in convictions it is sometimes written "there are no proofs." As to the effect of a British protest, it is interesting to learn that ever since the year 1373 we have had an alliance with Portugal more close than with any other nation, and it is well known that the Portuguese people are extremely sensitive of British opinion. There have been many protests on similar lines in Portugal itself, and the Moderate Republican Party of Machado dos Santos has constantly exerted itself to obtain fair treatment for its political adversaries. The charges, therefore, must not be laid at the door of the Portuguese nation, but at that of the particular group of politicians who at present wield an almost despotic power. It is always permissible to hope that the actual state of affairs is not quite as bad as it appears, but the evidence of this pamphlet—much of

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which is first hand, and borne by responsible public persons—cannot be dismissed lightly. If a British protest can succeed in bringing about a thorough investigation of the facts—a thing from which no honest government should shrink—it will do a great service to our oldest ally and to humanity.

E. S. H.

CHRONICLE OF BIBLICAL WORKS

THE well-known division of the Pentateuch into its sources E. J. P. D. and others attempted by the Higher Critics depends in great measure on the correctness of the Hebrew Massoretic Text. During the last dozen years a strong tendency has arisen to acknowledge that the Massoretic Text is in many instances unreliable and that the witness of the LXX and of the Syriac Version is to be preferred to that of the present Hebrew. As the great Cambridge Septuagint proceeds this tendency becomes stronger. The conservative school of Biblical Scholars has not been slow to urge this point on their advanced brethren. As the use of the divine Names in Genesis is one great weapon in the armoury of the Higher Critics, the many variations from the Massoretic Text in the Greek have been pointed out to show that the argument based on this use in Hebrew is really worthless. Scholars of repute have entered the ring. Professor Eerdmans at Leiden, the successor of Kuenen, the great Radical leader, Professor Schlögl at Vienna, Dr Dahse, a German Lutheran pastor of painstaking erudition, H. A. Redpath of Concordance fame, and finally a Jewish barrister, Harold Wiener, have recently attacked the trustworthiness of the Massoretic Text. Dr John Skinner, Principal of Westminster College, Cambridge, and author of *Genesis in The International Critical Commentary*, has been the main object of this attack, and he writes a rejoinder in the *Expositor* of April, May and June of this year.

There has been some very hard hitting on both sides. Dr Skinner speaks of the "war-whoops" of Mr Wiener, and the word is not unaptly chosen. He also speaks of "the hastily improvised scholarship" of the same antagonist, which he contrasts with the temperate tone of Redpath, and the "coolness" of Eerdmans. One might indeed regret the violence of Wiener's onslaught but none the less in his *Pentateuchal Studies* there is a great deal which merits sober consideration; nor will every one simply dismiss Schlögl, Eerdman, Dahse and Redpath with the final sentence of Dr Skinner's first reply: "a textual criticism which is divorced alike from exegetical intelligence and historical and religious insight." His taunt that he cannot be expected to invest the opinions of Dr Schlögl and his

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Catholic fellow-students "with a Papal infallibility" is a mere piece of irritability, and we can forgive a man who must have been sorely tried by the aggressiveness of Wiener. Dahse's thesis that the use of the divine names is influenced by the ancient Jewish lectionary system, may not be enforceable with mathematical precision, and must allow for some exceptions, still one remembers the almost endless modifications and exceptions that are required by the documentary hypothesis, and one wonders why the pot should call the kettle black. On the other hand, Dr Skinner seems to make out a good case for the retention of the Hebrew reading of Exod. vi, 2, 3.

H. Wiener's studies, where they do not consist in invective, cover a wider ground than the use of the divine names, and here and there throw quite a fresh light on interesting passages. It may be "hastily improvised scholarship," but it is the outcome of an exceptionally keen mind. The essay in which he compares the legislations of Israel and Babylonia, and in which his lawyer's training serves him well, is quite a brilliant piece of work. His Jewish racial pride has a true and noble cause to glory, when comparing Moses with Hammurabi. He says: "The fate of the legislations has corresponded to their respective characters. (Moses furthering 'holiness,' Hammurabi 'prosperity.') A generation or two after the death of Hammurabi, no man could have doubted that his work had been successful; probably few would have said as much of the work of Moses at a corresponding interval after he was gathered to his fathers. . . . But to-day the verdict is different. The code of the Babylonian had its period of utility, and was then flung aside like an old shoe. For thousands of years its very name was forgotten, and to-day, when the bulk of it has been exhumed from the dust of centuries, we find that it is without value for our life and its problems. The people to whom it was given have passed away after doing their part for the material and intellectual advancement of the world, but without contributing one iota to its higher life. The work of the Israelite, on the other hand, has given to his own people the quality of immortality, and has borne mighty fruit among other peoples in both hemispheres; and, so far as human wisdom can see, it will continue to do so in ever-growing measure; and throughout a century of generations, the work of him, who was powerless to create machinery that would maintain public security in the national territory for a single generation, has remained for millions of people all over the world, par excellence the Law."

