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Feb. 2.

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I beg to thank you very heartily
for "The Catholic Who's Who".

It seems to me most admirably
done: the information at the
end is surprisingly to the point,
& interesting.

Yours faithfully,

R. Knight Benson

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GERMANY'S GREAT FAILURE

AT the time of writing, the war has been in progress for a period of little less than four months. Yet thus early, if our imagination will permit us to bring to bear upon the situation the "eye of history," we may see that certain facts decisively favourable to the Allies have emerged. The central fact is that Germany has been totally thwarted in what was her main and frankly avowed purpose. She has not been able to deliver that swift and shattering blow at France, which was to enable her quickly to turn about, and concentrate her full forces against the gathering legions of Russia in the East. It is her greatest enemy, time, controlled by the patient strategy of the Allies, that has produced this clearly decisive result. And it is to the passing of time, with all that we can reasonably expect from this process, that we may look to accomplish the complete downfall of our foes, the utter hopelessness of whose cause is now so plainly manifest. It will be within recollection that, so soon as it was evident that peace could no longer be preserved, the Germans themselves published to the whole world their treacherous plans. The Imperial Chancellor, in seeking to justify the army's intention to "hack" its way through Belgium, that it might the more easily reach the throat of France, urged that his country's necessity knew no law. Previously he had told the British Ambassador, that for strategical purposes it was a matter of life and death for Germany to violate the neutrality of Belgium. About the same time, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs remarked to Sir Edward Goschen: "We have the speed, and Russia has the numbers, and the safety of the German Empire forbids that Germany shall allow Russia time to bring up masses of troops from all parts of her wide dominions." Finally, the Belgian State Paper recently published, containing the speech of M. de Brocqueville at a secret session of the Parliament held

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in 1913, reveals the important historical fact, that Germany added 300,000 men to her army, so that in the event of hostilities she might be enabled "to break through Belgium." Thereupon, Belgium initiated counter-measures, the complete fulfilment of which time alone prevented her from carrying out. The inference is certainly not unwarranted that Germany anticipated the armed resistance of Belgium. Hence the large additions to the army, so as to be prepared for the operation of "breaking through." Where Germany grievously erred was in underestimating the extent and character of Belgian resistance, a mistake clearly exhibited in this confident plan "to break through" such resistance. Also, it is to be assumed that France and England were fully acquainted with German designs. For the Belgian War Minister, in giving the information already mentioned to Parliament, remarked, "this we learned from various Powers, and our uneasiness was made the greater by the fact that plans were communicated to us."

As far as the present article is concerned, these last points are somewhat of a digression. In an historical sense, however, they are extremely important, because in not a few quarters it has been urged that Germany did not anticipate any armed resistance from Belgium, and that France, on her part, was completely taken by surprise, as a consequence of the delivery of the German attack from the direction of Belgium. What is quite relevant to our immediate theme, is the fact, that before the war Germany in her strategical calculations made elaborate preparations for the violation of Belgium's neutrality, and that, so soon as war began, she hastened to justify her crime on the score of the extreme urgency of her position. Yet, in spite of the paramount need for seizing the initiative with which it was confronted at the very outset, there is on record abundant evidence to show that the German General Staff felt fully confident of its ability to deal with the worst possible situation that it conceived as likely to arise, namely the hostility of all three Powers composing the Triple Entente. But, as we have seen, in

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order that success might attend its plan, it was vitally necessary that Belgium should be invaded, and France beaten to her knees before the Russian hosts threatened Germany. From the point of view of resistance on land, England, like Belgium, was regarded as a negligible quantity.

If all the foregoing circumstances are borne prominently in mind the realization is brought vividly home to us, that the Germans have failed in their great objective. Whenever, in pursuance of this great objective, they essayed important military enterprises they were ultimately defeated and thrown back. The wonderful march to Paris ended in the retreat of the Marne. The rush on Nancy was stayed. The successive attempts—often carried out in the presence of the “Most High”—to break through the Allied line, that Calais might be reached and the enemy's flank turned, were always repulsed. The two attempts to reach Warsaw terminated in real disaster. Thus the bankruptcy of German aggressiveness is clearly revealed. Any offensive methods which the enemy may now resort to will merely be indicative of a strategic defensive. For the German School believes that, under all conditions, the attacking power of the army must be developed. But, whatever may be attempted in this direction, the situation is now so clear in East, as well as in West, as to render it certain, that for Germany even to retrieve a small portion of her fallen fortunes is beyond human possibility. She is finally thwarted, though as yet, it must be added, far from beaten.

Nor can we doubt that the rulers of Germany are to-day under any delusions as to her plight. Let us repeat their words. It was, so they said, a matter of life and death for Germany to sweep through Belgium that she might deal a mortal thrust at France before Russia's millions took the field. Germany, they declared, had the speed, Russia the slowly-gathering numbers. Since then four months have passed, four fateful months for Germany. Instead of being able, as her strategists confidently predicted

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would be the case, to parry one enemy while annihilating the other, she and her allies are isolated in a world of enemies, whose power and might are growing hourly. All the advantages which her plan sought to utilize have now passed away, and the odds are heavily against her. For she has lost that speed, the urgent importance of which Herr von Jagow emphasized so much in his conversation with the British Ambassador, and Russia now has both the speed and those numbers which Germany dreads, while France, far from being "out of the fight," has renewed her military glory and is proving herself to be an invincible foe.

Numerous other factors which have helped materially to foil German designs could be discussed as, for example, British and Belgian aid. But our principal aim for the present is to make clear how completely has been destroyed the main purpose of German strategy, which was to defeat France before Russia assumed the shape of a menace. Clausevitz taught that the three principal objects in war were (1) To conquer and destroy the enemy's armed forces, (2) To get possession of the material elements of aggression and of the other sources of existence of the hostile army, and (3) To gain public opinion. To secure the first two objects no time was to be lost, and the utmost energy was necessary. For the last—to gain public opinion—victories were essential. Viewed in the light of the standards set up by their own military teacher the failure of the Germans, then, is palpable. Equally, perhaps, it may be urged that, following the same process of reasoning, the Allies have not made considerable progress. It is perfectly true that they have only destroyed a portion of the enemy's forces, but by maintaining at sea a close blockade of his coasts, they have to a large extent got "possession of the material elements of aggression, and the other sources of existence of the hostile army." Also, they have succeeded in retaining public opinion, which, at the outset, inclined to their side—partially, no doubt, because it is manifest to all the world that Germany's failure to attain her main objective is

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definite and final, and that with the passing of time, the sure process of attrition is bound to accomplish her irretrievable ruin.

The dictums of Clausewitz were addressed to Germany, and they apply particularly to the case of Germany at the outbreak of this war—the critical need for haste, the urgent demand for the utmost energy. On their side, the Allies were not at that time impelled to efforts so stupendous as those required from the enemy. Yet it has been shown that, even if we regard their achievements in the light of the precepts of the great German military philosopher, the balance of gain is heavily on their side. But the test of success here suggested is, after all, of minor interest, compared with the supremely important fact upon which the whole discussion from beginning to end reposes, and upon which it is impossible to lay too much stress. This fact is the abundantly demonstrated failure of the Germans to attain the end towards which their whole strategical plan and careful preparation was directed.

History, we venture to think, will record that the decisive moment in the campaign was that which saw the Germans, after having prematurely transferred large numbers of men to the eastern front, retire from the vicinity of Paris to the Aisne. Not a little disappointment was expressed at the relatively small captures of men and material on this occasion—the occasion of the battle of the Marne. But the immense importance of the victory then gained by the Allies, was not to be measured in statistics concerning the booty taken. At Liao Yang, when Kuropatkin was compelled to beat a retreat, the Japanese captures of men and material were also small. Nevertheless, the reports of German General Staff officers, present at that engagement, record the conviction that it was the decisive action in the Manchurian War. Many fierce battles were afterwards contested, but the decision of Liao Yang was never reversed. By this time not a few stern truths must have been borne in upon the “Great Head-quarters” of the German

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Army. Of all these truths none can be more disheartening than that the results of the battle of the Marne carry a close resemblance to those which attended the battle of Liao Yang, a battle which German officers did not hesitate, as we have just said, to describe as decisive in the Manchurian Campaign. In France, the legions of the enemy marched to a point almost within sight of Paris—that city of fatal allurements, which for years past had occupied all their dreams and visions—only then to be thrust back into the morass of Flanders. It is true that, as yet, they are arrayed, so to speak, with their faces grimly set towards France, but the day cannot be far distant when, to accelerate the pace of their retirement, they must turn their backs upon their enemies, thus making known to all the world acknowledgment of final defeat.

In these troubled times undue optimism is no less injurious to national interests than excessive depression. Yet somehow, after surveying calmly the general situation, we have felt justified in discussing what may definitely be called the "great failure" of Germany to attain her principal objective. None the less we are fully conscious of the need for sustained effort, if this German defeat is to be converted into that German *débâcle* which alone can end the war. At the same time it is not to be denied that the Allies are entitled to regard, with abundant pride and genuine relief, the results of the first period of the world campaign. Properly speaking, however, these natural feelings of elation should be kept within the bounds of moderation. Indeed, it would be as well were they restricted to enthusiastic appreciation of the valiant achievements of our fighting men. For if we pay heed to those fundamental conditions which have enabled us to attain to superiority over our enemies, then perhaps a salutary realization of the sense of proportion will tame anything in the nature of exuberant joy. Not a single victory of the Allies has been gained without moments of the gravest anxiety being experienced. Always it was a case of "touch and go," always every available

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ounce of weight had to be thrown into the scales to turn the balance.

In spite of its failure to achieve its main objective, the German Army has proved itself in every respect to be an aggressive force of superb efficiency, the mightiest fighting machine of its kind in the world. It has failed, let us ever bear in mind, for no other reason than that the task which it was set to perform by politicians was so colossal as to be beyond all human accomplishment. Germany is now, to her cost, experiencing the truth of Bismarck's trite saying: "Illusions are the greatest danger of the diplomats." The Germans believed in the superman. In their overweening vanity they imagined that they themselves were a race of supermen. Confidently they felt, as we have already said, that they could dispose of France in time to turn round and repel Russia. England's participation in the war no doubt seriously disconcerted them, because of England's strength on sea. But it certainly did not bring dismay to them, for they fully believed that, by establishing military domination on the Continent, they would automatically reduce England to terms. Likewise, Belgium's hostility was disconcerting, but to meet this disagreeable development there were the three hundred thousand men added to the army, to which allusion has been made. We come then to the conclusion, that so mighty was the military machine of modern Germany that it was beyond the capacity of its creators to understand the limits of its power. Pride in the monster character of their work deprived them of all neutral vision. At times the politicians exhibited symptoms of disquietude concerning the future of Germany, but always the military party was overwhelmingly confident.

When Bernhardt wrote: "Germany's next war is to be for world-power or downfall," it certainly never occurred to him that this last fate was to be reserved for his country. Altogether ignored or forgotten were the teachings of the past, when these did not suit the purpose in view. It was no less illustrious an authority than Frederick

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the Great himself, who handed down this pregnant message to the Prussian Empire: "Of all neighbours of Prussia the Russian Empire is the most dangerous, both by its power and its geographical position, and those who will rule Prussia after me should cultivate the friendship of those barbarians, because they are able to ruin Prussia altogether through the immense number of their mounted troops, while one cannot requite them for the damage which they may do, because of the poverty of that part of Russia which is nearest to Prussia, and through which one has to pass, in order to get into the Ukraine." Then, if we refer to the German policy of a later period, we find that the famous Moltke, fearing the Russian menace from the east, held that the line Luxemburg-Belfort was long enough, and that, consequently, the neutrality of Belgium conferred an advantage rather than otherwise upon Germany. *The Times'* military correspondent has opportunely reminded us that this great strategist always used to say that he could hold the Rhine frontier against almost any army that could be brought into the field, and that, if Germany wished to defeat Russia decisively, the Rhine was her best chance in the West. Reading now, in the light of all that has recently happened, German wisdom of former days, we cannot fail to realize how far-seeing were the founders of the German Empire compared with those arrogant men upon whom will fall the awful blame of having worked its destruction. These last it was who could set no limits to the power of their race, and the contempt in which they held their enemies was profound.

Let us once again, even at the expense of monotony, refer to the strident views of Bernhardt. Foreshadowing the violation of Belgium's neutrality, he urged speciously that it was a question whether all political treaties which were concluded at the beginning of last century, under quite other conditions—in fact, under a different conception of what constitutes a State—can, or ought to be, permanently observed. "Neutrality is only a paper bulwark," he observed. Belgium was to be destroyed, in

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order that, in his words, "France may be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path." Then, so far as England was concerned, Bernhardi was confident that "one way or another Germany will become master of the English fleet, and win freedom of the seas." The English Army was not regarded seriously. "It is very questionable whether it is capable of acting on the offensive against Continental European troops," was the verdict of this Prussian General. And finally, turning towards Russia, he gave expression to the following view: "There can be little idea of a united outburst of the national spirit which would enable an offensive war to be carried on with persistent vigour. . . . It can hardly be presumed that the spirit of Russian generalship has changed since the defeats in Manchuria." To recall now these expressions of opinion on the part of our enemies, enables us to gain some idea as to how bitter must be the measure of their chagrin to-day at being so totally thwarted. Therefore it is more than ever evident that the magnificent courage with which Germany is at present fighting is born of despair. She is straining to avert the only calamity which she herself predicted could conceivably accompany her failure, the terrible calamity of downfall. "We shall never," declared Mr Asquith, "sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn . . . until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

Already then, after four months of conflict, Germany is at bay. Henceforth she will find that the business of war, which she alone among the nations deliberately exalted, will be shorn of all its grandeur, and not a little of its glory. For it is inevitable that soon she must undergo a period of national agony such as few States in history have suffered.

Yet while we all do not doubt what will be the end of the war, it is no less certain that none can confidently foretell when this end will come. Naturally enough, it is a question that is upon every one's lips, the question: "How long will the war last?" The period of acute

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anxiety is largely over. That World Power which Germany sought has been denied her. But there yet remains before the Allies the gigantic task of bringing about her downfall. Viewed in that sense, the struggle has only just begun. Were we to be content with anything less than the "final destruction of the military domination of Prussia," then doubtless we could have peace to-morrow. As we have insisted all along, the rulers of Germany know that victory cannot now crown their arms. But they do not regard the situation as bad enough to compel them to submit to the Allies' terms. They still have hopes that a military stalemate may be created, and that exhaustion on both sides will produce a premature peace. They are clinging to Belgium, that they may have something to show for their failure, and something wherewith to bargain in the remote contingency that their enemies relent. They would have wished to add to their doubtful assets a military occupation of Poland and Servia, but in these regions their failure has been even more marked than is the case in the western theatre of war. Nor must it be imagined that purely strategical reasons have altogether dictated the modest retirement of the German navy from a too active participation in the war. Doubtless the officers and men are anxious enough to come to grips with their British enemy, but the diplomatists, who are in control of what is termed "higher policy," recognize the possible value a "fleet in being" might have as a weapon for exercising silent pressure, were the Allies to be drawn into peace negotiations. Also, this "fleet in being" is rightly considered to be essential, if Germany is not altogether to be eliminated as a first-class nation and, if it can possibly be retained, is moreover at least a basis of expanding power, such as constitutes a perpetual menace to Germany's greatest enemy, England.

To break off the struggle now, when such advantages might be retained, Germany would make enormous sacrifices. Already France has been offered Alsace and part of Lorraine if she would betray her allies. When these overtures were rejected, attempts were made to

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corrupt Russia, and once again, as might only be expected, the German agents received a rebuff. With the same object in view we find that in America the German publicity campaign has taken a subtle turn. With pious unctiousness, the horrors and iniquities of war are dwelt upon, the ideal of universal peace among the nations is cleverly exploited, and it is sought to promote a powerful demand for the cessation of European hostilities on ethical or religious grounds alone. Yet it was Treitschke who wrote: "God will see to it, that war always recurs as a drastic medicine for the human race," and his disciple, Bernhardt, who commented: "Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war." But words need not be wasted upon this clear manifestation of German hypocrisy, due, no doubt, to that "stern necessity," which, it is always claimed, justifies German policy. It is enough to say that Americans thoroughly understand the Prussian creed of barbarism, and are not in the least likely to be swayed in their sympathies by the whinings of an unrepentant sinner upon whom has fallen heavily the hand of retribution.

To us the only importance of all these attempts to break off the war—and it is not to be underestimated—lies solely in the plain indication conveyed, that Germany is willing to accept defeat. She may desire to call defeat by another name, as for instance, "a draw," but the simple fact remains the same, and as such is sufficiently significant for the Allies and for history. Here we find ourselves in possession of a real clue to the detestation for England which has lately gathered tremendous force everywhere in Germany, and to the intrusion of political considerations into the domain of military strategy, as exhibited in the desperate attempts of the German forces to destroy our communications in Northern France, and to occupy French territory within sight of Dover. Also, here we have the motive underlying the scatter-brained project for the invasion of England, concerning which so much has been heard of late. Nor must we be astonished if, as a forlorn adventure, the

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Germans do attempt something of the kind, for they are desperately anxious to strike terror into the heart of public opinion in this country, in the belief that by so doing they would cause the weaker individuals in the community to cry out, "Stop the war!"

It is England that is solely blamed for the perpetuation of hostilities. It is at her bidding alone that the grip is slowly tightening upon the throat of an enemy who, though yet defiant of expression, is already battling visibly for life's breath. But for England, the Germans think that they could succeed in shaking off this suffocating grip, and that, by offering to evacuate territory which never securely belonged to them, they could maintain, if not peace with honour, at least peace with some semblance of pride. Hence their leaders instruct the people in frenzied hatred of the English. The notorious "Hymn of Hatred" is printed and circulated among the soldiers, who also in solemn Army Orders are worked up into a state of fanatical detestation of the English foes in front of them.

In this calculating exploitation of the baser emotions of humanity, we see once more demonstrated the appalling immaturity of the German people. With them, the appeal is always to passion, never to reason. Rarely exhibiting chivalry themselves, they throw ridicule upon the display of this virtue in others. The cool restraint of the English, no less than the praise we bestow upon German bravery, sorely irritates them, and for no other reason than that such ways are completely foreign to the backward state of development in which they find themselves. There is, indeed, hardly a trait in the German character that does not show evidence of retarded growth. The ease with which the masses are deceived, the prevailing disinclination to attribute any generosity to the enemy, the blatant tone which distinguishes German propaganda—all these conditions point to the existence of a crude outlook on life. Nothing more amazing in the world's history has occurred than that, in the centre of Europe, a wide community should have grown up possess-

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ing, perhaps to a greater degree than any of its neighbours, all the symbols of modern progress, while yet having retained all those barbaric ideas, such as betray the unreclaimed spirit of a primitive race. However much courage the Germans may have shown in the course of the war, this virtue has been dimmed by the sour and surly countenance with which it was accompanied. In victory we have seen them swollen to ridiculous proportions with bombast and, now that reverse has overtaken them, reaction manifests itself in an almost hysterical vindictiveness. Such vindictiveness will leave us quite unmoved. We may, indeed, extract more than the proverbial grain of comfort from this furious exhibition of enmity. For it must be evident to all who stop to think upon the subject that, in summoning to their aid the blind and evil powers of ignorance, the German leaders are reduced to desperate measures. Indeed we may be sure that forces requiring the stimulant of hatred are bound to be worsted in a conflict with cool heads and, therefore, on this ground alone, it is plain to see that in Flanders the enemy is fated ultimately to suffer reverses as disastrous as those which he has experienced in Poland.

When we turn to contemplate what may be termed the subsidiary plans of Germany we find that she enjoys no better fortune. As in regard to her main objective, astounding miscalculation everywhere throws its blight over her activities. Always, it is true, she has some material upon which to found high hopes, but always she has wildly over-estimated the utility of this material. Consequently, it causes her blank astonishment that the Japanese should not have attacked the Russians, that there has been no revolt in Egypt or in India. At first a measure of consolation was forthcoming, because the disaffection in South Africa, upon which German writers were so fond of dwelling, had grown into the proportions of a rising. But when it was seen that the majority of the Dutch were loyal, and that the little rebellion caused not the slightest military distraction to Great Britain, this consolation was very short-lived. The duping of Turkey

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also illustrates the grotesque exaggeration of German ideas, and at the same time shows that, in their eagerness to inflict injury upon their enemies, the Kaiser and his advisers are capable of any blind folly. It is impossible to over-estimate the far-reaching consequences which the forced entry of the Ottoman armies will exercise upon the war. Certainly these consequences will be of a nature, such as neither Germany nor her vassal at present dare contemplate. As if the mad intrigue with Turkey were not in itself sufficient to ruin the cause of our enemies, Austria, also now reduced to vassaldom, is engaged, at the express directions of her overlord, in a new and real attempt finally to crush Serbia. As with Belgium in the west, so with Serbia in the east, it is hoped to occupy the territory of a little nation, that there may be something in hand to bargain with. In view of the very gallant resistance of Serbia, little reliance is to be placed upon these German plans for the future. Our more immediate purpose is to point out that the true importance of events, now unfolding in this region, lies in the recognition that the intricate structure of eastern politics, so laboriously built up by the Great Powers, has completely collapsed. There can be no denying the fact that the whole history of our diplomatic relations with the Turk has been one long sordid concession to expediency. Now that the day of reckoning has come we cannot feel otherwise than immensely relieved. For when Turkish dominion has been obliterated, not only from Europe but, as will be the case, from Asia as well, a deep stain upon the conscience of England will have been removed.

Not until Russia's flag flies over Constantinople will proper reparation have been made to that great country for Europe's hideous blunders and selfish policy in the past. It was Russia who, in 1853, rather than that her policy of liberation should be obstructed, suggested that England should take Egypt, Cyprus and Crete, and that neither Power should occupy Constantinople. But English statesmanship of those days preferred alli-

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ance with the Turk, and with it the ghastly tragedy of the Crimea. For more than half a century Russia, the mightiest land power in the world, hemmed in by frozen waters, has longed to breathe into her lungs the free air of the running seas. Patiently she has waited for the day when she would inherit the guardianship of the Bosphorus, and with it gain unrestricted access to the ocean highways of the world. That we, who so often and so wrongfully have opposed her path in the past may now help her to the attainment of this legitimate ambition naturally affords us peculiar gratification.

In passing, we have not been able to refrain from commenting, with feelings of gladness, upon this aspect of the new situation, which the Turks have opened. At the same time we are conscious that the great events we were tempted to anticipate, do not directly bear upon our main theme, which is to set forth conditions such as will tend to the successful prosecution of the war. The point here of particular interest is that the hostility of Turkey will facilitate, rather than otherwise, the purpose of the Allies. Not only will the historic question of the Dardanelles finally be settled, but England will find herself in a position firmly to establish her rule in Egypt, and in the territory adjacent to the Persian Gulf. Moreover, the Bagdad Railway concession will cease to exist, and thus Germany's grandiose scheme of colonization in the region of Asia Minor will come to an abrupt end. With both Germany and Austria eliminated, there can in future be no such disturbing obsession as an "Eastern question."

Altogether, it is certain that the action of Turkey will exercise an opposite effect to that contemplated by Germany, more especially when this action is considered in conjunction with the tremendous effort that Austria is making to overthrow Serbia. In face of the dual menace, the Treaty of Bukarest, containing as it does manifestly unjust provisions against Bulgaria, cannot be allowed to stand. A revival of the Balkan League, with the addition of Rumania, is bound sooner or later to become an accomplished fact, and the new situation created must inevitably

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compel Italy to throw in her lot with the Allies. Rumania, in order to recover Transylvania, will compensate Bulgaria. Serbia, hard pressed, is already inclined to come to terms with Sofia. On her part Bulgaria, though obviously disturbed at the situation, assumes the intelligible attitude that, unless her wrongs are redressed, she will not move a single soldier. Greece, having already profited by the occasion to occupy Northern Epirus, is ready to take her share in the final reckoning with the Turk. There may be a little huckstering diplomacy, of the kind to which we are accustomed in South-Eastern Europe, but in the end the superior claims of the moment must inevitably cause all local differences to disappear. Yet Germany, in her great bid for World-Power, counted heavily upon continued disaffection among the Balkan States. What has caused all her plans to go wrong is her own great failure against the Allies. Deception as to the real position of affairs could with ease be practised upon the Turk, and where deception failed bounteous bribes succeeded. No such adventurous policy as that ruling in Constantinople distinguishes the conduct of affairs by the Governments of the Balkan kingdoms. Anxiously they have watched the progress of events, and now, when, before their own eyes, the Austrian Empire is in process of breaking up beneath the sledge-hammer blows of the Tsar's armies, the influence of Russia has gained enormously. Thus the Allies, battling in Poland and Flanders, have won new prestige in the East. To this accession of moral strength is due also the circumstance that the attempt to declare a Holy War has ended in fiasco.

What the Mohammedan world outside Turkey thinks of the suicidal policy of Constantinople could not be more eloquently described than in the language of His Highness the Aga Khan, the President of the All-India Moslem League. In a remarkable manifesto to his people he records his deep sorrow at "finding that the Turkish Government has joined hands with Germany and, acting under German orders, is madly attempting to wage a

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most unprovoked war against such mighty sovereigns as the King-Emperor and the Tsar of Russia." He then goes on to declare:

This is not the true and free will of the Sultan, but of German officers and other non-Moslems who have forced him to do their bidding. Germany and Austria have been no disinterested friends of Islam, and while one took Bosnia the other has long been plotting to become the Suzerain of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, including Kербela Nejef and Bagdad. If Germany succeeds, which heaven forbid, Turkey will become only a vassal of Germany, and the Kaiser's Resident will be the real ruler of Turkey, and will control the Holy Cities. Thousands of Moslems are fighting for their Sovereigns already, and all men must see that Turkey has not gone to war for the cause of Islam or for defence of her independence. Thus our only duty as Moslems now is to remain loyal, faithful and obedient to our temporal and secular allegiance. No Islamic interest was threatened in this war and our religion was not in peril. Nor was Turkey in peril, for the British and Russian Empires and the French Republic had offered solemnly to guarantee Turkey all her territories in complete independence if she had remained at peace. Turkey was the trustee of Islam, and the whole world was content to let her hold our Holy Cities in her keeping. Now that Turkey has so disastrously shown herself a tool in German hands, she has not only ruined herself, but has lost her position of trustee of Islam, and evil will overtake her. Turkey has been persuaded to draw the sword in an unholy cause from which she could be but ruined whatever else happened, and she will lose her position as a great nation, for such mighty Sovereigns as the King-Emperor and the Tsar can never be defeated.

Furthermore, the Ameer of Afghanistan, in a letter to the Viceroy of India declaring his loyalty, shares the general feeling of regret in Mohammedan circles, regarding the action of the Porte in wilfully plunging into war. Turkey's claim to represent Islam has also been repudiated in Egypt, where the Grand Sheikh of the Senussi sect, adherents of which are largely to be found among the Bedouin Arabs, has declared that the war is no affair of his, and that, as hitherto, he wishes to live on friendly terms with the Government. The firm refusal of the Moslems of India and Egypt to have their religious

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beliefs exploited at the behests of Germany does credit to their capacity for political perspicacity. The Aga Khan is quite right in saying that the Sultan has not acted of his own free will. Nor, though opposed to an adventurous course, was the Grand Vizier strong enough to stay the march of events. The country was thus literally stamped into war at the bidding of a powerful military clique, acting under the sinister influence of German diplomacy, and of Judæo-German financial interests. At the head of this military clique stood Enver Pasha, whose vain and dominating personality bears close resemblance to that of his august patron, the Kaiser. Long before the war Turkish policy, inspired by Germany, had been deliberately provocative towards Russia. This was the case more particularly in the region of Armenia, and in the district of Lake Urumiah, in Northern Persia. Consequently, the outbreak of hostilities found Russia fully prepared in the Caucasus, and, what is still more important, her strength in Europe was not appreciably impaired by the developments in this direction. At the same time it was not to be supposed that the reform of the Turkish army had made progress since the Balkan War sufficient to enable it to take a successful offensive against the well-organized and capably-led Russian forces. It was this army that Field Marshall von der Goltz, in some notes which only two years ago he supplied to the writer, described as "merely comparable to a hastily called-up militia." As a former military adviser to the Ottoman Government, a position which he has resumed to-day, his opinion on such a subject is of no little interest at the present juncture. Largely with his assistance Germany succeeded in Turkey, as she had done in Austria, in encouraging militarism, that she might one day exploit this militarism to her own profit. Owing to inherent weakness in the social structure of these two States the fullest advantage of her policy cannot be reaped. But the selfish and immoral principles which have guided that policy, none the less stand revealed.

To-day, when it is abundantly evident that Germany

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is going to her doom, nothing seems more inexplicable than that Turkey, and for the matter of that Austria also, should have allowed themselves to become the dupes of the Wilhelmstrasse. Neither of these countries could have long maintained an independent existence, in the remote contingency of Germany's triumph, while now that she is faced with failure they are bound, composed as they are of many separate nationalities, to go quickly to pieces. Was blind madness in statesmanship, we may well ask, ever exhibited with more calamitous results than is the case with the Austrian and Turkish policy in regard to this war? In a word, both nations, always rotten to the core, have utterly collapsed in face of the immense realities of a European conflagration. Thus, in going to certain destruction, we see the Pan-Germanic movement dragging at its heels the Pan-Islamic movement. In East as well as in West militarism is in its death agony.

It has rightly been pointed out that the Sultan-Caliph occupied his august position, as the defender of Mohammedanism, not by reason of the existence of any belief in his infallibility but simply because of the traditional confidence reposed in him by all the faithful. He is dependent for his power solely upon the will of his people. Such is the true reading of the Sheriat law. It is in consequence of having accepted German rule and German gold that the Sultan is now the deposed of Islam. In a cause so transparently unjust the Mohammedans, under British and Russian authority, find nothing inconsistent with their faith in rejecting the call of *Jehad*, that they may preserve inviolate their honour and their loyalty. No greater tribute, than is here implied, could be paid to the righteousness of the Allies' struggle. British policy in Turkey has ever been dictated by scrupulous regard for the susceptibilities of the Moslem world and down to the very last, this correct attitude guided British diplomacy at the Porte. When, therefore, the Ottoman Government elected of its own accord to draw the sword, it was an admission that all attempts to put the Allies in the wrong before Islam had failed. At one time it even

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appeared as though England's disdain of provocation might damage her prestige in the East. But for this restraint she was to reap an immense reward, in that she was able to win the support of a large section of the Mohammedan faith. Thus, in the East, as in the West, the justice of the Allies cause has proved its source of strength.

The Sheikh-ul-Islam's declaration of the Holy War, bereft of all true authority, finds no response, and the nefarious designs of Germany have again been foiled. This futile attempt to raise against us the religious fanaticism of Asia constitutes, perhaps, the strangest manifestation of German *kultur* yet recorded. It is, perhaps, only approached by the deliberate policy pursued in Flanders of stimulating martial ardour by teaching simple-minded soldiers inveterate hatred of the English. We cannot help the reflection that, considering their practice of barbarism is so recent, the Germans have, within a surprisingly brief period, succeeded in acquiring a reputation for malevolence and crime such as almost eclipses the ghastly fame won by their comrades in arms, the Turks, only after long centuries spent in committing atrocities.

At the beginning of this article it was explained how Germany had failed completely to accomplish her main purpose. We then proceeded to demonstrate that not only were her secondary plans likely to meet with no better success, but that in the end it would be found that they would lead to developments of a nature calculated substantially to assist the Allies. Emphasis was laid upon the circumstance that the German failure was due to the excessive demands which policy imposed upon strategy and generalship. This policy, in turn, was framed and adhered to, because Germany ridiculously overestimated her own strength, and no less ridiculously underestimated that of her contingent foes. Here we have at once exposed the cardinal defect of the German nation, absurd belief in its own invincibility. It is a defect which the process of war is bound wholly to correct. But, in the meantime, if we would form some idea as to the possible

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duration of hostilities, we must seek to discover what progress has been made in this direction. The difficult problem, then, confronts us of ascertaining the state of public opinion in Germany.

Broadly speaking here, even in the case of a country where thought itself has been disciplined, we have the ultimate factor that may be expected to decide the length of the war. For no commander, however able, can hope to conduct a campaign if there is, on the part of his own men, an absence of willingness to fight, and if public opinion is against the continuation of hostilities. It is not necessary that these manifestations of weariness should take the form of open revolt. When present they will speedily betray themselves in many ways, and will exert a steady pressure, such as must certainly bring the war to an early close. Public despondency, if prolonged, inevitably produces chaos in military operations. Generals are compelled to take it into account in determining strategy, and consequently they are hampered at every turn. Either their enterprise is curbed, or they are compelled to embark upon desperate adventures, for no other purpose than that of securing dramatic effect. From that moment they cease to be their own masters; their objective is divided. For they have an enemy within, as well as an enemy without. In such a supreme crisis, also, the men begin to lose heart and premature surrenders are frequent. In short, the whole power of an army's resistance declines rapidly and thenceforth victories are rarely possible.

Knowing all these things, and hoping against hope that the situation would change for the better, the German Government has practised systematic deception upon its people. Consequently, though the interests of strategy have been made on more than one occasion to suffer seriously, anything in the nature of public despondency has hitherto been avoided. We are bound to accept as quite true the statements received from all sides that the spirit of the nation is unbroken, that the Kaiser is revered, and that life in the capital and other large cities

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pursues more or less its normal way. Indeed, the average German appears to regard the war in something like the following light: "Against a world of enemies Germany has achieved wonderful success. On the western front our army is in occupation of practically the whole of Belgium, and a substantial portion of Northern France. In the east our forces have driven back the mighty Russian hosts in Poland and East Prussia and have inflicted a series of great defeats upon them. Thus, on all sides, the enemy's territory has been invaded, and nowhere have foes succeeded in setting foot upon the soil of the Fatherland. It is true, perhaps, that Austria has suffered reverses, but, on the other hand, she is administering well-deserved chastisement to Serbia. Meanwhile, our trusty ally, Turkey, is marching against Russia in the Caucasus, and against England in Egypt. As far as our greatest enemy, Great Britain, is concerned, her grand Fleet has been driven into hiding, by reason of the valiant enterprise of our navy and, apprehensive to the degree of panic about invasion, England and her allies, with their motley throng of mercenaries—Zouaves, Indians, Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders—are battling for the possession of the French coast. To-morrow Calais and Dunkirk will be occupied, and German guns will dominate the Straits of Dover; then nothing can save England."

Thus far from realizing the hopelessness of their country's position, the masses believe that the German forces are everywhere triumphant against overwhelming odds. In regard to the soldiers in the western theatre of war, we have it on the authority of many British officers, including "Eye-witness," that they are fighting with almost superhuman courage. To these simple soldiers, also, things do not appear to have gone so badly. They are battling in enemy's territory, and though Paris has not been reached, no real disaster has overtaken the armies to which they belong. Not even the heavy defeats that are being inflicted upon the German armies in Poland will, in the circumstances, destroy public confidence in the

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Government. For these defeats will be minimized, and the armies that survive reformed and reinforced, so that a determined effort may be made to defend the eastern frontiers. It must not be forgotten that, as yet, save for a limited experience in East Prussia, the German people know no more about the terrible realities of war than do the English. The mere rumour spread abroad that reverses have been experienced is not sufficient to create among them deep alarm. In that event, official denials are at once forthcoming and the Press, organized as it is to support the Government, can be depended upon to exercise a calming influence.

We are, therefore, driven to the conclusion that not until the German masses acquire for themselves first-hand knowledge of what is happening will absence of willingness to continue the war become anything like widespread. It follows that this first-hand knowledge, with all the sorrowfulness and bitterness that it must involve, can only be gained as a consequence of a serious invasion of German territory. When that day of awful enlightenment, now drawing nearer and nearer, actually arrives, war's horrors will reach the hearths of the people. No longer will it be possible to conceal from them the truth that German arms and strategy have completely failed. The utter hopelessness of their country's position will at once be made manifest. Thus the belief of the Germans in their own invincibility will be shattered and, in its place, will come a chilling sense of despair. Realization of the desperate situation of the nation, together with the pains and pangs of invasion, must inevitably produce, if nothing more positive, at least an "absence of willingness" to continue the war, enough in itself ultimately to render ineffective all plans for continued resistance. In this connexion let us reiterate that the fate of Germany was decided in the territories of her enemies. It was here that she put forth her supreme effort. When that failed her downfall became only a matter of time. In defending her own soul, Germany will possess certain obvious advantages as, for example,

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proximity to bases, strategic railways, etc. But however great these advantages may be, they cannot weigh against the overwhelming consequences of that great failure, which is already an accomplished fact. The whole patriotism and resource of the German people were mobilized for the mighty enterprise of simultaneously invading France and Poland. No reserve was maintained against the contingency of defeat. Therefore, if the deadly effects of exhaustion were to be averted, it was essential that victory be assured within three months of the outbreak of war. Though it is doubtless true that, on the surface, German internal conditions do not appear to be unduly disturbed, there is yet much evidence to show that the process of national exhaustion has set in. To this process, which is ultimately to produce a state of fatal reluctance to continue the war, many causes, moral as well as material, contribute. These causes were the contemplated product of strategy brought into being for the purpose of facilitating the aim of strategy—annihilation of the enemies' resistance. With the passing of time, they are bound to become more aggravated, thus paving the way for that invasion, which is to strike a mortal blow at Germany's power of resistance. All such causes are closely related, and necessarily react one upon another. It is the sum total of their influence that is wearing out German resistance. On the material side may be mentioned economic pressure, shortage of military supplies, and lack of men. The moral aspect of the question consists of that vast amount of national suffering which is attendant upon the play of these factors. Behind the term "economic pressure," is hidden immeasurable privation and hardship so far as the individual is concerned. Also, it must be remembered that the phrase, "lack of men," implies very heavy casualties. And behind these heavy casualties, bringing sadness to every home in Germany, there is an immensity of personal grief, at present borne with almost stoical fortitude, because the nation is inspired with patriotic fervour. Finally, lack of men, and likewise lack of supplies are fatal to military

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success, and consequently the depressing effect of such grave deficiencies upon the spirit of surviving troops, and, so soon as the facts become generally known, upon the people at home, can hardly be exaggerated. Therefore, it becomes clear that damage inflicted upon the spirit of the nation, as a consequence of material losses and inconveniences dislocating the domestic life no less than the military enterprise of the community, will prove decisive in the great conflict. The masses, as we have said, have so far a blind faith in the Government. They are satisfied with the assurance that German arms are everywhere triumphant, and they believe that World Power is within grasp. But, in the meantime, though ignorant of the true situation, they are none the less its victims. So long as they preserve their sublime optimism they will suffer hardships and sorrows cheerfully. For however much in other directions the Prussian system may have failed, it has certainly produced a race of hardy patriots. But once the stimulant of imaginary victory disappears, and invasion opens their eyes, that national exhaustion which is now surely being accomplished must swiftly pursue its deadly course.

When we endeavour to look into the future we realize that economic pressure alone would provide an altogether too slow means of reducing Germany to terms. This object, we repeat, can only be achieved by invasion. Yet it is clear that towards the great end in view economic causes are now contributing to a very large extent. In short, Germany's capacity for resistance, when the inevitable day of invasion comes, is being steadily worn down. No great effort of the imagination is needed to realize the truth of this assertion. In the peculiar circumstances, simple statistics are indeed eloquent.

It has been calculated that fully seventy-five per cent of Germany's trade is overseas in character. As long ago as 1910 her imports of raw material reached the enormous value of two hundred and sixty million pounds, and her exports of manufactured goods two hundred and forty million pounds. In subsequent years those figures were

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expanded. All this vast trade is now completely at a standstill; no money is entering the country. So small is the commerce with neutral countries that it is hardly worth considering. Plainly stated, the German people, in order to live, are compelled solely to trade with the Government and with each other. Their financial isolation is complete. Meanwhile the enormous cost of the war is absorbing the earnings and savings of the masses. Germany's sole source of strength lies in the fact that nearly ninety per cent of the population are supported by home grown produce. But at the same time it must be borne in mind that the raising of this produce, and the capacity of the consumer to purchase it, is dependent upon the general welfare of the country. With foreign trade no longer in existence, with factories everywhere closing down, and with millions of breadwinners serving with the forces, the whole economic foundations of the country are threatened with financial earthquake. The cost of food is steadily rising and the Government has, significantly enough, resorted to the expedient of fixing the price of bread.

It has been urged that the shortage of horses, of petrol, of copper and of rubber will compel Germany to conclude peace. That statement would appear on the surface to be an exaggeration. The German preparations have proved to be excellent in every detail, and therefore it may be assumed that lavish supplies of all necessaries of war were accumulated in time of peace. In view of the failure of German strategy, the prodigality with which supplies were used up during the early stages of the war, and the determined policy of the Allies, the need for strict economy of material is probably enjoined upon all the forces in the field, thus giving rise to rumours of serious shortage. Nevertheless, the display of caution in this direction, as also the evidences of economic pressure upon the whole community, are certainly symptomatic of approaching national exhaustion. But, as explained already, they will not of themselves end the war, and for the reason that the Allies have other and quicker means at their disposal for the attainment of this end—resort to

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invasion. At the same time, we have here substantial proof that German military efficiency is already suffering. We also know that the spirit of the rank and file has been shaken to its utmost depths by the heavy losses which the shrewd and stubborn strategy of the Allies imposed—reliable estimates place the enemy's total casualties at approximately two millions, including, of course, men incapacitated from sickness—and that, in spite of all statements to the contrary, Germany is experiencing a real difficulty in finding the necessary human material. "The Germans have exhausted their reserves," says the French official statement, "and the troops which they are bringing up to-day are badly officered and badly trained." Not a few old men and boys have been taken prisoners, both on the western and eastern fronts. As German military authorities have always strongly condemned the employment of untrained or partially trained troops, we can draw our own conclusion from these incidents, and, in our endeavour to discover Germany's resources in men, need not waste time in statistical research. No doubt many more men will be forthcoming, but they cannot be expected to retrieve a situation which has baffled even the seasoned regiments composing the flower of the German army. On all sides, therefore, we have plain evidences that the exhaustion of our enemy has seriously begun.

While drawing conclusions highly favourable to the cause of the Allies, we have not sought to minimize the splendid efficiency of our enemy, nor do we underestimate the tremendous nature of the task which now confronts the nation. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the terrific offensive powers which the Germans have developed is not the least remarkable feature of a war extraordinary in every aspect. Thrown back at the Marne, they were yet able to bring up new army corps, take Antwerp, and threaten a decisive offensive. Beaten on the Vistula, they retired, only to advance again and for the second time menace Warsaw. We may doubt the wisdom of their strategy. We cannot deny them the possession of

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magnificent fighting qualities. Above all, let us remember that it is the general situation itself which is paralysing German military resource. Having made preparations on so colossal a scale, we can well imagine that the Kaiser and his Generals are literally staggered at the prospect of a calamity which never, for a single moment, had entered into their calculations. No wonder they continue their desperate struggle with fate, refusing, as yet, to admit the idea of downfall.

To produce the results which we see to-day the united and strenuous efforts of all the Allies have been necessary. Had there been any failure in carrying out the main idea of their strategy the war would have been prolonged indefinitely. No discrimination is possible; honour belongs to all. Events now show that we could not have afforded to dispense with a single one of those supreme military efforts which repelled the great German attacks. To see such historic episodes in their proper light our view must be so comprehensive as to cover the whole field of operations. In the earlier stages of the war the French heroism at Charleroi, Dinant, Nancy, Verdun and elsewhere was as necessary preparation to the subsequent victory of the Marne, as was the Belgian resistance at Liège and Namur and the British stand at Mons. Also, had it not been for the fact that the French, taking upon themselves the brunt of the conflict, held tenaciously their long line, the Belgian resistance at Antwerp, and later along the coast, together with the timely movement of the British forces from the Aisne into Flanders, could not have saved the Allies from disaster, as a consequence of the great counter offensive attempted by the Germans. But none of these things would have been possible had not Russia's armies divided the forces of the enemy, and, on occasions, drawn large numbers of such forces eastward, notably about the time of the battle of the Marne, when at Tannenberg they were forced to accept a disastrous, though happily not at all decisive defeat, in order that victory in the west might be assured.

This argument may be reversed; for Russia would not

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have secured her wonderful triumphs in Galicia, Poland and East Prussia, had it not been for the circumstance that the Allies have throughout detained in the west almost the whole of the active army of Germany. Speculation of this kind can be almost endless. Sufficient has been said to show that nothing short of the most perfect harmony in the strategy and effort of the Allies would have saved Europe from the peril of German domination. In reaching a final judgment we are thrown back upon our original statement. For it is more than ever apparent that the failure of our enemy is solely due to those fundamental miscalculations, discussed at the beginning of the present article. This failure will be turned into ruin when, as we have said, invasion takes place. It is Russia, whose millions of peasants are the deciding military factor in the whole conflict, that will open the second and final stage of the campaign, by advancing into East Prussia and Silesia. The theorists of Germany always held that the theatre of hostilities in the east would be protected by Austria from any attempt to turn the flank in the south, while Germany could guard the northern frontier of Austria and outflank any Russian attack on Galicia. Already their views are largely disproved. Before the winter is over their disillusionment should be complete.

LANCELOT LAWTON

THE CONDUCT OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERY

THE stories which reached us early in the present campaign of appalling atrocities on the part of the German soldiery, while greedily sucked in by lovers of sensation, were for a time received by level-headed men with some incredulity. There were strong grounds for incredulity in the *prima facie* probabilities of the case, and these were reinforced by grave exaggerations in the actual allegations—which were gradually disproved.

The home of Goethe, Heine and Schiller; of Kant and Hegel; of Beethoven, Bach and Wagner, had long been perhaps unduly idealized by Englishmen as the normal centre of European culture. And, on the face of it, it seemed absurd to suppose that the land of poets and philosophers, the chosen home of musical genius should have barbarians for its soldiers. The comparison of the race which claimed to be the apostle of culture to the savage Huns, which was early made, appeared even ludicrous.

Then people already disposed to be incredulous began to sift the worst stories, and the evidence again and again broke down. I myself was told most seriously and circumstantially of a man in the London Hospital whose eyes had been put out by the Germans, and one of whose hands had been cut off. The authority given was my informant's chauffeur. It turned out that there was no such case in the London Hospital, and that the chauffeur had first invented the story for the delectation of the servants' hall. A friend of mine was informed that there was a soldier at the Brighton Hospital who had both his feet cut off. Happening to be at Brighton he made the fullest inquiries, and the story received no confirmation. I heard of several similar cases given with every detail, and I endeavoured to trace them by correspondence. But the witnesses either failed to reply, or stated that the victims had moved from the particular locality and gone else-

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where—that, in short, a visit to the place originally indicated would not enable one to obtain ocular verification of the charges. In some cases I was told that they had gone to the Alexandra Palace; but, on my proposing to go and see them, a friend, on whom I could absolutely rely and who had been almost daily at the Alexandra Palace since the arrival of the refugees, told me that no single case of the kind either had been in the past or was in the present in existence. A terrible story of the mutilation of a Dundee nurse got into the papers, and was most sincerely believed in by those who spread it, but when fully sifted proved to be an invention combining mendacity and forgery. The combination, then, of a priori improbability with the disproof of circumstantially alleged instances, led a good many persons to discredit the allegations made against the German soldiery. They did not deny that in this war, as in other wars, the soldiers of an invading army had occasionally committed unjustifiable excesses, but the unique brutality alleged against the Germans was by many disbelieved.

However, as time went on, and more and more Belgians came to this country, evidence of the most atrocious barbarity accumulated. It was so notorious in Belgium that I found Belgians surprised and pained that some Englishmen were incredulous. The Belgians had, at the outset, no hostile feeling towards Germans as such, and were as amazed as we ourselves could be at encountering an habitual plan of campaign resembling that of savages or bandits, rather than the army of a civilized nation. The experience of a few weeks filled them with a hatred of German cruelty and treachery, which can never be extinguished. The broad fact that so many Belgians preferred to leave their country and possessions rather than to risk falling into the hands of men whom they had learnt to regard as sheer assassins, speaks for itself.

It is now, I think, possible to look at this matter in its true proportions. Close examination greatly diminishes both of the original sources of doubt—both the reasons for being incredulous beforehand and the reasons drawn

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from the subsequent disproof of occasional exaggerations. As to the first point it is quite true that the Germany of 100 years ago was the chosen field of poetry, philosophy, and music; and its nobler traditions have never become wholly extinct. But German soldiers, even 100 years ago, had already acquired a very unenviable notoriety for exceptional brutality. In 1870, no doubt, the strong exhortations of William I, that humanity should be shown to civilians, though it did not prevent occasional exhibitions of great brutality, did very considerably diminish their number. The Prussians did not in that war become a byword for barbarity, and they were in many instances humane. But it was otherwise in the Napoleonic wars of 100 years ago. Their brutality at that time has been placed on record not by their enemies, whose testimony might be suspect, but by their disgusted Allies. Writing of the Danish War of 1807, Sir Herbert Maxwell describes as follows, in his *Life of Wellington*, the opinion of the German soldiers held by their English colleagues:

The Germans made up for their slowness in action by atrocious cruelty in pursuit and activity in plunder. Unarmed country people were mercilessly butchered. Captain Napier declared that "every British soldier shuddered at their cruelty." Writing to his mother he said: "I can assure you that from the general of the Germans down to the smallest drummer-boy in the legion, the earth never groaned with such a set of infamous murdering villains."*

Those who are slow to believe that a Christian nation can be guilty of such inhumanity will do well to recall Ruskin's judgment of the German character in *Fors Clavigera*—that the German does not even know the meaning of the words "meekness" and "mercy." But, their own poet, Heine, seventy years ago frankly admitted that Christianity had failed to subdue the savagery of the race. The passage is a remarkable one. I have not been able to obtain the reference, but it was quoted last

* *Life of Wellington*, 1, p. 88.

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September in *The Times* by a writer who gave the pseudonym "Continuity." "Christianity," Heine wrote, "has in some degree softened, but it cannot destroy the brutal German joy of battle. When once the taming talisman—the Cross—breaks in two the savagery of the old fighters, the senseless Berserker fury of which the old poets sang will gush up anew. The talisman is decayed and the day will come when it will piteously collapse. Then the old stone gods will arise from the silent ruin and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes. Thor with his giant hammer will at last spring up and shatter to bits the Gothic Cathedrals."

A close and sympathetic student of modern Germany—the late Professor Cramb—has borne testimony to the realization of Heine's prophecy in our own day—especially in Berlin and those places which take their tone from Berlin. "The prevalent bent of mind," he writes, "at the universities and in the army among the more cultured is what may be described as the religion of valour." That religion embodies, as he explains, the revolt of young Germany against the Christian ideals which have so long enthralled her, and which were never congenial to her.

Judea and Galilee struck Germany in the splendour and heroism of her prime. Germany and the whole Teutonic people in the fifth century made the great error. They conquered Rome, but, dazzled by Rome's authority, they adopted the religion and the culture of the vanquished. Germany's own deep religious instinct, her native genius for religion, manifested in her creative success, was arrested, stunted, thwarted. But, having once adopted the new faith, she strove to live that faith, and for more than thirty generations she has struggled and wrestled to see with eyes that were not her eyes, to worship a God that was not her God, to live with a world-vision that was not her vision, and to strive for a heaven that was not her heaven. . . .

The seventeenth century flung off Rome; the eighteenth undermined Galilee itself; Strauss completed the task that Eichhorn began; and with the opening of the twentieth century, Germany, her long travail past, is re-united to her pristine genius, her creative power in religion and in thought. . . .

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Hence the significance of Nietzsche. Kant compromises, timid and old; Hegel finds the absolute Religion in Christianity; Schopenhauer turns to the East and at thirty-one adapts the Upanishads to the Western mind; David Friedrich Strauss, whilst denying and rejecting the metaphysic of Christianity, clings to the ethics. But Nietzsche? Nietzsche clears away the "accumulated rubbish" of twelve hundred years; he attempts to set the German imagination back where it was with Alaric . . . fortified with the experience of twelve centuries, to confront the darkness unaided, unappalled, triumphant, great and free.

So far there is a remarkable agreement between Heine's prophecy and the testimony of our English professor as to its actual fulfilment. But both of them ignore a fact which is of real importance in accounting for German brutality, so far as the Prussians are concerned. Both speak of German Christianity as dating from what are called the "Dark Ages." So far as Prussia is concerned, however—and it is of Berlin that Mr Cramb primarily speaks—this is not so. Until the fourteenth century, while the rest of the present German Empire was Christian, Prussians were still worshippers of Thor and Odin. This little-remembered fact was called attention to by Monsignor Barnes in the following communication addressed to some of our newspapers:

Prussia, properly so-called, the country, that is, along the Baltic on each side of the Vistula, was the last stronghold of the ancient heathendom of the north. In the middle of the thirteenth century it was still unconquered by Christianity, and the old worship and the old ideals still reigned supreme centuries after the conversion of all the rest of Germany.

Just at this period the great military order of the Teutonic Knights, finding itself without occupation through the close of the Crusades, determined to attempt the conversion of Prussia. In 1309 they established themselves at Marienburg, near the mouth of the Vistula, and from that stronghold commenced a new crusade of their own, with the object at once of bringing the country under their own rule and of converting the inhabitants to Christianity.

! We can imagine for ourselves what sort of a "conversion" it

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was, carried out literally at the point of the sword. The missionary journeys of the knights took the form of military campaigns and made their way by means of sanguinary battles. But, ostensibly at least, they were successful. By the end of the fourteenth century Prussia was nominally a Christian land, ruled over as a sovereign State by the Teutonic Knights, with the High Master as prince, and divided for purpose of government into a number of commanderies, over each of which there presided a "Junker" or Knight Commander of the Order. The whole system of government was military, and the conquered country was ruled as under occupation by a hostile army. This went on throughout the fifteenth century, while the religious zeal of the Order was becoming ever less and less, just in proportion as its political importance was waxing greater.

In 1525 the High Master was a Hohenzollern of the younger branch, Albert of Brandenburg. He came under the influence of Luther, repudiated his vows, and turned the High Mastership into an hereditary principedom. The Junkers followed his example, broke away from a rule of life which had long been only nominal, took to themselves wives, and became the hereditary nobility of the country. At a later date all the various territories of the Hohenzollerns became united under the Elector of Brandenburg, the head of the house, and eventually by a series of successful wars, they made themselves Kings of Prussia and then German Emperors. . . .

Prussia has never at heart and beneath a thin veneer on the surface become a Christian country at all. The moment that veneer is pierced, as it is at such times of crisis as the present war, we reach the heathenism underneath. In the rest of Europe the agnostic or the freethinker is really, unknown to himself, soaked in Christianity and Catholic ethics. Fifteen centuries more or less of Christian and Catholic ancestry cannot easily be escaped from, and govern thoughts and ideals even among those who think themselves most opposed to the Catholic Church. But in Prussia it is not so. The veneer of Christianity is thin everywhere, and beneath it is the product of centuries, not of Catholicism but of heathenism. A Prussian may be pious, indeed, but his piety is very often not really Christian. The name of God is continually on his lips, but his appeal seems to be not to the God of the Incarnation, but to the tribal War God of the Prussians, "our good German God," "who has helped us so magnificently," "our great Ally." The Teutonic Knights intended to Christianize and to Germanize

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Prussia, but they have failed to do so. Prussia has been too strong for her conquerors and has Prussianized and heathenized Germany and a great deal of German thought of the present day.

One more word as to the a priori probabilities of the case. One repulsive feature in the campaign has been the combination of immorality and cruelty of which there are instances in the Report of the Belgian Commission. A friend of the present writer, a man whose name would carry great weight, bears witness that he was in a train during the Chinese war of 1900 in company with two German officers, one of whom related to the other with satisfaction his own share in an incident precisely parallel to the worst case of this kind recorded by the Belgian Commission. The fact of the boast and of the rank of the German—an officer and not a private—are both highly significant, and suggest that not merely exceptional brutality, but an increasingly depraved code of morals on this subject has gained a lodgment in the German Army.

I now come to the actual evidence for the German atrocities. A little reflection shows that occasional exaggeration is no disproof of the charges but is rather to be anticipated at a time of excitement. But it does show the necessity for sifting details carefully. I have been for the last three months living in a town in which upwards of 100 Belgians refugees are harboured, as well as Belgian wounded soldiers. I have thus had ample opportunity for learning the state of the case. And the more I have heard the more coherent is the view which reliable testimony presents.

Let it be at once said that the most responsible witnesses do not speak of cases of cutting off hands and feet, which have figured so largely in English reports as being in reality numerous. After the savagery which so many have witnessed, it was perhaps natural that when a man who had really lost his hand by the bursting of a shell appeared in hospital, some should assume that he had been deliberately mutilated, and such awful stories accumulated at compound interest in circulation. Moreover, friends of

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the Germans fostered, and perhaps sometimes invented these stories, with a view to their disproof causing general incredulity as to the authenticity of other cases of barbarism which were really well established. I have corresponded with a reliable witness who saw a child in a Belgian hospital of whom the doctor said that both hands were cut off, but the bandages made it impossible for him to verify this statement. Such cases are, however, to say the least, rare and hardly to be described as typical or notorious. But well attested cases fall into very definite and intelligible classes, and I may add that these classes are precisely identical with the general character of the evidences summarized by the official Belgian Commission. The names signing the first Belgian Commission are (I may add) those of high judicial authorities who have vouched for its accuracy as a summary of the testimony of eye witnesses. And there is no reason to think that the subsequent reports are less trustworthy, even if, in the disturbed state of the country, it was impossible to have the evidence sifted by quite so large a number of eminent judges. The net result of my inquiries has issued in the following general conclusions which I will set down before I proceed to speak of special instances.

1. At the outset of the war the populations of towns and villages did, undoubtedly, fire on the German soldiers. This was so, I believe, at Liége; it was so certainly at Dinant. The diary of the German officer published by the Press Bureau in *The Times* on October 18, mentions other places, and the record is a transparently accurate one. Although instructions were soon given by those in authority that no shots should be fired, instructions which had a great and ever increasing effect in diminishing the infractions of this rule, there were in many cases occasional transgressions.

2. This source of annoyance first came at a moment when the Germans were infuriated by the frustration of their plans by the Belgian resistance, and at the awful losses which the little Belgian army was inflicting on their

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men. They consequently retaliated with great ferocity, slaughtering civilians almost indiscriminately. An official declaration which every one has read avowed that they had deemed it necessary, in order to prevent the repetition of such occurrences, to terrorize the people by "frightful examples."

3. They carried out this system with increasing recklessness. The German officer's diary already referred to shows that no kind of trial was instituted in order to discriminate the guilty from the innocent—a fact which he notes with some compunction. The indiscriminate punishment by death of civilians who fired on the German soldiery would itself be an infringement of the letter of the Hague Conference of 1907. Article II stipulates that armed civilians should receive the same treatment as soldiers if they "bear arms openly." But had capital punishment been confined to all those who had fired, it is not likely that it would have been regarded as a brutal course. No attempt, however, was made to confine the punishment to the offenders. The allegation, quite insufficiently proved, that civilians had fired was regarded as a pretext for indiscriminate slaughter.

4. But, moreover, in many cases the Germans deliberately took as hostages the priest, mayor and other notables and declared that their lives should be forfeited if any shot was fired by civilians. Thus if some reckless boy or some madman fired a shot it was accounted a sufficient justification for shooting all these hostages.

5. Though the initial justification for this system, which can only be called assassination, was the actual firing by civilians, the German officers and soldiers alike soon became utterly reckless as to the very existence of the excuse in any form. Even in cases where the civil population had been carefully disarmed, the mere *on dit* that some civilian had kept his gun and fired was enough to justify indiscriminate massacre and destruction of property.

6. This *on dit* was sometimes raised by German soldiers themselves to cover their own blunders. At

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Louvain the Belgian Commission found that this had been the case. The civilian population had been disarmed. In the darkness German soldiers had killed some of their comrades, mistaking them for Belgians, and enraged at their own blunder they raised the cry that the civilians had done it. The destruction of the town and the wholesale murder of many inhabitants was the consequence.

7. In some cases soldiers got drunk and killed or wounded their comrades in a state of intoxication. Such acts were promptly set down to civilians.

8. In addition to cases of reckless murder there are numerous instances of combined outrage and cruelty in the treatment of women by the German soldiery; even nuns in some cases have not escaped. The murder of priests has been especially frequent.

9. The evidence of our own soldiers, as well as that of the Belgian Commission, shows that violation of the white flag and of the Red Cross flag has been not infrequent. Uhlans have also dressed in foreign uniforms in order to get near enough to our men to kill the men easily. Of all this there is abundant evidence in letters from the front. Such acts are infringements of Article XXIII of the Hague Conference.

10. Wholesale plunder and the levying of ruinous war fines (directly infringing the Hague Conference, Article XLIX) has been one of the commonest features of the campaign.

The merely bestial part of this campaign which has been so marked is partly accounted for by the exceptional amount of drunkenness among the Germans. They have been quartered on rich citizens and have drunk freely of their wine. But apart from drunken orgies the soldiers of this people of ideas have also become influenced—as those who know modern Germany best tell me—by a theory. To go to war, they maintain, is in its essence to go in the teeth of the Christian religion—the religion of peace and good will to all. Christian scruples in its conduct are therefore out of place. The one object is victory. If acts of cruelty or mendacity or deception or

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outrages of any kind help towards victory, whether immediately or by terrorizing the population and thus making them harmless, they are justifiable. How far this theory is distinctly avowed I have no means of knowing, but the facts of the case certainly look as if it was widespread.

The following frank statement of Major-General von Disfurth, published in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* goes far in the same direction:

No object whatever is served by taking any notice of the accusations of barbarity levelled against Germans by their foreign critics. Frankly, we are, and must be, barbarians, if by this word we understand those who wage war relentlessly to the uttermost degree. There is nothing for us to justify, and nothing for us to explain away. Every act, of whatever nature, committed by our troops for the purpose of discouraging, defeating and destroying our enemies is a brave act, a good deed, and is fully justified. . . . They call us barbarians. What of it? We scorn them and their abuse. Let them cease to talk of the Cathedral of Rheims and of all the churches and all the castles in France which have shared its fate. These things do not interest us. Our troops must achieve victory. What else matters? *

Drunkenness may account for mere brutality and licence among the German soldiers. Our own troops are certainly incapable of the degree of brutality which marks the Germans, but there are doubtless instances on record in the history of our army showing that English soldiers can be guilty of immorality and plunder. They are not immune from the average excesses of human nature in the conduct of war. I doubt, however, whether it would be possible, even if Mephistopheles disguised himself as a British officer and gave the command, to induce English soldiers to commit the acts of treachery which the Germans have committed—violating the white flag, luring men to death by putting on the enemies' uniform, firing on nurses who are tending the wounded. It is an exceedingly interesting and instructive instance of the combination of intellectuality and barbarism

* See *The Tablet*, November 21.

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which marks the Prussian. It is strange, indeed, to contrast this view of war, as being so un-Christian that surviving Christian elements in its conduct ought to be eliminated, with Cardinal Newman's beautiful words on the profession of a soldier:

A soldier comes more nearly than a king to the pattern of Christ. He not only is strong, but he is weak. He does and he suffers. He succeeds through a risk. Half his time is on the field of battle, and half of it on the bed of pain. And he does this for the sake of others; he defends us by it; we are indebted to him; we gain by his loss; we are at peace by his warfare.

Unquestionably, at the end of the war the evidence will be carefully sifted. Among our own soldiers there will be many reliable witnesses. The affidavits summarized by the Belgian Commission will be published. It is likely that valuable evidence is at the back of such a statement as the following by Dr Seaman (an American surgeon who dressed the wounds of Belgian sufferers at Antwerp), printed in the *Daily Mail* of November 23: "I was brought into close contact with appalling horrors at Malines and Termonde and personally treated women and little children who had been too brutally maltreated for me to describe the details in type." Until a formal and thorough investigation has been completed it would be premature to go beyond such an outline as I have given. Belgian soldiers and civilians who are now among us testify to what was of general knowledge. They declare that Belgians whose relations with Germany and Germans had been friendly were as amazed as they were appalled by their behaviour. Some of my Belgian acquaintances have also told me what they themselves witnessed. One woman, now at Dorking, was standing amid a crowd in the Square at Louvain. Some twenty Uhlans passed and fired into the midst of the crowd, killing several women and children. A soldier told me that he saw a German kill a boy of 10, striking him on the head with all his might with the butt end of his musket. The same soldier said that out-

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side Malines the Belgians could not fire for some time, as the Germans put Belgian women and children in front of their ranks. Among the refugees at Dorking is a civilian who was himself driven at the bayonet's point some seventeen miles by the German troops. Another soldier in the same locality was witness to the carnage at Aerschot, He saw it from the window of the hospital where he was a prisoner. The rumour was that the son of the burgo-master—a lad of 15—had shot the German general for insulting his mother. My informant could not verify this. But he saw the German soldiers take one out of every three or four in the street in front of the hospital, and place him against the wall and shoot him dead. Some were soldiers, some civilians. When these Belgian soldiers said to me, "We give no quarter now; we kill every German soldier," they witnessed as eloquently to the fact that German brutality had passed all endurable limits as they did by the records of what they actually saw.

Much of what has already been written home by our own men bears the unmistakable stamp of accuracy, and it presents a ghastly record of treachery and brutality. Of treachery the following is a specimen which might be paralleled by many similar ones—and which clearly witnesses to a standard of honour unthinkable for English soldiers. It is narrated by Lance-Corporal Dickens, of the 12th Lancers, in a letter to his father:

We play the game with the Germans [he writes], but they don't always do the same by us. During one charge in which a fellow named C—— took part, we were attacked by four regiments.

They were dismounted and firing at us with their rifles when we got the order "Charge." We let out a yell, and went like the very deuce. C—— was riding close to me when he saw a dragoon in front.

He lowered his lance and rode at him, but when he got within ten yards the fellow threw down his rifle and held up his hands. C—— spared him and rode by.

No sooner had he passed than the German picked up his gun and shot him in the back. A second later he was shot down by

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Sergeant S— with his revolver. C— died later from his wound. They have got to suffer for all that now.

Such a narrative as the above speaks, I think, for its own accuracy. But, moreover, it is not the English way to blacken an opponent unfairly. Our men have much of the

stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel

The courage of the German enemy has again and again been spoken of by our men with ungrudging admiration. And in the instances in which kindness or generosity has been shown by Germans to the wounded or to prisoners it has been gratefully acknowledged.

In this connexion the general appreciation among English seamen of the unvarying chivalry of the captain of the "Emden" must be remembered. *The Times of Ceylon* published on September 29 the narrative of several English captains who had been among the objects of the "Emden's" attentions, and the narrative is so interesting that it deserves to be recorded in a more permanent form than that of a newspaper article. I will reproduce part of it in this place.

All praised highly the courtesy shown by the captain of the "Emden," and British crews even cheered their enemy as a sign that they appreciated the consideration shown them. A brief glimpse is given of life aboard the adventure ship and of the hand-to-mouth existence of her crew.

Captain J. Tulloch of the "Tymeric" writes as follows: "We left Colombo on Friday, Sept. 25, clearing the harbour about 6 p.m. I was bound from Java to Falmouth for orders, and called in at Colombo for bunkers. We steamed merrily along, and at 11.35 p.m. I saw a man-o'-war coming up on the port quarter, from the direction of Galle, without any lights. The man-o'-war, which turned out to be the "Emden," signalled to me with the lamp, "Stop."

An officer and an armed crew put off and came aboard.

The officer said: "We are a German cruiser and I want to see the ship's papers."

They gave us ten minutes to leave the ship and informed us that we were to be taken prisoners. After the Germans had searched

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the ship for provisions, and after the last boat had left we heard a muffled explosion. They had put mines into her and she began to settle in the water. . . .

The chief engineer and myself were treated very well (on board the "Emden") We were allowed no light at night, but the officers brought us cards to play with when it was daylight. A young lieutenant was very kind and brought us books to read. We were given whisky and soda for lunch, and on Sunday night we had a band playing. This, I think, was very funny.

The crew were living, so far as I could see, on the provisions they took from their captures, and seemed short of rations. A sailor, who appeared from accent to have been in America at one time, said: "Good morning, gentlemen. What will you have for breakfast this morning? We have only got pancakes and ham."

Here is the narrative of Captain J. Isdale of the s.s. "Ribera," whose ship was sunk 220 miles west of Colombo:

The mate saw her first, "Cruiser ahead, Sir," he cried.

The cruiser then began signalling: "Stop immediately" I said to the mate "Semaphore to her; don't bother if she is flagging." The next moment I saw the German flag being run up, and I said: "O Hell! We are finished."

On boarding, a German officer said to me: "Captain, get all the clothes you can possibly get together as soon as possible, for we are going to destroy your ship." He asked me what provisions I had on board, and he took it all over, saying that that was what they were living on.

He was very jolly over it, adding, "It is the fortune of war, Captain." He gave me half an hour to clear off the ship to the "Gryfevale," a captured ship that was being kept to land the prisoners at Colombo, the first convenient place.

I think that the general character of the German campaign will be brought home to English readers, not by instances of exceptional brutality, but by one or two which exhibit a recklessness which was evidently habitual—instances which show occasionally redeeming touches of good humour, such as we read amid the doings of even the most atrocious bandits.

I will not repeat instances given by the Belgian Commission which were so universally read, but will summarize

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two accounts by eye witnesses which accidentally came into my hands—one of an incident in the Lorraine campaign, another in the Belgian. The first was printed in French, the second has never been in print. I have it direct from the lips of a well-known priest, resident in England, who described what he actually saw.

The Lorraine incident was at Rouvres, a pretty village on the Meuse, of nearly 500 inhabitants, at the north of Etain, 25 kilometres from the frontier and 45 kilometres from Metz. The Germans—some 15,000 strong or more—entered the village on the afternoon of August 24. They told the inhabitants that they wished them no evil. They asked for what they wanted to eat and drink at the houses of the Mayor, the schoolmaster, and some of the richer inhabitants of the village. A small troop of French dragoons had engaged an advance guard of the Germans in the morning, but had disappeared when they came in force. It is probable that the shots which suddenly came from a neighbouring wood and killed several Uhlans, were fired by one or more French soldiers who had taken cover there, but those who fired were never identified. The Uhlans were infuriated by the incident, and their Colonel at once said that the shots had been fired by civilians, and that the whole population was responsible for the death of his men. He gave the order that the village should be sacked and then burnt, and the inhabitants massacred. He made no examination and took no evidence.

The sacking was conducted with thoroughness in the houses of the richer inhabitants. Twenty motor-cars were brought to take all the objects of value, gold and silver, objects of art, food, wines and spirits, which they could find. The motor cars then went off in the direction of Metz. The soldiers then profaned the sacred vestments in the Church and filled the chalice with raw pork. After this guns and shells were discharged at the village and its inhabitants, setting fire to the houses. Two hours later it was all destroyed. The Uhlans entered each house and turned the inhabitants out, striking them with the butt end of their rifles. Those who resisted were shot with

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revolvers. Those who went out—women, old men and children—encountered the firing which killed many in the streets. Fifty-seven persons belonging to the village were killed; forty others remained unaccounted for, and in addition to the inhabitants there were thirty belonging to the Commune of Affleville which had been similarly burnt, who had taken refuge four days earlier at Rouvres. Among those who were shot was an old woman, Mme Mangeot, in her eightieth year. Mme Brouet tried to escape with her three children and her father. Her daughter Élise, aged 17, was shot; her son René, aged 14, and her father, Edmond Morin, were both shot. The remaining child, Colombe, a girl of 12, had an arm shattered by a bullet. There were many other similar cases described in detail in this brochure. M. Gérard Antoine, a paralytic, was burnt to death in his bed, as his wife was not strong enough to carry him from his room.

M. Julien Emile, who had been schoolmaster in the village for twenty years, had an extraordinary escape and his very interesting account shows the occasional glimpse of mercy shown by the enemy in the midst of their barbarities:

Before the sack of Rouvres [he writes] five Uhlans came to my house and asked for a drink. I gave them bread and sausage, a tart and some wine. At 1.30 a hail of shells fell in the village, setting fire to the houses. At 2 the bombardment ceased. The German infantry were ordered to drive the inhabitants out of their houses. Parties of Uhlans guarded the roads from the village to prevent all escape, whilst others posted in the streets shot down the unfortunate people who, mad with terror, ran in all directions. An absolute butchery began. I was leaving the village, holding my daughter by the hand; my wife helped an old cripple. We had not come 100 yards when two Uhlans cantered up to us firing as they came straight for me. I said to my daughter: "My dear child, my poor wife, I am done for; good-bye for ever." When they were within 100 yards of me, they aimed and fired five shots, without, however, touching me. Five more shots were fired; again I escaped. They then drew their swords in a fury and rushed at me. I waited for them, and as they struck I dashed under a barbed wire barrier into a garden near by. Again, like wild beasts they charged me, but

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their horses reared at the wire and I was able to escape over a wall, and so from garden to garden regain the burning village. Some soldiers, coming out of my house, were loading a motor occupied by their colonel with my belongings. They seized me and accused me of having fired on them. "It is you, we recognize you." They took me on to the Lanhère road to a captain who said, "You are to be shot—stand there." The soldiers, yelling with joy, awaited the order to fire. At that moment, one of the Uhlans whom I had entertained recognized me and interceded on my behalf with the captain, who said; "Good, come, where is the burgomaster? we'll shoot him instead!" I was taken back into the village between two columns of infantry who did not spare me kicks and cuffs or the coarsest insults. They obliged me to lead the column and to force open the cupboards of M. Guillaume, the mayor, who could not be found. He was eventually found in the cellar where he had sought refuge from the shells with some women and five other men of the neighbourhood. "Women on one side, men on the other," ordered the officer. Coming up from the cellar he placed the men against the wall. They were about to shoot the mayor when an officer to whom he had given some champagne recognized and spared him. It was not over yet; we were marched for three kilometres between the soldiers who knocked us about, to the German ambulance where we were made to attend their wounded.

As he left the officer said to the mayor, "I spare you so that you may always feel the horror of the crime which has been committed. You alone are responsible."

The other instance to which I have referred, which belongs to the invasion of Belgium, was related to me by a priest whom I will call Father X.

Father X left England early in August with lay nurses to do ambulance work at Hastière par dela, near Dinant, and stayed there until the wounded were removed to Hastière Lavaux in order to keep clear of the firing line. He attended French and German wounded soldiers and wounded Belgian civilians. Among others who came under his charge was a woman of Hastière who had gone to Surice. There, while sitting on the roadside with two children, she received two revolver shots in each wrist, and bayonet wounds in each arm. Her right breast was also perforated.

On August 23 the Germans entered Hastière par dela.

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Before their approach the Governor of the Province issued a proclamation commanding all arms to be deposited at the *Maison Communale*, and the *bourgomestre* saw that the order was strictly carried out. Father X deposited his own revolver there and saw the arms of others which had been duly deposited there. There was no evidence of any firing whatever on the part of the civilians. The Germans, on entering the village, went to the house of the Catholic doctor (Dr Halloy) who had taken refuge in his cellar. They brought him to the ground floor and shot him. They then went to the house of a butcher named Aigret and shot both him and his son. Then they passed on to the house of Farmer Rifon and shot him; thence to the house of Farmer Bodson whom they shot with his two sons. About ten other people were also shot. In several cases the widows came to Father X and told him the story. The whole village was pillaged and much of it burnt. When Father X returned to his own house, he found that the Germans had taken away his chalice and all his mother's plate and furniture which was there. On August 25 he went with the nurses in search of a doctor. German soldiers met them and threatened them with revolvers. Father X was carrying the blessed sacrament and some of them wanted to profane it, but one of the soldiers prevented this. The Germans said: "People shot from your house," and tried to make him go into the house. Father X knew that on several occasions this had been the German plan. They preferred to shoot a man inside a house of which they had said that people had fired from it. He replied: "No; if you want to shoot me, shoot me here." Eventually they let him go.

Several people had hidden in the cellar of Father X's gardener's house. They were fed there for two days by a German soldier—a Catholic and a humane man. While doing this he was wounded in the hand by a German comrade who was drunk. This shot was attributed by other German soldiers to inhabitants of the house, and accounts for their statement that someone had fired from it. The Catholic German soldier spoke very freely to the Belgians

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and said that he was disgusted at the way in which his comrades were waging war. He had several times been told to fire on civilians, but he had always purposely fired wide.

The German soldiers at Hastière were Saxons. Some of the priests of that neighbourhood were ill-used in a manner too brutal and insulting to describe. One of these was the priest at Spontin.

The Germans entered the neighbouring village of Hermeton-sur-Meuse, and the refugees from thence who came to Hastière said that the whole village had been pillaged, many people killed, and houses burned. The parish priest of Hastière par delà, whose name was Emile Schloegel—a very pious man and an excellent musician—took refuge in the cellar of the church with his brother-in-law, M. Ponthière, a professor of Louvain, the latter's wife, daughter and servants, a schoolmaster and his family, and others. They were all without arms. The Germans fired through the windows of the cellar. The Belgian civilians thereupon went to the school which was also used as a *maison communale*. In one room all the arms were locked up. The Germans asked if there were any arms. Mademoiselle Ponthière said: "Yes," and showed where they were locked up. She had not the key but told the Germans to burst the door open. Instead of doing this, the Germans dragged the party on to the road and brought them before officers who were there, some of whom were drunk. An officer asked the priest one or two questions, but did not wait for any reply. The women were forthwith separated from the men. The priest, the schoolmaster and others were shot, and their corpses left on the road. Madame Ponthière and her daughter were brought to Father X's ambulance and told him the story. Father X sent someone to bury the priest.

The church at Hastière par delà is a beautiful one. The Germans profaned it in every possible way. Horses were brought inside it, and soldiers half drunk put the sacred vestments to various filthy uses. The reliquaries were broken open and relics dispersed, including the relics

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of the Virgins of Cologne which had escaped the Huguenots in the sixteenth century, and the destructive campaign of the French Revolution. The skulls of these Virgins were battered in. The Germans also tried to break the tabernacle. Two of four altars were broken, the relics taken out and stamped upon. The tabernacle in the church at Hastière Lavaux was blown open by gunpowder.

In general, Father X gathered that the pioneer regiments which were sent on first were the worst. The officers direct the outrages to a large extent. Priests are a special object of cruelty and indignity. An ecclesiastic of high position told Father X that in the southern provinces of Belgium, as many as 150 priests were killed or missing.

These two narratives show, I think, the average conduct of the German army. They are not exceptional, but could be exactly paralleled by scores of others. And they speak of the methods of barbarians, and not of a civilized army. But, indeed, the general condition of Belgium after the German army had passed through it was, even apart from specific details, a terrible witness to a degree of inhumanity which is fortunately rare in modern warfare. Dr Charles Sarolea described his own observations even so early as the end of August, before the final attacks of October, which practically annihilated the Belgian population and drove the mass of civilians in terror to Holland, France and England.

After five weeks I have returned for a few days from the seat of war in order to advocate the urgent claims of my native country to the sympathy and generosity of the British people. My nerves are still shattered and my imagination is still haunted, and will be haunted till the end of my days, by the harrowing events which in the course of those five tragic weeks followed each other with such staggering rapidity. I still see before my mind's eye emerging in a starlit sky the sinister cigar-shaped monster raining bombs on defenceless Antwerp. I see in one house of the same stricken city a chamber of horrors, where every wall was bespattered with the entrails of women and children blown up by the Zeppelin shells. I see the dreary processions of ambulance wagons returning from the battle. I see in every town the endless vistas of hospital wards,

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and I still seem to hear the oppressive stillness of those wards, only broken by the groans of the sufferers. I see in the huge almshouses of Malines, down in the dark catacombs, oozing with moisture, two hundred old men and women awaiting in a frenzy of terror the arrival of the Huns. I see from the high railway bank overlooking the battlefield of Hofstade a hailstorm of shrapnel bursting around us and setting fire to one village after another. . . .

The Belgian campaign has assumed a character of ruthless barbarity unequalled in modern warfare. After sifting all the exaggerations, there remain countless authenticated deeds of inhuman and callous cruelty, and there are only too many obvious reasons explaining those deeds. In the first place, the Germans were taken unawares by the heroic resistance of the little Belgian Army; they vented on the defenceless inhabitants their disappointment at the failure of their plans, and they tried to succeed by terrorization where they had failed by the force of arms. In the second place, the German soldiery being quartered in the chateaux of the nobility, and in the mansions of the well-to-do burghers, and being allowed to ransack their well-stocked cellars, gave themselves over to orgies of drunkenness. In the third place, the Belgian campaign, almost from the beginning assumed the character of guerilla warfare, which is the most cruel and relentless form of war. Almost from the beginning, the Germans, scattered in small bands and removed from the presence of their superior officers, raided a territory denuded of troops, and impunibly sacked and burnt the countryside.

It is quite fitting that the British Press should have emphasized and should continue to emphasize, the abominable crimes perpetrated by the German soldiery. The destruction of Louvain and Visé, of Malines and Namur, of Dinant and Termonde, was necessary to drive home from what kind of Teutonic culture the world will be saved by the triumph of the Allied arms. At the same time, whilst exposing to the whole world German barbarities, we ought not to divert our attention from two other evils, less sensational perhaps, but of far greater magnitude. I refer to the twin evils of starvation from unemployment and to the wholesale exodus of the Belgian people.

Other belligerent nations may suffer from unemployment. In Belgium alone there has been created a whole nation of unemployed. In other countries trade and industry are dislocated. In Belgium they have come to a complete standstill. Out of a population of eight millions, seven millions are under the heel of the invader.

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Railwaymen are starving, for railways have ceased work. Office clerks are starving, for banks and offices are closed. Public officials are starving, for no salaries can be paid. Journalists and printers are starving, for newspapers and books have ceased to appear. Mill-hands and coal-miners and ironworkers are starving, for mills and coal mines and ironworks are closed. It is true that the Germans have reopened the gigantic works of Cockerill, and have even offered the Belgian ironworkers an increase of wages of 50 per cent. But I doubt whether the 15,000 ironworkers of Cockerill will be induced by this diabolical bribe to manufacture the German guns which will mow down their Belgian brethren.

The appalling evil of complete commercial and industrial paralysis, culminating in starvation, is still further intensified by the wholesale emigration of the people. This phenomenon of the Belgian refugees is unique in the history of modern warfare. Wherever the German Uhlán has appeared he has created a desert. It is literally true to say that a whole people have taken to the road. Day by day, in every direction, mile after mile, I met those melancholy processions of fugitives of every age, of every class, whole families huddled up in carts, old women and infants trundled in wheelbarrows.

I verily doubt whether in human history there has ever been such univesral and acute suffering concentrated in so narrow an area, condensed in so short a time. I know full well the sublime meaning and purpose of all this suffering. I know that the Belgian nation will emerge purified and ennobled and redeemed from her awful ordeal. But at what a price has redemption been secured! And what will be the aftermath of anguish and agony?

While it is important to avoid exaggeration it is also desirable not to minimize the outbreak of German atrocities which this campaign has witnessed. It would be unjust both to the cause of civilization and to the terrible sufferings of our Belgian Allies. The author of the remarkable article on "The Illusions of War," in *The Times Literary Supplement* of October 22, says many true things. But his implication—that English criticism of the Germans during this war is on a par with German criticism of the English—seems to me curiously inconsequent and misleading.

Such a half analysis as the article supplies on this part

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of the subject is far less true to reality than the rough and ready view of the mass of Englishmen which the writer decries as a barbarous illusion of the War Spirit. The average Englishman, in spite of exaggeration and indiscriminateness, sees the main thing. He may regard the cruel and treacherous German as the incarnation of evil qualities, but he does note the treachery and the cruelty. This writer's imperfect analysis is at pains to point out that the German is a human being not wholly evil, and seems to think that he has proved thereby that he is no worse than others who are in fact neither treacherous nor cruel.