The Sapiential Literature of the Old Testament has received remarkable attention of late from commentators in all lands. An imposing new volume of the *Etudes Bibliques* gives us an exhaustive study on Ecclesiastes by E. Podechard. As this series undoubtedly gives us the best productions of Catholic Biblical scholarship in this century, it is sufficient praise to say that this volume is a worthy companion to such monumental works as Van Hoonacker's *Les douze Petits Prophètes* or Dhorme's *Les Livres de Samuel*. Half of the book is introduction, the other half commentary. In

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212 pages the author treats of the canonicity, the history of interpretation, the language, literary and historical affinities, author and date, composition, doctrine and finally the history of its text and versions. Specially interesting is the treatment of its literary and historical affinities. He investigates with admirable thoroughness and perfect knowledge of the work of previous scholars, the relation of Ecclesiastes to Ecclesiasticus, and Wisdom, to Jewish Apocalyptic Literature and Greek Philosophies. The last essay, surveying its possible connexion with the philosophy of Aristotle, the Stoa, Epicurus, Heraclitus and Hellenism is particularly interesting. Although his ultimate decision in almost every case (except Ben Sira) is against a direct connexion, his investigations retain their interest and value. In discussing the different historical backgrounds that have been suggested by different recent scholars, his conclusion is again almost entirely negative, but, judging from all available indications, he places the book at *c.* 250 B.C. The most valuable are perhaps his remarks on the doctrine of the book. No book bears more plainly the marks of the imperfections of the Old Testament revelation. In modern days Ecclesiastes has been called the Schopenhauer of the Jews, and his book a few pages of Voltaire lost in a theological work. Podechard shows how shallow such appreciations in reality are, and that however imperfect from a Gospel standpoint his teaching may be, it was worthy to be contained in the record of a progressive revelation. Quoheloth was not a Sceptic or an Epicurean or an Agnostic, or a Pessimist in the usual acceptation of the word; he certainly did not possess a certain and definite knowledge of God's punishments and rewards in the life after death—life of the soul in Sheol was all vague and dark to him—but he is nobly dissatisfied with all that this life can give, and blindly trusts God who, notwithstanding all the inequalities of this life, is still to be worshipped and thanked and trusted by the children of men. The author sums up the book very well: "*Tout est vain, sauf la vertu; car Dieu la récompensera à son heure. En attendant, l'homme peut jouir des biens de ce monde, mais seulement dans la mesure permise par la loi morale, et en se souvenant qu'il devra rendre compte de tous ses actes à son Créateur. Le livre qui contenait une pareille doctrine méritait d'entrer dans le recueil des scriptures, et tout dépassé qu'il soit par la révélation évangélique, il peut être utile encore aux chrétiens.*"

It is a sign of the times that in the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges, the Deuterocanonica not only are included but published in perfect outward uniformity with the other books of the Bible, which are received by Protestants as Holy Scripture. The Book of Wisdom and the First Book of the Maccabees were the first to be treated, the former by J. A. F. Gregg, the latter by W. Fairweather and J. S. Black; the latest addition is Ecclesiasticus which has received a scholarly and sympathetic commentator in Dr W. O. E. Oesterley. The period of Jesus Ben Sira, and the centuries immediately following have long been the favourite field of this painstaking Cambridge scholar, and one can think of but

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few in England better qualified to deal with this book than he. Ever since 1896 when the first fragments of the Hebrew texts were recovered, a vast amount of labour on the Continent and in England has been bestowed on this attractive collection of sayings from the lips of a Jewish sage, and Dr Oesterley sums up the results of manifold research with great sobriety and clearness. It is refreshing to find in the list of important literature referring to Ecclesiasticus the names of two Catholics, Peters and Fuchs: Catholic research is so often overlooked and ignored that one feels grateful for the acknowledgment. Naturally Smend's *Commentary* is continually referred to throughout the book, both on questions of text and of exegesis; but Dr Oesterley retains his independence of judgment. A great part of the commentary is occupied with questions of readings, and their direct translation and value. The Symbols H, L, G, S occur literally a thousand times, signifying the Hebrew, Latin, Greek and Syriac. As heavy Gothic type is used for these letters, they seem like irregular dark spots on the page, and make the text a little unsightly and the reading painful. The ample prolegomena of 104 pages are very thorough, and yet set out with simple clearness. In describing the doctrine of Ecclesiasticus, the author reviews in detail its teaching on God, Wisdom, The Law, Sin and Atonement, Grace and Free Will, Work, Worship, Messianic Hope and the Future Life. In the thirty pages devoted to these points, the reader finds a very clear and sympathetic exposition of Jewish religious thought about 200 B.C., though the Catholic student has to remember that to Dr Oesterley the book possesses no inspired character as being non-canonical. The chapter on the Canonicity of Ecclesiasticus is too brief and superficial for so important a subject. Thomas Aquinas p. LXXXIII. "regards Ecclesiasticus with favour, but recognizes the doubts thrown upon its canonicity in the early Church,"—"The opinion of Notker Abbot of St Gall, may be taken as the expression of the judgment of the ancient Irish Church." These and similar phrases, somewhat perfunctory and general, indicate that this part of the prolegomena had slight attractions for him.