He is haunted by the proverb, *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*; and reduces it to an absurdity. Doubtless it is true that opposing nations are apt (as the writer says) to treat the individual enemy as an abstraction of evil national qualities, and not as a human being. And it is a just correction of this tendency to point out that a German *is* human and not a demon. But the spirit animating a particular group of human beings may be a bad spirit. That the English and the German army are both made up of men does not prove that the spirit of one is as good as the spirit of the other. In analysing the development of even the greatest sinner towards evil, we find human nature and not a devil's nature. The evil in a man is nearly always a gradual development, and it is difficult to put one's finger at the point at which unfaithfulness to the right leads inevitably to terrible crime. *Nemo repente fit turpissimus*. Depravity is gradual. Each successive act is human and explicable. None is utterly atrocious if we analyse all the conditions—external influences, internal dispositions, inherited or imbibed from a surrounding atmosphere—in the mind of the criminal which immediately led up to it. But the fallacy which underlies the whitewashing of criminals is similar to that known to logicians as the fallacy of Sorites. No one stone added to its fellows makes the difference of a heap and not a heap. Yet two stones is not a heap, a billion stones, added one by one, is a huge heap. The group did gradually become a heap, though to announce at any moment

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that the transition from group to heap has just been made is absurd.

With a corporate crime such as that of the German Army, the fallacy passes muster yet more easily; for many individuals may be good men. Yet nothing is more certain than that bodies of men are moved by a definite spirit, good or bad—by maxims which become expressly or tacitly current coin in the community. The spirit of an age or of a race is a real thing. And the spirit of the German Army and of the English Army are poles asunder. We may accept nearly all the exceedingly able and subtle analysis of *The Times* writer as to the exaggerated view of the German as such which an English crowd entertains, without approaching to a justification of the conclusion to which such an argument put forth apropos to the present war points. It is quite true, as the writer says, that we Englishmen are conscious that the German crowd paints us in false colours; it is quite true also that the German will be equally conscious that the Englishman paints him in false colours; it is quite true that the self-denying devotion to the Fatherland is often very noble in the German. It is quite true that the rough and ready English critic is disposed just now occasionally to forget this and to regard the German as simply the incarnation of devilish cruelty. But all this does not effect the main issue. It does not justify the impious deeds which arouse the English crowd to an indignation which may be accompanied by incidental injustice. The crowd is on the whole right; *The Times* writer on the whole wrong.

When Wellington's soldiers in 1807 and French's in 1914 were filled with loathing for Prussian brutality, the feeling was far more just in spite of their defective psychology than the sentiment advocated by *The Times* writer whose psychology is true but most imperfect. Commonsense takes in the main features though it errs in detail. The superior person corrects some of these details and loses the sense of what is most important in the situation as a whole.

WILFRID WARD

the German Soldiery

The following observations on the above article by a Belgian official, who had special opportunities of learning the exact state of the case, will interest our readers:

I (p. 37): " Il est a remarquer que lorsque, par suite de l'occupation de Bruxelles par les Allemands, certains membres de la Commission Officielle restés dans cette ville doivent cesser de participer aux travaux de la Commission transferée à Anvers (plus tard au Havre), ils furent remplaces par de nouveaux membres, designes par le Gouvernement Royal, et occupant une situation au moins aussi importante dans la haute magistrature ou dans le Parlement. On peut donc affirmer que tous les rapports officiels publiés jusqu'ici par la Commission (et qui ne l'ont été qu'après un scrupuleux examen) emanent de personnalités presentant les plus grandes garanties d'impartialité, de conscience, et de prudence.

" Il est a remarquer que la Commission n'a pas pu publier les noms de la plupart des temoins, parceque ceux-ci residant dans les provinces occupées par l'ennemi auraient été exposés aux pires violences de la part de celui-ci."

II (pp. 37 et 38): " Il est très exact que beaucoup de Belges eux même ont eu beaucoup de peine a ajouter foi aux premiers recits d'atrocités reprochés aux Allemands. Il n'y avait en effet aucune antipathie en general contre eux avant la guerre. Lorsqu'ils violèrent leurs engagements envers le Pays, il y eut un grand sursaut d'indignation et le Pays tout entier prit les armes pour les combattre, s'attendant evidemment aux malheurs, aux morts et aux ruines qui sont l'inevitable consequence de la guerre, mais croyant se trouver devant un belligerent loyal. Le sentiment profond de haine, ou plutot de mépris, qu'est aujourd'hui dans le cœur de tous les Belges vient surtout de ces horreurs et de ces infamies dont il n'est pas un d'eux qui n'ait été le temoin direct ou presque.

" Il est certainement exagéré de dire " (p. 37) " qu'il y a eu ' in many cases ' des coups de fusil tirés par les civils sur les Allemands. Toutes les informations les plus sures concordent a dire que ces cas ont été extreme-ment rares, d'autant plus que des le 5 aout le Gouvernement fit afficher dans toutes les communes des avis à la population, lui ordonnant de remettre à la maison communale des armes à feu, et les conseils de prudence furent repetés chaque jour par tous journaux belges.

" Mais il faut tenir note des éléments ci-après qui expliquent beaucoup des executions, en masse effectués par les Allemands.

" 1. Très souvent, de bonne foi ou non, ils ont attribués à des civils les coups de fusil tirés dans les villas ou ils penetraient par les soldats restes en arriere-garde.

" 2. Les ordres des armées operant en Belgique permettaient d'incendier les localites ou la population civile avaient tire sur elles. Or l'incendie est toujours precedé d'un pillage autorisé, ou du moins toléré par les officiers (souvent dirigé par eux). Très souvent il a pu etre prouvé que des soldats allemands allaient eux-mêmes tirer quelques coups de fusil dans

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une rue écartée et revenaient, l'air effrayé, dire aux officiers, ' Man hat geschossen ' pour obtenir un ordre d'incendie, et par suite le pillage.

" 3. Les Allemands, obligés de maintenir une longue ligne de communication à travers la Belgique, desiraient réduire au minimum leurs garnisons dans ce pays, et leur donner à cette fin pour assistance, ' le general Terreur.' Il est très remarquable que dans les provinces de Namur et Luxembourg par exemple, si l'on consulte la carte, on trouve que les localités saccagées l'ont été de distance en distance, régulièrement, sans qu'on puisse dire pourquoi cette commune a été épargnée plutôt que telle autre. Ce sont des ' relais ' réguliers de ' terrorisation ' destinés semble-t-il à répandre partout la crainte de l'envahisseur.

" Le scepticisme qu'existe chez certains anglais à l'égard des horreurs commises par les allemands en Belgique est une des choses qui impressionnent le plus péniblement les Belges. Ceux-ci ne demandent pas la pitié, dont ils n'ont que faire. Mais ils réclament et prétendent obtenir la *Justice*. Les Alliés ont promis solennellement de la leur faire rendre—d'abord pour l'honneur de la justice en elle-même, et puis en reconnaissance de ce que la Belgique s'est sacrifiée toute entière pour leur cause. Jusqu'ici ces promesses n'ont pas encore pu être exécutées par suite des circonstances, et la Belgique a été empiètement envahie par l'ennemi, sans que son armée ait été soutenue (ou à peine) par des troupes des Alliés. Celles-ci sont seulement intervenues efficacement pour la défense de la ligue de l'Yser, protégeant le dernier lambeau du territoire, et Calais. Le territoire belge continue d'être devasté, sa population meurt de faim et souffre de continuelle violence de la part des Allemands.

" Il serait de la dernière injustice, et profondément décevant pour les Belges, que l'on traite d'exagérations ou de fables, les infamies commises par les Allemands, et dont les 3/4 ne sont même pas encore rendues publiques.

" C'est l'une des satisfactions que la Belgique réclamera le plus ardemment lors des négociations de paix: que les officiers commandant les troupes ou ont été commis les crimes les plus odieux soient traduits en jugement (beaucoup sont connus) et s'ils sont reconnus coupables, soient exécutés et pendus sur le lieu même de leurs crimes. Souhaitons que ces jugements dissipent les hésitations des incrédules."

THE LETTERS OF JEANNE D'ARC: AN EPITOME

SINCE M. Jules Quicherat first edited and gave to the world at large the documents of the trials of Jeanne d'Arc, so great has been the rush of literary and historical effort to this new treasure field that one would seem justified in supposing its riches to be at length exhausted, its evidence sifted and weighed, and the precious ore of truth cleansed from its matrix of error and confusion. Nevertheless it has been left, and rightly enough, for a descendant of one of the Maid's own brothers,* to make a discovery which upsets many a carefully weighed conclusion, and brings the weight of first hand evidence to verify what many must hitherto have sought to believe yet dared not. By a minute study of the well-known evidence M. le Comte de Maleissye† has thrown a flood of fresh light upon that crux of the Maid's whole history—the supposed negation at St Ouen on May 24, 1430.

In 1901, a critical study by M. l'Abbé Dunand disproved the authenticity of the supposed document of abjuration, thus paving the way for her long delayed beatification. Ten years later M. de Maleissye, by establishing the fact that Jeanne could sign her name, "thanks," as he says, "to her letters," has brought "the material proof of the Bishop of Beauvais's perfidy."

The *Legende Anglaise* as it has been unjustly dubbed (for its author was none other than Cauchon) has maintained hitherto that Jeanne, suddenly broken in spirit at the sight of the instruments of death, consented to sign, or rather, being unable to read or write, to affix a cross to a fulsome document of abjuration read to her by one Guillaume Erard: that this was a momentary weakness, whereof repenting almost immediately, she was adjudged to the stake as a relapsed heretic.

* Jacquemin d'Arc the eldest of the three.

† Les Lettres de Jehanne d'Arc et la Pretendue Abjuration de Saint-Ouen.

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It is easy enough to explain on merely natural grounds this "frail declension" from her own "serene example" as a sheer physical breakdown, and wonder still at her marvellous fortitude through months of strain and sufferings, at the horror of which we can only dimly guess. St Peter, unmenaced, thrice denied Our Lord. Need we, asks Lang in effect, honour Jeanne the less for a single denial of her mission, and that in face of death?*

But once admit the supernatural (and what historian dare exclude it here?) and such flimsy reasoning is blown to the winds. Peter of Caiphass's hall was far other than St Peter of Pentecost, and Jeanne had known her Pentecost. It is poor work excusing a saint and measuring up the supernatural with our little human footrule.

But thank God it is unnecessary, and thank God again the infamy of her condemnation does not rest solely, nor even mainly, upon us English. It rests upon a scoundrel the like of whom Christendom has scarcely produced since Judas's day. The confusion which has enveloped this scene, when practically all else is clear, is due to the diabolic machinations of Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who was suffered to die, I believe, in his bed, but a hateful outcast from his own city.

Briefly, the great service which M. de Maleissye has rendered to the cause of the Maid is this. He has established incontestably that Jeanne was both able, and in the constant habit of signing her name. This is the supreme fact. Now it is equally certain that Jeanne did not sign but only made a cross upon the paper handed to her by Erard. If, therefore, she could sign and did not sign she made no abjuration, no denial of her divine mission. This proven, M. de Maleissye piles evidence upon evidence in clear demonstration of the Maid's unswerving and serene maintenance of her high vocation. I cannot attempt to do more here than summarize some of his chief points.

From 1430 onwards, it has been assumed, logically

* Andrew Lang, *La Pucelle de France*, p. 362.

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considering the premises, that Jeanne was totally unlettered, ignorant of the art alike of reading and writing; and at first sight the evidence in favour of this view is considerable. We have the words of the Maid herself in the early days at Poitiers, "I know neither A nor B." Secondly the testimony of two of the witnesses at the rehabilitation trial of 1450-6, of which more anon. Thirdly, the bare fact that she did mark with a cross a certain paper which, in order to achieve salvation from the stake, she was pressed to sign. To disprove the conclusion drawn from these evidences has been M. de Maleissye's work.

There are five documents extant of inestimable value to the student of the real Jeanne, namely the five authentic letters which, alone of her numerous correspondence, have escaped destruction. These letters are as M. de Maleissye says in effect, "a canvas whereon is deftly portrayed the vivid intensity of soul; the instant energy and decision of that strong nature." Three were directed to the people of Riom (and these are preserved in the Maleissye archives), one to the Duke of Burgundy, and one to the inhabitants of Rheims. Of these five letters, two are unsigned. These are the first two in point of date, and were dispatched on July 17 and August 6 respectively. The first, therefore (to the Duke of Burgundy), was written on the day of the king's Coronation, the second, nineteen days later. Up to this time, Jeanne's life had been one of strenuous military action; a train of victories, culminating in the coronation at Rheims. To this succeeded a period of chafing delays, during which the Maid's burning energy was constantly shackled, her actions maimed by half support and sudden withdrawal, her plans frustrated by a suicidal truce with Burgundy. Now as M. Hanotaux points out,* and as the most superficial study shows, Jeanne was a person of a very high order of natural intelligence, capable of extraordinarily clear judgments upon matters of policy, etc., even when she is not known to have been directly

* G. Hanotaux, *Jeanne d'Arc*, p. 212; quoted "Lettres," p. 8.

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inspired by her voices. She was, moreover, a very flame of energy to whom repose of spirit was, under these circumstances, impossible. What is more natural to expect than that she should employ the intervals of enforced idleness in acquiring the arts of reading and writing, two equipments essential to a general in time of war? Jeanne neglected nothing that could serve her cause. Moreover, the king's policy of niggardliness and half measures was throwing her upon her own resources—she must needs make a personal appeal to the loyal towns for munitions of war.

Accordingly we find her next letter, dated November 9, 1429, signed bravely—Jehanne. There is no shakiness or hesitation about the powerful black strokes, but the letters stand separately for the most part, and she has got into slight difficulties over the first "N." Her signature bespeaks "the untrained hand of a novice." By March 16, 1430, she has made marked improvement; there is no more stumbling over the strokes, but she appends her sign manual in a bold firm hand. On the 28th of the same month, we get our last specimen of her writing—less neat and more individualist, showing no conscious effort. There is expression of the pleasure of mastery in the long swinging strokes and well joined characters. A quite unscholarly examination of the signatures themselves will suffice to dispel any such feeble hypotheses as that her hand was guided, or that the signatures are copies of a specimen example, made with laborious effort and never repeated.

M. de Maleissye has conducted inquiries amongst elementary school teachers (the class best fitted to judge of the initial stages of the caligraphic art), and in every case he has received corroboration of his own deductions from the three signatures.

One conversation he gives in full, and it is too valuable to omit. The first signed letter (that to Riom, November 9, 1429) was submitted to a lay teacher of some thirty years' experience, who had made a special hobby of studying the old registers of his parish. "This person,"

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asked M. de Maleissye, "would be signing for the first time, I suppose, or pretty nearly so?" "Why, no!" was the answer, "the strokes are too well traced," and further, "this woman is still capable of a mistake about the number of strokes, but she is well accustomed to sign her name." "Might not her hand have been guided?" "No, indeed! that is quite impossible considering the way in which the letters are formed." His comment on the signature of March 10 was—"that is extremely well done; and by a person knowing well how to write." When the authorship of the signatures was discovered to him he was astonished. "Indeed, one would know them for the same handwriting. How well she could write!"

Another point of highest importance is connected with these letters. One of the twelve articles drawn up against Jeanne, and submitted to the University of Paris, concerned a habit, readily acknowledged by her, of marking with a cross certain of her letters as "a sign that her orders (contained therein) were not to be put into execution." Occasionally also a cross was placed upon her letters in conjunction with the words "Jhesus Maria." These headings were in common use at the time, I suppose, throughout Christendom, and were written, as Jeanne says, by her clerks upon their own initiative. But "one cannot over emphasize the fact that when Jehanne employed these signs she employed them always as a cresting. In no case are they found under guise of a signature. All her words, all the records which have come down to us, should establish so far beyond possibility of doubt that the Maid never availed herself of a cross in place of a signature, even at the time when she was unable to write, that it is incomprehensible how many historians have been able to say that a cross was her habitual sign manual." The cross appears as a cresting only upon the first in point of date of the surviving letters and never again. Evidently when Jeanne adopted the aforesaid ruse she ceased to employ the cross at the head of her letter in order to avoid any possibility of confusion.

In certain corrections made in the actual text of the

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letters, M. de Maleissye has found small but weighty evidences of Jeanne's ability to read. For instance, in the letter of March 16, there occurs the sentence "Je vous mandesse anquores auqunes nouvelles de quoy vous fussiez bien joyeux. . . ." The word "joyeux" is preceded by "choyaux," effaced. Evidently the scribe was writing from dictation, and—"the correction made immediately in the text proves that Jeanne was reading it over as her scribe wrote, and made him replace the word 'choyaux' by 'joyeux.'" The same may be said of corrections made in the letter of March 28, where the text is interrupted, and several words crossed out and re-written after the insertion of the phrase "pour le Roy." There is one correction made above the text, namely the numeral IIII substituted for the word "trois" but this is evidently a recension. In the previous August, on the other hand, all corrections have been made in surcharge, showing that they were done only after the completion of the letter when Jeanne caused it to be read through to her.

Thus, from the visible evidence of her letters, M. de Maleissye proves as a fact that Jeanne could sign her name, and did so, easily and habitually. He also adduces strong presumptive evidence that she could both read and write; evidence made positive, as he proceeds to show, by the Maid's plain assertion. During a particularly solemn sitting on May 2, 1430, in the presence of the judges and sixty-seven assessors, asked by Jean de Chatillon whether she would refer the question of her sign, given to Charles of France, to the Archbishop of Rheims, the Sire de Bousac, Charles de Bourbon, La Tremouille, La Hire, etc., Jeanne replied—"I am indeed wishful that a messenger be sent to them, but it is I who will write to tell them what sort of a trial this is, otherwise it is useless."

She had spoken very differently at Poitiers nineteen months earlier, when, desiring to send a message to the English, she had commanded Jean Erault "Have you a paper and ink? Write what I shall tell you."

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Again, on March 1, being badgered on the subject of the Pope and the antipopes—"I have never written," she declared, "nor caused to be written anything in regard of the three popes. I affirm under the faith of my oath that I have never either written or caused anything to be written on this subject." Could anything be more definite and clear-cut?

It stands to reason that one who can write can also read. On February 24, after a refusal to answer several questions without permission from her Voices, she replied to a last query from Jean Beaupère—"I am not bound to answer you on this subject. I ask to be given in writing the points upon which I do not answer at present." The points were too numerous to carry in her mind, but, given them in writing, she could read and pray over them in her cell, though she had no earthly counsellor whom she could trust.

What, therefore, was the meaning of that elaborately staged drama in the churchyard of St Ouen, if it were not intended to extort from the Maid a signed denial of her heavenly commission? Cauchon was doing the devil's work and lacked not of his master's cunning. He knew that the death of the Maid in her unstained glory, though it might restore their lost nerve to the English soldiery, would be as a great wind to fan the little flame of French patriotism which was practically of her sole rekindling. What was needful was to degrade her to "the rank of an adventuress"; to rend from her her supernatural honour.*

If Jeanne could be frightened into signing, well and good; but Cauchon can have had but the slightest hope of gaining his end by this means. Jeanne had often contemplated death. "If I should see the fire alight, the faggots flaming, the executioner ready to kindle the fire, if I were in the fire I should say nothing different concerning these matters, and I should uphold unto death what I have said during the trial."†

* Warwick is said to have pointed out to the soldiers the moral advantage of formal burning over informal drowning.

† Her famous "Responso superba."

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It must be remembered, too, that Jeanne had been menaced with death without the Sacraments unless she "retracted." Again, "Truly if you should dislocate my limbs and drive out my soul from my body, I should not for that cause say anything different. . . ." This before the arranged instruments of torture.* "I have asked my Voices," she said, "whether I shall be burned, they have told me to trust to Our Lord about it and that He will help me."

I think the introspective modern mind finds it difficult to grasp the positive fact of Jeanne's complete self-emptying: no assumed sentiment, but an all-pervading fact. In the scene at St Ouen Jeanne shows "even more convincingly this state of mind which is the characteristic of her whole life and upon which it is impossible to lay too much stress; her entire self-abandonment in God's Hands, an abandonment which had its origin in an absolute confidence and a limitless love." Is it likely that one so penetrated with God should fail to be sustained by Him at the supreme trial? On mere natural grounds why should she shrink who had faced death a score of times before?

To deceive the Maid, Cauchon apparently did hope. Yet he had had many proofs of her high intelligence and clear judgment. To the assumption by Cauchon and his complices of the name and authority of the universal Church, she had replied by an appeal to God first, and to His supreme Vicar on earth "It is to God that I refer them (her deeds and words) and to our Holy Father the Pope." "To nascent Protestantism" says M. de Maleissye, "she opposes the true doctrine of Christ, she makes her appeal to the Pope 'Dieu premier servi.'"

As a matter of fact trickery failed, and likewise force. Cauchon was obliged eventually to have recourse to the clumsier weapon of deliberate falsification.

In the light of the fact that Jeanne could both read and write, M. de Maleissye proceeds to pick his way through the confusion. The assets of the scene at St Ouen are

* In the great tower of St Ouen on May 9.

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familiar to all and need no repetition. Suffice it to point out that Jeanne was isolated; placed on a platform opposite to that occupied by Cauchon and the other dignitaries, and accompanied by four men only, Erard, Canon of Langres and Laon, Massieu, the clerk of the court, Manchon and Colles, two recorders. Erard, who was doctor of theology, opened the proceedings with a long peroration, hurling vile names at the Maid which could not even stain her garments. Three times, in answer to three separate monitions to submit to the "Church," she appealed to "Our Holy Father the Pope to whom and to God first I refer me." "My words, and the deeds I have done they have been done in God's Name."

"The sentence was about to be pronounced, but the Maid would remain the Envoy of God. Could Cauchon tolerate this?" Intimidation had failed, resort must be had to trickery. "It was at this juncture that the Bishop of Beauvais, wishful to obtain a signature at all costs, acting through his intermediary Erard, seemed willing to cede everything, and promised Jeanne even liberty if she would consent to abandon masculine dress."* Erard produced a prepared paper in which, says Massieu, "it was specified that she would not bear arms, nor man's dress, nor cropped hair and many other matters which I have forgotten. I know well that this schedule contained about eight lines and not more. I know beyond any doubt that it was not that paper which is mentioned in the trial. That which is given in the trial is different from that which I read and which Jeanne signed." Thus was Jeanne offered a loophole whereby to save her life, apparently with honour. That she refused it with high dignity is one more proof that the light and strength of God's presence were about her. She was asked to make no denial of her mission, but merely to subside into obscurity as she had constantly longed to do, were it only possible; yet now she saw the trap and sprung it. With a smile of gentle scorn she placed a cross at the bottom of the paper,

* M. de Maleissye quotes also the testimony of La Chambre, "que si elle faisait ce qui lui était conseillé, elle serait délivrée de prison."

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implicit sign of denial, expressly recognized as such by her enemies. Jeanne's smile is one of M. de Maleissye's strongest points. He only weakens it when he suggests that she congratulated herself on the employment of a ruse which might save her from the stake.

Jeanne was a martyr already in intention and her action needs no explanation. She had beaten these dusty doctors at every turn; now she was victorious in the final contest and had employed for their confusion one of the very practices which had been brought up for condemnation. "What I am sure of," said Manchon, standing beside her on the platform, "is that she was smiling."

This action of hers was the signal for a tumult, and stones were hurled—at whom or by whom is not clear, but most probably by the agents of Cauchon, definitely commissioned to produce a tumult at a given sign; no difficult task in that inflammable mob whose nervous tension must have been acute by this time.

Under cover of the riot an English secretary, Lawrence Calot by name, seems to have clambered on to Jeanne's platform, and drawing a small written paper from his sleeve, to have presented it to the Maid who "in mockery traced an O thereon." Calot, who had evidently been commissioned by Cauchon, should the first attempt fail, to obtain a signature by force, seized her hand; but too late, Jeanne had spoiled his paper with a great scrawl through the text. Large and bold must have been her circlet of scorn, for Aymond de Macy, chief authority for this scene, was not on the platform near Jeanne. For this very reason M. de Maleissye rejects his testimony when he professes to report Jeanne's own words and represents her as saying, "that she could neither read nor sign." An individual in the midst of a tumultuous mob (and mediaeval lungs were lusty) could not be relied upon to report correctly words spoken between two persons on a platform probably at some distance. Neither Manchon nor Colles, who were on the platform, report them. Moreover, Macy is convicted elsewhere of inaccuracy.

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He gives the preacher's name as Nicholas Midi instead of Guillaume Erard. Lang, in fact, rejects his testimony altogether, on the score of inaccuracy. Massieu, who was on the platform, deposed, indeed, that Jeanne declared, à propos of Erard's schedule, "I do not know how to sign." A few moments later he has the face to represent her as saying, "I would rather sign than be burned." Massieu's report, therefore, needs no further discussion; it originated in his imagination. According to M. de Maleissye, he was a cleric whose notoriously evil life had caused him to be degraded from his title of "Doyen de Chrétienté." A tool of Cauchon, chosen for his assured servility, he attempted at the rehabilitation to represent himself as having befriended the Maid at his own risk.

M. de Maleissye concludes his masterly summary of the evidence by an exposition of the feelings of the complex multitude that surged round the Maid.

Of the English, "Plures dicebant quod non erat nisi truffa et quod non faciebat nisi deridere."

"Quod erat una derisio," said Guillaume du Desert, thus agreeing with Jean de Mailly, Bishop of Noyon, who declared, "that the greater number of the bystanders attached small importance to this kind of abjuration, and that it was nothing but a mockery. Jehanne herself as it seemed to me made no account of it and held it as nought."

Thus all Cauchon's finesse had brought him a net result of two spoiled papers and no signature.

Forced back into plain and inartistic lying, "he added to the sheaf of papers a forged document; an abjuration composed according to his own fancy, which no one else had seen or heard, and of which Jehanne had no cognizance whatever . . . the schedule of six or seven lines which Massieu had read; which Guillaume de la Chambre had seen, so closely that he could have read it,—which would take as long as a Pater Noster to say, according to Miget, Prior of Longueville; a formula comprising six lines of large writing, says Taquel, the third recorder,

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etc. This schedule is not contained in any part of the trial records. Now the schedule which *is* annexed, whereon Cauchon has inscribed the name 'Jehanne +' (an acknowledgment, by the way, that she could sign), comprises not six lines of large writing, but more than 500 words in a finicking hand." M. de Maleissye does not spend much time over this question of the substitution of papers. It has, as he says, been dealt with amply elsewhere, notably by Dunand. There seems no possible reason for doubting the evidence of the five witnesses who emphasize the point. Cauchon certainly gives ample evidence that he knew the truth. Erard had promised her that if she would sign the short paper and abandon man's dress she should be granted liberty, yet his master, whilst pretending that she had signed, condemned her formally to perpetual imprisonment, "avec le pain de douleur et l'eau d'angoisse." Jeanne, hearing her interdiction removed, demanded ("with less humility than one would expect from a penitent," says Lang) to be taken to the Ecclesiastical prison, where she would be quit at last of the incessant presence of the brutal English soldiery. "Or ça gens d'église menez moi à vos prisons que je ne sois pas dans les mains de ces Anglais." The terse Gallicism will not suffer translation.

But to let her out of his grasp now would be fatal to Cauchon's project. "Take her back whence you brought her," he commanded. It is one of the most astonishing points in the whole of this astonishing drama to see how absolute were the powers wielded by the Bishop of Beauvais. Dunand has shown that his canonical authority over Jeanne was null. Compiègne, where she was taken, was subject to the see of Soissons and not Beauvais. Cauchon could have had no right to proceed against her unless he had obtained delegated powers from the Bishop of Soissons or Toul. He was one of the many statesmen-bishops who served the English crown during the fifteenth century, though his services were given rather for lucre and for revenge* than for political advancement.

* Cauchon had been driven from his see by the French soldiery.

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The evidence of the Maid's last few days in prison has constituted a greater stumbling block to posterity than even the scene at St Ouen, and this is not strange considering its obvious fabrication.

At the last, says Lang, she appealed to the council (of Bâle, which was just assembling), but the first words alone of her appeal are given in the French translation of the trial records; in the official Latin text they are suppressed. Such was the justice of "the church" of Cauchon: *Ecclesia malignantium*—an assembly of Malevolents.* Lang does not follow the lead which he himself gives, and dares not to condemn the evidence altogether. M. de Maleissye, armed with that juster historical sense and deeper comprehension of the Maid, has ventured to weigh and appraise it.

Jeanne had been aware of a *suppressio veri* long before. "You write that which is against me and not that which is for me," she told the court. Now her enemies were going to descend even to the insertion of deliberate forgeries.

Jeanne's short temporary abandonment of her man's dress has generally been accepted as proof of her abjuration. She directly denied this interpretation when accused by Cauchon on May 28 of having promised and sworn not to wear man's dress: "never," she replied "have I understood myself to make oath not to wear it." Now Cauchon had visited her directly after her remission to prison on the 24th, in company with Jean Le Maître, vice inquisitor, Thomas de Courcelles (the advocate of torture), the hypocrite Loyseleur, Nicholas Midy, and others of her worst enemies. He had then, it appears, renewed the promise made in his name by Erard, and rejected. Manchon dared not make a full report of the promises, but he gives Jeanne's answer to the question, "Why have you resumed man's dress?"—"I have resumed it because the promises made to me have not

Lang, *La Pucelle de France*, p. 300. I quote from Nelson's French Edition.

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been kept, that is to say, that I should go to Mass, should receive my Saviour, and that I should be taken out of irons." At the rehabilitation, when he had nothing to fear from his employers, Manchon amplifies his statement and definitely implicates them. "She said that the judges had promised that she should be in the hands of the Church and in the Ecclesiastical prisons, and that she should have a woman with her."

Apparently Jeanne, though she had refused her signature, which was liable to abuse, agreed to a temporary assumption of woman's dress pending the fulfilment of these conditions. She had frequently offered to do likewise in the past, e.g., on March 15, "have made for me a long dress reaching to the ground without a train. Give it to me to go to Mass in, and then I will resume the dress that I have." Again, "If I were set at liberty in a woman's dress, I would put myself at once into a man's dress and would do what I am ordered to do by Our Lord . . . for nothing in the world will I take an oath never to arm myself or to dress in man's clothes, and thus to do the pleasure of Our Lord."

Jeanne had foiled Cauchon at every point and he had never been able to shake her. Now he plays his last card. On the 28th, Jeanne was summoned before a private conclave, which will be best described in M. de Maleissye's own words. "The Bishop of Beauvais, who to certain audiences had convoked as many as fifty or sixty assessors, summoned only a very small number to this inquisition. Of seven assessors three appeared for the first and last time; all were entirely devoted to his interests, leagued against Jeanne, and prepared for any falsehood. The records of this sitting have but one end: to make it appear that Jeanne had abjured at St Ouen.

"The better to authenticize the pretended acceptance, they are careful to relate that the Saints addressed Jehanne in terms of reproach, and the words, passing through the martyr's own lips, take the form of an avowal. Skilful perfidy this!" Manchon, poor wretch, tried to escape attendance, but the terrible Warwick

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went in search of him. With Warwick at his elbow "who can wonder at the falsifications of the trial records?"

Manchon admitted his dishonesty at the rehabilitation, pleading his terror of offending his employers—"non fuisset ausus tantos viros redarguere"—men who, according to Miget of Longueville, were inspired by a "ferocious hatred of the Maid."

If the latter had denied her mission and suffered the reproaches of her saints "it would have been in public, and at the stake that Jeanne would have confessed her error, and asked of God his pardon in a cry of sorrowful penitence; not before Cauchon, that prevaricating bishop, in the privacy of a secret examination." "If I were to say that God had not sent me I should condemn myself, for in the very truth it is God who has sent me." This was her "Responso Mortifera," as the recorder noted in the margin. Jeanne was mentally incapable of a pretence through sheer ignorance of the art; an art not acquired in a moment after a life spent in the perfect habit of truth.

The next day, May 29, was appointed for her formal condemnation. Cauchon's scheme seemed to be sailing smoothly. Jeanne had been seen to wield a pen at St Ouen, and the bishop's agents had diligently reported her abjuration throughout the town. She had put off her man's dress for a few hours and then resumed it—tangible proof of a return to her errors. Lastly, these suppositions had been corroborated by some very substantial lies on paper. But the whole plan very narrowly escaped shipwreck.

Of forty-one assessors summoned on the 29th, thirty-eight followed the Abbot of Fécampes in his startling demand that the abjuration document should be re-read to the Maid, who should also be heard in her own defence.

This was impossible. Jeanne would have straightway denied all knowledge of the false paper and convicted Cauchon of outrageous injustice. Accordingly the Bishop of Beauvais calmly disregarded the votes of the vast majority and proceeded next day to pronounce sentence.

"What a crushing testimony," exclaims M. le Comte,

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“ does Cauchon adduce against himself in refusing to let Jehanne be heard! and what more formal acknowledgment of his prevarications could we desire? ”

It is a strange paradox that, though the Maid's is perhaps the simplest and most translucent character of history, yet men have fallen into endless confusion and contradictions, and have invented countless pseudo personalities for her. So luminous is she that men are blinded and fly aimlessly like migrant birds before a beacon lantern. Yet the explanation lies in this very translucency, percolating a greater light. Men have tried to isolate the tool and examine it apart from the artificer, the envoy apart from the King. Blessed Jeanne must, indeed, borrow a motto and say with our most tragic Queen: “ Veritas temporis filia.”

IRENE MARY ROPE

REVENGE FOR RHEIMS

THOU Permanence amid all things that pass!
Unchanging thought amid the drift of change;
Thou Rally of the Soul in days of dross.
How art Thou fallen!

Thou Prayer, that ever-rising, yet remained,
That for seven hundred years didst sing and soar,
Spirit with wings outspread tip-toe on earth,
How art Thou fallen!

Thou Vision frozen, and Thou Sigh transfixed;
Thou Camp of dreams, Thou Fort of faith unstormed,
Time-worn, yet wearying t'ward Eternity,
How art Thou fallen!

Thou wast to France her Inspiration old,
Thou hadst for ivy earliest memories;
From Thee her Knights, her Angels long looked down;
How art Thou fallen!

What vengeance for Thy ruin shall she hurl?
O, be that vengeance that the ruin stand,
And only Choirs for ever unrestored!
Ever unfallen!

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

THE INTERPRETATION OF TREITSCHKE

Selections from Treitschke's Lectures on Politics. Translated by
A. L. Gowans. Gowans and Gray. London and Glasgow.

IT has often been said recently that Treitschke's conception of the supremacy of the individual State is largely responsible for the exceedingly loose international morality by which Germany has shocked the civilized world on occasion of the present war. A German State which regards its own will as supreme and its own interests as paramount, which admits no superior international tribunal, is, it is argued, unfettered by the obligations which bind other European nations in dealing with their fellow States.

I am inclined to question this view and to find the root disease of Treitschkeism rather in the inability of Treitschke, intensified tenfold in his disciples, to comprehend the sacredness of a pledge, or what is meant by an obligation in the court of honour. I do not think that Treitschke's refusal to accept the idea of a supreme international tribunal above the individual State necessarily leads to the low standard of morality which has been manifest in German diplomacy or in the German army. It is not the recognition of a superior court but the sense of the sacredness of a reciprocal promise which effectively guarantees honourable conduct. Real civilization, whether in time of peace or in time of war, cannot exist without the prevalence of a certain standard of honour. Without this neither theories nor institutions will suffice. The very best judicial system, as J. S. Mill has said, breaks down if judges are personally corrupt. The relations between States and between individuals are not always analogous, but in this case they are. In business circles it is not the Court of Law which ensures the code of honour which is prevalent, and which makes credit assured. The power of the Court falls far short

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of the code of honour. That code is secured by the fact that a certain standard prevails in the community. Its members pride themselves on being in their business relations gentlemen in the best sense. Many will be simply incapable of a dishonourable action; others become incapable through a habit secured by general public opinion.

Concentration on self interest is not necessarily inconsistent with this high standard. On the contrary, the conviction that in the long run honesty is the best policy has a certain share in preserving good faith in business transactions. English public opinion secures a far higher standard of honour in business transactions than any Court of Law could enforce. An undertaking given in private conversation is absolutely to be relied on among reputable business men, though legal formalities may have been omitted and a Court of Law could not enforce it. "His word is his bond" may generally be said of any representative of our great business firms. A pledge publicly made by any English gentleman is sacred. It would mean a most serious change in the standards of our public life if it were not so—a symptom of dangerous national decay. And our idea in England is that a great nation like a great gentleman should be incapable of breaking a pledge, quite apart from the existence of any superior Court which could enforce that pledge. The national pride in its own honour should be ample security.

It is this idea of honourable obligation which is wholly absent in Treitschke's writing. And that deficiency rather than his rejection of a supreme international tribunal is responsible for the abuse of Treitschke's theories and their evil consequences. He does not wholly banish international treaties. He recognizes, indeed, an international law of war "based on reciprocity." But the more carefully one reads his words the more apparent is the absence of the idea of the inviolability of an honourable pledge, of any sense of national shame involved in breaking it. He deprecates a gross violation of international

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law in the conduct of war—but only because it would excite “great indignation among civilized nations” and, therefore, presumably the delinquent must suffer. This is the furthest point to which he goes in recognizing an external rule limiting the individual State’s freedom in deciding whether it will or will not fulfil a pledge.

The State’s judgment as to what course it may suitably take readily stands in such a context for mere caprice. The English view has always been that the breach of a solemn pledge is unthinkable in the serious affairs of life and between responsible parties. A gentleman cannot be guilty of it. This does not arise from the fear of arousing indignation or of any consequences whatever. It is a matter of final obligation. And the term “gentleman” has come to be used of one who is uniformly observant of obligations binding all men of honour because *noblesse oblige*. The pressure of poverty will at times tempt a man almost irresistibly to fall short of the highest standard. Those classes, therefore, whose circumstances raise them above this temptation in an acute form are the natural guardians of our high national standard. The tradition of those classes preserves it most purely and securely. I do not forget recent ugly exceptions to this rule—the exceedingly disagreeable invasion of the low ideals of Jewish moneylenders which has so seriously damaged the reputation of a few public men. But the exception proves the rule. The high standard of which I speak is characteristic of our respectable business men quite as much as of our aristocracy or of any privileged class. For all alike not to behave like a gentleman in a matter of business means to have fallen short of the national standard of honour. It is this standard that Treitschke fails to recognize and his followers openly contravene. It is amusingly significant that among the English words which Germans have recently banished from their own vocabulary is the word “gentleman.” It is not a mere cheap retort but a sober fact that the outstanding lesson from Treitschke’s lectures and from recent German conduct is that the idea which the English

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convey by the word is just that which German theory and practice alike are losing sight of.

Instances of occasional chivalrous generosity are to be found among the Germans. But the sense of honourable obligation they have not got. Their national pride does secure courage, but *not* honour. They are ashamed of cowardice but not of treachery. Not the most ample theoretical recognition of an international power supreme over the individual State could secure straight and moral conduct in a nation which is not ashamed of lying, of breaking promises or of brutality.

It is, then, in the actual application of her eminent writers' main theories as much as, or more than, in the theories themselves, that Germany has shocked us. It is notorious that even sound principles of casuistry may, by an unprincipled man, be made to justify vice. The flaw of which I have spoken in Treitschke's own statement of his theories—the underlying absence of the sense of moral obligation for the State—can be disguised. The theories can be so interpreted and applied that they may be defended as reasonable and not immoral. But they have, in fact, been so applied as to make the defence wholly nugatory. The non-recognition of a national conscience has been far more obtrusively prominent in Germany's action than in Treitschke's own pages.

Let us take an example of this. The following is, perhaps, the clearest statement of his classical theory as to the supremacy of the individual State:

The essence of the State consists in this, that it can suffer no higher power above itself. How proud and truly worthy of a State was Gustavus Adolphus's declaration when he said "I recognize no one above me but God and the sword of the victor." This is so unreservedly true that we here again at once recognize that it cannot be the future of the human race to form one single political power, but that the ideal towards which we strive is an ordered company of nations, which lays down limitations of sovereignty in the way of voluntary treaties without doing away with that sovereignty.

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Again, the conception of sovereignty can be no rigid one; it is elastic and relative like all political conceptions. Every State will for its own sake in a certain respect limit its sovereignty by treaties. If States conclude treaties with one another, their completeness as powers is to some extent restricted. But that does not invalidate the rule, for every treaty is a voluntary limitation of the individual power, and all international treaties are written with the stipulation: *rebus sic stantibus*. A State cannot possibly bind its will for the future in respect to another State. The State has no higher judge above it, and will therefore conclude all its treaties with that silent reservation. This is vouched for by the truth that, so long as there has been a law of nations, at the moment that war was declared between the contending States all treaties ceased; but every State has as sovereign the undoubted right to declare war when it chooses, consequently every State is in the position of being able to cancel any treaties which have been concluded. Upon this constant alteration of treaties the progress of history is founded; every State must see to it that its treaties remain in vigour and do not go out of date, so that another power does not denounce them by declaring war upon it. For treaties that have outlived themselves must be denounced, and new ones corresponding to the new conditions must take their place.

From this it is clear that the international treaties which restrict the will of a State are no absolute barriers, but voluntary limitations of itself. From which certainly follows, that the erection of an international court of arbitration as a permanent institution is incompatible with the nature of the State. Only in questions of the second or third importance could it in any case submit itself to such a court of arbitration. For questions of vital importance there is no impartial foreign power in existence. If we committed the folly of treating the matter of Alsace as an open question and entrusted it to an arbiter, who will seriously believe that he could be impartial? And it is also a matter of honour for a State to determine such a question itself. Thus, there can be no final international tribunal at all. Only, international treaties will become more frequent. But to the end of history arms will maintain their rights; and in that very point lies the sacredness of war.

The above passage contains, I think, the extremest statement of Treitschke's theory. Much of it is defensible

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if certain provisos are added to secure it from unprincipled exaggeration in putting it into practice. It is rather its application by persons devoid of the sense of honour than the theory itself which is the source of Germany's recent crimes. For example, we may admit, for argument's sake and up to a certain point, that the proviso *rebus sic stantibus* is present latently in any treaty. We may at least argue with some plausibility that a treaty, the *raison d'être* of which presupposed one set of circumstances, may no longer be binding—or may even become a dead letter—under opposite circumstances. A change of circumstances may be so complete that had it been contemplated the treaty would not have been made. Therefore, it no longer binds. This is, at all events, what lawyers call an “arguable” proposition. But the most elementary code of honour binds a State to remember in acting on such a view that a treaty is a written compact: and if State A regards her assent to it as no longer binding, she must announce the fact under conditions in which the interests of State B, which relies on the treaty, cannot be seriously prejudiced. The treaty must be revised to suit the new circumstances. The substitution of a new international treaty must be at all events attempted to replace the old one. In Treitschke's own words, “a new treaty corresponding to the new conditions, must take its place.”

Germany's application of the principle has been the very opposite to this. In the present case Belgium was by the condition of its neutrality bound to refrain from protecting alliances. They were deemed unnecessary as her protection was already secured by treaty, and the terms of the treaty forbade them. Bismarck recognized the sacredness of Germany's pledge to protect her in these circumstances—a pledge made originally in 1839—and protested in 1870 that it was superfluous to renew an undertaking to which Germany's honour was already committed. If circumstances had so seriously changed since 1870 that Bismarck's guarantee no longer held good an honourable nation accepting Treitschke's theory should have given fair warning that fresh arrangements must be

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made. But what did Germany do? Far from announcing that in her opinion circumstances had materially changed, she positively repudiated any such suggestion last year officially. I quote from No. 12 in the Belgian Grey Paper:

At the meeting of the Budget Committee of the Reichstag on April 29, a member of the Social Democrat Party said: "The approach of a war between Germany and France is viewed with apprehension in Belgium, for it is feared that Germany will not respect the neutrality of Belgium."

Herr von Jagow, Secretary of State, replied: "Belgian neutrality is provided for by International Conventions and Germany is determined to respect those Conventions."

And within four days of a actual invasion the German Ambassador repeated to the Belgian Government unofficially the assurance that Germany would respect her neutrality.*

* Belgian Grey Paper No. 12. Monsieur Davignon, Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Belgian Ministers at Berlin, London and Paris, writes:

Brussels, July 31, 1914.

The Secretary-General then asked the German Minister if he knew of the conversation which he had had with his predecessor, Herr von Flotow, and of the reply which the Imperial Chancellor had instructed the latter to give.

In the course of the controversy which arose in 1911 as a consequence of the Dutch scheme for the fortification of Flushing, certain newspapers had maintained that in the case of a Franco-German war Belgian neutrality would be violated by Germany.

The Department of Foreign Affairs had suggested that a declaration in the German Parliament during a debate on foreign affairs would serve to calm public opinion, and to dispel the mistrust which was so regrettable from the point of view of the relations between the two countries.

Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg replied that he had fully appreciated the feelings which had inspired our representations. He declared that Germany had no intention of violating Belgian neutrality, but he considered that in making a public declaration Germany would weaken her military position in regard to France, who, secured on the northern side, would concentrate all her energies on the east.

Baron van der Elst, continuing, said that he perfectly understood the objections raised by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg to the proposed public

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This assurance was cancelled two days later by the German ultimatum; and invasion actually began before any reply had been sent by Belgium to that ultimatum!

We may criticize Treitschke's theory as a theory; but it is this cynical application of it which stamps the German as a cad and a barbarian. To say that no conceivable change of circumstances can invalidate a pledge is perhaps bold. But to twist this concession into a justification of the actual breach of the Belgian treaty is monstrous. Germany finds out that the condition *rebus sic stantibus* which held in April, 1913, and which seemed to her own Ambassador to hold on July 31, 1914, does not hold on August 2, on which day she presents an ultimatum demanding acquiescence in her violation of Belgian neutrality, followed immediately by an invasion on August 3 before any reply had been received. German troops invaded a country which reliance on Germany's own pledge had made comparatively defenceless. It is difficult even now to believe that this can have occurred in the civilized Europe of the twentieth century.

If in recent German diplomacy the lack of all sense of honour in applying Treitschke's theory is so far more barbarous than the theory itself, the case is yet stronger in respect of the violation of the laws of war by the German army. Here Treitschke's standard is not on the declaration, and he recalled the fact that since then, in 1913, Herr von Jagow had made reassuring declarations to the Budget Commission of the Reichstag respecting the maintenance of Belgian neutrality.

Herr von Bulow replied that he knew of the conversation with Herr von Flotow, and that he was certain that the sentiments expressed at that time had not changed.

The following is from M. Davignon to the Belgian Ministers at Paris Berlin, London, Vienna and St Petersburg.

Brussels, August 2, 1914.

When I next met Herr von Bulow he thanked me for this attention, and added that up to the present he had not been instructed to make us an official communication, but that we knew his personal opinion as to the feelings of security, which we had the right to entertain towards our Eastern neighbours. I at once replied that all that we knew of their intentions, as indicated in numerous previous conversations, did not allow us to doubt their perfect correctness towards Belgium. . . .

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face of it a low one. It is to be found in the following passages:

All noble nations have felt that the letting loose of physical force in war required fixed laws, and, therefore, an international law of war, based on reciprocity, has developed. The greatest triumph of the science of international law lies in the field that is considered by fools to be purely and simply a barbaric one; in the law of war. We seldom find brutal contraventions of this law in modern times. It is, on the whole, the outstanding beauty of international law, that here, unmistakably, a continual progress is shown, and that, through the *universalis consensus* alone, a series of principles of international law has developed so firmly, that we can say to-day that they stand as securely as any legal axiom in the private code of any State. . . . The whole character of the life of the State has become so public nowadays, that a gross contravention of international law immediately excites great indignation among all civilized nations. . . .

The physical strength of a State can and must be fully employed in war, but only in the chivalrous forms which have been established by a long series of experiences of war. . . .

Of humanity in warfare, the well-known aphorism holds good in theory everywhere, in practice, of course, only in land warfare, that it is States and not their individual citizens that make war on one another. There must, therefore, be certain forms by which those persons can be recognized who are entitled to make war in the name of the State and to be treated as soldiers. There is no general unanimity as yet upon this point, and that is a nasty gap in international law. For on the feeling of the soldier that he has only to do with the enemy's soldiers, and does not need to fear that he will find every peasant, with whom he associates peacefully, aiming at him from behind a bush half an hour later—on that feeling all humanity in war rests. If the soldier does not know whom he has to look upon as soldiers in the enemy's country, whom as robbers and waylayers, then he must become cruel and unfeeling. He alone can be looked upon as a soldier who has sworn the oath of fidelity to the colours, stands under the articles of war, and can be recognized by some distinguishing mark, which need not be a complete uniform. Ruthless severity against the franc-tireurs who swarm round the enemy without standing under the articles of war is self-evident. It is urgently necessary that an international agreement should be come to regarding the forms

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by which it may be recognized if an armed man really belong to a legitimate army. This question was debated in Brussels in 1874, and the diversity of interests was then disclosed. Small States like Switzerland had no great desire to enter into binding obligations in the matter.

Every State is still in the meantime thrown back upon its own resources, and each settles, according to its own discretion, which enemies it looks upon as belonging to the army and which as simple robbers. . . .

Even when the power of the enemy is an actual, purely military one, and the point whether enemies belong to the army or not can be clearly and definitely decided, private property can be spared in very large measure. Requisitions are permitted; it is the universal custom to give *bons* for them; it is, of course, left to the conquered to get them all paid later. . . . Private property may only be injured to such an extent as is absolutely necessary for the successful conduct of the war. There has further been developed in international law the principle that those great treasures of culture of a State which minister to art and science must be looked upon as the common property of all mankind and must be secured from loot and robbery.

To insist that German brutality and treachery have driven a coach and six through Treitschke's restrictions in the above passage would be waste of time. But the noteworthy point is that though Treitschke's own words are far less open to criticism in this matter than in the question of the international relations of diplomacy, he still fails to strike quite firmly the note of *obligation*. There is no penalty for a breach of the laws of war except "general indignation." There is no sense of *noblesse oblige*—no proud boast that Germany cannot do what is dishonourable. If the German soldier says that he does not mind risking the "general indignation" we have, it seems, no protection from his excesses. The English sentiment, "Our soldiers always play fair and do not hit below the belt," is entirely absent. If there had been no Hague Convention of 1907, if Germany had made no special pledges on that occasion, the laws of honour and the customs of civilization would still be in existence. The German literally reverts to the savage

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type. A savage in order to get the better of his enemy here and now uses freely the weapons of treachery and brutality. He is not deterred by the considerations which prove such a course disastrous for all parties in the long run. Germany has shown this low code of honour of a savage: and the short sightedness of the uncivilized. It is short-sighted because if overwhelming and instantaneous success does *not* result from these methods terrible reprisals are inevitable. How can quarter be given to an enemy who has again and again used the white flag in order to lure his foe within easy shooting range? In many cases retaliation has been necessary for self-preservation. And thus German treachery and cruelty have added perhaps 20 per cent to the inevitable carnage of war.

In the Middle Ages when the state of war was, up to a certain point, a permanent condition, such principles would have meant the permanent abrogation of a civilized code. Veracity and honour have apparently ceased to be regarded as sacred by the Germany militarist if they conflict with what is expedient in the cause of national aggrandizement by force of arms.

Nothing is more contagious than bad example. And this standard is apparently spreading throughout the community. One hoped that some of the German *savants* would state their nation's case with a sense of responsibility and impartiality—would make a real contribution to a just and measured estimate of the facts. In England, we look to men of ability and independent position for very frank criticisms on our officials, very honest recognition of just censure on the part of our opponents. But the manifesto published in the *Basler Nachrichten* of October 7, and signed by such eminent names as those of Harnack, Eucken, Haeckel and others of equal reputation, was perhaps the most painful evidence of the degradation of the German standard which we have witnessed. Here are men who have ample means of knowing the truth, and they issue a manifesto which so completely ignores the state of the evidence, known to neutral coun-

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tries as well as to ourselves, that it leads any impartial mind to think worse of the German case and not better after he has read it. The manifesto contents itself with denying indignantly as the lying assertions of the enemy even those actions of their own soldiers which we know on their own authority, as I have pointed out in my previous article. I subjoin this astonishing document:

To the Civilized World.

As representatives of German Science and Art we protest before the whole civilized world against the lies and slanders with which our enemies are attempting to sully the pure cause of Germany in the hard fight for existence which has been forced upon her. The brazen voice of events has contradicted the fabulous reports of German defeats. The campaign of misrepresentations and accusations is being carried on with all the greater zeal. Against these methods we loudly raise our voice, which shall be the proclaimer of the truth.

It is not true that Germany is guilty of bringing about this war. Neither the German people nor the Government nor the Emperor desired it. On the part of Germany the utmost was done to prevent it. This is proved to the world by documentary evidence. During his reign of twenty-six years William II has often enough shown himself the guardian of the peace of the world: many a time have our opponents themselves recognized this. This very Emperor whom now they dare to call *Attila* was for decades ridiculed by them on account of his unshakable love of peace. It was only when attacked on three sides by an overpowering hostile force, long in wait on the frontiers, that we rose like one man.

It is not true that we wantonly violated Belgian neutrality. It can be proved that France and England had decided to violate her neutrality. It can be proved that Belgium had consented to this. It would have been suicidal not to have anticipated this danger.

It is not true that the life and property of a single Belgian civilian have been injured by our soldiers except where the direst necessity rendered it imperative. For again and again, in spite of all warning, the population fired on them from ambush, mutilated the wounded and murdered doctors in the exercise of their work of mercy. It is impossible to disfigure the truth more grossly than by passing over in silence the crimes of these assassins in order to impute to the Germans as a misdeed the punishment they have justly inflicted.

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It is not true that our troops behaved in a brutal manner at Louvain. They were obliged, with a heavy heart, to bombard a portion of the town in retaliation for a treacherous attack made on them when in quarters by the raging populace. The greater part of Louvain is standing. The celebrated Townhall is entirely uninjured. Our soldiers by their self-sacrifice preserved it from the flames. If in this terrible war works of art have been or are in the future to be destroyed, every German will regret it. But, although we yield to none in our love of art, we absolutely decline to preserve a work of art, at the price of a German defeat.

It is not true that in the conduct of the war we have shown contempt for International Law. We know no undisciplined cruelty. In the East the earth is drenched with the blood of women and children slaughtered by the Russian hordes and in the West the dum-dum bullets lacerate the breasts of our warriors. Those have the least right to pose as defenders of European civilisation who, allied with Russians and Servians, offer to the world the shameful spectacle of hounding on Mongols and Negroes against the white race.

It is not true that the fight against our so-called militarism is not a fight against our culture. Without German militarism German culture would long since have been exterminated from the earth's surface. Militarism sprang from the culture it protects in a country which for centuries was, like no other, exposed to raids. The German army and people are one. This consciousness unites seventy millions of Germans in brotherhood without distinction of culture, rank or party.

We cannot wrest the poisoned weapons of mendacity from our enemies. We can only declare to all the world that they bear false witness against us. To you who know us, to you who with us have preserved the highest possession of mankind, to you we call:

Believe us! believe that we will fight this battle to the end as a civilized people, to whom the inheritance of Goethe, Beethoven and Kant is as holy as hearth and sod.

This we guarantee with name and fame.

The only two points in this manifesto which have any value as corrections of occasional exaggeration in the English papers are the insistence that the Kaiser did not *personally* desire the present war; and the plea that civilians in Belgium occasioned German severity by firing on German soldiers. Let full weight be given to these

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two considerations. The first may be true, the second is true in some instances. But no measured statement of the case against German diplomacy or German brutality has rested mainly on facts which are affected by either of these pleas. The lack of candour in the document as a whole must deprive it of all weight in the eyes of "the civilized world" to which it is addressed.

The ingenious logic of Treitschke as applied by his followers, and the rhetoric of the German Professors, witness to a common intellectual and moral atmosphere. A few plausible platitudes and generalizations are in each case urged as ample excuse for actions which are not covered by them at all. The relation between the theory or generalization and its application is a curious piece of intellectual acrobaticism. "Unforeseen circumstances may conceivably invalidate a treaty"; therefore, it is argued, Germany may break any treaty in any circumstances. "It is right to punish civilians who fire on soldiers"; therefore any brutality Germany inflicts on a whole civilian population, one of whom is reported to have fired, is justifiable. The theories and generalizations supply an excuse which no impartial tribunal would find to be related to the actual facts.

But most of the Professors' Manifesto, as I have said, is taken up with the vehement denial of facts which are notorious to the whole world. The self-centred German, in the stress of the conflict, loses sight altogether of objective truth—of truth as it presents itself to many minds. It would seem almost in irony that the Professors address the "civilized world" in such terms. That they expect to influence it by such a document is significant of the intellectual atmosphere they breathe. The necessity of defending a bad cause puts in demand the most far-fetched excuses. The inability to realize the mentality of those they address makes them fail to see that to others their inadequacy is patent. Even inconsistent pleas are advanced by defenders of German conduct. Thus while the Professors in the above document vehemently deny the cruelty of German soldiers to

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civilians, General von Disfurth, in a Hamburg newspaper admits and defends it. "Frankly," he writes, "we are and must be barbarians if by this word we understand those who wage war relentlessly to the uttermost degree. . . . Our troops must achieve victory. What else matters?"*

Again, while the Professors say that Belgian neutrality was violated by Germany because France and England meant to violate it—a statement which no one in the world but a German can even pretend to take seriously—Dr Kohler, of Berlin University, says that Belgium was not a neutral state, as it had formed alliances already.†

German one-sidedness and insensibility to the opinion of others, has, indeed, under stress of the present conflict, developed into a portent, while the code of interpretation and application of theory to practice apparent in the conduct of the struggle would prevent even sound theories, if at all loosely stated, from being a safeguard against atrocious practices. It makes of the somewhat unscrupulous theories of Treitschke an effective engine for the total destruction of international faith.

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* *Evening Standard*, November 14.

† *Daily Mail*, November 20.

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Louvain Pittoresque. Par Franz Néve. Louvain. Peeters (n.d.).
Reports of Belgian Commission of Enquiry on the Violations of
the Rights of Nations and of the Laws and Customs of War.
Antwerp. August-September, 1914.

The Times History of the War. Part Eleven. London. September,
1914.

NO greater good in the political order has been achieved at any time than English freedom. I call it English, because the other peoples living in these Islands did not create or defend its beginnings, and from England alone it was carried across the Atlantic. It is largely negative, setting bounds to State-power, distrusting government, chafing under officials; but all these things it does from a positive and real principle, which, briefly, we may term Conscience. Our freedom, as we know it, is an appeal not to custom nor to force, but to the inward sense of right and wrong planted in every man's heart. That such appeals often issue in movements fanatical, grotesque, and almost insane, I shall not deny. But where criticism is forbidden freedom ceases; and while we pay the price, often very severe, of our rooted unfaith in the powers that be, one advantage shines out, with a brightness as of the morning star amid clouds, on a world unlike England. It is worth our reflections. Public opinion established by this English-American tribunal, where each and all speak their minds, is in a fair way to become the conscience of civilized men. Not the opinion of Latin countries, or of Russia, still less the manufactured voice of Germany; but the verdict following upon free discussion in which these millions agree. Their judgment anticipates history. Riches cannot bribe, threats leave it undaunted. "This is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it," cries Constance in the tragedy. We have seen the German Lord of War humbly suing at Washington to be

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favourably heard. But at home in England, too, if his cause were just, he would not lack defenders, as even now the habit of suspecting people in high place gives him advocates, who at least throw the burden of a world-conflict provoked on our diplomatists and Ministers. The old inbred sense of fair-play (which is a word of sport, meaning justice) will not be satisfied until it has taken all the evidence into account, for and against the Fatherland, its rulers, generals, professors, fighting men. And no British Government can browbeat the jury or compel it to speak otherwise than it thinks. It is the Open Court of Christendom.

Peace-loving with Quakers, stiffly independent with Dissenters, occupied with Socialists in questions of economic reform, this general conscience has been ready to listen when Mr Norman Angell denounces war as *The Great Illusion*. It would not take alarm at the German Navy League. It scorned the idea of universal military service for Englishmen. It cut down our armies and starved our fleet. Its own proved goodwill to men blinded it to the long and vast preparations of an enemy whose voice uttered friendly tones like Jacob, while his arms were those of the hunter Edom, bent on prey. Spies came and saw the people, "how they dwelt careless, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure, and there was no magistrate in the land that might put them to shame in anything." No, the Britons played football, gambled on 'Change, made yachting matches with America. Then war broke out from every point of the compass. Germany gave the word. Was Germany wrong? How could we know? What were we fighting about?

Amid the sudden clash of shields and roar of guns, a battle cry rose above these German legions, perhaps the strangest ever heard—the cry of Culture. From Elbe and Rhine hosts were marching to save and to spread a higher civilization. They were apostles at the sword's point of that last Gospel which Goethe named emphatically *Bildung*, a constructive philosophy renewing the worn out life of Europe. It would leave nothing untouched, and

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would call up a beautiful fresh world, as in the Faust-Saga, to take the place of Christian myths found out, of democratic anarchy and British degeneration now visible to every man. Culture was German from beginning to end. It claimed all the genius of the Middle Ages. It was Eastern and Western. It had a religion—Monism; a polity—the Hohenzollern; it knew how to discipline sixty-five millions of echt-Deutsch, out and out Teutons, by school and barrack. After forty years of an armed peace, it was now moving into war, the soldier carrying by way of vade-mecum a volume of Kant or Nietzsche or Clausewitz, to read on his victorious march towards Paris, London, Warsaw. This picture the Prussian artist drew; and illustrated papers by the thousand reproduced it. Culture was to conquer the world for man's use and benefit. "To strengthen Germanism, to propagate it in the whole world," said a secret despatch to the Kaiser in April, 1913, "this was the object." It had, like Janus, two faces; in peace it resembled Goethe; in war Odin. By a curious misreading of history the Kaiser once gave himself out as successor to Attila the Hun, whose period he confused with that of Charlemagne. But antiquarian scholars preferred Odin.

However, as we students have learnt by sad experience, names out of Norse mythologies, and even the great sound of Goethe, strike upon English ears like the idle wind. To us happier experts in a knowledge little sought after, the juxtaposition of this man with that god seems a mingling of contraries. For Goethe represents wisdom untouched by passion, nothing of the province or the nation; he is all for Humanity, "reine Menschlichkeit," which heals and reconciles. Odin is the least human among gods; and Wagner does well to make him, under the slightly altered form Wotan, Lord of storm and furious battle, grim as thunder, who can convince only by slaying. Culture—what is it if not a modern version of the old "Humanities" themselves, which were so called precisely because they lifted the barbarian to a height where violence was transformed to influence? Note well the

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contrast. For influence rains down from the stars; it wins by the fascination of beauty in form, speech, thought, behaviour; while we must say concerning violence that it does not last, since there are so many powers which it has no skill to overcome. "Violentum nullum perpetuum." If German culture, then, attempts a fusion of elements thus antagonist, the end may be foreseen. Odin will drag Goethe in chains after his heavy cannon; or Goethe will take wings and escape into his own ether. Sheer force is not to be reconciled with pure Humanity.

Such, in the light of ideas, would appear to be the trial appointed for Germans in the opening century. We have been watching it, not unmoved, as the dreams of our youth—nourished on poets and philosophers who cultivated thought as a religion—shrank from the industrial pollutions of the Rhine, fled away from the forges of Essen, and would not approach the immense Kaiser-reviews, with their smoke and crash of artillery, and glitter and challenge to all nations. Was *our* Germany stricken to death? Outside, im Ausland, especially in Britain, not many cared. In spite of Carlyle, the movement which once made so much of the Richters and the Schillers had grown slack. Men went to the Germans for Bible criticism or economics or physical science, not for inspiration. Music, yes, had become naturalized among us; but music alone does not civilize. There was an intellectual eclipse hanging over the Fatherland, one baleful star glowing on its edge—Nietzsche. The future seemed dark.

Our practical Britons judge men by what they do, not by what they say. But culture, if it brings a higher civilization, must realize more perfectly than hitherto the aspirations after truth, beauty, and goodness by which we are, as Goethe often said, human. "Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen resolut zu leben," was Goethe's vow. War, then, having kindled a searchlight without equal above the Belgian fields and cities, how does German *Bildung* come out in that awful radiance? Here is truth. Is there also beauty? And how much goodness, natural or

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Christian? The object-lesson needed to enlighten, to decide, our English and American conscience has been given. With German pertinacity it has been repeated. "Noch einmal," exclaims the master, and his pupils do as they have done before, nay, outdo it. There is a rosary of names to fix the moral in our minds. I will repeat them in geographical order, as near as may be. Liège opens the list; then come Visé, Aerschot, Termonde, Tirlemont, Louvain, Malines, Dinant, Roulers, Courtrai, Ypres. You may add Alost, Lierre, Mons, Namur. Smaller beads on this chaplet of sorrow we will not reckon. But of the towns I have strung together one sentence holds: "Fuit Ilium et ingens gloria Teucrum." They are dead.

Was this thing wrought by Odin or Attila, reincarnate in the Prussian William? Or did Goethe take a hand in the "murder grim and great" which, sparing monuments of old time as little as the child of tender years, has turned one of the treasure-countries of Europe to a cemetery piled with ruins? I have read in Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* that the Duke of Alva proposed to burn all the cities of the Netherlands to the ground during the so-called religious wars.* I do not forget the frightful "image-breaking" practised on a large scale by bands of Reformers in August, 1566, when hardly a province or a town escaped, and "destruction" was the cry. Among scenes of blood and massacre the "Spanish Fury" at Antwerp in 1576 keeps its horrible pre-eminence. Yet, when all is said, the sack of Belgium perpetrated since last August remains a greater portent than our Western world has gazed upon in any age after the Thirty Years War. A parallel may be cited from La Vendée, traversed by the "infernal columns" of Republican France. But La Vendée had not the vast population which is now wandering in exile over Holland or England. And what memorials of a glorious past could it show, to compare with Belgian heirlooms? "This," wrote Victor Hugo while travelling in Flanders and Brabant in 1836, "is a country where, at every six miles, you will come upon a city worth visiting,

* Vol. II, p. 407.

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as in France you scarcely could at every sixty leagues.”* “Infinite riches in a little room” drew pilgrims to the cities now blasted into heaps by German culture armed with cannon shot and petrol. Was all such laying waste merely the fortune of war? We will consider that before we end. But, by way of trying the issue fairly, let us take the doom of Louvain, fulfilled during thirty-six hours, from six o’clock in the evening of Tuesday, August 25, 1914, until the morning broke heavily on Thursday the 27th, over a town and university reduced to ashes, a people in flight, and the dead bodies lying about of those who were shot by a drunken yet obedient soldiery. Louvain on one side, Reims on the other, will stand ever more in their desolation as companion-pictures, to teach men how this new civilization deliberately made its masterpieces with blood and iron.

First, however, look at Louvain, the thing destroyed. It was a grand survival and had a story to tell worth our hearing. That story opens on September 1, 891, about the year when, according to Kaiser Wilhelm, Attila was earning his title of the “Scourge of God,” which this Prussian chief ambitions. But Attila died in 453, and the leading man in this period was Arnulf of Bavaria, whom Pope Formosus would crown Emperor in Rome, 896. This Teuton soldier beat into ruin an army of invading Norsemen on the day named, and in the Belgian fields. But something remained of the Norman camp; it grew into a town, and Louvain was founded. Younger than Bruges, Ghent, or Liège, it took its designation from “loo” the wood, and “veen” the marsh, that in the Flemish campaigns of this present war have played their part. Louvain prided itself on being a settlement of the Franks. It stood by still waters, in a forest clearing, hills well-wooded to north and west, the stream called Dyle flooding its meadows in winter. Pass more than a hundred years, Lambert the Bearded of the House of Hainault is Count of Louvain in 994, builds strong places on the heights, sets up the brotherhood of the “Petermen,” and

* *France et Belgique*, p. 124.

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erects the old Church of St Peter. He was killed at Florines in 1015; his widow, Matilda, married Eustace of Boulogne, and from her was descended Godfrey the Crusader who took Jerusalem, was offered its crown, but chose to be "Advocate" or Protector "of the Holy Sepulchre." The great-grandson of Lambert, known as Henry III or the Young, joined Brussels to Louvain, styling himself henceforth "Count and Advocate of Brabant." This family was destined to high fortunes. One of them, Henry the Warrior, "Duke of Lothier and Louvain," reigned more than half a century (down to 1235); he made war all round the Netherlands; beautified Ste Gudule at Brussels; left happy memories to his people. John the Victorious, hero of a romantic legend, wrote Flemish verses with distinction, and was slain in a tournament. His son, John II, granted the Charter of Cortenberg in September, 1312; it sketched the lines of a national constitution. Louvain flourished; the people raised their heads, for Belgium has always loved freedom. In 1340 they broke out and were stricken down on the Grande Place. Fifteen years after, in 1355, the dynasty of these Counts ended. Their descendant, Joan, married Wenceslas of Luxemburg, and to him fell Brabant with its popular communities.

Our modern liberty is a conquest, in the main, achieved over feudal lords by cities demanding their right to use as they deemed most advisable the riches they had won in trade, not by preying on their neighbours. They were jealous of any invasion of their "customs and franchises." Accordingly, on the arrival of Duke Wenceslas at Louvain, January 3, 1356, he was compelled to take an oath before the Hotel de Ville, in presence of the people, that he would respect their ancient privileges; and this became known as the "Joyeuse Entrée," which his successors were bound to repeat. But troubles had already broken out under a patrician leader of "the Trades," one Jean Coutereel. Wenceslas besieged the city in 1363; it surrendered to him, only to pass into years of conflict between the democratic "White Hoods," and the upper

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class or nobles. The struggle ended in the famous or infamous massacre of patricians at the Town Hall, December 16, 1378. The Duke now had his great revenge. From 1383 onwards Louvain, which could no longer resist him, fell into decline. Its weavers migrated to London or Holland. The reigning family moved to Vilvorde, a strong castle away from the town. It was written that Brussels, not Louvain, the city of wood and marsh, so long its competitor, should be the capital of Brabant. In 1406 the Duchess Joan died. A collateral heir, Antony, son of the Burgundian Philip the Bold, came in; but he perished in 1415 at the battle of Agincourt, an English victory not less brilliant than fatal in its effects to the conquering nation. With Antony's son, John IV, a new era began for Louvain. This patron of learning opened in its desolate halls a "Studium generale," in 1423. Two years later Pope Martin V, the elected of Constance who put an end to the Great Schism, constituted this teaching body a University, by Bull dated December 9, 1425. His successor, Eugenius IV, added the chair of divinity in 1431. Thanks to a Roman and a Venetian pontiff, the "Oxford of Belgium," or even the "Northern Athens" (a name since translated to Edinburgh) was now complete, and a self-governing corporation. Despite a long break at the French Revolution, from 1797 until 1834, Louvain can boast that during four hundred and fifty years it had more than held its own among the free centres of Catholic culture.

This was to be its destiny, while the States of Belgium, accepting Philip the Good of Burgundy for their sovereign, became an appanage of that mounting and headstrong race. His reign, beginning on October 5, 1430, at Louvain, lasted down to 1467. The city and university flourished. The Church of St Pierre grew up with its seven chapels on the site of one much less magnificent between 1425 and 1497. Its designer was Sulpice van Vorst; its fine sculptures were due to the architect's son, and the statuary to Eustace van Molenbecke. "The interior of the church," says an able critic, "had a majesty and solemnity all its

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own; and in treasures of art it was peculiarly rich." Three famous painters, Rudolph van Velpe, Roger van der Weyden, and Dierck Bouts, adorned this and other monuments of the city. Under such influences the master of exquisite ironwork, Quentin Matsys, a native of Louvain, was formed to the sister art; he became first of Flemish colourists and founded the school of Antwerp. But St Pierre, with its lofty towers and carved stone tabernacle by Matthew de Layens, was only one among Louvain's striking churches. St Gertrude belonged to the fourteenth century, St Quentin to the first half of the fifteenth, St Jacques dated from the twelfth; in the charming Dominican church St Thomas Aquinas served once as deacon (1256), and Albert the Great consecrated two altars in 1275. The University was given a home in 1430 at the Cloth Hall, admirable even despite modern touches until the German attack made it a ruin. As for the Hotel de Ville, created by M. de Layens, and saved among so many beautiful things given to the fire, it remains a mediaeval wonder with its high roof, fretted pinnacles, riot of carving, elaborate windows; and, like St Mark's, Venice, it has a pictured Bible of its own. There was a world of detail, "a vast joyous chronicle," that we pass over, in the private houses, the nooks and corners, of this one small Flemish town, illustrating its gay yet religious temper, at ease with itself in tranquil days, capable of heroism when the enemy appeared before the walls which sheltered art, learning, commerce, under a genuine Home Rule.

From August, 1477, the local history falls into the great European stream. By marriage with Mary Duchess of Burgundy the Emperor Maximilian, of the House of Habsburg, a sufficiently well-known instance of its eccentric ways, became lord over Brabant. There was some trouble, a revolt followed by a pardon, and the Emperor made his "Joyous Entry" in December of that year. One more date is required to finish the mediaeval period. The grandson of Maximilian, to be known afterwards as Charles V, saw the light at Ghent on Febru-

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ary 24, 1500. He was the last of the Holy Roman Emperors who could claim what may be termed a world-wide dominion; and his life runs parallel with the second, the culminating and declining half of the Renaissance. Charles V stands like a sentinel on the bridge that connects modern times with the Middle Ages. No figure in universal history so grand as this Burgundian Fleming and wearer of twenty crowns will meet us again, until Napoleon arrives on the scene.

When learning revived, although its home was Italy, the Netherlands took a course which, as in painting and music so in the Humanities at large, was characteristic of their genius. Louvain owed not a little to those "Brothers of the Common Life," whose saint is Thomas à Kempis and their classic the "Imitation." Of these men a qualified authority, Sir A. W. Ward, the present Master of Peterhouse, writes: "They encouraged the reading of the Bible and the use of the service-books in the vulgar tongue, cherished the careful use and even the study of the vernacular, and thus brought about the beginning of a new educational movement." He goes on, in words which sum up a whole epoch, to describe how Louvain felt and acted during the Reformation. "The complete separation of academical from municipal government at Louvain," he remarks, "and the special attention devoted there to legal studies . . . went some way towards estranging that university from popular and provincial interests; but the part which she was long to play in the history of the intellectual culture of the country was determined by the identification of her interests with those of Church and Clergy. The most illustrious of the earlier students and teachers of Louvain, Pope Adrian VI, in a sense typifies both her influence and that of the Brethren's school in which he had been previously trained. In matters concerning the Church he thought with vigour and honesty; but for 'poetry' he had scant sympathy to spare. Especially in consequence of the influence exercised by the monastic orders, Louvain's academical

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character was even more conservative than that of Cologne.”*

Perhaps it was this feature which led the strong anti-Catholic historian, Motley, to describe the Belgian Athens at this period as “reeking with pedantry.” When Luther prints his denunciations of Rome, says Motley once more, “Louvain doctors denounce, Louvain hangmen burn the bitter blasphemous books.” Imperial edicts proscribe the New Learning—which was not Humanism, as some do vainly talk, but Lutheranism. On July 21, 1523, “two Augustine monks were burnt at Brussels,” and the city, according to Erasmus, began strenuously to favour that doctrine. Not so Louvain. Its connexion with Erasmus himself and Sir Thomas More would point in the opposite direction. It had given to the Church a reforming Pope; and its students, like its citizens, were profoundly Catholic. Much later, about 1542, certain of the inhabitants were executed, “by stake and axe,” observes my picturesque “Guide,” for heresy. But the Flemings took one road, the Dutch another, when they came to the parting of the ways.

A more gracious picture, not altogether foreign to English readers, will claim our attention. Georges d’Halewyn was grand nephew of the shrewd Philippe de Comines, and did much, as scholar, writer, and traveller, to forward good letters in the Burgundian world. He translated into French, or adapted, the *Moriæ Encomium*, which we may look upon as a tribute paid to More and to England by the greatest of Louvain celebrities. For Erasmus belongs to the Belgian Oxford, though not by birth and training. The link which binds all these reminiscences we find in Jérôme de Busleiden (perhaps 1470–1517). He studied law and letters at Louvain, travelled in Italy, went on an embassy to Henry VIII and Francis I, entertained Sir Thomas More when the latter came on a like errand with Cuthbert Tunstall to Flanders. In 1517 a “truly golden book”

* *Cambridge Mod. Hist.*, I, 436.

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appeared from the printing press of Thierry Martens at the University. It was written in Latin and called *Utopia*. The author had encountered in conversation with Peter Gilles (another learned Belgian of Antwerp) so he says, the sea-faring man, Raphael Hythloday, who had sailed with Vespucci, and who figures as the Ulysses in this late-born Odyssey. More composed his romance at home in England; Gilles and Erasmus saw to its publication, Gerard of Nimwegen corrected the proofs. It was not turned into More's native tongue until 1551; but many editions of the original text came out in the meanwhile. If we were pursuing the story of what I will define as the literature of religious toleration, I suppose that More's *Utopia* would be reckoned its first great modern instance.

We linger willingly over the name of Erasmus. To him, as to d'Halewyn and Busleiden, it appeared that Latin and Greek should be taught as living languages, therefore by speaking them continually. The *Dialogues* of this delightful person tell us how Latin could be made a thing of joy; they furnish pleasant reading still. Busleiden's estate, when he died in 1517, was employed in founding the "College of Three Languages" (this included Hebrew). It was opened in September, 1518. Erasmus became supervisor; Adrian Barland, not unknown to Englishmen, took the chair of Latin; and among the Hebrew Professors were Wakefield, Sherwood, and John Campensis. Greek fared equally well, though we must look elsewhere if we would follow its development as a study in the sixteenth century. The Greek New Testament, not very correctly edited by Erasmus, was brought out in 1516 at Basle where, five years later, he settled for good. By a sort of literary succession the very illustrious Spaniard, Juan Luis Vives, edited the *De Civitate Dei* of St Augustine, and wrote a comment on it, for the *Library of the Fathers*, which was an enterprise dear above all to Erasmus. And Vives lectured alternately at Oxford, in Corpus Christi College, and taught at Louvain. With him we may associate Clenardus of the Greek Grammar, and Justus Lipsius, the Latinist who knew his Tacitus

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by heart, and whose conversions or recantations were the scandal of his age.*

Men like these would, for their scholarship, reflect lustre on any University. But there is also distinction in the fact that degrees won at Louvain, whether in the sixteenth or the twentieth century, have always carried with them an assurance of well-attested knowledge in the candidates. Erasmus quotes the current saying that "no man could graduate in Louvain without knowledge, manners, age." This was perhaps a compliment from the fine scholar. But Sir William Hamilton, whose researches in this kind of historical learning have been excelled only of late by Denifle and Rashdall, confirms the judgment of Erasmus while adding to it. "The University of Louvain," he observes, "long second only to that of Paris in the number of its students and the celebrity of its teachers, and more comprehensive even than Paris in the subjects taught, was for several centuries famed . . . for the value of its different degrees." He goes on to say, "but especially in Arts, because in this faculty the principles of academic examination were most fully and purely carried out."†

Hamilton's praise of Louvain for variety of subjects might be illustrated at length. Its governing prepossession was the study of Law, Roman rather than native, in which the jurist Mudée left a reputation and established a school hardly inferior to the French tradition of Cujas, and in spirit not so illiberal. But we may think of our Belgian academy as having to do with pioneers in more than one department, though not always its alumni. Such was Mercator in geography; such the mystic and original Van Helmont in chemistry; such Gemma, the mathematician. A native of Brussels and scholar of Louvain, the much persecuted Vesalius (1514-1564) is justly held to have founded the science of anatomy; but

* Comp. Prof. Foster-Watson, *XIX Century*, Oct., 1914, pp. 765-776, who refers to E. van Even's monumental work on Louvain.

† Hamilton's *Discourses*, App. III, p. 645. Quoted by Signor Valgimigli of Manchester.

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his work was done at Venice and in the Italian universities far more than in the Netherlands. To keep true measure we must bear in mind that the creators of modern thought and methods, Copernicus, Galileo, Descartes, Newton, are to be sought outside this somewhat narrow sphere; and that the Spanish authorities did not favour foreign travel on the part of their dependents. Louvain, however, was hospitable towards the English Catholics, and still more towards the Irish, exiled on account of religion. In the forty-two colleges that enjoyed University connexion, many Irish students, especially among the regular clergy, were to be found. To this day, Louvain contributes from old establishments burses to bishops in Ireland for ecclesiastical training. But while the accredited theology taught was that of the Schools, Louvain, with controversies on grace and justification raging on every side, was not likely to escape the storm. If we mention Baius, or Michel de Bay (1513-1589), Rector of the Collège Adrien and sometime Chancellor of the University, it is with no design of getting caught in the long story of Jansenism, whose ancestor this very eminent Humanist undoubtedly was. Cornelius Jansen himself (1585-1638) had won great distinction as a divine and was President of the College of St Pulcheria, before his appointment by Philip IV to the bishopric of Ypres. Ypres is now reduced, says an eye-witness, to a mound of bricks, but was a noble specimen of civic architecture. Both men, heresiarchs in their writings, died submissive to the Holy See. Jansen's tomb has been ruined with his Cathedral. On the other hand, Leonard Lessius, the renowned Jesuit, whose treatise "De Justitia et Jure" has always been a school-text since it appeared, may stand as a figure-head in the discussions, continued during generations, between the Society of Jesus and its adversaries. By the end of the seventeenth century, official Louvain had become victoriously scholastic in its teaching; the Jansenist party was taking refuge in Holland.

In the desperate quarrel by sword, stake, axe and pen which broke up the nations of the West into Catholic and

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Protestant, this home of studies, close to the fighting line, had much to undergo. It was besieged, but not taken, in August, 1542, by the Duke of Cleves, marching against his Emperor, Charles V. The flags torn from the enemy by a band of scholars were hung up in the Dominican church. Again, the Prince of Orange appeared before the walls in September, 1572; he burnt the abbey of Vlierbeek, and was bought off with sixteen thousand florins. On November 24, 1599, the Archdukes Albert and Isabella made their "Joyous Entry" into Louvain. It was the last of those significant popular ceremonies. During the middle period of the Thirty Years War, on July 4, 1635, the combined hosts of French and Dutch were thrown back from the gates by an array of troops, Walloon, Irish and German, "assisted by the corps of divines," after they had been encamped ten days round the city. On February 1, 1746, the Marshal de Saxe proposed to capture Louvain for the French King, Louis XV, or the "Well-Beloved." He was repulsed, and went away without bombarding the place. At length came Joseph II of Austria to visit his Belgian subjects and to reform their Church establishments, in June, 1781. He succeeded so well (to use a French idiom) that in 1790, after the violent transference of most of the faculties from Louvain to Brussels and other provoking measures, the "revolution of Brabant" broke out. The University was suspended. A greater revolution took possession of Louvain with Dumouriez, November 20, 1792. The city was united to the French Republic. Lost again by the turn of the tide, conquered back at Fleurus in June, 1794, it had seen within its walls for a moment the Emperor Francis, last Duke of Brabant. Finally, in 1797, the University was abolished by order from Paris, and the Rector sent to Cayenne. The churches were spoiled, their precious things taken. But the city was not destroyed. The French never aspired to be Huns.

After the Consulate and Empire, when Belgium had been cynically united to Holland and in 1830 had torn itself violently away, the demand arose for a restored

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national and Catholic University on its ancient site. Free education was a principle in the Constitution with which this latest of European States, neutral no less than independent, started. The Belgian bishops took advantage of that freedom and set up a "studium generale" at Antwerp. The Pope, Gregory XVI, highly approved; and it is worth while to remark that this, unlike Maynooth, was not a creation of the Government but, so far as I know, the first Free Catholic University since the *ancien régime* had passed to its account. In 1834, on the invitation of William van Bockel, burgomaster, the bishops transferred their academy to the old Cloth Hall. It had eighty-six students in its first year; the number has of late exceeded two thousand. "Its administration, teaching and budget," says M. V. Brants in the *Catholic Encyclopædia*, from which I am quoting, "are independent of the State." Thus Louvain witnesses grandly to the mediaeval and Greek idea of a school of free discussion, of research and of genius, unhampered by the Minister of Education, with his programme ready made and his absolute rule. Diplomas are won by efficient work; the University itself confers degrees. Studies may be professional, largely corresponding to the Oxford idea of a "pass," or more distinctly scientific, with a view to special advance in knowledge. As of old, the variety of subjects is remarkable, ranging from theology and the metaphysics of the Schools to Eastern Languages, including even Chinese, and the whole catalogue of physical sciences. Thirty periodicals, exchanging with one thousand from every civilized country, sum up and spread abroad the learning of Louvain. The University has given much attention to economic problems; and the fame of Charles Périn is well-deserved. To the DUBLIN REVIEW contributions of rare value on Oriental topics were made by the late Professor de Harlez. In our seminaries the works of Beelen, Lamy, Jungmann, Willems and others, trained or teaching at Louvain, have enjoyed a reputation for solid substance and sound orthodoxy these many years. The Neo-Scholastic studies, directed by him who now,

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amid such trials, is Cardinal of Malines, are known to all psychologists. We may note also masters like Van Beneden in zoology, and Poussin in geology; but I am especially delighted with all I have gleaned of that devout Catholic, whose intellectual were equalled by his religious gifts, Dr Theodor Schwann (1810-1882), the pupil of Johannes Müller and professor of anatomy at Louvain, who completed that which Vesalius had begun in his investigation of the human system, and who by constituting the cell-theory founded a universal science of histology. Johannes Müller, Schwann, Pasteur, these are glories of the Catholic name in a province where men belonging to our religion have wrought very great things.