Mr James Strahan gives us an excellent commentary on the Book of Job. A noble volume worthy of a scholar, and so attractive that no one who takes it in hand, will easily set it aside without the real pleasure of having gained a deeper understanding of one of the grandest poems it pleased God to inspire. Mr Strahan uses the Revised Version as basis for his interpretation, and is particularly happy in the headings which he gives to the different chapters of the book, and the readable and pleasing way in which the notes on the text are set out. The use made of the Ancient Versions and especially of the Septuagint throughout the book is judicious and careful. There is a freshness and ease about the book which makes one forget the study where it must have been elaborate. The prolegomena are but slight, so slight in fact that they leave a sense of incompleteness. Some problems much to the fore recently ought, at least to have been touched upon. Some reference to the Babylonian Job of

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M. Jastrow was expected. Some discussion of the attempt to restore the system of Strophes and Antistrophes of the original, or at least the correct metre of the lines could be asked for. One gets the impression that, apart from half a dozen names, the author has trusted to very restricted reading of other people's labours on this book. The Elihu speeches are rejected as not a part of the original poem, and this rather lightly and airily, without reference to two recent studies of importance, one by a Catholic, W. Posselt, *Der Verfasser der Elihu Reden* (Bibl. Stud. xiv, 3, Freib., 1910) the other by H. H. Nichols, *The Composition of the Elihu Speeches* (Am. Journ., Sem. Lit., 1911). The reader does not quite realize why such first-class studies as F. Delitzsch, *Das Buch Hiob neu übersetzt and kurz erklärt* (Leipzig, 1902), is not extensively used, whereas F. Delitzsch, *Das Buch Hiob*, 1864 (Eng. tr., 1866), is referred to in the list of literature consulted. Surprising too is the omission of the monumental Catholic Commentary by Joseph Hontheim (Freib., 1904), and such studies as F. de Moor's *Etude sur le livre de Job* (Science Cath., 1904). One noticed also the same omission of Hontheim's name in A. S. Peake's *Commentary*, but knew this must be due to the fact that the two commentaries were published in the same year. It must be obvious to any impartial judge that Bardenhewer's series of *Biblische Studien* are of the same standard of scholarship as Harnack's *Texte und Untersuchungen*, yet the appearance of a work in the latter series is sufficient to introduce it to the English-speaking world; the other is passed over. As in matter of clothing, Paris fashion sets the tone, have we to say that in matter of scholarship, Berlin fashion rules England? The one series is Catholic, the other is not, can this have something to do with the matter? Would it not be useful even in Scotland to remember that Germany and France possess Catholic scholars?

The book rings untrue to the ear of a Catholic in many ways. The writer is evidently a sound dogma-hater. His horror of orthodoxy is apparent in numberless passages. In fact "dogma" is King Charles's head to him. "Job differs from his friends in that he is not the possessor of a formal theological creed, but a seeker after truth." Zophar's speech in Ch. xx is "the natural outcome of the dogmatic rabies which devours the innocent with the guilty, the fanatical perversity which changes the truth of God into a lie." Job's comforters "become so enmeshed in scholastic jargon that they cease to be conscious of the poignant realities with which they trifle." Job utters an "impressive protest against absolutism in theology," and suffering from "the cruelty inflicted in the name of orthodoxy," he is pathetically interrogated: "Will his creed or his conscience win the day?" "Whatever rests on authority remains only supposition. You have an opinion when you think what others think. You *know*, when you feel." And so up and down the book till the anti-dogmatic rabies gets a little on the reader's nerves. The reader moreover guesses what the great obnoxious dogma in the eyes of Mr Strahan is when (on p. 155) he approvingly quotes a stanza of Tennyson's *Despair*: "The God of Love and of Hell together—they cannot be thought, if there be

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such a God, may the Great God curse him and bring him to nought!" Mr Strahan credits Job with the "strange and paradoxical idea, that God who manifests himself on earth is against him, the God, who reigns on high is on his side, witnessing and ready to vouch for his innocence," he ascribes to Job "the idea of vengeance upon God." But Ch. xvi, 19, is an all too slender support for such an unusual interpretation. The author quotes with approval the words of R. H. Charles: "It was a momentous step when the soul in its relations to God ventured to take its stand upon itself and to trust itself," and he sees this attitude exemplified in the Book of Job; no doubt Job is convinced of his integrity, but the older interpretation rings truer, namely, that the thought of the book culminates in such sentences as: "though He slay me, yet will I wait on Him"; "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The Book of Job is the triumph of man's trust in God, not of man's trust in himself. Mr Strahan starts with convictions which he will find it hard to prove, first, that it had been agelong orthodox dogma, that all divine retribution comes during this lifetime; secondly that the Jews had not the remotest thought of immortality. Even in commenting on the sublime passage, Ch. xix, 26, he makes Smend's words his own: "Of an eternal life after death he says nothing." If the Jews in 450 B.C. possessed not a glimpse of the hope of immortality, one begins to wonder when indeed the thought began to dawn upon their minds. The Maccabean martyrs, Eleazar and the mother with her seven sons, died, I suppose, in hope of immortality. When, during the intervening centuries, did this interesting belief first arise in a Jewish mind? After all only 200 years and less lie between Elihu's speeches and the days of the Maccabees. What indeed can a Jew have meant by the last two verses of Psalm xvi if he knew nothing of immortality? Or must this Psalm be written long after 450 B.C. just because it contains the hope of immortality? That the Jews had but a dim and vague knowledge of the life after death, which life only became clear through the Resurrection of Christ, is granted on all hands, but this is different from an agelong dogma and fanatical orthodoxy asserting that there was no retribution after death.

Der alttestamentliche Prophetismus. (Drei Studien von D. Ernst Sellin. Leipzig, A. Deichert, 1912. M. 4.80, geb. 5.80.) These three studies mark an important development in German research on the character of the Old Testament prophets. Perhaps I should not have said development for they rather constitute a return to the ancient and true understanding of these prophets, which believing Jews and Christians have possessed for over two thousand years. It is a remarkable and most refreshing book, though full of technicalities; even its style strikes you with its noble force, and carries you with it. Perhaps this is due to the fact that these studies were in substance once orally delivered lectures. They try to show that the Old Testament prophets really prophesied, and that not merely some immediately immanent political events, but some great far-off event: the coming of the God of Israel, His judgment on His apostate

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people, the Salvation of a Remnant, the Enthronement of His Divine yet Human Majesty in the Kingdom of Everlasting Righteousness. In fact, they, being somehow inspired by God, foreknew and foretold the broad outline of Messianic history. The book contains a great deal which no Catholic could readily endorse; on the other hand it is a bold thing for a scholar of Sellin's world-wide repute boldly to go counter to the seemingly overwhelming tendency of present-day German research, and of which we have in England a warning instance in *The International Critical Commentary*. Dr Sellin brings out well how the great Messianic hope of Israel was not a thing of later growth, extraneous and adventitious to the original religion of the Chosen People, a thing which grew mostly out of Israel's misfortunes when all true patriots naturally looked out for a restoration, and for some great future king, who should crush their enemies. He shows how through divine revelation, Israel knew that the God who had been manifested on Mount Sinai was to come again to be the Judge of all the earth. This revelation was the given point from which all further prophetic activity took its rise. The prophets were not merely righteous, far-seeing and noble politicians, who by a sort of clairvoyance, providentially guessed the development of the immediate political horizon in Western Asia for a few years. They on the contrary, preached the one great definite future event of which Israel knew, and through some supernatural intervention obtained knowledge of some of its more precise details. He points out how all attempts to show that similar expectations existed in neighbouring nations have really failed; and he goes through a number of parallels usually suggested, and shows their unsatisfactory character. The interesting question is discussed *how* God bestowed this supernatural knowledge on His chosen servants; what, as it were, were their instruments and apparatus for divination; how did God speak to the prophets? One is somewhat disappointed when quite at the end of the book in answer to the query, whether or not there are unfulfilled prophecies in the Old Testament, whether, in other words, Israel's true prophets ever falsely prophesied, mistaking their own human guesses for divine inspiration, the author deliberately answers: yes. He instances: Ezechiel's temple vision, the return of the Ten Tribes, the conversion of Cyrus and the destruction of Babylon by him, the prophecies to Zerubbabel, and the carrying of earth's treasures to the temple at Jerusalem. He comforts himself with the thought that these are only minor points, and do not really affect the main outline of Old Testament prophecy, which remains divinely revealed truth. The arbitrary admission of such a mixture of truth and error in the sacred writings of Israel's prophets, however low the percentage of error, seems disastrous to the whole thesis of the book. A man of such keen insight in the spirit of Old Testament prophecy as Dr Sellin should either have proposed some solution of these so-called unfulfilled prophecies, or the very strength of his own argumentation throughout the book have caused him to suspend his judgment on points so destructive of the truth he champions.

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A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi and Jonah, by Hinckley G. Mitchell, D.D., John Merlin Powis Smith, Ph.D., Julius A. Brewer, Ph.D.

The International Critical Commentary (T. T. Clark, Edinburgh, 1912, 10s. 6d.) typifies the application of principles concerning Old Testament prophecy, directly opposed to those of Dr Sellin. Aggeus, Zachary and Malachy receive from their commentators indeed a more mild and merciful treatment than Amos and Osee in this same series received from Dr Harper. Nor is the text treated with such arbitrariness and utter disregard for literary realities, but of the ancient historic concept of prophecy not a vestige remains. This is perhaps not so noticeable in the commentary on Aggeus, as this prophet does indeed limit himself to the immediate future, but it is especially remarkable in the so-called Deutero-Zachariah (Zach. Chs. ix-xiv), a compilation ascribed to the time shortly preceding the Maccabean rising. The careless shepherd of Ch. xi is Ptolemy III, 247-222 B.C., "they that buy" the people are the tax-gatherers employed by Egypt; the three shepherds cut off in one month are Antiochus III, Seleucus IV and Heliodorus, rulers of Syria; the foolish shepherd is Ptolemy IV, Philopator. The great sufferer (Ch. xii, 9-14) to whom refers the famous text: "They shall look on Him, whom they pierced," is some unknown personality already then belonging to some historic past, or "perhaps the author of this difficult passage took the servant of Yahweh in Second Isaiah for an historical figure, otherwise nameless, who had died a martyr's death," or the most attractive suggestion is that the object of consideration in the clause quoted is not a single unfortunate individual, but a considerable number of godly persons, who have perished by violence. The possibility of a reference to Christ crucified, endorsed by the New Testament and the whole of Christendom, is at once ruled out because "pierced" stands in the Hebrew perfect not in the imperfect. If this "piercing" was thought as still future in the days of Deutero-Zachary, the writer ought to have written, so thinks Dr Smith, "they shall look on him, whom they shall pierce." One would have thought that the victim must first have been pierced before he could become the object of the mocking or repenting gaze of his enemies, and that thus "pierced" was past in relation to the "looking," though the "looking" is in the future. As the Hebrew possesses no *futurum exactum* Dr Smith will find it difficult to prove that the Hebrew perfect cannot be used for this tense.