Such, then, was Louvain, city and university, from its foundation in 891 to the evening of August 25, 1914. Among the "208 walled cities, the 150 chartered towns, the 6,300 villages with watch-towers and steeples," reckoned in those seventeen provinces called the Netherlands, it had long held a foremost place. After the rise of the Dutch Republic it competed still with Leyden and the schools of Holland. When it had outlived Napoleon, its fame as the leading Catholic academy drew to its peaceful cloisters candidates for degrees from many distant parts, including the United States and Canada. If Belgium saw the happy union of our faith and practice with modern conditions, Louvain proved that orthodox professors could open new paths to science. Picturesque buildings, quaint streets, a pleasing neighbourhood, lent to the "quiet and still air of delightful studies" a charm of their own. Louvain did not need to envy Bonn or Heidelberg. It was situate in a country dedicated to everlasting peace. "O fortunatos nimium!" might the visitor exclaim who tasted of the hospitality which these men of learning, these recluses bent on enlarging knowledge while defending religion, offered him freely.

Alas! There was another kind of culture, armed as never any creed hitherto, which had brought its railways up to the borders of Belgium, its "furious host" to the

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invisible line which divided peace from war. Phrases, soon to become immortal, were trembling on the lips of Prussian Ministers—"a scrap of paper," "time is our asset," "necessity has no law," "we must hack our way through." Despatches now public reveal that King Albert had been warned in person, by the highest authority, of danger at hand. In a secret session of Parliament his Prime Minister had shown how indispensable it was to strengthen the Belgian forces. Unhappily, too much time had been lost. German strategy required that this neutral zone should be violated. German culture would not shrink from writing a lesson in characters of fire which other neutral States along the paths of possible invasion might read. If German Professors looked into Motley's works, this passage solicited their attention: "Peaceful in their pursuits, phlegmatic by temperament, the Netherlanders were yet the most belligerent and excitable population of Europe."* On both sides of the Scheldt that witness remains true. Belgium would not unlock her gates; they must be forced open. The cannon thundering against Liége announced that the greatest crime of modern history had entered on its first hour.

I liken what has happened since to the murder of a child, whose outraged body the murderer is compelled to carry in his arms, vainly seeking to hide it from men's eyes. Invectives and false charges against a people trampled on, burnt out of house and home, driven from their own land, do nothing except betray the guilty conscience that finds no absolution anywhere. Diplomatic cobwebs have been torn to shreds by the mere perusal of documents in their order as written. The choice laid on Belgium was to lose her independence or to join in a treacherous side-blow at France, which would mean that country's downfall. And Belgium stood alone. Her attitude was heroic, for her decision was instantly taken. From that moment the German General Staff condemned her to death by burning. The common soldier carried with him hand grenades and discs of inflammable stuff,

* *Rise of Dutch Republic*, I, p. 90.

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which it would be his duty to employ on command. An army of incendiaries broke into Belgium. They were seen at work in town after town, from Visé to Namur. At Termonde an Irish Member of Parliament, Mr T. M. Kettle, followed their track amid the débris which was all they had left of the place, and has described how they set it on fire, deliberately moving from door to door. In like manner, churches and public edifices, though covered as hospitals by the Red Cross, were made targets for heavy guns and wrecked, while private dwellings close by escaped. I invite those who would seek enlightenment to inquire from the monks of Maredsous what happened to their magnificent church and monastery, after the building had been given up to wounded soldiers. Or let them put together, as I have done, the reports of English, French, and American journalists, who went over Reims Cathedral immediately after it was shelled. These are but samples of an indictment, which falls into shape merely by allowing the facts to speak without comment. Deliberate destruction of the people and their monuments was included in that "policy of Terror" which the German captains called by its German name, "Schrecklichkeit," and which with growing fury was put into practice, when the stubborn Belgians refused to come to terms with their invaders.

Pretexts were never wanting. In law they were all voided by the simple consideration that German troops, being trespassers, had no right to a foot of land in Belgium. The Court does not look on housebreaking as an apology for murder. Apart from this, the calumnies, at all times incredible, which represented priests, women, and even children as wreaking vengeance on helpless prisoners, have now been dropped, although his Majesty the Kaiser was not ashamed to repeat them in his message to President Wilson. But the legend of the *franc-tireur*, who shot Germans without a licence, was inexhaustible and could be refuted only as one proves a negative. It became, therefore, the preamble to every massacre and every deed of arson committed by an infuriated, though not reckless,

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Teuton band. We first began to dread this new kind of warfare when Visé was given to the flames. Another warning startled us at the utter demolition of Tirlemont. Still, it was only on the morning when we learnt how Louvain, though in German hands for several days, had been shelled and burnt, that Europe awoke with horror to the full meaning of culture at Berlin. The Barbarians had risen against the Christian and civilized world. "Above all," wrote Prince Bismarck as the secret of strategy for Germans, "you must inflict on the inhabitants of invaded towns the maximum of suffering, so that they become sick of the struggle," and "you must leave the people you march through only their eyes to shed tears." By this judgment shall the sack of Belgium be judged.

On Wednesday, August 19, the German detachment, having burnt down villages on their way, entered Louvain. The banks were rifled, houses pillaged, and hostages seized, among them the Burgomaster, the Vice-Rector of the University, and certain magistrates. Arms of every kind had already been surrendered by the citizens, and stacked in the Church of St Pierre. No provocation, says the Belgian Report after taking full evidence, has been proved on the part of the inhabitants at Visé, Marsage, Louvain, Wavre, Termonde. But on August 25, towards evening, the German garrison was told that Belgian troops had begun to force their way into the University town. Straightway, some of the Teutons, possibly not sober, marched to the railroad station, shooting as they went. Their fire created confusion in the ranks of other Germans, who were fleeing into the city from the direction of Malines before a Belgian assault. Of the citizens none had weapons to attack the foreigners. At once German shells were poured out on Louvain by order of Major v. Manteuffel. Until 10 o'clock the bombardment never ceased. Louvain, of course, was an open, undefended town. Soldiers, provided with hand grenades, entered and set fire to the houses. Soon the greater portion of the town was in flames. They consumed especially

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the upper quarter, comprising the American College and other modern buildings, the old Church of St Pierre, the municipal theatre, the University and its library which had held in it seventy thousand books, hundreds of manuscripts, and priceless collections. Fragments of illuminated pages were seen fluttering through the smoke. Although in imminent danger, the glorious Hotel de Ville was saved, partly by exertions of the German marauders themselves. The soldiers, nevertheless, worked methodically from the heart of Louvain; they went into churches, shops, dwellings, piled up the furniture, set all ablaze, until they reached the suburbs, which their orders did not spare. This firing of houses continued steadily during thirty-six hours, if not more. One of the prisoners swept out by these Germans has left a graphic description of what he saw. "From the Mont César," he writes, "we had a full view of the burning town, St Pierre in flames, while the troops incessantly sent shot after shot into the doomed city."

Meantime, bodies of men and horses half burnt lay about in the smoking streets. Fugitives were driven out in crowds towards Malines, only after hours of misery to be driven back again. Among them were the notables taken as hostages and now threatened with execution. At first it was reported that the Mayor and the Vice-Rector of the University had been shot. This was certainly the fate of a number of men and boys. Private reports tell of horrible things which befell the women of Louvain, who were separated from their families and at the mercy of drunken brutes. The Belgian Commission itself also speaks of thousands of men taken away into unknown parts of Germany as slaves, though not combatants. One other sentence, written by the witness quoted above on August 30, will fittingly close this record: "The smell of fire and putrefaction pervades the place."

So the University, where "a sovereign master reigned over stone and intellect," perished, with its "large and spacious courts, imposing structures, vast halls, monumental staircases"; with laboratories, workshops, museum

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and the never-to-be-replaced collection of books gathered during a long career of scholarship. As the gods were seen by Æneas making an end of Troy and he beheld the city settling down into the fire, thus do we look on at German culture fulfilling its task. The disciples of Kant and Goethe join hands with legions which Bismarck, Treitschke, Bernhardt, have trained to battle, and the insane Nietzsche has maddened for world-dominion. Their philosophy does more than condone, it preaches by way of good strategy, the practice of murder and massacre, lust and looting, the defence of advancing soldiers by a screen of native women and children, the wanton or rather the carefully planned demolition of ancient monuments, sacred no less than secular, and the breaking down of chivalrous warfare into such destruction as the Mongols inflicted on cities and peoples which they vowed to annihilate. Belgium has long figured as the battle-field of Europe. But earlier campaigns left her treasures intact. The Higher Civilization is meditating, while I write these lines, whether in its retreat on the Rhine it shall not do unto Ghent, Bruges, Brussels, and Antwerp, even as it has done to Alost, Termonde, Tillemont, Namur, Dinant, Tamines, Hervé, Lierre, Ypres. Then its rosary would be recited to the last bead. Odin would drink delight with his Teutons in Valhalla. Thor's mighty hammer lifted against the cathedrals of Christendom would rest a little, until it could be brought down with a crash upon Westminster and Oxford, Windsor Castle and York Minster. Does England sleep still? The conscience of mankind bids her wake, or be everlastingly condemned as a recreant from all the good she has believed in, since she first heard the name of Christ.

WILLIAM BARRY

THE ECONOMICS OF WAR

I PROPOSE to review briefly in what follows the most elementary, that is, the most fundamental and important, economic truths concerning a war. That such a subject at this moment is of real importance to the formation of opinion is evident; but the vast complexity of a modern State tends to blur our appreciation of what exactly happens to the wealth of any State when it is under the strain of a great armed struggle, and so confused do the issues become in the general public discussion that the most varied and even contradictory theories will arise, unless we keep in view the prime definition upon which all calculation with regard to wealth, its production and its loss depend.

Wealth consists in economic values. The total income of a man or of a nation is equivalent to the sum of all the economic values which he or it are permitted by the arrangements of society to consume within a given time. An economic value is created whenever matter is transformed from a condition where it is less to a condition where it is more useful to man. And economic values attach to material objects more and more as the process of advancing a certain body of matter towards its human end in use continues. For instance, a ton of coal, lying a thousand feet beneath the unbroken surface of the ground has no economic value attached to it. Expend certain accumulated wealth and certain human energies with the object of digging it up, bringing it to the surface and carrying it to some distant place where man requires to burn it, and at each stage of the process up to the point where it reaches the consumer, an economic value is added. You add one when you have sunk your shaft and cut the ton of coal out of the seam; you add another when you have brought it to the pit's mouth. You add a third when you have transported it by a further expense of accumulated wealth and human energy to the place where it is demanded. This process we represent in everyday life by the prices quoted for such coal at the various

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stages. A man buying and taking over a mine and valuing the cut coal not yet brought to the surface will estimate it at say four shillings a ton; at the pit's mouth we say it is "worth," say, eight shillings a ton; in the town where it is to be delivered it will be, say, twenty shillings a ton.

We talk of expense or the consumption of wealth as opposed to this process of production when we begin to destroy these accumulated economic values, either in use (which is true consumption, and the end for which they were called into existence) or by negligence and misapplication, which is waste, or even by a dissipation of such values with no end of human use attached, which we call destruction. Further, it must be noted that wealth, truly consumed, that is economic values destroyed in the service of man, as when a ton of coal is burnt by him, may be so consumed productively or unproductively. It may be consumed so that in its consumption it helps to produce further wealth, or it may be consumed in such a fashion that once enjoyed in consumption, nothing further is produced: as, for instance, a ton of coal burnt in giving luxurious warmth compared with a ton of coal burnt in the engine of a factory.

Now it is evident that, according to these definitions, the first and most fundamental economic truth with regard to war is that war is an abnormally expensive process. War entails an abnormal consumption of wealth and an abnormal waste of it, and an abnormal unproductive proportion of consumption, and most of all an abnormal proportion of sheer destruction. It is not to be denied that the process may indirectly make for national wealth as, by preventing an enemy from destroying as much as he would have destroyed if war had been deferred, or by stimulating the national energy for the future, or in any other indirect way. But, directly, the basic economic aspect of war is that war consumes economic values in every fashion and diminishes total wealth at an abnormal rate. That is its first and chief mark.

In subjecting a nation to this strain in, for the moment,

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directly impoverishing it and demanding of it a quite unusual expense of economic values, there are two effects of war which must not be confounded. There is first the strain and expense which it imposes upon the nation as a whole: upon the total of those economic values consumable by all the families resident within the realm. There is next the particular strain it puts upon the State—upon the organ of government and upon its normal resources for communal expenditure as distinguished from the private expenditure of the citizens. As we say in everyday terms, war strains all the private resources of a nation, and war also presents particular grave problems for its Exchequer.

To take these in order:-

War would seem to affect the whole of national wealth in two ways, primarily by its immediate effect upon existing wealth and the production of future wealth; secondarily, by its interference with what may be called the psychological machinery of production, and particularly with credit.

In a primary fashion war affects the production of wealth and the existing accumulations of wealth adversely, both by positive and by negative action. Positively it directly destroys buildings, and much machinery and railways, and often stores of food, always a great mass of military equipment, including clothing and shelter, as well as mere armament; and it is to be noted that this process of destruction is always at least five-fold. There is, first of all, in the action of two combatants, A and B, the destruction which A can never wholly avoid of A's own material—as stores burnt in a retreat or before a capitulation; next there is the deliberate destruction worked by A upon B, as in the destruction of his clothing and equipment, his shelters, his material means of communication, etc. Similarly, there are the two categories of B's destruction of B's wealth, and B's destruction of A's wealth, and all these four cases concern the armies alone, while the fifth category is the destruction of much apart from military equipment and stores, upon the soil

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where the conflict rages, which may be that of either combatant or of some third party.

Lastly, it is apparent that the severity of this positive destruction of wealth varies with four elements, the duration of the war, its severity in relation to existing wealth, the numbers engaged in proportion to the whole community, and the economic value of the instruments employed and imperilled or destroyed in fighting.

It is worthy of remark that in this particular war which now engages Europe, all these factors are present save, so far, the first, upon a scale quite unprecedented in modern times.

Negatively, this primary expense of war is apparent in two main factors. It withdraws great numbers of men from productive action, so that it diminishes the opportunity for creating future wealth, and it proposes for consumption either forms of wealth necessarily unproductive in consumption (such as ammunition and armament), or forms of wealth which might be used productively (such as wheat and coal), but which, as a fact, war uses unproductively.

Of the secondary ways in which war diminishes the total of national wealth, we find three main categories; there is first a general disorganization of the productive machine in the State; there is secondly, and more particularly, an imperilling of what is called credit, and there is thirdly, the creation of an uncertainty of market. Each of these three things separately, and all three together cumulatively, threaten the production of wealth in a nation which is at war, though, all of them being moral, and therefore incalculable, the degree of their action may vary indefinitely, and not necessarily at all in proportion to either the magnitude of the struggle or its primary effects in destroying wealth.

Disorganization works chiefly by way of interfering with the specialization of industry. For instance, a mass of workshops in France at the present moment are turning out ammunition and armament as best they can, with machinery originally designed for, and far more efficient

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in other forms of production. Vehicles designed for transport of certain civilian goods are being used with less adaptation for military purposes. Whole trades serving certain forms of consumption peculiar to peace, notably luxurious forms of consumption, are halted, and neither can their implements, that is, their capital, be used for military purposes, nor can their human energy, that is, their labourers (where such are spared from the field), learn in so brief a space a new trade. And this general disorganization, greater or less according to the adaptability of industrial organizers, the wisdom of the Government, and the complexity of each society, is further aggravated by the uncertainty and vicissitude of war. For instance, on the first occupation of Lille, many of the looms are stopped. The enemy retires, and some, but not all, are set working again. The second occupation causes a second and more severe interruption of industry; between the second and the third, industry hardly revives; on the third occupation, again it ceases.

The effect of war on credit deserves close examination. It is, under modern conditions, one of the most uncertain and also one of the most perilous effects of a war, and it shows itself in two ways. First, the general disturbance of commercial credit, that is, that one producer or controller of goods will not trust another; and secondly, the particular disturbance in the case of the currency.

Briefly, the function of credit in the machinery of production is that of a lubricant, rendered necessary by the complexity and consequent potential friction of economic exchanges. Credit is not wealth; it does not create wealth; it is no part of the motive power in the production of wealth, yet without it, wealth cannot be largely produced or consumed in a complex community. Put the matter at its simplest. A community consisting of only two people and requiring only two classes of goods, each produced by one member of such a community, requires no more credit than that necessary to a direct exchange of goods, the necessity of which is appreciated by either party. Each exchanges his surplus with the other; as for instance,

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food and clothing, each sees the necessity of himself to the other and of the other to himself, each can presumably know and test the good faith and existing stocks or power of production of the other. But suppose a third party introduced, and credit at once appears as a lubricant. A produces enough wheat for D and C, as well as for himself; B enough clothing for C and A, and C enough housing material for A and B, as well as for himself. But the exchanges are no longer simple. A knows that he wants the wheat and the housing material and the clothing, so does B and so does C, but neither do all want precisely the same amount at the same moment, nor need exchanges be directly effected. A may get rid of all his surplus wheat to B who by the particular circumstances of that society, would also act as middleman for C, taking all C's surplus building materials from him, sending some back to A, and some of A's wheat to C. In a word, the moment the complication of numbers and differentiated interests come in, the high differentiation not only of interests, but of mutual understanding and knowledge, coupled with the time required for effecting the intricate network of exchanges, makes it essential that each unit should, in general, trust the ultimate performance of the other units with whom he is in relation, although he never comes across them, although he cannot gauge one thousandth of the whole complicated scheme of supply and exchange. Let the suspicion of each for each, whether a suspicion of his honesty or of his actual ability to deliver goods on account of some social disturbance, pass a certain point, and the whole movement of exchange is impaired. A keeps his wheat to himself, though a surplus is in his hands; B similarly keeps, though it is a surplus, his stock of clothing, C, his stock of building materials, and the machine is at a standstill. "Trade," as we say, "is dead."

The case of the currency is only a particular case of this. The currency is a commodity—in the case of our civilization, gold—which does the work of exchange, and as a community expands in numbers and in industry, and in activity of exchange, it preserves itself against

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violent modifications in prices by forming instruments of credit which are no more than the individual's acceptance of another individual's promise to give him gold. When credit is affected so that people keep their stocks by them, believing their neighbours may be unwilling or unable on account of public danger to effect an exchange, among other stocks so hoarded is the stock of gold. In legal theory your banker is a citizen with whom you deposit, say, a hundred sovereigns, and from whom you have a right to demand the same back at any moment. But every one knows what happened at the beginning of this war. People who had taken a hundred pounds in sovereigns to the Bank on Wednesday before the war broke out, and who wanted to get it back again a week later, found that the banker refused to give it them, nor was the law strong enough to make the bankers do so, and, indeed, with the vast bulk of the currency consisting in instruments of credit, the banker could not have given gold to any save the first comers, in case withdrawals became, as they threatened to become, very numerous. He took the precaution, therefore, of keeping the other man's gold for himself, and of hoarding it. Some are of the opinion that were a modern government strong enough to compel the banks to their legal obligations under such a strain, there was enough gold in the country to allay panic. In other words, the first comers having been paid in gold, the run upon the banks would have stopped. But the discussion is now purely academic. The Government, as a matter of fact, had no such power, and all it could do was to meet the situation by the issue of fiat money, bits of paper with no security behind them and involving no promise to pay, but calling themselves one pound notes. The policy was perfectly successful and the strain was relieved.

Third and last of these secondary or psychological interferences with national wealth in time of war, is the uncertainty of market, which must not be confused with the peril of credit. In the case of the imperilling of credit, A hoards his wheat because he is not certain whether, if he gave some of it to B, B would be either willing or able to hand

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over the corresponding amount of clothing. But the uncertainty of market means that A will not take the trouble to produce or to obtain wheat for B, because he does not know yet whether B will demand that wheat as he does in normal times. Thus, a wine merchant in the City of London, is about to send an order to Bordeaux for so many casks, because he knows that in normal times his customers will take them off his hands. But with the threat of war he is not so sure that his customers may place their orders at all. He does not send for the wine. The movement of existing stocks is checked, and the production of further wealth of the same kind is also checked.

In all these ways then, primary and secondary, is the general wealth of a community adversely affected by war, and the historian of the future will curiously notice how a conflict of such unprecedented magnitude in its primary expense, so little affected this country in those secondary considerations. The peril to general credit, the particular case of the currency, disorganization of industry and uncertainty of market, had, as a whole, an effect infinitely out of proportion to the magnitude of the direct expenses involved and of the fearful uncertainty of the struggle. Indeed, the secondary or psychological effects were, for most of us in this country, almost negligible.

The strain upon the Exchequer, as distinguished from the strain upon the nation as a whole, when the Exchequer is submitted to the conditions of war, may be tabulated as follows:

(1) Either the commual expenditure suddenly required in excess of that of normal times is (a) discoverable within the realm or (b) it is not.

(a) If it is discoverable, expenditure will remain domestic.

(b) If it is not, tribute to the foreign possessions of some foreign accumulation of wealth will arise.

Let it be noted that the amount of economic values is all we are here concerned with—not the kind of wealth required. Thus if a gun be worth a ton of wheat, and

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Iceland, with a million tons of wheat in store, needs a thousand guns, and has not one gun in the island, the Government of Iceland can yet meet the expenditure from domestic sources by offering a thousand tons of wheat to Norway in exchange for a thousand guns which Norway is ready to sell. The expense will appear in Iceland merely as taxation or loan from domestic sources. It will be symbolized on paper by so much money and will take the real form of an abnormal export of wheat. But if Iceland has neither guns nor wheat enough to pay for them—supposing Iceland has, for instance, only 500 tons of wheat to spare—then the Government of Iceland must lay itself under tribute to those in Norway who have the guns, and say, “Send us a thousand guns. We can only give you immediately 500 tons of wheat, but for the balance of 500 tons we will for the future export to you one hundred tons a year, say for six or seven years, until you get back the whole of your debt and so much interest as well.” And the interest is, of course, in reality, nothing more nor less than tribute, for it corresponds to no *fruit*. The “sum of money” borrowed does not stand for productive capital like machinery or seed. It only stands for guns.

(2) If the communal expenditure suddenly and abnormally required is discoverable within the realm, it may (a) be raised immediately from the existing wealth of citizens—which is taxation—or (b) it may be raised by way of loan.

Much might be written upon the history of both these methods and upon the advantages of each. In point of fact, no modern European Government can, under the social conditions of our time, raise the great sums required by a modern war, save mainly by way of the loan. To raise the whole amount by immediate taxation would be a revolution involving confiscation on a large scale. A loan is a practical necessity of our day. Heavy taxation supplements this, but does no more than supplement it, and in the case of the present war, the Exchequer of Great Britain has already committed the nation to the following obligation:

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A small number of citizens, for the most part very wealthy men, shall, in return for their lending the State sums (or rather a power of demand) which the State has not seen fit to tax them of, receive from taxes levied upon the whole community a tribute extending over fourteen years. At the end of this period, all their original loan shall be restored to them and rather more than half as much again. It is important to note what the realities of a great national loan like this are, for financial terms mask those realities. The Exchequer has not borrowed 350,000,000 sovereigns nor promised to give them back to the lenders, and 181,000,000 more by 1928. What it has done is to borrow from them certain railway material in the Argentine, certain stocks of cotton and of wheat in Egypt and in India, certain stocks of tea in London, certain ships and certain coal, etc., etc., and to use these to transport, to feed, to munition the armies, or to exchange with such food, transport and munition now in the hands of others. It has taken a locomotive in the Argentine, for instance, belonging to the Imperial Investment Co. It has exchanged it for a cargo of wheat in the Argentine, and with that wheat it has fed the recruits of the new armies. Meanwhile it has promised the man from whom it borrowed the locomotive so much tea and tobacco and wheat and cotton and all the rest of it, which will be contributed by the general public during a period of fourteen years, and which the lender will be able to exchange against whatever else he pleases; and the Government has arranged that this amount shall be equivalent to the value of the original locomotive and rather more than half as much again.

It may be of interest, in conclusion, to compare the figures of such an expenditure with the general figures of national expenditure. Supposing the proportion of real wealth and imaginaries to be the same in the Government expenditure during war and in the general expenditure of wealthy citizens the sum thus raised by loan is about one-fifth of the total economic values consumable by the subjects of the Government in a year, not more. It adds to the total burden of all taxation, local and Im-

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perial, spread over fourteen years, about double the amount demanded in a normal single year. And the cost of the war as a whole—always supposing the proportion between economic realities and imaginaries to be the same in military and in civil expenditure—is (I speak of direct expenditure alone) almost exactly one-fifth also, day by day, of the daily income of the nation.

H. BELLOC

THE DEATH OF MONSIGNOR BENSON

A GREAT mystic has died. Just as the events of his country enthralled him to the point of paying little attention to his own threatened health, the sudden call came. In a densely populated city, on a mission to thousands of poor Catholic Irish, he was caught within four walls. He did not understand at first that the night had come; though he had always worked as one that expects it. He made a dash for the day; that is to say, he threw himself into a motor-car, first to get counsel from London doctors upon the mysterious neuralgia of the heart which was his cruel ailment—the penalty of over-work—and then to reach his brethren, and the cheerful precincts of the home.

Antwerp was still burning when he went into the mission. The stupendous events of August had found him in his mother's country house in Sussex with his two brothers, and he was stirred to the depths by the unity of his country and the heroism at the front. In September, he had compiled *Vexilla Regis*. The ancient hymn had furnished a noble title—The Standard of the King. The volume contains devotions for each day of the week, following the ecclesiastical order, and the choice of daily Chapters, shows Monsignor Benson's affinity with the prophetic character of the sublime Scriptures which possibly never have sounded so solemnly and consolingly as in the most modern and most terrible war of the world. But he was not to correct the proofs of *Vexilla Regis*; he was not to know the issue of the battle for Calais. He had left the world of strife: the world of peace had come suddenly in sight.

The motor-car into which he had thrown himself brought him back to Bishop's House, Salford, and to the Bishop's library, in which he was to die. *Il s'est vu mourir*. Never were the words more apt. The narrative of Canon Sharrock, of Salford Cathedral, is known to the

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Catholic world through the columns of the *Tablet*. The priest relates how pneumonia supervened, and how on Saturday, October 17, he warned Monsignor Benson of his danger.

He received the last rites with great devotion and all unbidden made his profession of faith with marked strength and vivacity. Sunday morning saw a change after a restless night which had tried the endurance of both doctor and nurse. He was never delirious, but his restlessness was acute. On Sunday morning I gave him Holy Viaticum. His piety and devotion were most touching. He made all the responses, even correcting me when my emotion caused me to stumble at the "Misereatur." On Sunday morning he received a visit from his brother (Mr Arthur C. Benson), which gave him great pleasure. He even then informed me that he would be quite well by Tuesday, "though," he added, "this hard breathing is a terrible bore." His mental faculties were as keenly active as ever, and no tendency to mental exhaustion was observable. His strength appeared good, but it was only too evident that the terrible strain on the heart from pneumonia was beginning to tell. Later on, in the evening, for the first time, I abandoned hope. He spoke continuously to me of his friends, and gave me his many messages.

At one o'clock on Monday morning, having left him for a short time, I was hastily summoned by the nurse, at his request. Entering the sick room, I saw that the last call had come. He told me so himself, with the words, "God's will be done." He bade me summon his brother, who was in the adjoining apartment. The prayers for the dying were recited, and again he joined in the responses, clearly and distinctly. Once, when I paused, he bade me in God's name to go on. He stopped the prayers twice or thrice to give some instructions to his brother. He asked once for guidance as to the right attitude towards death. Once, as I paused, he uttered the prayer, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul," and joined with us in its completion. Conscious almost to the last moment, seemingly without pain, he breathed forth his soul without struggle at 1.30 p.m. on Monday morning. With his eyes fixed on the priest he died; it was just as if he had gone to sleep.

At this hour, with the recollection still on us of the dim autumn morning of October 20, when we learnt

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after early Mass at the country church that the world was bereft of Monsignor Benson's living work, it is too soon to make any merely human estimate of the loss. We are still dazzled by the brilliancy of his eleven years of Catholic life. His influence in the pulpit will be best calculated as time elapses. At the moment, it is hardly too much to say that he has filled the position as preacher in England that Ravignan and Père Félix filled in France. The fervour of his eloquence, like theirs, owed nothing to the common-place topics of the day. Nor can we attempt to estimate the strength of the cairn of historical novels which we have from his hand dealing with the history of Recusancy in England, the top stone of which is *Oddsfish*. Sufficient to remember in passing that Robert Hugh Benson conquered *The Times*. To our astonishment we read in its review of *Come Rack, Come Rope*, in the autumn of 1912 the words, "Why do Englishmen ignore the history of Catholic Recusancy in their near past? It is such a noble page of the history of England."

As to the novels dealing with our own day we have even less power of judging their durability. He wrote them for his own times and his own people. A Franciscan monk said of him, "He was not out for fame but for souls." Many a man in society has said to himself in reading his portraits of *Conventionalists*, *Sentimentalists* or *Cowards*, "This is me" and has directed his life afresh. But we do not want books, we desire something intimate, something consoling, some steady look at the man and his hidden life as we mourn the loss of his presence. What is the issue, we ask, of the death of one who insisted so strongly, next to dogma and loyalty to the Church, on the mystical sense? That divine gift and vision, he taught, is not an essential of our religion, but its cultivation is a duty. The cultivation, that is, of silence—"A hush of silence more articulate than the sound of words." A duty of *verifying* what we have been told. Yes, it is the religion of a deep and true, though plain and unexaggerated, mystic which comforts us in this hour and interprets our sorrow. The influences of his home, the brief

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incidents of his life, all draw us nearer to him, and we will first dwell on them to trace a character so faithful to his vision. Further on we will come back to the characteristics of this busy man who was a perfect artist and in the eyes of some an artist before everything. But now we are permitted to give a short narrative of his life, and reminiscence of his home.

Hugh Benson, as he was always formerly called, owed his name to his birthplace. His father was Chancellor of the Cathedral at Lincoln and lived in its splendid precincts, where his youngest child was born. The sanctity of St Hugh of Lincoln inspired the father long before the son wrote his life and spread the fame of the Carthusian Order adorned by St Hugh. The first name of Robert was used by him when he first began to publish. From Lincoln the future Archbishop passed to Truro, where as Bishop he built the fine modern cathedral. Devoted to the wild Cornish country-side, where the Bishop's family made Kenwyn Vicarage* their home, Hugh—still always Hugh—first became known to me as the sheltered boy of a dignified and simple little ecclesiastical court within the walls of a country vicarage. At Lambeth Palace and Addington Park, the ancient houses of the English primates, the character of the family life changed little. A taste for the wild country found in Cornwall expanded into riding and sporting tastes at Addington, and the delicious topography of *By What Authority* owes its colour to a life in the saddle amongst historical country-sides between Tonbridge and Canterbury.

He went to Eton at thirteen as a scholar on the Foundation, easily winning the scholarship, but not following it up with any great University prize at Trinity Cambridge, where he graduated. He lived for his friends, who looked upon him with great affection, and for no particular reason with great surprise. "When I was with him," explained one of them, "I felt that everything

* It was much enlarged and received the name of Lis Escop, from Archbishop Benson whose episcopal life there reminded his successor of ideal primitive Christian days.

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was touched with romance and importance." Nobody then had any idea of his gifts or of his power of work. It was only known that he wrote privately and that he was enthusiastic. His virtues and his shortcomings if he had any, were those of a young man of the upper classes who lives in the open air and abhors pretensions of originality. He was destined for a public career in some branch of the Civil Service, but he suddenly adopted a pastoral life as Curate in a distant East-end London Settlement, and he had already tried the contemplative life at Mirfield with the Anglican community "of the Resurrection." He was very happy there, and with a humorous pencil drew pictures of minute monks of Mirfield with all the gestures of their well-ordered day.

I shall never forget, however, my surprise at learning that Robert Hugh Benson was a monk. That he should have left the line of promotion with his East-end curacy had no share in the surprise, because the purity of his spiritual life was manifest in his preaching, and ambition had not been a motive power in any of his name. But I had absolutely no clue to his choice of the contemplative life in a community. He came into the room one day, about this time, unexpectedly, and threw himself into a chair with the exclamation, "Oh! *how* is H.?" He was living in the memory of Cambridge days and "H." embodied them. Mirfield he quickly brought before my eyes, hill-top buildings, from the windows of which was generally to be seen a pall of smoke. Below the pall was occasionally discovered, he said, a manufacturing town of the North. He did not help me to understand why he had chosen the hill-top. I had heard wonders of his preaching and his young pastorate. His choice seemed idle. At thirty-two he had not uttered any original thought. His first utterance of it was to be in the form of an old priest's narrative of supernatural influences. And the book was to touch hearts. It was to reveal his Art, and make men want to verify the life described. But if I had had "The light Invisible" in my hands at that time I should not yet have understood his need

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for solitude, his individual vision; it was only later and with her who was "the heart and hinge" of all her son's love of home that I learnt to know more of his—and of his mother's—sympathy with the contemplative life. It is necessary to speak of her.

It is well known that Monsignor Benson's mother received, in earliest girlhood, the education of a man, and that she was the only sister of a brilliant band of brothers of whom Henry Sidgwick, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, had lasting fame. With a great household to care for, from very young married days, she taught her own clever sons. When Mrs Benson lost her finely endowed eldest son at seventeen, already a great scholar at Winchester, she was drawn very near to the Unseen. She had ever been her husband's adviser; in the hour of trial she was the inspiration of the mourning home.

Her firm Christian faith had not been formed without deep inquiry. The most intellectual age of the world and its philosophic influences had affected her in youth. But in a difficult day she preserved a dogmatic faith which was whole-hearted, and therefore useful to others as well as to herself. Mrs Benson never wrote. Her gifts of converse and sympathy were fed by a great power of inward silence. She set much store on meditation, and practised it all through her active life at Lambeth. Her youngest son's first call to the contemplative life did not surprise his mother. She personally knew its worth.

In the secluded home in Sussex, which was hers after the Archbishop's death, an expanded view of Catholic devotion was welcomed by her. Mgr. Benson has related the story of his conversion. I am writing without any book, but I think his first words following on his discovery of Truth were: "I went to my mother."

In her house, and at her side, the intervening time was spent which elapsed between his farewell to Mirfield and his reception into the Church which was quickly followed by his novitiate for the priesthood in Rome. The interval was about six months. And the young preacher, already known to the world as the best preacher in the

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Church of England, spent a time of silence. There is a path in his mother's garden known as the Priest's Walk. An ancient wooden crucifix is set there by the owner of the house, amid many sheltering yews. The Breviary was said here, and the poems written which have just been given to the world, the simple overflowings of a full heart, who came to the life of contemplation as if to his inheritance.

At Tremans, in the whole vision of the Catholic Church and its impress from its founder, in undisturbed silence, and with the fertilizing influence of sympathy in his home, he began to produce with extraordinary fertility. He was thirty-two when he wrote *The Light Invisible*. He had broken from controversy like a young lion, and henceforth stood for all that was positive in spiritual teaching.

The historical novel, *By What Authority*, was written there almost without books. The Great Keynes of the story, which is full of the charm of Sussex names and roads of fame in Tudor days, when Linfield was a deer forest (!) is the pleasant group of farm cottages and the church and the green within sight of the Southdowns to-day. It was once a bustling village filled with news of the Great Armada. Tremans is the Dower House, of the story where the noble priest hero came to his vocation.

But the quiet catechumen days gave place to a long novitiate in the burning heats of Rome, where no seclusion could be found from fashionable society. How well I remember the answer to my first eager question about the Italian stay. "Were not Rome and Italy a perfect delight?" No indeed! he was only impatient to escape and get back to England. A thorough Englishman from boyhood, I recalled to him his delight in *John Inglesant* when at Eton. That inconclusive romance took the reader to Italy and found the counterpart to its aspiration in the music and art of Italy. I did not anticipate what a John Bull Robert Hugh Benson was to remain. *The Religion of a Plain Man* and *The Letters of a Pariah* give us the exact value set by the writer on forms, ceremonies and the outward things of the Church. "They are just

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nothing at all," said an Irish nun to me once. She also was a true mystic. To Robert Hugh Benson the visible forms, of course, were essential as soon as the inner life was grasped, and they were also a strong help to the inner life: but he was too much of an Englishman, and he understood the thoughts and ways of Englishmen too well, ever to enhance Truth by aesthetic contemplation. His novitiate in Rome lasted, I think, a year, and then in the Spring, 1904, began his life of ever-increasing energy—not preaching and writing only, but interviewing and directing his countrymen, and Americans. His American tours would make a chapter in themselves.

The editing and prefacing of books which he thought useful to souls was a work charged with his message. To take one instance, his Preface to the *Modern Pilgrim's Progress*, the book of a convert who died in the same month as himself. It sent her highly philosophical message, so well pointed and carefully fashioned, like an arrow from the bow when it is directed by a powerful hand. Then his lecturing must also be passed over with only one mention. The lecture on Lourdes, delivered this year so memorably for all who heard it, was no mere outcome of vivid impressions gathered at the Grotto, but the result of long balancing and undoing of prejudice created by his horror that men should become Catholics for the sake of regaining their health; fears clearly expressed to me in 1906 but afterwards dropped when he had himself visited Lourdes and seen how the Church safeguards it from such abuse.

In 1907 Monsignor Benson made at Hare Street, Hertfordshire, a retreat for himself. The ancient house and village stand within one hour of London by rail, thirty miles by the old posting roads of Bishopsgate and Ware. We have his own description of it in *Oddfish*.

The house without was of timber and plaster, very solidly built, but in no way pretentious. There was a little passage as we came in, and to right and left lay the Great Chamber (as it was called) and the dining-room. It is strange how some houses, upon a first acquaintance with them, seem like old friends; and how others,

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though one may have lived in them fifty years, are never familiar to those who live in them. Now Hare Street House was one of the first kind. This very day that I first set eyes on it, it was as if I had lived there as a child. The sunlight streamed into the Great Chamber, and past the yews into the parlour; and upon the lawns outside; and the noise of the bees in the limes was as if an organ played softly; and it was all to me as if I had known it a hundred years.

And so it was chosen as a country house to be enjoyed for a few days in the week, when every week-end was given to preaching in all parts of Great Britain, chiefly in the North; and week days were devoted to missions and to the direction of souls.* For some years the house was shared with a doctor friend, a Catholic who was much interested in modern psychical healing. A house was built for Miss Lyall, the daughter of Sir Alfred Lyall, who was a useful critic of the historical novels written at Hare Street.

The chapel of the house was an old brew house, its crucifix was carved in the house by the owner. It was possible, for the two busy men who lived at Hare Street, there to hide away in the tabernacle from the obsession of detail which is such a snare to the novelist and to the man of science. There was work in the gardens and the orchard—it is a largish demesne, about four or five acres. There was wholesome manual work in the carving shop, which enriched the chapel with carvings—when was the contemplative life not safeguarded by the labour of the hands? Music was never neglected by Monsignor Benson, his writings are full of it. But it is touching to learn that it was in the hour of pain and exhaustion from ceaseless work and long overstrain that he made choice of a Bechstein grand piano. A pianist friend was to bring Mozart, Beethoven, and Bach into his home. Nor was private correspondence with friends—always brief but eager—wanting. “Such various friendships—such evidences of zest and interest and *fun* on his

* Monsignor Benson's excellent factotum at Hare Street gives the average of days spent by his master there as two or three in the week; he was once at Hare Street for three weeks.

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side, and of gratitude and affection on the part of the recipients, short little correspondences, too—opening away like corridors. . . .” Such was the description of Robert Hugh’s correspondence given me by his eldest brother and most faithful executor.

A great deal of spiritual correspondence besides carried on at Hare Street has been placed in the hands, we believe, of Monsignor Benson’s spiritual superiors. It includes letters to persons trying their vocation in the Orders of the Church, where an acute perception of hidden psychology had confirmed many a vocation or consoled those who have had to give up theirs. But most in our minds in the hour of bereavement are those souls who are left half-way on the road to peace. They had learnt from Mgr Benson to know themselves, and the Church as the Good Samaritan who found them robbed and wounded, and has healing for their wounds, and authority to set them on their way with assets for the future.

We have left far behind, amid the warm charities of life, the hour of final solitude which is still so fresh in our memories at this hour. The poet of the mountains has expressed that silence for us:

In such an hour
Of visitation from the living God
Sound was there none, nor any sense of joy;
Thought was not, in enjoyment it expired.

But perfect consciousness was left and no dying act of faith—more precious in the sight of God than the transports of the soul—was omitted.

Mr Benson wrote to me of those moments. His letter breathes lofty sympathy with all who strain loving eyes to follow a leader to the verge of the far horizons, and he has permitted me to quote what he wrote shortly after:

His death was very wonderful. He was conscious till within a few minutes of the end—indeed, from the time I came to him (on being summoned) to the last breath was only a few minutes—he spoke several times and joined eagerly in the prayers—but the

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thing for which I am most thankful is that he was so entirely and wholly *himself*—brave, considerate and, I might say, *adventurous*. It was simply as though he had left the room, when he died—no sense of *death*, only of life passing on.

Some day I shall hope to tell you more, but I cannot do more now; I felt you would like just to know this.

It is the voice of a sincere and individual interpreter of life that speaks to us in this letter. Mr Arthur Benson fitly closes our retrospect. He is qualified to interpret the original movements, the elemental character, the *himself* of that burning soul. Monsignor Benson's work abides with us to fresh issues. As we look forward at the New Year we want to know him increasingly and through many eyes.

Meanwhile Mr Arthur Benson has given us a word that lifts up. "He was entirely and wholly *himself*." Yes, individuality is a link with the world beyond the grave. And when was Robert Hugh Benson not true to himself? "To thine own self be true" is a high command. A change of religion implies no remoulding of our faculties and reflected impulses. There are converts who would make us think the opposite. They seem intent only on *playing the game*—with absurd effect because they are new to it. An intense loyalty, burning like a steady flame within, made Robert Hugh as an author almost reckless. For instance, at the very moment he was acclaimed as a sober and accurate Church and history romance writer, he published a novel of anticipation representing the Church as a Minority, flying through the air—the Pope and the Curia in person—above a hostile but peaceful world at unity with itself (anticipations only verifying themselves as regards flying). This novel was translated into French and thoroughly understood, with its fine theory of failure, by multitudes of Catholic French readers, yet it was too untraditional for our Catholic critics. The latter have named the stories of *The Light Invisible* and *A Mirror of Shalott* "weird fancies" or

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“bogey stories.” Yet the former book has reached the cultivated and the uncultivated, it has suggestions penetrating and suave like the hints of an invisible world in the pilgrimage of Bunyan. But perhaps Bunyan is not a name to be mentioned in the pious journals in question. Their religious biographers have a ready mould to shape their material. Monsignor Benson’s nature was of the kind that cracks and bursts the mould which would enclose it. And above all his view of death would not be expressed in any traditional fashion. True, he was apt at seizing the form best suited to his message. In the *Papers of a Pariah* he speaks as a child of Nature about to be reconciled to the Church. Nature was the schoolmaster to bring him to the Church. All the firmer is his conclusion:

God has not left us to depend upon what we can find out for ourselves, He has given us, it seems, a more plainly written book, in which we may read His character, and He has led Himself the life that He would have us live Death was enacted in a Heart like my own. . . . The Word was made flesh. That is enough for simple folk like me; I cannot improve upon the Gospel.

But he had been very attentive to the schoolmaster Nature. We take at random a realistic description of a poor paralytic’s sordid death chamber:

Here was a chess-board of black and white, of suffering and sweetness, the dying man and the windless morning and the air like warm wine, soft and invigorating, and over all the tender vault of blue skeined with clouds. And what right have I to say that the board is essentially white and only accidentally black? If it were I who were dying should I not feel that agony was the truth of it all and peace no more than an occasional incident?

But the dying man was a Catholic, and the poor soul with scarce a glimmer of sense received the last Sacraments at the hands of the Priest, and the witness, who was not yet reconciled to the Church, wrote:

It appears to me that my first reflections on the tragedy and heartlessness of death were those of a stupid savage. . . . Death

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now no longer seemed to me a sickening horror. . . . It was as if, after a couple of harsh notes had been struck on some instrument, notes of brutal irreconcilable contrasts, another had been added to them which resulted in a solemn sweet chord. There was no longer that shrieking inconsistency between the mellow day outside and the death-sweat pains within; it was no longer true that a Lord of Love held Himself apart in some sunny Heaven and tossed this heart-breaking problem down into a venomously cruel world; it was all one now: He held both in the hollow of His Arms against His quiet Heart, in a span so vast that I could not follow it, but in an embrace so warm that I was no longer chilled.

In *None Other Gods* we have the mature expression of Mgr Benson's individual beliefs; we may sum them up thus. First, in the silent inward revelation; secondly, in supernatural influences veiled by, though latent in, Nature; finally, in the power of the forms of the Church to bring not aesthetes but sinners and sufferers to freedom, because they are divinely instituted.

The story is of a typical undergraduate of Trinity, Cambridge, who is an eldest son and takes his father's threat of disinheriting him for a change of religion, literally, by *simplifying* himself like the Russian nihilists, and, half gipsy, half ascetic, takes to a wandering life. He adopts an English major who has fallen from respectability, and the young woman adopted by the major, and for good English humour this sketch is worthy of Stevenson. The wanderers, who get their livelihood on farms, find themselves in the laboratory of a scientist, a dogmatic materialist, who believes in nothing but toxins. Toxin can do everything, said this enthusiast, and, sure enough, it cures the Poverello—as Frank Guiseley has by this time become—of tetanus.

Here is a problem not known in the Fioretti. But we are reminded of the spirit of St Francis. The ardour of love that was in Frank was manifested first to the doctor's manservant and then to the doctor in a mysterious effluence from the patient. He worked upon them. One enthusiast had met another: the doctor had found a positive opposing power in his patient: a sense of inti-

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macy unparalleled in the scientist's life was felt for Frank: he had met a human soul, an indestructible spirit.

The views of the mystics on Nature are defined: they give up the pagan joy in Nature, to receive Nature back again in the sense of underlying spirit. No theory comes from Robert Hugh Benson. But here is a description which must appeal to all who feel the objective truth and reality behind Nature.

Frank slept deeply and well, half waking once, however, at that strange moment of the night when the earth turns and sighs in her sleep, when every cow gets up and lies down again. He was conscious of a shrill crowing, thin as a bugle, from some farm-yard out of sight; then he turned over and slept again.

When he awoke it was dawn. . . . Certainly he was a little stiff when he moved, but there was a kind of interior contentment . . . that caused that not to matter.

After a minute or two he sat up, felt about for his shoes and slipped them on. Then he unwound the wrapping about his neck, and crept out of the shelter.

It was that strange pause before the dawn when the light has broadened so far as to extinguish the stars . . . Everything was absolutely motionless about him. . . . The dew lay soaking and thick on the grass slopes. . . . The silence and the solemnity of the whole seemed to him extraordinary. There was not a leaf that stirred—each hung as if cut of steel; there was not a bird which chirped nor a distant cock that crew; rabbits eyed him not twenty yards away, unafraid in this hour of truce.

It seemed to him like some vast stage on to which he had wandered unexpectedly. The performance of the day before had been played to an end, the night scene-shifting was finished, and the players of the new eternal drama were not yet come. An hour hence they would be all about: the sounds would begin again; men would cross the field-paths, . . . But at present the stage was clear—swept, washed, clean and silent.

It was the solemnity then that impressed him most—solemnity and an air of expectation. Yet it was not mere expectation. There was *a suggestion of the fundamental and the normal*, as if perhaps movement and sound were, after all, no better than interruptions; as if there were some great secret actually present and displayed in dead silence and invisibility before those only, who possessed the senses necessary to perceive it.

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We follow the wanderers to a farm, a prison, and then to a great Benedictine monastery—of forty men—on All Hallow's E'en. The outcome was:

. . . an extract, taken by permission, from a few pages of Frank Guiseley's diary. These pages were written with the encouragement of Dom Hildebrand Maple, O.S.B., and were sent to him later at his own request.

" . . . He told me a great many things that surprised me. For instance, he seemed to know all about certain ideas that I had. . . .

"I went to confession to him on Friday morning, in the church. He did not say a great deal then, but he asked if I would care to talk to him afterwards. I said I would, and went to him in the parlour after dinner. The first thing that happened was that he asked me to tell him as plainly as I could anything that had happened to me—in my soul, I mean—since I had left Cambridge. So I tried to describe it.

"I said that at first things went pretty well in my soul, and that it was only bodily things that troubled me—getting fearfully tired and stiff, being uncomfortable, the food, the sleeping, and so on. Then, as soon as this wore off I met the Major and Gertie. I was rather afraid of saying all that I felt about these; but he made me, and I told him how extraordinarily I seemed to hate them . . . how I felt almost sick now and then when the Major talked to me and told me stories. . . . The only relief was that I knew that I *could*, as a matter of fact, chuck them whenever I wanted and go home again. But this relief was taken away from me as soon as I understood that I had to keep with them, and do my best somehow to separate them. Of course, I must get Gertie back to her people some time, and till that's done it's no good thinking about anything else.

"After a while, however—I think it was just before I got into trouble with the police—I began to see that I was a conceited ass for hating the Major so much. It was absurd for me, I said, to put on airs, when the difference between him and me was just that he had been brought up in one way and I in another. . . .

"Then I began to see that I had done absolutely nothing of any good whatever—that nothing had *really* cost me anything; and that the things I was proud of were simply self-will—my leaving Cambridge, and all the rest. They were theatrical, or romantic, or egotistical; there was no real sacrifice. I should have

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minded much more not doing them. I began to feel extraordinarily small. . . .

“I was getting all wrong with regard to the Major and myself, and I had just begun to see that I must do something that my whole soul hated if it was to be of any use. Then there came that minute in the barn when I heard the police were after us. . . .” [Frank went to prison for the Major.] “I couldn’t be proud of it ever because the whole thing was so mean and second-rate. . . .” [The girl to whom Frank was engaged took exception to the prison and threw him over.] . . . simply everything was altered. Religion, of course, seemed no good at all. I don’t understand quite what people mean by ‘consolations’ of religion. Religion doesn’t seem to me a thing like Art or Music, in which you can take refuge. It either covers everything, or it isn’t religion. Religion never has seemed to me (I don’t know if I’m wrong) one thing, like other things, so that you change about and back again. . . . It’s either the background and foreground all in one, or it’s a kind of game. It’s either true, or it’s a pretence.

“Well, all this, in a way, taught me it was absolutely true. Things wouldn’t have held together at all unless it was true. But it was no sort of satisfaction. It seemed to me for a while that it was horrible that it was true; that it was frightful to think that God could be like that—since this Jenny-business had really happened. . . . One thing, however, Father Hildebrand thought very important (he asked me about it particularly) was that I honestly did not feel any resentment whatever against either God or Jenny. . . . I just had to lie still inside and look at it. He tells me that this shows that the first part of the ‘process,’ as he called it, was finished (he called it the ‘Purgative Way’). And I must say that what happened next seems to fit in rather well.

“The new ‘process’ began quite suddenly when I awoke in the shepherd’s hut one morning at Ripon. . . . I saw suddenly that what had been wrong in me was that I had made myself the centre of things, and God a kind of circumference. When He did or allowed things, I said, ‘Why does He?’—*from my point of view*. That is to say, I set up my ideas of justice and love and so forth, and then compared His with mine, not mine with His. And I suddenly saw—or, rather, I knew already when I awoke—that this was simply stupid. Even now I cannot imagine why I didn’t see it before: I had heard people say it, of course—in sermons and books—but I suppose it had meant nothing to me. (Father Hildebrand tells me that I had seen it intellectually, but had never embraced it with

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my will.) Because when one once really sees that, there's no longer any puzzle about anything. One can simply never say 'Why?' again. The thing's finished.

"Now this 'process' (as Father H. calls it) has gone on in a most extraordinary manner ever since. That beginning near Ripon was like opening a door into another country, and I've been walking ever since and seeing new things. All sorts of things that I had believed as a Catholic—things, I mean, which I assented to simply because the Church said so—have, so to speak, come up and turned themselves inside out. I couldn't write them down, because you can't write these things down, or even put them intelligibly to yourself. You just *see that they are so*. . . . Well, all this is what Father H. calls the 'Illuminative Way,' and I think I understand what he means. It came to a sort of point on All Souls' Eve at the monastery. I saw the whole thing then for a moment or two, and not only Purgatory. . . . And Father H. tells me that I must begin to look forward to a new 'process'—what he calls the 'Way of Union.' I don't understand much what he means by that; I don't see that more could happen to me; there has seemed a sort of lull for the last day or two—ever since All Souls' Day, in fact."

All Souls' Vigil in the Benedictine monastery revealed to Frank the use of the ceremonies of the Church.

"We're singing Matins of the Dead, presently," Father Hildebrand said in a low voice. "It's All Souls' Eve. Will you stay, or shall I take you to your room?"

"I'll stay, if I may," said Frank.

Half an hour later the ceremony began.

Here, I simply despair of description. I know something of what Frank witnessed and perceived, for I have been present myself at this affair in a religious house; but I do not pretend to be able to write it down.

First, however, there was the external, visible, audible service: the catafalque, a bier-like erection, all black and yellow, guarded by yellow flames on yellow candles—the grave movements, the almost monstrous figures, the rhythm of the ceremonies, and the wail of the music of forty voices singing as one—all that I understood. . . .

But the inner side of these things—the reverse of which these things are but a coarse lining, the substance of which is a shadow, that is what passes words and transcends impressions.

It seemed to Frank that one section, at any rate, of that

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enormous truth at which he had clutched almost blindly when he had first made his submission to the Church—one chamber in that House of Life—was now flung open before him. . . .

It was the catafalque that seemed to him the veiled door to that other world that so manifested itself—seen as he saw it in the light of the yellow cardles—it was as the awful portal of death itself; beneath that heavy mantle lay not so much a Body of Humanity still in death, as a Soul of Humanity alive beyond death, quick and yet motionless with pain. And those figures that moved about it, with censor and aspersorium, were as angels for tenderness and dignity and undoubted power. They were men like himself, yet they were far more; and they, too, one day, like himself, would pass beneath that pall and need the help of others that should follow them. . . .

Something of this is but a hint of what Frank experienced; it came and went, no doubt, in gusts, yet all through he seems to have felt that here was a door into that great watching world beyond—that here, in what is supposed by the world to be the narrow constraint of religion, was a liberty and an outlook into realities such as the open road and nature can but seldom give.

We have chosen the above passages because they are most typical of a creative mind which never came to its expression at all till the sense within of mysterious grace was met, as in Frank's case, by a strong objective without.

At Hare Street, on his death, were found Mgr Benson's wishes about the burial of his body. The grave is in the orchard at Hare Street. On October 23, the day of the burial, Cardinal Bourne said Requiem, and the most exquisite Art of the sixteenth century was heard in the Mission Chapel of the old house near Buntingford, Palestrina and his contemporaries sung by the great choir of our choir-loving age, that of Westminster Cathedral, echoed over the lime-bordered lawn, where a large group of friends stood, unable to find places in the chapel.

You can't think how sustaining we found those great and simple Rites with which he was committed to God.

The words of one very near to him fitly end these memorials.

BLANCHE WARRE CORNISH

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SINCE these notes last appeared a good deal of information from official sources has been forthcoming, with the result that we find ample confirmation of the views set forth in the pages of the DUBLIN REVIEW last September. The French, who had always adhered to the theory that the German main attack would come from the direction of Belgium, but who nevertheless were prepared for a movement against Nancy, realized, so soon as Belgian territory was violated, that their ideas concerning the German plan of campaign had been correct. But their offensive capacity was seriously hampered by reason of inferiority in numbers. They could not risk an attack upon the enemy until the British Army had come into line. Hence an endeavour was made to retain as many German Army Corps as possible in Alsace and Lorraine. Here we have the simple explanation of the operations in this theatre of war, the nature of which baffled so many students in the later days of August. Another interesting piece of information in the French report is that after the offensive of the Allies was checked in Belgium-Luxemburg, the great retreat towards Paris was purely strategic in character. "On August 26," says this document, "the position was as follows":

We had either to give battle where we were in dangerous conditions, or to fall back along the whole line until it was possible to resume the offensive. The Generalissimo decided on the second course. We fell back then in order, attacking the enemy to weaken him and retard his advance. The enemy, however, advanced so rapidly that General Joffre arranged to fall back to the Aube, and, if need be, to the Seine. On September 5 the conditions which General Joffre had been seeking were realized, and he ordered a general offensive, saying "The hour has come to advance, *coute que coute*, and men must be killed rather than fall back."

We doubt if history can record decisions of greater moment than those which General Joffre arrived at on the occasions alluded to above. They certainly stamp

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him as one of the world's military geniuses. The resolve to retreat to the very gates of Paris, ignoring the possible effect upon public opinion and all the usual shibboleths concerning the peril of allowing an enemy to approach the capital, showed heroic qualities of restraint and altogether extraordinary firmness. This picture of personal power was completed when, seizing almost as an inspiration, the opportunity that might never have occurred again—the occasion of the Marne—General Joffre exhibited a wonderful capacity for recovering the initiative, and developed an aggressiveness that has since proved unconquerable.

Reference to events at the beginning of the war thus confirms and completes the opinions advanced in former notes concerning the western theatre of operations. Again our attention must be concentrated upon this region. Here there is a lull in hostilities and consequently we are able to review a definite stage in the warfare. In the East, where the Germans have again advanced into Poland, heavy battles are still in progress, and though the ultimate outcome of the whole campaign, viewed from the Baltic to the Carpathians, is not in doubt, the result of the particular engagements referred to is for the moment uncertain.

If we are to understand the strange situation created in Flanders we must go back to the movement from which it originated—the great attempt of the Allies to outflank the enemy's right and strike at his communications. The so-called Battle of the Aisne developed into a remarkable deadlock. Here for the first time those conditions which had distinguished the Manchurian campaign were exactly reproduced, though, of course, on a much larger scale. In a word, the operations assumed the character of a series of field sieges. Whereas, heavy artillery had so far proved itself to be more than a match for the French and Belgian fortresses, proof was to be forthcoming, that troops in the open, making full use of the natural advantages of the country, could so entrench themselves as to present an almost insuperable obstacle

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to infantry attacks, and at the same time a small and difficult target for the big guns. The terrific power of modern siege cannon is certain to demolish any fairly substantial object within range, thus causing immense destruction and, on that account alone, heavy casualties. But the effect of such heavy artillery is greatly lessened when the war is carried underground, as for example in the case of entrenchments, where, save for a comparatively low bank or shield of earth, little target is offered. Verdun, that extremely important fortress-pivot, upon which the allied army has swung, is an instance in point. At no time during the war has this great citadel been besieged, and for the reason that trenches have kept the enemy at bay at a safe distance of ten miles from the permanent works.

The despatch of Sir John French relating to the Battle of the Aisne covers a period of eighteen days. As a matter of fact the battle—if such it can be called—has not yet really terminated. Although no longer the scene of fighting on a large scale, the enemy still clings to his positions in this region, and fierce attacks and counter-attacks occasionally occur. Any engagements here, however, are of secondary importance. The critical centre of the long line that stretches from the North Sea to the Vosges is now situated in Flanders. Yet it would be erroneous to say that the protracted struggle on the Aisne was without result. On the contrary, there is evidence to show that it produced a great influence upon the fortunes of the campaign, so far as it has gone. The continual fighting wore down the enemy's resistance, and gave time for the improvement of the Allies' defence works in this region. Consequently, when it was decided to take the only course which the new situation demanded, the operations were largely facilitated. This course consisted, in the words of Sir John French, "in attempting to effectively outflank the enemy by bringing the greatest possible force to bear in support of the northern flank of the Allies." We were told that the British Commander himself suggested that his forces

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should be removed northwards. There were obvious advantages to be gained in operating nearer to England, but at the same time Sir John French's keen desire once more to take part in the crucial events of the war did credit to his qualities of character no less than to his Generalship. The transfer was in itself an achievement of considerable merit. So close were the trenches to the enemy's line that no movement was possible in daylight. In some places no greater distance than one hundred yards separated English from Germans. The preliminary retirement of the units was therefore carried out under cover of total darkness. Their places were taken by French troops, probably in lesser numbers. To this development in the situation we will return again. To fill in the blanks in our narrative it is necessary to describe the French activity on the flank while the operations alluded to were in progress along the Aisne. The formidable nature of the enemy's defences in this last region had soon convinced General Joffre that no time must be lost in setting in motion a turning movement. At the same time, there were many indications that the German General Staff intended to resort to similar strategy. Evidently, the retreat of the Marne was merely looked upon as a check, and hopes were still entertained that the French left would be turned and Paris entered in triumph. With both armies actively endeavouring to outflank each other, no other result was possible, if one of them was not to be decisively defeated, than that the lines should be extended to the sea. Consequently a race for the coast began. About September 20 General Castelnau formed a new army on the left of that of General Maunoury, and strongly established himself in the districts of Lassigny, Roye, and Péronne, supported on his right by Territorial divisions. That movement was, however, not in itself sufficient to achieve General Joffre's purpose.

Ten days later General Maud'hay entered the line, occupying the region around Arras and Lens, and stretching towards the north in order to effect a junction with certain divisions that had marched from Dunkirk. In the

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meantime it became evident that at last the Germans intended to capture Antwerp. On September 27 Malines was taken. Two days later the besieging force bombarded the Waelhem-Wavre St Catherine section of the Antwerp defences. On October 9, the Belgian and British garrison having evacuated the fortress its capitulation took place. Here we may pause to refer to the ill-timed criticism that certain journals thought fit to pass upon the Government, or to speak more correctly, the Admiralty, in connexion with the dispatch of Marine and Naval Brigades to take part in the defence of Antwerp. The best answer to this criticism was provided by no less an authority than Sir John French himself. "Although the results," wrote the distinguished Field-Marshal,

did not include the actual saving of the fortress, the action of the force under General Paris certainly delayed the enemy for a considerable time, and assisted the Belgian army to be withdrawn in a condition to enable it to reorganize and refit, and regain its value as a fighting force. The destruction of war material and ammunition—which, but for the intervention of this force, would have proved of great value to the enemy—was thus able to be carried out.

The question has been raised as to why the Germans did not take Antwerp earlier in the campaign, thus releasing, to help a forward movement, the army of occupation in Belgium. The only reply possible is, that it was not until the end of September that they realized to the full the grave consequences of the check which they had received on the Marne, and also on the Aisne. They were then forced to give up the idea of an immediate and rapid march on Paris, and all the heavy artillery, which had been kept in reserve for this purpose, promptly became available for the siege of Antwerp. Once the idea of an early entry into Paris was abandoned, the Germans wished, for political no less than for military reasons, to consolidate their position in Belgium. If the worst came to the worst, and peace had to be sought, Belgium would provide them with an apparent asset, useful in the process

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of bargaining. Complete occupation of the country was therefore desired as a preliminary to formal annexation. Another motive that may have contributed to the German resolution to take Antwerp, was the knowledge that, in the furious campaign of threats and hatred, then about to be launched against Great Britain, this "pistol pointed at the heart of England," would fulfil its part. From the strategical point of view, also, the capture of Antwerp had become a pressing necessity. Success here might lead to the total elimination of the Belgian Army from the theatre of war, while it certainly would release those large German forces, which the fortress on the Scheldt had always retained in Belgium. In that event every available man would be sent to Flanders to meet the dangerous outflanking movement of the Allies, and it followed also that the great counter offensive of the Germans, then in contemplation, would be appreciably strengthened. It is also possible that other motives, and of a character purely precautionary in character, influenced the decision of the Germans in regard to Antwerp. The French at that time, as we have seen, were engaged in an attempt to turn their enemy's flank, so as to threaten and, if possible, sever his communications. Had General Joffre's plan proved successful the Belgian Army could have emerged from Antwerp to harry the German retreat, and, in that case, defeat might have been converted into disaster.

Many and varied reasons, therefore, prompted the Germans to undertake the siege of Antwerp, and in all the circumstances their decision exhibited sage political judgment and sound strategical policy. That they failed to capture the Belgian garrison, and the large supplies of war material which the fortress contained, fortunately, somewhat lessened the effect of their victory. It is clear that the timely intervention of the British Marine and Naval Brigades largely contributed to this end. Later, the withdrawal of the Belgian Army, and its retirement to the Yser, was assisted by a British force—the 3rd Cavalry Division and the 7th Division under the

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command of Sir Henry Rawlinson. While the positive military value of British co-operation was abundantly demonstrated, the moral support which it afforded the war-worn Belgians must also be taken into account. The point has been urged that, after the experiences of Liège, Namur, and Mauberge, where the superiority of the German siege guns over these comparatively out-of-date fortresses, had been established, Antwerp should have been evacuated earlier, and alternately, the criticism has been advanced that the British reinforcements should have been sufficiently large to enable the citadel to be held for some considerable time. But it must be borne in mind that until the end of September, when the Germans abandoned suddenly their plan of an immediate descent upon Paris, the existence of the great entrenched camp on the Scheldt exerted a tremendous influence upon the fortunes of the campaign. To have refused the Belgian request for aid when the critical moment of the siege came was, of course, out of the question, Yet, in view of the lessons of the war regarding the vulnerability of fortresses, to have risked a large British force at Antwerp would have been unsound.

As events proved, the wisest possible course was pursued. Belgian resistance was stiffened by the presence of British reinforcements, and the Germans were delayed as long as was humanly possible. Antwerp taken, the enemy lost no time in pushing westwards. Their purpose was to follow up the Belgian and British forces retiring in that direction, and also to develop the great counter-offensive, designed to turn the Allies' flank. It was about this time that they disclosed the big surprise which they had long been preparing for the Allies. In addition to the troops released from the neighbourhood of Antwerp, consequent upon the fall of that place, there suddenly appeared between Lille and the sea, four newly-formed Army Corps, hastily raised and trained in Germany, or a grand total of no less than 250,000 fresh troops. Other corps were also brought up from different parts of the

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front, and eventually, according to the "Eye-witness" of the British Army, the Germans had north of La Bassée about fourteen corps and eight cavalry divisions—that is a force of three quarters of a million men—with which to attempt to drive the Allies into the sea. In addition, and this circumstance was most important, there was the immensely powerful armament of siege artillery which had also been brought up from Antwerp. All authorities agree that, in the subsequent fighting in Flanders, the German superiority in heavy guns gave them a considerable advantage. Fortunately, this advantage was largely discounted by reason of the general efficiency of the defence. It may be mentioned that all evidences now point to the fact that the Allies' heavy guns outclass those of the enemy.

In order to present a connected account of the great preparations made by the Germans, with the object of surprising the Allies, we have been compelled, in some respects, to anticipate our narrative. At the outset we narrated how the French extended their line northwards, until from just above Noyon stretching in the direction of Dunkirk, they formed a front, with their faces set towards the German line of communication to the East. Each step in this direction had been met by a corresponding move on the part of the enemy. Ultimately both the Allies and the Germans realized simultaneously that if the position was to be rendered free from peril, no gap between the extremity of the line and the coast must be left open. For their purpose the Germans had a quarter of a million fresh troops available. On the other hand, the French line was thin, and in some places might even have been described as more than thin—as indeed faint. Allusion has also been made to the retirement of the Belgian Army covered by a British force. Ultimately this famous army, reinforced by French troops, was to create what became known as "the barrier of the Yser." But during the period of which we write the Belgian forces were still withdrawing in a westerly direction, with the enemy hard upon their heels. It was now that the

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British Army from the Aisne began to arrive upon the scene. Evidently the German counter-offensive had not then developed. For the despatches of Sir John French make it clear that hope was still entertained of overcoming the resistance of the enemy, sufficiently to enable all the Allied forces to move forward in an easterly direction. He relates that the road running from Bethune to Lille was to be the dividing line between the British and French forces, the right of the British Army being directed on Lille.

On October 11 there began what Sir John French has called the "Battle of Ypres-Armentières." As a matter of fact, however, this designation only applies to the part played by the British Army. The prolonged fighting involved a much larger area, and included the desperate attempt made by the Germans to break through the Belgian and French forces on the Yser, as well as the no less determined attacks upon the French and British positions around Ypres, and also upon the British line in the neighbourhood of La Bassée. For the time being we will confine our attention to the British forces. It is important to bear in mind that the transfer of these forces from the Aisne to the new scene of operations was not completed until October 19. St Omer was the point of detrainment. On October 11, the date upon which the engagement began, Sir John French had at his disposal two Army Corps—the Second and Third—and the Second Cavalry Division. It was on that day that the Second Army Corps reached the line of the canal between Aire and Bethune. Subsequently it connected up with the left of the French Army, and, with a view to threatening the German flank, advanced in an easterly direction. An attempt was then made to get astride the La Bassée-Lille road, in the neighbourhood of Fournes, so as to threaten the rear of the enemy's position on the high ground south of La Bassée, a point which during the whole battle was to defy all attempts at capture. The line of advance lay through a busy manufacturing district intersected with canals, and was exceedingly

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unfavourable to an attacking force. Nevertheless, considerable progress was made. The left flank got as far as Aubers, only some four miles from its objective, Fournes, and, a little farther to the south and east, Herlies was taken. About this time the enemy was heavily reinforced, and the British were faced with tremendous odds. Violent counter-attacks were delivered, and, on the night of October 22, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, finding his left somewhat exposed, withdrew to a previously prepared position, running generally from the eastern side of Givenchy, east of Neuve Chapelle, to Fauquissart. In referring to heavy fighting two days later which resulted in favour of the British, Sir John French observed that by this time the Second Corps had become "somewhat exhausted." Reinforcements were provided by the addition of a division of Indian troops, and an infantry brigade also came into line on the left.

Altogether, from October 19 to October 31 the enemy continued violently to attack in this quarter of the field, and although the Second Corps succeeded in maintaining its ground and inflicted heavy losses upon the Germans, it suffered severely in turn. The very gallant resistance of the forces under Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien on this occasion provides one of the most conspicuous episodes in the record of the British Army so far as the war has gone.

Let us now endeavour to follow the fortunes of the Third Corps in the "Battle of Ypres-Armentières." Between this Army and the Second Corps a French Cavalry Division was operating. Having completed its detrainment at St Omer on October 11 the Third Corps was moved to the east of Hazebrouck. Four days later it made good the line of the Lys from Armentières to Sailly, and was thus astride of the river. Subsequently it continued to advance with marked success. The enemy was in considerable strength from Frelingham southwards, but in spite of that circumstance the 6th Division managed to seize and hold the line Radingham—La Vallée—Emnetieres—Capinghem—Premesques Railway,

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while the 4th Division occupied a line, roughly, from L'Épinette to a point half a mile south-east of Le Gheir. The Third Corps had therefore succeeded at some places in approaching well within three miles of Lille, and the menace to the Germans in this region was growing hourly. It was now essential to the further success of the British forward movement that a permanent footing be secured on the eastern bank of the Lys. This river from Le Gheir runs in an easterly and northerly direction to Menin, which is almost due north of Lille. It opposed, therefore, a strong natural barrier to the operations of the British forces directed towards outflanking the German right. Unless a sure footing was established on the eastern bank no further progress was possible. Sir John French, who, it will be gathered, was sadly hampered throughout for want of sufficient forces, thereupon ordered the Cavalry Corps under General Allenby to undertake this task. At the same time the Third Corps on the right were directed to support the enterprise by continuing their advance. But the enemy, realizing the perils of his situation, now developed great strength, and the Third Corps, faced with superior numbers, was obliged to discontinue its forward movement. Nevertheless, it obstinately refused to give ground. With numbers wholly inadequate, it held grimly on to a line some fourteen miles long, exhibiting valour unexcelled in any other quarter of this far-spreading field of glory. The Cavalry Corps, fighting with equal gallantry and persistence, met with no better success. For five days it battled with the enemy in the hopes of permanently winning the eastern bank of the Lys, but once again superior numbers proved a deciding factor. General Allenby's men actually fought as far as the line Kortulde—Garde Dieu, Messines—St Yves, within two miles of the Lys, only to be thrown back on the defensive and compelled gradually to retire upon the Warneton—Oostaverne Road—Hollebeke line. It was at this stage that the situation to the south-east of Ypres became so critical. Indian reinforcements were brought up, and the

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London Scottish Territorial Battalion was also given its baptism of fire at Neuve Eglise. At one period of the struggle the Cavalry Corps, already weakened by incessant fighting, actually opposed the advance of two nearly fresh German Army Corps, for forty-eight hours, pending the arrival of French reinforcements which somewhat relieved the situation all round.

Meanwhile, on October 16, the forces under Sir Henry Rawlinson, which had been covering the retirement of the Belgian Army, reached the following positions: the 7th Division posted to the east of Ypres on a line extending from Zanvoorde through Gheluvelt to Zonnebeke; the 3rd Cavalry Division on its left towards Langemarck and Poelcappelle. Two French territorial divisions were present to give support to Sir Henry Rawlinson, the 87th in Langemarck and Poelcappelle, and the 89th in Vlamertinghe. In order to conform with the movements of the Cavalry Corps and the Third Army Corps, directed towards securing a footing on the opposite bank of the Lys, Sir Henry Rawlinson was ordered to advance in an easterly direction so as to seize the important passage of Menin, which was to be held until the First Army Corps, arriving from the Aisne, could be brought up in support. At the time, large hostile forces were advancing from the east and north-east, and, in order to protect the British flank, French cavalry deployed on Sir Henry Rawlinson's left, which consisted of the 3rd Cavalry Division, and after driving the enemy north towards the Foret d'Houthulst advanced in the direction of Roulers. It was hoped that these cavalry operations would sufficiently protect the British flank.

The task set Sir Henry Rawlinson was no light one. Not only were the forces at his disposal inadequate, but they had already undergone a severe ordeal in protecting the retirement of the Belgian Army and were seriously weakened. Until October 20, when the First Corps was timed to reach the scene, he could expect no reinforcements. Yet it was vitally important that a very extended line should be occupied, in order that the territory, already

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held by the Allied forces in the north, might be retained. The enemy continued to assemble large forces so as to menace the British flank, and ultimately Sir Henry Rawlinson, believing that the position had become critical, abandoned the attempt to seize the passage of the Lys at Menin. Sir John French has expressed the opinion that the Corps Commander probably acted wisely, but at the same time he pointed out, that the enemy's continued possession of the passage at Menin certainly facilitated the rapid reinforcement of his troops, and thus rendered any further advance impracticable. By October 20 Sir Henry Rawlinson's forces were back in their old positions. At other points the Cavalry Corps had also failed to secure passages over the Lys, and farther to the south the Second Corps had been compelled to withdraw slightly. Thus everywhere the weight of German numbers made itself felt. Had large reinforcements been available about this time the enemy would have been forced to begin a general retreat from Belgium, and the whole course of the war would have been changed. As events turned out, the river Lys opposed an insuperable obstacle to the eastward advance of the British Army, and, therefore, the outflanking movement of the Allies failed. While the British were engaged in the operations just described, the Belgians, reinforced by some French marines, were defending the extreme left of the Allies' line from Dixmude to the sea. Having retreated all the way from Antwerp, accompanied by their beloved King, this army of heroes, war-worn and sadly weakened, drew up along the river Yser, and, there entrenching themselves, made preparations to defend the last strip of Belgian territory not in the possession of the enemy. No more inspiring subject for the painter of the future could well be conceived than is provided by this great episode of the war. Between the Belgians and the nearest Allied force there was a wide gap, and the enemy were known to be concentrating vast forces, wherewith to carry out a turning movement by pouring men through this gap or by sending them along the coast. No help could come for many days.

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Once more the Belgians, as was the case at Liége, Namur and Antwerp, found themselves in a position of grave responsibility, and faced with terrific odds. Once again, the British and French were dependent upon their steadfastness in a position that was virtually isolated for several days. No respite was allowed them. Quickly had the enemy followed upon their heels. After a reconnaissance in force on October 17, the Germans on the following morning bombarded the whole line. Next day, appearing in overwhelming strength, they drove the Belgians out of advanced positions on the right bank of the river. A day later they delivered attacks of an exceptionally violent nature at both ends of the line. Three successive assaults on Lombertzyde were repulsed, but on the Belgian right, after a stern struggle, Beerst and Kyem were yielded. At the same time, the serious news was received, that large German forces were approaching from the direction of Roulers. It was the presence of these forces that had compelled Sir Henry Rawlinson to retire, thus holding up the British advance towards the Lys in the east.

On October 19—the day when the Belgians became apprehensive at the advance of large numbers of the enemy from the direction of Roulers—the First Corps of the British Army under Sir Douglas Haig had completed its detrainment, and was concentrated between St Omer and Hazebrouck. Sir John French then found himself confronted with a situation which called for a decision of the gravest moment. Already the forces under his command were holding a far wider front than their numbers warranted. The temptation to strengthen his line by the addition of the First Corps was certainly present. But to adopt that course would have meant leaving the country, north and east of Ypres and the Ypres Canal, open to a wide turning movement by large forces of the enemy, which were already in the neighbourhood for that purpose, and which, in a few days, would be reinforced by an enormous number of troops, then known to be on their way southwards and

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westwards. To meet this turning movement there were only the Belgian Army, at that time in the last stages of exhaustion, two or three French cavalry divisions, and French territorial troops. Unless these forces were considerably reinforced, it was certain that the Allies would be compelled to fall back, thus leaving the Channel ports open to the enemy. The position was therefore critical. Sir John French, however, arrived at a prompt and capable decision. He determined that the First Corps should not go to strengthen the British forces on the line of the Lys, but that it should be sent to the north of Ypres. In view of the great superiority of the enemy's numbers, the risk involved in thus further extending the effective front was no light one. Yet, if disaster were to be averted, no other course suggested itself. At the same time there was a remote chance, that the Allied forces might be able to resume the offensive. The bulk of the enemy's reinforcements had been drawn to the line of the Lys and the vicinity of La Bassée, where the British forces were operating, and it was just possible that, before the enemy had time to develop his turning movement in the neighbourhood of Ypres, Sir Douglas Haig could advance through that place, and so on to Thourout and Ghent. In the meantime, the Second and the Third Corps, and the Cavalry Corps, were ordered to remain on the defensive in the positions which they already held. Sir Henry Rawlinson's command, known as the Fourth Corps, moved on the right of the First Corps, and French cavalry and territorials were on its left. This Corps met with violent opposition, and the French cavalry, simultaneously attacked from the Foret d'Houthulst, was forced to retire west of the Ypres Canal. As a direct consequence, Sir Douglas Haig was unable to advance with the First Corps beyond the line Zonnebeke—St Julien—Langemarck—Bixschoote, which position was reached on October 21. The French troops in Ypres—cavalry and territorials—were then moved out to cover the left flank of the First Corps. Sir John French now realized that,

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in view of the superior strength of the enemy, the offensive rôle originally assigned to the British forces could not be carried out. He immediately consulted General Joffre, who promised to bring up heavy French reinforcements in three days, by which time he estimated that he would be able to resume the march eastwards, in order to threaten the German communications. As a matter of fact, this last plan was destined to failure. It was known that after the fall of Antwerp the enemy would receive large reinforcements, but it is now evident that these reinforcements were so enormous as to upset completely the calculations of the Allies. In this respect the Germans nearly sprung as great a surprise upon General Joffre, as the latter had done upon them at the Battle of the Marne, when, it will be recalled, a new French Army emerged quickly from Paris, and decided the day.

Only the wonderful staying powers exhibited by the Allies saved the situation in Flanders. Until the evening of October 23, when the promised French reinforcements reached the scene, the British Army tenaciously clung to the long line indicated in detail in the course of this article, stretching roughly from La Bassée in the south, to Bixschoote, some six miles north-west of Ypres. On their left the Belgians, reinforced by a small force of French Marines, were continuing night and day to undergo a severe ordeal. Dixmude was heavily attacked, but here the enemy were always repulsed. At another point, where the river bends in the direction of the German lines, the defence was obviously placed at a disadvantage, and after a gallant resistance Tervate, on the left bank, was yielded. On October 23, the day when French reinforcements reached the British, General Joffre also sent the 42nd French Division to aid the Belgians, who by this time were in the last stages of exhaustion.

The enemy continued to deliver desperate attacks in this region. During one night alone they made fourteen assaults upon Dixmude, but on each occasion they were driven back. At the bend of the river they followed up

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the advantage which they had gained at Tervate and threw large forces on to the left bank. Yet in spite of their tremendous exertions they gained no substantial advantage. For seven days the Belgians and French held their ground between the Yser and the Dixmude—Nieuport railway. Only once, at Ramskapelle, the enemy succeeded in advancing west of this line, but almost immediately they were driven back again. The inundations of the Yser Valley, which compelled the Germans eventually to retreat to the right bank of the river, alone brought some measure of relief. The Belgians lost during this episode in the war no less than a quarter of their effective strength.

Yet for their great sacrifices compensation was forthcoming in abundance. To begin with, the Germans were foiled in their loudly proclaimed plan of reaching Calais. Then the British movement to the south was materially assisted, large forces of the enemy having been diverted to the Nieuport—Dixmude front. It was doubtless this division of strength that brought about the German failure. In every respect the remarkable stand made along the Yser was the crowning achievement of a gallant little Army, that in the course of a single campaign has won for itself a renown such as finds few parallels in the imperishable records of military glory. Thus has the simple heroism of the Belgian soldier exalted the Belgian nation.

While the events just described were taking place, a stern struggle around Ypres was in progress. This struggle grew more furious when the enemy, baulked by the floods in the Yser district, was able largely to concentrate his efforts upon Ypres. By now, the 9th French Army Corps had come into line, relieving, on a portion of the front, the 2nd Division belonging to the First Army Corps. The Fourth Corps was then broken up, the 7th Division and 3rd Cavalry Division of which it consisted being incorporated in the First Corps. This last was subsequently redistributed along a line running across the Menin road from the neighbourhood of

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Moorslede—Zonnebeke to Zanvoorde. The whole position in the neighbourhood of Ypres formed a salient and the object of the Germans was to cut off the defenders or alternately to drive them straight westwards through the town. Their attacks in this quarter covered two distinct periods, the first lasting from October 20 to November 2, the other from the 3rd to the 17th of that month, including the day when the Prussian Guards delivered their memorable assault upon the British trenches. It is believed that the Emperor was present in person when these supreme efforts were made. Whether or not this was the case, orders subsequently found upon prisoners show that he regarded the capture of the Ypres position as vitally essential to the success of German arms. Though the enemy were always handsomely repulsed, there were many critical moments during the battle. For example, the attack of October 31 on the Menin—Ypres road, south-east of Gheluvelt, where the 1st Division belonging to the First Army Corps was located, produced an exceedingly anxious situation. At one time the line was actually broken, and only a splendid rally again restored the position. In regard to this episode Sir John French wrote: "I was present with Sir Douglas Haig at Hooge between two and three o'clock on this day when the 1st Division were retiring. I regard it as the most critical moment in the whole of this great battle. The rally of the 1st Division and the recapture of the village of Gheluvelt at such a time was fraught with momentous consequences."