Samson. Eine Untersuchung des Historischen Charakters von Richt. XIII-XVI von Dr Edmund Kalt. (Freiburg. i. B. Herder, 2s. 6d.)

Few figures in Old Testament history have received more strange and wonderful explanations during the last dozen years or so than Samson and Dalilah. The mere enumerations of the various attempts at exegesis of these few chapters of the Book of Judges is significant and instructive. Samson is the Egyptian Ra, Dalilah Tafenet, the Philistines the Sons of Setis. The story of Samson and Dalilah dates from the time that the sun

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went through the Sign of Leo in the heavens, during the Honeymoon May, i.e., c. 4000 B.C. Samson is a Cyclopean Man-eater mythologically represented as a fox. Samson is the Greek Hercules, the Babylonian Gilgamesh, the Indian Firegod Kalas, the immortal Kashtshy of Russian folklore. The ass's jawbone is an archaic word for "strength," it is a place-name in Palestine, a mythological cryptogram for divination, a ray of light of Chem-hor the rejuvenated Ra; it is a mountain ridge, it is a deep cleft in the earth, the abyss of Nun, etc., etc. Dr Kalt's sobriety and common sense in dealing with this matter is refreshing, and one rejoices to get away from the obsession of astral myths to plain history and sanity of judgment. The hundred pages of this thorough and painstaking study are a real furtherance to the understanding of the Book of Judges.

The Government of the Church in the First Century. An essay on the beginnings of the Christian Ministry. Presented to the Theological Faculty of St Patrick's College, Maynooth, as a thesis for the Degree of Doctor. Rev. W. Moran. (Dublin, Gill and Son, 1913. 6s.)

This excellent study on a much discussed problem is a cheering sign of the times. First, because it augurates well of the Theological Faculty of Maynooth. The bestowal of its divinity degrees is thus shown to depend not merely on the passing of an examination, but also on the exhibition of such scholarship as is required for the writing of a dissertation. Without reflecting on the practice of the Roman schools, which grant their degrees on examinations or "Defence" only, one cannot but rejoice that this additional test is required at Maynooth, as it is at Louvain and at the Catholic Faculties of German Universities. Many a brilliant mind, trained in the Roman schools in that lucidity and acumen of reasoning, which is their great characteristic, none the less remains less fruitful in after life, because it has not gone through the first agony and labour of "authorship." Secondly, the dissertation is one of such sobriety and thoroughness that it forms a lasting and real acquisition to English scholarship on this difficult problem. As our sources of information as to the government of the Church in the first century are mainly to be found in the inspired writings, the book is principally one of exegesis of such New Testament passages as throw light on the problem of jurisdiction and orders in apostolic times. On the other hand sub-apostolic writings are abundantly and carefully investigated, and all available sources are drawn upon. The question of the Papacy is not touched upon; the special position of St Peter in the New Testament and of Linus, Anencletus, Clement and Evaristus in the first century, except in so far as was necessary to show a monarchical episcopate at Rome, is not referred to. This omission was clearly necessitated by circumstances, as the question of the Primacy of Rome is one of such importance and extent as to have necessitated another volume. Yet it would have been well, had this been more definitely stated; one almost gets the impression as if there were no Papacy in the first century. The author's conclusions may be summarized as follows: The churches founded by St Paul received a

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collegiate and not a monarchical episcopate from the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Whether, however, this "College of Overseers" in the Pauline missionary foundations possessed what we now call bishop's, or only priest's Orders must remain an open question; though on the whole the writer seems to incline to the view that they were only priests, and that St Paul ordained to the episcopate proper only those apostolic delegates such as Timothy, Titus, Cresceus, Luke or Archippus. Even if the members of the College of Presbyters possessed the power to transmit orders, St Paul evidently excludes the exercise of such powers, and gives the necessary jurisdiction only to a few specially trusted disciples. He wisely judged that it was unsafe to leave the authority to make bishops in missionary centres of only a few months standing. Such Pauline churches governed by a "Presbytery" continued to exist, say at Thessalonika, till well in the second century. On the other hand, the great Sees, such as Rome, Antioch, Jerusalem, Alexandria, certainly possessed a monarchical episcopate long before the end of the first century. St John the Apostle seems to have created the monarchical episcopate in the churches of Asia Minor. Thus from Asia and from the great Sees this mode of Church government quickly spread, till, by the end of the second century, the quondam existence of a collegiate episcopate had sunk in oblivion. The standing of "prophets and doctors" in the early Church, and their respective functions is also admirably discussed. The book is a model of lucidity and, with all its thoroughness, pleasant to read.