Hitherto attacks upon the Ypres salient had been undertaken by infantry of the line, consisting largely of new formations, *Ersatz* and volunteer. Among these fresh troops were a number of youths, little more than seventeen years of age, and men well in advance of the prime of life, as far as military service was concerned. Many of them, perhaps the majority, had but recently left the comfort of their homes in Berlin, where all the talk was of the glory of war, and its horrors were, as yet, not at all understood. Into the vortex of carnage these fervid

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patriots were thrown the moment that they reached the battle-field. Once in the presence of the reality of war no time was permitted them for reflection. In close order, singing as they came on, "Die Wacht am Rhein," they marched towards the trenches until, almost within point blank range, they were shot down by magazine and machine-gun fire. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to say that, on this occasion, German patriotism almost touched sublime heights. Those, who were present on the English side, described the spectacle as tragic and moving to the degree of intensity. From the soldiers' point of view it was noted that the advance—if such so heroic a march forward can be called—exhibited faults of leadership. Certainly the whole adventure was foolhardy in the extreme, and it was only the superhuman courage of the Germans that carried them through—right up to the "jaws of death." As soldiers they were raw, very raw recruits and, on that account, they drew pity from their foes. As men, however, they one and all were inspired heroes and, as such, compelled the admiration of the English, who lined the trenches. The infantry of the line having failed, the *corps d'élite* of the German Army, the Prussian Guards, was given the task of breaking through the British lines. Massed closely together these stern and battle-trying veterans also marched forward with superb valour, and so terrific was their momentum that in three places they surged through the line. They then penetrated for some distance into the woods behind, where they were attacked, enfiladed by machine guns, and driven out again. But in their retreat they managed to hold on to a certain portion of the trenches, and during that day defied all efforts directed towards their expulsion. The situation on this occasion was at one time hardly less critical than that created at the end of October, when the 1st Division was compelled to give way. Yet, in the end, no more could be accomplished by overwhelmingly superior numbers, combined with faultless discipline and bravery, than the temporary winning of a few trenches. It must be said that in the great attacks upon Ypres, the

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enemy exploited to the full every moral and material asset at his command. Ardour disciplined and ardour inexperienced were tried; both kinds succumbed, as was only inevitable, to the mechanical obstacle of well-controlled rifle and machine-gun fire at point blank range. At the Battle of Ypres the German spirit in the West was broken. In that sense this battle was decisive.

We have said little concerning the Allies' defence on this occasion, nor is there, indeed, need to say much on the subject. The extraordinary fierceness of the attack, and the failure with which it was attended, sufficiently suggests to the imaginative mind the stubborn nature of the resistance. In the annals of the British Army the defence of Ypres will certainly occupy a place of conspicuous honour.

After the second great attack upon Ypres on November 11—the attack of the Prussian Guard—the German offensive declined. During three weeks' constant fighting, the Allies had not yielded an inch of ground, and they had succeeded in establishing themselves in an impregnable position. "Never," declared the French official report, "has an attack, so carefully prepared and so furiously delivered, suffered a more complete check. . . . The battle of Ypres cost the enemy fully 120,000 men." The French estimate of the German casualties is certainly on the cautious side; 200,000 men killed and wounded would be nearer the mark.

We have attempted to give a coherent account of the whole of the operations in Flanders about this time, for the reason that no clear idea appears to exist in the public mind as to the highly important issues that were involved. The brief daily references in the French official report to the repulse of violent attacks at certain points, notably upon the Ypres salient and along the front held by the Belgians, did not adequately convey to the casual reader a true sense of the vast proportion of the battle-scheme—the plan of the Allies to outflank the Germans and the counter-plan of the latter, undertaken with the object of shattering the enemy's left, and occupying the

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Channel ports. It has been shown that the part played by the British Army in this engagement was exceedingly important, and in order that its movements might be followed on the map the progress of each Army Corps has been indicated. A close study of the different stages of the battle leads to the conclusion that throughout the long line from La Bassée to the sea the position rarely ceased to be critical. Indeed, it may with truth be said, that no harder-won triumph has ever been achieved in the history of war than was the case with the victory of Flanders. Each Army in the Expeditionary Force was tried severely, tried indeed almost to the point of exhaustion. Together with the Belgians, the English share the honour of having saved the day, by holding a long thin line stretching away to the sea. This line, as we have seen, was defended against heavy odds until the evening of October 23, when relief in the shape of French reinforcements came. Even then the Allies were outnumbered, but they continued to repulse the German attacks, which grew in violence as fresh troops arrived on the scene.

The plan of the enemy had a threefold object. In the first place it was hoped to turn the enemy's left, and resume the march on Paris. Success in that venture would have involved a decisive defeat for the Allies. Then, in the second place, it was desired to march along the coast in order that (1) the Channel ports might be occupied and so employed as to create a menace to England, and (2) the communications of the British Forces in this region severed, thus compelling Sir John French to select a new base farther to the west. By this time the Germans realized the decisive influence which the English were exerting upon the fortunes of the campaign and they were anxious to cause it the maximum amount of inconvenience. At Mons they had a contempt for Sir John French's "little army," and confidently aimed at its annihilation. In Flanders their hatred of the English was no less conspicuous, but two months' experience had radically changed their motive—it was now not contempt but a wholesome fear and respect

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that inspired their efforts to overcome Sir John French's "little army." The third object which the Germans had in view was the occupation of the last strip of Belgian territory, preparatory to the annexation of the country, which was to be decreed with grand ceremony in the presence of the Kaiser in the ancient and historic town of Ypres.

Generally speaking, the main idea in the enemy's plan was sound. At the moment when the Allies threatened to outflank their right they had available enormous reinforcements. It was only to be expected that they would adopt the obvious course of attempting, on their own account, a turning movement. Indeed, if they were not to remain on the defensive, no other alternative was open to them. What brought them to grief was the multiplicity of their aims. Had they anywhere broken through the British lines alone, the main purpose of their plan would have been achieved. Believing, however, that whatever might happen elsewhere, they could at least with ease occupy the Channel ports they vigorously attacked the Belgians along the Dixmude-Nieuport front. They thought of the Belgians after Antwerp as of the British after Mons, that they were completely exhausted, and no longer capable of offering serious resistance. Thus, they dispersed their strength over a wide area, and failed to take full advantage of the opportunity which their superiority in numbers afforded them. Though, as we have seen, the miscalculation of the Germans concerning the resisting capacity of the Belgian forces contributed considerably to their defeat, it was, after all, the consummate skill of the Allies' strategy that induced them to divide their efforts, thus confusing their whole plan. In this connexion, worthy of the highest praise, was the action of Sir John French, when, at a supremely critical moment of the battle, he directed the First Army Corps to take up positions before Ypres, thus affording support to the Belgians. The line then held by the British forces was excessively long, and on that account perilously thin. Yet Sir John French, having

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faith in the ability of the forces, already on the spot, to stand their ground, resisted the temptation to employ the First Army Corps in strengthening this line, and instead, in accordance with the urgent interests of higher strategy, took up new ground and gave support to the sorely-pressed Belgians on his left. The position of Ypres, then established by Sir John French, formed a bastion projecting into the front of the enemy, who, realizing that its capture was essential to the success of his offensive, again and again made furious attacks in this quarter. But to the end the Ypres bastion, with its walls of French and British troops, proved impregnable.

It is now known that the operations of the Allies during the period under review kept employed in the west practically the whole of the enemy's active army—that is to say that, out of twenty-five and a half active German Army Corps, twenty-one and a half were operating against the Allies, and four against Russia. Petrograd statements assert that five German Army Corps have since been transferred from the west to Poland, and there are evidences to show that Germany now regards the eastern as the main theatre of hostilities. As far as the west is concerned we are at present faced with a war of field sieges, resembling somewhat the conditions that prevailed before Sevastopol. There is, however, this substantial consolation, that whereas Germany has put forth her maximum effort the Allies are becoming more and more formidable with the passing of time. And it is reserves of men and resources in material that will alone decide ultimate victory. Progress must of necessity be slow in Flanders, but so soon as General Joffre has the required strength at his disposal we may look to the other end of the long line for interesting developments. As far as the eastern theatre of war is concerned it is clear that Cracow is the key to the situation. Cracow is the main gate to Silesia, and it stands at the parting of the ways between Austria and Germany. Nothing that has happened in Poland has so far affected the Russian advance in this supremely important direction. Unless the mind of the Grand Duke Nicholas

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were to be revealed no one could say exactly what significance ought to be attached to recent events in the central region. We are in the dark as to whether or not, after the Germans were driven back to their own frontiers, from before Warsaw, the Russians believed that they could immediately, and on a serious scale, invade Germany from Poland. If they were confident of their ability to do so, then the return of the Germans is obviously a set-back to their plans. But if, on the other hand, as most shrewd observers suspect and common sense would seem to dictate, the Russians wish to keep the enemy occupied on territory, where as far as the inadequacy of communications is concerned, conditions are equalized, then this object has been well achieved. To rush into an enemy's country where a web of strategic railways spreads itself, and where there is a great chain of fortresses, would appear to be folly when an alternative presents itself. This alternative is a turning movement on a wide scale, such as would take the line of frontier fortresses in the rear, while at the same time, in a strategic sense, severing Austria from Germany.

L. L.

THE FRENCH AWAKENING

WHAT is meant by vigour, decay, convalescence, recovery, when these terms are transferred from the health of the human body to the life of nations? Merely to ask the question is apparently to suggest an impossible synthesis or a balance of incommensurable factors. For the symptoms of well-being and the opposite are distributed among a hundred departments of corporate existence: they are likely to contradict one another; and it is easier to perceive their connexion than to agree upon their relative significance. It is, however, possible to name, if not a sovereign test, at any rate a fundamental condition of national vitality. It may be called simply the will to endure; more exactly, the consciousness of a collective patrimony and an active resolve to preserve it undiminished. This spirit is more than the instinct of self-preservation, more even than patriotism; for it implies clear-sightedness and ceaseless vigilance. Where it does not prevail, there may be efficiency in this sphere or in that; by good fortune, a country may for a while keep its material integrity without it; but without it, there is no security against the gradual defacement of its moral lineaments and a fatal divergence of its energies.

It is one merit, and perhaps the greatest, of the Abbé Dimnet's timely study of the ebb and flow of French vitality under the Third Republic, that he has kept this condition constantly in view. The figure of his country is a reality to him. The title of his book is not trivially chosen.* He understands by "the return of the light" the emergence of the traditional France after a period of eclipse; and the "deterioration," which he traces to its causes and analyses with rare completeness and lucidity, appears in the last resort as the waste, here and there as the deliberate repudiation, of a great inheritance.

Throughout, M. Dimnet implicitly compares the France of to-day and yesterday with the France of all

* *France Herself Again*. By Ernest Dimnet. Chatto & Windus. 1914.

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time. With good reason, I think, he has refrained (except in casual reference) from comparing her recent vicissitudes with those of neighbouring peoples. Yet at many points such a comparison suggests itself irresistibly; and the thoughtful Englishman to whom this admirable volume is addressed, as he follows the various phases of the nameless depression which for so many years seemed to obscure the French soul, will more than once be tempted to murmur a *de nobis fabula*. For we, too, have been drugged by specious abstractions and lulled by the droning of professional peacemongers. We, too, have grown weary of the unreality of party warfare and wanted the virility to despise its shibboleths. And who shall say if the ravages of determinism have been less among us; or if our public morals have suffered less from the corrupting influences of finance? It is true, however, that the same deteriorating forces have not affected in anything like the same degree our national confidence or our national prestige. There is one very obvious reason for this. In the long run, no doubt, humanitarianism (for example) was as dangerous a poison for us as for the French; but we had no recent memories of defeat, no injury to redress, and we did not live under the immediate menace of a fresh mutilation. A deeper reason lies in differences of national temper. We are not, like the French, a people of passionate logicians. Ideology does not attract us in the mass: it does not jeopardize our sense of continuity. The same spirit of accommodation which saves us from the curse of political proscriptions makes us shy of experiment. And as a nation we are entirely without that touch of cynicism which makes some brilliant types of the French intelligence serenely indifferent (in M. Dimnet's words) to the moral consequence of theories.

M. Dimnet is abundantly justified, it seems to me, in insisting upon the cerebral origin of the distemper which the first part of his book describes in its successive stages from the latter years of the Second Empire until the fall of M. Delcassé; and in attributing to certain famous writers a capital share in the creation of a favourable

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atmosphere. The romanticists had dethroned the practical reason, flattered the instinct of an insatiable egoism, sowed the first seeds of that mischievous doctrine which, under the colours of universal charity, holds the frontiers of country of less account than differences of condition. But their writings were certainly less pernicious than those of their immediate successors, whose common tendency is the destruction of all generous enthusiasm. The personal austerity of Taine is of less consequence than his denial of the soul and his intellectual patronage of the French naturalists. Renan's suave but equivocal tolerance, and the romance of honest doubt which, at least in this country, still surrounds his memory like a halo, leaves him no less responsible for the dissolving force which the notion of relativity received from his florid eloquence. The Abbé Dimnet is emphatically right in connecting these names with the weakening of public spirit as well as with the preparation of the later attack upon the Church. (Where I venture to disagree with him is in his strictures upon Gustave Flaubert, whom it is time to release from the contaminating society of Zola, his *colosse aux pieds sales*.)

The catastrophe of 1870 (so curiously foreseen by the unfortunate Prevost-Paradol, of whose work, *La France Nouvelle*, M. Dimnet gives a most interesting summary) and the first years of the Republic, the years of the astonishing recuperation in which the whole energy of the country was devoted to the healing of its wounds, appear at a certain distance as no more than an interruption offered by events to the enervating progress of dangerous ideas. That the illusions of humanitarianism should have survived the Terrible Year is strange enough, even when we remember that the men who rose to power under Grévy's presidency had served their political apprenticeship in an atmosphere in which such chimeras as the United States of Europe had a real emotional value. Four years of strenuous conflict in an Assembly notoriously royalist in tendency had reinforced their partisanship. And from the first the dread of Cæsarism—of the

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victorious soldier—inclined the statesmen of the Republic to a “philosophical” view of international possibilities. Gambetta himself at last capitulated to his party (unless his case is to be explained by treason), and in a famous phrase recommended to his countrymen an attitude of discretion which could hardly be distinguished from forgetfulness. It was at this time that Renan tried to damp the unconquerable ardour of young Déroulède: “Jeune homme, la France se meurt; ne troublez pas son agonie.” He counselled one who held death preferable to a national abdication. But for one Déroulède, how many public men flattered the natural forgetfulness of the crowd or sought to distract the uneasy consciences of patriots by domestic quarrels! Nothing can depress the energy of a people more surely than the tacit renunciation of legitimate hope. It was the first step towards a profound political apathy.

The Abbé Dimnet’s careful account of the Constitution of 1875 makes it clear that accident had some part in its elaboration. The uncontrolled sovereignty of parliament was established by a majority which, as it looked forward to a monarchical restoration, was anxious to guard itself against the effective opposition of a Republican president. By the irony of circumstances, the Royalists were the first to suffer for their want of foresight. That “les institutions ont corrompu les hommes” is a formula dear to the Royalists of the younger generation, which M. Dimnet very justly thinks inadequate to explain the lowering of the national vitality. He does, however, again and again point out how the Constitution (which has few defenders to-day) has stood in the way of the most favourable impulses.

The political history of the Republic between 1876 and 1898 is by no means monotonous, but it is almost continuously depressing. Its characteristic feature, along with periodical scandals, is the scramble for office by which the maximum of instability was conciliated with the least possible change of policy or even of *personnel*. It is fair to remember that it was, upon the whole, a

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period of remarkable prosperity for France, that its legislative activity was not all futile, that if the French Navy was already neglected the land forces of the Republic grew constantly more formidable, and that the vast colonial empire then built up, in spite of many mistakes, has proved itself worth its cost in men and money. Its record, in the matter of foreign affairs, includes the Egyptian muddle and the Russian Alliance and, hard upon this, the official presence of a French squadron at the opening of the Kiel Canal—an act which in the view of most French patriots set the seal on a policy of renunciation. I regret that the Abbé Dimnet should have passed so lightly over the Boulanger episode. Boulanger won his popularity by his firmness at a crisis which nearly (but for the prudent retreat of Prince Bismarck) ended in war. Those who believed in Boulanger were duped; yet when all is said the short-lived movement which all but carried the poor General to the Elysée began in a salutary national impulse and proved the existence of a precious reserve of disposable patriotism among the people.

The importance of the Dreyfus Affair (not, of course, the original Dreyfus case, but its consequences) can hardly be exaggerated. Possibly the time is not yet come to undeceive the English public completely regarding the international conspiracy against the French Army. M. Dimnet almost confines himself to the vengeance of the Dreyfusists. "Combism came out of Dreyfusism as the steam out of heat." Nothing, I think, is more evident than this. Readers of THE DUBLIN REVIEW know what to think of the development of anti-clericalism in France from the last years of the old century onwards; but the Abbé Dimnet's survey of the reign of M. Combes is nothing less than masterly in its precision, vigour and sanity. It was the reign of nepotism, of delation, of rampant anti-patriotism. It was under Combes that a *caporal bottier* was set to watch the comings and goings of officers in a garrison, "taking note of who went to church, and who did not, who went there with his wife—which was venial—or went there with a prayer book—which was

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unforgivable." It was under Combes that a Jewish professor at the Ecole Normale discussed with his pupils the question: "Was patriotism a national feeling, and did it bear the test of psychological analysis?"—an inquiry which resulted in an almost universal negative, says M. Dimnet. It was under Combes that the leading spirits of the University loudly repudiated the valuable French tradition of classical education. But Combism means other things besides. It is, above all, a new system of government.

No Prime Minister ever realized so perfectly as M. Combes that he was nothing but an intermediary between the pleasure of the Chamber and the administration of affairs, or acted as consistently with that belief. Every day the Cabinet would meet as usual at the Elysée, and the routine of government seemed to be the same as ever; but every day also a consultation of a much more practical character was held at the Chamber or in the Premier's office. There M. Combes met the chiefs or whips of the various groups, not, of course, in the whole Chamber, but in the majority, submitted to them the order of the day, took their opinion, made sure by a very simple calculation of the number of votes that each opinion represented, and decided upon ministerial action accordingly. This substitution of a few influential deputies for the Cabinet nullified, of course, the power of the President, that of the Senate, the responsibility of the Ministers, and the will of that portion of the country which the minority platonically represents; all this was in the true Jacobin tradition, but it was also in the spirit of the Constitution logically interpreted, and protests were few and feeble.

And all the while M. Delcassé was pursuing a "forward" policy which could not but involve the prospect of hostilities; and his colleagues were seeing to it that his diplomacy should lack the effective support which means readiness to take up a challenge.

The reign of Combes may well be called the darkest hour before the dawn!

The first part of the Abbé Dimnet's study, which describes the deterioration of France, is intended by him as a preface—the necessary preface—to the rest. The

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signs of the French awakening could hardly have been appreciated without it; but there was no desire to enhance the more cheerful picture by the contrast of a gloomy one. M. Dimnet inspires confidence by his conspicuous care to avoid exaggerated statement.

He dates the return of the light from the Tangier incident and M. Delcassé's resignation. Certainly, the "unprecedented humiliation" affected French opinion profoundly, and it proves nothing against the suddenness of the change that it should long have remained in a political sense inarticulate. It is indeed characteristic of this French reaction that, gathering strength from every other quarter but parliament, it has yet had little effect upon the politicians. And this is perhaps why so many English observers, whose training and experience lead them to expect that a genuine movement in the body of the nation should seek to express itself by normal political action, long ignored the change, or half denied it. M. Dimnet, at any rate, believes that this one event sufficed to rouse the ordinary French citizen from an inveterate apathy.

What the development of the Republican institutions had not done, the Tangier incident did in a few weeks. Once more the French recovered that freshness of citizenship, that unanimity of feeling and purpose which have compelled them to action at all the great moments of their history: the Communist movement, the Crusades, the Revolution, the great wars of 1792, and the first wars of the Empire.

The threats of Germany might, indeed, have been traced to causes which ought to leave the lower classes indifferent: the dissatisfaction of a few bankers or shipowners, the Imperialist ambitions of some university professors, the jingoism of the Prussian officers, etc.; but these considerations, if they were put forward, could not outweigh the natural impulse of patriotism in its most elemental form, self-preservation. From high to low the French felt that they were threatened with a foreign domination, and the most unbearable foreign domination they could imagine; it was enough to revive in them the passionate interest in their State which used to possess their ancestors, and to give

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them the ennobling consciousness of participating in its defence, if not in its government.

Six years later a similar crisis found the French yet more resolute and united, when for a fortnight, after Agadir, "the whole nation waited impatiently for a declaration of war."

The return to the light, however, has been something far more subtle and complex than this alarm of an elemental instinct. The reassertion of the traditional French spirit comprehends changes of intellectual habit which there could be no question of assigning to a particular hour or of connecting with a single event. If French taste and French criticism have turned away decidedly, not only from naturalism (which lingers only in certain *boulevard* theatres) but from the whole romantic inspiration, and have fallen in love once more with the classical virtues of order, clearness, precision, it is evident that the conversion, however spontaneous, was not sudden. The vigorous dissection to which M. Georges Sorel has subjected the superstition of indefinite progress and the *philosophie du ventre* must have taken time to exert an undeniable influence upon the ideals of the French labour movement. These are but two out of many examples of a victory won at last by the French intelligence over theories or attitudes with which it is not in harmony. There is, I imagine, no side of this many-sided reaction which the Abbé Dimnet has not examined and illustrated with a tact, a sureness, an abundance which his readers cannot fail to appreciate. There are two, however, upon which he can speak with peculiar authority. He knows familiarly the characteristics of the rising generation, for he has had exceptional opportunities. The section headed "Is the new generation less French?" is immensely worth reading for its good sense as well as for the substantial information it contains. The other is, of course, the part played by the Church in the transformation of the country. M. Dimnet acknowledges that "the action of the Church in France is more like a magnetic influence

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than a visible interference." He describes her pastoral activity, and laments her momentary dearth of famous men. He notes as a new phenomenon in France the neutral or sympathetic attitude of unbelievers. "Broad religiousness in Frenchmen grown up outside the pale is a feature of the last few years, and it shows that at least prejudice has come to a standstill." Anti-clericalism he speaks of as a spent force.

All the possibilities of anti-clericalism lie in certain memories and certain fears. The memories are not, as people will often imagine, those of the *Ancien régime*: these are quite forgotten. But there are still men who remember the state of affairs described in Taine's early letters, and against which he is never tired of inveighing. Their fear is of a Church powerful enough to control civil power, or possibly to present mysticism too universally. Take away that fear, and the Frenchman of to-day, like his ancestors—the mediaeval man and the critical seventeenth-century scholar—leans immediately towards the Church; for on the one hand he may dislike dry theology, but he loves directing his actions by the light of a fixed doctrine, and on the other he cannot possibly sever morals from its religious basis. Now it matters little whether the Church is strong and numerous or weak and scanty: the Frenchman does not look upon her as a body, the object of the statistician's or the social philosopher's study—all these details he ignores—she is part of his traditional life, and when he goes back to her, it is as a man goes back to his earliest experience. Indeed, as unreasoned as a natural process is the movement towards Christianity we are witnessing: it ought not to be looked upon as the passage of a man from one house to another house, but as the gradual and almost unconscious return of a family to a disused but very convenient room.

Thus in the last few years the French nation, judged by almost every sign which it is possible to appreciate, has been recovering the will to endure. Since Agadir, at any rate, there was no doubt of its readiness to face all risks rather than accept a virtual vassalage. A serious self-confidence was in the air before the moment came to test its foundations. The thought which, expressed or unexpressed, had in the last generation taken hold upon

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whole categories of Frenchmen—that the country had no longer a great part to play in the world, save perhaps as the mistress of arts and the mother of liberative theories—is now seen by the immense majority of those who once entertained it to be not so much a sacrilege as a senile absurdity. The intellectual dilettante has lost his vogue, and internationalism has no longer any prestige with French crowds. Not only experience, but a vigorous instinct—as sure as the sense of idiom which guards languages from corruption—has come to the rescue of minds thrown off their balance by indulgence in the pleasures of irresponsible speculation. The analogy is the more apt as the large foreign element on French soil (especially through the Press, the stage, the universities and the Stock Exchange) has unquestionably had an important share in the temporary deformation of French ideals.

The discredit into which Parliament (and even the parliamentary system) has notoriously fallen in France is correlative to the imperviousness of the Chambers to the change in the national outlook. Since the first years of the Republic the country has never had the legislature it deserves. Has it had that which it desired? The whole question of representative government, of course, is involved in the answer; but there are certain conditions which appear to be peculiar to France. A general phenomenon of the parliamentary system is the effect which the atmosphere of parliament itself commonly has upon those who breathe it long. They acquire a curious sensitiveness to its slightest disturbance, and a corresponding insensibility to the murmurs of the world outside. To be chosen is not necessarily to represent. But possibly nowhere else is the executive so completely at the mercy of chance majorities, nowhere else is the duty of protecting the elector's interest so narrowly interpreted. A French deputy may vote with a group or a party which promotes a public policy vehemently repudiated by his constituency, but services rendered to the local needs of the constituency will secure his re-election. It is evident

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that his electoral interest is to support an administration just so long and in so far as it allows him to play the patron at the expense of the whole country.

This is only one of many disadvantages, one of many reasons for the notorious instability of French administrations. The Abbé Dimnet deplures above all the absence of a counterpoise to the supremacy of Parliament. His discussion of possible remedies is of extraordinary interest; but an attempt to summarize it would do an injustice to the closeness of his reasoning and his grasp of the issues. I will only say that he examines the chances of a monarchical restoration and of "a Republican *coup d'état* with the establishment of some *régime* recalling the Directory" without hazarding a prophecy, but by way of conclusion points out the excellent consequences to be expected from a much more modest revision of the Constitution. Unfortunately the Chambers themselves—or rather the majority of an hour—must first be brought to consent to reforms which would tend to curtail their own authority. M. Dimnet hardly considers the election of the Chief Magistrate by the nation, the genuinely democratic solution of one aspect of the whole problem.

He is right to insist upon the importance of the political issues. The nation has recovered its moral balance in spite of the politicians: it has not succeeded upon the whole in infecting them with its spirit. It is true that the pressure of public opinion had something to do with M. Poincaré's election, and that for once the machine chose such a chief magistrate as the people would itself have chosen. It could not prevent his relative effacement; and the last elections secured no real change in the composition of the majority. A regenerate people with an incorrigible government is too startling an anomaly to endure. And the question arises: Will France find a political situation in harmony with her virile mood? or will there be a relapse? This is what no man can tell: we only know that, by the light of what is now happening, the prognosis is in every way favourable.

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This wise, sincere and extremely able study was planned and written before the War broke out. It is a matter for congratulation that it has been published since; and not only because the spectacle of unity and tranquil courage which the French have given is the most striking confirmation of the author's conclusions. Indeed, as his most impressive epilogue reminds us, one week displayed both the effects of "deterioration" and the reality of "the return of the light." "One week saw the acquittal of Madame Caillaux and the mobilization order." But the circumstances in which the book appears enable the Abbé Dimnet to appeal with greater authority and confidence to the intelligent sympathy of English readers. Not all our publicists have appreciated justly the moral crisis through which France has been passing. Some (who no doubt misrendered *revanche* by "vengeance") wrote of Déroulède as an adventurer; others approved the Masonic campaigns against the Church; many were anti-militarists with M. Gustave Hervé and internationalists with M. Anatole France. M. Hervé has volunteered for the front and M. France has claimed the right to wear a képi. A few Englishmen, since the new temper of the French became manifest, have even expressed (as M. Dimnet notes) a fear lest they should prove less "good Europeans" than formerly. Strange, that old friends of France should lose their interest in a France prepared to defend herself! All this, however, was before the war. Most of us, perhaps, had a vague inkling of a French revival, but knew neither its conditions nor the origin of the former languor. This book will be a revelation to a large class of sympathetic, but necessarily ill-informed, English people. To this country, even more than to his own, the Abbé Dimnet has done an inestimable service by telling us in our language, which he uses with the ease and vigour of a native, "the story of an error and of the awakening from it, with all the astonishments, hopes, and uncertainties which generally attend such crises."

F. Y. ECCLES

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.*

SOME of us are old enough to remember the talk of a Scoming reign of universal peace, which the complacent optimists of the 'fifties of the nineteenth century looked for as the crown of modern civilization. With some this optimism was allied with Christianity: for the belief in the brotherhood of men, which we owe to Christianity, was the chief factor in civilization which was to be so greatly developed as to make war impossible. The sudden reappearance of war, on the vast scale we are witnessing, has come as a great shock to those who still preserved this hope in our own time in spite of some uncomfortable warnings.

Prof. Adams Brown, of New York, may be counted, we think, among these, if we are to judge by his remarkable sermon entitled *The Allies of Faith* (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street. 3d. net). In a truly eloquent passage he describes the situation with which we are confronted:

Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, millenniums of progress are cast into the melting pot, and we are back again in the days of the cave man. The gigantic energies that science has harnessed to the tasks of civilization are concentrated on destruction. A cathedral into which has been built the aspiration of an age is destroyed in a day. A library into which has been garnered the fruitage of generations of patient research vanishes in smoke; and those who are the priests of religion and the sworn knights of scholarship profess themselves helpless in the face of the grim necessity. To our horror and dismay we see the forces of civilization divided, and friends who used to work side by side for humanity spending in attack upon one another the energies which but yesterday were enlisted in the combat against ignorance and sin. More terrible even than the trenches of the Aisne or desolated Louvain is this tragedy of the spirit: the parting of old ties, the growth of bitterness and distrust; the disposition to impute the worst instead of the best;

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above all, the momentary eclipse of the consciousness of our common humanity and of faith in the possibility of that free republic of the spirit, in the coming of which so many had dared to believe. What is all our boasted progress worth, we ask, if after nineteen centuries of so-called Christian civilization this is the result? How idle to go on talking about the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, when the veriest child can see that the facts give the lie to our words. Would it not be more honest to confess with Strauss that Christianity is an out-worn faith, and at any cost to square our belief with our experience?

Prof. Adams Brown does not, however, acquiesce in this conclusion. On the contrary he goes on to show that in spite of this appalling *prima facie* suggestion of a godless world, the war has also, at the same time, brought to the front just that side of human nature on which Christianity counts most for its victories:

Side by side with its discouragements, so staggering to faith, the war has brought us reinforcements for our spiritual struggle. It has roused us from our selfishness and indifference. It has brought us face to face again with the ultimate realities, sin and judgment, God and immortality. It has unlocked the hidden reserves which in quiet times slumber in the human breast, but from which in darkest hours faith draws new courage and new hope.

Prof. Brown lays stress in this connexion on two results of the war as giving ground for hope. It has, he observes, given us a new demonstration of the power of ideals, and it has given us a new revelation of man's capacity for sacrifice. If war includes at first sight, a frightful manifestation of selfishness in each nation—the negation of altruism—it brings forth at the same moment wonderful exhibitions of unselfishness in individuals:

It is not selfishness that has made Ulster and Dublin postpone their strife. It is not selfishness that has rallied the Russian Poles to the defence of the Tsar. It is not selfishness that is making the boys of Germany volunteer by the thousand; that is crowding the recruiting offices of England with the best blood of the nation, and

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bringing Canadians and Australians and New Zealanders across the sea to take part in the defence of the Mother Country. No, it is an ideal which inspires each of the contestants in this titanic struggle—the ideal of nationality, of independence, of freedom, of peace itself.

This spirit of sacrifice, this devotion to an ideal, Prof. Brown argues, is something to count upon and draw upon. If men will fight to the death for the imperial ideal in Germany, or in England, we must never rest satisfied until we have converted this capacity for self-denying devotion to the cause of “the true imperialism, the one permanent imperialism—namely, the imperialism of Christ.” If the cause of freedom has led the Belgians to a course of unparalleled self-immolation, we may surely enlist this noble self-sacrifice in the cause of Christianity:

We have seen an entire people yield its country on the altar of freedom, and with the sight there has come to us a new realization of the splendour of humanity and a new conviction of its immortal destiny. Life can never be to us again the shallow, easy thing it was. Always we shall carry with us the stern challenge of these great examples. Nevermore shall we rest satisfied, till, in the service of the Cause of causes, we have enlisted those hidden stores of power and made Christianity again what it was in its beginnings—the religion of sacrifice.

All this is very finely said; yet the resulting expectations expressed in the latter part of the sermon appear to us Utopian. Prof. Adams Brown makes the best of the war which has actually come, but he does not see in its coming a reason for abandoning the hopes which it so rudely dispelled for the time. He still looks for the abolition of war in the future.

Either we must find some way of living together in peace and brotherhood, settling our disputes by friendly discussion and judicious counsel, or civilization itself will perish utterly, and mankind relapse permanently into the barbarism from which we have so slowly and painfully emerged.

In this view the present writer is unable to concur. We

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shall no more succeed in banishing war from human society than we shall banish sin. In both cases, no doubt, we may strive for the ideal aim with might and main, but it will never be realized. Success can only be partial. And complete success is perhaps not desirable in the interests of civilization, as war can best cure the very vices which beget war. Undoubtedly to Christianize the world is to starve the sources of war—selfishness, greed, ambition, hate, rivalry. Christianity condemns all these vices, and if every man could be made a perfect Christian we should have no more war. But experience shows that these anti-Christian vices cannot be extinguished though they may be made, from time to time, less widely operative. Thus we see a place for war in the providential scheme. It is more effectual than the best sermon in making men less selfish, greedy, ambitious, vindictive, and envious. But its terrible warning is forgotten in course of time. The vices flourish rankly again and they must issue once again in that warfare which is also once again their retribution and their corrective. It is a cycle which, in the nature of things, must recur.

Mr Adams Brown in his hopes for the future counts on the fact that civilization has progressed and is progressing. But it is doubtful whether the influence of those ethical standards which strike at the root of war and made war unnecessary as a cleansing instrument is increasing. On the contrary, those standards would seem of late years to have lost in universal acceptance as much as they have gained. There has been a certain growth of sentimental altruism, but a loss in heroic self-sacrifice and even in the sense of duty. On the other hand civilization has introduced other forces in the ever-growing refinements of self-indulgence which are hostile to war itself, but do not strike at the root of the causes of war—at selfishness, greed or ambition—and therefore do not obviate the necessity of war as a cure for the ills of the time. Moreover, by a curious irony, those sciences in which progress is most visible—namely, physical sciences—have been

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enlisted on the side of war and have contributed to make it more destructive and awful.

In the Middle Ages when war was never absent, yet never so terrible as in our own day, the moral cleansing effected by its presence which strikes at the root of its causes, was constant. If this state of things did not succeed in gradually extinguishing war then we shall hardly succeed now. If we can increase the spirit of self-sacrifice in the nations, the frequency of war will, doubtless, be diminished, but the dream of enlisting on behalf of an ideal kingdom of peace all the self-sacrifice that war for our country and our kith and kin has brought out, is Utopian. Perhaps were it not so, the dream of putting an end to war would not be, as it is, Utopian. The task before us is not the simple one of transferring devotion from one ideal to another, from a lower ideal to a higher. It is not a capacity of devotion to an abstract ideal only that war calls out. Its appeal is largely to the deepest human affections concentrated on concrete objects. A man will die in defence of wife or child; he will hardly die in the cause of abstract humanity, though the good of humanity is a higher ideal aim than the life and welfare of his wife and child. He will die for his country; he will not die for the universe; though the well-being of the universe is a greater good. The smaller and closer aim inspires his deeper feelings; the higher and more distant leaves him cold. It is not, I repeat, primarily an ideal aim, but an object of deep affections which brings out the self-sacrifice of war.

Yet something may be done to enlist the affections in the Christian cause. The early martyrs did live and die for the Christian faith, and what has once been may conceivably be again. But it was not a vague ideal or humanitarian sentiment for which they died; it was the personal love of Christ—loyalty to Him and trust in His promise. So understood, Professor Brown's plea that we should enlist in the Christian cause the devoted self-sacrifice that war has elicited and shown to exist in our generation, is inspiring and worth striving for to the utmost; but even

The Life of Sir John Lubbock

so understood we cannot, so long as original sin remains in human nature, hope for its success among more than a limited few. The scourge of war will still be necessary from time to time for the many. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that war will still be the indispensable means of realizing for a time our intense desire to avert war.

W. W.

IF ever man led a full life from his earliest days, for it commenced at the age of fourteen, until old age, and his eightieth year found him still in harness, that man was the late Lord Avebury, better known as Sir John Lubbock, under which name indeed his biography has just appeared. (*The Life of Sir John Lubbock, Lord Avebury*. By Horace G. Hutchinson. In two vols. Macmillan & Co. London. 1914. Price 30s. net.)

There was some years ago a legendary statement, Mr Hutchinson very properly calls it "a sorry epigram," to the effect that "bankers considered Sir John to be a great scientist and men of science a great banker."

Whether he was or was not a great banker must be left to others to decide, though the positions which he held and the legislation which he promoted in connexion with that profession seems to leave little room for doubt. But that he was a very distinguished man of science, the equal of the giants in that subject who flourished during his lifetime, there is no kind of doubt. Moreover his range of subjects was extraordinarily wide, marvellously so in these days of unfortunate over-specialization, since he attained very high distinction in archæological, botanical, geological and zoological studies. Apart from these claims to distinction he also secured a very remarkable position in public affairs. As a Member of Parliament he was successful in carrying a list of measures which would be wholly impossible in our own days when the private member is little more than a mechanism for recording votes.

He will, of course, be chiefly remembered for his Bank Holiday measure which gave the first Monday in August

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to the people and the name of St Lubbock's Day to the first Monday in August. But he was responsible also for the carrying, after thirty years of persistence, of the Shop Hours Act and, after a less arduous struggle, of that which deals with Ancient Monuments. In addition to his Parliamentary labours he was Chairman of the London County Council, succeeding in that difficult position the first Chairman, Lord Rosebery. The names of the other Commissions, Boards, Associations, scientific and otherwise, over which he presided were legion and will be found fully recounted in Mr Hutchinson's interesting book. But the most remarkable thing about all this was that it followed upon an education which would, in these days, be looked upon as wholly inadequate. After some time at a preparatory school he went to Eton, where he remained for three years. "At that time, excepting half an hour of geography" (which by the way seems to have been almost entirely ancient geography) "the boys did nothing but Greek and Latin, not even Arithmetic." After three years of this intellectual pabulum, and having then attained the ripe age of fourteen, he was taken into his father's bank, of the affairs of which he actually seems to have attained to some control after quite a short period. Yet at the age of twenty-four he was elected an F.R.S., even at that time an extraordinarily early attainment of that coveted distinction.

To some extent, no doubt, he owed his stimulus to the accident that High Elms, his father's house, was but a mile from Down, the residence of Charles Darwin. Lord Avebury himself noted the following incident: "My father came home one evening in 1841, quite excited, and said he had a great piece of news for me. He made us guess what it was, and I suggested that he was going to give me a pony. 'Oh,' he said, 'it is much better than that. Mr Darwin is coming to live at Down.' I confess I was much disappointed, though I came afterwards to see how right he was."

Darwin's influence—he remained a life-long and intimate friend—on a mind already bent towards studies

Oddsfish

in connexion with natural history, must have been very potent and indeed its potency was often acknowledged by the subject of this biography. Almost his earliest love was archæology. He was one of the first to study Boucher des Perthes' work at Abbeville, and to accept his long-contested conclusions as to the implements there discovered. And his book on Prehistoric Times was the first attempt to bring together the discoveries of archæologists in a complete and reasoned form. It was in it that he suggested the terms palæolithic and neolithic, now accepted all over the scientific world. The book remains a magnificent monument of work, though now in many parts out of date. A new edition was given to the public just after its author's death, but this fails to include many important modern discoveries and remains therefore more of historical than of actual interest. Within the limits of a short notice it is quite impossible to enter further into the myriad activities of the subject of the biography. Suffice it to say that they are fully detailed by Mr Hutchinson and that his book will be found to repay study.

By the way, if we may venture on a word of criticism of a very minor character, a number of misprints (e.g., Worsley for Horsley, I, 336, and Shevington for Sherrington, II, 227) should be corrected in another edition. Further, we are sure that the subject of the biography would not be pleased at hearing megalithic monuments described as "Druidical," or if it could be conceived that he were, he certainly ought not to be. B. C. A. W.

THERE is a sad comfort in the knowledge that *Oddsfish* (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.) is not the last of Monsignor Benson's books. It is not known whether the one still to come belongs to the historical section of his works, but probably if he pursued his usual course it will be found that he turned from his picture of the times of Charles II to a study of contemporary men and things. As compared to other historical works of his, *Oddsfish* is written with a more even and mature facility than any of them. This brilliant chronicle is curiously spontaneous

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and unfettered by the rich mass of historical detail it is made to carry. *Come Rack, Come Rope!* was heavier going; *By What Authority?* and *The King's Achievement* had more defects in style. But on the other hand the subject matter of *Oddsfish* is perforce less heroic and there is nothing in the book so great as some scenes in *By What Authority?* or *Come Rack, Come Rope!*

The spiritual passion of the author is not aroused by the history of the Popish Plot and the execution of Lord Stafford as it was by the martyrdoms recorded in the chronicles of the Tudors. That same spiritual pathos and yearning does inspire the wonderfully successful account of the King's deathbed. It was bold to risk a comparison with the great historic masterpiece of Macaulay, but Monsignor Benson comes out of the ordeal successfully. Macaulay gives the great stage representation the whole *mise en scène* of that extraordinary instance of the sinner's deathbed, of the weakness and the greatness of humanity displayed by all the chief actors in the drama. Monsignor Benson with exquisite skill allows the reader only a limited view from the little door behind the state bed. But the artistic concentration, the reflection of the action in the mind of the spectator, have not narrowed the interest or the sense of the greatness of the issues at stake. Throughout the book James II is admirably treated without favour or prejudice—a sombre, dignified figure whose awkwardness and want of knowledge of his fellow men is balanced by certain elements of strength in the character. During the last scenes of the King's life James is particularly vivid, and the affection between the royal brothers is admirably described. The one person sacrificed—consciously or unconsciously—for the sake of art, is the queen. Unless later research has proved that the narrative of the Duchess of York, quoted by Lord Macaulay and Miss Strickland, is not now to be relied upon, the first person who urged that a priest should be sent for was the queen herself. Of course this attempt, which was unproductive at the moment, need not have been known to the narrator of *Oddsfish*, but the impression left on the

Oddsfish

reader's mind is hard upon the memory of Charles II's long-suffering wife. Otherwise surely nothing but admiration can be excited for Monsignor Benson's handling of the large historic material which he had at his disposal, and the account of the last days of Charles II. As to the other characters, the heroine does not impress us as being really living. If she had been more alive her death must have seemed less incidental and unimportant than it does. Part of this sense of unreality comes from the fact that her lover never explains whether it was with or against her will that she was placed at court by her father, under the protection of the notorious Duchess of Portsmouth. It is so serious an omission that the girl's character becomes almost a blank. When she is rescued by the hero and forced to return home she is excessively angry; but it is impossible to discover whether she is merely angry at his extreme want of courtesy, excusable under the circumstances, or whether she wished to remain at the court. Neither do we ever find out if she was too simple to understand the character of the people with whom she was thrown, or whether she did for a time excuse or condone their excessively lax morality.

In this book, as in all his work, Monsignor Benson shows the qualities of his art as a painter. The success of his method is largely due to his manipulation of detail. Unlike Balzac, who crowds upon his canvas a mass of details, often without much selection, Monsignor Benson fastens the imagination of his readers on some salient detail which is suggestive of many others. The danger of this method is that, having found the bit of material description that can give an extraordinarily vivid impression of a personality, there is the temptation to press upon it too hard. Thus, while in the earlier scenes the thin, brown hand of the King is extraordinarily suggestive of the rest of the figure, before the end of the book it has become so prominent as to have the fatiguing effect of any literary mannerism. This kind of defect seems, in Monsignor Benson's case, to have been simply the result of the haste that went with much of his most brilliant

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artistic achievement. Probably he could not have done so well had he gone more slowly. It is now with a terrible sense of loss that we realize that the flame had to burn quickly. He made haste in every department of his life's work, but it was the haste not of negligence (for he had much of the infinite capacity for taking pains), but it was the haste of one who knew, consciously or unconsciously, that he had much work to do and that there was little time in which to accomplish it. S.

IT may appear strange that we should have had to wait until the Poet Laureate had attained the period of life generally allotted to man for anything like a detailed "critical study" of his work. There have, of course, been occasional articles in journals and magazines—one of the earliest was a contribution to the series of sketches of "Possible Laureates" which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, then a literary organ of some importance, in 1892—the most recent, an appreciation by his friend, the President of Magdalen. But it was left to Mr Brett Young (*Robert Bridges: A Critical Study*. London: Martin Secker. 1914. 7s. 6d.) to produce anything like an adequate analysis of Mr Bridges' varied literary output; and this he has given us in a volume attractive alike in its subject and in its execution.

The delay, however, is entirely in keeping with the leisureliness and reserve which have marked Dr Bridges' literary career. It was not until he had entered his thirtieth year that the first collection of his lyrical poems—printed, as was much of his earlier work, at a private press at Oxford—made its appearance; two years later came a portion of *The Growth of Love* (which, as Mr Young points out, suggests neither in technique nor to any great degree in treatment the work of a young man), which was not completed until 1889. Happily free from the cares and troubles which beset the lives of many aspirants to literary fame, Dr Bridges has been privileged to write only when he felt that way inclined; he has never sought popularity—indeed, it may almost be said that he has taken

Robert Bridges

trouble to conceal his work: Dr Warren's characterization—"somewhat shy, somewhat austere, fastidious, difficult"—may be applied both to the man and his poems. These qualities doubtless account for the ignorance, even of his name, which was openly expressed on the occasion of his appointment to the Laureateship by the general public, who favoured another candidate whose reticence is not his most striking characteristic.

In his literary output, Dr Bridges has combined, in an almost unique degree, the qualities of poet and student. His study of Milton's prosody, to which Mr Young devotes a chapter, followed by an able analysis of Bridges's own, may be taken as an example of his scientific work; in lighter vein is the memoir prefixed to *The Poems of Digby Mackworth Dolben*, to which we should have expected to find some reference, and to which tribute was paid in this REVIEW for January, 1913 (p. 111).

To the general reader of poetry, Dr Bridges is best known by his *Shorter Poems*, "most of which," says Mr Young, "have the authentic accent of immortal verse." In bulk they form but a small portion of his output, occupying little more than a fifth of the volume of his *Poetical Works*, from which the Dramas, more than equal in bulk to the rest of his work, are excluded. Of these Mr Young has little to say in praise but much in the way of adverse criticism. He conscientiously devotes two whole chapters and part of a third to their consideration, and finds in them admirable "lyrical intermezzi" and passages of notable beauty; but he thinks that even upon their construction "undue praise" has been bestowed, while of *The Christian Captives*, the best of them, he writes:

The constant exigencies of the *scène à faire*; the threadbare devices by which the characters are brought on to the stage; the loose mingling of colloquialisms with the heavy manner: all these things are fatal to dramatic illusion in whatever "manner" a play be written (p. 167).

Interesting as literary studies, the Dramas seem to lack the dramatic instinct, in which, indeed, Dr Bridges

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seems deficient: his one attempt in that direction—"Screaming Tarn," in *New Poems*—is entirely out of keeping with his other work, and might well disappear from future editions. The Masks, to which Mr Young devotes a special chapter, stand upon a different footing—*Eros and Psyche* he considers "the most beautiful narrative poem in the language": he places among these—we think rightly, though it is not so included in the *Poetical Works*—*Achilles in Scyros* ("as far removed from the original legend as Oxford is from Scyros"), which is "either a delightful mask or an execrable play."

To the special consideration of the *Shorter Poems* Mr Young devotes more than a fourth of his book, while they are constantly referred to in other chapters. Four out of the five books were first made generally available in 1890, twenty-five years ago, and the poems "have entirely eclipsed the poet's other work in the public view." They were at once greeted by a small but appreciative public, who recognized that a new and true nature-note had been sounded in an unconventional manner. The variety of rhythm and the method of "stress-prosody," which are now regarded as among their most attractive features, at first puzzled the critics: the poems in which the latter character was most pronounced were, in the first issue, distinguished by being placed in small type. These "bewildering adventures," however, are now recognized as "at least the indication of a true prosaic method—briefly, he substitutes for a line which is measured by syllables a line which is measured by stresses." The scientific aspect of this method is treated fully in the chapter on "The Prosody of Bridges," to which reference has already been made.

Mr Young groups under three headings the most striking features of the poems—"Beauty and Joy," "Freshness of Vision," and "Landscape." At the beginning of these (pp. 39-42) he places an admirable summary of their characteristics, too long for quotation, of which, however, the first paragraph may be cited:

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That they will be popular with the popularity of entire understanding and love is, so long as the common conception of poetic technique and worth stands at its present indefinite pitch, in the nature of things impossible. Their present appeal is that of sincerity, of general grace of diction and charm of manner. No volume of lyrics ever published has been so free from what is weak, undesirable, or the product of some chance deceiving inspiration, which seems on the morrow like "the empty words of a dream, remembered on waking." Each is, of its kind, perfect; and even to-day perfection of kind is recognized where its means are not understood.

Turning over the pages we find many apt characterizations of the charm of Dr Bridges's work, such as "He is the first man to bring the atmosphere of the English landscape into poetry with all its delicate changes and shifting colour"; "Bridges is one of the few poets who have dared to take the lanes and meadows for granted without craving to say something fine about them"; "the lyrics are fresh with the scent of the English countryside; they are the voice of a green and pleasant land; they march with the season and all the misty changes of English weather"; "the *Shorter Poems* are very nearly the most English thing in our language." Pervading all is the note of joy, not unmixed with "thoughts that lie too deep for tears"; the sense of beauty—

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and I adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them;

the love and intimate knowledge of birds and trees and flowers, these last not the conventional subjects of admiration—witness the sea-poppy (i, 9) and the delightful verses on the white pink, beginning (iv, 15):

The pinks along my garden walks
Have all shot forth their summer stalks
Thronging their buds 'mong tulips hot
And blue forget-me-not.

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The seasons and the months, with their various associations; the sea and the downs; poems on the Thames and the "dear city of youth and dream," varied with such "stately stanzas" (the phrase is Andrew Lang's, who was among the first to recognize Dr Bridges's powers and to direct attention to his verse) as those of the "Elegy on a Lady" (i, 14)—all find a place in this small but priceless collection. Mr Brett's volume will serve as an introduction to those who have yet to make acquaintance with the *Shorter Poems** and as a commentary to those already familiar to them. The book lacks both a bibliography and an index—slight but serious defects which should be supplied in a later edition.

J. B.

WE must give a word of welcome to the third volume of *The Life of Disraeli* (London. John Murray. 12s. 6d.), which we hope to review at length in our next issue. Mr Buckle's success is, beyond doubt, in the difficult task of taking up another man's work. It has been said that the scale of this volume is too large, devoting, as it does, 580 pages to nine years of Disraeli's life. The criticism is perhaps just, but nevertheless there is no tedious reading. Its length is entirely justified if the sole test is the value of the material used, and the book never drags. Still, it would hardly be wise to continue the biography on the same scale, having regard to public taste in this matter. Lord Morley's *Gladstone* was accounted long, but Disraeli's Life completed on this scale would be nearly twice as long. These particular nine years are of exceptional importance, for we have in them the realization of the amazing dream which Disraeli's success in the battle against Peel led his friends seriously to entertain—that the Jewish adventurer would one day be official leader of the party. We have, moreover, the story of the foundation of the modern Conservative party.

* It may be worth while to say that the *Shorter Poems* are still to be obtained in the shilling volume (Bell and Sons) to which in great measure they owe such popularity as they have achieved.

The Life of Disraeli

The lighter element is not absent, though hardly as prominent as in the first volume. There is a delightful rencontre between Gladstone and Disraeli, when the former succeeds the latter as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr Gladstone was a little slow and evasive as to paying the customary sum for the transfer of the official furniture in Downing Street, and asked Disraeli on his side to send him the official robe. Disraeli, who coveted the Chancellor's robe, which had once been worn by Pitt, assumed an attitude of resentment, in which the transference of the robe became such a minor question that it appeared to be forgotten by him. He thus retained the robe which is left to his heirs at Hughenden. The reader will judge that Mr Gladstone was slightly wanting in prompt courtesy to his predecessor, but Disraeli's offence was in reality a far greater one. He had no right whatever to keep the robe which belonged to the holder of the office. But his assumption of indignation put him outside the reach of further expostulations from his successor.

The curious incident of Disraeli's friendship with Mrs Brydges Williams, the rich Jewess who left him all her fortune, is dealt with at some length, but the most characteristic of his letters to her is omitted—the letter written at the time when the report was current that the crown of Greece was to be offered to his friend Lord Stanley. "It is a dazzling adventure for the house of Stanley," he wrote, "but they are not an imaginative race, and I fancy they will prefer Knowsley to the Parthenon and Lancashire to the Attic plains. It is a privilege to live in this age of rapid and brilliant events. What an error to consider it a utilitarian age; it is one of infinite romance. Thrones tumble down and crowns are offered like a fairy tale, and the most powerful people in the world—male and female—a few years back were adventurers, exiles and demirips. Vive la bagatelle!"

Mr Buckle rightly devotes considerable space to Tancred. None of Disraeli's novels throw more light on the man's ideals and habitual thoughts.

W. W.

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THE name of Prof. Alessandro della Seta is as yet little known in this country, and he is fortunate in being introduced to us by a writer so much esteemed both for judgment and learning as Mrs Arthur Strong. His *Religion and Art: A Study in the Evolution of Sculpture, Painting and Architecture* (Fisher Unwin, pp. 416 with 200 illustrations, 21s. net), is a comparative history based on extensive archæological researches, and yet devoted in the main to the illustration of one idea. Mrs Strong presents this idea succinctly and comprehensively in her brief preface; presents it, we could almost have said, more effectively than its originator. For we surmise that it is Prof. della Seta's achievement to have detached one thread from the delicately woven cord which binds Religion and Art together rather than to have unravelled the whole tissue, and his long historical exposition, the application of the one idea to savage art, as well as to Egyptian, Mycenæan, Roman, Greek, Christian and so forth, becomes a little fatiguing. For this, the essential limitations of a translation are no doubt partly responsible; the fine edge of the expression is always blunted except in the most idiomatic of renderings; and unfortunately Miss Marion Harrison's work is not only not idiomatic, but at times palpably incorrect. We offer one example. "It is a phenomenon" (the lack of a Christian funerary architecture) "which soon becomes clear when we reflect that funeral architecture has but one object, that of building a house for the dead, and that this house did not need a religion which attributed so little importance to the body. . . ." We infer here from the context that the Professor's meaning is that "a religion which attributed so little importance to the body did not need a house for the dead"; but it is hard upon readers to expect such inferences from them; and the true original will not as a rule be discoverable.

Prof. Della Seta's experience is primarily archæological, secondarily æsthetic and religious, and his work impresses us throughout, no doubt for that reason, as an inquiry conducted somewhat externally. His governing perception

The Encounter

—that the test of a civilization is its capacity to turn for religious and artistic inspiration to the past instead of to the future—strikes us as unphilosophical, as involving, that is, an arbitrary narrowing of the significance of the facts summarized in it. All art, in his view, is initially the magical instrument used by men to exercise natural or supernatural powers, their dealings with which constitute their religion. Thus art and religion are in their origin purely utilitarian. The problem is to circumvent or constrain the gods; and the problem vanishes only when the idea of circumventible or constrainable gods vanishes also. Greece made the great step forward, recognizing law in nature, and therefore placing the actions of the gods in a distant past. Christianity preserved this attitude of pre-occupation with the past, and Christian art looked always backwards, was essentially commemorative and exemplary. We cannot fully agree. Taken in any but its most obvious sense—a sense in which nothing is explained by it—the idea is certainly misleading. The figure of the historic Christ is, of course, the centre of Christian art, but the renaissance under Giotto is directly traceable to the influence of St Francis, that is to an all but contemporary figure, and the essence of the art is its sense of the contemporaneity of past and present, its faith in a Christ still living and working among men through the mediation of His saints. That “the absence of the historic sense is the mark of untutored races” is an incontrovertible proposition; but both art and religion rest primarily upon intuitions not dissociable from the active principle of life itself; that is, they are of the present; they inhere in the vital and developing soul. Archæology and history which “enhance man’s sense of life by prolonging it upwards into the past” are necessary, corroborative adjuncts.

JUST now every one is talking about Nietzsche; and Ludwig Wehlitz—with whom, primarily, Persis Fen-namy had *The Encounter* (By Anne Douglas Sedgwick [Mrs Basil de Sélincourt]. Edwin Arnold. 1914. 6s.)—is modelled closely upon Nietzsche. Yet it is somehow of Wagner

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that Wehlitz more reminds us; he lacks, perhaps, the profoundly classicized imagination of the revolutionary philosopher. Yet the doctrine is largely there; the devouring personal egotism; the violent oscillation of moods with its tendency to permanent loss of equilibrium; there is, too, a notion of the endless Return, the doomed identical cycle through which the Universe must ever journey. It was this appalling vision which most of all unnerved Persis, Ludwig's pupil, unable really to see that all recollection of previous experience must, in this hypothesis, be lost, thus robbing the future of its horror; were the past in whatever slightest measure recapturable, each cycle would be altered as regards its predecessor, and the whole theory would fail. Doubtless Herr Sachs put this objection quite clearly to Persis, and doubtless her amusing mamma could contemplate the unending series with serenity: yet Persis was more shocked by this vision than by all the Uebermensch morality. She was an American, yet cosmopolitan, girl whose heart was still unmelted, though her brain was active, and in her agnosticism there was little to soften for her the panics of the intellect. To the end, I think, she would have *liked* to love, and no more. Herr Sachs, indeed, went nearer to awakening her than did the frantic philosopher; but you foresee her, when the cerebral passions are cooled, approximating rather to her mother, the American of almost appallingly placid common sense, whose experienced instinct and unastonished judgment carried her more surely to the goal than did their philosophies carry any of the three men. For Ludwig had for disciple not only Herr Sachs, but the Graf von Lüdenstein, and we may be allowed to think Mrs de Sélincourt has succeeded better with these than with Wehlitz. After all Wehlitz is almost a maniac, and to such all is permitted, and his creator can scarcely be criticized. In Lüdenstein, the philosophic hedonist, the brutal element of the Teutonic soul reveals itself. He was easier to paint. In Sachs, it is Teuton sentimentality that we see, but combined, in this crippled ex-libertine, with so exquisite an unselfishness

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that his is the portrait which remains with us. Both "protected" Ludwig; but Lüdenstein with a certain coldness: he played, insincerely, with the great man's foibles; the deformed little Christian, ever "faintly grimacing, as though recognizing with good humour his own discomfiture" is really the strong man, Wehlitz, the "bird shot, falling with abrupt, desperate strokes of the wings"; it is Sachs who re-interprets the worse by the better Ludwig, and detects his "religious" acclaim of the Highest as *willed* by himself: renunciation, as the still pagan, still "only young" Persis sees it, is but negative. She gives up the worse: he chooses the Best. Lüdenstein sees Sachs as a "Quasimodo Parsifal"; to us, frankly he recalls (p. 138) the unselfishness of the Baptist as the Bridegroom's friend. The passionate Signora, Wehlitz's only woman friend, emancipated, but with a fitful yet unquenchable Catholicism, in the recesses of her consciousness, is dramatically in conjunction with the clever, tired little American; and can it be that the triple drama of quest and renunciation raging around this one girl's soul is deliberately and ironically veiled by the constant appeal made by all the characters to the salvific agency of Food? "Ah, those eyes of hers! Those eyes of dawn over the sea! and they may dawn for me, for me, Eleanora. . . . Come; come; to eat, as Conrad says. We must be strong to face these coming days." Thus Ludwig. And this appalling spiritual tragedy closes with the administration of hot milk to Persis. C. C. M.

IF it be felicitous commendation to say of an author that the title of his book, and its preface, taken together, accurately describe its whole content, then Monseigneur Lejeune, Archpriest of Charleville, has earned this praise. His *Introduction to the Mystical Life*, which has just been translated by Basil Levett (Washbourne, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net), is, exactly, what it is called.

This careful little treatise, of 300 clearly printed pages, is addressed to those "who have resolutely determined"

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not to commit sin: "whose faults are weaknesses," and not deliberate.

Its production would seem to have been prompted by the author's attentive reading of Père Poulain, whose *Graces of Interior Prayer* he calls "the last word in criticism" regarding the work of St John of the Cross; and of Alvarez de Paz, of whom he speaks as "our favourite mystical writer."

According to the authorities followed by Abbé Lejeune, there are four "Dispositions" which are *always* to be required of those who would experience the joys, and the spiritual powers, found in the Mystical Life.

These dispositions are mental prayer, recollection, humility and mortification; the precise meaning and the need of each of which he proceeds to develop at length, in clear and attractive language, principally by means of apt quotations taken from the writings of the great mystics, and from other well known masters of the spiritual life.

Those most frequently cited are St Teresa, St John of the Cross, Alvarez de Paz, Courbon, Lallemand, and Surin, while reference is made to many others.

The author's special object is two fold. First, to discountenance exaggerations and dissipate vain fears. Secondly, to convince generous souls that, in desiring and seeking the higher forms of prayer, they may, without rashness or presumption, be "*exercising a right*, and, at times, fulfilling a duty."

The special "note," indicating, and (as he puts it) "constituting" mystical prayer, is explained thus: it is not a greater *closeness* of union with God, as by the life of grace raised to a higher degree; nor a clearer and more instructed *conception* of God, by the mental faculties; but it is a *perception* of God present *within* the soul. Of this "note," or grade of spiritual grace, the writer declares that it is a work in which "a lay sister can succeed as easily as a senior wrangler."

As to "right" or "duty," Courbon says: "Charity and faith and hope, . . . who doubts that I may aspire to them, ask for them, and that it is my duty to dispose

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myself to receive them? Does not the same apply to the gifts of prayer?" To which Alvarez adds the warning: "So much we can do, but to attain, if God Himself does not raise us thereto, is impossible."

"If there be one thing," remarks our author upon this, "which more entirely than anything else necessitates an extreme humility of heart, it is, beyond a doubt, prayer."

The last chapter in the book contains a very useful "rapid synthesis of the various stages through which the soul ordinarily passes in order to reach the Mystical Life.": viz., (i) Ordinary meditation; in which the intelligence "does most of the work," and thereby gains "strong convictions." (ii) Affective prayer; to be classed "apart from and above meditation"; the convictions gained making reasoning less necessary. (iii) The prayer of simple attention; during which "a work of simplification takes place within the soul," the affections "assume little by little the form of a single glance," and the divine Presence begins to cause "a spiritual sensation" of the approach of the crowning grace of mystical prayer.

Then it is, that, "if God applies the ordinary law," the prayer of simple advertence is rewarded by a mysterious "awakening of the spiritual faculties," and the faithful soul is assured that a time will come when it shall *experience* God's Presence, "as far as hope will reach"!

All the saints are taught and are sanctified by one and the same Holy Spirit, consequently the doctrine found in their *approved* writings cannot contradict itself. There are many souls of good will, to whom Divine Love (always infinitely merciful, even to the irresolute and the ungenerous) does *not* grant the special graces of the mystical life; and these should take heed to the doctrine of St Catharine of Siena, found in her wonderful *Dialogue on Prayer*, where she hears the Eternal Father telling her that by vocal prayer a soul may yet arrive at perfection,

If through affection of desire, the soul raising herself to Me, with the knowledge of herself and of My mercy, she will *exercise*

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together mental and vocal prayer; for, even as the active and the contemplative life is one, so are they.

King Solomon's prayer is apposite here:

Send wisdom out of Thy holy heaven, and from the throne of Thy majesty, that she may be with me and labour with me, that I may know what is acceptable with Thee.

It remains to add that the translation, though far from perfect, here and there, shows evidence of having been done as a labour of love. As a really serious blemish, must be noted the lack of an index. It may be hoped that Abbé Lejeune's work will be found worthy to take rank with those of Abbé Saudreau, of Père Lamballe, of the anonymous Carthusian, edited by Fr Tissot, and of many other trustworthy writers, who (as our author expresses it), have laboured "to cultivate the ground of grace."

M. A. C.

WITH the growth of the social conscience, which some foolishly confuse with the socialism to which it is the most effective antidote, the duties of our clergy have undergone an extension of which some among them are as yet hardly conscious. "Social action," says the Bishop of Northampton in his introduction to Father Plater's volume, *The Priest and Social Action* (Longmans. Westminster Library. 3s. 6d. net), "is no longer a matter of taste; it has become an indispensable phase of our apostolate" and "the object of the book is to convince English priests" of the necessity of this. For such a task Father Plater is the better qualified, and his teaching will be the more readily accepted, in that he has always set in the forefront the spiritual side of social work which sometimes seems in danger of being ignored by social enthusiasts. To him is due the initiation in this country of the retreats for working men which, set forward by him at the Catholic Truth Society's Conference in 1906, have become a potent factor in the spiritual life of the country: the

The Priest and Social Action

far-reaching importance of *Retreats for the People* (Sands & Co. 5s. net), his volume on the subject, has been recognized beyond our own borders.

The scheme of Father Plater's book is practical and business like. Recognizing that deeds speak louder than words, he, after three chapters showing the relations of religion, the Church, and the priest, to social action, proceeds to discuss what was being done in Germany, France, and Belgium in happier times than the present; what is being done in the United States and Canada, in England and in Ireland: Scotland appears neither among the chapters nor in the index; is nothing being done in the North? Then follows an important chapter on social study in seminaries, with an earnest plea for its further development; the "unique opportunity of the Catholic priest for social action" and his relation to social agencies, Catholic and non-Catholic, are set forth at some length; and, in conclusion, the "important task before Catholics in this country, under the guidance of the clergy, in the application of Catholic social principles to our actual conditions."

This bare summary of contents, however, gives but a feeble notion of the interest and value of the book. It abounds in details drawn from extensive reading and personal knowledge which are conveyed in a singularly attractive and persuasive manner. The references to literature bearing on the subject are ample and useful: we note that the "goodly array of pamphlets on social subjects, many of which have bishops and priests for their authors," published by the Catholic Truth Society, is especially recommended, and that ample use is made of the *Catholic Social Year Book*, now in its sixth year of issue. It would, we think, be convenient if, in future editions, of which we are sure there will be many, a complete list of the books quoted were added as an appendix. Canon Keatinge's volume on *The Priest, His Character and Work*, has for some years held a place in most clerical libraries; we can pay Father Plater's volume no higher compliment than by claiming for it a similar position.

J. B.

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SERMONS and Homilies. (By Edmund English, Canon of Westminster Cathedral, and Missionary Rector of St James's, Twickenham. London. Longmans, 1913. 4s. net.)

This work is one that will be welcome to those who have formed a just estimate of the preacher's true functions. For instead of the controversial invective or sensational rhetoric, too often associated with popular preaching, Canon English has given us what is really wanted, to wit a luminous exposition of Catholic doctrine, together with homely, practical lessons drawn from the text of the Gospels. His aim, he assures us, has been "to promote clearness of thought in matters of doctrine, and in practical matters, to provide a fresh setting for those venerable principles of the spiritual life which have been handed down in the tradition of the Church." And his *Sermons and Homilies* are admirably adapted to fulfil this praiseworthy purpose. For the doctrines of Catholic theology are here set forth in clear, intelligible, readable English. There is no display of the facile arts of pulpit eloquence. The preacher is content to tell these high truths in simple, well chosen words, that are readily understood of the people. And he is right; for the intrinsic beauty of the truth itself is made more manifest in this simple unadorned language. Occasional reference is made to the authority of the Fathers or of St Thomas, and in one place there is a brief account of the Scotist doctrine on the Incarnation, which, as Canon English reminds us, was supported by many great modern writers outside the Scotist School, e.g., Suarez, St Francis of Sales, Newman and Faber. But the preacher has wisely refrained from over-loading his book with lengthy notes. And his language throughout is refreshingly free from unnecessary technical terminology. The work would be welcome were it only for this luminous presentment of Catholic doctrine. But this is by no means its only merit. For the homilies on Pontius Pilate, Caiphas, etc., are instructive studies in the Gospel history. And the practical lessons drawn

La Robe Prétexte

in most of the sermons should make the book a useful manual of spiritual reading. In the homily on the "Great Banquet" the preacher dwells on the advantage of frequent Communion, and shows that the recent Roman decree on this subject is in close agreement with the practice of the primitive Church. As it is well that this memorable Decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Council should be widely known, we are glad to see that its more important provisions are printed at length in an appendix at the end of this valuable volume of *Sermons and Homilies*. W. H. K.

SOME recent French novels are tracts for the times; their excuse is that if people will not read the Pontifical, the apostolic and painstaking romancer will describe for them the rite of Baptism and of Extreme Unction; others are dull and subdued—what the unbeliever calls *insignificant*. And yet how wide and resplendent are the ungarnered fields of Catholic sensibility waiting to be harvested by men like François Mauriac. This young writer in *La robe prétexte** (Grasset, 3f. 50c., Paris, 1914) gives us so rare a treatment of so old a subject that the reader may be tempted to overvalue not only the author's talent but also the worth of his contribution to the psychology of childhood, boyhood, adolescence, chastity, the artistic temperament and the Catholic atmosphere.

Witty, easy, very amusing, poetical only because so well composed and so free from fine writing, almost every chapter is like a *poème en prose*—which impression happily lingers after one shuts the book, all the more happily that it has not obtruded itself during the reading of it.

Impure habits of thought and speech have too often blurred the French novelist's sense of the finer shades of sentiment: not that M. Mauriac does not write of realities, purity, desire, puberty, piety, friendship, calf-love,

* François Mauriac is the author of 2 volumes of poems, *Les Mains Jointes* (afterword by Maurice Barres); *L'Adieu à l'adolescence*, and of a novel, *L'Enfant Chargé de Chaines*. He is twenty-six.

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Catholic love; but that neither he nor his heroes have ever quite abdicated their royal prerogative, their kinship with Our Lord; they have not, like the neurotic striplings of scores of English novels, only found themselves through those experiments in sin which they call experience.

It is probable that *La robe prétexte* will disturb and displease Catholics less than it will scandalize unbelievers. Did it not shock the reviewer in the *Temps* because it was neither a panegyric nor an apology, but an examination of conscience?

COLONEL WILLIAM WOOD is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as an ardent student of military history and as Canada's most reliable and, at the same time, most interesting historian. In his *Heart of Old Canada* (Briggs, Toronto. \$1.50), he gives us a collection of studies on Canadian subjects; the chapter on "Wolfe and Gray's Elegy" being a remarkable essay both from a literary and from an historical standpoint. Living at Quebec, the very corner-stone of Canada, and having both English and French blood in his veins, Colonel Wood is able to give us a graphic and sympathetic account of "The Habitant," the descendant of the original French settlers, whose present-day language is curiously reminiscent of the sixteenth century settlement, and whose customs and ideas are more genuinely French than those of France herself. In Quebec, for instance, you *embarquer* and *débarquer* from your carriage, tethered horses are always moored—*amarrés*, a fur cap is a *casque*, and the town is spoken of as *Le Fort*. These and many other nautical terms are in everyday use throughout the whole of the Quebec Province, and carry one back to the days of Champlain, Laval, Frontenac, Talou and La Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, the five founders of the "New France." Perhaps the most absorbing and most important chapter in Colonel Wood's book is his "Ursuline Epic," in which is recounted the story of the world-famed Ursuline Convent at Quebec (where Montcalm was buried), which was founded by La Mère Marie de

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l'Incarnation, one of the greatest and most wonderful missionaries of all ages. The story of the great convent, and the many documents and relics which it possesses, is the history of French Canada, and is rich in illustrations of the romance, heroism, devotion and magnificent religious enthusiasm that was inspired by La Mère Marie and her followers. In his preface, which might with advantage be read both at the finish as well as at the opening of the book, Colonel Wood points out, with force, that in order to reach the "true standard of a great nation" Canadians must guard against merely material development and should realize what a great possession Canada enjoys in the picturesqueness as well as in the greatness of her past history, "If Canada were to be lost to-morrow," he questions, "what inspiring memory would remain the day after? Not her material wealth, natural and acquired: material wealth is nothing, except in so far as it forms part of things above and beyond itself."

A clock such as that described in Beauchemin's poem, the subject of the last essay in the book, "measures national progress more truly than the table of statistics published in connexion with the development of modern Canada." If Canada is to fulfil the destiny of a great nation she must listen to the voices of the past, and not forget whilst listening that "what we have been, makes us what we are."

D. M. M.

PORTUGUESE *Political Prisoners*. Four British Pamphlets. Published for the Committee of the British National Protest. 1913-1914. (Buckram gilt, 2s. 6d.) *The Portuguese Amnesty*. By the Earl of Lytton. With some account of the British National Protest, compiled for the Committee by the Honorary Secretary. And a Verbatim Report of the Protest Meeting of February 6, 1914. (Upcott Gill, Drury Lane. 1914. 6d.) When, after the Royalist rising of 1912, the Portuguese Republican Government condemned Dom João d'Almeida and his fellow prisoners of war to six years' solitary confine-

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ment in the Penitenciaria convict prison, to be followed by ten years' penal deportation, this merciless sentence was a political blunder as well as an act of tyranny. Up to that date, although the Lisbon Government had been criticized in England for its harsh and arbitrary actions, the larger portion of the British public was inclined to make allowance for the difficulties of "a young Republic." All illusions, however, were swept away when semi-official Lisbon papers exulted over the transformation of Almeida into "Convict 279," and promised a similar fate to others who might fail to admire "the new régime of broad ideas and infinite goodness." This threat was promptly fulfilled, and sentences of sixteen and twenty years' imprisonment were passed upon artisans and peasants whose only crime consisted in passive aversion to the Government, or active fidelity to the Church. The memorable visit of Adeline Duchess of Bedford to the Lisbon prisons, and the inception, growth and ultimate victory of the British Protest—a protest which had "no motive but humanity and no weapon except the truth"—is of considerable interest, as an illustration of the power of public opinion when inspired by compassion and uncompromising love of justice. Since the outbreak of the European War, the Portuguese Government has discontinued the courts-martial denounced by Lord Lytton. His pamphlet is none the less of value, for the events with which it deals are now a matter of history. It includes a reprint of portions of the letters of Adeline Duchess of Bedford, to whose exertions the release of the prisoners must largely be ascribed.*

MISS HELEN PARRY EDEN has reprinted from the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Pall Mall*, *Punch* and other periodicals a quite delicious little book full of

* Since this review was in type the Republican Government has resumed the courts-martial, and is refilling the prisons with amnestied prisoners and other "suspects," the official newspaper *Mundo* denouncing the Royalists as "wild beasts" who are outside the law.

Betrothment and Marriage

poems. Shall we say that *Bread and Circuses* (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net, 1914) reminds us often both of Robert Louis Stevenson and of Mrs Armel O'Connor? We hint thereby no slightest element of "borrowing." We mean that the spirit which makes the *Child's Garden of Verses* a revelation and a joy for ever, and which leaps like laughing waters in *Mary's Meadow*, is the life, too, of these little poems. Betsey Jane is their heroine; for her all the fun of the circuses flashes by. But the bread she is fed upon "cometh down from Heaven." Therefore, there is a diviner light, but shadows too, in this book; at times just wistfulness (yet not the less poignant, for that) as in *The Third Birthday*: sometimes born of savage physical distress, as in *Μονοχρόνος Ἡδώνη* but ever healed, whether (as there) by memory, or (as in *Post Communion*) by the vision of a Future. There is, too, here a quite masculine sarcasm: and *The Death of Sir Matho* is a *Tomlinson* re-written by some Catholic Kipling. And there are exquisite word-pictures, and colour; and there are allegory, scholarship and much laughter.

N. K.

WE have already reviewed the first volume of Canon de Smet's *Betrothment and Marriage*, translated by Father Dobell. The second volume is now to hand, and it fully sustains the reputation established by the first. It deals almost entirely with impediments and dispensations. Before these are treated however the work is brought absolutely up to date by the insertion of an addition to the bibliography and the text of two decrees having reference to the decree *Ne Temere*. Then follow the usual treatises on impediments in general and in particular, prohibitive and diriment impediments. To this part is added an appendix on the duties of the parish priest and confessor in the examination of those about to marry, their instruction and registration. A second appendix gives a very clear account of matrimonial procedure. The second half of the volume is occupied with the usual treatises on dispensations and revalidation. Then finally

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the whole work is completed by a number of supplements: the decree *Ne Temere* and decisions relating to it; forms of supplica; accounts of the civil legislation in the British Empire, Canada, the United States and Germany.

Although the author has followed the usual lines of textbooks, yet he has done much more than this. He has enriched the various sections by giving them their historical settings, by showing their practical application, and by giving much shrewd advice as to what is necessary and what expedient. A very full index makes the book quite handy for reference.

The parish priest, then, has here a book on the "great sacrament" adequate to all his needs. It is a guide for the confessional and for the due conduct of cases outside the confessional. But also it is a mine of information for those who would preach or lecture on the subject. J. G.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

THE *Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in meditations*, by Maurice Meschler, S. J. (2 Vols. Second Revised Edition. Herder, 1914. Cloth, 14s. net.) This second and revised edition of the English translation will be welcomed by many. Its very need is a pleasing sign of the times, for it shows that many people realize that as subjects for meditation nought is really so effective as the very Gospel story itself. After all Father Meschler's way is the old Patristic way, a thousand such meditations lie at the back of the numberless homilies of a Chrysostom or an Augustine or any of the great Fathers. Father Gallwey's *Watches of the Passion* have brought thousands to an affectionate study of the details of the *Story of the Passion* and few have ever used that book and not become richer by that use. Time will prove the same of Father Meschler's book, though it is markedly different in tone and spirit. The former was a Celt, the latter a Saxon. Their books betray it. Sometimes, as in the *Story of the Passion and the Resurrection* one cannot help regretting that reason keeps feeling so much in check. The meditation on Our Lord's appearance to His mother on Easterday is not very convincing, though the point that Our Lord's appearance to His mother must have differed in kind from His other appearances seems just hinted at. The word of Scripture is too plain: he "appeared first to Mary Magdalen." But there are higher things even than bodily vision. The Saints in Heaven do not now see Christ's human nature for they possess no bodily organ of sight;

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none the less they enjoy the presence of Christ's Sacred Humanity more even than Mary Magdalen on Eastermorn.

The reason given for the cursing of the fig tree "when it was not the time for figs" is not very satisfactory. It is so difficult to reconcile oneself to the statement that Our Lord only pretended to look for fruit "knowing well that there were none." If it were so obvious that there could be no fruit in March, the very search for it must have appeared an act of unreason to the Apostles and other onlookers, and there could be no point in the symbolism. But there is a chance for some fruit on a fig tree in Palestine however much out of season, and as this tree made such a valiant show of life, there might be some fruit left on it even in March; Our Lord went and looked to be disappointed. Thus some Spiritual fruit might have been found on the tree of Israel even at that "the last hour" and out of season as it were, but alas! Christ sought for it in vain.

Regarding Mark XIII, 32, we read: "not even the Son of Man, i.e., in His quality of God's messenger to men, knows the hour; only the Father, inasmuch as He is the Eternal and deciding principle in the Most Holy Trinity, and this appertains to Him as such and not to the Son." It is a little surprising that this sentence passed the Censor, for to say the least it is a little confused and needs a great deal of good will to be interpreted in an orthodox fashion. Is not the Son the very Word and Wisdom of the Father? What is meant by a "deciding" principle in the Trinity? Is "principle" the right rendering of "principium" as used of the Father in the Blessed Trinity? Similar little blemishes might be found here and there in the book, and the author has a tantalizing way of avoiding the direct reply to some difficulty, which even the devoutest reader has in his mind when reading the Gospel text, and which one cautious and careful sentence might have dispelled. It is only because there is such a treasure of good and solid matter, that one is anxious for removal of these unsatisfactory points.

The translator tells us that her first translation "met with a good deal of adverse criticism." She clearly bore with this criticism in a friendly spirit, she will therefore not resent some further remarks, which may prove useful when the third "revised" edition has to pass through the press. The translations often consist of German sentences in English words. The hyphens and the dashes and the brackets and the parentheses in the text are simply legion; a third edition ought to sweep them all away. If the translator will make up her mind that no English sentence shall exceed four lines, however long the German one may be; that nothing but a pronoun shall ever come between the verb and its object and finally that brackets and dashes are taboo, her translation will be excellent. Roughly speaking the Scripture references at present embedded in the text are twelve thousand, I would suggest the omission of eleven thousand, for they only refer to the text already given *in extenso* at the beginning of each meditation. The remaining one thousand could be put in smaller print at the foot of the page. As they are now they are a distressing hindrance to the enjoyment of the work.

A.

A CHRONICLE OF SOME RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS

WORKS on the philosophy of Professor Bergson continue to flow from the press. Many of them are frankly popular and may be passed over in this chronicle. There are, however, two very recent works to which we would call our readers' attention; *La Philosophie Bergsonienne*, by M. J. Maritain (Marcel Riviere. pp. 477. 9 frs.) and *The Philosophy of Change*, by Dr Wildon Carr (Macmillan. pp. 213. 6s.). M. Maritain, who has recently been appointed to the chair of modern philosophy at the Institut Catholique de Paris, must be warmly congratulated on his achievement. He has given us an excellent series of well-documented, critical studies on all the leading aspects of Bergsonism. The sequence of ideas in the volume is also remarkable. It will have been observed by all Bergson's readers that it is almost impossible to deliver a frontal attack on his philosophy. The argument would presumably be intellectual in kind and, in consequence, however subtle and penetrating it might be, the disciple of M. Bergson would fail to move, unless by pity for one who invoked intellect to destroy a system that had ruined all intellectual pretensions. The philosophy can only be undermined, and M. Maritain, seeing this, very wisely opens his study with a statement and examination of Bergson's critique of the intellect. This is the foundation of all, and is seen to be perilously shaky. One by one M. Maritain takes Bergson's examples of the supposed defective and vicious operations of the intellect, the dichotomy of Zeno, the problem of motives and their harmony with freedom and the rest, and shows with ease and precision that the analyses are bad, though the weaknesses are not shared by all philosophies. But, he asks how from instances of the misuse of intelligence, or from the application of a faulty analysis can we deduce that the instrument is worthless? There is, of course, no such legitimate inference. In fact, the whole of Bergson's philosophy may be traced to this error in method which is almost inconceivable in one who has captivated the thought of Europe for so many years. He standardizes misuses of intellect and condemns the whole faculty. A second difficulty indicated by M. Maritain—it might, with advantage, have been more fully developed—is equally important. Bergson fails to distinguish clearly between a concept and an image. Arguments have never been wanting to establish the real distinction between the imagery of consciousness and our intellectual concepts, and, within the last few years, that distinction has been established once again as the result of a long and profoundly interesting experimental inquiry. Now as Bergson ignores this fact, confusing imagery with concepts, his critique of the intellect is often directed in reality against the imagination. It is, at least, a pity that such a confusion should have helped to such a sweeping condemnation and restriction of our intellectual operations. Besides beginning at the foundations, M. Maritain has treated all the greater issues of the philosophy with con-

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siderable lucidity. Moreover, by way of contrast he brings many leading features of Aristotelean and Thomistic thought into much-needed prominence.

To pass from M. Maritain to Dr Wildon Carr is to leave the critic for the disciple and expositor. Beginning with a discussion of the new method in philosophy, Dr Carr sums up Bergson's discovery in these terms: "The new outlook, therefore, consists in this, first of all that there is a subject-matter of philosophy which is not and cannot as such be the subject-matter of science, namely, the fundamental fact of life and consciousness which is freedom, and also that there is a method of philosophy which is the very contrary of the method of science, namely, the method of intuition." By means of this method, we "apprehend the whole before we apprehend the parts." The intuition is neither perception nor conception, nor any object of reason, all of which are "intellectual views of reality": it is a consciousness of change as it changes, "of the actual life we are living, as we live it." It will be observed that, in this sequence of ideas, we are suddenly swung round from statements as to what intuition *is* to what it *does*. One feels tempted to remark that these intuitions must either be recorded in judgments or else remain ineffable. If ineffable, then philosophers must give up writing and speaking and surrender themselves to the contemplation of change-as-it-changes. If they are to be expressed in judgments, the Bergsonians are using one of the much-abused intellectual forms which are really only of value in "manipulating solids." Yet there is just a grain of truth in this doctrine of intuition, which has often been ignored by modern philosophers. The older thinkers saw more clearly that the mind must somehow *become*, for the moment what it knows. *Anima fit quodammodo omnia*—a thesis which can be worked out admirably by a use of the old doctrine of determinants or forms. Passing over many interesting passages in Dr Carr's volume, we come to a chapter on "God, Freedom and Immortality." For the old conception of God, that of a supreme, immutable, personal spirit, Bergson substitutes that of "the increasing ever-changing freedom of creative life." If we pursue the urgent question of immortality, we only receive the reply that "there is nothing in philosophy that positively indicates such a reality as an individual soul, independent of the body." In any case, there is nothing permanent in the flux, which could survive the fact of death. To the question of freedom, M. Bergson gives many replies which appear to us so many resounding phrases. A great philosopher once remarked "parvus error in principio magnus est in fine," and M. Bergson's "parvus error" is clear. It may all be "unpacked" from the following quotation: ". . . there are changes, but there are not things that change: change does not need a support . . . movement does not imply something that is movable." However we brave it out, we must hypostatize something—if only change!

Our critical remarks are aimed mainly at M. Bergson. Dr Carr's book will be found unflinchingly interesting to all who require a résumé of a much-discussed and over-estimated system.

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To these two volumes on the French philosopher, we may add a note on Miss Susan Stebbing's *Pragmatism and French Voluntarism* (Cambridge Press. pp. 168. 2s. 6d.). In a highly interesting historical study, Miss Stebbing traces the development of French philosophy from Maine de Miran to Professor Bergson "with especial reference to the notion of truth." Her outlook is frankly intellectualistic, a fact which gives her a power of criticizing many of the loose ideas current in Pragmatist and Bergsonian circles. Many of her distinctions between the Anglo-American and French pragmatists are admirably keen. One phrase among many may be quoted: "... while M. Bergson condemns the intellect because it is pragmatic, the pragmatist condemns any view of the structure of intellect that makes it not pragmatic." Speaking of M. Bergson's philosophy, she says: "He uses no argument, he states his views with eloquence and supports them with metaphors, but he offers no loophole for discussion. The philosophy is indemonstrable, and he does not seek to demonstrate it. Either one will accept it, and share in the intuition, or one will not. In either case, there is an end of the matter." These and many other things in this little volume are eminently well worth saying. One is even tempted to hope that the author may abandon historical work in favour of constructive philosophy. The world has need of intellectualists.

Immanuel Kant by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, translated by Lord Redesdale (John Lane. 2 vols. pp. 436 and 510. 25s.), is in some ways an extraordinary volume. The author, who is particularly well-known in Germany, the land of his adoption, for his *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, here presents us with a group of popular lectures on Goethe, Leonardo da Vinci, Descartes, Giordano Bruno, Plato and lastly Immanuel Kant. It is only fair to add that there is a certain movement of ideas through the whole, that Kant is borne in mind throughout, and that all leads to the final treatment of his philosophy and religion. Mr Chamberlain is an enthusiast. To study Kant is to him as to Goethe "like stepping into a brightly lighted room." "During long years of suffering, when all other reading was impossible," he tells us that he could refresh himself with Kant. Away, therefore, with all the pedantry of the schools, the distinctions, the contradictions, and let us bring to light, if may be, Kant's great secret. "The Kant," we read, "who reveals the transcendental properties of the human intellect remains accessible only to a very small minority: the Kant on the other hand who might succeed in setting free all the leading intellects of the world from the night of the superstitions of decades of centuries . . . that Kant must be the founder of a new epoch in the history of mankind; it must be his to break the tyranny of the churches for ever, and once for all to brush away the fantasies of the 'natural philosophers.'" Such would appear to be Kant's secret. In the pages that follow we naturally hear much of "schemes" and a priori forms and of the new Copernican revolution. The watchword of that revolution, which "means an upsetting of all

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values such as the devotees of Nietzsche have never dreamt of" is given in the formula, "transcendental truth precedes all empirical truth and makes it possible." Now, conceding that this is an accurate statement—it would be questioned by many—doubtless trained philosophers will see in it something bold and daring; but we feel that the unsophisticated beginner will be merely bewildered in endeavouring to extract "revolution" from any such formula. And this criticism applies to much of his work. It is not, as a rule, sufficiently measured or incisive for the trained philosopher: it is too vague for the ordinary reader. He is probably clearest in discussing Kant's attitude towards religion, which he has obviously made his own.

"We Europeans," writes Mr Chamberlain, "stand to-day in regard to religion much in the same condition as the Hottentots do to science." Kant himself defined religion "as the recognition of all our duties as divine commandments." No need, therefore, for churches, for ceremonial, for dogmas or "beliefs": above all no need for "that anti-religious power, the kingdom of the priests." This is the language of an anti-clerical tract, and Mr Chamberlain's book will do much harm. It is in reality an earnest appeal to forsake "the tyranny of doctrine," in favour of a purely ethical cult of the categorical imperative. But let it be observed that the verdict of history is against this new "Kantian culture." The Stoics failed, and the philosophy of Kant, which lacks much of the dignity and truth of the older Greek code can hope for no success.

It has become customary for professors, sooner or later, to publish their lectures on the introduction to philosophy, with a result that we probably have more works introducing us to philosophy than to any other science. The latest volume of this type is, however, noteworthy, *Einleitung in die Philosophie* by Professor Windelband (Mohr. pp. 440. 7 M. 50). The learned professor, whose rank as an historian of philosophy cannot be disputed, here gives a brief and unpolemical survey of all the philosophic problems of greater moment. The treatment is necessarily summary—so summary, indeed, that we are forced to think that Professor Windelband's concise statements will be far more valuable to other professors than to beginners. The divisions, running through the whole are clear. First, he passes in review all the great, theoretical problems of ontology, cosmology, and the theory of knowledge, before proceeding to the "axiologische" question of ethics, æsthetics and religion. The whole is obviously the work of a Kantian—how, indeed, could Prof. Windelband unthink his deepest convictions?—though a scrupulous effort has been made to open up every problem without prejudice or polemical purpose. The treatment of religion is weak and inaccurate, as is so often the case in works of contemporary philosophers. But we know of few more brief or attractive reviews of philosophy's problems than this "Einleitung."

This year, the seventh centenary of Roger Bacon, has been the occasion of a considerable amount of periodical literature on the friar and his activities. On the whole it has been highly appreciative, though little of

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it has been marked by any particular grasp of thirteenth century personalities and problems. Two volumes on the friar lie before us for review—*The Life and Works of Roger Bacon*, by John Henry Bridges, edited by H. Gordon Jones (Williams and Norgate. pp. 168. 4s. 6d.), and *Roger Bacon, Commemoration Essays*, edited by Mr A. G. Little (Oxford Press. pp. 426. 16s.).

It was an excellent idea of Messrs Williams and Norgate to reprint Mr Bridges' useful introduction to the *opus majus*, and many students will be glad to have it separately. Moreover, the editor's notes are useful, though they would have been far more valuable if they had included references to more recent research. We do not, of course, suggest that he should agree with all the findings of Maudonnet, Duhem, de Wulf and others, but as the work was edited in 1914, some indication of the general trend of late criticism should have been given. As it is, the volume will prove useful to students of the history, science and philosophy of the thirteenth century.

The second volume of commemoration essays, edited by Mr Little, is in every sense admirable. It is also as international as are the admirers and students of the friar. Professor Baur of Tübingen, to whose essay on the cosmology of Grossetête we recently referred, here gives a good summary of Grossetête's influence on Bacon's scientific thought. M. Picavet, Secretary of the Collège de France, considers the friar's place among thirteenth century philosophers, in an article which, while being extremely interesting and readable, contains little that is new. Cardinal Gasquet, in a short paper on "Roger Bacon and the Latin Vulgate," gives us a vigorous summary of Roger's opinions and suggestions. In fact, nearly every aspect of Bacon's activity is treated separately by some critic or authority of standing. M. Duhem—to whom, as ever, we extend a warm welcome—discusses "Bacon et l'horreur der vide"; Professor Smith of Columbia, "Roger's place in the History of Mathematics"; Professor Wiedemann and Dr Vogl, his optics and theory of sensible species; Mr Withington his medicine; Dr Hirsch his philology and so on.

Of the several remaining essays which go to make an unusually complete and valuable survey of Roger's many-sided genius, we might especially refer our readers to Sir John Sandys' treatment of "Roger Bacon in English Literature," and to the editor's own paper, "On the Life and Works of Bacon," to which he has added, by way of an appendix, an annotated bibliography with reference to the MSS. and printed editions. His paper, in which he has incorporated Professor Adamson's analysis of the main drift of the *opus majus*, is particularly welcome; with Father Maudonnet's work, to which he constantly refers, it is one of the most discriminating papers on Roger Bacon that we possess.

An interesting feature of the volume is that each contributor writes in his own language. It raises the hope that we in England may cease to live in isolation and disregard of the labours of so many able continental critics of mediæval thought and science.

Two recent studies on the theory of knowledge call for special notice,

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Perception, Physics and Reality, by Mr C. D. Broad (Cambridge Press. pp. 387. 10s. 6d.), and *Our Knowledge of the External World*, by Mr Bertrand Russell (Open Court Co. pp. 244, 7s. 6d.). Both come from the "Cambridge School" which bids fair to give a final blow to the absolute idealism which for so long has held the field in England.

Mr Broad seeks to discuss what physics can teach us about reality. Its presuppositions in the case of unsophisticated scientists—that is, with those who have not adopted in some form the tenets of phenomenism—practically coincide with those of the naïf realist. To this type of realism, therefore, Mr Broad first directs his attention. Nearly all the supposed arguments against it are treated fairly, and then dismissed owing to some idealistic confusion, or to some flaw in the method of argument. Passing on, the author, in a long chapter packed with much argumentative analysis, considers the truth and probability of causal laws as a preliminary, obviously, to the discussion of the causal theory of perception. This treatment of causality seems to us the least inspiring and least adequate part of the book. In fact, "causality" would seem to be the great weakness of the Cambridge School. After stating the truths of the causal laws in terms of probability—a concession which we trust the author will be led to withdraw—he passes to consider phenomenism and the causal theory of perception. His own summary is significant: "I have tried," he says, "to clear up the relation between the causes of our perceptions and the reality of the objects, and have been forced to conclude that, in all probability, the objects of our perceptions do not exist when they are not perceived, although there is no absolutely conclusive proof of this." We do not wonder that Mr Broad should "hanker after a more realistic view" than his study reaches. There is, however, something very attractive in the modesty of Mr Broad's conclusions, even if the style is completely lacking in vividness. There is much of value in his volume, and even where philosophers differ from the author, they may justly feel that they are dealing with a very straightforward and competent opponent.

Mr Russell's Lowell lectures entitled *Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy* are extraordinarily interesting. The whole eight lectures "are an attempt to show, by means of examples, the nature, capacity and limitations of the logical-analytic method in philosophy"—a method which Mr Russell holds, "is definite and adequate, in all branches of philosophy, to yield whatever objective scientific knowledge it is possible to obtain."

The first lecture strikes a challenging note. "Philosophy from earliest times has made greater claims, and achieved fewer results than any other branch of learning." The reason is that the misuse of logic has been almost perverse. It has been made to establish propositions by successive elimination, whereas, as a rule, it really only shows "the possibility of hitherto unsuspected alternatives." The Aristotelian logic is dismissed as "trivial nonsense." In logic which is the "essence of philosophy"—how strange that the essence should be a method of thought!—is that mathematical logic, which in its modern development is due to Boole,

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Frege and Peano. This is the new logic which is to give wing to thought. In his subsequent lectures, the method is applied to our knowledge of the external world, and to the cosmological-mathematical questions of continuity and infinity. The last lecture on the "notion of cause" seems to us poor and incomplete. In dealing with the external world, or rather external minds, Mr Russell concludes—the tone is indicative of the "new" method—"the hypothesis that other people have minds must, I think, be allowed to be not susceptible of any very strong support from the analogical argument. At the same time it is an hypothesis which systematizes a vast body of facts and never leads to any consequence, which there is reason to think false." The book is undoubtedly valuable, and many of the criticisms levelled at the older logic are well worth making. Mr Russell will possibly be glad to hear that many of his strictures apply only to that logic as understood and used by idealist contemporaries, and that "es wohnen noch Leute hinter dem Berge." Apart from the challenging character of some assertions about the "new" method—the philosophic market is full of new methods at the moment!—and a few casual criticisms of older systems, the work is probably one of the most thoughtful contributions of recent years to the theory of knowledge.

The name of Professor Freud has lately become familiar to all students of psychology. His study of dreams, of mental diseases, and of curious pathological cases has all been illuminated by his theory that every event, however casual and apparently meaningless, can be connected with some problem or conflict or suppressed desire below the threshold of consciousness. The theory is certainly useful, but the professor's concentration on the one particular type of sexual desire has already done much to take away from the balance of his work. Now in *Psycho-Pathology of Every-day Life*, translated by Dr Brill (Fisher Unwin. pp. 342. 12s. 6d.), Professor Freud continues his inquiry into the ordinary occurrences of life. We are asked to survey such phenomena as the forgetting of proper names or foreign words, *lapsus linguæ*, chance actions, and to see in all, not examples of merely fortuitous activity, but the work of some underlying problem, conflict or desire. Substitutions of wrong words are due to long trains of half-suppressed thought; forgetfulness of such a name as "Castelvetrano," is due to the presence of the "vetrano" suffix which an elderly man may not wish to recall. Briefly in every inversion of phrase, or apparent twist of the tongue, in every forgotten word, we may trace the work of some desire or motion of displeasure. To the proof of his thesis, Dr Freud has brought much ingenuity and labour in collecting facts. But it must be allowed that he strains belief, and indeed logic, often enough to the snapping-point, and that much of his volume is vitiated by a tendency to see the manifestation of sexual desire everywhere and in almost everything. In consequence of this *idée-fixe*, many of the instances quoted seem to us less than worthless. To psychologists, however, who are interested in Freudian theories the book may be recommended.

We may add, as we are thinking of psychology, a short notice of M.

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Cartault's *l'Intellectuel* (Félix Alcan. pp. 311. 5 frs.). It is a study in what may be termed literary psychology. It is, in fact, a series of essays written in easy, graceful French on the nature and manners of "intellectuals." M. Cartault knows well that "intellectualism"—we protest in passing against the barbarous multiplication of "isms"—is not in fashion, though he is persuaded that the whole progress of mankind, in the domain of science and philosophy, depends upon the much-abused methods of the intellectualists. The study is undoubtedly interesting, and often even stimulating. It is pleasant, too, to know that yet another professor of the Sorbonne has managed to resist all the advertisements and promises of the latest "intuitional" method.

We may glance, finally, at three works on Metaphysic, *Ontology*, by Dr Coffey (Longmans. pp. 439. 10s. 6d.). *L'être et les principes Métaphysiques*, by Professor Balthasar (l'Institut Supérieur, Louvain. pp. 48), and M. Bruneteau's edition of St Thomas Aquina's *De Ente et Essentia* (Bloud et Gay. pp. 160. 2 frs.).

Dr Coffey's book constitutes a full summary of metaphysic, here happily freed from the obsessing theory of knowledge, and regarded as the science of being or reality. Apart from the great leaders, his work has been chiefly inspired by the *Institutiones Metaphysicae* of Father Urraburu, and of the *Métaphysique Générale* of Cardinal Mercier. He passes in review the whole question of being, thus fixing the object of metaphysical inquiry, before discussing the transcendental properties of unity, goodness and truth. There follows a full and adequate treatment of all the leading types of reality—the categories, that is to say, of substance and the accidents. Finally, we discuss the causes of being, and the whole doctrine of efficient and final causality. The whole constitutes an admirable volume, which is certainly the best manual of scholastic metaphysics in English. Naturally, however, we were not fully satisfied. Dr Coffey's treatment of the great problem of the real distinction between essence and existence seemed to us weak and unconvincing. We submit that he would have been much better advised had he followed Cardinal Mercier's *Métaphysique* on this point, as there can be little doubt that the Cardinal has given us the mind of St Thomas, and, what is more important, that St Thomas's arguments in favour of the real distinction are irrefragable. Cardinal Billot is equally clear on this point, which leads to his particularly able treatment of nature and person. Then, too, we should like to have seen "actus" and "potentia" treated as a cross-division of all reality. The fact is that all reality, of whatsoever kind, has two divisions, one into actus and potentia, the other into substance and the well-known accidents. Lastly, we could have wished that Dr Coffey had omitted all references to Catholic theology. We know how difficult it must be to pass the self-denying ordinance, when one feels tempted to open up whole vistas of theological doctrine by the application of a piece of metaphysical analysis. But the cause of philosophy is better served by the omission of all such references. Philosophy and theology are sciences differing alike

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in matter and method: it is better to keep them separate. Moreover it is only by keeping them strictly separate that we hope to gain a hearing for our philosophy in non-Catholic and non-Christian circles. These are obviously only minor criticisms, which do not take away from our appreciation of Dr Coffey's work which is an excellent account of scholastic ontology.

Professor Balthasar's pamphlet entitled *l'être et les principes Métaphysiques* is just one of the many indications of the prosperity and success of the Thomistic School at Louvain which makes it impossible to suppress a deep feeling of anger and bitterness at the destruction of the University. M. Balthasar's work is an inspiring synthesis of Thomistic Metaphysic. All that is unessential has been omitted, in order that the foundation-principles of St Thomas's teaching might be the more readily grasped. The style is lucid, and unusually interesting, and the numerous references will be found valuable by many students. The short pamphlet gives at least the setting and solution of the main problems with admirable concision.

Our last word about metaphysic must be devoted to M. Emile Bruneteau's edition of *De Ente et Essentia*. In a very short space, the author has contrived to give an historical and philosophical introduction to the opusculum—a most readable and vigorous little summary—followed by the Latin text and a French translation which face each other on opposite pages. The *De Ente* is one of the richest and most synthetic of St Thomas's works—and in parts one of the most difficult, owing to the succinctness of the thought. It will be remembered by those who have tried to struggle through Cajetan's commentary, how he often devotes a whole chapter to unravelling a few lines of St Thomas's text. In future, the work of reading and enjoying the opusculum will be greatly facilitated by M. Bruneteau's little study. Such work is worth incomparably more to the cause of Thomism than the publication of synopses and manuals "ad mentem St Thomæ."

We are holding over several important volumes for review in our next chronicle. Meanwhile, we may just mention them. Mr Shand's *Foundations of Character* (Macmillan. pp. 532. 12s.) is one of the most profoundly interesting studies in psychology that we have read for some years. The result of many years' study and labour, it would seem at last to have laid the solid foundations of a science of human character and of the tendencies of emotions and feelings. Professor Burnet's *Greek Philosophy*, Part I, Thales to Plato (Macmillan. pp. 360. 10s. 6d.) is doubtless already in the hands of all lovers and students of Greek thought. It is an extremely valuable work, which will be found to throw light on a number of highways and by-ways of the most elusive systems. And lastly, we hope to return to Dr George Galloway's *Philosophy of Religion* (T. & T. Clark. pp. 602. 12s.) which really calls for a long critical notice.

JOHN G. VANCE

CARDINAL MERCIER *on the* MARTYRDOM OF BELGIUM

THE Pastoral of Cardinal Mercier has created a deep impression in circles often impervious to Catholic influences. It reached the present writer in the United States, and admiration for it was there general. A professor at Yale University spoke of it publicly in a lecture to his students as the greatest utterance the war has elicited.

The key to the greatness of the Pastoral is to be found not only in its words and thoughts, but in the suffering of its writer. It is easy to speak words of religious resignation while life is on the whole prosperous, or to preach resignation to others when sorrow does not come home to oneself. Such exhortations need not be what Newman used to call "unreal words"; they may be quite sincere, but they may be little more than the mechanical repetition of Christian formulæ which we were taught in our youth to use in the minor trials of life. They are easy of utterance. That Divine Providence should occasionally try us, to prevent our being spoiled by good fortune, is readily intelligible to us and in harmony with the obvious justice of things. But when those who are conscious that they have done their duty find themselves in consequence crushed and overwhelmed, such words of resignation are not spoken so easily or so glibly. And this is what has come to the Belgian people to whom and for whom their Primate speaks in this Pastoral. A dissolute and unbelieving nation might perhaps feel stricken with remorse and accept such punishment as deserved, if it were sent to them. It would be easier for them to understand and to bear. A nation which is frugal, well-conducted and Christian, on the other hand, cannot but ask, "How have we deserved this?" It has no career of vice to atone for; and it was an act of heroism which was the immediate cause of its irreparable disaster. The human heart rebels. And if suffering is prolonged and

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prayer for deliverance is not heard, the very faith of its people is shaken, and they ask, "Is there a just God in Heaven?" It is in such cases that words, which are little more than beautiful expressions, easily uttered in time of comparative ease, cost much, mean much, and are fully realized in their meaning. Rebellious anger will prevent some from uttering sentences which are so readily spoken by all when they mean little. But deep and faithful hearts, even in time of mortal agony, will say with Job, "Although He should kill me, I will trust in Him." Such an avowal of resignation, coming from the stricken heart, has a thousandfold value and glory. It is not mere speech. It is an act of heroic endurance. Therefore it is that the words of the Cardinal, as he writes from the midst of his own stricken people, whose sorrows are his sorrows, his heart rent by the suffering of his nearest and dearest, are of a weight and also of a helpfulness which *mere* literature can never afford.

We see, indeed, throughout this great Pastoral that its writer has before his mind some who are disposed to rebel and blaspheme against the Christian creed in this awful and apparently undeserved visitation. For such he has words, which, if they are a rebuke, show also the sympathy of understanding.

Indeed, such catastrophes in human history present an insoluble mystery. They do show that God's ways are beyond our comprehension. We can do little more in their presence than cry blindly for deliverance in the words of the Litany: "From pestilence, famine and war, O Lord, deliver us." There is, however, one reply to those who are tempted to disbelieve and rebel. That reply is contained in the story of the Founder of Christianity. If God is now seen to inflict suffering on those who are comparatively innocent, at all events He did not spare His own perfectly innocent Son. The very purest and best of men suffered more than the greatest malefactors have suffered. This does not, indeed, solve the mystery of such suffering, or make us understand how it can in such cases be just, but it does all that most

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human explanations can do; it brings it under a general law, and we bow to the law, the full meaning of which we shall only know when our minds and our horizons are enlarged in another world. This is the Cardinal's message to his suffering people. It rises above mere literature. It is expressed, indeed, with the clearness and beauty natural to one who is accustomed to write well, but it has also the moving power which more usually belongs to faltering accents or half-spoken words, or grief even too deep for utterance. And thus it gives to all who read it the strength given by example as well as by precept. The Prelate himself is broken by suffering, and yet he trusts and he bids his flock do the same.

Those who have not read this Pastoral will be grateful to have some of its moving words set before them. And those who have already seen it will be glad to read them again. The Cardinal first tells us how the terrible news came to him during his absence in Rome, and how at once the central source of Christian hope and trust came to his aid and never afterwards left him—the thought of the law of suffering which Christ consecrated in his own person.

Afar from my diocese, without means of communication with you, I was compelled to lock my grief within my own afflicted heart, and to carry it, with the thought of you, which never left me, to the foot of the Crucifix.

I craved courage and light, and sought them in such thoughts as these: A disaster has visited the world, and our beloved little Belgium, a nation so faithful in the great mass of her population to God, so upright in her patriotism, so noble in her King and Government, is the first sufferer. She bleeds; her sons are stricken down, within her fortresses, and upon her fields, in defence of her rights and of her territory. Soon there will not be one Belgian family not in mourning. Why all this sorrow, my God? Lord, Lord, hast Thou forsaken us? Then I looked upon the Crucifix. I looked upon Jesus, most gentle and humble Lamb of God, crushed, clothed in His blood as in a garment, and I thought I heard from His own mouth the words which the Psalmist uttered in His name: "O God, my God, look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me? O my God, I shall cry, and Thou wilt not hear."

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And forthwith the murmur died upon my lips; and I remembered what Our Divine Saviour said in His Gospel: "The disciple is not above the master, nor the servant above his Lord." The Christian is the servant of a God who became man in order to suffer and to die. To rebel against pain, to revolt against Providence, because it permits grief and bereavement, is to forget whence we came, the school in which we have been taught, the example that each of us carries graven in the name of a Christian; which each of us honours at his hearth, contemplates at the altar of his prayers, and of which he desires that his tomb, the place of his last sleep, shall bear the sign.

But the Cardinal does not neglect to point to the more human comfort which Belgians will find in the imperishable and universal glory which the heroism of their soldiers has won.

In truth our soldiers are our saviours. A first time, at Liège, they saved France; a second time, in Flanders, they arrested the advance of the enemy upon Calais. France and England know it; and Belgium stands before them both, and before the entire world, as a nation of heroes. Never before in my whole life did I feel so proud to be a Belgian as when, on the platforms of French stations, and halting awhile in Paris, and visiting London, I was witness of the enthusiastic admiration our Allies feel for the heroism of our army. The foremost duty of every Belgian citizen at this hour is gratitude to the Army.

For those who feel that it is all too much for their faith, who are inclined to rebel against Providence, the Pastoral has words of understanding sympathy which give helpfulness to its exhortations.

Oh, all too easily do I understand how natural instinct rebels against the evils that have fallen upon Catholic Belgium; the spontaneous thought of mankind is ever that virtue should have its instantaneous crown, and injustice its immediate retribution. But the ways of God are not our ways, the Scripture tells us. Providence gives free course, for a time measured by Divine wisdom, to human passions and the conflict of desires. God, being eternal, is patient. The last word is the word of mercy, and it

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belongs to those who believe in love. "Why art thou sad, O my soul? and why dost thou disquiet me?" *Quare tristis es anima mea, et quare conturbas me?* Hope in God. Bless Him always; is He not thy Saviour and thy God? *Spera in Deo quoniam adhuc confitebor illi, salutare vultus mei et Deus meus.*

Then the Prelate tells something of the story of the desolation which has come on the Belgian land.

I have traversed the greater parts of the districts most terribly devastated in my diocese; and the ruins I beheld, and the ashes, were more dreadful than I, prepared by the saddest forebodings, could have imagined. Other parts of my diocese, which I have not yet had time to visit, have in like manner been laid waste. Churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, convents in great numbers, are in ruins. Entire villages have all but disappeared, At Werchter-Wackerzeel, for instance, out of three hundred and eighty homes, a hundred and thirty remain; at Tremeloo two-thirds of the village are overthrown; at Bueken out of a hundred houses, twenty are standing; at Schaffen one hundred and eighty-nine houses out of two hundred are destroyed—eleven still stand. At Louvain the third part of the buildings are down; one thousand and seventy-four dwellings have disappeared; on the town land and in the suburbs, one thousand, eight hundred and twenty-three houses have been burnt.

In this dear city of Louvain, perpetually in my thoughts, the magnificent church of St Peter will never recover its former splendour. The ancient college of St Ives, the art schools, the consular and commercial schools of the University, the old markets, our rich library with its collections, its unique and unpublished manuscripts, its archives, its gallery of great portraits of illustrious rectors, chancellors, professors, dating from the time of its foundation, which preserved for masters and students alike a noble tradition and were an incitement in their studies—all this accumulation of intellectual, of historic, and of artistic riches, the fruit of the labours of five centuries—all is in the dust.

Many a parish lost its pastor. There is now sounding in my ears the sorrowful voice of an old man of whom I asked whether he had had Mass on Sunday in his battered Church. "It is two months," he said, "since we had a church." The parish priest and the curate had been interned in a concentration camp.

Thousands of Belgian citizens have in like manner been deported

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to the prisons of Germany, to Munsterlagen, to Celle, to Magdeburg. At Munsterlagen alone three thousand one hundred civil prisoners were numbered. History will tell of the physical and moral torments of their long martyrdom. Hundreds of innocent men were shot. I possess no complete necrology; but I know that there were ninety-one shot at Aerschot, and that there, under pain of death, their fellow citizens were compelled to dig their graves. In the Louvain group of communes one hundred and seventy-six persons, men and women, old men and sucklings, rich and poor, in health and sickness, were shot or burnt.

In my diocese alone I know that thirteen priests or religious were put to death.* One of these, the parish priest of Gelrode, suffered, I believe, a veritable martyrdom. I made a pilgrimage to his grave, and, amid the little flock which so lately he had been feeding with the zeal of an apostle, there did I pray to him that from the height of heaven he would guard his parish, his diocese, his country.

We can neither number our dead nor compute the measure of our ruins.

Thus far the keynote of the Belgian Primate's address has been a deep sympathy. Yet the note of warning—of firm warning and even rebuke—is necessary for the Christian pastor who remembers that all suffering is sent in punishment for sin.—“Bear your suffering”—he says in effect—“in the right spirit of one who is filled with a noble patriotism, who sorrows for any act of his own, and who, worthy of a great Christian land, is determined to turn the cleansing effect of suffering to the purification of his own heart and the making it worthy of the Christian vocation, and all will be well in due time. Suffering will pass and give place to joy.”

* In his letter of January 24 to the German Commandant of the Malines area, Cardinal Mercier wrote: “The names of the priests and of the religious of the diocese of Malines who to my knowledge have been put to death by the German troops are the following: Dupierreux, of the Society of Jesus; Brothers Sebastian and Albert, Josephites; Brother Candidus, Brother of Mercy; Father Maximinus, Capuchin; Father Vincent, Franciscan Conventual; Carette, professor; and Fathers Lombaerts, Goris, de Clerck, Dergent, Wouters, and Van Bladel, parish priests.”

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With holy Tobias we know that because we have sinned He has chastised us, but because He is merciful He will save us.

It would perhaps be cruel to dwell upon our guilt now, when we are paying so well and so nobly what we owe. But shall we not confess that we have indeed something to expiate? He who has received much, from him shall much be required. Now, dare we say that the moral and religious standard of our people has risen as its economic prosperity has risen? The observance of Sunday rest, the Sunday Mass, the reverence for marriage, the restraints of modesty—what had you made of these? What, even within Christian families, had become of the simplicity practised by our fathers, what of the spirit of penance, what of respect for authority? And we too, we priests, we religious, I, the Bishop, we whose great mission it is to present in our lives, yet more than in our speech, the Gospel of Christ, have we earned the right to speak to our people the word spoken by the apostle to the nations, "Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ?" We labour indeed, we pray indeed, but it is all too little. We should be, by the very duty of our state, the public expiators for the sins of the world. But which was the thing dominant in our lives—expiation, or our comfort and well-being as citizens? Alas, we have all had times in which we too fell under God's reproach to His people after the escape from Egypt: "The beloved grew fat and kicked, they have provoked me with that which was no god, and I will provoke them with that which is no people." Nevertheless He will save us; for He wills not that our adversaries should boast that they, and not the Eternal, did these things. "See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God beside me. I will kill and I will make to live, I will strike and I will heal."

God will save Belgium, my Brethren, you cannot doubt it.

Nay rather, He is saving her.

Across the smoke of conflagration, across the stream of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs, of His love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay, which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? When in her throes she brings forth heroes, our Mother Country gives her own energy to the blood of those sons of hers. Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. There were Belgians, and many such, who wasted their time and their talents in futile quarrels of class with class, of race with race, of passion with personal passion.

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Yet when, on August 2, a mighty foreign power, confident in its own strength and defiant of the faith of treaties, dared to threaten us in our independence, then did all Belgians, without difference of party, or of condition, or of origin, rise up as one man, close-ranged about their own King, and their own Government and cry to the invader: "Thou shalt not go through!"

At once, instantly, we were conscious of our own patriotism. For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, *Res publica*. And this profound will within us is Patriotism.

One more quotation we must allow ourselves. The self-sacrifice of the soldiers, terrible and glorious, bringing glory forever to their memory and glory to the families from which they are sprung, is written large on the pages of this Pastoral.

Greater love than this no man hath [said Our Saviour] that a man lay down his life for his friends. And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice; but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the theologian? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love?

Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all griefs, of all our human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence but our congratulation. Not all our heroes obtain temporal honours, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity: it cancels a whole lifetime of sins. It transforms a sinful man into a saint.

Assuredly a great and a Christian comfort is the thought that not only amongst our own men, but in any belligerent army whatsoever, all who in good faith submit to the discipline of their leaders in the service of a cause they believe to be righteous, are sharers in the eternal reward of the soldier's sacrifice. And how

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many may there not be among these young men of twenty who, had they survived, might possibly not have had the resolution to live altogether well, and yet in the impulse of patriotism had the resolution to die so well?

Is it not true, my Brethren, that God has the supreme art of mingling His mercy with His wisdom and His justice? And shall we not acknowledge that if war is a scourge for this earthly life of ours, a scourge whereof we cannot easily estimate the destructive force and the extent, it is also for multitudes of souls an expiation, a purification, a force to lift them to the pure love of their country and to perfect Christian unselfishness?

Then in measured and careful sentences Cardinal Mercier describes the duty of Belgium toward the invaders. He deprecates foolish bravado and disorder as no true courage. He enjoins the duty of peaceable submission to the German rulers; yet he points out that the real allegiance of his countrymen is still to their own Government. This paragraph should be read entire. No one who reads it through can question its perfect wisdom, and its fairness both to the just claim of the occupying army and to that of the yet unconquered Government of the land.

I do not require of you to renounce any of your national desires. On the contrary, I hold it as part of the obligations of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore, in soul and conscience you owe it neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience.

The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation. This authority alone has a right to our affection, our submission.

Thus, the invader's acts of public administration have in themselves no authority, but legitimate authority has tacitly ratified such of those acts as affect the general interest, and this ratification, and this only, gives them juridic value.

Occupied provinces are not conquered provinces. Belgium is no more a German province than Galicia is a Russian province. Nevertheless the occupied portion of our country is in a position it is compelled to endure. The greater part of our towns, having

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surrendered to the enemy on conditions, are bound to observe those conditions. From the outset of military operations the civil authorities of the country urged upon all private persons the necessity of abstention from hostile acts against the enemy's army. That instruction remains in force. It is our army, and our army solely, in league with the valiant troops of our Allies, that has the honour and the duty of national defence. Let us entrust the army with our final deliverance.

Towards the persons of those who are holding dominion among us by military force, and who assuredly cannot but be sensible of the chivalrous energy with which we have defended, and are still defending, our independence, let us conduct ourselves with all needful forbearance. Some among them have declared themselves willing to mitigate, as far as possible, the severity of our situation and to help us to recover some minimum of regular civic life. Let us observe the rules they have laid us down so long as those rules do not violate our personal liberty, nor our consciences as Christians, nor our duty to our country. Let us not take bravado for courage, nor tumult for bravery.

To offer further comment on this utterance from the heart of a great Prelate would be an impertinence. It is a firm and clear *fiat voluntas tua* spoken at a moment when those words seem almost impossible. It will stand out for generations as a monument of Christian patience and courage, of Christianity in action, of the power of Christ's religion, not merely to present beautiful thoughts, but to give strength and endurance in trial; to realize the great Benedictine emblem of peace encircled by a crown of thorns. Without such submission suffering must lead to that attitude of rebellious agony whose punishment is so terribly figured in the Gospels as consisting in its own perpetual duration—in an "outer darkness where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

WILFRID WARD

A VIEW OF RUSSIA

THOSE individuals who have striven to bring about a better understanding of the Russian people are at last gratified to see substantial progress in this direction. It is no exaggeration to say that formerly we were led to believe that Russia was a semi-Asiatic State, a land of darkness and evil, where, amid a welter of bloodshed, unceasingly was waged one long struggle between savage despots and frenzied Nihilists. Now has come the reaction. Russia has at last been discovered by a world which has too long neglected to take her properly into account. Without the slightest self-seeking on her own part she has been awarded that place of pride among highly civilized nations to which, by reason of her intellectual endowments and attainments, she has, indeed, ever been entitled. Unfortunately, however, there are not wanting evidences to show that such change is accompanied by a disposition to bestow indiscriminate praise upon all things Russian. Thus, while it is quite true that our gloomy conceptions of Russia in former days were exaggerated to grotesque proportions, it is no less indisputable that many, if not indeed the majority, of the new ideas which are superseding these conceptions, are equally distorted. Such a circumstance is to be deplored, not alone on account of the creation of false impressions, but because in the future, when the logic of events may open wide our eyes, counter-reaction in opinion may occur, and confusion of thought become intensified.

That Russia thoroughly merits the place to which she has attained there can be no doubt. All students of her amazing advancement must at least be at one on that score. Where, however, sharp divisions are likely to arise is in relation to the factors that have elevated her

[Another view of the character and interaction of political parties in Russia was given by Hon. Maurice Baring in October, 1910. The present article is inserted in accordance with the tradition of the DUBLIN REVIEW that on such topics both sides should have a hearing.—Ed.]

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to the pinnacle which undeniably she occupies to-day. Clearly, the question here suggested should not be restricted to discussion in a narrow circle. For, as a study, it is indissolubly bound up with the whole problem of the human race, and, if approached with fitting breadth of vision, doubtless will afford many rare and valuable clues to vital issues that are of common interest, though, as such, at present obscured by the sheer intensity of nationalism or partisanship. That such an end will ever be attained by means so ideal seems out of the question. To believe otherwise would be to give expression to almost childlike faith in the limitless possibilities of our mental equipment. Here it is important to bear in mind that we have been misled in the past, and are still being misinformed concerning Russia, because of the existence of inherent defects in those publicists and observers who have assumed the task of enlightening us. To Russia they take with them pre-conceived and rigid English notions, and these English notions provide them with a fixed standard by which they bring to bear what is left of critical faculty upon the whole range of Russian life and activity. The complaint against them is not that they are unkind in their conclusions. Indeed, as their utterances show, they become ardent enthusiasts over Russia, and frequently gain for themselves reputations as authorities upon that country. But in the end, most of them prove disappointing sources of knowledge for, temperamentally ill-fitted as they are to think as do the Russians, they resort to vague and often-times highly coloured descriptions of the superficial elements of Russian life, invariably winding up with the loose verdict that Russia is a strange and incomprehensible land, tinged with the impenetrable mysticism of the East, and one such as no outsider may thoroughly understand. Thus, while deeply impressed with all they see and hear, already themselves they have reached settled conclusions on life and its problems, and largely through fear of the consequences that may ensue if they trespass beyond their own limitations, they are incapable of illuminating the path which

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all intelligent Russians are treading—the path of courageous exploration into the limitless wastes of thought and expression. Consequently, they regard the Russians as a race to be written about objectively, not to be explained that the world at large may learn and profit. Because of this neglect, our Ally has not yet been awarded that deeper recognition it so richly deserves, beyond a generous measure of worthy praise springing from the lazy curiosity of more or less chance visitors to the country. While to a certain extent we marvel at their extraordinary gifts and attainments, can it be said that we fully realize that in truth they have succeeded to the intellectual leadership of the World to-day, and that in their refined philosophy of broad and tender humanism they set an exalted standard, well worthy of emulation by the sadly-misnamed civilization of more purely western countries? Some such definite claim as is here advanced on behalf of the Russians is timely, and with an appropriate sense of the fitness of things, may well come from an impartial outsider. Perhaps, to many people not thoroughly acquainted with Russian development, it may appear that the case is somewhat overstated. Naturally enough, these people are not easily able to rid their minds of the impression created by all that they read in the past concerning the cruelty of the autocracy, the corruption and inefficiency of its agent, the Bureaucracy, the anarchic and decadent tendencies of the revolutionary elements, carelessly classed together as the *Intelligentsia*, and the illiteracy and superstition of the millions of *moujiks*. Nor, as a general rule, is it possible to imagine how the cause of enlightenment can be served by the many contributions on Russia lately appearing in various forms. Indeed, the only result that may be expected from so clamorous a chorus is the deepening of perplexity in the public mind. Again and again we are told that all our previous conceptions about Russia are wrong. Far from being despotic the autocracy is represented as essentially beneficent, indeed, as almost paternal. As for the revolutionary element, it is said

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no longer to be of serious account. The great mass of the people are deeply loyal and fervently religious. It is not, of course, denied that political discontent exists, but the idea is spread that altogether too much has been made of such a circumstance, and in order that our perspective may be corrected the domestic troubles of Russia are frequently likened to the Irish Question. This propaganda, coming at a time when the Russian armies are gaining wonderful successes on the battlefield, has everywhere produced feelings of genuine admiration for our Ally but, as I have already implied, accompanying this admiration is a certain amount of perplexity. Thinking men cannot bring themselves to the abrupt realization that all the ideas which they have hitherto held about Russia are hopelessly wrong, and that Despotism has suddenly become Russia the free and enlightened State. The baffling circumstance is that Russia, perhaps more than any other nation, presents a mass of apparent contradictions. It follows, therefore, that if attention be merely paid to external things, it is quite possible for any observer to select for his peculiar study a set of conditions which merely accord with his own established tastes and settled opinions, and do not in any way convey a truthful picture of the vast subject chosen for discussion. To view Russia from the English standpoint as many writers do, is to learn nothing of that exquisite suffering which she is undergoing for the sake of noble ideals. Likewise, to examine her intense social problems in the light of English political history and modern development is only to gain access to a very small corner of the truth. The truth is that the Russian people have evolved their own way in the world. It is a way that is the outcome of their own peculiar condition and development. Belonging neither to Asia nor to Europe but lying midway between, and merging into, these two Continents, Russia was so situated as to be able to draw influences from many rich sources—from the Vikings of old, from Byzantium, from China, from Persia, and latterly from all the nations of Western Europe. But to-day, none the less, she is

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resplendent in the conscious power of her own clearly marked individuality. This individuality, moreover, is of a kind such as to offer a striking contrast to the material tendencies of the age. Hence we see that in Russia art is still enthroned, still triumphant. She has her own literature, her own music, her own opera, her own ballet, her own painting, her own architecture, and in all these spheres of human expression galleries of immortal names proclaim to the world her title to greatness.

The peculiarly Russian character of Russian development is a point that will bear elaboration at a later stage. But, meanwhile, we would do well to bear it in mind if at the outset we wish to remove some of our perplexities concerning the country and its problems. It is a point often overlooked by publicists who write of Russia. As a consequence, we find that in all cases they and their readers are woefully misled by external evidences, the deep and subtle causes of which they cannot probe because they are lacking the required sympathy and penetration. Little wonder is it, that ludicrous exaggeration is substituted for reasoned explanation and that extreme views, strangely opposed to each other, bewilder the mind. Let us take the example of the fervid Radical and irrational sentimentalist from England, who, at different times, has paid considerable attention to Russia. Well-meaning, but on that account none the less sadly warped in mind, he is at best a dry and prejudiced observer. Rightly, he is horrified at the ruthlessness of the Autocracy, and, as an honest citizen in his own country, is disgusted at the maladministration and corruption of the Bureaucracy. He then turns to the *Intelligentsia*, thinking, with all his self-assurance, that here he must find his soul's affinity. But soon he is brought to the realization that this class has nothing in common with the conventional limitations of the lower *bourgeois* life to which he has been accustomed. Here it must be remarked that the Russian *Intelligentsia* is no longer a restricted circle, but is thoroughly representative of the best elements in Russian life. It holds broad and fearless ideas on all social questions. Never does it censure crime or evil,

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no matter of what kind or variety; always it seeks to understand, to explain. Rejecting, as opposed to the spirit of true advancement, all fixed standards it never ceases to strive and to struggle. All the while its development is strained towards honest, fearless realization of the facts of life, and is sustained by the glimmer of a hope, which, in many instances, ultimately extinguishes itself in despair, that heavy mental toil and true spiritual earnestness may yet yield up secrets hitherto closed to humanity. It is hardly surprising that its lot should be suffering and gloom, illuminated only now and again by intervals of almost ecstatic happiness, and that in the case of numerous individuals, weary and worn with the incessant conflict between soul and mind, the end is the martyrdom of self-imposed solitude, and even in some instances death itself. The average Englishman, with his ready-made convictions and sensitive correctness, is incapable, both by reason of the defects and qualities in his own nature, of appreciating the almost exquisite refinement of anguish which the Russian *Intelligentsia* undergoes in its soul-searching quest of ultimate truth. If that be so, then we may well understand that our Radical extremist, broad as his views may be considered among his own kind, finds himself positively affrighted at the perilous enterprise of these intense Russian thinkers who, unsatisfied with the World as it is, break the bounds of self-complacency and, as simple pilgrims, set out along the thorny highways of inquiry and research. Nor does our Radical extremist find himself any more at home among the *moujiks*—those millions of ill-kempt, shabbily-garbed peasants—who nevertheless beneath a rough exterior house a spirit and capacity that possess great qualities and infinite possibilities. To the fact that censorious, provincial-minded critics of the type alluded to have written largely upon Russia, is to be attributed the idea that prevailed up till recently, that Russia is a land of darkness, ignorance and crime, where everything is done so contrary to the English way as to excite the deepest suspicion and mis-

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giving. It is the fact that in consequence of absurd misrepresentations of this kind, Russia was looked upon as an exile in circles where conventional standards of culture obtained. Then the political situation changed. Russia became the friend of England. The result was that our curiosity concerning Russia was keenly aroused. Various forms of Russian art reached this country and were enthusiastically admired, quite as much for their own sake as on account of the sympathetic state of public feeling towards Russia.

In return many journalists and writers began to visit Russia. Let it be frankly said that in Russia the majority of these men would be regarded as representative of the upper and middle *bourgeoisie*. Naturally they sought out and were sought by the bureaucrats who, with ends similar to their own in view, flattered them with attentions, and generally charmed them by the display of those elegant manners for which the Russian gentleman is world famous. Many things were told them which their hosts sincerely believed to be true, and not a few of which were indeed true, while of the rest, some were partially true. The important circumstance to remember is that these things fitted in with the pre-conceived notions of the individuals who went to Russia to hear them. That they gathered support from certain superficial evidences prominent in the country is not to be denied. But the total result which is expressed in unbounded admiration for Russia as a State is seriously misleading. To begin with, the fundamental error is committed of confusing repression and reaction with moderate Conservatism, such as is practised in England. In Russia it is government by the excesses of the former, not by the restraints of the latter that prevails. If it were possible to dispense with oppressive measures in the process, all of us would, no doubt, feel inclined to sympathize with any country that aims at avoiding the odious evils to which party politics give rise. But, unfortunately, in every nation where such a course is now being pursued as a deliberate policy, the initial reservation precludes its

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success. Yet this initial reservation is certainly essential to human welfare, and overrides all other considerations of merely sectional importance in the community. It is urged that conditions in Russia are unique. That claim is true in a sense, but even though this fact be admitted, we are still far from a justification of repression. Abuses have to a large extent obscured ideals. As a consequence there has grown up in Russia to-day a class apart and distinct from the general population—a class known as Bureaucrats, which in the popular mind consists of the half-million officials or *Chinovniks* employed in the various institutions of the public authorities. It is, of course, not strictly correct to place the whole of this vast army of civil servants in the category of the Bureaucrats. The lesser officials are ill-paid and care little as to what form of Government they serve, so long as they can make ends meet. Many of these, after leaving the Universities, are attracted to the service by the prospect of a settled livelihood, and, properly speaking, their place in the community is among the *Intelligentsia*. But, on the whole, the Bureaucracy is a compact mass, recruited mainly from the ranks of the landowning nobility. Aristocracy, as such, has almost ceased to exist. The upper Bureaucracy, while not ensuring the continuation of the Aristocracy's traditions and exclusiveness, has succeeded in acquiring its power and privileges.

As at once the instrument and the manifestation of absolutism, this section of the community is now the only power in the land. Without some first-hand knowledge of Russia it will be difficult to appreciate the true significance of this statement. Generally speaking, the attempt to centralize in Petrograd the control of so vast an Empire provides a bureaucratic system that in theory, and, indeed, as far as guiding principles are concerned is, in fact, rigid. Yet in the districts that are remote, and these are almost the invariable rule in a land where the means of communication are sadly neglected, many officials, partly from motives arising out of personal arrogance and partly from the belief that their policy

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must necessarily accord with the spirit of absolutism, practise tyranny and extortion in their relations with the people. Though to a lesser degree, a similar evil is also to be noted even in the more populated centres, and the conclusion is therefore unavoidable, that it is inseparable from a system that provides considerable latitude to individual authority, so long as the principles of autocracy be rigorously upheld. Thus it has come about that all progressive Russians regard the Bureaucracy as the enemy of intellectual society, and the scourge of Slavophile culture. The Court, they declare, is saturated with the evil spirit of the Bureaucracy, and the Tsar hears only the counsels of the Bureaucrats. All the higher governing bodies of the State—the Council of Empire, the Senate, and the Council of Ministers—are composed of Bureaucrats. Likewise, all superior posts, such as Governor-General, Governor, Procurator, Ambassador, etc., are filled by Bureaucrats. Finally, all the bulwarks of the Autocracy, the Forces of the Empire, not forgetting that highly-important institution the police and *gendarmierie*, are officered by Bureaucrats. The idea of the Bureaucracy as a caste apart, is further emphasized in that all *Chinovniks* wear a uniform and are represented in the popular imagination as soulless individuals, employing a pompous language peculiarly their own, and immersed, up to their ears, in dry documents. Moreover, various grades govern their occupation, the highest rank being that of Civil General, which carries with it the right to use the title “Excellency”—a privilege which, as may well be imagined, the wives of officials rejoice in.

An interesting, and at the same time significant, circumstance is that a large number of Germans, including many nobles from the Baltic provinces, succeeded in gaining admission to this *Chinovnik* class, and, although nominally Russian subjects, they have not failed to make use of their privileged position to exert strong influence in favour of Germany. The Bureaucracy was bad enough in itself, so thought all serious-minded Russians—but a Bureaucracy under Prussian domination

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was rightly looked upon as the extreme limit of effrontery, the open flouting of Slav self-esteem. To the charge of Prussian inspiration is laid much of the sorrowing and suffering which Russia has undergone. German advisers are said to have counselled ruthless methods of repression in connection with the revolution. It is an historic fact, no matter of mere hearsay, that they supported the voice of the Kaiser, when he encouraged Russia to embroil herself in war with Japan, that her strength in Europe might be diminished. And so soon as Russia, bleeding from wounds inflicted upon her in distant Manchuria, and torn in every limb by revolution at home, lay helpless, Germany cynically proceeded to impose upon her a commercial treaty, the selfish terms of which have few parallels in the history of international relations. With the ready money which this iniquitously one-sided agreement put in Germany's pocket, she largely financed her growth in armaments, and it was the knowledge that the term of expiry was approaching, coupled with the all-round economic strain she underwent, owing to military expansion, that induced her to hasten the striking hour. In a variety of other ways German influence made itself felt in Russia in a manner such as to arouse widespread suspicion of its motive and purpose. For example, geographical proximity and the favourable provisions of the commercial treaty gave Germany the preponderating share in the foreign trade of Russia, and, as a consequence, Germans flocked to Russia in increasing numbers, many securing important financial or managerial interests in Russian industries. They treated those Russians who were unfortunate enough to come within the scope of their authority, with a considerable degree of ill-bred *hauteur* and, true to their mistaken notions of what constitutes culture, they did not fail on all conceivable occasions to dwell upon the comfortable conditions to be found in their own country, in contrast with the primitive and untidy state of many external things in Russia. This German penetration into Russia is no new development. German colonies have long been

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established in the Volga region, which may be said to lie near to the heart of the Empire. Also German influence over the Bureaucracy is bound up with the history of Russia. Describing the memorable events of 1812, Tolstoy, in *War and Peace*, frequently alludes in caustic terms to its evil effects, and remarks that in the Russian Army of those times, it used to be said in certain instances, where an officer had been raised in rank, that he was "promoted to be a German." In general, the Russian Bureaucracy has always been susceptible to superficial foreign influences. Whereas members of the Russian *Intelligentsia* can rarely afford the luxury of travel, and, on that account, it is to be regretted, are seldom seen abroad, every year representatives of the Bureaucracy flocked to all the fashionable centres of enjoyment throughout Europe. From France, the language and modes were copied by the elegant society of Petrograd. It was not uncommon for a Russian to speak French more fluently than his own native tongue, and in many Russian families to this day conversation is conducted as much in the French as it is in the Russian language. The indiscriminate aping of foreign ways, accompanied as it not infrequently is by open contempt for the more free and easy manners of the genuine Russians, highly exasperates the *Intelligentsia*.

Yet, it must not be imagined that this opposition to the Bureaucracy finds expression only among the more highly educated classes. Practically all Russians, irrespective of their political views, are against a system whereby half a million petty Autocrats are distributed over a country, to keep in a state of mental subjection a vigorous and rapidly increasing population of one hundred and sixty million people. Not the least welcome sign of the times is that many *Chinovniks* are themselves alive to the anomalous position which they hold in modern Russia. As a whole, however, it is plainly evident that the Bureaucracy is determined not to yield up any of its privileges without a stern struggle. To appreciate the problem of Russia it is necessary to bear ever in mind

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that in the maintenance of these privileges, is wrapped up the whole question of the perpetuation of Autocratic Power.

As far as the Government and its supporters are concerned they have only one answer to make to the critics of the existing regime and, on the surface, that answer is convincing. It is that the Russian masses, among whom the percentage of illiteracy is remarkably high, are totally unfitted to exercise the rights of self-government, and that the malcontents compose a very small section of the Russian people. In regard to this last statement, it is perfectly true that the peasants, who number nearly seventy per cent of the population, speak of the Tsar almost in the same breath as they do of the Almighty. But the sentiment to which they thus give expression is due rather to a spirit of submission within them, than to the active manifestation of feelings of loyalty. Long years of subjection, formerly as serfs of the landowner and latterly as creatures of the commune, have given them an exaggerated fear of authority, while the unenlightenment which unceasingly governs their lives, and the bitter hardships of their lot generally, have bred in their bone what is at once a faith and a fatalism. If at times their lot appear almost unbearable, they are ill-disposed to murmur. In the hour of their deepest misfortunes merely they remark, *Na to volya Bojia*—(It is God's will) or *Bog dal—Bog vzeal* (God gave and God took). The Orthodox Church, it must also be remembered, teaches devotion to the throne as part of its creed, and consequently the *moujik* who is profoundly fervent in his observances, not unnaturally accepts loyalty as an inseparable part of his religion.

In spite of the fact that the majority of them cannot read or write the peasants are liberally endowed with shrewd natural gifts. With confidence it can be said that their mental development is not one whit inferior to that of similar classes in Western Europe, where elementary education has long been compulsory; on the contrary, if anything, one gathers the impression that

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intellectually they are the superior of the lower orders to be met with in other parts of the world. Frequently in out of the way Russian villages one meets with *moujiks* whose outlook on life is conspicuous for its acute wisdom. Indeed, a broad human philosophy is the leading characteristic of the Russian peasant.

Altogether, it is not at all surprising that the Russian people should believe as they do, that the future of their country reposes in the peasantry. Tolstoy's one great aim in life was to live and toil as a simple peasant. On his estate at Yasnaya Polyana he did, in fact, live very much the life of a peasant. He dressed in the garb of the peasantry, subsisted upon the spartan vegetarian diet of the peasantry, and took keen delight in working along with the peasants in the fields. At last, much to his delight, they came among themselves to call him "the clever *moujik*."

"The truth of the *moujiks*," Tolstoy once declared "is the sole truth of God and Humanity"; and frequently he defined as their cardinal virtues, patience, resignation and submission—the true spiritual ideal of the Russian people. Strange to say, in this view, even so austere a reactionary as M. Pobiedonostseff, for once felt bound to follow him. Dostoevsky, too, put all his faith in the simple *moujik*. In *The Brothers Karamazov* he causes Father Zossima to declare again and again during his fine exhortations, that God will save Russia through the medium of her peasantry.

Take care of the peasant and guard his heart. Go on educating him quietly . . . though the peasants are corrupted and cannot renounce their filthy sin, yet they know it is cursed by God and that they do wrong in sinning. So our people still believe in righteousness, have faith in God and weep tears of devotion. . . . Salvation will come from the peasants, from their faith and their weakness. I've been struck all my life in our great people by their dignity, their true and seemly dignity. I've seen it in spite of the degraded sins and poverty-stricken appearance of our peasantry. They are not servile, and even after two centuries of

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serfdom they are free in manner and bearing, yet without insolence, and not revengeful and not envious. . . . But God will save his people, for Russia is great in humility. . . .

. . . Equality is to be found only in the spiritual dignity of man, and that will be only understood among us. . . . We preserve the image of Christ and it will shine forth like a precious diamond to the whole world. So may it be, so may it be!

Thus spoke the deceased priest and monk, the Elder Zossima, according to notes taken by Alexey Fyodorovitch Karamazov, and, in these words, re-echoing the spirit of Russia itself, breathes the imperishable faith of Dostoevsky.

The manliness of character and absence of servility which Dostoevsky discovered in the peasant, exists along with that submission and patience noted by Tolstoy. No contradiction is in reality to be met with here. Essentially the *moujik* is a Christian in the most beautiful sense of the term, one humble of heart, and meek of spirit. And for that reason he is, indeed, all the more a man.

It is true that some writers, notably Uspensky, have mercilessly painted the peasantry in dark colours; and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that where squalor and ignorance prevail, hideous crime and sin are there also to be found in abundance. Yet, in extenuation of this evil-living, we ought not to forget that alcoholism, the business of which was formerly conducted as an exclusive affair of the State, had a large share in spreading degeneracy among the peasantry, whose ill-condition peculiarly exposed them to its temptations and ravages. From that point of view the total prohibition of *vodka*, recently decided upon throughout the Empire, must be regarded as a measure of liberation for the *moujiks*, hardly less historic in its benefit and importance than that which emancipated them from serfdom some half century ago. Indeed, so drastic a temperance measure is a magnificent piece of national heroism. Deprived of *vodka*, the peasant will provide the best type of his class in the world. His comprehensible lapses in the past were merely black

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patches in a field that is very fair of aspect, very rich of possibilities. For in the great heart of the *moujik*, lighting up the path of Russia's future, there burns the eternal fire of religion, the true spirit of Russia—the spirit of the Slavophile.

The story of the peasant's suffering is to all intents and purposes the history of Russia. Little more than half a century ago the Russian peasants were serfs. In those days the staple commerce of the country was shameless traffic in "souls." To-day frequently it is remarked that the lot of the *moujiks* was better then than it is now, when they are free men. It is true, that they had less individual responsibility than is the case at present, but such a consideration certainly did not compensate them for loss of liberty, nor for the abominable treatment and tortures to which, with rare exceptions, they were subjected. When Alexander II, in 1861, responding to the pressure of economic developments granted them emancipation, he unfortunately did so under conditions that in practice went a long way towards neutralizing so precious a privilege. The peasants were gathered together in communes, but the land allotted them was altogether inadequate, and the price required by way of indemnification to the landowners, extortionate. As a result, there has always been a land famine, accompanied by constantly recurring food famines. Consequently many peasants were compelled to seek work on the neighbouring estates, where formerly serfdom had prevailed, with the inevitable sequel that their labour was pitifully exploited and their last lot thus became little better than their first.

In addition to fundamental drawbacks, numerous other difficulties beset communal life. In order to ensure fair apportionment, according to kind and quality, the land was divided up into strips scattered wide distances apart, crops had to be sown by obligatory rotation, determined upon by the elders of the village, and as allotments varied in extent, in accordance with the size of families, equalization of possession was not at all secured.

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Finally, as was only to be expected, communal life stifled initiative, with the result that antiquated methods survived. At best, the average yield in Russia per acre is lower than that of any other country, and this circumstance, taken in conjunction with the uncertainty of harvests, the heavy liabilities which the *moujik* has been forced to incur, and the scarcity of land, render the the life of the peasant at all times precarious, and, at periodic intervals, positively tragic. Owing to the excessive number of deaths among the peasantry the rate of mortality in Russia is twice as high as that in England, and it is little exaggeration to say that infants die almost as fast as do flies in summer.

Yet, support of the communal institution, which gave rise to so many evils, was by no means confined to a section in the community. The view was widely held that in this system Russia found an effective means of averting the pitfalls of western advancement; that is to say, the illusion was entertained that under communism no clash between the social orders and the forces of capitalism would be possible. At one time legal difficulties were actually placed in the way of peasants wishing to leave their commune. But events were swiftly to prove the fatuity of all such measures, and to convince even the most incorrigible idealists that no golden way existed for Russia.

The emancipation of the serfs led to rapid social evolution, and an altogether new set of conditions were hastily called into being. So soon as they were deprived of forced labour the nobles with large landed estates found themselves in a predicament. Accustomed as they were to marketing "souls" at will, they could not endure the idea of treating the *moujiks* as free men, while the prospect of a wider field of competition being opened out as a consequence of the entry of independent communes into agriculture, spread among them dismay. Thereupon, in large numbers they began to sell their properties. In many instances rich and beautiful domains were disposed of at absurd prices, only to fall into the

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hands of speculative vandals, who cut down the timber and, generally speaking, under the pretext of development wrought devastation. Then the former owners went to live in the towns where, after debts had been met, they squandered what was left of their capital, and, ultimately, either they entered the Government service or engaged in commerce or business. But they were temperamentally ill-suited to the stress and strain of modern town life, and speedily fell upon evil days, with the result that they declined in popular estimation. Yet, for all that, Russians readily admit that, as a class, the landed nobles have done much for their country. In their prosperous days they dispensed a generous hospitality at their palatial country seats, and, as they had leisure in which to travel abroad and to cultivate the arts, they laid sure the foundations of Slavophile culture, contributing not a little to the ornamental advancement of the times. Anyone who desires a true picture of the warmth and splendour of life as it was led on the country estates in what is still somewhat mis-named, the "good old days" before the emancipation of the serfs, must read the stories of Turgenev and Gogol. The later phase—that still surviving—which consists in the selling out of fair estates at panic prices, was Chekhov's theme in his play, "Cherry Garden." The heroine, a noble lady, faced with ruin, had disposed for an old song of a great estate which included a beautiful cherry garden, where she had spent many hours of secluded contemplation. Weary of the town, whither she has been attracted by the glitter of social distinction, she is, one day, seized with a yearning to return to her old home. She obeys this impulse, but on entering her favourite garden is stricken with inexpressible grief and sadness at the sounds which greet her ear. The axe is at work and the noise is that of falling trees.

As a rule, the large estates pass into the hands of merchants, financiers, or the rich *moujik*, who is a rare exception among his class. The peasantry as such do not profit by the transactions. With them the want of land

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remains acute. Nor is it possible to see how this want can be satisfactorily met except by the application of some scheme under which the territories still held by private persons, and by the State and the monasteries, can be acquired. During the revolutionary period of 1905, serious agrarian riots occurred and as a consequence guards of cossacks and gendarmerie were allocated to the large estates. In succeeding years many notable reforms were introduced. Of these, the most important consisted in the creation of facilities which allowed peasants to leave the commune if they so desired. The system of Land Banks was also developed and efforts made to promote improved methods of agriculture. Yet so vast is the problem to be faced that in spite of the real progress noticeable in many regions, the general impression is left on the mind that the lot of the peasants in an average village is one of undisguised hardship and poverty, tolerable only because its seeming hopelessness imposes upon them the dignity of resignation. Another side of this problem, deeply affecting as it does the peasantry, is the spread of industrialism. For long the belief prevailed that peasants migrating to urban centres in order to work in the factories would still maintain close ties with their native village. That belief has only partially been borne out by events. The great majority of peasants engaging in productive industry have become merged into that proletariat which, of late, has grown up in Russia, almost undetected by those in whose midst it was appearing. In the character which this industry has assumed is reflected all the ills and disabilities with which Russia is burdened. The necessities of the peasants are only too frequently exploited in the labour market. An example of the squalor prevailing is to be found in the fact that in hundreds of cases lodgement rooms are divided into four corners, each corner being let to a different family. Attempts to secure improved conditions by organizing trade unions met with the methods of rigorous repression, which in turn provoked serious disturbances, avowedly political in aim and, as a

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consequence, the whole labour movement frankly assumed a revolutionary colour. The circumstance that the scarcity of capital severely restricted the growth of small enterprises, rendered the situation all the more unfavourable to the interests of the working classes. Often it has been noted that the tendency of industrial development in Russia is to approximate to that of America rather than of any European country. Capital, a considerable portion of which is imported from abroad, has become mainly concentrated in a large number of gigantic undertakings, employing enormous numbers of hands. Moreover, huge syndicates and trusts or monopolies are extensively organized. Thus the capitalist movement, backed up as it is by its ally, the Bureaucracy, has come to exert an extraordinary influence in the land.

Russia is, perhaps, more richly endowed with natural resources than any other country in the world. Within her far-reaching borders is contained in super-abundance everything that man can conceivably require, not only to supply his common wants, but also to indulge his most exacting luxuries. As yet, her vast stores of wealth have hardly been touched. That they exist, and to an extent such as to justify the fabulous estimates formed on the subject, is beyond doubt. Financial exploitation and industrial development are, therefore, bound to continue on a great scale in Russia. But in spite of that marked trend, the fact must not be lost sight of that Russia, one of the great granaries of Europe, is essentially an agricultural country. Three-quarters of her enormous population are engaged in agriculture. Bearing that circumstance in mind, and knowing as we do something of the wonderful character of the *moujik*, we can appreciate the truth contained in Dostoevsky's assertion that the future of Russia lies with the peasant. This truth, needless to say, is recognized alike by the Bureaucracy and by the active revolutionary elements in the land. These last, of course, constitute a very small section of Russia's great population. They fully recognize that hitherto they have been thwarted by the existence

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of an army composed of peasantry. Unless the loyalty of this mass be shaken, the Liberal reformers cannot hope to make any serious headway. To accomplish such a purpose clearly presents no light task. For, as we have seen, helpless Faith in the Almighty and the Tsar fill the horizon of the *moujik's* realization. Such, then, is the formidable nature of the obstacle opposing the revolutionaries who, while employing strictly secret means, are unceasing in their endeavours to reach and educate the peasants. Not a few instances are on record where, for the sole sake of gaining facilities to further the cause, cultured women married ordinary *moujiks* and went into life exile in remote villages. At the present moment when Russia is fighting so magnificently as the Ally of Great Britain, it would hardly be proper to develop, in any detail, the theme suggested by allusion to revolutionary propaganda. Here the opportunity occurs to say that, in so far as I have dealt with the internal problems of the country, I have merely referred to salient features such as constitute common ground among the great mass of Russians themselves. To me it appears even permissible to proceed a little further in the same direction, that certain exaggerated notions held in this country regarding Russia may be corrected. The statement so frequently heard, that more freedom is to be met with in Russia than in any other country, requires considerable qualification. Probably what is meant is that, as a people, the Russians are exceedingly broad in their sympathies, tolerant in their social ideas, spontaneous and sincere in their affections, and at all times inclined to gentleness, modesty and simplicity. But as far as liberty is concerned, as such is generally understood in Western Europe, it simply does not exist in Russia.

The Autocratic Power has not been perceptibly impaired as a consequence of the memorable episodes of 1905. It is true that in this year Russia was endowed with the privileges of a Constitution, but these privileges have been so curtailed in practice as to be little more

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than worthless. On account of their dangerous tendencies the first two Dumas were dissolved and, thereafter, by means of summary alterations in the electoral law and official pressure exercised in a variety of ways, care was taken that the Assembly should bear a character acceptable, on the whole, to the Bureaucracy. The Russian Duma of to-day is, therefore, merely the shadow of a Parliament. Outside the Chamber, opposition parties may not openly pursue their political aims; that is to say, legalization is denied them. Nevertheless, the mere fact that a Duma is in existence, where debates reach a high level and are reported widespread in the press, taken in conjunction with the excellent work which, in spite of official interference, is being performed by the *Zemstvo*, or local councils, enables the mass to exert some influence, even though it be denied power.

Freedom of speech exists only in principle. In practice permission is rarely granted for public meetings. The press is subjected to strict supervision and, as in the case of Japan, many newspapers maintain at a fixed salary a dummy editor, usually a man of humble origin, whose exclusive occupation it is, to expiate in prison the numerous offences committed in the columns of the journal. It is even required that concert programmes shall be first submitted to the censor. Policemen attend the entertainments, and if any item does not meet with their approval they do not hesitate at the close of the proceedings to seek out the performer and remonstrate. The fact that from political motives part of the Scriptures are actually forbidden in Russia finally exposes the pathetic ludicrousness of the whole system of censorship.

In rural districts it is within the competency of the *ooriadnik* or village policeman, himself an ignorant peasant, to interfere in cases where information is conveyed to him that the master or mistress of a certain school is believed to be what the Russians term "red"—that is to say, inclined to hold Radical views.

It is, indeed, this police surveillance with its wide activities that is the plague of life in Russia. There are the

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ordinary police and the gendarmes and the *okhrana*, or vast organization of secret political police with its army of *agents provocateurs* and spies. To each block of houses, flats, or offices in Russia is attached a first and second *dvornik*, or according to the literal translation of the word, "yard master," who is equivalent to porter or commissionaire in England. These *dvorniks* are in close touch with the police, and it is their duty to report faithfully upon the character and movements of all residents. Frequently, and sometimes on very slender suspicion, strict domiciliary searches are decided upon. Usually the time chosen for such visitations is the dead of night. If, in the opinion of the police, the evidence secured warrants the step, any individual may be arrested on the spot, and it does not always follow that relations or friends are informed of his or her fate. Often it happens that the accused is kept in gaol for as long a term as a year waiting trial and in total ignorance of the exact charge to be brought against him. At the end of that time he may be set at liberty without the slightest compensation or even apology forthcoming for his detention, and this, in spite of the circumstance that in the meantime, owing to his absence, the affairs of his business may have gone completely to ruin. So sinister and far-reaching are the ramifications of the police spy system that Russians become suspicious of each other in the ordinary social intercourse of the day, and even between parents and children ugly distrust has been known to exhibit itself. Though, as I have said, the revolutionary cause is upheld by a relatively small section of Russia's enormous population, it has always attracted adherents from the best classes, and most of the great families have at one time or another had some member connected with the movement.

But when all has been said that can be said against the Bureaucracy, and against the restrictions upon liberty imposed in Russia, the truth remains, that nowhere in the world, apart from politics, is the atmosphere so free, so profoundly democratic, as in

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Russia. It is as though the expansiveness of that great plain of which Mother Russia herself is composed—that continent of continents stretching away to the uttermost waters of the Pacific—had entered the soul of her people. The result we see is Russia, a nation of real individuals, the only nation so constituted in the whole world. Moreover, the Russian people are the only people of whom it can be said that in their heart there dwells a true and simple conception of goodness. With them the way of life is not as in the West, obscured by hard and bitter standards of justice and convention. It is a way of life, at once plain and beautiful, in which are to be seen still fresh the footprints of Him who taught mankind to be humble of spirit, and ready of forgiveness. This deep and reverent love of humanity, accompanied as it necessarily must be by a true understanding of humanity, is at once the dominating and inspiring feature of Russian character. It permeates the whole atmosphere of Russian life, giving to it a breadth and a warmth that cannot fail to awaken in the heart of the stranger a tender and confiding response. In Russia, no matter where one travels, whether it be in the towns or in remote villages hundreds of *verssts* from the railway, everywhere one is conscious of the presence of this refined gentleness, expressed as it is in what may truly be termed a simple culture of the soul, that contrasts more than favourably with the intricate and much-vaunted philosophies of the German school. It is a soul-culture that derives its vital force from the fact that it is in close relation with elemental life and all its aspirations and failures. Thus, the origins of frailty being understood, the essential dignity of humanity is allowed to remain. A man guilty of crime is looked upon as merely the victim of misfortune. Such misfortune the Russians say, quite calmly, can happen to everybody. "Any one of us may fall into prison or be compelled to shoulder the beggar's sack." So runs a Russian proverb. For lapses, which in the West would irrevocably close a career, the Russian has nothing but ready forgiveness,

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and, what is no less important, total forgetfulness. And, as I have said elsewhere, the spirit of tolerance, of which I have afforded some positive glimpses, influences the whole range of Russian life. Altogether it is a strange and bewildering contradiction that, alongside the vigorous repression of political liberty, there should exist in Russia a greater degree of individual freedom than is to be met with in any other country in the world. This sense of individual freedom you can feel almost so soon as you cross the frontier. It makes itself apparent in the homeliness and urbanity of your fellow-travellers, in their extreme simplicity of garb and manner, and in the candour of their speech, always at the same time conspicuous for its great courtliness. Later, if you have penetrated into the labyrinths of life itself in Russia, you will be surprised, accustomed as you have been to the stiff conventions of your own country, to find that in the land of Autocracy these people have succeeded in hewing their own rough and ready system of democracy. After seeing it in the working, one cannot help the reflection that it is on the lines of the system of democracy such as the Scriptures contemplated and Tolstoy advocated. In spite of the fact that many deny his teachings, the life of Tolstoy has exercised a more profound influence upon Russia than can be discerned by the present generation. He could not have done as much, of course, had he not embodied in himself the nobler features of Russian character. He appeared in the midst of the Russian people essentially as a prophet—the prophet of the Russia that is to be. But deep down in every Russian there is something of a Tolstoy; and what there is not of a Tolstoy there is of a Dostoevsky.

In the public estimation in Russia, rich and poor alike occupy the same place; the only claim to superiority admitted is that of capacity. Russia has, in fact, amid a democracy of human sympathies come nearer to creating an aristocracy of intellect than is the case with any other country. Though, in general, education has been held

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back from the masses, and in many ways subjected to severe disabilities, it must be admitted that such facilities for the spread of learning as have been created are quite the equal, if not indeed the superior, of those to be found in other parts of Europe. As far as aptitude is concerned, the Russian student is certainly unexcelled. The Universities and higher educational institutions are literally crowded with thousands upon thousands of ardent young men and women. All classes are to-day thoroughly represented at these institutions—the children of the peasantry and of merchants now mingle with those of bureaucrats and noblemen. Not only is full advantage taken of the higher educational facilities provided at home but Russian students, women and men alike, each year proceed abroad in very large numbers. They are to be found enthusiastically following their studies at all the University centres throughout Europe. At one time, indeed, the French bitterly complained that Russian students practically monopolized the resources of the *Sorbonne*.

So determined are the Russians to acquire knowledge that they will surmount any and all obstacles that beset their path. Frequently students go abroad knowing only sufficient of the language of the country to which they are proceeding to enable them to ask for their ordinary wants. Their deficiency in this respect they actually succeed in making up at the same time as they are pursuing their studies. It often happens also that these unconquerable Russians enter Universities both at home and abroad without having so much as a *kopeck* in their pockets, and the amount of intense suffering and privation they undergo while studying is astonishing. It is hardly then to be wondered at that poverty and the Russian student should have become associated together in the popular mind. But always cheery of heart, they console themselves with the remark "*Avos kak nibood soidyot,*" or "Never mind, something will happen to help us." In passing, it may be observed that in this simple remark we find expressed at once the patient and

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sanguine spirit of the whole Russian nation—of the peasants, of the *intelligentsia* and even of bureaucrats.

Women offer no exception to the general rule. They, too, are imbued with the utmost zeal for education. Examples have occurred where girls under twenty-one years of age, anxious to proceed abroad to study, but unable to get the necessary parental permission, have induced men of idealistic inclination to contract purely nominal marriages with them, that they might gain the liberty to travel. In the majority of such cases husband and wife parted for ever the moment that the ceremony was over. It is hardly surprising that with their remarkable intellectual development the women of Russia should have attained a very high status in the land. Indeed, it may without exaggeration be said that in Russia women do, in fact, enjoy equality with men. It follows that they are permitted a greater degree of freedom than is the case with the women of any other country. In the real sense of the term, they are the intellectual companions and helpmates of men. Many occupations are open to them and it is interesting to note that lately they have begun to enter what, perhaps, it is permissible to describe as the more practical professions. becoming, for example, architects and engineers. Not a few Russian women have passed through the *Ecole de Droit* in Paris, and one of the most famous lady *advocates* of France is Madame Miropolskaya, a Russian.

To the high intellectual development which the educated classes in Russia have attained is solely due the existence of that personal liberty to which I have alluded before. Above all, it must be borne in mind that the important fact that in Russia women have earned their right to equality with men solely by reason of their educational advancement, plays no small part in shaping freedom of ideas and, generally speaking, in creating a genial atmosphere of tolerance. This personal freedom is, as I have said, peculiarly Russian in origin and character. It is, in other words, of the very essence of the Slavophile spirit; the way of Russia. In countries

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where the system of government is more liberal than in his own, the average Russian finds that life itself is far from being so. Abroad he is inexpressibly hurt at the callousness displayed towards the sorrows and sufferings of life, and Western definitions of sinfulness appear to him as hard and uncharitable. The harsh conventionality of social ideas and the rigidity of intellectual standards grate upon his nerves. For the soul of the Slav is not attuned to so settled an order of things; it is ever restless, ever anxious, searching and striving, and overflowing with sympathy. Consequently, the average Russian away from home is very much of a lonely spirit in exile, ever longing to return to the broad and kindly bosom of Mother Russia.

But if, after all, the Russian remains true to his own conception it is not because he is convinced of its superior claims. Here we are led direct to the inquiry: In what does the Russian conception consist? The only answer possible is that it consists in nothing determinable, but rather is expressive of an open-minded state of inquiry, accompanied by active dissatisfaction with the world as it is. Whereas other peoples have, more or less, abandoned the struggle for perfection and have subsided into the proud comfort of settled convictions, the Russians, overwhelmed with doubts and imbued with a sense of their own humble place in the scheme of Creation, are still groping their way amid impenetrable darkness. Fully they have taken into account all that the West has to teach them. Their great talent for foreign languages enables them to read works of foreign literature in the original rendering. Moreover, excellent translations of all foreign books are issued in popular editions at the low price of twopence or threepence. Then, every noteworthy intellectual movement abroad is promptly introduced to Russia. All Russian students are thoroughly acquainted with the philosophy of the West, and with them it is no uncommon occurrence to assemble in the humble lodgement of one of their number, there

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to divide into animated groups, while discussing, far into the night, Engels, Marx, Spencer, Carlyle, Kant, Schopenhauer, Buckle and Nietzsche. But though their thirst for knowledge is insatiable, they do not allow any particular set of theories imported from abroad wholly to capture their intellects, and at the end of all their disputes they remain heart and soul Russian.

Lest the absence of any Russian from the philosophers enumerated in connexion with student debates may arouse surprise, I must hasten to explain that all Russians are fond of regarding themselves as philosophers, and most Russian writers bear witness to the truth of such estimation. But in point of fact, Russia has only one philosopher in the strict sense in which the term is understood—Vladimir Solovieff. The religious mysticism of this great Slavophile thinker imparts to all his teachings a peculiarly Russian atmosphere, a tenderness and fervour that contrast strangely with the precise truths of German philosophy. For in every Russian heart there flickers the sacred flame of religious faith, and it is this religious faith that is at once the origin of Russian strength and the source of Russian doubt. Although of late, among the educated classes, there has been a tendency to ignore religious observances it is generally recognized that Russia owes the inmost spirit of her being to the Orthodox Church, which Prince Vladimir originally invited to the country because he was impressed with the gorgeousness of its ritual and its vestments, but which, apart from its exterior richness, brought with it a wealth of Byzantine learning and culture.

The religious dissatisfaction which I have noted relates only to the Church as an institution, because it is looked upon as having degenerated into becoming a bulwark of the Bureaucracy. At heart, as ever, the Russians remain true to the spirit of the Orthodox Faith. To them it makes its appeal as the Faith of the Peasantry and of the poor, while its elaborate forms and ritual harmonize in perfect proportions with their conception

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of artistic grandeur. It is true that at times, like an evil blight, waves of atheism have swept through the country. But to-day the trend of intellectual movement is all towards the solace of religion. In no nation in the world can we see so vast, so deep a spiritual force at work as in Russia. It is part of the great and noble struggle, ceaselessly waged towards pure Idealism. With so lofty a summit in view, most Russians set out on life's journey, and when overcome by fear and failure, they endure a terrible reaction of despairing realization, in which the resource of religion appears as the one and only haven for the soul. This last mood—the mood of pessimism—indeed, envelops the temperament of the Russians. Hence we find that the whole range of Russian expression is impregnated with gloom. A strain of hopeless sadness is ever present in Russian literature. Also sadness lurks in the plaintive melodies of the peasant songs, and breaks forth in uncontrollable torrents in the grander themes of the great composers. And harmonizing with the national mood such humour as exists in Russia alone effects its purpose by creating laughter through tears.

It must not be forgotten that all the history and all the surroundings of the Russian people make for pessimism. Two centuries of the Tartar yoke have left their mark upon them. Intense reaction, following with gloomy regularity upon waves of impulsive reform, also spread wide among them a melancholy impression of disillusionment. Then, both climate and scenery too have had their share in exerting a morbid influence upon the Russian temperament. There is beauty in the long winter snows, and in the vastness of the steppe and the depths of the forest a majesty of nature. But in all these things, solitude and sadness also dwell. And it is this solitude and sadness which have entered the Russian soul, creating in it an undying yearning for the solace of simple faith.

Of the many contradictions that meet the stranger in transitional Russia, perhaps the most remarkable is that side by side with intense religious and intellectual movement is to be seen material activity, conducted on

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so colossal a scale as to bear comparison only with that of America. The modern Russian has, in fact, much in common with the modern American. When the mood is upon him he is a tireless worker, who once having undertaken a task will not cease night or day until it is completed. Whatever he builds, be it a commercial enterprise or house, or yet a town of houses, he designs to a plan that is in keeping with the immensity of Russia herself.

Russia, then, is certainly awakening to a new life, but as yet she has lost none of her old charm, wherein is combined Slavophile culture with much of the mysticism of the Orient and alertness of the West. As a nation, Russia is young, strong and enthusiastic. But as a people the Russians are old and tried in the sorrows and suffering of life. Long years spent in anguish have ineffaceably left upon the national countenance a distinguishing mark of tired tenderness, as exhibited in patience, tolerance and gentle kindness.

In their folly the Germans have accused Russia of precipitating war, and have chided England with being the Ally of Muscovite barbarians. As to the first charge, it can only be said that love of peace, as manifested in the desire to avoid causing pain or sorrow to others, is ingrained in the Russian character and enshrined in the Russian religion. In regard to the second accusation—the offensive suggestion that the Russians are backward in civilization—it cannot be over-emphasized that in everything that makes for true culture—in art, literature, music, and what is still more important, in religion, character, and temperament—the Russians have long overshadowed their conceited neighbours, the Germans. It may well be said that to be the Ally of so great and generous a people as the Russians is to be the Ally of intellectual might and freedom as against the evil forces of individual repression, organized to suit the vulgar Prussian taste.

LANCELOT LAWTON

VERHAEREN: FLEMISH POET AND PATRIOT

WE have admired the Belgians for many things: for their technical education, linking up school and workshop; for their widespread co-operative societies, carrying prosperity into remote hamlets; for their experiments in proportional representation and old age pensions; for their low taxation and ingenious facilities for cheap railway travelling; for their housewifery schools that have been the model for Europe—in a word for all that makes for the solid wellbeing and orderly prosperity of a country. Our appreciation of all this has added to the poignancy of our sorrow at its ruthless destruction. Yet few of us till recently had any understanding of the essence of the Belgian national spirit, of its vitality and passion in the citizens of this modern little kingdom, the creation of diplomats. The reason lay mainly in our ignorance of her literature. No doubt the industrial wealth of Belgium has seemed to stifle the poetry that lies enshrined in the heart of every people. Her Flemish literature has been a sealed book to us; her French has been largely merged in that of France. We have scarcely given her credit for her own Maeterlinck, so long has he appeared identified with the literary life of Paris, any more than we remember that Huysmans was, in fact, a Dutchman. This, perhaps, is the inevitable fate of a small and bi-lingual nation. Yet all these years Belgium, rich in material things, has been rich also in artistic and literary endeavour, and, above all, she has possessed a poet of the highest endowments specially qualified to reveal, in their varied manifestations, the force and the beauty of Flemish life and the melancholy charm of the Flemish landscape. It is surely one of the ironies of life that, hitherto little known in England, and never appreciated at his full value in France, the name of Emile Verhaeren should long have been familiar to cultivated Germans, and to-day it is

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through an English translation of a biographical study written by his German friend and translator, Stefan Zweig, that he is being introduced to a wider public in this country.