The Epistle to the Ephesians. An Encyclical of St Paul. Translated from a revised Greek text and explained for English readers. Rev. G. S. Hitchcock, D.D. (London. Burns and Oates, 7s. 6d.)

The unconventionality of this commentary is so striking that the reader may well be excused if at first he feel somewhat alarmed and uncomfortable in perusing the substantial volume. On the other hand its brilliancy and freshness, and, withal, its erudition are so attractive that those who overcome their first surprise are not likely to lay the book aside till they have gone quite through it.

The book is not one elaborated merely by a scholar in his study, it is more that of an experienced preacher discoursing leisurely, yet learnedly, on the words of St Paul, and bringing in illustrations, explanations, parallels and similitudes from every field of knowledge and experience. An index of names, were it added, would read like a list of celebrities at the end of a volume on universal history. The single page of General Index (533) is useless and meaningless. It is a pity that the author deems it necessary to add to every sigil of a manuscript, some adjective descriptive of its character or provenance, as follows Sinaitic Aleph, Vatican B, Claromontanus D, Sangerman E, Muscovian K, Angelic L, Augien F, Boernerian G, Demidovianus of Cent XII, and so on *usque ad infinitum*, and this not only on the first occurrence of the MS., but whensoever it is mentioned. This may be a good experiment to teach students the origin of the MSS., and to imprint the lesson on their memory, but is somewhat

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wearisome for the usual reader. The author sets himself the task to translate from the Greek not merely closely, but so mechanically as to add the article in square brackets whenever English idiom requires it, though absent in the Greek, or to add "ones" in brackets, to express the plural of a Greek adjective used as a noun, such as: "holy [ones]." The system of Hebrew parallelism is also applied throughout, so as to divide almost every sentence in two parallel sections. Though doubtless St Paul was largely influenced in his style by this Hebrew mode of speech, it seems very unlikely that he should have been influenced to that extent as to be unable to utter a sentence not divisible in parallel sections, and thus Dr Hitchcock introduces an element of artificiality, which mars the smoothness of the text. One never gets the impression of the Epistle as a whole, nor even of some important part thereof viewed as a paragraph in its entirety. Pages of commentary follow a few words, till another dozen words are given followed by as many pages of discussion. One sometimes gets the impression as if the author wished to cram as much information of all kinds together as possible, as for instance when explaining the word "buying out" he refers to "the Martyrdom of Polycarp" II, 3, and at once adds the date: Saturday the 23rd of February, 155.

The commentary evidently presupposes a layman as reader, who needs every, even the most elementary information. The author is clearly at his best when applying St Paul's words to our modern circumstances, when he can quote Pythagoras and Bradley, Meredith and Browning, Marx and Bakunin, Gore, and the Rev. John Newton delivering a sermon "in St Paul's Deptford on Sunday, May 7, 1786, after the death of Richard Conyers, LL.D., late Rector of that Parish." The book keeps its quaint attractiveness throughout, and when one has finished one may be somewhat tired of following the author in so many by-paths, and of reading so many Greek words transliterated in Latin characters, and seeing so many parentheses, and hyphens and brackets, yet St Paul and his times and his great Encyclical are nearer and dearer as reward for one's perseverance.

St Paul and Justification. Being an exposition of the teaching in the Epistle to Rome and Galatia. Frederick Brooke Westcott. (Macmillan, London, 1913.)

In the Prefatory Notes the author states that "this little work is put forth with great hesitation, and serious searching of heart." "Of erudition in these pages very little will be found." "May the little book be found of use by some one." Unfortunately the style and the price of the book is somewhat ambitious for so modest a preface. Its contents are indeed but slight, and its 400 pages might easily have been compressed into less than 200, if less lavishly printed. The tone is almost conversational; the author tells us that he was very happy as a schoolmaster (p. 392), and he ends the book with the phrase *claudite jam rivos pueri*. The book does indeed impress one as free and easy and somewhat fatherly talk about Romans and Galatians to a class of youthful Greek scholars.