Enshrined in Verhaeren's poetry, and forming an essential feature of it, we find precisely those elements which history has revealed as characteristic of the lusty, intemperate Flemish race from which he is sprung: the strong mystical element that gave us Ruysbroeck and the author of the *Imitation*, Jan van Eyck and Memling, and, in startling contrast, the grossly material element, boisterously taking its pleasures in kermesse and drinking bout, so marvellously visualized by the Flemish Old Masters. These two elements, both indestructibly vital, have flourished throughout the Flemish provinces ever since their hardy population emerged from barbarism, and if we would know whether they have survived to this day, we have only to turn the pages of Verhaeren's slim volumes of verse. Both elements, in so far as they are not solely an outcome of race, would appear closely connected with the typical Belgian landscape—flat, wide-spreading, mournful—that greets the traveller in the early morning as he steams slowly up the sluggish Scheldt. And if its green melancholy beauty and wide horizon,

La verte immensité des plaines et des plaines,

prompts a mystical apprehension of life, surely, the heavy sodden soil, with its low-lying mists, seems to justify the counter-attraction of strong drink. Hearty eaters and drinkers the Belgians still are, indulging freely, thanks to their great industrial prosperity, in solid luxury and good living, while in considerable measure they remain as unswervingly Catholic as the peasants of Brittany, with pardons and processions and pilgrimages and all the picturesque, popular means of expression that a vivid faith in the unseen creates for itself.

It is these vital national characteristics that form the basis of Verhaeren's muse. In spite of frequent sojourns

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abroad, in London, Paris and Spain, he has been singularly untouched by foreign influences. It has been the custom of critics to write about him largely in reference to his friends and contemporaries—Lemonnier, Henri de Regnier, Maeterlinck, Viélé-Griffin and others—and to enquire whether he is mainly Symbolist or Naturalist, Rationalist or Catholic, but we shall understand him better if we study him in direct relation to his own country. As Prof. Gordon rightly insisted when presenting the poet for the doctorate of letters at Leeds University, the great winds and waters and large horizons of his country and the lusty vigour of its life still govern, and have always governed, both his vision and his verse. His boyhood was rich in experiences that were to leave indelible impressions on his mind. His home lay on the banks of the Scheldt, at Saint-Amand, midway between Antwerp and Termonde, names to-day of tragic import. The family was well-to-do and owned a large house and garden, and the small Emile passed a healthy, happy childhood sharing in the exploits of the village boys and unconsciously imbibing the genius of peasant life. Later came the necessity for studious years at the College Ste-Barbe at Ghent, the school where Maeterlinck followed him and where Rodenbach was his chosen companion, but holiday time saw a renewal of the free country life, so exhilarating to the boy who was already trying his hand at verse-making. Friends of the family engaged in the merchant navy would relate tales of adventure in foreign lands which filled the lad with a nostalgia for the sea and all that a roving life holds in store. Often he would accompany his father to a neighbouring Cistercian monastery, starting on foot at half-past four in the morning so as to arrive in time for confession and communion in the monastic church, and the fleeting glimpses these visits afforded of the austere religious life supplied fresh food for his poetic imagination. As years passed he learnt to love the beauty of the landscape and to wrest its secrets from the "green immensity" that he was to sing in so many a lyric, and to look with a horror as savage

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as that of Ruskin on the encroachments of the "ville tentaculaire." When the time came for choosing a profession he scorned the place that had been reserved for him in his uncle's factory, and under a promise to read later for the bar, he secured a fruitful five years at Louvain University, leaving only in his twenty-sixth year (1881). By that time his literary career was assured.

Louvain in those years was seething with literary talent, impatient, daring and ambitious. "Young Belgium" was just then seeking expression for its ideals and breaking away from the conventions that had long shackled art and literature in the country and made of Brussels but a servile imitation of Paris. Verhaeren flung himself into the movement with an enthusiasm and a talent that rapidly brought him into prominence. At Louvain, in conjunction with E. Deman, who was to be his life-long friend and publisher, he founded and edited a militant little sheet, *La Semaine*, which soon incurred the censure of the university authorities. Later, in Brussels, the young poet collaborated in all the literary magazines that succeeded each other as exponents of young and new ideas, and of Belgian national life—*La Wallonie*, *L'Art Jeune*, *L'Art Moderne* and others. Art filled these early days almost as fully as literature. For some years Verhaeren lived in a little coterie of painters of whom Theo van Rysselberghe and a young Spaniard, Dario de Regoyos, were the most intimate, and he quickly revealed himself as an exponent of Impressionism, and as an appreciative critic of the works of Monet and Fernand Knopff. In its external features his life—for he had soon given up all pretence of reading law—would seem to have been an entirely congenial one, with much hard literary work, it is true, but led amid the unconventional surroundings beloved in all ages of the art student.

How comes it then that Verhaeren has earned for himself the title of "poète du paroxysme?" Lyric poet as he is, endowed with an exquisite sensibility, with eyes eager for nature's loveliness and a painter's passion for pure colour, there is yet a tragic and morbid strain in his

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nature, urging him in certain moods to the contemplation of all that is gross and repulsive. At such times he has no reticence, no sense of discrimination. *Les Flamandes*, the book with which he made his serious *début* as a poet, excited, on its appearance, a chorus of reprobation, and the mood that inspired it has never been wholly quenched. Had Verhaeren not been Flemish to the very marrow of his bones, one would have accused him of being simply an imitator of Zola: his "Paysans," indeed, are the peasants of "La Terre." Yet, it is probably more accurate to say that his "Flamandes" are the women whom Rubens painted, for the great painter, we know, was an object of his early veneration. Moreover, in these years he was so obsessed by the vigorous animal life of the Flemish peasant, that he reproduces it with the uncompromising fidelity of a Dutch genre picture. The keenness of vision and sureness of epithet to which these early poems already bear witness, have remained with him through life, but as years passed wider horizons have spread themselves out before his gaze.

The next and paroxysmal stage of Verhaeren's poetic development is indicated by the lurid and sinister volumes bearing the suggestive titles, *Les Débauches* and *Les Flambeaux Noirs*, volumes which corresponded with a severe nervous crisis, that lasted some years, the result of ill-health. Those who admire the beauty of disease have professed to discern great genius in these morbid, extravagant, tormented poems, which at times become incoherent to the verge of madness. Nor is it possible to appreciate the full range of Verhaeren's powerful imagination without taking into account the paroxysms of despair to which his soul has always been liable. Yet they represent, surely, but a transitional stage of anguish, a *via crucis* through which the soul works its sorrowful way into a richer, more spiritual life.

It is a joy to escape from these regions of black pessimism, in which the poet is "immensément emmaillotté d'ennui," into the clear atmosphere of restored health and hope and sanity. The charming poem, so gay and

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tender, dedicated to St George in *Les Apparus dans mes Chemins*, which has been admirably translated by Alma Strettell, symbolizes this re-birth, at once physical and spiritual.

St George in radiant armour came
Speeding along in leaps of flame
'Mid the sweet morning, through my soul.

Then, laying upon me as he went
A charge of valour, and the sign
Of the cross on my brow from his lance divine,
He sped upon his shining road
Straight, with my heart, towards his God.

A year or two later *Les Villages Illusoires* seemed to place the poet definitely in the ranks of the Symbolists. As in *Les Flamandes* the poems have as basis the intimacy with peasant life that he had acquired in his childhood, but in place of the materialism of the early presentment, we find the same themes treated in their symbolical significance. Readers unacquainted with Verhaeren's verse would do well to allow his *Villages Illusoires* to serve them as an introduction. All that is most characteristic in Flemish village life stands revealed in these melodious imaginative pages. It is true an underlying strain of melancholy runs through many of the poems, and the author prefers to contemplate nature in her more mournful moments, as when he shows us the falling rain:

Longue comme des fils sans fin, la longue pluie
Interminablement, à travers le jour gris,
Infiniment, la pluie,
La longue pluie,
La pluie.

Or when he paints the crushing silence of the moorland:

Mais aucun bruit n'est assez fort
Pour déchirer l'espace intense et mort;

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or makes us feel the heavy fall of the snow:

La neige tombe indiscontinûment
Comme une lente et longue et pauvre laine
Parmi la morne et longue et pauvre plaine,
Froide d'amour, chaude de haine.

Yet the poems possess a beauty of rhythm and melody and a felicity of language that render them an enchantment to the ear, while a hitherto unsuspected vein of tenderness makes an appeal to our hearts. Moreover, the book has the charm of suggesting many of the deep-lying problems of life in the series of dramatic word-pictures of the inhabitants of the illusory village—the bell-ringer, the grave-digger, the fisherman, the blacksmith, the ferryman. These figures have much of the sentiment of Millet's pictures: the same glorification of the humble, daily toil of the peasant. In each one humanity stands revealed in its pathos, its heroism, its patience, as the case may be. In some a deeper note of horror has been struck, as in the gruesome legend of the miller and his wife, and the tragic vision of the old bell-ringer, wildly ringing his bells amid "les crins rouges de l'incendie," a poem that might well have illustrated the German invasion. Of how many of the belfries of Belgium with their incomparable carillons, has not this been the fate?

Le vieux clocher
Tout à coup noir semble pencher ;
Et l'on entend étage par étage
Avec des heurts dans leur descente
Les cloches bondissantes
Jusqu'à terre, plonger.

Of pure symbolism, however, it is the visionary ropemaker, ever twisting the long strands of hemp, and seemingly drawing down upon himself the horizons of life, who is the most closely drawn type.

If Verhaeren has sung in countless lyrics the Flemish countryside, its progressive destruction through the

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growth of the "ville tentaculaire" has inspired some of his most powerful verse. Industrialism has played too predominant a part in the life of modern Belgium for it not to enter largely into the vision of so nationalist a poet. He sees cities and factories—those of England are as familiar to him as those of his own land—devouring the green fields as with loathsome tentacles; he sees the golden orchards disappearing beneath "La noire immensité des usines rectangulaires," and in mournful stanzas he sings the death of the open plain:

La plaine est morne et lasse et ne se défend plus,
La plaine est morne et morte et la ville la mange.

In the volume entitled *Les Villes Tentaculaires*—in opposition to the old "villes à pignons" to which he has dedicated another volume—the poet gives, in a series of pictures of the bourse, the factory, the quayside, the bazaar, a brutal vision of the modern town, with vice and drink everywhere rampant amid a sordid and haggard population. It is the price we pay for our industrial system. His drama, *Les Aubes*, of which Mr Arthur Symons has made a fine translation under the title *The Dawn*, is intended to indicate a path of deliverance from intolerable conditions of labour. In it the popular tribune falls a victim to violence, but the cause of the people is held to have triumphed as they hurl to the ground a statue symbolizing law and order. The play would appear to be based on the Paris Commune and points only to revolution as a remedy for social wrongs.

Whether Verhaeren can claim to be a great dramatic as well as a great lyric poet is at least open to question. *Les Aubes*, as far as I am aware, has only been performed at the Socialist Maison du Peuple at Brussels, and the poet's friends usually adopt an apologetic tone when they refer to it. Comparisons have often been made, and made fairly, between the Flemish poet and Victor Hugo, for Verhaeren has his romantic side, and the two poets hold in common their prophetic outlook on life, their splendid

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vigour of diction, their facility for sonorous verse that in its weaker moments is only grandiloquent, their genuine passion for humanity. In pure drama, however, Verhaeren is no rival to the author of *Ruy Blas*. Yet, there is one play of his that is endowed with an undoubted dramatic quality, and presents a situation so novel on the stage, that it has achieved on the Continent a fair measure of success before intellectual audiences. This is his drama, *Le Cloître*, the scenes of which take place wholly within monastic walls and contain no female character.

Ever since early mediæval times the cloister has played, and still plays, so real a part in the life of the Flemish race—the outward sign of their mystical tendency—that Verhaeren, identifying himself as he does with every national manifestation, could not possibly remain indifferent to it. Quite early in his poetic career the memory of his boyish visits to the monastery near St Amand, combined with the impressions gained during a retreat he made in a monastery at Forges, in Hainault, found vivid expression in *Les Moines* (1886), a collection of short poems giving a somewhat external and romantic appreciation of the religious life. It is characteristic of him that the more sentimental appeal of nuns fails to touch him. His monks are true Flemings, robust, broad-shouldered, apostolic, of exuberant vitality, strong in their faith as in their obedience. His imagination is fired by the picturesque fighting bishop of feudal times, by the Prince-Abbot riding through the forest, crosier in hand, at the head of his armed retainers, by the missionary monk fighting for the triumph of the cross, at once:

Vases de chasteté ne tarissant jamais,

and,

Abatteurs d'hérésie à large coups de crosse.

He has none of the sensitive shrinking of our time from the stern discipline of early Christian days; rather he glories in hairshirts, and desperate penances and pas-

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sionate renunciations and comes back to them time after time. Yet he sings for us also, and very tenderly, the "moine doux," the "convers recueilli sous la soutane bise," and those "amants naïfs de la Très Sainte Vierge"

Qui l'ont priée avec des vœux si dévorants
Et des cœurs si brûlés qu'ils en ont les yeux grands.

In the later drama, *Le Cloître* (1900), the theme is that of the clash of ideals and wills within monastic walls. Dom Balthasar, already designated as the next Prior, falling a prey to remorse that he can no longer control, confesses in Chapter that he murdered his own father previous to entering the monastery, and we are shown in a scene of dramatic intensity, a strong man's agony of shame, and the varying effects of the confession on his monastic brethren. The austere and aristocratic Prior had authorized the confession to the Community alone, but Dom Marc, young, exalted and other-worldly, urges on Balthasar a complete and public avowal of his crime. There follows a second confession of heightened violence after High Mass in the public church, and the ignominious casting forth of Balthasar from the door of the cloister by the outraged monks.

As acted in London last winter by a very able Belgian company, this last scene was an unhappy failure, and the repetition of the confession in two succeeding acts would appear a fatal flaw in any drama. The attraction of the play, over and above the fine sonority of its lines, lies in its ably conceived clash of the strong wills of men, united in a common faith and ideal, yet torn asunder by insidious ambitions and ignoble motives. The sex problem is wholly absent from the play as written. It is, therefore, altogether deplorable from the point of view of artistic fitness, that the part of the young monk, Dom Marc, should be entrusted to a woman. As dramatic writing *Le Cloître* can be read with very considerable pleasure; when acted it proves once again the inherent impossibility of representing the life of the cloister on the stage with any semblance of verisimilitude.

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Play-writing, however, forms but an episode in the life's work of the poet. His output of verse has been very remarkable in quantity. Year after year has seen the publication of a fresh volume, bearing a dedication to some distinguished literary friend. His moods are capricious, and it would be rash to assert that the gloom and despondency of earlier years have wholly passed away. But undoubtedly time has brought to his soul greater serenity, a calmer outlook and a yet keener sensitiveness to the appeal of nature. It was in one of these "heures claires," to borrow his own phrase, that towards the close of the century Verhaeren composed his *Visions de la Vie*, a work which shows the full fruition of his genius. In it he would seem to have attained, after much tumultuous endeavour, to a clearer understanding of life; in place of the mere anarchic violence of so much of his earlier work we have a realization of the world's immutable laws. The volume both begins and ends with an invocation to the sea, as though to open out a wide horizon for the series of odes on life which compose it. Long sojourns on the coasts of Belgium and Holland have stored his mind with a wealth of exquisite memories of "ces soirs d'or de Flandre et de Zélande," which give to his sea lyrics a loveliness that he seldom attains to in other themes. The opening poem "Au Bord du Quai" expresses with an irresistible appeal the call of the sea, "la mer tragique et incertaine" that draws the mariner from the home that he loves:

La mer! La mer!
Elle est le rêve et le frisson
Dont j'ai senti vivre mon front.
Elle est l'orgueil qui fit ma tête
Ferme et haute, dans la tempête.
Ma peau, mes mains et mes cheveux
Sentent la mer
Et sa couleur est dans mes yeux;
Et c'est le flux et le jusant
Qui sont le rythme de mon sang!

There is a fine poem on the primeval forest as a symbol

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of life, "violente, prodigieuse, inassouvie," in which man is urged to recognize the essential unity of life in himself and all creation. Many of the poems have a new quality of wistfulness; we find it in "La Clémence," in "La Douceur," an ode to those we have injured, and in "L'Eau," yet another poem to the sea, "la mer nue et pure" in which is sung the soothing influence of the sea's splendour on the human soul in its moments of *défaillance*:

Mon corps, il est si las;
Mes pauvres yeux, mes pauvres pas,
Mon morne corps, ils sont si las
De mes chutes et de mes longs efforts
Par les chemins dédaliens du sort!

Only in "L'Ivresse," a poem celebrating the sensations of becoming intoxicated, is a discordant note sounded. "La Joie" seeks to inculcate—a rare thing in Verhaeren—a direct moral lesson, preaching the futility of striving after what men call joy, when, by the mere pressure of life:

Nous sommes tous des Christs qui embrassons nos croix.

The poem might indeed have been written to-day, instead of fifteen years ago, so closely do some of the lines apply to Belgium in her present anguish.

La force la plus belle est la force qui pleure
Et qui reste tenace et marche, d'un pas droit,
Dans sa propre douleur, qu'elle conçoit
Sublime et nécessaire, à chaque appel de l'heure.

Et si tout sombre et si tout casse enfin,
Rester celui de la lutte obstinée,
Pauvre et vaincu, mais la tête acharnée
Quand même—et claire encor de l'effort vain.

In a later volume, *Les Forces Tumultueuses*—dedicated to Rodin—Verhaeren seeks to describe, in a series of vigorous pictures, the dynamic forces of life, among which

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characteristically enough he finds room for "ma race." One is struck by the small space that woman and sexual love fill in his appreciation of the world's forces. True, there is a fine invocation to love in the *Visages de la Vie*, and in certain "heures d'apaisement," moments rare with him of peace and contentment, he has sung the intimate joys of his married life with a beautiful tenderness that takes one by surprise in the "poet of paroxysm." Indeed, it is difficult to recognize the author of

Je suis l'halluciné de la forêt des Nombres,

in lines as honeyed as:

Très doucement, plus doucement encore,
Berce ma tête entre tes bras.

Yet one understands that the serious purport of Verhaeren's muse lies elsewhere, that to him a woman's love is the relaxation, not the inspiration, of life. To interpret *Toute la Flandre*, to sing its past and its present, to illumine its ideals, to establish its great humanity: this has been the true mission of his career, and though in some of his more recent volumes his outlook would seem to have swept beyond the frontiers of Flanders and to aim at embracing all humanity, its ideals and its destiny, they do not add appreciably to the sum of his achievement. One gathers both from his verse and from some words he has written on the tendencies of contemporary poetry that his own development is in the direction of pantheism, an identification, in a measure, of man with God, and of all creation with the Creator. Some of his admirers have read into this the expectation that Verhaeren will develop a new philosophy, even a new religion for mankind, and in the fashion of the day they have linked on his glorification of force to the doctrines of Nietzsche. Undoubtedly his whole mentality stamps him as a Northerner, and, as we know, it is in Germany he has found his warmest admirers. Though

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by an accident of education he writes only in French, his genius has few points of contact with that of the Latin race. His very use of *vers libre*, which he has brought to so rare a perfection of rhythm, is opposed to the French poetic tradition, and has never commended him to French critical authorities. His permanent reputation will surely rest on his power of interpreting, with a marvellous intensity, the soul of his own race, for rendering articulate all that is most vital in the nation of whom he could write truly:

Oh, l'ai-je aimé éperdument
Ce peuple—aimé jusqu'en ses injustices,
Jusqu'en ses crimes, jusqu'en ses vices!

If it were conceivable that the Allies could leave Belgium to the tragic fate that has befallen her, her soul would continue to live through her literature as the essential soul of Poland still lives after a century and a half of partition and spoliation, and to Emile Verhaeren would fall the honour of standing in the forefront of her sons as the interpreter to the world of the undying Flemish spirit.

V. M. CRAWFORD

TOYNBEE HALL AND THE SETTLEMENT MOVEMENT

Toynbee Hall and the English Settlement Movement. By Dr Werner Picht. Revised Edition, translated from the German by Lilian A. Cowell, Girton College, Cambridge. Bell and Sons. Price 3s. 6d. net.

TO those who can look back to the beginning of what is known as "The Settlement Movement," it is almost incredible that thirty years should have passed since it took definite shape. Such, however, is the case; and it seems not unreasonable to take the close of that period as a convenient standpoint from which to estimate the results of what was at its commencement a new departure in social work—to measure its successes and its failures, and even to some extent to forecast its future. Such an estimate has been set forth with singular completeness in the book whose name stands at the head of this article. In this, while dealing primarily with Toynbee Hall, "the mother of settlements," the author—himself a resident at the Hall from October, 1911, to July, 1912—gives a summary, sufficiently detailed to be interesting, of the work of other movements similar in purpose if different in method, as well as an account of the University Extension Movement, of which Toynbee Hall must be considered an outcome.*

It would be impossible to write about Toynbee Hall without some account of the man to whom both it and the settlement movement owe their inception. This was Samuel Augustus Barnett (1844-1913), a clergyman of the Broad Church School who, on his entry into the Anglican ministry in 1867, became interested in the social questions which were then coming to the fore. In 1872 he accepted the living of St Jude's, Whitechapel, and shortly afterwards married Miss Henrietta Octavia Rowland, whose acquaintance he had made while curate

* The quotations in this paper, except where otherwise stated, are taken from this volume.

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of St Mary's, Bryanstone Square. Miss Rowland was intimately associated with Octavia Hill (1838-1912), a devoted disciple and friend of Ruskin, to whose inspiration was due the work for the poor to which she devoted her life; and the ideals which inspired Barnett's plans may be traced at least in part to these associations. From the time of their marriage until Barnett's death in June, 1913, husband and wife worked together with a persistency and ability which have seldom been equalled; their names are associated with the production of numerous publications marked by a wealth of information, strong common sense, and withal by a certain aloofness which kept sentiment at a distance—a hardness of the stamp which, originating in the entirely laudable desire to avoid "pauperizing" the people, is in practice sometimes carried to excess.*

Barnett himself was a man of extraordinary optimism combined with shrewdness and common sense, possessing a great knowledge of the springs of conduct and a mind of much subtlety and diplomacy, with a great power of enlisting sympathy and of getting the help of men as well as money for the works in which he was interested. His wife was endowed with limitless energy and a remarkable gift of organization, which greatly assisted in carrying out the schemes that they had together planned.

An appalling picture of St Jude's district when the Barnetts took up their residence there is given by Mrs Barnett†; it included the scene of the Whitechapel murders which thrilled London some fifteen years back. Of late years, however, it has greatly improved—not so much through the influence of Toynbee Hall as through the influx of Jews, whose social standard, I am

* This attitude is the basis of the criticism bestowed, often undeservedly, upon the Charity Organization Society, and was manifest in the rent collecting which was carried on, mainly with good results, by Octavia Hill and her helpers. It culminated in the refusal of the Whitechapel Board of Guardians, of which Barnett was a prominent member, to grant outdoor relief—a mode of procedure which was subsequently modified.

† *Towards Social Reform*. Fisher Unwin, 1909.

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informed by one intimately acquainted with the neighbourhood, is much higher than that of the Christians among whom they live. The necessity of improving the social conditions at once forced itself upon the new comers, who visited the Universities and succeeded in interesting some undergraduates in social work. Notable among these was Arnold Toynbee (1852-1883), a man of lovable and devoted character, who for a short period (in 1875), lived in Whitechapel, but was compelled to leave it by ill-health. On the first anniversary of his death a memorial service was held in the chapel of Balliol College, at which Barnett preached; and it was then that it occurred to him that the forming settlement should commemorate by its name the man who had "helped to create the spirit out of which the work was born." The actual suggestion of a settlement was made by Barnett in 1883, when, in answer to the letter of two Cambridge men that they should devote themselves entirely to the poor, he proposed that they should take a house in a poor quarter as a place of residence. The idea was further developed in a lecture delivered at Oxford in the same year; a committee was formed at Oxford,* followed by another in London, and it was resolved to establish a "University Settlement in East London," and to offer the management to Barnett, in whose schoolrooms the work began: ground adjoining St Jude's Church was acquired, and the Hall, in which the first Residents slept on Christmas Eve, 1884, was finished

* The late B. F. C. Costelloe was a member of this Committee, and took a considerable part in the establishment of Toynbee Hall, with which he always remained in touch. He lived for some time in Whitechapel, and was intimately associated with the Barnetts, who remained his close friends. When some years later it was decided to establish a Catholic settlement—"Newman House"—in South London, Costelloe was greatly interested in the scheme, as in every development of social schemes. He was largely responsible for the interest in social work which has now so greatly developed among us: at his house were held meetings, for the discussion of social matters, known informally as the "Guild of Social Reform," which may be regarded as, and was in fact, an anticipation of the Catholic Social Guild.

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by the beginning of 1885, Barnett being appointed the first Warden.

The Settlement in the minds of those who first conceived it was essentially different from the "College Missions" which had been for some time in existence when Toynbee Hall came into being. These missions, which are still pursuing their work in various parts of London with undoubted success, were established by members of colleges or public schools, and are in most cases carried on by one of their number who has become a clergyman: their primary aim is religious, although social work occupies an important position in their programme. The Missioner from time to time visits his college or school to give an account of his stewardship, and to obtain additional support, either of men or means. The settlement idea—the union of more or less permanent residents in a house specially connected with the Mission—has in many cases become embodied with this; but in Barnett's mind it was, as has been said, essentially different.*

The two [he said] are indeed distinct efforts which differ in idea, in organization, and in methods of work, and agree only in their object, which is to serve the welfare of mankind. . . . A Mission has for its aim conversion; a Settlement has for its aim mutual acquaintance: a Mission creates organizations, institutions and machinery; a Settlement works through personal influence and strives for human touch.†

It is not easy to understand how so clever a man as Barnett should not have seen, at any rate in 1897, that two of these distinctions could not be regarded as mutually exclusive: long before that time Toynbee Hall had become the centre of "organizations, institutions and machinery" which it is at present; while "personal

* Dr Picht says that Barnett assured him "that he would have had to renounce a number of his best workers if he had imprinted a religious stamp on the undertaking": among these were the two men to whom reference has already been made.

† p. 3, quoted from an article written in 1897.

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influence" and "the human touch" have always been recognized as essential to the success even of an ordinary boys' club. It might, indeed, be said that these characteristics are more manifest in the settlements which are associated with or have grown out of missions than they were in Toynbee Hall even in its best days: anyone who went round the clubs and other social works connected with the Oxford House and compared those who were benefiting by them with the attendants at the classes and lectures at Toynbee Hall, could not fail to see that, so far as reaching the people of the locality was concerned, the former had succeeded where the latter had failed. This is not to ignore or belittle the work of Toynbee as regards its neighbourhood; the excellent clubs for boys will be referred to later, and the debates and smoking concerts, attended chiefly by working men, were thoroughly successful in attracting numbers, among whom socialists preponderated. But speaking generally, the work of Toynbee Hall was mainly educational, and lay among a class, largely of board school teachers, attracted in considerable proportion from outlying districts by the excellence of the instruction imparted. "Mutual acquaintance," which was to differentiate the settlement from the mission ideal, was certainly at least as much cultivated at Bethnal Green as at Whitechapel: at Toynbee, indeed, a certain hollowness was inseparable from occasional "meetings of East and West," when fashionable folk in evening dress came in numbers to see the Barnetts and incidentally to mingle with the (relatively few) representatives of the East End.

The distinction between Toynbee Hall and the Mission and other settlements might, I think, be best expressed by saying that the former was established on a natural, the latter on a supernatural basis. This was curiously evident in the difference, impossible to define but always present, between the atmosphere of Toynbee Hall and Oxford House—the latter established at Bethnal Green in the same year on a definite High Anglican basis, "in friendly contrast to the undenominational principles

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of Toynbee Hall." I do not, of course, mean that the religious ideal was absent from the latter; it was doubtless present, as it was to Arnold Toynbee himself, who "took up the position of a critic towards the dogmas of the Church, though he did not see salvation in their destruction but in their reform"—a sentence which would, I think, fairly represent Barnett's own attitude—and whose undoubted personal piety found its objective in "God as an idea, not as a person." But it was purely ethical, of the Matthew Arnold stamp, and found expression in the "something within us not ourselves which makes for righteousness." The teaching in St Jude's Church was, I am told, of the same order; and when it was proposed to adorn its entry as a memorial of Barnett's work there, the subject chosen was not "the Maid-Mother by a crucifix" but a replica of Watts's "Time, Death and Judgement," which might puzzle or even terrify, but could hardly comfort or console, the dwellers in the district.

Barnett resigned the charge of St Jude's in 1894, although he retained the wardenship of Toynbee Hall until 1906. Of his conduct in that position the following estimate may be quoted:

He was most admirable—patient, courageous, firm, very catholic in his sympathies, and full of wise insight into both the needs of the community and the opportunities for meeting those that presented themselves. He was a man inspired by the noblest ideals and yet eminently practical and sane in his judgments, and was thus from a variety of gifts perfectly suited to a position in which he had to deal with men of various types and interests, and to weld into a single social force the diverse elements of a changing but always complex household. He succeeded to an amazing extent—conquering, assimilating, and leading by his goodness, his wisdom, his patience and his faith.

He made a practice of maintaining as close an intimacy as possible with the Residents of his time, and for many years made a point of having some fixed hour for talks that, turning largely on corporate plans and projects, gave peculiar opportunities also for enabling men to realize his genius for friendship, so that for

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many scores of men his study, as one of those early adherents has written, became a spot hallowed by wonderful memories.*

No account, however brief, of Barnett's work in the East End could omit reference to its one permanent outcome in the Whitechapel Art Gallery. The early days of Toynbee Hall were those of the Kyrle Society, and "culture" was perhaps somewhat irritatingly to the fore,† with the natural consequence of subsequent neglect. The educational value of pictures naturally appealed to the Barnetts, and even before the Settlement was established (in 1881) an exhibition was opened at Easter in the schools attached to St Jude's—the first of its kind. Its success was astonishing: in the twenty to thirty days for which it was possible to arrange for the use of the schools, there were sometimes over 70,000 visitors. The question then arose as to the possibility of securing a permanent exhibition; and in 1901, after most self-sacrificing efforts on the part of the promoters, the Whitechapel Art Gallery was opened. Two exhibitions of pictures or other objects of interest, for which an admirable penny guide is provided, are held annually; admission is free, and no one who visits the Gallery, especially during the dinner-hour, can doubt its appreciation by the people of the neighbourhood.

The early success of the Hall was, however, largely due to the first residents, many of whom became distinguished in various public positions even before the period when the Hall became a recognized stepping-stone if not to higher at any rate to more lucrative things. Prominent among these was Mr Bolton King, who came straight to the Hall from Balliol, under the influence of Jowett and Barnett. Absolutely single-minded, of intense enthusiasm, his wide sympathies and extensive

* *Toynbee Hall Annual Report, 1912-13, p. 19.*

† One of the Toynbee workers, a local employer of labour, induced two of his men to join, somewhat reluctantly, one of the clubs of the Settlement. Finding that they soon ceased to attend, he inquired the reason. "Well, look 'ere, guv'nor," said one, "there's too much of that blasted culture!"

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culture drew to him men of opposite ideas, to whom his enthusiasm communicated itself. Modest and retiring, he neither sought nor obtained any temporal advantage as a result of his work, which, interrupted only by a year's forced absence on account of illness, lasted from 1884 to 1892—a period which, in the opinion of those most likely to know the work, may be regarded as the high-water mark of the efficiency of the Settlement.* An ardent admirer of Mazzini and of the movement for Italian unity, Mr King established a small reading circle for the study of Mazzini's writings: as a result, a journey to Italy was projected in 1888, in which others associated in the work of the Hall, to the number of eighty, took part. Their experience—a delightful memory to all who took part in the expedition—led to the establishment of the Toynbee Travellers' Club, one of the most successful of the undertakings connected with the Hall and the pioneer of the co-operative travelling which has now become so general. For many years the Club carried on a series of excursions, at first under the beneficent autocracy of Mr King, later under the gentler but not less efficient leadership of Mr Thomas Okey, who had, indeed, acted as interpreter to the first expedition. The Club brought to the Hall a considerable accession of workers, and greatly developed its social side. A "Workmen's Travelling Club," for shorter and cheaper expeditions still exists; it saddens one to read the names of Liège, Namur, Ghent and Amiens among the places they have visited.

It was during Mr King's period of residence that an important scheme for educational developments took shape. The attendance at classes and lectures had attained large dimensions—at the Whitechapel University Extension Centre in 1888 "a hundred lectures were given to four hundred listeners, of whom by far the majority were men and women teachers and clerks, but in addition to these an increasing number of workmen

* As a memorial of Mr King, a clock was erected in the quadrangle, with the punning motto: "Vivat Rex."

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were attending." It was felt that further provision was needed for those who were anxious to pursue a more definite course of study; and two houses of residence—Wadham House, named after Barnett's college, for eighteen students, and Balliol House (in compliment to King's college), to house thirty-six—were established in 1887 and 1891 respectively. The charge for board and lodging was suitably low; each house was managed by its own committee, and for a time the scheme promised success—in 1890-91 the houses contained over forty students. After a time, however, they had little connexion with Toynbee Hall; "Balliol" was abandoned in 1913 for lack of residence, and the state of "Wadham" is by no means flourishing.

Another of the earliest workers was Mr Cyril Jackson, a Resident of ten years' standing (1885-1895) who on leaving Toynbee occupied various important positions under the Education Department both in Australia and at home, and is now leader of the Moderate majority on the London County Council.* Of gentler temperament than Mr King and of perhaps even greater personal charm, to him was mainly due the establishment of the numerous boys' clubs in connexion with the elementary schools of the district, which were at one time among the most successful features of the work, and really touched the lives of the poor. Of these and of the men's clubs which succeeded them as the boys grew up and of the admirable results Dr Picht gives an interesting account. Although the residents take little if any part in them, the school clubs continue satisfactorily, and Mr Jackson, despite his numerous avocations, contrives to keep in touch with many who have grown into manhood, some of whom still meet at the Settlement. Equally excellent was the work carried on by Mr Harry Samuel Lewis (Resident 1889-1908) in the three Jewish schools of the

* The fact that Mr King and Mr Jackson belonged to opposite parties in politics, and in other matters differed fundamentally, is evidence of, and no doubt to some extent accounted for, the wide spirit of tolerance which characterized the Settlement.

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district, in which, although now Rabbi at Manchester, he continues to take an active interest. Through his influence the apprenticeship of Jewish boys has been carried on on a large scale, the apprentices being duly visited and looked after. So successful was Mr Lewis and so considerable the increase among the Jews of the neighbourhood* that there was at one time a talk of handing over the Settlement to the Jews, under his management.

It would be easy to cite other instances of personal devotion from the early records of the Settlement, but something must be said as to the public work in which the Residents took an active part. In this form of social service, Toynbee Hall set the example now so generally followed by Catholics as well as by others. At an early period of its existence Residents or Associates (and non-resident workers) were represented on the London County Council and the London School Board, as well as on the local Boards of Guardians and Borough Councils: others were school managers, workers for the Children's Country Holiday Fund, the Charity Organization Society, and the like. Dr Picht, who considers that the work of the settlement reached its high-water mark under Barnett in 1903,† gives an astonishing list of lectures, reading circles, societies, clubs, classes, social gatherings, conferences, and other branches of work, carried on mainly by Residents and Associates. He also gives a list, occupying sixteen lines of small print, of the various public positions which have been filled by Residents; and in this, however satisfactory it may be in itself, we see one of the causes of the unsatisfactory condition of Toynbee Hall pointed out by Dr Picht.‡ The very success

* The influence of the Jews in the district is so strong that a chess club mainly supported by them made a successful protest against the presence on the walls of the Arundel Society's reproduction of Fra Angelico's Crucifixion.

† The number of students, however, began to diminish in 1898.

‡ *The Toynbee Record* for January, 1915, shows that under the new Warden there has been a remarkable revival of efficiency at the Hall, and that there is reason to hope that it may, at least to some extent, recover its early position.

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of the Settlement has become one element in its decay:

The temptation exists to let the purely human side of the work lapse more and more, and to see in the settlement above all a unique opportunity for object lessons and experiments for young students in social science, and administrative officials.*

This, it is pointed out, is a complete break with the tradition of the movement, which implied the sacrifice of one's own personality for the individual benefit of others; it is further suggested that the actual constitution of a settlement may really defeat the object which it had in view. How complete the break has been in the case of Toynbee Hall is only too apparent:

Hardly a class is conducted by a member of the Settlement; this work is almost wholly done by paid or unpaid assistants, and Residents take only an occasional part in the Societies for study. . . . The club life, which in all settlements, missions and similar institutions has proved to be the best means of educating a new race of men, has so fallen off that probably to-day no settlement approaching the size of Toynbee Hall does less in this direction.

The belief which lay at the root of the settlement idea was that if you wanted to be really helpful to the people and to understand their surroundings you should go and live among them: so only could you sympathize with their troubles and obtain the knowledge of their condition which would enable you to raise them towards higher things. The gulf which separated the rich from the poor, the educated from the degraded, the East End from the West, would be bridged over; each class would benefit by the experience of the other, and a better understanding on both sides would ensue. To a considerable extent the idea was realized, and Dr Picht is not wanting in appreciation of what has been accom-

* "These tendencies become clearer in the degree in which the atmosphere of the Settlement is not a Christian one, and perhaps are most felt in Toynbee Hall." (p. 132.)

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plished; his generous summary of this concludes by saying:

The settlement movement has built bridges which can never be broken down. It has been one of the strongest and most successful forces in the struggle for the unity of nations. In this sense it is an unqualified success, and justifies the belief of its supporters that acts of unselfish love are never done in vain.

But so far as actual intimacy with the poor in their homes or a knowledge of their inner life is concerned, it is at least doubtful how far the settlement has proved successful. The natural resentment of interference of which the untaught social or religious worker is often made uncomfortably conscious is in some ways intensified—to quote our author again—by

the settling of a whole band of outsiders in the slum, often in buildings specially erected for this purpose, which, for example in the case of Toynbee Hall, like a college, has almost the character of a small enclosed fortress. This means a life amongst entirely artificial conditions, which even more than culture and prosperity places the newcomers at a distance from their neighbours.

Viewed from this standpoint, the larger the settlement the less likely it is to realize the ideals of “personal service” and “the human touch” which Barnett postulated as one of its special characteristics—it is a curious comment on these to read that “the residents of Toynbee Hall have not understood how to become neighbours of their neighbours . . . if the settlement were removed to another part of East London”—the question has been discussed—“not many neighbourly associations would be destroyed.”* It is indeed suggested that more may be done in a given neighbourhood by workers living by themselves rather than in community, and one of the

*The “Settlement is indissolubly united in the ‘neighbourhood idea’; it cannot be separated from it without its very essence being destroyed.” (p. 98.)

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South London missions has decided to adopt this method. So far as actual knowledge of social conditions are concerned, there can, of course, be no doubt that this can only be acquired by personal participation in the same life: of this such books as Mr Richard Whiteing's *No. 5 John Street*, Mr Stephen Reynolds's *A Poor Man's House*, and the very remarkable study of agricultural life, *Folk of the Furrow*, by a Catholic who styles himself "Christopher Holdenby"—a book which seems, with an exception for which I am responsible, to have escaped the notice of Catholic reviewers—are examples: but such an experiment would not perhaps be possible for the actual social worker.

It may, however, be found that a primary cause of the comparative failure of Toynbee Hall is the feature by which it is distinguished from nearly all the other settlements. Of this Dr Picht has no doubt, and perhaps the most interesting chapter in his book is that in which he deals with the necessity of religion as a moving force in settlement work and, indeed, in social work generally. In a sense, the very existence of the settlements may be said to testify to this, for out of the twenty-seven in London of which he gives an account, only two besides Toynbee have a non-religious basis, all the others having been inspired by a religious motive. That this must be the case with any Catholic social work need not be said; but it seems equally clear to Church of England folk, who have thirteen settlements, and to the other religious bodies who are represented, although in three cases the teaching is "undenominational." In most of these the religious aim is put in the first place; and a perusal of such reports as I have seen shows that it in practice occupies this position. The view that the religious element would weaken the influence of a settlement for social good is sufficiently met by the evidence of those engaged in working them—witness of which, Dr Picht says, "even if one listens with reserve, one cannot shirk the impression of its value." This evidence appears

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convincingly to prove that, if many on principle hold aloof from institutions of a religious character, this disadvantage is yet richly counterbalanced.

One reason for this he finds in the fact that the working man is no longer hostile to religion,* although he may have a distrust for Church institutions: from this prejudice, however, our own folk, largely in consequence of the preponderance of Irish among them, are fortunately free. It is noteworthy, too, that whereas most of the larger settlements have thrown off offshoots which have become more or less independent and self-governing institutions, Toynbee in this respect has been entirely sterile.

“Toynbee Hall,” says Dr Picht, “represents a fiasco of humanitarian liberalism, whereby one is forced to the question whether this is at all capable of the discharge of the highest and most difficult tasks of humanity.” He had already answered the question on a previous page:†

The spirit of Toynbee Hall [is] the spirit of the human revival about the middle of the last century, of a feeling of humanity, exalted into religion, which however neither drew its power from religion nor was religion itself. It is a fact that in none of the religious settlements, which form the majority, has interest in the work among individuals ever failed, and in all of them this part of their activity is the most successful, and forms the basis of everything else. From the beginning Toynbee Hall has stood for the idea of humaneness, avoiding on principle every suggestion of religion; it has inherited this ideal in its purest and intensest form, and, moreover, it has with rare good fortune found excellent helpers. However, it has not been able to keep alive the spirit of brotherly love which takes unlimited interest in the individual, and never asks itself whether it would not be more productive to give one's time to reforms and administration by which thousands could be helped.

* In this context it is interesting to read the declaration of twenty members of the Labour Party in Parliament which he quotes on p. 112.

† p. 47.

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A word may be said in conclusion as to the share which Catholics have taken in settlement work. In this a prominent part has been taken by women, who, at any rate among Catholics, seem to have a greater aptitude for organization and co-operation than is found among men: the gratifying success and varied activities of the Catholic Women's League and the absence of any similarly comprehensive association of men may be cited as evidence of this. In some directions the realization of the "neighbourhood ideal" is easier because more natural:

it is in many instances easier for them as nurse or as adviser of the mothers to enter into the life of the women of their neighbourhood at moments when women understand each other immediately, and the differences of birth are removed.

In all matters relating to children, too, women can exercise influence where men would fail to possess it; and from the standpoint of religion it is not for nothing that they are regarded by the Church as "the devout female sex." The women's settlements are under the direction of the local parish priest: and although this may occasionally lead to difficulties, the gain of a definite position recognized by authority is enormous. There can be no question as to the primary aim of a Catholic settlement; and, working as it does among and for "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," there need be no hesitancy in pointing out with natural feminine tact the urgent need for their return to the fold.

The carefully compiled list of settlements which forms a valuable and interesting appendix to Dr Picht's volume contains an account of two Catholic Women's Settlements, of which the most active is St Cecilia's House in Commercial Road, founded in 1899 by the Ladies of Charity, in whose work Lady Edmund Talbot takes a leading part: of the earlier St Anthony's Settlement in Great Prescott Street, which was established in 1894 by the late Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, I have seen no recent report. To these must be added two which seem to have escaped Dr Picht's notice: St Philip's House in

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the Mile End Road, which has just attained its majority, and St Margaret's Settlement, Rotherhithe, established in 1901 mainly through the efforts of Mrs James Hope and Mrs Wilfrid Ward. The former was the pioneer of the Settlement movement among Catholics; its institution was the outcome of a meeting of Catholic ladies, to whom Cardinal Vaughan explained the idea of a settlement, urging upon his hearers the desirability of establishing one. Among the first to respond was the Lady Margaret Howard, who, intensely interested in the project herself, inspired Lady Clare Feilding with like enthusiasm. On the death of Lady Margaret in 1899—Lady Clare had predeceased her by four years—the work was taken up by her sister, Lady Mary Howard, under whose guidance it is still successfully carried on. In each of these Settlements there is a record of neglected children baptized, lapsed Catholics brought back to the practice of their religion, converts instructed, children prepared for the Sacraments and others frequenting public elementary schools instructed in their religion: these, with temporal help in the provision of breakfasts and dinners, the provision of social clubs and classes, and other forms of attraction to the sphere of influence, make up a record of useful work which might be indefinitely multiplied.

The most active settlement for men is that founded at Bermondsey in 1910 by the Rev. B. S. Rawlinson, O.S.B., who is its resident head. In its varied activities and modes of attraction this closely approximates to the Oxford House. The fact that many women are among the (non-resident) helpers enables work for women and girls to be undertaken in addition to that for men and boys. There is a small settlement at Wapping, but its work seems confined to providing clubs.

It may perhaps be pointed out that Dr Picht is less fully informed as to Catholic than as to other social work. Thus he says:

There was a Roman Catholic Settlement Association in London a few years ago, but its activities were limited to the

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management of a Club and a Boys' Brigade, and at last it was given up without having been able to start any settlement.

As a matter of fact, this Association was itself the outcome of the settlement referred to on p. 273 (footnote), which was established in 1887 to take over the existing educational and social work then carried on in connexion with St George's Cathedral. "Newman House" existed for some years, among the residents being Mr Sidney Parry, who took a prominent part in its establishment, the Hon. Everard Feilding and the Hon. William Gibson (now Lord Ashbourne). Owing to want of local response, the educational work, at first considerable, was after a time given up, and at the time of the abandonment of the settlement its work was practically limited to the support of a men's club.

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THE JOURNALISM OF GREAT ENGLISHMEN

WE are accustomed to draw a very sharp line between the journalist who writes for the moment, and the serious thinker or scholar or writer whose work is for all time, and who cares comparatively little for immediate popular applause. And yet in the history of journalism we find that circumstances have led some of our deepest thinkers and finest scholars to set forth their thoughts in the columns of newspapers. Some of our best known public men also have occasionally occupied the same field. Even great statesmen have their place in the list. Disraeli, of course, was a novelist before he was a politician. But he also touched journalism and wrote the Runnymede Letters in *The Times* in 1836—a defence of his political career modelled partly on the Letters of Junius. The late Lord Salisbury as a young man contributed often to the *Saturday Review* and occasionally to the *Standard*; Lord Brougham did work in the *Morning Chronicle* in the middle of his political career; William Pitt and Canning both wrote for the *Anti-Jacobin*. These are all statesmen. As to our great writers who were journalists, from the days of Pope and Addison to our time, the list is very long. Pope wrote in the *Guardian* and the *Grub Street Journal*; Steele in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* as well as in the *Guardian*, the *Medley* and the *Englishman*; Addison in the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, the *Whig Examiner*, the *Freeholder* and the *Old Whig*; Dr Johnson in the *Rambler* and the *Idler*.

To speak of more recent times, the man who, when I was young, was the greatest figure in the world of thought and of letters—John Stuart Mill—began his literary career in the columns of a newspaper. When he was only sixteen, in the year 1822, he contributed a paper on an economical subject to the *Traveller*. In the following year he wrote various papers for the *Chronicle*, criticizing defects in our legal system, or abuses in its admin-

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istration, or commenting on current literature. Mill's disciple, Lord Morley, had a considerable career both as journalist and as editor. He wrote for the *Saturday Review* and the *Morning Star*, and succeeded Greenwood about 1880 as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Thackeray, of course, wrote for the *Morning Chronicle* and *The Times* apart from his better known and more frequent contributions to *Punch*.

For one of the most noteworthy instances of great writers figuring in journalism we have to go back a hundred years, when Coleridge was a frequent contributor to the *Morning Post*.

Speaking of the newspapers of his youth, de Quincey writes:—"Worlds of fine thinking lie buried in that vast abyss [of periodical literature], never to be disinterred. Like the sea it has swallowed treasures without end that no diving bell will bring up again. But nowhere throughout its shoreless magazines of wealth, does there lie such a bed of pearls, confounded with the rubbish and *purgamenta* of ages, as in the political papers of Coleridge."

The reason why great writers have taken to journalism is the same in other cases as in that of Coleridge—the need of money. Journalism offers secure remuneration while a *magnum opus*, before fame is securely established, does not pay its way. Literary genius has thus, under pressure from poverty, brought great thoughts into the newspapers and magazines.

It does not, however, follow that great writers who contribute to journalism are great journalists. Samuel Johnson's weighty and sententious periods wholly lacked the journalist's lightness of touch. A wonderful galaxy of great writers gathered together in the 'sixties under Mr Ludlow's editorship of *The Reader*. But the enterprise failed because these eminent men did not succeed in hitting the popular taste. They were great writers and they were journalists; but they were not for the most part great journalists. Coleridge himself could write effectively and popularly in the papers. But he was not a successful journalist, for he was absolutely

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undependable for supplying copy on the right day. Charles Dickens was a great writer who contributed to the newspapers and yet a failure in his attempt to edit the *Daily News*. He began well, but soon got tired of the job, and utterly negligent. Charles Lamb was another great writer who took to journalism. He was free from Coleridge's and Dickens's defects; and his fault was the opposite of Johnson's. Instead of being too heavy, he was too frivolous. He was a great writer, he was a journalist; but there was no great writing in his journalism—which consisted mainly of society paragraphs. Other great men in journalism have been the great editors, men like Dan Stuart of the *Morning Post*, Delane of *The Times*, Beresford Hope of the *Saturday*, Knowles of the *Nineteenth Century*. But none of these men were great writers in nineteenth century journalism. So far as I can remember the one man who was at once a great writer, a great editor and a great journalist, was Richard Hutton of the *Spectator*. Of his contributions to that periodical one might speak almost in the language I have quoted from de Quincey respecting Coleridge's articles in the *Morning Post*.

The story of the journalistic efforts of the great men to whom I have referred is an exceedingly interesting one, and I propose to tell it. I will take first Charles Lamb—a man whose gifts of style would seem to promise work which should be at once excellent journalism and excellent writing. But as we know from his *Essays of Elia*, this was not the case; his principal contributions took the form of society paragraphs under the head of "Fashionable Intelligence."

In those days [Lamb writes in those well-known *Essays*] every morning paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal—but, above all dress—furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be piquant.

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The fashion of pink stockings for ladies furnished Lamb for some time with a subject on which he expended many jokes—some of them somewhat coarse ones—but after he had worn it threadbare the fashion passed away, and he eventually found, as the writers in *Punch* must find, in our own day, that the manufacture of jests to order was exceedingly laborious and irksome. He writes with considerable feeling on the subject in the *Essays of Elia*:

Half a dozen jests in a day (bating Sundays, too), why it seems nothing! We make twice the number every day in our lives as a matter of course, and make no Sabbatical exemptions. But then they come into our head. But when the head has to come out to them—when the mountain must go to Mahomet—reader, try it for once, only for one short twelve-month! It was not every week that a question of pink stockings came up; but mostly some flint from which no process of ingenuity could produce a scintillation. . . . there your appointed task of brickmaking was set before you which you must finish with or without straw as it happened. The craving dragon, the public—like him in Bel's temple—must be fed; it expected its daily rations; and Daniel and ourselves, to do us justice, did the best we could on this side bursting him.

Lamb never rose to greater heights than this, or penetrated to profounder depths in his newspaper contributions, but he was regular and reliable. Far different was the case of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. His journalistic career was really tantalizing—the promise was so great; the quality of the articles being admirable, yet his inertness and unpunctuality made him simply impossible from an editor's point of view. His subjects were mainly foreign politics in the intensely exciting time of Napoleon's rise. His Essay on Lord Grenville's reply to Buonaparte's overtures for peace in 1800 aroused keen excitement. But there were also some papers unconnected with any exciting event of the hour which created an unexpected sensation—two contributions in particular, one being the Poem on the Devil's Thoughts, the other a study of the Character of Pitt.

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Stuart, writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, said:

I never knew two pieces of writing, so wholly disconnected with daily occurrences, produce so lively a sensation. Several hundred sheets extra were sold by them, and the paper was in demand for days and weeks afterwards.

Coleridge's articles were quite admirable, not only as literature and thought, but as journalism. That excellent critic, Mr Traill, has described them:

A priori one would have expected that Coleridge's instincts would have led him to rhetorize too much in his diction, to refine too much in his arguments, and to philosophize too much in his reflections, to have hit the popular taste as a journalist, and that at the age of eight-and-twenty he would have been unable to subject these tendencies either to the artistic repression of the maturer writer, or to the tactical restraints of the trained advocate. This eminently natural assumption, however, is entirely rebutted by the facts. Nothing is more remarkable in Coleridge's contributions to the *Morning Post* than their thoroughly workmanlike character from the journalistic point of view, their avoidance of "viewiness," their strict adherence to the one or two simple points which he is endeavouring at any particular juncture in politics to enforce upon his readers, and the steadiness with which he keeps his own and his reader's attention fixed on the special political necessities of the hour. His articles, in short, belong to that valuable class which, while it gives pleasure to the cultivated reader, the most commonplace and Philistine man of business cannot refuse to him the supreme praise of being eminently "practical." They hit the nail on the head in nearly every case, and they take the plainest and most direct route to their point, dealing in rhetoric and metaphor only so far as the strictly "business" ends of the argument appear to require. Nothing, for instance, could have been better done, better reasoned and written, more skilfully adapted throughout to the English taste, than Coleridge's criticism (Dec. 31, 1799) on the new constitution established by Buonaparte and Sieyès on the foundation of the Consulate, with its eighty senators, the "creatures of a renegade priest, himself the creature of a foreign mercenary, its hundred tribunes who are to talk and do nothing, and its three hundred legislators whom the constitution orders to be silent." What a ludicrous Purgatory,

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adds he, "for three hundred Frenchmen!" Very vigorous, moreover, is he on the ministerial rejection of the French proposals of peace in 1800, arguing against the continuance of the war on the very sound anti-Jacobin ground that if it were unsuccessful it would inflame French ambition anew, and, if successful, repeat the experience of the results of rendering France desperate, and simply re-animate Jacobinism.—*Traill*.

Coleridge had then not only the power of thought, but in a supreme degree the journalist's gift for making his thought popular and marketable. If only he had been even moderately dependable, he might have made his own fortune and that of the *Morning Post*. But his constitutional weakness of will showed itself even exceptionally in this matter. The editor, Mr Stuart, could never count on copy at the appointed time. He used to try and coax Coleridge in every possible way. He describes in the *Gentleman's Magazine* how he would call upon the philosopher in the middle of the day, talk over the news, work him up to interest and excitement, and then plan a paragraph or article for the next morning. Coleridge's brilliant conversation on the topic in hand led Stuart to hope for the best, but, alas! in nine cases out of ten the article never came.

Mr Stuart at one time hoped that perhaps the stimulus of the House of Commons debates might be effective, and Coleridge, at his desire, turned reporter. But the most memorable thing that his reportership produced was the account of a speech by William Pitt—in February, 1800—which Pitt never really delivered. The dulness of the early part of the debate sent Coleridge to sleep, and he only woke up when Pitt's speech had nearly come to an end. He gleaned the substance of it as best he could from others, and wrote a far better speech than Pitt really made. It is exceedingly interesting to compare his version of this speech of Pitt, delivered on February 17, 1800, on the continuance of the war, with the report of it which appeared in *The Times* of that date. The effect of the contrast between the Minister's cold state-paper periods and the life and glow of the poet-journalist's

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style is almost comic. Mr Gillman records that Canning, calling on business at the editor's, inquired, as others had done, who was the reporter of the speech for the *Morning Post*, and, on being told, remarked drily that the report "did more credit to his head than to his memory."

It is interesting to recall that Pitt's father had received like treatment from a reporter as great as Coleridge half a century earlier. Sir John Hawkins tells the anecdote in his *Life of Johnson*:

When he (Johnson) was dining with Foote and other friends one day, conversation turned on a speech of Pitt's. Many of the company remembered the debate [we are told] and many passages were cited from the speech, with the approbation and applause of all present. During the ardour of the conversation Johnson remained silent. When the warmth of praise subsided, he opened his mouth with these words: "That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter Street." The company was struck with astonishment. After staring at each other for some time in silent amaze, Dr Francis asked how that speech could be written by him. "Sir," said Johnson, "I wrote it in Exeter Street. I never was in the gallery of the House of Commons but once. Cave had interest with the doorkeeper. He and the persons under him got admittance. They brought away the subject of discussion, the names of the speakers, the side they took, and the order in which they rose, together with notes of the various arguments adduced in the course of the debate. The whole was afterwards communicated to me, and I composed the speeches in the form they now have in Parliamentary Debates for the speeches of that period are all printed from *Cave's Magazine*." To this discovery Dr Francis made answer, "Then, sir, you have exceeded Demosthenes himself!" The rest of the company were lavish in their compliments to Johnson. One in particular praised his impartiality, observing that he had dealt out reasons and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties. "That is not quite true, sir," said Johnson; "I saved appearances well enough, but I took good care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it."

Coleridge, however, never became like Johnson a regular reporter of the debates. Johnson, though indolent, could by force of will compel himself to work. Coleridge

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could not. And the reporter stage in his career failed to effect any improvement and did not last.

His whole journalistic career was, indeed, a pathetic spectacle of a man of great genius and, in a certain sense, of great conscientiousness, but with that Hamlet-like indecision which so often besets the intellectual attempting a task for which he would have been brilliantly qualified had he not been absolutely disqualified. His nervous temperament, his unbusinesslike habits, and his weakness of resolution were all fatal. "Could he have been so far a man of business," Stuart said to Henry Nelson Coleridge, "as to write three or four hours a day, there is nothing I would not have paid him." But this proved impossible. De Quincey has described visiting Coleridge in the first decade of the nineteenth century in his lodgings in the Strand, kept by a Mrs Bainbridge, unable to write and reduced to total impotence by the noises in the house and the sound of vehicles which came through the open window. He kept appealing to his good landlady, who could, he seemed to hope, remove these disabling sources of discomfort.

"There," writes De Quincey, "did I often see the philosopher, with the most lugubrious of faces, invoking with all his might this uncouth name of 'Bainbridge,' each syllable of which he intoned with long-drawn emphasis, in order to overpower the hostile hubbub coming down from the creaking press and the roar from the Strand, which entered at all the front windows. 'Mistress Bainbridge; I say, Mistress Bainbridge,' was the perpetual cry."

But in addition to Coleridge's irregularity there were the disabilities imposed by a sensitive conscience. "While cabbage-stalks rot on dunghills," he wrote to Mr Stuart, "I will never write what, or for what, I do not think right. All that prudence can justify is not to write what at certain times one may yet think."

Stuart, profoundly sensible of the immense value of Coleridge's work, tried every expedient to obtain his regular assistance. He superintended all arrangements

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for his lodgings, and at one moment made him an immense pecuniary offer of something like £2,000 a year. But it was of no use.

I told him [Coleridge writes in his *Essays on his own times*] that I could not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times £2,000; in short, that, beyond £350 a year, I considered money as a real evil.

On the whole, then, the connexion of Coleridge with the *Morning Post* was a source of profound disappointment to Mr Stuart. Other editors whose intellectual perceptions were less keen set little value on him, and, as often happens, when for a moment grace triumphed in Coleridge and seemed to get over his inveterate indolence and irregularity, opportunity was denied him. He entreated Mr Street, the editor of the *Courier*, to give him employment in 1811, at a time when his resources were failing. It was on Stuart's recommendation that Mr Street assented though with obvious reluctance. The result was at first a bout of real industry and regularity on Coleridge's part, which the new editor did not value him highly enough to profit by; and then came the reassertion to Coleridge's old habits which led Mr Street to shake his head and say to Stuart, "I told you so." Stuart thus recalls the story:

An engagement was formed with Coleridge, who attended punctually and wrote every forenoon during some weeks in the spring, and complained to me repeatedly that his writings were not inserted. I told him to have patience; that at present the paper was so filled with debates and advertisements there was no room; but that when Parliament rose there would be abundant space to enable him to compensate as well for his present as for his future salary. When Parliament rose Coleridge had disappeared. I expected this. In short, Coleridge never would write anything that was required of him instantly, as for a daily paper. The sense of compulsion disarmed him—laid him prostrate.*

If the philosopher of the early nineteenth century was

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838.

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disappointing as a journalist, the great novelist of the century's prime was even more so. Coleridge, I really think, did his best to overcome his constitutional inertia. The story of Charles Dickens's one serious attempt at journalism shows equal ineffectiveness but hardly equal conscientiousness. Dickens was led by personal pique—of which I will relate the particulars directly—to embark on editorship. He allowed his friends to take infinite trouble and stake large sums of money in starting a paper for his benefit, and then calmly threw them over after an effort of three weeks. He simply got bored and changed his mind. The story seems hardly credible; yet it is undoubtedly authentic, and it is the record of the beginnings of what was, until recently, one of our greatest daily papers—the *Daily News*. The events are told in Forster's *Life of Dickens*, and are briefly as follows:

Dickens had begun his literary career as a boy as reporter to the *Evening Sun*, and in 1835 (aged twenty-three) worked for the *Morning Chronicle* in the later years of John Black's editorship and before he was a successful novelist. He gave complete satisfaction, and there is no reason to suppose that he had Coleridge's insuperable incapacity for regular journalistic work. But, naturally enough, the more fascinating rôle of a successful novelist removed him for a time from journalism. Still, the stir caused by a few sketchy articles which he sent in March, 1844, to the *Chronicle*—then under the editorship of Andrew Doyle—renewed his journalistic ambitions. The articles were short and brought him ten guineas apiece; and he then offered to write for the *Chronicle* descriptions and impressions of Italy which he was on the eve of visiting. He was very greatly annoyed at the editor's refusing his proposal, and his pique led him to the idea of starting a daily paper to cut out the *Chronicle*. He consulted his friend, John Forster, and his publishers, Bradbury & Evans. His great popularity led to immense expectations on the part of the publishers of prosperity for a journal under his editorship, and, though John

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Forster, who knew how unreliable a man Dickens was, was against the proposal, Bradbury & Evans ventured on the *Daily News* at an immense scale of expenditure. Dickens' salary as editor was to be £2,000 a year. The capital raised or promised was £100,000, the scale of payments to the leader writers, literary and musical critics, reporters and others, was unusually high. Several of the habitual contributors to the *Morning Chronicle* were induced by friendship to Dickens to vacate their positions for the new venture. The general scale of expenditure was very high—Dickens set his face against economy. The only attempt he sanctioned in that direction was that the expenses of foreign correspondents were shared with Edward Baldwin, editor of the *Morning Herald*. The expenses of such a service were estimated at not less than £10,000 a year.

Dickens betrayed all the peculiarities of the artist's temperament which proved as unsatisfactory as the thinker's indecision in Coleridge. He was feverishly eager at the outset and full of enthusiasm. His generous desire to get rid of current abuses which inspired some of the most interesting pages of his novels, and which is visible in the account of the Circumlocution Office in *Little Dorrit*; of the Court of Chancery tragedies in *Bleak House*; of the Fleet Prison in *Pickwick*; of the workhouse in *Oliver Twist*—is fully evidenced in his introductory article. He gives as the inspiring motive of the paper "the improvement of bodily comfort, mental elevation and general contentment among the English people." It is to aim at showing employer and employed their mutual dependence, and their mutual power of adding to the sum of general happiness and prosperity. He threw himself into the agitation for Free Trade which was, in those days, regarded as a symbol of the other freedoms which were to emancipate the down-trodden classes and give to all equality of opportunity, and he has an eloquent passage on his ambition to raise the general tone of the Press in England. All these great ideas suggested an intensity of purpose which should at least

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have lasted long enough to give a fair chance to the paper. And the first number which appeared on January 21, 1846, was an admirable one and augured well. The Corn Law question was treated very ably and so was the Railway question. Charles Mackay had been commissioned to write twelve papers to be called "Voices from the Crowd." These were to represent what was so near to Dickens's heart—the cause of the wrongs and troubles of those who had no champions of position and influence to rescue them from oppression. Dickens also contributed the first of a series of travelling letters written on the road, afterwards reprinted as one of his *Pictures from Italy*. George Hogarth's article on the music of the day was recognized as of first-rate quality.

The succeeding numbers quite sustained the character of the paper. Dickens penned a series of letters on social questions, the first being on Crime and Education; while Savage Landor denounced the slavery in the United States.

But, while all seemed to promise so brilliantly, the enterprise suddenly collapsed at its centre. Dickens himself, as I have said, simply got bored, and, apparently without any compunction or remorse for the immense ventures made by friends on his behalf, threw up the editorship on February 9. The most he would consent to do thenceforth was a few letters on Italian travel, and a few on English social questions.

I should doubt whether journalism had any parallel instance of the unreliability of artistic genius. The cases of Coleridge and Dickens are cases of failure from want of character. The phrase must be used, even of Coleridge, in spite of his religious earnestness. On the other hand, journalists have failed in some instances from a conscientiousness too high to be practical. A notable instance of this was that short-lived newspaper called *The Reader* which began its career in January, 1863. It professed to rise above all current sources of venality and unfairness in journalism. It announced itself as totally unconnected with any publishing firm. It pro-

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fessed that it would "show favour to all works of sterling worth without caring through what channel they come before the public." Its editor was a high-minded and zealous man—John Malcolm Ludlow—and rarely in the history of journalism has such a distinguished staff assisted at the inauguration of a newspaper. The names illustrate what I said at starting, that many of our greatest writers have been contributors to newspapers, for they include the following: Mrs Gaskell, Frederic Harrison, Thomas Hughes, Holman Hunt, Richard Hutton, Charles Kingsley, Norman Lockyer, Frederick Denison Maurice, Lawrence Oliphant, Mark Pattison, William Michael Rossetti, Leslie Stephens, Shirley Brooks, Edward Dicey, Albert Dicey, Francis Galton, Dean Stanley—and many others equally eminent. A very few months saw the ignominious financial failure of this high-minded effort. The public would not buy the paper. Mr Ludlow had to retire and give place to a more practical editor; but nothing could retrieve the false start. It died ignominiously in April, 1866.

It is curious, I may remark, to see in the history of journalism what trivial causes may determine success or failure. When *The Times* newspaper was started, its original name—the *Universal Register*—proved quite fatal to its success. Its founder, John Watts, has left this fact on record. It was too long a name, and the paper was always spoken of as the *Register*. But this designation was highly ambiguous, and led to confusion with the *City Register*, the *Annual Register*, the *New Annual Register*, *Harris' Register for Ladies*, and many other Registers. Thus the paper, started in January, 1785, came to grief. But with the change of name to *The Times and Daily Universal Register* in January, 1788, things mended. The second title was soon dropped, and it became known as *The Times*. And while the *Universal Register* had failed, *The Times* rose to the very heights of journalistic success.

The pessimist who is apt to protest against the injustice of the world will perhaps grimly note the

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failure of the conscientious Ludlow, the insensibility of the public to the great writers he had secured and his high ideals, and the fatal results of so small a thing as an ambiguous name in the early *Times*, and he will doubtless point on the other hand to the almost solitary instances of immediate and unequivocal success in two newspapers which have been the most remarkable for libel suits—namely, Theodore Hook's *John Bull* and Labouchere's *Truth*.

They were among the greatest financial successes in the history of journalism. Yet both papers were especially remarkable for libel actions—and it cannot be doubted that it was rather unscrupulous gossip which largely contributed to their initial success.

We have then, as we cast our eyes down the story of journalism and of the great men who have taken part in it, a good deal that is disheartening—a good deal that makes the inveterate pessimist rejoice, and say with zest: "I told you so." The scandalmongers flourish like bay-trees. The most high-minded writers fail through being unbusinesslike, men of genius prove deficient in resolute perseverance. The merest accidents thwart great plans, and the highest ideals prove unpractical. Nevertheless, I think that in journalism, as in other walks of life, it will be found that character tells. It is not, perhaps, the greatest writers who have succeeded, but on the other hand it is men who were, in some sense, great. Perhaps the two chief essentials for success have been character and judgment. Literary brilliance is only an adjunct; excessive conscientiousness becomes Utopian or Quixotic. But the great editors—such men as Perry of the *Chronicle*, Dan Stuart of the *Morning Post*, and above all Delane of *The Times*, were men absolutely devoted to their work, and with a very sure judgment as to what their public wanted. Perhaps Delane is the most successful journalist (1845-1880 editor) on record. From a merely financial point of view possibly he did not make more of his opportunities than Labouchere, but as combining political power, high principle

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and financial success, he stands almost alone. Forty thousand copies of *The Times* were sold in 1852. The sum total of sales in all other London journals put together do not approach that figure. The *Morning Advertiser* came next with 7,000; the *Daily News*, the *Daily Herald*, *Morning Post*, *Morning Chronicle*, all sold only about 3,000. The position Delane held in the country was remarkable. Sir Algernon West in his *Recollections* writes as follows:—"Editors of *The Times* have existed before and since Delane, but none, I will venture to say, ever filled the place in society that he did. He was in the confidence of everybody of both political parties, and this confidence he never betrayed. No Minister would have thought it odd if he had sent in his card and asked to see him at any hour of the day or night." Delane's success was, I think, unquestionably due to the two characteristics I have named—character and judgment. He had given unmistakable signs of courage and determination in his college days in fields far removed from politics. He was a very plucky rider, and a great boxer and a born sportsman. So fond of his horse did he grow that his calls were paid on horseback in his editorial days. As a boxer he encountered the famous prizefighter known as "The Chicken of Wheatley," and emerged victorious. They fought without gloves. He never wrote a leading article himself, but touched and retouched constantly all that was written in accordance with his directions to ensure its producing the proper effect. Though society constantly invited him to its functions, he never failed to be at *The Times* office by half-past ten or eleven in the evening. In a letter written to the late Warden of Merton—Dr Brodrick—during his last years Delane says, "I have not stirred from this place since last I saw you, and I believe not a column has been published in *The Times* which had not some of my handwriting in the margin." Delane showed character in his perseverance. He showed it also in his independence. The two Ministers with whom he was most intimate were Aberdeen and Palmerston. Yet on occasion he most

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strongly criticized and opposed them, while his hero, Sir Robert Peel, was hardly known to him personally at all. *The Times* voiced in the strongest manner the public criticism on Lord Aberdeen for the incompetence of the responsible authorities at the time of the Crimean War. Kinglake's testimony to its influence at this time is given in the following words:

No more cogent appeals were perhaps ever made than those in which the greatest writers of *The Times* insisted again and again that the despatch of reinforcements must be achieved with an exertion of will strong enough to overthrow every obstacle interposed by mere customs. When the story of Inkerman reached them they uttered, if so one may speak, the very soul of a nation enraptured with the hard won victory and combining in gratitude to its distant army, yet disclosing the care, the grief which sobered its joy and its pride.

Two other editorships besides Delane's which combined genuine merit and high principle with success were the *Saturday Review*, under the editorship of Mr Beresford Hope; and that of the *Spectator* under R. H. Hutton. Among the contributors to the *Saturday* were men of great ability and independence. Besides the late Lord Salisbury, to whom I have already referred, the list included Vernon Harcourt, Abraham Hayward, George Smythe (afterwards Lord Strangford), Fitz-James Stephen, Henry Mayne, John Morley and Henry Nutcombe Oxenham. Almost at the same time, in the later 'fifties, the *Spectator*, which had been founded in 1828 by Rintoul and had exerted considerable influence as a Radical organ, passed into the hands of Richard Hutton and Meredith Townsend.

The quarterlies, which began early in the last century, hardly counted as journalism—and like the weeklies they published anonymous articles. To the weeklies and quarterlies were added in the 'sixties the monthlies and the signed article—the *Contemporary* and the *Nineteenth Century*. I have ascribed Hope's success to his brilliant staff, Hutton's and Delane's in different ways to editorial

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ability. Sir James Knowles, who as editor successively of the two Reviews I have just named, stood for the monthly reviews and the signed article, succeeded both in virtue of strong character and the support of brilliant men. If we include the monthly reviews as belonging to journalism certainly his *Nineteenth Century* was an exceptionally prolific parent of great men in journalism.

Though not the originator of the signed article, Knowles was its greatest and most successful promoter, first when he took over the editorship of the *Contemporary Review* in the later 'sixties, and afterwards when, in 1877, he founded the *Nineteenth Century*. The system was in some sense a response to new conditions. The increase in the number of journals and of the reading public had already made members of the House of Commons use their speeches as a vehicle for addressing the whole country through the newspapers. But politics were, after all, but one department of public affairs. A platform was needed from which distinguished men of all ways of thinking could address the whole reading public on all great topics of the hour. The idea was that of public debating, in which the name and antecedents of each speaker, as well as his arguments, should have their weight, as they have in the House of Commons. Before the signed article came into fashion the clumsy system of pamphlets had been the only way of effecting this object—if the utterance was too long for a letter to *The Times*. But a pamphlet needed advertising, and was consequently expensive to produce, and was not in the end widely read unless the occasion or the author was exceptionally important. The *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*, on the other hand, were read by every one. For those who had a wish and right to claim a hearing from the public no rostrum commanded so wide an audience, except a letter to *The Times*, as the *Nineteenth Century*. And letters to *The Times* were ever necessarily strictly conditioned as to length and subject, while the range of the *Nineteenth Century* was very wide.

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In the early years of his editorship Knowles obtained an immense accession of weighty contributors from his connexion with the Metaphysical Society, of which he was the founder. I remember his coming with Tennyson to our house at Hampstead in April, 1869, to discuss with my father and Archbishop Manning the scheme of the proposed Society, and the idea met with such general approval that in a few months its members included nearly all the eminent thinkers of the day on the philosophy of religion; the only notable exceptions, I think, being J. S. Mill, Cardinal Newman, and Herbert Spencer, who all three declined to join. Many statesmen were of the company, including Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, Grant-Duff, Lord Arthur Russell, and the late Lord Selborne; and the number of poets and men of letters and of science, in addition to the professed metaphysicians, made the Society far more representative of wide interests than its name and object promised. Aided by this powerful group of supporters Knowles, in 1877, threw off the fetters imposed by a Review of which he was not himself proprietor, and founded the *Nineteenth Century*. Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, the Duke of Argyll, Ruskin, Gladstone, J. A. Froude, are the names of only a few writers among others equally eminent who contributed from the very first.

Both as to what people wished to hear about and whom they wished to hear Knowles's instinct was unerring. It was, indeed, to this quality that both the foundation of the Metaphysical Society and the success of the *Nineteenth Century* were due. Knowles was no metaphysician. The philosophy of religious belief had no special interest for him. But accident led him to discover that the subject had at that moment very special interest for a large number of exceedingly eminent and representative men. Having known Tennyson slightly, he met him accidentally when he was planning his house at Aldworth, near Haslemere. Knowles, who was an architect by profession, offered to design the house for him, and Tennyson accepted the offer. To the intimacy which

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hence arose with Tennyson, who was profoundly interested in the subject of the metaphysics of religious belief, was due the foundation of the Metaphysical Society. The idea caught on with Tennyson's friends and with others. And Knowles's activity and power of organization both brought the Society into being and secured its active and flourishing life. His peculiar quickness of perception and acquisition was once spoken of by Tennyson in special reference to the Metaphysical Society. "No man ever had his brain in his hand as Knowles had," Tennyson said. "He could learn in half an hour enough of a subject which was quite new to him to talk about it, and never talk nonsense. When we first planned the Metaphysical Society Knowles did not know a 'concept' from a hippopotamus. Before we had talked of it for a month he could chatter metaphysics with the best of us." And it was this quickness and alertness which also made his editorship so singularly successful in the years of his prime. He applied at the right moment to the right man to address the public on the right topic. He often told me that when he saw what was wanted he made it a rule to insist on having it, and would gladly pay with even excessive liberality rather than lose it. He aimed at securing the best-known representatives of competing views on subjects of the day; but he also had an eye to the future, and was quick to recognize rising talent and give young men their chance. He always wished to be on good terms with the representatives of every department of activity, political, social and religious; and I remember his dissatisfaction at not knowing the present Archbishop of Westminster, having been intimate with both Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Vaughan. I brought them together at his desire, and he was afterwards, I believe, a not infrequent visitor at Archbishop's House.

His gifts and his opportunities made the *Nineteenth Century* one of the most signal immediate successes, I suppose, in the history of reviews. Before starting it—so he once told me—he asked his father to guarantee

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£2,000 against possible loss in setting it on foot. In the event not only did he never apply to his father for a penny, but he made from the beginning many thousands a year, and at once outstripped in popularity all competitors in the same line.

I must add a few words about the present conditions of daily journalism. Mr Arnold Bennett in his amusing little book called *How to Become an Author* sets down Mr Stead of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and Mr T. P. O'Connor, formerly of the *Star*, as its founders; and Mr Harmsworth of the *Daily Mail* as its principal developer.

I own that the distinctive developments which Mr Bennett sets down as marking the difference between the old and the new are not to my taste. Journalism has, no doubt, always required to be easy reading, but it endeavoured also, in my youth, to make men better and wiser. It was recognized that the jam of a readable style was needed to make the powders of good advice and useful information palatable, but the powders were the important part. Modern journalists are satisfied with the jam and no powders. Let me state the case in Mr Bennett's own words:

The old journalism said to itself, in effect, when it wrote its copy: "This is what our readers ought to like. This is good for them. This is genuinely important. This ought to interest. This cannot be omitted. This is our expert opinion on a vital affair . . ." And so on. The new journalism says to itself: "Will our readers like this, will they be interested in it? Let us not forget that our readers are ignorant, ill-informed, impatient under intellectual strain, and not anxiously concerned about many really vital matters. Let us remember that they live chiefly for themselves and for the moment; that in fact they are human. Let us look the situation in the face and decide whether our readers—*not as they ought to be, but as they actually are*—will read and be interested in this thing. If they won't, however excellent it may be, it is of no use to us." Again, the old journalism considered that many aspects of life were beneath its notice. The old journalism ignored nearly everything except politics, law, trade and the arts. The new journalism ignores nothing, considers nothing beneath its notice.

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Everything that is human is good enough for the new journalism and the more human it is, the more warmly does the new journalism welcome it.

No doubt, as Mr Bennett adds, "Freshness, Brightness and Human Interest" are achieved by the new journalism but the idea of benefiting the world is almost lost. The existing taste of readers is accurately measured, but no attempt is made to improve it. And Mr Bennett, I am glad to see, severely condemns "the growing tendency of journalism to pander unduly to the prejudices and intellectual laziness of the average man."

It is quite obvious that such a one as Coleridge, who had so keenly at heart in all he wrote the maintenance of what he regarded as true principles, would be simply unable to fall in with the modern ideal. As I have pointed out, he was highly successful in making his articles palatable, but they had as their ultimate object the instruction and improvement of his readers. That would now be tabooed. Perhaps Dickens might have done better, but his work would have had to be unconnected with his more serious ideals. The aim of the modern journalistic aspirant should be, according to the highly frank admission of Mr Bennett, simply utilitarian—to amuse or please with no idea of benefiting.

"He must be entirely worldly, entirely possessed by the idea of getting money in exchange for an article—not for the sake of the money, but because money is the sole proof of success in the enterprise."

Mr Bennett's list of the subjects which are likely to appeal to the popular taste of to-day is highly amusing. Here are some of the suggested titles for articles: "How Milk is Adulterated"; "How Streets are Washed"; "How a company is floated." And again, "An Hour with a Horse-dentist"; "The Apprenticeship of a Steeple-Jack"; "Crimes of Crossing-sweepers"; "Dogs who have brought disaster"; "Mill girls who have become marchionesses." Again, so mechanical are often the methods of the modern editor that he is guided in his

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choice far more by the title of an article and by its length than by its substance. A piece of gossip about a great man which just fills a vacant half column runs a better chance than the ablest disquisition on his writing.

“If it is too long or too short,” writes Mr Bennett, “it may be the finest article in the world, but it would be refused.” And Mr J. M. Barrie, in his novel, *When a Man's Single* hits the nail on the head when he remarks: “An editor tosses aside your column and a half about evolution, but is glad to have a paragraph saying that you saw Herbert Spencer the day before yesterday, gazing solemnly for ten minutes into a milliner's window.”

A peculiar attitude of mind is demanded for success in modern journalism. The aspirant for journalistic success “must learn to see life interestingly,” says Mr Bennett. “And he must fall into the habit of regarding the whole of human existence as material for ‘copy.’ The idea of ‘copy’ must be always with him. When he jumps on an omnibus ideas for articles should crowd thick upon him: ‘How an Omnibus is Built,’ for *Pearson's Magazine*; ‘The Ailments of Omnibus Horses: a Chat with a Vet.’ I suppose now his subject would be suggested by entering a taxi or a motor bus. His article would be called: ‘How Motors are Manufactured’ and ‘A Chat with Mr Ford of Detroit.’ When he spends a sleepless night owing to the entire failure of all his efforts for a month past, he should by instinct consider the feasibility of a scare-article for the *Daily Mail* about the increasing use of narcotics by urban populations. When his uncle is killed in a great railway accident, he should be moved to write an illustrated article on the differences between ancient and modern railway accidents for the *Strand Magazine.*”

That modern journalism offers no field for great men it would be too much to say, for one of the passions of the populace to which it panders is a craving for interviews with or personal remarks about celebrities. Thus a great writer will find admission into its portals, but he will have to be careful not to say much that is very

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serious; and this condition will deter many. One writer whom I certainly count great, has, indeed, found a congenial place in modern journalism. I mean Mr G. K. Chesterton. Mr Chesterton's powers of being fresh and original in his remarks on any subject under the sun, and of pointing a moral without boring anyone, have enabled him to comply sufficiently with modern conditions without sacrificing the more serious aspirations of every great writer. But in this respect he stands almost alone.

The two greatest journalists I personally have known belong one to the last generation and one to the present—the late Mr Hutton and Mr Chesterton. Of Mr Chesterton, as he is still with us, I will say no more; but Hutton's career was almost unique in the history of journalism. Whether he could have achieved his success at all at the present time I do not know. The utilitarian standard has developed so rapidly since his death in 1897 that I cannot be quite certain. But even during his own editorship of the *Spectator* from 1858 to 1897, his was an attitude far more elevated and unworldly than that of any other journalist of his day. It is to be remembered that he and Mr Townsend made the *Spectator* one of the greatest financial successes in weekly journalism—latterly, indeed, the greatest of all, for the *Saturday Review* declined. Yet Hutton's manner of writing was emphatically that of a serious philosopher, moralist and critic. Originality, indeed, he had in abundance, but he entirely disdained all attempt to pander to the weaknesses of his readers.

These characteristics of Hutton's writing are well known to those who have read my recollections of him published in this REVIEW in January, 1914. What I there said, I think justifies me in regarding him as the most interesting instance not only of the great Englishman who is a journalist, but of one who was at once a great Englishman, a great journalist, and a great editor.

WILFRID WARD

EASTER EVE

RADIANCY veiled from sight;
Song on the point to break:
Sea of the amethyst light;
All wake.

Bird-notes tremble and cease:
A Wind stirs the small gold leaves:
The bountiful Hand of Peace
A crown beatific weaves

*To the Rock by the shining shore
White wings silently glide:
Drop by a Tomb, and the Door
Stands wide.

And the stars hold their throbbing breath:
O Night of the dread Deed done!
O Battle of Life and Death,
WON!

MARY SAMUEL DANIEL.

* The Catholic Church of St Agatha at Dawlish stands quite near the cliff edge overlooking the sea.

A PLEA FOR INTERNATIONAL LAW

ALTHOUGH the war cannot be said to have reached as yet any decisive point, the public Press is full of plans for the better reorganization of Europe after the defeat of Germany, and of proposals which are intended to prevent a renewal of the calamity. These discussions may seem premature, or even presumptuous, but they are inevitable. It would be difficult indeed to keep our hearts and spirits up to the high level which the contest demands, unless we believed that victory would protect at least a few generations from a similar evil, and that some means will be found to secure the peace of the world other than the old competition in armaments. The material progress of the last fifty years has made this war so much more murderous than any other, has given it such infinite ramifications into every department of life, that its long continuance or its renewal is almost unthinkable. We wish it to be "war against war" as well as a war against Germany, and we hope, some of us, that it may be "The war which will end war," at least for many years to come. No sane man can believe that war will ever be entirely banished from the earth, but it does not seem extravagant to hope that after the war we may set up that more stable organization of Europe, which is the passionate desire of the great majority of its inhabitants. The old system is self-condemned. It was based on mutual distrust. The only protection on which a country could depend was that of its own material power and its capacity for war. The most inoffensive and peace-loving of countries were driven by a hard necessity to follow the example of the expansive and the warlike. To this horrid competition there appeared to be only two possible solutions, either a radical change in the minds of men which would give to peaceful States some other security, or a European war. To some even war seemed better than the ever-increasing drain of the armaments. But war alone is no solution

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Nations cannot be destroyed, and if the attempt be made time will certainly bring its traditional revenge. Even if the impossible were to occur, and Germany rendered incapable of ever renewing the contest, there are infinite possibilities of friction between the seven "victors," a number which is sure to increase once they are more obviously victorious. If the war of 1870 did not "clear the air," still less is the war of 1914-15 likely to do so by the mere fact that it has been fought. A war will never put an end to war. Such a result can only be achieved by a change in the relations between nations, and this in its time is possible only if there is a more fundamental change in the current ideas in international matters.