J. P. ARENDZEN.

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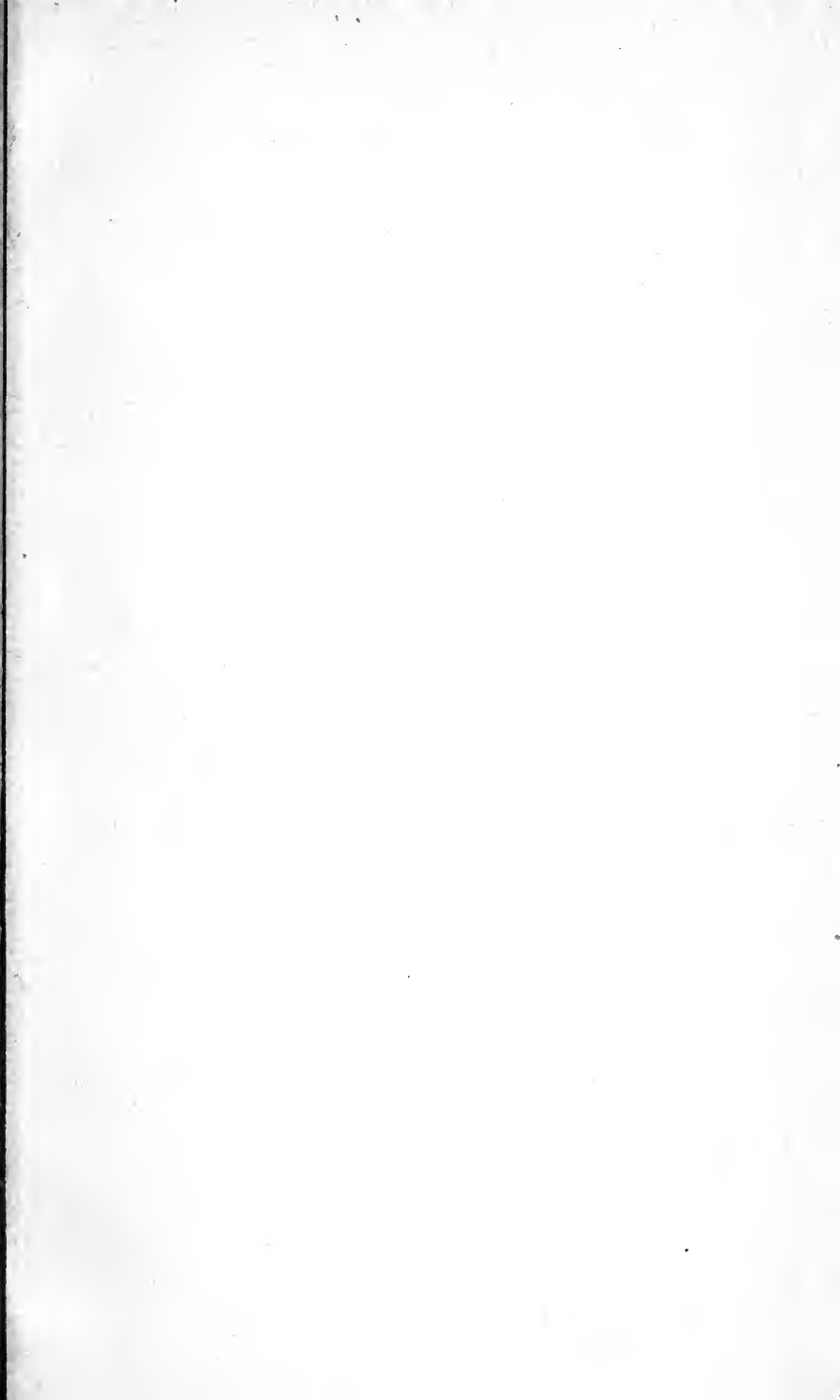
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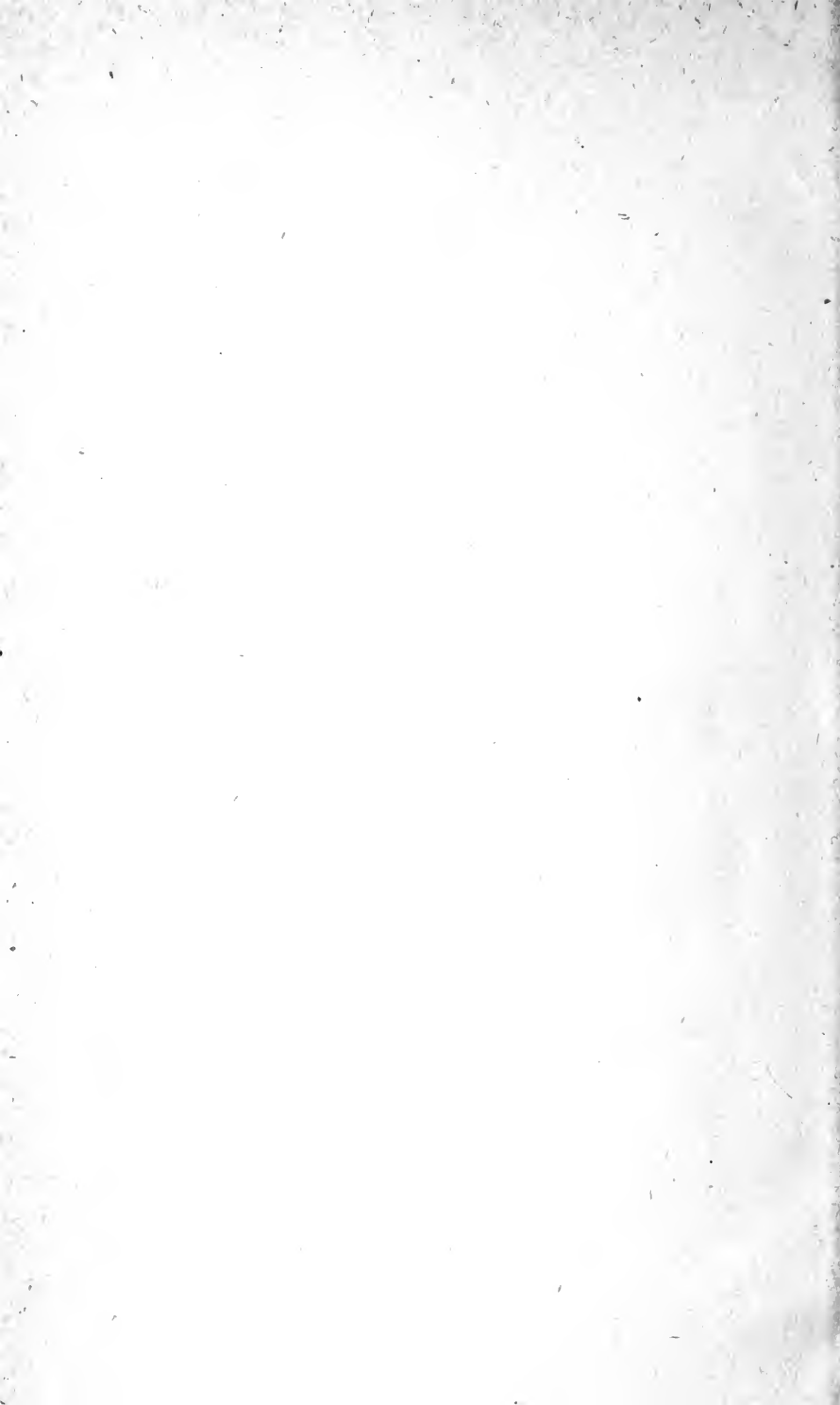