It is generally agreed that the first step will be to establish some more effective union of States to take the place of the much derided European Concert. If arbitration is to take the place of war, the Hague tribunal is there to direct the proceedings, but it can neither force arbitration on the recalcitrant nor carry out its decrees. The necessary force must be provided by some strongly knit inter-State organization. And this organization must probably be a permanent one. A mere system of congresses meeting *ad hoc* would not be united enough or perhaps even strong enough to put compulsion on a modern State. It would be essentially a diplomatic, not a judicial, body; its connexion with the Court would be too slight, and in practice its decision would be much more important than that of the Court. Thus the nation to be coerced would have no guarantee that the compulsion was anything but political. No international organization can possibly succeed unless it can make some appeal to the different States other than that of mere force. It must have some sort of hold on their respect and it must emphasize as far as possible its judicial character. It is doubtful, in fact, whether an efficient international policeman can be provided by anything but an international State. Only in such a "World State" apparently would the judicial and executive be properly combined. It would, however, be a high price to pay for efficiency. The "World State" is

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not an attractive idea. Mr Zimmern has, in the last chapter of *The War and Democracy*, pointed out its dangers. It might easily mean the extinction by the more numerous or powerful elements of that very national independence, that right to live our own lives, for which we are now fighting.

We may, therefore, have to sacrifice efficiency and fall back upon a looser yet still permanent "Confederation." There will naturally be much to connect the nations in time of peace, much economic machinery, much legal intercourse; every effort will have to be made to soften racial divisions. Europe would certainly be the happier for more restored Alsaces, provinces connected politically with one country and racially with another. Whatever hopes, however, we may build on the new Confederation we must not forget the lesson of the last attempt to form a permanent extra-national government of Europe, the Holy Alliance which was formed at the instigation of Alexander I after the Napoleonic Wars. Peace must have seemed an inconceivably precious possession after twenty-three years of nearly continuous warfare, and we might expect that any system that promoted it would be welcome. The professed aim of the Alliance seemed harmless enough; it was, in Alexander's words, "the maintenance of peace and the union of all the moral interests of the peoples which Divine Providence has been pleased to unite under the banner of the Cross." Yet liberal opinion from the first suspected the Alliance. Even Castlereagh not often open to the charge of liberalism, was afraid that it would endanger national independence and expected to see Russian armies acting as the policemen of the Alliance and suppressing "liberalism" in Western Europe. In the end Canning openly opposed the Alliance in the interests of national independence and the peace of the world. Historical analogies must not be pressed too far. It may be argued that the Holy Alliance failed because it was a league of autocrats, and that where it failed a Confederation of freely governed States may succeed. True, but all modern States are not freely governed, and power-

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ful nationalities have been at times very scornful of the rights of small States. The essential point is that the coercion which the Confederation brings to bear upon a State should be strictly *judicial*, in accordance with principles of international law generally recognized. The international policeman will only be tolerable if he acts in harmony with an international conscience.

The edification of this new international conscience, that is the essential task. To replace the old system of competitive armaments by a more Christian organization of States, to exchange war for arbitration, to diminish suffering, without weakening the sense of justice, to do all this the whole moral standard of Europe must be raised. Constitutional or diplomatic machinery may help, but the problem is fundamentally a moral one and it cannot be solved by mere changes in political organization. Too much attention is being paid at present to the question of an international *force*, to this much wanted international police; not enough to the *law*, which must be generally acknowledged if the police are to work successfully. The internal peace of a State depends, of course, upon the presence of a Government endowed with force, and unless the Government dealt with the exceptional law-breaker, that peace would be destroyed. Yet the law-breaker is an exception and no law could be enforced on him unless it were generally accepted. The consciences of the many are much more vital to the State than the compulsion which is brought to bear on the few. The law is obviously prior to the policeman.

If this is true of domestic law where the State has every advantage of prestige and of material power ready at hand, it must be yet more true of international law. Even if a new material sanction can be established it will necessarily be a tentative one, with very little traditional authority behind it. It will be helpless without the support of the public conscience. Hague tribunals may work successfully where the issues are comparatively unimportant, and national feeling has not been excited, but if a country feels threatened in some vital point of honour

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or interest, it will require every kind of moral force to prevent the intervention of the Confederation from turning into a murderous war. It is useless to say that no country would be so threatened. There will always be aggressive nations, and no Confederations can be guaranteed against taking sides in an international dispute. Even if this were not the case, the possibilities of national self-deception seem to have no limit. Nothing is perhaps more ominous in the present situation than the success with which an educated and usually thoughtful nation has been brought to believe with intense conviction a whole system of illusion. So much seems to depend on surroundings so little on reason that there are moments of weakness when even an Englishman will be inclined to ask himself whether we, too, may not have gone mad. The only thing that could have preserved the German mind from this contagion would have been a strong moral conviction that "preventive war" is wicked, that treaties are sacred, that even national disaster is better than national injustice. Principles such as these would have given the German people an independent position, a vantage ground from which they could judge the action of their Government. In matters of policy the Government has always the advantage of superior knowledge; it is on the ground of principle alone that in moments of crisis the people can criticize or resist.

It can hardly be denied that hitherto the whole question of national morality has been little understood, little thought of. None of the more important States ventured to put any trust in it, and the society of nations had to be built on a basis of mutual fear, or at least on that of a balance between rival alliances. The evil was general and all the Powers must have been to some extent to blame, though the countries that began the war are not for that reason excused. Nor was it the Governments who were mostly at fault. Surely it is clear that so universal a catastrophe as this war must be the consequence of some equally universal evil. The Pope and the bishops, and not least eloquently the German Bishops, have seen in the

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war a punishment for the growth of material ideas and pleasures, for the neglect of God; and every Christian must agree. Yet the war is perhaps more directly the outcome of indifference to the whole idea of national sin. This is a responsibility which affects a whole nation. In matters of interest a people may leave matters to the Government; they cannot hand over their consciences. Indeed they are often in a better position to judge than the Governments. Ministers are involved in the technical matters of their profession, they are deep in affairs, they have to deal often enough with unscrupulous adversaries, they have to work for some tangible success. It would be a mistake to expect from them a higher idealism than that which prevails in the nation which is behind them. The ordinary man free from the immediate pressure of affairs is in a better position for forming judgments on general principles, just as the amateur may often be a better judge of a picture than the artist immersed in technique. Yet how little sensitiveness did most men show on these great subjects; or if they were sensitive, what a wild, ill-regulated, one-sided feeling it was! On the one hand you had honest men asserting blandly that in international affairs there was no right or wrong, that the Ten Commandments did not apply to States that for them national interest was the only guide. As if human acts were removed from the jurisdiction of God and the conscience simply because they were the acts not of one man but of many. On the other hand there were the good people who declared that all war was unchristian, as if the man was not a coward who saw a woman attacked by a bully and did not defend her. The war has at any rate cleared the air of these two forms of criminal folly. But even those, who admit that national acts are under the moral law, hold the most contradictory views on the practical applications of this principle.

The most important question in the Law of Nations is that which deals with war, with the the circumstances which make a war just; and it was interesting to read or hear current opinion at the time of the first Balkan War. That

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was a war sufficiently aloof from British feelings and interests to be discussed dispassionately and it certainly afforded a curious illustration of the current vagueness. To some men the attack on the Turks seemed just on the simple principle that they were not Christians, a doctrine which would not have been approved by sound theologians even during the Crusades. Others justified the action of the Balkan States on the ground of history. The Christians were having their revenge for Kossova and Varna; a pretty national vendetta, five centuries old! It is true that this historical argument was pushed even further by some Italians who claimed the right to sieze Tripoli because it had been part of the Roman Empire! The arguments from Turkish "misgovernment" or the "principle of nationalities" are obviously more serious, yet they are often very difficult of application. On the first principle the other European States were certainly justified in their attack on France during the French Revolution and the "principle of nationalities," if asserted without qualification, would, to take an extreme case, have forbidden the occupation of America by Europeans. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the complete absence from the minds of our contemporaries of any definite system of international law. It is an uncultivated region, not without vigorous growth, but all confused, and often hidden in fog. If vagueness of principle is a common state of mind even in quiet, dispassionate times, it is easy to see how difficult it must be to withstand the moral storm which sweeps over a people in moments of great national excitement; a principle which is to be a guide to action in moments of crisis must be something arresting and clear to the eye. Some dimly seen oracle of uncertain utterance will be of little use in such an emergency.

It may be of some use perhaps to examine why it is that men who have very clear ideas about personal morality should be at such a loss when it is a question of national duty, though we must remember that to account for a thing is not necessarily to excuse it. To begin with,

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the whole problem of "collective morality" has been neglected. It is not easy to enlighten and strengthen the individual conscience. Both the Church and moralists have been fully occupied with a work which has to be renewed for each generation, and it is naturally the chief form in which moral evil presents itself. In fact, it is obvious enough that corporate sin must ultimately be brought back to the individual sinner; a corporation, as we are often told, has no soul. Yet the ethics of commercial companies, the acts of municipal bodies, the esprit de corps even of such sacrosanct institutions as religious orders and the Colleges of a University, all these would, in their different degrees, repay a good deal of study and revision. But the State is the most important and the most exacting of the many forms of association in which men have grouped themselves. The whole of modern history seems to have conspired in its favour. The national movement has on the one hand brought together scattered provinces or minor States and on the other deepened the frontiers by tending to identify racial and political divisions. The progress of invention has by its new means of communication concentrated administrative and political life. Social reformers find in State intervention what appears to be much their handiest implement. Even religious scepticism has done its part, for it is not unusual to find among our contemporaries men who have set up the religion of patriotism on the empty throne within their consciences. The State has inherited, too, most of the loyalties which in other days were given to family, city or province, and much, too, of the reverence which in one age was paid to the wider unity of Christendom, and in another to that of Humanity. How strong is its grip on the human heart this war has shown. In spite of many years of peace, during which it would have been natural for the martial virtues to decay, millions of men are now sacrificing, or prepared to sacrifice, their lives at the call of the State.

Yet the noblest forces can be abused. We know only too well what crimes have been committed in the name of

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family, liberty or religion, and love of country is too great a power to escape the danger. There can be no doubt that the concentration of so many forces in the hands of the State and the hold which it has got on men's hearts have tended to weaken the feeling that we belong to a family of nations. We are too close as yet to the great political movements of the nineteenth century to judge them with any security, but there are many who feel that the unitary movements, such as that in Germany, and the racial revivals such as that among the Slavs, may prove fatal to the harmony of Europe. They have certainly tended to raise barriers and to embitter divisions between some nations. Let us hope that the present Alliance will do much to restore the sense that the different States belong to one society in which there should be place both for great and small. For Catholics it must be a subject of poignant regret that our common membership of the Church, our common share in her spiritual life proved incapable, apparently, of exerting the least influence on the course of events. The Catholics of Germany and Austria-Hungary seem to have thrown themselves into the war with as much conviction as any Prussian. We hear of no protests against the treatment of Catholic Belgium. Not a murmur has reached us from the great Centre Party which once stood up so nobly for the cause of the Church against an outburst of aggressive nationalism in the 'seventies. The Catholic popular paper the *Kölnischer Volkzeitung* published a special number to justify the burning of Louvain. In spite, however, of this disaster to the cause of Catholic unity, we may feel sure that the Church, the one cosmopolitan society left, will do her share in drawing the nations together once more. For her it is an old battle. She has received many a wound in the struggle between principles of Christian unity and excessive nationalism.

There is another and a more terrible way in which excessive patriotism has dimmed the sense of justice in international relations and brought us to the present pass. It needs but a few words to indicate it. The good of the

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State, or at any rate the fear of disaster to it, has seemed a motive so high that it has been held to override all law, the plighted word and the most elementary dictates of humanity. This is mere idolatry. Without raising the difficult question of the exact limits of a country's rights in time of war it is clear that no human society is so sacred, so essential, that a man may say, I will break any law rather than see my country defeated. It is unnecessary to develop this point.

It is time now to turn to the condition of international law itself. The mind of the average honest citizen is very ill prepared to deal with national acts, not only because he is apt to make too much of his own State, but also because he knows of no generally accepted system laying down the ideal relations between different States. There are manuals of international law, it is true, but much of the study is concerned with the status and rights of individuals, with questions of naturalization, of naval insurance, etc. The law which the Hague tribunal is prepared to administer is mostly the result of positive enactments, the different Hague Conventions. There has been of recent years much activity of this legislative kind and in future it may be of considerable importance. For the present, unfortunately, Hague Conventions have fallen upon evil days. What is particularly wanting to contemporary international law is a generally accepted basis of moral principle such as was afforded by the traditional law of nations and such as is found in the systems of the legists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

It seems to be the habit of international lawyers to date their science from the seventeenth century. During the Middle Ages, they say, Europe was one community under Pope and Emperor, there was therefore a Sovereign, and no need for international law. It was not till after the destruction of the mediæval system in the sixteenth century that an international law was required, based on the equality in matters of right of all sovereign States. But this is taking rather a narrow view of the subject. In a sense the fundamental principles of international

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law are as old as morality. The conception that a number of men acting together must be under a rule something like that to which an individual is subject, must be a fairly primitive conception. It is certainly in accordance with Christian morals, and during the Middle Ages the principles of international law were generally admitted. The Emperor's "sovereignty" was really illusory and the Pope acted more often as an arbitrator endeavouring to apply to rivals principles of "justitia" rather than as a sovereign. When in the seventeenth century Grotius became by his *De Jure Belli et Pacis* the father of modern international law, he was in the main elaborating by means of Roman Law and general jurisprudence the principles of the mediæval moralists on natural law, though they did not themselves apply them to collective personalities. Grotius's main positions are simple enough. Every State, whatever its size, is to have equal rights, and to be quite independent. One State may not interfere with another. The territory of the State is its property; to attempt to take it is theft. These principles kept their prestige, at least as ideals, till the nineteenth century. They had much unjust foreign policy to survive in the eighteenth century, and the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars paid them very little regard. The final defeat of the French was, however, a victory for national independence and in a sense for the old international law. The deadliest blow came from the Principle of Nationalities. During the Napoleonic Wars an old ideal was confronted with modern *facts*. However startling they might be they were never formed into a rival system. The Principle of Nationalities, on the other hand, belonged to the region of ideals. It had its own gospel of intervention on behalf of oppressed nationalities and it made a very strong appeal to the feelings, and even to the conscience of Europe. But it was in many points in direct opposition with international law. The law dealt with States, not with nations. It recognized Turkey and Tuscany; it knew nothing of Greece or Italy. The "national idea," on the contrary, was anxious to

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break up States like Turkey, and to combine, in spite of their Governments, ancient independent countries like Naples, Tuscany, or the States of the Church. To this end it looked upon war and foreign intervention as legitimate and admirable. As yet we cannot judge the Principle of Nationalities from its results. The movement is still in progress, and the results are all around us; yet we can tell that injustice was certainly done in its name, that the process of unification was disfigured by deceit in Italy and by violence in Germany. Indeed at the present moment it is difficult not to look back with regret to the times when numbers of little States led peaceful if unheroic lives, when men could be friends and fellow-subjects though they spoke different languages and had different coloured hair. But in the middle of the last century the better side of the movement was more apparent, the relief given to the oppressed. The national idea swept the board and carried off public opinion captive. The old international law with its conservative ways has never recovered from the blow.

The conflict of the two ideals, the conservative law and the revolutionary principle, showed the weak points of the old system. This was, it must be admitted, very rigid. It identified the nation with the Government, with the Sovereign; it treated the territory almost as if it were the private property of the Sovereign; its aim seemed to be to confirm and consecrate the *status quo*. Now, in domestic politics the State is always there to correct the *status quo*. It takes from the rich by taxation to give to the poor. It endeavours to provide opportunities for those who might profit by them, to remove obsolete institutions which cumber the ground, to foster new forces, young energies. But in international affairs there is no common State to perform this benevolent work. Must it not be left to the free play of forces, in other words, to the chances of war? The answer is that international law is not a perfect system, cannot provide for every emergency, but that anyhow war is not the remedy. It is clear that the ordinary law cannot adequately deal

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with offences against a man's honour, but for all that the duel is an immoral act, and ineffective as a remedy. War, like the duel, favours the efficient bully and gives no protection to an innocent nation unjustly attacked.

The old international law had, however, the great merit of providing a system which linked together principles of national conduct with rules universally accepted in private life. In its essential points, apart from the endless deductions of a very complicated system, it was simple and comprehensible by the ordinary man. It was based on moral principle, not, like much of contemporary international law, on the practice of States. No system of ideal conduct should be based on practice. In our own Courts, when we talk of precedents we mean judgments, not facts. It is surely of most vital interest for the enlightenment of the public conscience and for the peace of the world that the knowledge of international law should be revived, that there should be revision where revision is necessary, and that its principles should be generally accepted. Every available force should be brought to bear on this question; the lawyer, the moralist, the theologian. The Church should take the lead. In the past she has been rather shy of interfering in matters of this kind. There was a proposal at the time of the Vatican Council to lay down some principles "de re militari et bello," but the Council did not last long enough for the question to be raised. In general the ecclesiastical authorities have been anxious not to come into conflict with national sentiment, and afraid perhaps of finding themselves in the strange company of anarchists and "sans patrie." But all such fears should be thrown aside. The problem of national sin can no longer be avoided. As guardian of the moral law it would seem to be the Church's first duty in these days of bewildered consciences to state the principles of Catholic tradition on what constitutes lawful war. Once a healthy public opinion has been formed it will then be possible to bring to bear upon Governments much the most effective check, the check from within; most effective because it does not raise national feelings, and is not open,

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as arbitration often is, to the charge of being mere diplomacy in the disguise of law. Without that enlightened and alert public opinion, arbitration may carry but little weight and the international policeman, if he can be found, arouse merely bitter resentment. To preach international justice, that may not seem a very attractive programme. It sounds particularly worthy and perhaps particularly uninteresting. It is not a short cut to European peace. Yet no great improvement has ever been brought about in the world except through men in general becoming better than they were before.

F. F. URQUHART

THE SUBMARINE MYTH

NO aspect of the naval war is invested with greater uncertainty in the public mind than the influence of the submarine on the exercise of sea power. As a practical engine of war it has been in existence for a great many years. There were, for instance, scores of submarines actually commissioned and almost daily at sea in the English and French navies at the time when Russia and Japan were fighting off Port Arthur and in the Pacific. The "Gustave Zédé" had proved, both experimentally and in the French manœuvres, that the diving ship could be navigated with safety, could travel for long distances, remain perfectly concealed, and under favourable conditions be made to approach an anchored fleet, completely unseen, and to discharge torpedoes at its constituent ships from a range which seemed to make hitting inevitable. But neither the Japanese nor the Russians had any submarines at all. It was indeed some years before any Power followed England and France. Germany, for instance, did not build her first submarines until 1908. This form of warship therefore has now, for the first time, been tested by the actual conditions of fighting.

As is the case with all new engines of war, the case for the submarine was, from the first, rather spoiled by the extravagant claims made by its advocates. The truth of the matter is that from the very first invention of the automobile torpedo, the existence of a missile of devastating power, insignificantly small in itself and carried by an insignificantly small vessel, overtaxed the imagination of a certain class of naval thinkers. There was no doubt that a single torpedo, costing less than £1,000, charged from a torpedo boat, costing perhaps £10,000, could in a second or two cripple, if not sink, a battleship armed with the heaviest guns and manned by a thousand men, and costing £1,000,000. It was this contrast between the trivial cost of the agent and the terrific result to the victim—should it hit!—that so obsessed men's minds in

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the later 'seventies, 'eighties and 'nineties as to lead many to speak as if the future of naval war must rest with the torpedo alone. But when the Russians fought the Turks, and the Peruvians fought the Chilians; when Japan went to war with China, America with Spain, and finally Russia with Japan, the actual success of the torpedo turned out to be so disappointingly small as to bring all these prophecies to less than nothing at all. The Japanese, for instance, made only seventeen hits with over three hundred torpedoes. The invention of the submarine gave the torpedo theory of war not only a new life but a new life of a very different kind. Torpedo experience in the wars I have spoken of had been unfortunate because of the extraordinary difficulty of getting a favourable opportunity for discharging the weapon. It was in fact almost impossible to hit. The submarine capable of advancing on its enemy in security, because of its concealment, seemed to guarantee exactly those ideal conditions that had been sadly lacking before. Thus the whole of the damped enthusiasm of the torpedo was rekindled into life, and a new school of devotees was created.

Perhaps the first evidence that there would be a powerful deflection of naval opinion in this direction was an article in *Brassey's Naval Annual*, about twelve years ago, from the pen of Captain (afterwards Admiral, and now Lieutenant-Colonel) Reginald Bacon. Captain Bacon was a torpedo officer of exceptional brilliancy to whom had been first entrusted the virtual founding of our submarine fleet. In this article Captain Bacon drew attention to the extreme importance of the thoughtful study in times of peace of the power and capacity of the new forces which were coming into war, and in particular the "unknown possibilities" of their future development. Nor was it difficult to see that the "unknown" was here, as ever, the magnificent.

It is interesting to note that at the very time when the revival of naval gunnery was beginning, there was also this revival of interest in the torpedo. While it would be going much too far to say the navy ever was or could be

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split up into two factions, one advocating guns and the other advocating torpedoes, it is nevertheless true that there did at that time begin to show itself two extreme parties, one of whom thought that the use of the gun was capable of indefinite extension, and that it was in this extension that naval war in the future would find its character, while the other formed exactly the same hopes about the torpedo. And while these hopes were by no means solely founded on the introduction of the submarine, there is no doubt that the submarine was at that time the one new factor of overwhelming importance that made it necessary to look upon under-water attack with a new and unprejudiced eye. And it inevitably happened that the extreme men were led by their enthusiasm for their weapon to decry and belittle its rival.

At first the gunnery men had it all their own way. Sir Percy Scott's successes in the China Seas were rewarded by his being made Captain of the Gunnery School at Whale Island. Lord Walter Kerr's successor, Sir John Fisher, appointed Captain Jellicoe—himself a gunnery expert and a sincere admirer of Sir Percy Scott's work—Director of Naval Ordnance. From the end of 1904 to the middle of 1907 it looked as if the whole energies of the navy were to be devoted to gunnery development only. Annual gun-laying tests and battle practices were instituted, and great progress was made. Fourteen years ago, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that no naval gun was ever fired at greater ranges than 3,000 or 4,000 yards; all the 1907 practices were carried out at ranges between 7,000 and 10,000 yards. But in this year two curious things happened. Captain Bacon, the arch-priest of the torpedo and submarine, and hence regarded as an anti-artillerist by the gunnery men, became, of all things in the world, Director of Naval Ordnance! At the same time it got to be known that the torpedo school at Portsmouth was devising a new form of weapon with an increase in range and power hardly less surprising than the increase which fire-control developments had given to the gun.

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In the meantime, of course, submarines were increasing in size, in numbers, and, above everything else, in efficiency. It has been the good fortune of the torpedo and submarine branches of the navy never to have fallen under the guidance and control of men who were not trained experts in torpedoes. It was the misfortune of gunnery that from the promotion of Admiral Jellicoe to a sea command until very recent times indeed it was never under expert control at all. Consequently, while the progress of the torpedo has been continuous, orderly, always in the direction of greater efficiency, because subject to an intimate anticipation by experts of war conditions, gunnery administration has boxed the compass of conflicting policies. To such an extraordinary pass did things come that in 1911 we had an ex-Director of Naval Ordnance informing the Naval Architects at their annual meeting that battleships and battle-cruisers were defenceless against torpedoes!

Finally, on the very eve of the war itself, we had Sir Percy Scott—who it is no exaggeration to call the pioneer of the renaissance of gunnery—declaring that the submarine had made the battleship useless. It would never be safe for a fleet to put to sea—as had been demonstrated in all recent manœuvres both at home and abroad where submarines had been employed. These demonstrations should have made us realize, now that submarines have come in, that battleships were of no use for either defensive or offensive purposes. Submarines and aeroplanes, he wrote, have entirely revolutionized naval war. “No fleet can hide from aeroplanes, and the submarine can deliver a deadly attack in broad daylight.” Submarines can be hauled up on land and instantly launched when required. They can only be attacked by airships dropping bombs on them. Finally, he did not think the importance of submarines had been fully recognized or that it was realized how completely their advent had revolutionized naval warfare. Just as the motor vehicle had driven the horses from the road, so had the submarine driven the battleship from the sea.

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There are two things to notice about this curious development of opinion. First, it demonstrates anew that curious psychological truth that what is marvellous in effect always hypnotizes the mind so as to exclude contemplation of the exact means by which the effect is to be ensured. In the battle of Lissa an Austrian wooden ship rammed and sank an ironclad. The Austrians won the battle. The victory was at once attributed to the successful use of ramming tactics, and for thirty years the decisive character of this form of attack so obsessed the naval mind that ships were built almost with the sole view to ramming. Squadrons adopted ramming formations as their normal order both for cruising and for their order in battle. In every discussion on naval tactics you will see nothing but the best way of settling the business by the ram. The adoption of steam, which for the first time made ships truly dirigible—in sailing days their courses were always limited by the wind—had in fact driven seamen to turn this dirigibility to account by making the ship itself the projectile. It was history repeating itself. In galley war the ship had always been used as a ram, less perhaps for the primary notion of sinking the opponent than as a first step to effective boarding. It is a curious coincidence that the fallacy of ramming tactics was not fully realized until it was pointed out—by Sir Arthur Wilson—that the ram could not be used successfully unless the speed and course of the opponent's vessel were known exactly and were maintained, and that it was these same elements that were later on discovered to be the two main difficulties in long range gunnery. But although by the middle 'eighties it was virtually proved that ramming was impossible, rams were still built into ships for another twenty years.

That the ramming fallacy survived so many years is to be explained by the fact that naval armaments were developed more along the lines of size than of handiness and facility for use. It is a much easier thing to build a big gun than to invent a mounting that would make any gun handy. Marksmanship was obviously impossible if the

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gun was immovable; it was a question of watching for the ship to roll its sights on, a disadvantage that all craft using torpedoes still suffer from. But what particularly explains the development of gunnery along the lines of size was the psychological fact I have already alluded to, namely, the hypnotic effect of the marvellous result. When an enormous gun firing an enormous shell fired on an enormously thick plate and blew it all to bits, people looked on, held their breath for wonder, built ships to carry these vast guns, and assumed that they would in war carry out the execution that they had made at the proof butts. It was exactly the same assumption that had underlain the cult of the ram. A battle had been won by it. A rammed ship sank instantly. The effect was so tremendous and so swift that its feasibility was taken for granted. So, too, was the practicability of hitting with big guns taken for granted—again because men's minds were hypnotized by the terrific effect of the shell when it did hit.

At last, when it came to the point, it was found that the big guns could hit nothing smaller than a large town. The thing culminated in the 16.2 carried by the "Victoria" of unhappy memory, and then there was a return to smaller calibres. The rebirth of gunnery arose out of the invention of the 6-inch quick-firer. The mounting made rapid and accurate firing possible. The big guns were useless at long range, not because they could not shoot a long distance, but because they could hit nothing. At 3,000 and 4,000 yards the quick-firers could disable any ship if they could not sink it. It was the comparative failure of the naval gunners in the South African War that put the navy on its metal to revive gunnery, and it was with the 6-inch gun that Sir Percy Scott revolutionized the art. His methods spread like wildfire. But if the South African War showed that naval gunners were badly trained it also showed that naval guns could be used at twice and three times their habitual sea ranges. The revival of gunnery, therefore, was not long limited to improvements in aiming. It spread to the far more

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important field of fire control, where the progress has indeed been great and will be far greater yet. However, the history of gunnery only interests us as far as it illustrates the truth that experience of war is a disillusioning process, and that it took a war to force us to realize that success could not be taken for granted but must be worked for assiduously in times of peace. In other words, it was war that taught us that to be hypnotized by the effect of a projectile was to blind us to the necessity of finding means of hitting with it—for without the hit there would be no effect at all.

The second psychological phenomenon which the submarine discussion illustrates is the extraordinary incapacity of so many people to realize the elementary truth that counter-attack is the best method of defence. Every Board of Admiralty has always been willing to increase the cost of battleships by forty and fifty per cent by covering them with armour to protect them from the enemy's shell, but no Board of Admiralty has ever been willing to increase their cost by one per cent to enable the ship's guns to protect the ship by sinking or silencing the enemy before he could make a hit. Yet, is it not obvious that to sink the enemy before he can hit you is the only perfect form of defence, for armour can only protect a part of the ship and can never prevent the ship from being disabled? And experts have never doubted that a battleship's power to attack could be indefinitely improved by the wise adoption of right devices and right methods.

The progress that was made after the South African War in fire control, inadequate as it was, was yet far greater than any progress that could be made experimentally with submarines and torpedoes. To a very great extent action conditions could be artificially reproduced for the gun, but no war conditions could be reproduced for the submarine, and as submarines could not be defended by armour, and as no ship could be defended against torpedoes by armour, the whole problem of the attack and defence of torpedo-carrying ships was apparently over-

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looked. Thus there was no defensive policy with regard to submarines at all. When the Scott controversy was at its height, towards the end of June last year, a rumour got abroad that a certain captain, perhaps the most brilliant gunnery authority on the active list, was to be appointed to succeed Commodore Roger Keys as Director of Submarines. The following letter, written by me to a friend in the navy on this occasion, is not without interest now:

There is a story going round that — is to be made Director of Submarines. I suppose this is the product of the recent scare. What a curious inversion of ideas it shows. If ever we go to war we shall presumably be the stronger Power. The submarine is not a weapon of the strong but a weapon of the weak. We shall hold the sea by being on it. It is thus a condition of our holding the sea that we shall be exposed to submarine attack. Even without submarines against them, the weak navy has always had to stay in port, until some moment came when it was forced to come out. Whether we have submarines or not, history will repeat itself in this particular. Unless the enemy's fleet comes out there will really be nothing for our submarines to do. To a strong navy, therefore, it seems to me a submarine force must always be a weapon of very occasional use.

But to a weak navy it is a weapon of deadly and real necessity. If we go to war with Germany her submarines will practically be her only chance of reducing the battleship numbers against her. What we want is a defence against them, a means of destroying them. Surely if we can spare the best man in the navy from the reform of gunnery, he should be used, not for organizing submarines who will have nothing to shoot at, but in discovering the right methods of defending our harbours from submarines, seeking out the enemy's submarines, attacking them, catching them, or driving them off. So far as I know, we have never had an anti-submarine department. I have no particular faith in a craft that is partly blind, is very slow, and uses a weapon as uncertain as the torpedo. But it is idle to deny that, unless we adopt every possible means of counter-attack, the enemy submarine may do more than embarrass our fleet. What do we know experimentally of counter-attack on submarines now? Precious little, I expect, and next to the putting of naval gunnery upon a scientific basis I know of no other naval need altogether so crying. Perhaps when — takes

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things over as Director of Submarines he will devote himself to this subject, whatever his official instructions may be. At any rate, he can be trusted to show that this is a more important job than the one for which he is designated.

It cannot, I think, be doubted that it was exactly an absence of knowledge, experimentally obtained, of the counter-attack on submarines that led to so much confused thinking when the June controversy arose. Not that there were wanting sane and convincing statements as to the submarine's limitations. But these statements partook, and necessarily partook, of a technical character. They were at the time quite ineffective in dissipating the impression that Sir Percy Scott's letter had aroused. In the light of what has actually happened it is interesting to look back on the forecast of his opponents in this controversy. Sir Percy Scott I have quoted already. There are one or two passages in a letter in *The Times* from a Naval Officer which now read more like a summary of conclusions drawn from the war than statements made before the event.

In view of all the terrors that have been held over us, a few simple facts about the submarine may be consoling. The submarine is a craft that can operate by daylight only. It must come to the surface often, and when it does come to the surface it is visible for some miles. On the surface it is highly vulnerable to the lightest of guns; it is slower and less handy than its enemies, the destroyer and light cruiser, and to avoid them it must sink and remain blind and hidden; while both above and below water it can be sunk by the merest touch of the ship that rams it. Its torpedo-tube being fixed it has no flexibility of aim, and its only weapon is useless for defence. In all but the smoothest water—when its periscope is plainly visible at very great distances—its view is so exceedingly restricted, because it can only be coned from a point very near the water, that it has gained nothing from an increased distance that the modern torpedo can run. Its striking range remains, therefore, of the very shortest. It may, of course, be assisted in finding an enemy's fleet by signals from a seaplane, but, while such control from the sky is hardly yet in its infancy and can never be developed to the point of the airplane's finding data for the

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actual aiming of the torpedo, the detection of the submarine's presence from the sky is a proved fact. It has thus lost far more than it has gained from the associated use of air-craft. During the last ten years submarines have, of course, entered harbours unseen again and again, and their commanders have frequently claimed that once inside they could have torpedoed every battleship there; but they never have entered a harbour when an effort has been made to obstruct their passage, and for obvious reasons no experiment can be made to ascertain the extent to which the means of harbour defence now available can be circumvented. And we have yet to hear of a case in which a submarine has made a hit from an under-water shot in any colourable reproduction of war conditions.

From these limitations it should, of course, be quite obvious that a submarine would be powerless to come up and attack a fleet at sea if the fleet's speed was greater than that of the submarine, and unless the submarine could come out and attack the fleet it must surely be nonsensical to assume "that battleships would be of no use either for defensive or offensive purposes." The writer continued:

For reasons that would occupy too much space to elaborate, we cannot regard the torpedo, whether carried by the capital ship, the destroyer, or the submarine, either as a decisive or even a primary weapon. At the most it introduces an element into naval war equivalent to that which ambushes, surprise attacks, and the many expedients of a guerrilla force introduce on land, and fire-ships, cutting-out expeditions, etc., introduced into the naval fighting of a hundred years ago. It will affect grand tactics profoundly, but in no sense incalculably, and its use can seldom, if ever, prove of decisive effect. We shall continue, therefore, to look to the gun for the decision between the organized sea forces of rival nations, and simply because in precision, range and rapidity of fire it surpasses the torpedo almost infinitely. The gun, in short, is a perfectible weapon; it is a question of better fire control, better aiming, better fire discipline, while the limitations of the torpedo are inherent. And as the gun must continue to be carried at high speed, in all weathers and on a seaworthy platform, the capital ship must continue to be the chief unit of naval force. Improvements both in the torpedo and the submarine have called

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for and have produced new means for counteracting their attacks, but the fundamental truths of naval strategy, and the final elements of naval power, remain unchanged.

As a fact, of course, the submarine successes of the war were quite extraordinarily scanty, very, very much smaller than even the most sceptical dared have hoped, and, with the possible exception of "Hermes," it can truly be said that, had rational precautions been taken, there would have been no successes at all. The case of the sinking of "Aboukir," "Hogue" and "Cressy" was, of course, a pyramid of blunders. These enormous ships ought never to have been patrolling at low speed in close formation unprotected by destroyers in the waters where, if anywhere, German submarines were to be expected. When one was hit, the others should not have stood by. The "Hawke" was lost in a way exactly similar; the "Formidable" under conditions which do not bear investigation. The "Niger" was anchored off Deal. In every case the thing seems deliberately to have been made easy for the submarines. How easy they must be to avoid is proved by the fact that some 100,000 men a month have been sent over-seas from England to France, so that vast numbers of supply ships and transports were daily plying between French and English ports, like motor buses along a London thoroughfare, yet none was ever hit. Sir John Jellicoe's battleships, Sir David Beatty's battle cruisers, and doubtless many another squadron whose movements and general location are unknown to us, have held the seas continuously since war began. Yet, with the exception of "Formidable," not a single ship in the fighting squadron has been touched. With the exception of one hospital ship we do not know of one Government transport, supply ship, or auxiliary being even attacked—an extraordinary state of things if it is considered that the daily supply of targets must always have run to several hundreds.

In the first seven months of the war the German submarines torpedoed eight English ships and either

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hit or attacked six merchantmen, French and English. Eight other merchantmen were attacked by submarines, their crews removed and sent adrift in boats, and were then scuttled. The total bag of the submarine by a torpedo, therefore, was eight warships and four merchantmen. Between January 21 and March 9 sixteen other merchantmen were torpedoed and fourteen were attacked without success. In the sixteen which were torpedoed twenty-nine lives were lost, and amongst the ships that were attacked and escaped was the hospital ship "Asturias."

The official submarine war began on February 18 and only seven merchantmen were hit and eleven attacked in the first fortnight. In the whole period from January 21 to March 3 there were 4,519 arrivals and 4,115 sailings. It is presumably safe to say that each ship sailing and each ship arriving was, on an average, at least twenty-four hours in the war area, so that, omitting all the warships and the transports, there were less than .2 per cent of targets hit and less than .4 per cent of targets attacked to targets available.

At this period Germany was credited by competent critics with at least thirty, and possibly with sixty, submarines. Surely these figures of the numbers of ships attacked (less than thirty out of eight thousand) are eloquent testimony to the extreme difficulties that beset the use of the submarine as a ship; and the fact that only one target was hit out of each two that were fired at shows how greatly the power of the submarine to destroy, when it had inveigled itself into a position from which to attack, has been overrated.

The Naval Officer's letter to *The Times* which I have already quoted will have given the reader a clear conception of the limitations of the submarine as a ship. The most important of these are its low speed, its limited field of view and its extreme vulnerability. It cannot maintain itself against an enemy at all except by sinking. The limitations of its power of attack are first the limitations inherent in the torpedo, and next the limitations

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which arise from aiming it from a submarine. In a vessel as unstable as is a submarine it must not be forgotten that the torpedo is the least sure of all weapons. The speed of the fastest torpedo is only twenty-five per cent greater than the speed of the fastest ship, and if the target ship is moving at any speed it cannot be successfully employed unless a precise knowledge of the ship's course and speed is possessed by the firer. These limitations make it an exceedingly difficult weapon to use, even from large ships. From a destroyer, which has far greater advantages than a submarine in estimating the enemy's speed and course, the difficulties are proverbial. Thus, in the action of August 28 in Heligoland Bight Commander Tyrwhitt ordered his destroyers to make a torpedo onslaught on the enemy cruisers. One after another the destroyers dashed forward, wheeled so as to bring the torpedoes to bear and fired at comparatively short range, and the enemy's destroyers counter-attacked with their torpedoes—but neither side scored a single hit. In the action of the Dogger Bank in January the German destroyers and submarines were sent to attack the British Fleet. Here we had five battle cruisers, each between 600 and 700 feet long, perhaps the best kind of mark that a torpedo can possibly have. Again no hit was made.

When ships are stationary, or almost stationary, the situation is, of course, different, but even then torpedoes do not run perfectly true. Heartbreaking tales are told of a destroyer that had the simplest of pot-shots at a German battle cruiser at the time of the Hartlepool raid. The conditions were such that missing seemed impossible, but the torpedo dipped, passed under the target, and did no harm. Similar escapes by English ships are recorded. In the affair of the Heligoland Bight Captain Reginald Hall, of the "Queen Mary," saw a torpedo approaching his ship while she was going at full speed. He put on full helm, turned and avoided it. In the campaign against merchantmen, the captain of the "Laertes" went away at full speed, yawing his ship by helm from side to side, and one, if not two, torpedoes passed him

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harmlessly. Many other cases of similar happenings are recorded. In the case of the "Thordis," which rammed and sank the submarine, the torpedo was fired apparently at very short range indeed. In this case the captain of the submarine may have seen "Thordis" meant to ram him, and it is more than likely that he got his boat moving at the time the torpedo was fired. This, of course, would deflect the aim and cause a miss. The fact really is that the torpedo is not a weapon of precision. Against a long line of ships, as was apparently the case when "Formidable" was hit, a series of torpedoes fired one after the other so as to pass through the line on which the squadron is going must always have one in three or one in four chances of hitting according to the ratio of ship space to sea space between the ships. But in an attack by a submarine on a single ship, promptness in moving by the ship has in the majority of cases proved a complete defence.

Germany's merchant shipping in the home waters was swept off the sea within a few hours of the declaration of war. In four months the last cruiser she had on the open seas was sunk, hidden or interned. The whole of her sea force only succeeded in the first seven months of war in capturing, sinking or destroying seventy-nine of our merchant ships. Only fifteen of these fell victims to the submarine torpedo. In the main operation of naval war—the destruction of the enemy's trade, the destruction of the enemy's warships on the sea—the blockading of the German battle fleet, the unchallenged maintenance of our sea command, the submarine has played no part whatever on either side. Never was a prophecy so confidently made so singularly belied.

And the interesting thing to remember is that the non-success of the enemy's submarines was not immediately due to any anti-submarine campaign of ours, but simply to the employment of ordinary vigilance pitted against the natural limitations of the submarine itself. With von Tirpitz's December threat that Germany would send her submarines to attack British trade there began

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the development of English counter-offensive. It was this counter-offensive that so many had in mind as the second necessity of war at the time of the Scott controversy. What was neglected in peace we were driven to when the trouble began. At the time of writing it is impossible to specify what the means of the counter-defensive are, and it is equally impossible to estimate their efficiency. If forty submarines cannot make more than sixteen hits on eight thousand targets it may be partly due to their limitations, partly to the efficiency of the means taken to attack them. For myself I have a great faith in the efficiency of these means, and it is my belief that they will so profoundly affect the employment of submarines as to make even the shadow of menace from this source seem ridiculous.

A. H. POLLEN

THE PLAGUE OF FALSE PROPHETS

WHEN, in 1453, the city of Constantinople, which is now seemingly threatened with another change of masters, came first into the possession of the victorious Moslems, we are told that the success of the assailants was largely due to the want of energy of the townsfolk who, relying upon the predictions of their monks, were satisfied that Providence must surely intervene to procure their deliverance. In particular an ancient prophecy had foretold that the Turks would advance as far as the Pillar of Constantine, but would then be driven back by an angel from Heaven, not only out of the city but back to the Persian frontier. This seems directly to have led to the crowding of the populace into the Church of St Sophia, and was mainly responsible for the horrors which were afterwards enacted there when the Turks stormed the city.

The fall of Constantinople is admittedly one of the landmarks of history, but it may be that posterity will judge the Franco-Prussian campaign of 1870-71, which called into existence the new German Empire with its vast military organization, to be also one of the turning points in the evolution of nations. Certain it is, in any case, that at this, as at other great political crises, an extraordinary craze developed itself for inquiring into the secrets of the future. No one who has not looked into the matter can form any idea of the multitude of pretended prophecies, borrowed from the most varied sources, which were gathered together at this period and published in volumes of every size and price. The best known and most respectable of these, a collection called *Voix Prophétiques*, was edited by a certain worthy Abbé, who had some pretensions to be regarded as a man of letters. The book quickly grew from a modest little brochure, of which two editions were printed in 1870, into a vast compilation of some fourteen hundred pages in two stout volumes, which described itself as a

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fifth edition and issued from the press before the close of 1872. And this was only one of a multitude of similar publications, most of them repeating the same pretended visions and oracles in slightly varying texts. Neither can it be quite truthfully maintained that this type of literature was disseminated broadcast in the teeth of ecclesiastical prohibition. It is true that Father De Buck, the Bollandist, when denouncing the flood of spurious prophecies in November, 1870, was able to assert that all the publications of this nature which had come into his hands were destitute of any kind of episcopal *imprimatur*. But this could not be said of all the later issues. For example, the fifth edition of the *Voix Prophétiques* is prefaced by a formal and lengthy approbation from Mgr Dechamps, Archbishop of Malines, who takes occasion to refer to certain articles in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which had treated these and similar predictions as worthy of all respect. And, indeed, it is beyond doubt that such influential organs of French Catholic opinion as the *Univers* and the various *Semaines Religieuses* encouraged these prophecies, and for the most part did their best to give them publicity. There was a more sober party among the clergy who regarded the movement with suspicion, but they were distinctly in the minority and contented themselves as a rule with quietly holding aloof.

But that this avidity for penetrating the designs of Providence, whatever the motive which animated it, was thoroughly unhealthy in itself and most unfortunate in its result no one who looks back upon that epoch can now have any doubt. Speaking generally, the collection and dissemination of these prophecies only became very active after the first French reverses, culminating in the disaster of Sedan, had cast gloom and discouragement over the whole nation. It was, perhaps, not unnatural under such circumstances that men should clutch at straws. The predictions almost invariably announced in some form or another the ultimate triumph of France and the Church. The *grands malheurs* were to come first. The nation had to be purified by suffering; it had to expiate

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its godlessness, its vice, its frivolity, its neglect of the especial mission that had been entrusted to the eldest son of the Church. Pius IX in particular had been left a helpless prey to the enemies who had so long been plotting the overthrow of the temporal power. But when God's chastisements had been rigorously inflicted, when Paris, as many anticipated, had been burned to the ground, there would be seen the dawn of brighter things. France would come to her senses, she would welcome back the representative of the old stock of Hugh Capet (*le rejeton de la Cape*) according to the famous "Prophecy of Orval," in other words the Comte de Chambord, who was to reign as Henri cinq. "Come, young prince," so the same prophecy apostrophized him, "quit the island of captivity, unite the lion to the white flower; come." It caused no embarrassment to resolute believers that the "young prince" in question was now (1871) more than fifty years of age. It mattered not to them that there was no longer any island of captivity and that he had no means of uniting the lion with the white flower.* The one important fact was that Henri V was the predestined ruler of France, and that the hour might now be looked for when his high destiny would be accomplished. And with him was to come the triumph of the Holy See and the restoration of all the Papal dominions. The words, *Le grand Pape et le grand Roi*, which formed the title of one of the most popular of these prophetic books, † sum up in a phrase the whole

* The so-called "Prophecy of Orval," which was supposed to have been preserved from mediaeval times in the monastery of Orval (*aurea vallis*), near Luxemburg, was an audacious fabrication of a certain Abbé H. Dujardin. The date of the forgery is established by this very reference to the "isle of captivity," for the Comte de Chambord only lived in Great Britain as a refugee from 1830 to 1832. By the union of the lion to the white flower the forger no doubt wished to suggest that the "young prince," having mounted the throne of France, might marry the Princess Victoria, the future Queen of England.

† This book, of which the seventh edition was published in 1872, was compiled by a famous Capuchin preacher and director of souls, Father Marie Antoine. He was known as "Le Saint de Toulouse," and under that title a voluminous biography of him has recently been published by one of his confrères.

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dream of Catholic France in the years which immediately followed the humiliations of 1870. But hand in hand with that dream, harmless enough in itself, went all kinds of delusions and credulities. That they were complete delusions the subsequent course of events has proved. Perhaps one cannot give a better illustration of the kind of beliefs which then found acceptance, almost without a voice being raised in protest, than the supposed predictions of the Venerable Anna Maria Taigi, who died in 1837. With her life and virtues, which were in many ways remarkable, we are not here concerned. Whether she ever really delivered herself of the predictions concerning the future which are commonly attributed to her is certainly open to much doubt; but the promoters of the cause of her beatification have never definitely repudiated them on her behalf, while a certain Dom Raphael Natali, who had been her confessor and who long survived her, apparently made himself responsible for their correctness. In particular she seems to have announced that the pontificate of Pius IX would last exactly twenty-seven years and a half. In point of fact he was Pope for nearly thirty-two years. Again, Anna Maria is stated to have declared most positively that he would live to see the triumph of the Church in spite of all the calamities which would previously come upon the world. She foretold, we are assured, 'three days of physical darkness, which would only be the starting-point of other marvels.'

All the enemies of the Church, hidden or open, will perish during the days of darkness with the exception of some few whom God will convert immediately afterwards.

The air will then be infected by the demons who will appear under all kinds of hideous shapes. The possession of a blessed candle will secure its owner from death, so also will the saying of prayers addressed to Our Blessed Lady and the holy angels.

After the days of darkness, Saints Peter and Paul, having come down from heaven, will preach throughout the world and will designate the new Pope, *Lumen de Coelo*, who is to succeed Pius IX. A great light will flash from their bodies and will settle upon the cardinal, the future pontiff.

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Saint Michael the Archangel, appearing then upon earth in human form, will hold the devil enchained until the period of the preaching of Antichrist.

In these days, Religion shall extend its empire throughout the world. There shall be "one Shepherd." The Russians will be converted, as well as England and China, and all the faithful will be filled with joy in beholding this overwhelming triumph of the Church.

After the days of darkness, the Holy House of Loreto will be carried by the angels to Rome and will be deposited in the basilica of Saint Mary Major.*

Let it be repeated that there is no satisfactory evidence to prove that the Venerable Anna Maria ever made these prophecies.† What alone is certain is that down to the time that Pius IX died, when the peaceful election of his successor discredited the whole figment, the prediction was repeated in one publication after another, while other visions were adduced in confirmation of the first. There was, for example, a certain *ecstatica*, Elizabeth Canori Mora (1774-1825), who, it is curious to notice, was also, like Anna Maria Taigi, a tertiary of the Trinitarian Order. Elizabeth, according to the details given in her published Life, had visions regarding the days of darkness, the descent of the apostles SS. Peter and Paul, and the nomination of a new Pope by St Peter, which are the very counterpart of the predictions of the Venerable Anna Maria. To which of these two belongs the priority of publication we cannot pretend to say.‡ Mention of the days of darkness was also made by, or at least attributed to, the *stigmatisée*, Palma Matarelli, of Oria, near Brindisi, a mystic who was believed to receive the Holy Communion three times daily, once at Mass and twice super-

* *Voix Prophetiques* (fifth edition), II, pp. 170-1.

† But the Père Calixte, her biographer, records them. *La Ven. Anna Maria Taigi* (third edition), p. 244.

‡ Let the reader who is interested compare *Voix Prophétiques* (fifth edition), II, pp. 307-310, with II, pp. 170-1. Cf. Chabauty, *Concordance de Toutes les Prédications* (second edition), 1872, pp. 124-6, and P. Calixte, *Vie de la V. Anna Maria Taigi* (fifth edition), pp. 405-7. Cf. also V. de Stenay, *Derniers Avis Prophétiques* (1872), pp. 119-27.

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naturally from the hands of an angel. She died in March, 1888, having, it was averred, at one time for several years together taken no other nourishment than the Blessed Eucharist. Let us notice in passing that though some of the extravagant predictions attributed to her and published in the *Univers* and the *Echo de Rome* were afterwards disavowed, she unquestionably declared that the successor of Leo XIII, that is to say the late Pope, Pius X, would live to witness the triumph of the Church.*

Not less than the days of darkness, the suggestion of a further migration of the Holy House of Loreto also *fit fortune*. It has since then apparently been discovered that St Benedict Joseph Labre announced that before the end of the world the *Santa Casa* was to be miraculously transported to France, while a person in repute of sanctity wrote in 1862 that Our Lady had given her to understand that the place designated for this high privilege was situated in the diocese of Meaux and that its name began with the letters MARL. . . . †

When one looks at all closely into the developments of this epidemic of prophecy-mongering, it is difficult to resist the conviction that there must be something infectious in the atmosphere which it generates. I would appeal in proof of this to an interesting account, which was published forty years ago by two French doctors, of an examination which they made of a certain *ecstatica* of Fontet in the Gironde, named Marie Bergadieu, but more commonly known as Berguille. With regard to the genuineness of her trances from the pathological point of view no doubt can be entertained. The report of these gentlemen attests that when in this condition the patient could be pricked and pinched with considerable violence without her feeling any sensation of pain. They report unhesitatingly that there was both cutaneous and muscular insensibility in this condition, and they also speak of

* See V. de Stenay, *Derniers Avis*, pp. 176-7. Imbert-Gourbeyre, *La Stigmatisation*, vol. 1, pp. 568-9. Paris, 1894.

† V. de Stenay, *Derniers Avis*, p. 126.

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the existence of rudimentary-stigmata, though the wounds never actually formed or bled. Now, whilst in this state of trance the *ecstatica* frequently had visions of a beautiful lady whom she believed to be the Blessed Virgin. On July 26, 1873, the beautiful lady told Berguille, "The Great King, the very Christian King, promised to France, whose coming is now near at hand, is and can be no other than the Comte de Chambord."

On August 23 of the same year the vision told her: "The three days of darkness are near. Terrible events will take place. Paris will be entirely destroyed."

On September 11 Berguille announced that the Great King, Henri V, would come not by the vote of the people but by the Almighty Will of God and because he was needed to rescue France from decay and utter overthrow.

On December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Our Lady came, surrounded by a legion of angels, and told Berguille "The Père de Bray is a saint. It is he who is destined to be the Great Pope. The critical moment is at hand. Incessant prayer is needed, but the evils that threaten will be averted, for Henri V will come."*

Of course the innumerable prophecies of this period which announced the advent of Henri V were closely bound up with all kinds of fantastic imaginings concerning the coming of Antichrist and the end of the world. While all were unanimous in identifying the Comte de Chambord as the *grand roi* who was to inaugurate a new era of peace, there was much diversity in the forecasts regarding the pontiff destined to become the spiritual ruler of a reunited and chastened Christendom. It is not in the least surprising to discover that to certain French visionaries it had been supernaturally intimated that this pope would be a Frenchman. "He will not be a Cardinal," wrote one of the prophets, "he will be a French religious who has been persecuted by his own Order; he will have all the firmness of Sixtus V without his severity."† On

* Mauriac and Verdalle, *Etude medicale sur l'Extatique de Fontet*. Paris. 1875. p. 19.

† See V. de Stenay, *Derniers Avis*, pp. 110-11.

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the other hand, it was announced, even before 1875, that this ideal pontiff, the *Pastor angelicus*, was a native of Dalmatia, and was then already living as a learned, humble and self-denying Franciscan. His character and work had been foretold, it appears, by "the Venerable Fra Bartholomew, of Saluzzo, whose long prophecy in odd Italian poetry Pius VI so highly esteemed as to have it enclosed in a silver urn, which is preserved as a precious relic in Rome."*

There was a similar conflict of authorities regarding the date of the Church's final triumph. The majority of the prophecies either explicitly or by implication conveyed the idea that Pius IX himself would live to see his enemies humbled and the temporal power restored. Maximin Giraud, the shepherd boy, who with Mélanie, was the witness of the apparitions of La Salette, was positive in asserting that the Beast of the Apocalypse, whose arrival followed upon the general peace of the Church, was due at the end of the nineteenth century, or at latest at the beginning of the twentieth.† The Abbé Chabauty, after a painstaking attempt to reconcile all the discordant data, decided that Henri V would be recognized as sovereign of France in 1872 or 1873 and would die in 1894 or 1895, while the Holy Pope who was to triumph over heresy and infidelity would be installed by the *grand roi* himself,‡ and consequently before 1895. Similarly, a prophecy attributed to the supposed hermit Telesphorus proclaimed that the world was to come to an end in 1901,§ though the Sœur de la Nativité (Jeanne Le Royer) is quite precise in declaring that doomsday will be deferred until at least the close of the twentieth century and most probably to a date later still.¶ This

* *The Christian Trumpet, or Previsions and Predictions about Impending General Calamities, etc.* London, 1875, p. 202.

† *Voix Prophétiques* (fifth edition), 1, p. 122.

‡ *Lettres sur les Prophéties modernes et Concordance de toutes les Prédications* (second edition, 1872), pp. 156, 173-4, 218, 220, etc.

§ Stenay, *Derniers Avis*, p. 285, and cf. Dollinger, *Prophecies and the Prophetic Spirit*, pp. 153, seq.

¶ *Ib.* pp. 281-2.

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latter view was supported by the fact that the list of papal mottoes attributed to St Malachy has still seven left after the *religio depopulata* applied to the present Pope; to which, however, the reply was easy that the last age of the world would probably be prolific in anti-popes who would rule not successively but simultaneously. Indeed, the editors of these books of prophecies in 1872 even pointed to the mottoes, *ignis ardens*, *religio depopulata* and *de medietate lune* as probably descriptive of schismatical pontiffs.* But the controversy as to the exact date of the end of the world is not one which we are tempted to linger over. Be it sufficient to note that the so-called "prophecy of St Malachy," upon which the dispute largely turned, is an audacious fabrication of the close of the sixteenth century. Though these mottoes still find popular acceptance,† there is probably no other prophetic document whose fraudulent character has been more conclusively established; for we can point to the book out of which the mottoes were concocted, and we find that the palpable blunders of that book are in each instance copied in the prophecy which professes to have been supernaturally inspired and given to the world four hundred years before the book itself was published.‡

Now the first reflection which imposes itself after a survey of this prophetic literature of the 'seventies is the recognition of the plain fact that not one single detail in all this vast edifice of conjecture, hallucination and superstition has been justified by the course of events. The Comte de Chambord, in 1883, died in exile as he had lived. Pius IX, after a pontificate which extended four

* *The Christian Trumpet*, p. 203.

† Even Cardinal Newman, in his essay, *The Patristical Idea of Antichrist* (ed. 1872, p. 86) appeals to St Malachy's prophecy as if it were a serious document; but it must be remembered that the essay was written as a *Tract for the Times* as far back as 1838.

‡ For a justification of these statements readers may be referred to a little volume by the present writer recently issued under the title of *The War and the Prophets*. The Malachy prophecy is there treated at some length in Chapter VI.

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years beyond the term which the prophets had assigned him, passed away in 1878, and though three pontiffs have succeeded him, no change of any kind has yet taken place in the attitude of Italy to the Holy See. The end of the world has obviously not yet come and the blessed candles provided in readiness for the three days of darkness have long been forgotten or thrown aside.

Secondly, it can hardly be doubted that, as among the Greeks in the siege of Constantinople, the encouragement of these elusive hopes has led to a slackening of effort, to a forgetfulness of that supremely important maxim, that God helps those that help themselves, or, at any rate, to the adoption of an unpractical attitude of mind in which facts and fictions, realities and dreams, are constantly mistaken for each other.

Let us take an illustration from the history of the sister isle. No man ever had a truer love for his native land than the celebrated Irish scholar, Professor Eugene O'Curry. As a devout Catholic and as a patriot his testimony is above all suspicion of hostile bias. But in his lectures delivered at the Catholic University of Dublin in 1856 he speaks as follows:

Another motive, too, impelled me to come forward—the first that I am aware of to do so—to throw doubt and suspicion on the authenticity of these long-talked-of Irish prophecies. I mean the strong sense I entertain of the evils that a blind belief in and reliance on their promises have worked in this unfortunate land for centuries back. I have myself known—indeed, I know them to this day—hundreds of people, some highly educated men and women among them, who have often neglected to attend to their worldly advancement and security by the ordinary prudential means, in expectation that the false promises of these so-called prophecies—many of them gross forgeries of our own day—would in some never accurately specified time bring about such changes in the state of the country as must restore it to its ancient condition. And the believers in these idle dreams were but too sure to sit down and wait for the coming of the promised golden age, as if it were fated to overtake them, without the slightest effort of their own to attain happiness or independence.

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And the lecturer added:

When such has been and continues to be the belief in such predictions, even in these modern times of peace, what must their effect have been in the days of our country's war of independence, when generation after generation so often nobly fought against foreign usurpation, plunder and tyranny? And in the constant application of spurious prophecies to the events of troubled times in every generation, observe that the spirit of intestine faction did not fail to make copious use of them.*

Thirdly, it can hardly be necessary to emphasize the evil effects of this kind of literature in the begetting of superstition and credulity. It would be easy to quote dozens of typical examples, but we may content ourselves with one illustration which, after finding a place in the various periodicals devoted to unveiling the secrets of the future, was included in an English volume of prophetic utterances to which reference has already been made. The extract is adduced, with other evidence equally convincing, to prove that Antichrist had then (1872) already been born. The passage, which is given on the authority of "a gentleman connected with *the highest circles of the political world* [the italics, of course, belong to the original], endowed with a solid, enlightened and prudent judgment," runs as follows:

Moreover, there is an extraordinary French lady of eminent and solid virtue who has been for some years employed in divers important and difficult missions to several sovereigns in Europe, and more especially to the Pope. In arriving or passing through any country, the language of which she did not previously know, she is by a special gift of God enabled to understand well what the people say to her, and she can make herself fully understood by them. When commissioned to treat on important affairs which require secrecy, during her journey, she knows whither and to whom she is sent, but she totally forgets the subject of her mission until she is introduced to the personage to whom she has to speak. Her mission ended, she again loses the remembrance of it. The lady solemnly

* O'Curry, *Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History* (Edition 1878), p. 431.

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declares that, passing through a certain city, and having to stop at some hotel, she saw a woman with her son about twelve years old. As soon as the boy perceived this French lady he was seized with a violent colic. His mother, with some evident anxiety, asked what ailed him. He answered, "I do not know, but as soon as I have seen that lady down below, I have been seized with a strong internal pain." This was very likely a sign to the mother to make his real character known to the French lady, to whom she manifested that *her son was Antichrist !!!**

The impression left upon the reader by this awe-inspiring narrative can only be that the supposed mother of Antichrist must have been a lady with a keen sense of humour which was distinctly not shared by her unfortunate victim. One would be tempted to assign the story to the Diana Vaughan cycle of fabrications save for the fact that it was in print a dozen years before Diana Vaughan was dreamed of. But it shows us nevertheless the type of mentality to which that most humiliating exposure of human gullibility owed its success, and it is surely replete with warnings for the future.

Further, the mention of Antichrist may remind us of another prophecy which, beyond all question, was made and reiterated under conditions of the utmost solemnity, and that by a canonized Saint. Preaching in Spain and France during the years 1409-12 the great Dominican missionary, St Vincent Ferrer, repeatedly announced the near approach of the end of the world. He worked innumerable miracles to confirm the truth of his words, and he declared that he was himself satisfied by convincing proofs that Antichrist was then already born. For this the Saint was denounced to the Pope of his obedience (it was during the great schism), viz., Benedict, formerly known as Peter de Luna. It became necessary for Vincent to defend himself, and he accordingly addressed to the Pope a letter, which is still preserved and the authenticity of which is beyond dispute. St Vincent does not in the least deny that he preached everywhere that the end

* *The Christian Trumpet or Previsions and Predictions*, London, 1875, p. 275.

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of the world was close at hand. He also declared himself convinced that Antichrist was even then living, and gave reasons, founded in part upon supernatural experiences of his own, for the belief which he held. To use his own words:

From all these facts there has been formed in my mind an opinion and a probable belief, though not such as I can proclaim for an absolute certainty, that Antichrist has already been born these nine years past. But as for the conviction which I have already stated,* to wit, that soon, quite soon, and very shortly, the time of Antichrist and the end of the world will be upon us, I proclaim it everywhere with certainty and without misgiving, "the Lord working with me and confirming the word by the signs that follow."†

Further, St Vincent both said in his sermons and told the Pope that he (St Vincent) was himself the angel spoken of in the Apocalypse (xiv, 6-7), who was sent to proclaim with a great voice, "Fear God and give Him glory for the hour of His judgement is come."‡ He declared also that when he announced that the end of the world would come soon, he meant this in the proper sense of the words (*proprie et stricte loquendo*), while contemporaries declared that he worked the stupendous miracle of recalling a dead person to life to bear witness to the truth of what he stated.

And yet, though all this happened more than five hundred years ago, the end of the world has not yet arrived. So, again, we learn from no less a person than St Bernard of Clairvaux, that St Norbert, the founder of the Premonstratensians, prophesied about the year 1128 that the coming of Antichrist might be expected immediately. "I asked him," writes St Bernard, "what were his ideas

* He had previously written, "Quarta conclusio est quod tempus Antichristi et finis mundi erunt cito et bene cito et valde breviter." F. Fagès, O.P. *Notes et Documents de l'Histoire de St Vincent Ferrier*, Paris, 1905, p. 220.

† Fagès, *Notes et Documents*, p. 223.

‡ Fagès, *Histoire de St Vincent Ferrier*, Louvain, 1901, vol. 1, pp. 312, et seq.

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about Antichrist. He declared that he knew in a very certain way that he would be made manifest in this generation (*ea quae nunc est generatione revelandum illum esse*). As I did not share his belief, I asked him his reasons, but his reply did not satisfy me.”* St Francis of Paola, on the other hand, the founder of the Minims, in a most astounding series of letters to a Neapolitan nobleman, predicted that before the expiration of 400 years (he was writing in 1486) a descendant of his should institute the “last and greatest of all the religious orders,” a military order of “Cross bearers,” who would exterminate all the Mohammedans and unbelievers left unconverted in the last age of the world.† As to the authenticity of the letters some doubt may be felt, though Morales, Cornelius a Lapide and other such writers, appeal to them without misgiving; but one thing is certain, viz., that no military religious order in any way answering the description was founded either before 1886 or since that date.

We see, then, from these examples—and it would be easy to supply many others‡—that when canonized Saints make bold to prophesy concerning public events, they are not more immune from error than those upon whose sanctity the Church has not set her seal. Indeed, it would be hardly too much to say that in the whole of ecclesiastical history not one satisfactory example can be quoted of a prophet, whether canonized or not, who has clearly predicted any unguessable future event *which was of public interest*. Previsions concerning private individuals, sometimes very remarkable for their minute and exact detail, do not seem to be so rare. But with regard to public events we have every reason to believe that the dispensation enunciated by our Saviour, “It is not for you to know the times or moments which the

* St Bernard, *ep.* 56; Migne, P.L. clxxxi, 162.

† The letters are printed in Spanish by Montoya, the historiographer of the Minims, as an appendix to his *Coronica General de la Orden de los Minimos*, Madrid, 1619.

‡ St Bernard’s preaching of the Crusade is a famous instance. But similar incidents may be found in the history of St Peter Damian, St Bridget of Sweden, St Gregory the Great, etc.

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Father has put in His own power," is still in full vigour. Now even those Agnostics or Rationalists who may believe in some special intuitive faculty or power of second sight would probably allow that the Christian mystic is, to say the least, not less likely to participate in such a gift than the ordinary palmist or astrologer. If the hagiographers, then, who have sedulously busied themselves with collecting examples of the prophetic faculty are constrained to admit that the Saints throughout the ages have added practically nothing to our knowledge of the future destiny of the world, is it likely that any obscure Brother Johannes, or Zadkiel or Madame de Thèbes will have information to impart which is one jot more worthy of confidence than the decision of the tossing of a coin?

I have left myself very little space to speak of those predictions concerning the present war which in a hundred different forms have been circulated in books and periodical literature since hostilities began. One's dominant feeling with regard to them comes in time to be a sense of humiliation at having wasted valuable hours over such unprofitable material. For there is absolutely nothing which deserves serious investigation. The only respect in which the prophetic literature of 1914 has any advantage over that current in 1871 is that there is less of it. The appeal to the superstitious credulity of the reader is not now, perhaps, so obvious as it was, but the fraudulent element has grown, and it is hard to believe that the editors of these later pretended prophecies are really in good faith.

Take, for example, the prediction attributed to the Blessed J. M. Vianney, the celebrated Curé d'Ars. It has been readapted to fit present circumstances in the following form:

The enemy will not retire immediately. They will again return, destroying as they come. Effective resistance will not be offered them. They will be allowed to advance, but after that their communications will be cut off and they will suffer great losses. They will then retire towards their own country, but they

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will be followed, and not many will reach their goal. They will then restore what they have taken away, and more in addition. Much more terrible things will happen than have yet been seen. Paris will suffer, but a great triumph will be witnessed on the Feast of Our Lady.

Now, apart from the fact that the terms of this supposed prophecy depend entirely upon the recollection of an uneducated lay-brother, twelve or fifteen years after the Curé had strangely selected him as the recipient of these confidences, it is certain that the editors who published it in 1872 understood the prediction to apply to a return of the Prussians before the garrisons, left to secure the payment of the war indemnity, had been withdrawn from French soil. And the last sentence about the Feast of Our Lady (September 8) is a fraudulent addition, of which no trace occurs in the older copies.*

Even more discreditable is the production of a prophecy supposed to have been made by the famous Dom Bosco, which speaks of an invasion of France by the Germans in August and September, during which time "the Pope shall be dead and live again." The superiors of the Order which Dom Bosco instituted, men who knew the saintly founder personally, deny that he ever made any such prediction. Further, though the statement was made that this document had been printed in the *Matin* as far back as June, 1901, inquiry at the Paris office of the *Matin* elicited the reply that no trace of it was to be found in the paper and that nothing was known about it.

Regarding another lengthy and remarkable prognostic which was circulated in August last as "the famous prophecy of Mayence, printed in 1854," one can only point out that not a scrap of evidence is offered that anyone ever set eyes upon it before it saw the light a few months ago. On the other hand, as it gives a startlingly accurate summary of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, it is quite incredible, on the supposition that it was really a "famous prophecy" published in 1854, that no one of

* See *Voix Prophétiques* (fifth edition), II, 182.

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the scores of collections which were compiled in 1872 or thereabouts should make any reference to it. I have examined many volumes of this kind and I can attest that I have never come across a single allusion to "the famous prophecy of Mayence."

Lastly, there is the "Brother Johannes" document, the most audacious of all. Not only does this supposed seventeenth century monk speak of the new Pope Benedict by name, but he tells us of the aerial warfare, of the clergy serving as combatants, of the one-armed Emperor whose soldiers have "God with us" for their device, of the manifesto of the theologians, of the extension of the war to east as well as west, etc., etc. The prophecy was communicated to the *Figaro* in two instalments by that notoriously bizarre and extravagant personage, M. Josephin Péladan, who calls himself Le Sar (the seer) and dresses in Oriental robes to suit the character. He declares that he found it among his father's papers, and that his father obtained it from a Premonstratensian monk in the south of France. When all is said, the fact remains that no one pretends to know anything of Brother Johannes or his prophecy. No early book or manuscript has been produced nor any scrap of confirmation of the statement which M. Péladan has made. Moreover, while the prediction fits the circumstances of the war as they were known in September, at the time of its publication, not a hint is given of those not less striking later developments, the trench warfare, the sack of Belgium, the "blockade" by submarines, etc., which could not then have been foreseen. On the other hand, the predicted cursing of the Kaiser-Antichrist by the new Pope has not been realized and is not likely to be realized. The truth seems to be that the Sar very possibly did find a rather extravagant prophetic document among the papers of his father, who collected such things. This, as we learn from the evidence of a certain Madame Faust, he converted into a sort of weird rhapsody and he used it about 1891 as a recitation piece. When the present war broke out M. Péladan bethought him of this ready-

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made oracle, and after adding various effective touches about Pope Benedict, the Kaiser's theologians, and other incidents then palpitating with actuality, he sent off the whole concoction to the *Figaro* to be printed.*

As a last word it may be well to point out that in spite of what has been said about the avidity of the French Legitimists in swallowing predictions and portents, this form of credulity is not to be regarded as any monopoly of Catholicism. On the one hand such vigorous writers as Bishop Dupanloup and Père De Buck soon inaugurated a healthy reaction in favour of sobriety and common-sense; on the other, the immense sale of publications like the astrological almanacs, the vogue of palmists and crystal-gazers, and the constant demand in evangelical circles for commentaries on the Apocalypse, show that an eager desire to penetrate the secrets of the future is common to all mankind. We may congratulate ourselves that in the present war the prophets have attracted comparatively little attention, and that no effort has at any rate been made to regard the acceptance of their utterances as if it were a test of orthodoxy.

HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

* For a fuller discussion I may refer the reader to the volume, *The War and the Prophets*, already mentioned, or to an article, "More about Current Prophecies," in the *Month* for November last.

THE ARREST OF CARDINAL MERCIER *and* HIS PUBLISHER

IT is very rarely in the dramas of real life that the human word is spoken at once worthy of the situation and at the exact moment when it is called for. The right place, the right time, the great man and his heroic utterance were found in one happy combination when Cardinal Mercier published the famous Pastoral. No dramatist could have more successfully concentrated in one unity the scene, the hour, the personality and the spoken word.

In the larger sense of the term the place was the whole conquered and devastated country of which Cardinal Mercier is the Primate. The time was exactly right, for if the Pastoral had been published sooner, in the first days of confusion and agony, it could not have borne as it does the marks of a prolonged and heroic endurance. Nor would it have been possible even a month earlier to win the same conviction as to the actual facts that are contained in the Pastoral. The world had begun to arouse itself from the stupor and horror of the first weeks of the war to demand a more accurate account of what had happened. It needed that the man himself should be fully prepared for his great utterance, that he should be in the midst of the scene of desolation and that he should have passed through the bitter agony of the foregoing months. He had realized as never before the omnipotence of God, and he was absolutely helpless in the hands of human conquerors, knowing well the ruthless nature of their tyranny. Again, if the Cardinal had been younger it is difficult to conceive that he could have given forth an utterance so mature; if he had been older is it possible that it could have been so vigorous?

Turning from the great outlines of the personality, the time and the situation, the happy conjunction of circumstance is found in further detail. The actual day on which the Cardinal was arrested was the first of the New Year, a date easy to remember. He sent out his message of

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strength and courage when men, more than even in the preceding days, were taking stock of their present miseries and their fears for the future. The Primate was at Malines in his own home among his own people preparing to say Mass on the first day of a year that must prove of infinite importance to his country when he was summoned at six o'clock in the morning to the presence of the German officials to answer to them for having written a Pastoral Letter to his own clergy and their flocks. As conflicting accounts and many rumours have gathered round what passed that day the following hitherto unpublished narrative, taken down at dictation from one who had three interviews with the Cardinal and who visited England a few days later, has become of special interest.

The three interviews took place between the dates of December 28 and January 12. On January 2, the Cardinal was still under arrest in his palace, but by Sunday, January 12, he had been liberated. It was at the last interview that His Eminence gave the following account of his arrest:

At 6 o'clock in the morning on January 1, a motor containing German soldiers drove up to the palace. An officer alighted, and after placing two sentinels at the door, rang for admission and demanded to see His Eminence at once. When the Cardinal was told, he was just about to say his Mass, and sent down word that it was quite impossible for him to see anyone then. The officer, however, would take no refusal, so the Cardinal gave orders for him to be brought upstairs and received him in his study. The officer handed him a letter from General von Bissing, to which he asked for an immediate reply. The Cardinal said that this was absolutely impossible; he could not attend to anything until he had said his Mass, and even then he could not reply to the letter until he had had time to go carefully through it. The Cardinal repeated this several times, but the officer still insisted that he must have a reply at once. He then sat down in the Cardinal's chair at His Eminence's own desk and said that he should not leave the Palace until he had got the reply to General von Bissing. When His Eminence

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had glanced at the papers he saw that the General began his relation of the affair on December 28. He said: "As General von Bissing has taken so long to make up his mind I must be allowed some time to think the matter over. Besides, all my time is taken up to-day and to-morrow, and the day after I must go to Antwerp." The officer again said that he should not go until he got an answer to the letter. The Cardinal then had the officer conducted to a waiting-room downstairs, and later he went out into the garden, still leaving the two sentinels in the porch.

The Cardinal observed afterwards that he felt no sort of emotion at all. When the officer had gone downstairs he said Mass, after which he again spoke to the officer and suggested that he should go back to Brussels, adding that the answer should be sent to General von Bissing as soon as it was ready. Each time the officer refused, so at last the Cardinal sat down at his desk and began to write his reply. At about mid-day he was still writing and the German still remained in the room. Chanoine Vrancken came in and asked the latter if he were not getting hungry, and he replied that he certainly was. The Canon said that his house was just over the way, and asked him if he would come to lunch with him. On the Cardinal promising to remain in his room the officer accepted this invitation and went with Chanoine Vrancken. He ate his lunch in a hurry and returned to the Palace. The Cardinal continued writing and it was not until 6 o'clock that he handed the officer his reply—thirty-two closely-written pages, in which he had refuted word by word all that General von Bissing had written, but without making a single retraction, and maintaining all that he had said in his Pastoral. The officer said: "As you will not retract, you will not be allowed to leave your Palace."

Two days later the Cardinal received a telegram from the United States, asking him if it was true that he was a prisoner. This telegram, of course, came to him through the Germans, and he had to send his answer through them. He replied that it was true that he had been put under

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arrest in his own Palace, he was prevented from fulfilling his priestly duties, and that the Germans had inflicted childish penances on him. The German officer sent this reply back to the Cardinal and asked him to modify his expressions, as the message he had sent would give a bad impression to the United States. They maintained that they had not really arrested him, and could not send such a telegram for him. The Cardinal then slightly changed the message. The friend to whom His Eminence gave these facts could not remember the exact words, but the cable as the Cardinal eventually altered it gave the impression that he had been arrested and that he would send further particulars later. His Eminence asked for an acknowledgment of this telegram, but was under the impression that it was not transmitted.

The Cardinal was not allowed to go to Antwerp to fulfil his engagements there on the Sunday. On January 15 he was not allowed to leave Malines, and it was difficult even to go about in Malines as all carriages, etc., had been taken away from him. He was much affected by the pettiness of the treatment he was receiving, and said that he only regretted that they had not handcuffed him and locked him up in prison.

In answer to General von Bissing His Eminence specially laid stress on the fact that he had no intention of attacking the German Government in his Pastoral, but that he merely wanted to encourage his people.

This account, brief as it is, brings many pictures before the mental vision. The ascetic figure of the Primate and the hungry witness to the incessant writing prolonged through so many long hours, would make a fine subject for an artist. What did the Primate write in those hours and what did the German governor think of the composition? What has become of the letter? Did it reach perhaps the highest quarter of all? May we imagine the Emperor also reading what the Cardinal wrote through the weary hours of January 1? If so, another picture becomes vivid to the imagination.

Great men inspire courage in others and it is not sur-

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prising that the clergy were as ready to suffer for reading the pamphlet in the pulpit as the Cardinal was for writing it. The story has been published of how a row of eight religious sat under one pulpit each with a copy of the Pastoral in order to replace each other should they be arrested one by one.

Nor did the congregation attempt to conceal their sympathy with their Primate. Such cheers as of old interrupted the sermons of Augustine, broke out in the churches, notably in Brussels, which were thronged that day even by well-known sceptics and anti-clericals.

Interest too attaches to the arrest of the brave man who printed and published the Pastoral.

It must be borne in mind for what imaginary, nominal or trivial offences masses of men had been butchered, and it will be realized that the publisher had every possible reason to anticipate the same fate. The fact that he was acting as Burgomaster at the time, added considerably to the peril of his position.

The following narrative of the arrest of M. Dessain has been put together from accounts given by him to members of his own family, some of whom are now in England.

At ten minutes past two in the morning of January 1, M. Dessain was roused by knocking at his door. Jumping out of bed, hastily putting on a worn-out dressing-gown and some old pumps, he went to the window of his room and saw below a man in civilian dress who called out to him:

“Is that M. Dessain?”

“Yes.”

“I want to speak to you for a moment.”

He went down, expecting to receive a message on some ordinary business and opened the door. At once the man rushed at him with threatening gestures and cried out:

“If you don't speak the truth you will be shot. I have only one question to ask you. Did you print the Cardinal's Letter?”

“But yes, naturally, as I am publisher to the *Archevêché*.”

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The man said no more but went back into the street and whistled through his fingers. Steps were heard approaching and then several German officers came forward, the first of whom was an adjutant known to M. Dessain, who appeared startled on seeing him, and said: "But this is the Herr Burgomaster." The others followed, first the Herr Major, then a man with an air of more distinction, who can be described for the moment "as the diplomatist," and whose appearance suggested that of a handsome villain in an English melodrama. These were followed by another officer of more ordinary appearance, who looked less intelligent, and who can be spoken of as "the young one." In command was a superior officer, whose name need not be mentioned here, who looked distinctly worried. M. Dessain led them into the library, while the Major commented severely: "This is most serious. It is high treason and all the more serious because you are the Burgomaster and recognized as such by the German authorities. Did you not know that you could print nothing before it was submitted to the censor?"

In all honesty M. Dessain was able to reply that he had had no knowledge of the censor, nor could he suppose that the censorship could have applied to a Pastoral Letter from the Cardinal to his priests.

The Major repeated: "This is a serious affair," to which M. Dessain answered: "I take all the responsibility on myself, and if anybody ought to be punished, it is I."

As soon as they were in the library the Major demanded: "Have you a copy of this letter?" A glance at the table showed that there was a copy lying there. He threw himself on it and began to turn over the pages. Then apostrophizing M. Dessain: "But did you not examine what the Cardinal said before you printed it?"

"Messieurs," was the answer, "you are officers and you would not permit one of your subordinates to question what you had said."

The officer made no reply, for the detective interrupted roughly, "Do the printing works belong to the Cardinal?"

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Then M. Dessain explained that he had a contract with the *Archevêché* which came to the same thing; that the letter had been printed in his works as all the other pastoral letters were printed: that it was signed by the Cardinal and that therefore it had not been done secretly.

The detective then demanded angrily to see the original. Seeing that M. Dessain, who could not remember at the instant where it was, hesitated for a moment, he insisted still more roughly: "You ought to know where the original is and we must have it." M. Dessain replied that he could not be sure where the MS. was, adding that if it was in his house he would show them where it would have been kept, but that he was not certain that it had not been returned to the *Archevêché*.

"First of all you say that you don't know where it is, and now you say that it is at the Cardinal's."

M. Dessain explained to the now furious detective that the MS. would naturally have been returned with the proofs for correction in the ordinary way. Throughout the evening the officers seemed distinctly embarrassed by the gross rudeness of the detective. Then the Major began to read the Pastoral aloud, half sitting on the table to be nearer to the light, the young one reading over his shoulder; the detective, with his hat on, puffing at his cigar, flung himself into an armchair near the window. The superior officer and the diplomatist settled down to listen with M. Dessain still in pyjamas, the old dressing-gown and his bare feet in pumps. The Major before beginning to read demanded to know how many copies had been already distributed. M. Dessain replied that he could not tell the exact number because he had been so much occupied with his work as burgomaster that he could not overlook the details of his own business, but that perhaps two thousand had been sent out. This produced consternation, and the Major demanded to know if all the priests had received it. M. Dessain could not be sure, but he thought that they had. He was then asked when it would be read, and he replied simply as if it were the most natural thing in the world: "But it has been

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read in all the churches this morning." Fresh consternation, and the young officer who had been examining the Pastoral pointed out to the Major the passage ordering it to be read on January 1. At the beginning the Major called M. Dessain's attention to certain passages which he underlined with his pencil as being especially serious, particularly the enumeration of the priests who had been killed.

At the enumeration of the ravaged villages and of the sufferings of the civil population the Major cried, "Is that calculated to calm the populace? It is intended to excite revolt."

"Read on," was the reply, "and you will see what the Cardinal says as to all this misery. He preaches submission under trial and not revolt."

M. Dessain succeeded at last by force of conviction in concentrating their attention on the parts of the text that justified his argument. But when they reached the words of the Pastoral, "You owe them neither your esteem nor your confidence" they demanded with exasperation, "What do you say to that?" M. Dessain replied, "But go on reading. The Cardinal proceeds to say that we do owe external submission and that we must loyally obey the orders of the German Authorities as long as they do not interfere with our consciences and our patriotic duties."

The Major, although he spoke French well, had a certain difficulty in reading it, and the young officer took the letter and began again to read from the beginning underlining much more, and saying "*Das ist gewichtig*" or other comments of the same kind. In the end he underlined nearly everything. At this moment only one of the electric lights being lit, M. Dessain rose to turn on another switch. At once the detective rushed at him thinking he was about to escape, and between them the light was extinguished. Immediately re-lighting it the master of the house met the glance of the Major examining him severely through his eyeglass, evidently thinking that he was attempting some trick. Among other questions the Major wished to

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know the date at which M. Dessain had received the MS., and he again explained that being obliged to be at the Hotel de Ville throughout the day he had lately been unable to watch what passed at the printing works, that the foreman would be able to tell them, but that he believed himself that it had been about a fortnight previously. "Ah!" said the detective sarcastically, "then it is the foreman who has done all this."