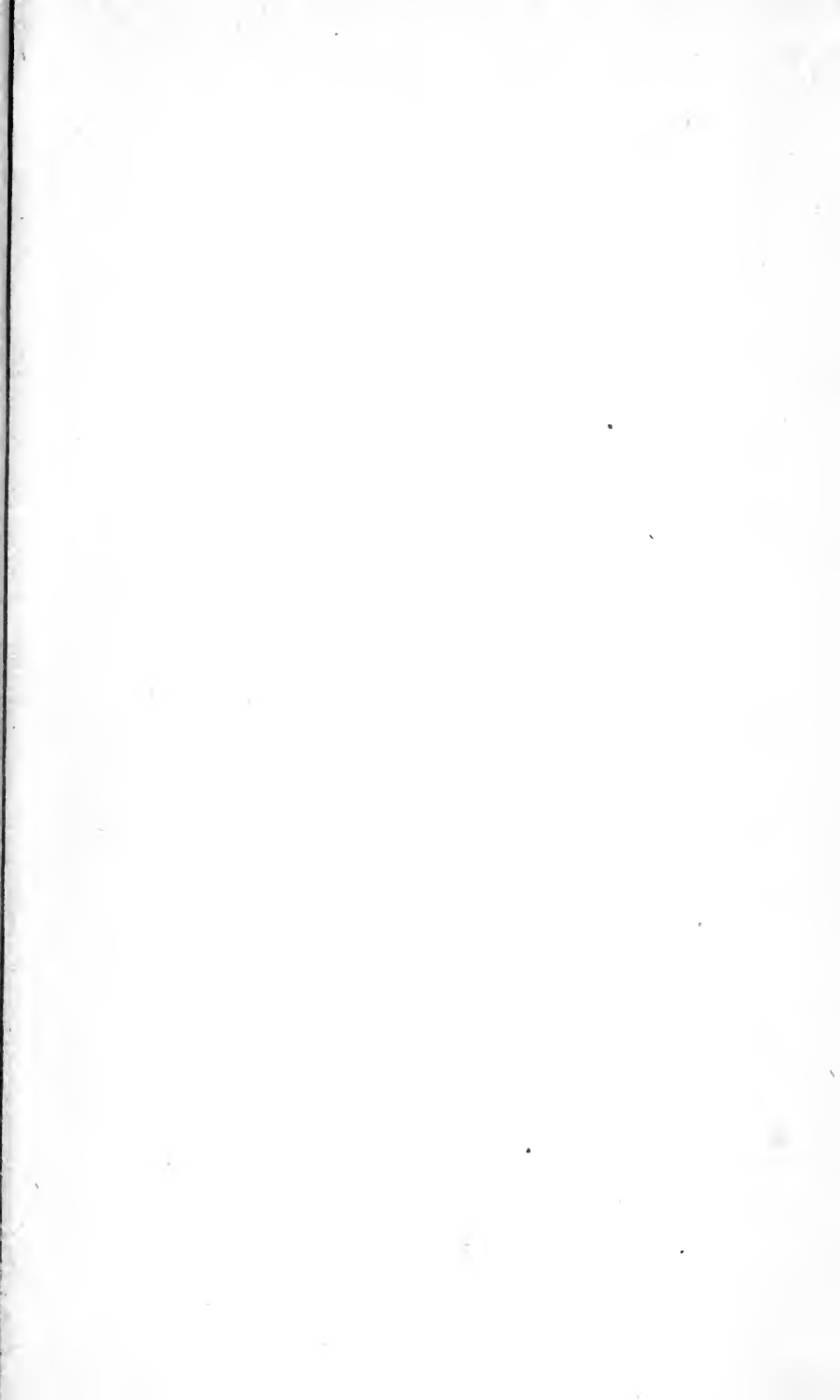
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