"Not at all, that is not the question. I take upon myself all the responsibility and if anybody is to be prosecuted it must be me and not the foreman. I tell you how things have passed, not in order to throw the fault upon others, but to speak the truth." With such occasional interruptions the reading went on, the young officer being determined not to miss a word. When it came to the passage utterly condemning modern militarism, an offshoot of pagan patriotism, there was fresh indignation, fresh pencil strokes, the young officer looked triumphant, and the Major's air said without words, "How are you going to answer this?" M. Dessain began to speak.

"Look a little further, all that follows is the glorification of the patriotism of the soldier and it is applicable to the German soldier as well as to the Belgian soldier, if he is in good faith as the Cardinal expressly says."

The only officer who replied was the diplomatist who observed ironically, "That is astute, your Cardinal is very astute."

"If you knew the Cardinal," was M. Dessain's indignant reply, "you would not say that. He is too sincere to be astute."

He replied: "I have known several Cardinals but not one who could have written such a thing as that."

By that time they were all standing, the master of the house in front of the fire, and he took up the word, "You don't know the Belgians."

"Yes we do, they are *frondeurs*."

"No, you do not know them, and you must not judge us as you would judge the people of Germany. It is possible that in your country such a letter would cause

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a revolt, but not here. I know the people here, and I affirm that this letter will calm them. I think it will do the greatest good even from the point of view of your administration here in Belgium." Then he added: "Are you going to stop the publication?" They replied in a chorus, "There's no doubt about that."

"Then believe me, gentlemen, you are committing a grave mistake. This letter I repeat would have done the greatest good from the point of view of the morale of the people, and it was necessary. The people are discouraged, desperate. They need courage and comfort. They are no longer at work and the want of work debases their morale. You do not see it perhaps at Brussels, but go into the villages and the little towns and you will see. This letter is just what is wanted to revive their courage, but to excite them to revolt—never." And then by a happy thought he turned to the diplomatist and said to him, "As to you, Sir, I see that you are intelligent, and that you understand. Well, I should wish to meet you again after this war when our passions and our hatreds will be appeased and we will discuss this Pastoral as man to man and you will own that I was right."

That M. Dessain's words had struck home was shown by the silence that followed what he had said, even the diplomatist making no reply.

The reading of the Pastoral finished, the Major demanded to see the printing works, and M. Dessain, still in his nocturnal costume, shivering a little from the cold, and perhaps in his own words, "*un peu aussi d'émotion*" proceeded to show his visitors the machinery and the printing presses. He was amused to see that the detective in order to impress the Major pretended to understand the whole process of printing while evidently knowing absolutely nothing about it.

Returning into the house, the Major asked his host to dress himself and then to follow him, adding, "I regret it, Monsieur, but it is my duty." M. Dessain performed a hasty toilet while the detective, with folded arms, still with a hat on and puffing at his cigar, walked up and down the

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bedroom. While this was passing the two sisters of M. Dessain were disturbed for the first time, and M. Dessain told the detective that he must explain to them what was passing. This he permitted, adding:

“It will not take long, we are going to confront you with the Cardinal.”

“To give a dog his due,” added M. Dessain, “he did seem to wish to re-assure the ladies.”

M. Dessain said afterwards that he had had a foolish hope that his sisters might have slept through what passed.

Exceedingly sad, and in his heart the shadow of death, he feared to speak to them lest he should betray his feelings. He hastily explained to them that he had been sent for to be interviewed on account of the Cardinal's letter, and he tried to convey to them by a whisper that he had said everything so that they should have nothing to hide if they were asked any questions. They asked who was in his room? and he replied “A spy,” not being able to remember the word detective. Then added aloud for the benefit of the detective, “It is only to confront me with the Cardinal.” To which that personage said “Yes,” adding, “Mesdemoiselles will not be able to go out nor to speak to anybody through the windows. But that will not last long. By mid-day all will be finished.” On M. Dessain this phrase produced a sinister effect. They had spoken of high treason, and in his heart he believed that he was seeing his sisters for the last time. But Made-moiselle Dessain said afterwards that her brother appeared so quiet and to take the matter so lightly that they had not been alarmed as to his fate.

On rejoining the soldiers downstairs M. Dessain was asked by the Major at what time the Cardinal got up. To which he replied that he thought he said his Mass at seven o'clock. The detective then asked how many parish priests there were in the town of Malines. After a mental calculation M. Dessain replied nine or ten. They then left the house, the Major giving instructions for sentries to be left in the porch, and in the garden, to prevent any entry to the house or to the printing works.

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On reaching the street the Major gave the order to assemble the soldiers. One of the officers went towards the Boulevard, whistled between his fingers and then gave the order to the soldiers, who replied by whistling in their turn to bring up the rest. It was only then that M. Dessain realized the nocturnal mobilization of which he had been the cause. There were from a hundred to a hundred and fifty soldiers on the spot. The prisoner could not suppress the exclamation, "*Sapristi! que de soldats!*" The officer seemed to feel the absurdity of this show of force, and he answered with a harsh laugh, "What a business! what a business! They roused me at midnight and said, 'We shall want soldiers,' so I sent soldiers."

They marched on to the Grande Place, the noise of the soldiers' feet resounding loudly in the deserted streets. After a discussion between the officers as to where to go and get a cup of coffee they decided to go to the Kreischef. When there M. Dessain was conducted into a small ante-chamber about nine feet by six, looking into the street, furnished with a table, an arm-chair, and a gas stove. He heard a sentinel being placed at the door, and after a few moments sat down in the arm-chair and was soon asleep, no doubt tired out by all that he had been through during the night. About two hours later, at half-past six, he was awakened by the sound of fifes and drums, and at the first moment he said to himself: "Here is the escort for the execution." But they passed on and he slept again until a soldier brought him a cup of coffee and a slice of black bread. All the first day of his imprisonment M. Dessain was extremely anxious as to what might be happening to the Cardinal. He thought that he might have been taken to Brussels to have his case heard there, and he racked his memory to see if he could have said anything compromising and to try and form an idea of what would be the Cardinal's answers to the questions that would be put to him.

At mid-day the prisoner was served with a soldier's rations to be eaten with a carving fork, to which one of the officers added a bottle of wine. During the afternoon

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the young men in the bureau of the Kreischef overwhelmed him with apologies for his first meal and said that for the future he should share their own food. They brought him cigarettes and showed themselves most thoughtful and amiable. Curiously enough their amiability produced on him the ominous impression that something very serious was about to befall him. He did not think that they would otherwise have paid him so many attentions. Before leaving home M. Dessain had slipped his Missal into his pocket so that he was able to read the Mass for the day which was the Octave of St Stephen. Given the fears at which he could smile afterwards, which were none the less real or reasonable at the moment, no prayers could have been more appropriate. Towards evening the young men brought him a *chaise longue* and a blanket. He passed the rest of this and the following day in attempts to remember the principal passages of the Pastoral and to find arguments for his defence under the accusation of high treason. It was out of the question to write anything down. Next morning, Sunday, he was roused at seven and was brought the means of washing. He was not allowed to go to Mass. Towards eleven o'clock a friend arrived who was allowed to speak to him on the plea of administrative business, two officers being present. Of course the visitor could not give him any information as to what was passing outside, and he could ask him no questions. But he was able to send a message through him asking for a razor and some necessary clothes. His chief suffering was from total uncertainty as to what would happen next. He could perceive the coming and going of officers and soldiers. Motors stopped at the bureau, one of which brought the detective and another bringing one of the canons from the *Archevêché*. At once the two sentinels closed before his window. As the canon in question looked very anxious M. Dessain concluded that he had come from Brussels to gather materials for the defence of the Cardinal. He tried in vain to catch his eye.

The sound of every motor arriving at the Kreischef

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naturally suggested to M. Dessain the idea that it had come to fetch him. Although suffering much anxiety he was interiorly calm and prepared to die. At one moment, indeed, doubts against the Faith were vaguely present to the mind. "*Mais mon vieux*" he said to himself, "If all that you believe in is not true and after death there is nothingness you will be pretty well sold." But it only took a moment definitely to banish such passing notions. He had, on the whole, no difficulty in realizing that he could not wish for a death more easy or more beautiful from every point of view. Indeed, the peace and inward serenity which comforted him throughout the time of his imprisonment was in no sense really interrupted by the nervous conditions produced by forced inactivity and complete uncertainty.

The interrogation took place at eleven o'clock on Monday morning in the bureau of the Krieschef, and from the first M. Dessain had the impression that the officials tried to help him to minimize the gravity of his misdeed, which naturally put him very much at his ease.

After signing his declaration he was sent back to the ante-chamber but was released at five o'clock that evening on parole not to leave Malines until after the decision on the case should be made known to him.

He returned home escorted by two officials of the bureau, who had orders to make sure that no more copies of the Pastoral were being printed.

Great was the joy of M. Dessain's household on his return. Among other amusing details was the jealousy of the cook for the cook of the Krieschef who had boasted in the town that she had been cooking for M. Dessain during his imprisonment. He then learnt for the first time that on the Saturday morning the soldiers and the detective had made a formal perquisition of the printing press and had seized all copies of the Pastoral. It was not until Wednesday that he heard from the Krieschef the decision on his case. After all the formidable show of justice he was condemned to a fine of five hundred marks

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or fifty days' imprisonment. On the third demand he paid the fine.

No doubt when the historian of the future attempts to reconstruct the history of the terrible war, the dark cloud of which weighs upon us in our waking and in our sleeping moments, he will try to bring before his readers not only the awful history of death and destruction but all that throws light on the greater and also on the lesser personalities of the drama. Then will such intimate details as those given in these two narratives have a real value for him. To us now so near to the events that intellectual perspective is hardly possible they make an appeal to our sympathy and affections that happily may still be translated into action. For us there is still time to prove to the heroic prelate and his brave friends that our sympathy with their countrymen was no passing fashion of sentiment but an enduring and patient and persevering attempt to be of real and practical use to them.

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March 4.

IT is an undeniable fact that even the main features of the campaign in the Eastern theatre of war are insufficiently understood, and, as a consequence, frequently we hear disappointment expressed with what is held to be the slow progress of Russia. To account for this lack of knowledge many reasons suggest themselves. To begin with, there is the remoteness of the region, with its unfamiliar geography. Then, in the next place, its very vastness, and the resultant magnitude of military movements, present problems of unprecedented complexity and dimension. Finally, the extraordinary manner in which the battle line has swayed to and fro has contributed not a little to popular bewilderment. It is in this constantly changing character of the campaign that we find its most remarkable feature. To illustrate the truth of such assertion, a brief reference to outstanding events will suffice. At first, it will be recalled, the Russians boldly advanced far into East Prussia, only to be abruptly expelled after the reverse of Tannenburg. But subsequently not only did they bring the German advance to a stop at the Niemen, but, turning upon their enemies, they thrust them back again to the line of the Masurian Lakes. Meanwhile, in the south, the Austrians had invaded Poland, and in Galicia had advanced eastwards from Lemberg. Upon these armies the Russians inflicted a series of shattering defeats, Lemberg and Jaroslav were captured, and siege laid to Przemyśl. Practically the whole of Galicia was now at the feet of Russian conquerors. Russian forces made ready to march against Cracow, that highly-important citadel which guards the cross-roads leading to Austria and Germany; while Russian columns crossed the passes of the Carpathians and penetrated down into the plains of Hungary. Again a swift change set in. The Austrians with fine determination rallied their forces, and together with their Ally assumed the offensive over a wide

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front. As a consequence the Russians were compelled to retire behind the Vistula and the San, Warsaw was placed in peril, and the siege of Przemysl had to be temporarily raised. A Russian counter-attack, however, completely altered the complexion of the campaign. With amazing rapidity and thoroughness Poland was cleared of the enemy, and once more the advanced forces of our Ally appeared before the walls of Cracow and descended into the plains of Hungary. In the west high hopes were entertained that at last the Russian invasion of Silesia would begin. Later it was made evident that these hopes bore no relation to the actualities of the situation. Here it must be explained that the Cracow-Tschenstochova front not only barred the road to Silesia but provided a vital link in the military co-operation of the Dual Alliance. Realizing its immense importance the enemy, since the outbreak of war, had strongly fortified the whole line. Wisely the Russians declined to play Hindenburg's game. The Grand Duke Nicholas preferred to seek decision in the open field rather than be drawn into a battle of trenches, where the Germans could advantageously employ their Landwehr and Landsturm formations, thus releasing better troops for more energetic operations. Meanwhile, having concentrated great masses of troops between the Vistula and the Warta, the enemy advanced to the Bzura and for the second time menaced Warsaw. This movement was supported by a series of operations in other parts of the vast field, the most notable of which were the repeated efforts directed from the Carpathian passes against the Russian communications in Galicia, in the hope that, among the results achieved, would be the relief of Przemysl, the siege of which the Russians had again resumed. Yet not only were the enemy held in check throughout the whole line, from the Baltic to the Carpathians, but in East Prussia as far north as the historic ground near Tilsit, and on the right bank of the Vistula, the Russians succeeded in making considerable headway, while as a consequence of a somewhat adventurous occupation of Bukovina, they extended the vast

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area of operations, so as to menace on a serious scale the territory of Transylvania. In view of the probability of Rumania's early entry into the war, and ultimately of Serbian co-operation, an attack from this quarter, striking direct at the heart of Hungary, was deemed to be more promising than any attempt to force the formidable Cracow-Tschenstochova line. Again the enemy replied with a great counter-offensive, which seriously threatened both Russian flanks. For the second time the Russians were dismissed from East Prussia, a thrust was also directed at Warsaw from the right or northern bank of the Vistula, and in face of large Austrian reinforcements a withdrawal of the weak Russian forces in Bukovina was deemed necessary. Though temporary and limited successes were gained by the enemy the plan, as a whole, failed of its object. Anticipating some such movement the Russians in January reinforced their army by no fewer than a million men. That circumstance, taken in conjunction with the fact that the enemy's designs were discovered in time to enable counter-measures to be taken, saved the situation. At the moment of writing the latest phase is in progress—the Russian re-entry into Bukovina—and the defeat of the Germans on the Niemen and in the area north of Warsaw. Students of the Russian campaign will be struck with the frequency with which the Germans and Austrians, making use of the elaborate railway systems at their command, have suddenly appeared in one part or another of the vast field in tremendous force, and the frequency, also, with which they have been compelled to admit, in despairing tones, that their enterprise has been checked because "the Russians seem able to bring up more and more reinforcements." Indeed it would seem that the war in the East has resolved itself into a contest between railways on the one hand and resources in men on the other. Again and again the enemy has hit swiftly and hard, but each time, on Russian reinforcements coming up, he has recoiled with heavily-increasing losses.

Recently some officers, discussing the war in Petrograd,

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declared that from beginning to end they had marched nearly twelve hundred miles. On an average 18 miles a day had been covered and, on the flanks, as much as from 26 to 30 miles a day was a frequent record.

The campaign in the East has thus been in constant movement throughout the whole of winter. In this respect it offers a striking contrast to the operations in the West, which, as we know, have long developed the character of field sieges. In the East, however, the front is about 1,000 miles long, or more than three times in excess of that in the West. Here the war, in the language of the Russian General Staff, is "composed of distinct manœuvres."

At first glance it may seem that far from progressing, the Russians have, in fact, gone back. At the end of October they had cleared Poland of the enemy. Their advanced columns had reached the Silesian frontiers and were within a few hours' march of Cracow. To-day the Russian line, generally speaking, follows the course of seven rivers, the Niemen, the Bobr, the Narew (for a certain distance), the Bzura, the Rawka, the Nida and the Dunajec, and thence along the foot of the Carpathians to the neighbourhood of Styre and Stanislau. Thus it appears that Russia has only been able to establish herself firmly in Galicia, whereas her enemies occupy the greater part of Poland, and have succeeded in warding off all danger to areas that are vitally essential to their territorial unity. The invasion of East Prussia has been twice repelled, and twice have the Russians been driven back from before the walls of Cracow. Strenuous efforts have also been forthcoming to stay the menace to Hungary from across the Carpathian passes and from Bukovina. Rightly it has been judged that from this direction may come a blow so devastating in its effect as to presage the collapse of the Dual Alliance. But, on the whole, a superficial examination of the situation indicates that, as far as the Eastern Campaign is concerned, the honours of war rest with our enemies. Consequently the feeling is widespread that the blows that are to end the war must be delivered in the West.

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Frequently in connexion with the efforts which England is putting forth it has been urged that the Allies are not made sufficiently acquainted with each other's achievements. The need for a plain statement concerning Russia's tremendous activities since hostilities began is certainly urgent if public opinion in this country is to be properly enlightened as to the progress of the war.

It has become evident with the lapse of time that the outbreak of war found only one nation ready. Needless to say that nation was Germany. In the East as in the West she had constructed an elaborate system of strategic railways and military roads communicating with and along her frontiers. In the years 1912 and 1913 Russia had under consideration a scheme for supplying her deficiency in the matter of communications. The necessary funds had been accumulated, and work was about to begin, when the horizon suddenly darkened and Germany declared war. In other directions also Russia found herself ill-prepared for the conflict. It is true that her resources in men were infinitely greater than those of any other Power, but these to a large extent were rendered illusory by reason of the fact that there was not nearly a sufficiency of arms and equipment to go round. On that account Russia has only so far been able to put in the field a very small proportion of her vast reserves of men. In fact, she has done no more than hold her own in the matter of numbers. In motor transport, aeroplanes and heavy artillery, Russia was not so well provided as her enemy. To some extent these deficiencies were supplied by her Allies. England contributed armoured motor cars, France sent aeroplanes, and Japan found a customer for heavy guns. From a source that shall be nameless a million rifles and an enormous quantity of ammunition were received.

The closure of Russian ports during the winter months, on account of the presence of ice; and the entry of Turkey into the war, which sealed the Dardanelles, added to Russia's difficulties. When, therefore, all had been done that could be done at the last moment to increase equipment the fact remained that Russia was ill-provided in

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essential things. Consequently, as was the case with her Allies in the West, she was bound to surrender to her enemies an initial advantage. This advantage, it must be emphasized, rested with them because they were the aggressors and as such carefully chose their own moment for beginning the attack. Had not the policy of Austria during the Balkan Campaign foreshadowed coming events, Russia might indeed have been less ready than actually proved to be the case. As it was she did not hesitate to prepare energetically against the opening of hostilities, but the time allowed her was only sufficient to enable some of the more serious defects in her military organization to be remedied.

Germany has asserted that Russian mobilization precipitated war. The truth is that Russian mobilization was the only answer possible to the secret measures adopted by Germany on the Polish and East Prussian frontiers. Amid the excitement caused by contemporary events we can hardly yet realize how important and far-reaching were the results of Russia's prompt reply to this German menace on the eve of war. It so happens that between no two nationalities on earth is there so great a conflict of ideas and ideals as between the Russians and the Germans—peoples fated by geographical circumstance to be close neighbours. The peasants and factory workers have come more in contact with Germans than with any other foreign nationality. They may not know much about German philosophy, but they have learnt at first hand the harsh and exacting spirit that underlies German control. In the conflict with Japan some ten years ago the peasant soldiers, carried to the distant plains of Manchuria, were bewildered. They were ignorant of the cause for which they were fighting and for them the Japanese had merely a legendary existence. But to-day things are different. It would be wrong, of course, to say that the peasants actually hate the Germans, for in truth they hate no one. Yet in their simple way they are convinced of the necessity to fight them; and, as becomes their own self-respect, they are putting extraordinary

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enthusiasm into their work. Indeed, the Russian people, as a whole, have realized that the German peril is the immediate situation to be faced, and for the time being all domestic turmoil is in suspense. The few small doubts that lingered were finally removed when accounts were received of the martyrdom of Belgium. As with the English so with the mass of the Russian public the barbarities perpetrated by the German soldiery were the determining provocation. As a result of the national enthusiasm for war forty-eight precious hours were saved on the scheduled time for mobilization; and with a great army composed of two million men, extended over a front of nearly two hundred miles, the Russians were able to inflict a series of great defeats upon the Austrians advancing through the Polish province of Lublin and through Galicia. Originally it had been intended that the Russian defensive line should be formed along the river Bug behind Warsaw. Always the Russians had been conscious of the defects of their military organization and of the strategic disadvantage of their situation. The fact that their enemies had at their disposal elaborate systems of frontier communications which enabled forces to be rushed at express speed from one point to another, thus virtually doubling their fighting value, whereas in Poland communications were scarce, presented formidable obstacles, which no improvisation could overcome. Unfavourable too was the very geographical situation of Poland protruding, as it were, into the enemy's country, and flanked north and south by hostile territories with strong natural defensive positions—on the one side East Prussia with the tangle of the Masurian Lakes and on the other Galicia with the barrier of the Carpathians. Furthermore, at the commencement of hostilities the attitude of the Polish people had not been defined. The Russian plan of campaign was, therefore, bound to be framed with the utmost circumspection, and with the sole view of gaining time while the arming and movement of Russia's millions was being hastily accomplished. In the meantime, the guiding principle of Russian policy was to

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seek, as far as the centre was concerned, to wage war on ground where conditions would be equalized, and, of course, to inflict as much damage as possible upon the enemy. Hence the Polish front was to represent the immovable breastwork of Russian strategy, and the flanks in East Prussia and Galicia the extending arms. It was solely as a result of the early victories over the Austrians that the Russian front was thrown forward to face the Vistula and the San, and the capital of Poland saved the humiliation of occupation by the enemy. Altogether, then, the Russian entry into Galicia at the beginning of the war was of inestimable value to the cause of the Allies. To the higher military authorities in France and England it came as a welcome piece of good news. For, as we have seen, the original Russian plans provided for the abandonment of Warsaw and concentration along the defensive line of the River Bug. The break-up of the Austrian Armies acting on the offensive against Russia completely dislocated the plans of the German General Staff. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that it exerted upon the campaign an influence no less important than that produced in the West by the retreat of the Marne. It is true that the shattered armies of Austria rallied in a wonderful manner. But in the meantime Russia had secured a firm grip upon Galicia, and was able to throw columns across the Carpathians in order to menace Hungary and to advance westwards towards Cracow, threatening to tear the Dual Alliance at its very seam and to invade Silesia, the wealthiest province of Germany. The counter-offensive may have caused the Russians to recede temporarily, but they have strengthened their hold upon Galicia, and because of their largely increasing numbers and the extension of the theatre of operations to Bukovina, they still remain a critical menace to their enemies.

The spirited and self-sacrificing advance of the Russians into East Prussia in the early days of the war also played a considerable part in shaping the fortunes of the campaign as a whole. The reverse of Tannenberg, which

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resulted in a disastrous retreat, was compensated for by the subsequent defeat of the Germans on the Niemen. Russian victories in this region and in Galicia demanded that something should be attempted on a grand scale if the Germans wished to retrieve a situation hourly growing more urgent. The first advance on Warsaw was the result. All these references to the early events of the war in the East are intended to show that, far from having been slow in her campaign, Russia, at the outset, developed energy and initiative to an extent that was as unexpected as it was welcome. Had she so chosen she could, as originally intended, have concentrated her enormous masses on the defensive line of the River Bug, there to await the shock of the Austrian advance. Instead, however, she elected to pursue a bold and vigorous strategic policy, which at times even went so far as to border on the venturesome. Coming at a time when the great German advance upon Paris was in progress and the French and English were falling back, Russian victories in the East were indeed welcome. At a critical phase of the campaign the enemy were compelled hastily to transfer troops from the West to East Prussia which was in imminent danger of being over-run by the Russians. In striking thus early at territory dear to the heart of the Prussians, our Ally exhibited sound human instinct. East Prussia is rich in historic associations and, besides, contains rich Imperial domains and many estates belonging to highly-placed noblemen.

As to the number of German troops moved eastwards in the early days of the war, various authorities differ. But the foremost of these, Sir John French himself, places it on record in despatches relating to the battle of the Marne, that the enemy was, in fact, considerably weakened in consequence of having withdrawn men to the East Prussian front. While, of course, all data bearing on the positive or immediate influence exerted by the Russian operations upon the campaign in the West has its special importance, we must look at the subject from a still broader aspect. In other words, a compre-

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hensive view should be taken of the whole field of Russian success. In that event we shall realize now what inevitably will be the verdict of history, namely, that the circumstance of paramount importance in determining the fortunes of the war was the necessity of Germany to succour Austria in the first few weeks of hostilities. Thereafter, it must be borne in mind, she was committed to a long, gigantic, and extremely hazardous campaign in Poland, with but little prospect that she would be able to secure anything in the nature of decisive results. Compelled to fight unceasingly in the depths of a Polish winter, and in a region where communications were scarce, her troops have certainly not been spared the maximum amount of suffering and inconvenience. Here it may be remarked that although on occasions Russian strategy, responding to the dictates of the general welfare, has exhibited daring enterprise, it has on the whole been distinguished for its extraordinary shrewdness. Whereas German policy has been controlled by a determination not to allow invaders to set foot upon the soil of the Fatherland, the Russians have certainly not been hampered by any obsession of this kind. From the first they have waged war for the purpose of achieving the sole end of war, destruction of the enemy's forces. Hence sentimental importance was not attached to geographical areas, which had no immediate military value; and rather than incur too great a risk, the Russian Armies have not hesitated to fall back. In this respect the Russians, while not flinching when the occasion demanded from assuming a vigorous offensive, have, generally speaking, remained true to their traditions. In 1812 it was their elusive policy of withdrawal that lured the grand army of Napoleon to its doom, and little more than a century later in far distant Manchuria the Japanese found themselves unable to obtain decisive results because Kuropatkin pursued a similar course. During the present war, strange though it may seem, the guiding rule of German strategy has coincided to a nicety with Russian desires. The German General Staff clearly

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accepted the principle laid down by the great Moltke, that Silesia must be defended not upon its frontier but by means of an advance into the heart of Poland. It is almost superfluous to add that that part of the great soldier's advice, warning his country against the peril of becoming involved with France and Russia at the same time, found no favour with the super-strategists of modern Germany. By striking decisively at Austria, the weaker partner in the Dual Alliance, Russia probably succeeded in involving Germany in the Polish venture at a far earlier date than had been calculated in Berlin, but if she did not achieve so much, at least she caused Germany to divert more men to the East than had been contemplated in her original plan of campaign. The battles of Galicia, the Marne and Tannenberg were inextricably bound up one with another. In spite of the latter reverse their collective result was a victory for the Allies, a victory, moreover, that will yet be regarded as decisive in the whole campaign. It was Russia's share in this great work that produced large and immediate results.

Frequently a strong point is made of the circumstance that although on their side the Allies have not advanced materially, they have succeeded in detaining in the West, practically the whole of the German active army. From time to time reports were published of large bodies of men being transferred to the Eastern front, notably after Ypres, but if we except the occasion of Tannenberg, no conclusive evidence has been forthcoming to show that the troops so moved were anything but small units. *The Times* Military Correspondent, writing before the German new formations took the field, declared that Germany had approximately two million men in line in the West, and no more than one million in the East, excluding communication troops. The Germans themselves, as was only to be expected, have indulged in a wild exaggeration as to their numbers, stating that altogether ninety-four corps are actually in existence. Up to the present, however, only seventy-seven Corps of all formations have made their appearance in the field. We have it

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on the recent authority of the French Ministry of War that forty-seven of these Corps are distributed over the French front; and that in the East there are thirty Corps. In this estimate it would seem that all kinds of formations are included, active, reserve, Ersatz, Landwehr, and Landsturm. Previous to the recent Russian reverse in the region of the Masurian Lakes, the German Army on this front was reinforced by six Army Corps, of which three were withdrawn from another part of the Eastern front, two were freshly formed, and one was transferred from the Western front. In regard to the last named the French Ministry of War point out that it was at once replaced by a corresponding number of troops.

In addition to the reinforcements sent to East Prussia, the Russians declare that recently several fresh German Army Corps, composed of newly-trained troops, stiffened by *Cadres* drawn from the Western front, appeared in the Carpathians. However that may be, it is evident from a comparison of statistics published by the French Ministry of War, that during the three months between the beginning of December and the beginning of March, all the newly-raised German Army Corps were despatched to the Eastern front. The data available as to the total number of these Army Corps is confusing, but it is clear that it cannot have been less than nine. During the period under review, the Germans did not diminish their strength in the West; that is to say, they continued to maintain the bulk of their forces, active and reserve, against the Allies operating in this theatre of the war. But it must be emphasized that the Allies lay claim to no more than having held their enemy in check. We may therefore well imagine how serious would have been the situation had not Russia detained a million Germans in the Polish wilderness. Also it is plain that had there been no Tannenberg there would have been no Marne. Likewise it is no less evident that had there been available at the critical moment large reinforcements, with which to swell the already enormous German hordes at Ypres, the long thin line so gallantly defended must have snapped with

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consequences calamitous to the Allies. That these reinforcements did not appear on the scene is solely due to the efforts of our Russian Ally. The influence of her restless activities upon the war as a whole did not end here. Not only did she prevent the Germans from drawing upon their army in the East to strengthen their forces in the West, but since the beginning of the year she attracted to herself all new Army Corps raised by the enemy, at the same time rendering it necessary that such reinforcements should be formed out of hastily trained material. Viewed in this light it is more than ever apparent that Russia's service to the cause of the Allies has been decisive in the whole conflict.

In any estimate of the valuable services which the Russians have rendered it is, moreover, important to bear in mind that in addition to having made it impossible for the Germans to place in the Western field fresh forces sufficient to secure a decision, they have induced them, both in the West as well as in the East, to fill up gaps with raw troops, and generally speaking, have compelled the use of new formations long before the date originally contemplated.

Here it may be remarked that there is wide disagreement among experts as to the total number of new formations which Germany has at her disposal. Obviously the point is one of paramount importance as affording some clue to the possible duration of the war. *The Times* Military Correspondent estimates Germany's margin in men at as high as 4,000,000 or thereabouts. On the other hand, Mr Hilaire Belloc is emphatic in his belief that the total available is no more than 2,500,000, and he produces what seems to be conclusive evidence to support his conclusion. Furthermore, he adds the highly important opinion that Germany—and presumably Austro-Hungary also—had used and brought up something like half of their available reserves in man-power before the counter-offensive in East Prussia was attempted. The relevance of the whole discussion to the present article is the light which it throws upon the power exerted by Russia in

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determining the rate at which Germany shall use up her new formations. That power is by no means at an end; it will continue to make itself felt until our enemy's resources in men are completely exhausted.

So far we have based our figures upon Russia's achievements against the Germans. It is necessary, however, to bear in mind that she is contending against two other foes, the Austrians and the Turks. The latter probably compelled Russia to maintain in the Caucasus an army of nearly half a million men, and in the records of our Ally's achievements, the wonderful victories gained in this region must be placed high.

In a general way reference has already been made to the crushing nature of Russian victories in Galicia. Let us now look at the results of these victories in the light of available statistical data. An estimate recently appearing in the *Novoe Vremya*, which had every appearance of reliability, stated that up to the present time Austria had mobilized between 3,000,000 and 3,600,000 men, including recruits up to forty-two years of age, and also the drilled recruits of the year 1915, some of whom had already proved disappointing under the ordeal of fire. Of that great total, little more than a million—say at the very outside, a million and a half—are now in the field against Russia and Serbia, and the rest—roughly two millions—are accounted for in killed, wounded, prisoners, and men incapacitated through sickness.

It is manifest that, in consequence of the heavy losses resulting from successive defeats of a serious nature, Austria has been forced to use up her resources of men at an exceptionally rapid rate, and therefore, to-day it is doubtful whether she can muster an additional half million fresh recruits. That within seven months of hostilities, Russia should have reduced Austria to these sorry straits, is clearly the most important if not indeed the one decisive fact of the whole war. It is a fact from which have flowed nearly all the consequences disastrous to our enemies.

In order to save their Ally from total annihilation the

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Germans were compelled, as we have seen, to draw prematurely upon their strategic reserve and to send southwards troops badly needed in Poland. Thus, deprived at the critical moment of that overwhelmingly superior strength upon which they always rely for success, they failed to attain their one great objective as far as the Eastern operations were concerned—the capture of Warsaw. Always committed to the advance in this quarter because, after surveying the whole theatre, they realized that there was nothing else left to be done, the Germans found in Poland the graveyard of their ambition for World Power. Dearly did the Russians make them pay for the satisfaction of occupying enemy's territory. Always they were called upon to sacrifice far more men than their strategical gains warranted. Urged on by the necessities of their own situation they have exhibited a reckless vigour such as could only have been justified had it proved successful. Hence, at all times they have been punished with astounding severity. Let us take only one or two examples. There was the great conflict in November, when the Germans broke through the Russian position which rested its right wing on the Vistula, only to find that a ring of steel had nearly closed around two of their army corps in the region of Strykof, lying to the north-west of Lodz. It is true that with magnificent desperation, they fought their way out, but the losses they suffered in reaching safety were enormous. After this great battle, so that the Russian line might be straightened out, Lodz was evacuated. But who in all the circumstances can deny that, though ground had been yielded, victory did not rest with the Russians? A similar view must be taken of the series of great battles that raged in front of Warsaw along the line of the rivers Bzura and Rawka. Here the Germans again and again attacked in a formation far more solid than that employed before Ypres, in the West; and their casualties were on a scale commensurate with the tremendous energy expended. For example, on one occasion they lost during a single week, over a front one and a half kilometres long, no fewer than 6,000 killed besides many wounded. The

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climax of ferocity was reached at the beginning of February, when nearly 100,000 infantry and 600 guns were squeezed into a front barely seven miles wide, and a terrific, though utterly futile, attack was made against the Russian positions by men marching eight to ten deep. This great attempt to rush through to Warsaw preceded the offensive in East Prussia and in the territory north of the Vistula. Though in the former of the last named regions, the Russians sacrificed nearly a whole corps, they yet inflicted upon the enemy losses certainly not less than those sustained by themselves. Russia then, has not only brought Austria to the verge of collapse, but she has so regulated her policy as to compel Germany to exhaust her energy in battering away at positions proved to be impregnable.

Formerly it was said of Russia that she might be thwarted but that never could she be beaten. In every campaign undertaken by them the Russians have been beset by those disabilities which I enumerated earlier. But at the same time always they have in their favour certain great advantages such as are possessed by no other nation. Russia has illimitable space in which to manœuvre her forces, illimitable distance in which to retire if necessary. From her great population she can select for her armies men who are physically perfect specimens of manhood. The life that these men live in their own villages enures them to the rigours of the Russian climate and peculiarly fits them for the hardships of campaigning. It is true that they are sadly deficient in education, but they possess other no less important qualities which serve Russia in good stead. They are deeply submissive to authority, and therefore when ordered by their officers to stand their ground they become rooted, as it were, to the very earth which they are called upon to defend. Here also their religious fervour comes to their aid. The priest tells them that the cause they are upholding is sacred, and thenceforth they are ready to meet death unflinchingly. Appeal to their passion is of no avail. As I have already insisted they bear no malice against their enemies. But for an idea

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they will freely shed their last drop of blood. Always the Slav temperament is to be seen uppermost in their conduct. Though long suffering in reverse, they are wildly impetuous in attack. No soldiers employ the bayonet more frequently or with more deadly effect than do the Russians. It is a weapon, the frightful simplicity of which their plain natures can understand.

When we reflect upon all the foregoing circumstances, we may understand how it comes about that Russia so rapidly recovers from Hindenburg's sledge hammer blows. Also it is made tolerably certain that Russia never can be decisively beaten. What then, it may be asked, can Germany hope to achieve by her continued offensive in the East? As a matter of fact, in the predicament in which she is placed there is no alternative policy to be pursued, unless a decision be arrived at to relinquish territory now in occupation, with the object of shortening lines already held. This last course the Germans, still blinded by belief in their military prowess, are not likely to adopt. There remains then the only expedient of vigorously attacking in the East in the hope that Warsaw may yet be taken and the line of the Vistula put into a state of defence, so as to release forces wherewith to counter and if possible forestall, the great offensive which will certainly begin in the West when the weather improves, and the ground hardens. And all the while the guns are thundering at the Dardanelles. The day cannot be far distant when the way will be open for the transit of abundant equipment and supplies to Russia. By that time also the weather in the East will have improved. Then, and then only, will the full weight of Russian numbers begin to tell.

Meanwhile, we repeat, no praise is too high for the hardihood and gallantry of the Russians in having, throughout the whole of winter and with insufficient numbers, continued their immense activities from the Baltic to the Carpathians. Summed up the result of their stupendous energy has been to throw the Germans upon the defensive in the West, with the result that sadly-needed time was allowed the French and English in which

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to accumulate great reinforcements. Unaccustomed as we are to very cold winters, it is difficult for us to imagine how bitter has been the suffering which the Russian troops have undergone in rendering this great service. It is true that the weather in East Europe has been not so severe as usual. But on that account the hardships of the soldiers have been no less severe. At times, many trenches were half-filled with melted snow and water, and the roads, especially those in Poland which the Germans in their first retreat systematically ploughed up, were converted into strips of icy marsh. Not always has the weather been exceptionally mild. There have been intervals of severe cold, more especially in the Carpathians, where the snow lies deep. These simple facts may convey to the imagination some idea of the terrible hardships endured by the *moujik* in this war. The full story of his suffering will only gradually become known. Fortitude and reticence are inseparable from his lovable nature. In his normal life he has grown accustomed to suffering. Whether it be a little more or a little less now does not matter. Sustaining him is the confident belief that the enemy will not triumph. But if the Russian peasants are enduring to great purpose, what are we to say of the Poles? Surely in all history no people have suffered so much as these last. An area four times the size of Belgium has been laid waste; fifteen thousand villages destroyed or damaged; and a thousand churches and chapels battered to pieces.

Poland, Belgium, Serbia—these little nations will shine forth for all time in all the glory of their martyrdom. But of the three, Poland has been wronged the most. For not only has her territory been subjected to fire and sword, and her peaceful population decimated, but the men of her rising generation, forced as conscripts into foreign armies, have been set at each others' throats. The guilt is not upon Russia. For true to racial instincts and Slav ideals, the Poles have shown that they naturally incline to her protection. Through torrents of blood and tears their freedom of spirit has at least been able to manifest itself to this extent.

L.L.

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.*

WHEN we read the late Professor Cramb, we rub our eyes and ask ourselves whether the school-room books were after all right and history is not simply battles. The lectures which are collected in the volume before us, under the title, *Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain* (Murray, pp. 259. 5s. net), were delivered at the time of the South African War, a war in which Professor Cramb saw, with delighted eyes, his country's espousal of her Imperial responsibilities, her determination to conquer that she might bestow on the vanquished the benefits of her rule. The Boers were representatives of nationality, an unproductive, an effete idea. The task of subduing them was one to which our whole destiny called us, and it commanded his sacred fervour. Professor Cramb's writings have been brought into a somewhat adventitious prominence by the present struggle and by the favour which has been bestowed upon them in high quarters, and it is therefore as well to bear in mind that their enthusiasm for English ideals is associated with principles the reverse of English. It is difficult or impossible not to be stirred by the glowing patriotism of his appeals or to deny the truth and splendour of his presentment of our Imperial mission. The more regrettable is it that he shares with our enemies the belief that ends justify means and would have us Anglicize the world by German methods. This volume shows the weak spots in his armour even more clearly than *England and Germany*, which we reviewed six months ago. The reduction of history to ideas is almost a mania with him, and he does not realize that ideas imply a philosophy, and that the first requirements of philosophy are coherence and order. It is intoxicating to find meanings in events and connexions between them as swiftly and vividly

War and Democracy

as Professor Cramb does; but the lightning-contacts he establishes leave a gloom about them; his interpretations dazzle and distract. One might almost say that the chief feature of his erudition is its irrelevancy. To pass from Professor Cramb to the work of the four or five specialists who have given us *The War and Democracy* (Macmillan. pp. 384, with eight maps. 2s. net) reminds us of the recent experience of an airman who righted himself after falling upside down out of a storm-cloud. Sound knowledge and clear thinking make this little book one of the best that has been prepared for the furtherance of intelligent popular interest in all the problems that arise out of the war. There are separate chapters on the Russian, Austrian and German Empires, how they have been formed, what they stand for, and in what spirit they are fighting. The deeper causes of the war are explained, also such matters of subsidiary and yet essential interest as the methods and machinery of the diplomatic services. The authors hope to see an alert democracy, prepared to judge the foreign policy of the nation and bring its judgment to bear profitably upon events. Their book, produced under the auspices of the Workers' Educational Association, suggests that they have pitched their hopes a little high. The people are, we fear, far as yet from the enlightenment which would enable them to grasp the ideals set forth in these pages or to pursue their realization. An interesting point is made in a chapter on the issues of the war. Professor Cramb, we saw, regards the idea of nationality as effete beside that of empire. The authors of *The War and Democracy* would not wholly disagree with him. But they point out that Europe's condition of ferment arose out of the bitter resentments of outraged national feeling, and they suggest that, while the state to which various nationalities contribute together is the highest political organization mankind has hitherto attained, no development on these lines can be looked for in Europe until national feelings have fully appeased and expressed themselves. Nationality is, in this sense, an ultimate factor that the transcending

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of it, the participating in any larger union, must be spontaneous to be secure. B. S.

PROFESSOR ALIOTTA of Padua has given us a work of great erudition and interest in his *Idealistic Reaction against Science* (translated by Agnes McCaskill, and published by Macmillan. 12s. net. 1914.) It is by no means a book for mere popular consumption, indeed the portions relating to non-Euclidean Geometry and to Philosophy and Pure Mathematics will only be properly comprehended by specialists. But it is unquestionably a work which every student of philosophy will require to possess. It may be added that it appears to be admirably translated and, having regard to the difficulty which must have attached to this task, we may fitly congratulate the translator upon the manner in which she has performed it.

The predominant characteristic of contemporary philosophy is, in the opinion of our author, the reaction from intellectualism, and by that term he denotes not only the reduction of all the functions of the mind to intellectual processes but the more limited form utilized by pragmatists and intuitionists in their polemic against intellectualists, where the term is applied to those who look upon the intelligence as a theoretic function of intrinsic value, and do not consider it as identical with or subordinate to practical activity. Further he calls attention to the undisputed fact that eras of materialism have always been followed by a revulsion of a severe type, during which men have plunged into the opposite extreme of occultism and theosophy, "magic, spiritualism, all the mystic ravings of the Neo-Platonists and Neo-Pythagoreans." Such a time is the present. The present reviewer cannot help recalling a remark made nearly five-and-twenty years ago to him by that acute observer the late Fr Ignatius Ryder of the Oratory. "Materialism for the time being has shot its bolt; the coming danger is occultism," a prophecy which has been abundantly justified.

"In the history of philosophy we see periods of ex-

Sinister Street

treme rationalism followed by epochs of raving mysticism, and *vice versa*; and thought, oscillating between these two extreme poles, has seldom succeeded in finding a lasting equilibrium." (p. 406.)

This then is the time to take stock of the phases of thought through which men have passed during the last half century or more, and this the author does with great erudition, as we have already said, and with a very valuable critical examination of the various theories, their significance and their worth. Especially we may draw attention to the discussion relating to the views of Bergson, of Royce, and of the Pragmatist school, notably, of course, Schiller and the late William James.

The last chapter, "Outlines of a Spiritualistic Conception of the World," gives the writer's own views on the subject.

This is not a book of which it is possible to say more in so short a notice, as this must needs be, but we trust that we have said enough to indicate its value to the learned public for whom it is intended. B. C. A. W.

THERE is a sense of poignant pain just now in reading the very beautiful account of Oxford given in Vol. II of *Sinister Street*. (By Compton Mackenzie. Martin Secker. 6s.) There would not be the same pain to endure in reading even *The Passionate Pilgrim*, for in that little masterpiece Henry James presents the vision of the spired city as it appeared to the passionate pilgrim from another sphere. The passionate pilgrim penetrates into the soul of Oxford through sympathy and imaginative yearning, but the passion is rather the passion for the revelation of the past than of the present. Mr Compton Mackenzie loves and yearns over the past but also over:

A city of young life astir for fame,
With generations each of three years' date,—
The waters fleeting, yet the fount the same,—
Where old age hardly enters thro' the gate.

He leaves on one side entirely the more permanent

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human element of Heads of Houses, of dons, of solitary students. And the pain inflicted now by his singularly successful and entirely delightful picture of one of these "generations of three years' date" is far different from the gentle pathos that would have in any case haunted us with the sense of fleeting youth and joy and beauty. It is the pain of the knowledge that it is exactly the Oxford life he describes that is suspended by the war; that the Alma Mater has emptied her colleges of her own children and is mourning already for her long roll of honour, that her halls are filled with soldiers and the "digs" of her undergraduates with refugees. The measure of the lost happiness, the joy and the charm that is given in this book is the measure of the sacrifice.

Many writers have failed to catch the elusive quality of the nobler and of the more worldly elements of the life that Mr Compton Mackenzie describes the more truly from not attempting too much verbal analysis. He could not have avoided the dangers of over much analysis if he had not had the power of making the men speak for themselves. Lonsdale is a triumph of verbal realism, but so are Michael and Maurice, while Venner is such a delight that his every sentence is listened to by the reader as the boys listened to him while he supplied their after-dinner wine in his little office. It is the truth as well as the beauty of at least half of this volume that marks it as sure to hold a permanent place in literature worthy to be put in the same shelf as *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

The second half of the book is in acute contrast to the first. The change is, indeed, terrible from the atmosphere of "adventurous gaiety and childlike intolerance" of the first half to the harsh descriptions of vice of the underworld of London. On the night of his last morning at Oxford Michael comes to know that the love of his boyhood has sunk into the underworld. It has been through no fault of his but he conceives himself called to her redemption, and determines after an agonized struggle that he will find and marry her. The quest is

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the theme of the book, curiously entitled "Romantic Education." It is suggested that this quest, full of self-sacrifice, pure and self-effacing, is born of the unconscious working of the priestly vocation in Michael's soul. It is bold in the face of such talent as Mr Compton Mackenzie's to pronounce this part of the book a failure. Michael himself becomes dim amid the horrible crowd into which he is plunged, and no one member of the underworld stands out as a living personality. This is why there is so little of the atmosphere of infinite pity that makes the underworld so poignant in *Les Misérables*. Every detail may be true, but the whole does not compel conviction. Nor does the future priest gain in moral stature, although unsmirched—there is an absence of the sanity of holiness throughout. For without expecting youth to have the balance of later years, it has a quality of its own that it is hard to define. It may, perhaps, be best described by alluding to the fact that in religious orders devoted to the care of the fallen, it is constantly found that the youngest and most innocent novice has the most influence for good. Michael was no novice in a nunnery, but we believe that if Mr Compton Mackenzie had been at his best level when he took him through the inferno he describes in the most revolting detail, the characters would have come alive and reacted on each other. We should have felt the quality of the future priest, the delicacy of Michael's soul would have affected the fallen, the fallen themselves would have thereby become more living. There is no one to love and no one to hate in the last part of *Sinister Street*. The sights, the smells, the noises are acutely repulsive, but the personalities to one reader at least seem to be repulsive outlines on a flat surface. It is the dull morbid mood of a tired talent that is reflected in the second half of the book, while the first is tuned to higher issues, and is a truly great addition to the very uneven mass of literature that has grown out of the love men bear to Oxford.

S.

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NO doubt the fact that there is a great and growing revulsion against the crass materialism of the Victorian period has much to do with the vogue which Bergson's works have obtained, but in no small respect also do they owe their popularity to the ease and gracefulness of their language and the persuasive manner in which their arguments are brought forward. Of none of his books is this more true than of the charming essay on Dreams just published (*Dreams*. By Henri Bergson. Translated, with an introduction, by Edwin E. Slosson. London: Fisher Unwin. 1914. 2s. 6d. net).

According to the writer the dream is the image of one's mind in a *disinterested* condition, not, even though unwittingly, selecting from its store of accumulated memories those most in harmony with the passing incident, but free to allow the escape of any one of the thousands upon thousands of stored up memories ordinarily kept under lock and key. "Our memories are packed away under pressure like steam in a boiler, and the dream is their escape valve."

Thus the waking ego is supposed to interrogate the dreaming ego and to meet with this reply: "You ask me what it is that I do when I dream? I will tell you what you do when you are awake. You take me, the me of dreams, me the totality of your past, and you force me, by making me smaller and smaller, to fit into the little circle that you trace around your present action. That is what it is to be awake. That is what it is to live the normal psychological life. It is to battle. It is to will. As for the dream, have you really any need that I should explain it? It is the state into which you naturally fall when you let yourself go, when you no longer have the power to concentrate yourself upon a single point, when you have ceased to will" (p. 53).

But the provocation, the "stuff that dreams are made of" is given by the so-called "ocular spectra" or "phosphenes" from within the body, or by lights or sounds within or without the chamber of sleep. And the character of the dream may depend on the character—say—of the

Aunt Sarah and the War

light stimulus. Examples are given in which, on the one hand, the image of a house on fire was provoked by the flashing of a dark lantern held by a night nurse, whilst the gentler light of the moon evoked virginal apparitions—the origin, the author suggests, of the myth of Endymion.

This helps us to understand the incoherence of dreams, for the stimulus may be a green surface with white spots and that might awaken ideas either of a billiard table or a daisied lawn, and one might pass into the other without exciting any surprise.

Sense of time is also abolished, because we have lost the regulator of succession in the shape of attention to an external and social life in common with our fellows.

All these and other matters concerned with special forms of dreams, such as the "flying" dream to which so many people are addicted, will be found to be discussed in a most illuminating and, at the same time, delightful manner in the pages of this little book. B. C. A. W.

AUNT SARAH AND THE WAR (Burns & Oates, Is.) We picked it up gingerly; was it *Red Cross*? Was it *Field Force*? Was it *Army Canteen*? However, the train-journey was a weary one, the Russians were silent, we had taken a few yards of trenches, there was no air-raid to thrill us—and the blinds were down "by order of Lord Kitchener" as the guard informed us. So we opened the suspicious-looking pamphlet and we read of Henry, the second footman, and of his power of blandishment over Belinda, and then—why, we read on till we had finished. Then we lay back and closed our eyes while a series of visions, illumined by such familiar thoughts as "decadence," "militancy," "muddied oafs," "flannelled fools," passed before our minds. "It is exactly what we have always said!" we murmured. But then we began to think that perhaps we never had said it. Still surely we had thought it all? Possibly, in a dim sort of way. And that is the charm of *Aunt Sarah and the War*. For the writer has had the happy knack of saying what everybody

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is thinking or thinks that he is thinking—which comes to the same thing when it is a question of pleasing the public.

We are tempted to quote from nearly every page, but that would spoil the reader's enjoyment of the booklet itself. We must, however, quote just one bit: " ' O yes, boys bore you.' But he turned on me almost fiercely at that. ' O no,' he said, ' not now, Heroes!' . . . ' Those adorable boys,' he said, ' who would come no more, but who would never be forgotten, and for whose sake, and for their own, all living boys would be more to him henceforth.' " " He had never minded being childless till now " but " now he bemoans, ' I have no sons to give to my England, I have nothing worth giving. I have no sons.' "

A wounded " Tommy " came into the train. He was weary of war. He had been through Mons and Ypres and had, as he pithily expressed it, " been down to Hell! " " I suppose it has made a pretty big change in you " I ventured, full of *Aunt Sarah*. " Change! " he shouted as he looked up quickly, " Change? My God! Who would not be changed? " I passed him *Aunt Sarah* and he looked at it in bored fashion, " I can't read, Sir, " he said apologetically, " if you had seen what I have seen the print would run to blood! " " Try it " I urged. He took it up and turned over a few pages and then he began to read. The train ran on into the night made light by the snow, and then he handed me the booklet: " Who is 'e, Sir? " he asked " for, by God, 'e 'as 'it the nail on the 'ead! "

A little later we tried it on a Don who said he would take it to bed and read himself to sleep. But he turned over a page or two and after a quarter of an hour he handed it back: " Quite good! " he said, " Quite good! " And as I looked up there was a mist in his eyes.

" My dear " said Aunt Sarah, " if the War hasn't changed both of you, you're the only two who are untouched. It has changed even me! " H. P.

IF Miss Edith Staniforth's name is new, as we believe, in Catholic fiction, we have reason to congratulate ourselves and her upon her novel (*Under Which Flag?*

Collected Hymns

Washbourne. 3s. 6d. 1914). Its sub-title reads: *A Romance of the Bourbon Restoration*, and it begins with the eviction of two brothers, Alain and Henri de Servadac, in the angry days of the Republic. These children grow up, cherished at first by Chateaubriand, whose amiable figure more than once traverses these pages, but destined to pursue divergent roads, and to fight, the one under the liliated standard of the Bourbons, the other under the tricolor. Alain, by an alliance which interest and affection most happily conspired to bring about, regained his ancestral home as the *dot* of Aline Dupin, daughter of the rich *commerçant* who had bought it; and a kind of infantine gaiety, quite of the most charming, is added to the book by the constant tinkle throughout it of these associated names, Alain, Aline. Henri, on the other hand, loyal after the first restoration, though but grudgingly, to Louis XVIII, had to see his friend La Bédoyère go over to Napoleon, and to watch the brief triumph of that super-man. In the troublous times which followed, his little son was lost, but afterwards refound in a Breton fisherman's cottage, and gradually the narrative shifts to the fortunes of the younger generation. Yet another happy marriage concludes the book. Quite a number of vivid little *aperçus* are opened up in Miss Staniforth's pages: Napoleon receiving the great surrender at Fontainebleau; the famous Opera followed by the assassination of the Duc de Berri; the risings in La Vendée. But on the whole the tale moves very quietly, without pomp of diction or crackle of epigram; and, we can imagine ourselves, when anxious to read about this curious period, already so far removed from us, in quest, moreover, of sensations cunningly contrasted, oscillating to and fro between this novel of Miss Staniforth's and Gyp's *Napoléonette*.

N. K.

VIEWED from the standpoint of its general literature, John Mason Neale (1818-1866) was perhaps the most remarkable factor of the Oxford movement. Few men, indeed, have written so much and so well in so

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many directions; and the fact that during the last few years his writings have obtained a new public and a fresh popularity is sufficient evidence of their value. His volumes of sermons are now in course of re-issue; his short stories from the lives and legends of the Saints, as well as his longer historical tales have been re-published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and now we have, in the volume of his *Collected Hymns, Sequences and Carols* (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net), a fitting memorial of that portion of his work which has made his name familiar wherever English hymns are sung. It is no small boon to have in one book a complete collection of the translations from the Greek and Latin which, originally issued in small volumes, have for a long time been inaccessible, save in so far as they have formed part of almost every hymn book of importance that has appeared during the last sixty years. The importance of the book before us is the greater because some of those who have availed themselves of Neale's work have not hesitated to adapt it to suit their own tastes; and many will now for the first time be able to appreciate to the full the perfection of the translations as they proceeded from the pen of their author.

The book consists of two parts; in the first are the translations, those from the Latin, which occupy nearly half the book, being followed by those from the Greek; the carols, although placed in this part, might, at least in many cases, have come more fitly in the second, wherein are his original compositions. These latter, with certain exceptions, are inferior in interest to the translations: his *Hymns for Children*, which were written in 1842 with the view of supplanting the doggerel and worse which characterized the productions on which children were brought up, never became popular—he himself said “many of them are intolerably prosaic”—and were speedily superseded by Mrs Alexander's *Hymns for Little Children*, the superiority of which, to his credit, Neale was among the first to recognize. The *Carols for Christmastide* (1853), with Helmore's admirable adaptation of ancient

Collected Hymns

melodies, at once became popular, and were the first to bring again into popular use this form of composition; "Good King Wenceslas" has become almost as generally associated with Christmas as the *Adeste Fideles* itself. It is a curious example of the difficulty of gauging popular taste that the *Carols for Eastertide*, published in the following year, excellent as they were, never appealed to the public taste. The translations, which in many cases, are rather adaptations, from the Greek include many of great beauty which have obtained universal favour: "Art thou weary," "Those eternal bowers," "Stars of the morning," "The day is past and over," may be named as examples of these.

But it is on his translations from the Latin that Neale's far-reaching fame depends. A literal translation was easy enough; a rendering into verse had already been well done by Caswall; but it was left to Neale to combine perfect English with literal exactitude and a strict adherence to the measure of the original Latin, thus providing that the English words might be sung to the plain-chant melodies. The first part of the *Hymnal Noted*—so-called because the hymns were set throughout to the plain-chant notes—made its appearance in 1852, and was followed by a second, which never attained similar popularity, in 1854; many of the contents had already appeared in *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences* (1851), reprinted "with very many additions and corrections" in 1863. In the *Hymnal* was set up a standard of sacred song new to English public worship, and although it cannot be said that Anglican hymnody has always maintained this high level, it can at least be asserted that its spirit was entirely changed by the efforts of Neale and his followers.

The limitations of the *Hymnal Noted*—the first part, which alone was generally used, contained only forty-six hymns—soon proved too narrow for popular taste; but the very title of the popular collection which to a large extent superseded it and still holds the field showed how promptly the new departure was accepted; had there been no *Hymnal Noted* there would have been no *Hymns*

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Ancient and Modern, of which it is calculated that about one-eighth are—or were in their original form, the contents from Neale's pen. The most popular of his translations—the cento of Bernard of Cluny, from which "Jerusalem the Golden" and "Brief life is here our portion" are taken, is perhaps the only Latin hymn in which the original metre has not been followed—a departure for which Neale gives sufficient reason.

A word must be said as to the editing of the book, which has been admirably done by Neale's eldest surviving daughter, with the help of a senior member of the St Margaret's Sisterhood at East Grinstead who was much associated with Neale in his literary work: it will be remembered that it was to him that the foundation of St Margaret's, one of the earliest and most influential of the Anglican convents, was due. A large number of Neale's notes upon the hymns are quoted from the volumes in which they were at first issued; it may perhaps seem a little unreasonable to express regret that these have not been given in their entirety, for the book as it stands is a large one.

We cannot, however, but regret that the editors should have endorsed by quoting it Dr Overton's statement (in Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*) that Neale's translations "called down a storm of indignation" from "the Roman Catholics," who "accused him of deliberate deception because he took no pains to point out that he had either softened down or entirely ignored the Roman doctrines in these hymns." It may be admitted that Neale practised a certain economy in his selection—there is, for example, no Office hymn for feasts of our Lady in part I of the *Hymnal Noted*, though apostles, martyrs, and confessors are duly commemorated. But the only charge of "unfaithfulness to the original" with which we are acquainted, is that brought by Mr Lilly* with regard to the *Supernæ matris gaudia* of Adam of St Victor: in this case Neale certainly modified the last strophe, but the omission of four verses,

* *Christianity and Modern Civilization*, p. 263.

What of To-day

which forms part of Mr Lilly's indictment, was merely the compression necessary to bring the hymn within reasonable length for singing, just as, to quote Mr Lilly again,* the *Vexilla Regis* appears in the "Passion-tide services of the Latin Church in a mutilated form." So far as we are aware, there is no justification for Dr Overton's sweeping statement, and we are sorry it should have been given new currency in this delightful volume. J. B.

BEFORE reading *What of To-day*, by Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. (Cassell. 7s. 6d., sold for the benefit of the Belgian Refugee Fund), it was clear that certain qualities would be found in the book—knowledge of human nature, eloquence of language, and a sense of humour. Also no one could doubt that the author would be responsive to the call of to-day on the deepest loyalties and sympathies of our nature, on our patriotism, our admiration for heroic courage, our pity for the suffering and our tenderest mourning for our dead. It is also the work of one who does not shut his eyes to any of the tendencies and movements of the day, and who has kept a candid outlook on the public life of England so that no love of his country would make him hesitate to point out the wounds in her moral life and to say where she ails in defect of general manliness. Again this watchman of much experience has a unity of vision that can only be given by intense faith in the Christian ethics on which he takes his stand. All this was to be expected of the book and all these qualities can be found in it, but with the deepest respect and sympathy for the aims and intentions with which it was given to the world, in an hour of darkness, it is impossible not to point out how much better a book it might have been if a little more care had been spent upon it. It seems to bear the marks of having been dictated to a shorthand writer and to have been passed very hastily through the press. No one could wish to cavil at some marks of haste in a message so urgently needed, but in this case its effectiveness is often seriously marred.

* *Christianity and Modern Civilization*, p. 256.

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As examples of hasty treatment of great questions it may be noticed that on pp. 41 and 42, Father Vaughan does not stop to distinguish between the duties of the Government acting for the country and those of a private individual. On p. 52 he does not allow that the words of the Catholic marriage service have, as a matter of fact, undergone great changes. Again it is a disappointment when, after alluding to the revival of belief in prayer, he does not pause to consider some of the mysterious phenomena of the revival of mysticism and contemplative prayer outside the Catholic Church. References to sources are frequently missing, notably we are not told whence were obtained the revelations of the spirits in the chapter on "Satanic Spiritism." These criticisms are not born of any impertinent want of appreciation of the good work that will undoubtedly be effected by this volume. They are called for rather by an earnest regret that its message should not have been given to the world wrought with such care in form and in substance as to be entirely worthy of its greater qualities. S.

MARK WINNINGTON, by a strange dispensation the guardian of *Delia Blanchflower* (By Mrs Humphry Ward. Ward, Lock & Co. 6s.), was a country gentleman, a philanthropist and an athlete. He was near to being admirably commonplace, but escaped it by a charm and sympathy which won his neighbours and which win the reader too. He was, moreover, "a romantic—some would have said a sentimental—person, with a poet always in his pocket, and a hunger for all that might shield him from the worst uglinesses of life, and the worst despairs of thought."

A man of some experience, Mark Winnington's strangest experience yet awaits him at the beginning of the novel. He is appointed guardian to *Delia Blanchflower*, the daughter of an old friend, and warned at the same time that she is giving her life to the cause of militant suffragism and is under the influence of an ardent and distinguished militant whom she has chosen as chaperon in

Delia Blanchflower

defiance of her dead father's wishes. Mark accepts the trust although he refuses the legacy offered with it. He feels a duty towards his old friend's daughter and considerable interest in her. And perhaps he has an inward conviction that a chit of twenty-one will not oppose his counsel, which has been sought by women all his life. If so this conviction is soon shaken. Delia Blanchflower defies him from the beginning and intimates that his guardianship shall not affect her in any way not enforced by law. She is really half hypnotized by the force of her chaperon, Miss Marvell, whom she insists on bringing to live with her at her country home, a remarkable and unscrupulous personality who would gladly sacrifice her own and her friend's life to the cause. Mark, although not entirely opposed to Woman Suffrage, is horrified by the methods of militancy, and his horror increases as he finds that his feeling for Delia Blanchflower is becoming something more than the dutiful interest of a guardian.

Mrs Humphry Ward depicts very skilfully the gradual and unexpected growth of friendship between Delia and Mark, and the consequent lessening of Miss Marvell's influence on Delia. There are unpleasant and sometimes sad moments for the girl, for the two influences are so utterly opposed that to serve one is to defy the other. There is hope for Delia, however, when she has to remind herself that allegiance to Miss Marvell is a duty. She soon realizes, moreover, that her chaperon feels no loyalty towards herself when there is no advantage to be gained from it for the cause.

All ends well between Mark and Delia; for Miss Marvell the ending is not good. She is strangely unattractive throughout, yet forcible, especially in the setting of a quiet country neighbourhood. The small, neat woman with her genuine detachment from all things (including her mother and sister), save the cause that rules her life, she seems both inhuman and unscrupulous. And yet no one is quite inhuman, and the most striking scene in the book depicts the triumph of Gertrude Marvell's unscrupulousness and her sudden overwhelming remorse.

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She has set fire to Monk Lawrence, the country home of a Cabinet Minister, a neighbour of Delia Blanchflower's, and is watching the fearful havoc when a cripple child, the daughter of the caretaker, runs into a place of danger and is crushed by the falling roof.

With difficulty the police kept back the mad rush of the crowd. The firemen swarmed to the spot.

But the child was buried deep under flaming ruin, where her father, Daunt, who had rushed to save her, was only restrained by main force from plunging after her, to his death. The woman they brought out—alive. . . .

“Stand back!” shouted the mild old rector—transformed into a prophet-figure, his white hair streaming—as the multitude swayed against the cordon of police. “Stand back! all of you—and pray—for this woman!”

In a dead silence, men, shivering, took off their hats, and women sobbed.

“Gertrude!” Delia called, in her anguish, as she knelt beside the charred frame, over which France, who was kneeling on the other side, had thrown his coat.

The dark eyes opened in the blackened face, the scorched lips unlocked. A shudder ran through the dying form.

“The child!—the child!”

And with that cry to Heaven—that protesting cry of an amazed and conquered soul—Gertrude Marvell passed away. O.

THE *Fellowship of the Mystery* (Longmans. 5s.) is the expression of Dr Figgis's thoughts upon the presentment of Christianity to the Twentieth Century. No member of his Church has written more convincingly upon this great theme. Dr Figgis sees the spiritual conflict of our day as everywhere a conflict of ideals, which rages not only between the Christian and Pagan but between those who would call themselves Christians. The attack on a dogmatic Church, which the first terrors of destructive criticism produced, attempted to maintain the life of Christianity without its creed; or to restate the creed as the expression of a purely ethical code. This attempt has, in our day, given place to a desire for re-

The Fellowship of the Mystery

statement of the Christian ethic itself, and the traditional maxims of the Christian life are no longer safe. Even the Agnostic of the last century revered the Christian virtues better than many a modern Christian. In the confusion of an age whose knowledge (as Mr John Bailey has well said) has "altogether outgrown its mind" the religious needs of men incline them to seek after some positive experience; and "mysticism" is much discussed. But for those who are alive to the dangers of a false mysticism this is not a reassuring sign. Much of modern mysticism is Pagan rather than Christian, and the Christians who practise it are in danger of assimilating the pantheistic view of life which pervades the world around them.

Dr Figgis advances as the champion of the Christian spirit with the weapon which Newman used fifty years ago—the idea of a Catholic Church, a communion of the faithful of all ages, handing on from generation to generation a distinctive life, enshrined in mystery and protected by the iron framework of dogma. The Church is, moreover, a "living" Church, wherein the whole religious experience of the ages is embodied and preserved as a living thing shared by all its members, each learning from the other of the "wisdom of the spirit" and the fruits of the new life, the unique Spirit of Christ.

Thus the demand for positive experience is satisfied by the "Church of all the ages" as in no other way. The Church has her place for the mystic, and, indeed, the greatest of the mystics have been Catholics; but she directs the individual with the experience of the past.

Moreover, her great dogmatic truths enshrine a distinctive attitude towards God and conscience. Christianity is not so much an explanation of life as a key to life, opening its doors so as to let in light from the great world beyond. The light which it gives is inexhaustible because the spiritual world which it reveals is infinite. "No knowledge of God in Christ but opens the gate to a thousand fresh enquiries."

Nothing in the book is better than the account of the

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distinctiveness of the Christian message. The contrast which the author draws between the God of the Christian, a living Father and Lord, the infinite Love which is the end of the spiritual life and the "dead god" of the Pantheist is admirable; as are also his words on miracles and on the Christian idea of love and happiness in the ideal of the Cross.

Much of Dr Figgis's book is concerned with the attitude of individual Christians toward the world of liberty around them in which Christianity is but one voice among many; and his words should be studied carefully. He bids us interpret the soul of the Christian to the mind of the Modern, teaching him the "life in Christ" as a newer and a fuller life than any other; and thus play our part in the eternal mission of the Church: that She who has brought Christ to the men of all ages may bring Him now to the poor Pagan of to-day who is lost in a land of liberty.

Dr Figgis's argument that there is but one date in history—the present—is an excellent defence of a "living" Church. Indeed, his conception of the Church is in many ways admirable. But there are at least two criticisms which we feel bound to make: (1) His idea of authority as illustrated in his parallel between the Church and a public school is strangely incomplete, since it ignores the chief means by which the school tradition may be applied in the living society, i.e., the ultimate *fiat* of the Headmaster. The effort to relegate the Headmaster to the position of a lay-figure while insisting on the idea of authority requires almost acrobatic skill. Yet it is all but necessitated by the author's anxiety to support the authority of a living Church without a living Head. The strain of such an attitude is very tiring and partly accounts for the fact, to which others of his writings have born witness, that the Pope has evidently got upon Dr Figgis's nerves; and (2), though he defends the "exclusive" principle of the Church with insight, we cannot escape the impression that he is unwilling to face the question of the *nature* of a Visible Church. Dare

The True Ulysses S. Grant

we say that he is taking part in the construction of a Church upon a new basis rather than the maintenance of an ancient society?

The book has two important appendices—on Cardinal Newman and “Modernism versus Modernity.” That on Modernism, in particular, sketches the outline of a most valuable apologetic. In these, however, as in the last lecture, the subject of the ethics of conformity is surely incomplete in treatment and open to serious criticism.

E. P.

THE TRUE ULYSSES S. GRANT. (By General Charles King. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia and London. 10s. 6d. net). On reading this life of Grant, one is struck by his paradoxical nature. In temperament and character he was the least military of men, with a strong dislike of army life, but at the same time he possessed great military genius. The author has described with singular lucidity the Civil War campaigns of General Grant, and his remarkable career, in which he rose from failure at the age of forty; how he succeeded in spite of every possible drawback in crushing the Confederate power in the west, and how with great concentrated skill he ended the war in the east.

He was essentially a man of the hour, developing with surprising rapidity executive abilities on his election to the Presidency. His humility and greatness were shown, during the last days of the Civil War, when there was question of placing General Sherman—who had completed his triumphal “march to the sea”—over Grant in supreme command of the armies. Even on hearing that Sherman himself was absolutely opposed to it, Grant wrote him a wonderful letter, saying that if he was to be superseded he should serve Sherman as faithfully as Sherman was serving him. In this biography General King has given us an excellent commentary on some American events of the last century.

N. S. T.

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DR JOHNSTONE in his *Philosophy of Biology* (Cambridge: at the University Press. 1914. 9s. net), has produced a very interesting, a very suggestive, and it may be added, a very learned book; in fact, one may venture to prophesy that the mathematical portions of it will be a little above the heads of at least some biologists. As the author admits, the book is very strongly tinged, to say the least of it, with the views of Driesch and Bergson, especially the former, and is, therefore, one more example of the revolt against the extreme materialism of the last century on the part of the younger generation of biologists. What impresses Dr Johnstone in connexion with the vitalistic problem is the argument *ad ignorantiam*, which, as he remarks, may make "little appeal to the thinker, or the critic, or the general reader," but makes an appeal to the investigator which "it is almost impossible to overestimate" (p. 319).

Like many other writers, and writers on this subject, he sees quite well that chemistry has not given us, and does not even hold out any hope of giving us, any reply to our inquiries as to the origin of life.

In spite of the statements of a very few men of science, the real position is summed up humorously, if contemptuously, by the President of the British Association in his address at Melbourne, when he says that to talk of the spontaneous formation of formaldehyde as being a step in the direction of the origin of life reminds him of Harry Lauder, as a Glasgow schoolboy, pulling out his treasures from his pockets and exclaiming, "Here's a wassher—for makkin' motor-cars!"

If we have ransacked chemical and physical explanations and find none which begin to explain the phenomena of life, we must turn our mind to considering whether there may not be another factor, and in time shall be convinced that this is the only possible explanation, to-day at any rate.

Now with regard to life, there is this to be said, that it does possess a reversing power in connexion with the general tendency of non-living energies to sink to an equilibrium by degradation.

C.T.S. Publications

That the tendency of every purely physical process is that heat is evolved; that it is distributed by conduction and radiation, and tends to become universally diffused through all parts of the universe, is capable of mathematical proof. Moreover, it is, the author thinks, "useless to argue that universal phenomena are cyclical" (p. 63). Stellar collisions and suchlike theories will not help us in our difficulty. The clock is running down and will one day come to a standstill. If the universe is infinite, this must have happened long ago. Hence the suggestion to most minds would be that the universe is not infinite, but that it had a beginning as it will have an end. Not so Dr Johnstone, for whom "there must always *have been* an universe, at least our intellect is incapable of conceiving beginning. If we suppose a beginning, an unconditioned creation, at once we leap from science into the rankest of metaphysics." (p. 64.) If this be so we must look for something which will reverse the engine and re-wind the clock, and Dr Johnstone appears to find that something in "life"—"the entelechy"—"the *élan vitale*"—an inadequate explanation even for this planet and, as far as we can say, much more so as regards the universe.

The plain fact is that everything that science can tell us points to the conclusion that the universe is not infinite, and that, as it is certainly drawing slowly but surely to an end, so it must have had a beginning. Lord Kelvin declared that science imperatively demanded the idea of a Creator and, apart altogether from revelation, it is hard to see how we are to evade the conclusion at which that most eminent of physicists arrived. B. C. A. W.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS, 1914

THE great war which has so largely interrupted the ordinary course of business has had its effect on the publishing world, and the Catholic Truth Society has not been exempt from its influence. A certain stimulus to the book trade has, indeed, been given by the production and ready sale of the numerous publications dealing with various aspects

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of the present crisis, with which the bookstalls have been flooded; but the output of the general publisher has been checked, and bodies like the Catholic Truth Society, which are to some extent dependent upon subscriptions, have in this respect suffered, if not by a decrease in the number of supporters, by the absence of the increase which is necessary to continued development.

Notwithstanding this, however, the publications of the Society during the past twelve months compare not unfavourably either in quality or quantity with those of previous years. The penny pamphlets, the provision of which may be regarded as in some measure the most important branch of the Society's work, have been both numerous and varied. A new series devoted to *The Church at Home and Abroad*, under which title the first seven numbers have been brought together in a shilling volume, is edited by Father Cuthbert Lattey, S.J.; in these the editor is responsible for the sketch of *The Church in Germany*, which has acquired an interest and significance not contemplated when it issued from the press; Mr Hilliard Atteridge deals with *The Missions of India and of China*; *The Church in South Africa* is described by the Hon. A. Wilmot; *The Church in the Netherlands*, by the Lady Acton; *The Church in Portugal*, by the Rev. C. Torrend, S.J.; and, coming nearer home, *The Church in Scotland*, by the Rev. H. G. Graham. Another new series, dealing with the Religious Orders of Women, is under the editorship of the Rev. Allan Ross; of this only the initial number has appeared—*The Order of the Visitation*, by Cardinal Gasquet—but others are ready for publication. The production of *Parsifal* at Covent Garden suggested a somewhat new departure in a pamphlet describing the music-drama from the pen of Dr Rowland Thurnam, which had a large sale among Protestants as well as among Catholics.

To the Biographical series have been added short lives of *Pope Pius X*, by Father Allan Ross; *Madame d'Houet*, foundress of the Society of the Faithful Companions of Jesus, by Mrs Philip Gibbs; *St Gerard Majella*, "a Saint for the working man," by Miss F. M. Capes; *The Teresa of Canada* (Ven. Mother Mary of the Incarnation), by the Hon. Mrs Maxwell-Scott; and *St Bruno*, by Father Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D.; another volume, making the twenty-third, has been added to the shilling series of *Collected Biographies*. Sir Henry Bellingham contributes his autobiographical *Reminiscences of an Irish Convert*, and Mr Gordon T. Mackenzie, an Indian civil servant of Scottish extraction, tells a similar tale in *A Son of the Manse*; these, with six other accounts of conversions previously issued, form a shilling volume of much interest, being a second series of *Some Converts*. Mr H. E. Hall, some time Rector of Staines, gives in *The Faith which is in Christ Jesus*, the "plain arguments from Holy Scripture for being a Catholic" which brought him into the Church. *A Talk on Continuity*, by Mgr Moyes, forms part of a shilling volume containing *Some Aspects of the Anglican Position*, which, like the preceding, should be useful for circulation among outsiders, for whom the late Monsignor Benson's pamphlet on *Catholicism* is specially intended.

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To what may be styled antidotal publications, Mr Belloc and the Rev. Dr Vance have contributed pamphlets dealing with various points raised by Professor Bury's *History of Freedom of Thought*. Mr Belloc, in *Anti-Catholic History: How it is Written*, shows the numerous errors with regard to historical facts into which the Cambridge Regius Professor of Modern History has fallen, and Dr Vance, in *Freedom of Thought and Christianity*, deals with his attacks upon the Christian faith. The whole question of *Freedom of Thought* forms the subject of another pamphlet by the same author. Mr Anstruther's answer to the question *What is Orangeism?* traces the origin and action of the Orange Society; the writer confines himself to the religious and carefully avoids the political aspect of that organization. Mr Britten, under the title *An "Escaped Monk,"* tells the story of the exposure in 1849 of William Jefferys, who had the honour of being referred to by Newman as a typical Protestant impostor. The question of *International Catholic Defence* against calumnies from various quarters is treated by Mr Hilliard Atteridge in a pamphlet bearing that title; and Father Thurston in *Book, Bell and Candle* writes on excommunication and anathemas.

Various aspects of history are dealt with in *The Formula of Hormisdas*, by Dr Adrian Fortescue; *The Roman Breviary*, by Dom Norbert Birt; and *The Monastic Life in the Church*, by Dom Anselm Parker. Father Stanislaus, O.S.F.C., writes on *The Third Order of St Francis and Modern Needs*, and Mr Henry Somerville on *Trade Unionism*. The Bishop of Salford's *Pax Christi: The Catholic Church and Peace*, written at a time when it was possible to speak of the Emperor of Germany as a leader in the cause of international peace, reads somewhat sadly at the present time.

History and devotion meet in the pamphlet on *Devotion to the Sacred Heart*, by Father Allan Ross, whose little book on *Frequent Communion* is a valuable addition to the Devotional Series. To this have also been added two instalments of a new series of simple meditations by Mother St Paul, one the Passion, the other on the Holy Angels; the office of *Compline for Sundays and Festivals*, in Latin and English, has been edited by Bishop Butt, who contributes an explanatory preface. The war is responsible for a new departure in the shape of a prayer book in Flemish—*Eenvoudig Gebedenboek*—of which 60,000 copies have been sold. This was prepared for the Belgian refugees, for others of whom the *Petit Paroissien*, previously issued by the Society, has been found very useful—59,000 copies have been distributed.

We have devoted attention to the penny publications of the Society, as has already been said, because the provision of these may be regarded as its special work. But the output of the year has been by no means limited to those which have been named; more than two hundred of the pamphlets issued in previous years have been reprinted—a gratifying evidence that they are regarded as of permanent value. Other organizations—notably the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland—have taken up similar work, and of all these the Catholic Truth Society has been the

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pioneer. We must not omit to call attention to the great variety which marks the Society's pamphlets: the above enumeration will show that in the output for 1914 hardly any branch of literature has been neglected.

Of the larger publications of the year, three are additions to the series which, costing 3d. each in wrapper and 6d. net in cloth, is among the most attractive of the Society's issues. These are a manual for *The Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament*, by the Rev. J. R. McKee; *The Puritan Régime (1644-62)* by Mr A. Denton Cheney; and *A Little Book of Comfort in Time of War*, by Mr Edward Ingram Watkon. *A Little Pocket-Book for Soldiers* (6d.), by the Rev. A. Bitot, S.J., has no special reference to the war and was printed before it began; it is a book of general advice, written in simple language.

The shilling volumes have for the most part consisted of collections of pamphlets on special subjects. Some of these have already been mentioned: others are *A Book of the Eucharist*, containing Mother Loyola's *Holy Mass* and *Simple Communion Book*, Mr Costelloe's *Book of the Mass*, Father Allan Ross's *Frequent Communion* and a book for *Watching Before the Blessed Sacrament*. A second series of *The Catholic Church and Science* contains essays by Dr Aveling, Father Gerard, Father Cortie, Father Garesché and Mr A. E. Proctor; a third series of *Catholic Social Guild Pamphlets* includes contributions by the Bishop of Northampton, Prior McNabb, Father Joseph Keating, Mrs Philip Gibbs and others. Three volumes of the *Collected Publications* bring the number of this series up to a hundred. Cardinal Newman's two essays on *The Benedictine Order* have been produced in a shilling volume, with an introduction by Dom Norbert Birt, O.S.B.

Two shilling volumes of somewhat less popular character are *The God of Philosophy*, by the Rev. Dr Aveling and *The Principles of Christianity*, by the Rev. A. B. Sharpe. These are reissues with additions—in the case of the former very considerable—of volumes previously issued at a much higher price, which it is hoped and believed will find a new and larger public in this cheaper form.

J. B.

BIBLICAL CHRONICLE

THE great controversy on the value of the Massoretic text, that is on the very basis of the modern theory of the origin of the Books of Moses, received a further welcome addition in H. M. Wiener's *The Pentateuchal Text. A reply to Dr Skinner*. (Elliot Stock. 6d.) Mr Wiener's style has very much improved, it has lost much of its aggressiveness and is in consequence more effective. He promises further contributions to the discussion in due course in which he will answer E. Koenig's *Die Moderne Pentateuch Kritik und ihre neueste Bekaempfung*, which itself is a

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reply to Wiener's articles in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. Dr Skinner holds it as an axiom: "As all living men trace their ancestry to Adam so all MSS. of the Pentateuch descend alike from the edition of the Law promulgated in the fifth century." Mr Wiener well remarks: "That of course begs the whole question." He would namely hold that the original divergence of the two lines of tradition took place in the age of Jeremiah and that the LXX was translated from MSS. of the Egyptian line and that that is the reason for the frequent superiority of its text to that of the Massoretico-Samaritan, which was possibly edited in Babylonia. An interesting feature is the use made of Father Pope's studies in the *Irish Theological Quarterly*, 1913. Did St Jerome have the same Massoretic text before him as we have? It has always been taken for granted, but is it so? Certainly with regard to the use of the divine names Jahve and Elohim this seems more than doubtful, and if even towards the end of the fourth century A.D. the use of the holy names in the Hebrew text was not settled, what value has this use to settle the authorship of the Pentateuch? Another point which merits to be gone into still more fully is whether the use of these alternative names is not totally artificial, due to a very late rabbinic scheme. Jehovah and Elohim occur precisely 165 times each in Genesis. The tetragrammaton occurs 75 times in the life of Abraham, and we read Abraham was 75 years old when he went forth out of Haran. Elohim occurs 30 times in the story of Joseph. Is it possibly due to the sentence that Joseph was 30 years old when he stood before Pharaoh? Jacob served 14 years for his wives and the H. names occur 14 times in the story from his arrival in Paddan Aram till the end of his service: is this pure chance? It is just the sort of thing the rabbis would delight in. Father Hontheim's and others' studies ought to be vigorously continued in this field: it promises a rich harvest, if after all modern Pentateuch criticism had been led astray by one of the childish artificialities of later Rabbinism!

In the Cambridge Bible Leviticus has been commented on by A. T. Chapman and A. W. Streane. The authors reject the theory that Ezechiel is the author of "The Law of Holiness," but think this Law but very little older than Ezechiel; at least its hortatory sections would seem to be so. With regard to the legal sections the question remains undecided. The Law of Holiness, though only ten chapters, has two revisers, R^p and R^b. The whole book took roughly 153 years (captivity of Jehoiakin to Nehemiah) in its composition. The paragraph on Sacrifice in the Introduction is not very satisfactory. "There is a general consensus of opinion that the earliest shape in which the religious sense of mankind developed itself took the direction of polytheism. Thus it is supposed that sacrifice arose from the offering of gifts to the object or objects of worship (nature, spirits, or spirits of ancestors or fetishes such as stones, to which supernatural functions were attributed) after the analogy of presents to obtain or secure the goodwill of a human authority." Then the alternative of "a common meal" is given as perhaps more plausible. The authors stand under the spell of Robinson Smith and Frazer. Van Hoonacker's *Le Sacerdoce Lévitique* is, so far as I have been able to ascertain, not men-

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tioned. I miss any reference to the Massilia Carthago Sacrifice Tablets, which would well illustrate some Levitical laws. Professor Van Hoonacker, our illustrious Belgian refugee, who receives generous hospitality at Cambridge, was asked to give the Schweich lectures, and has two most interesting articles in the *Expositor* on the Paradise Story in Genesis.

Religious Development between the Old and the New Testament. R. H. Charles. (Home University Library.) Canon Charles's extraordinary erudition and scholarship and his researches on the literature of the Jews between the Prophet Malachy and Christ, no one disputes; it is a pity however that in this volume, which, as all of this series, will be widely read, he leaves matters of fact for theological speculation. "The eschatology of Israel was at times six hundred years behind its theology." This "prepares us for the occurrence to some extent of similar phenomena in the New Testament." "Standing at variance as they do with Christian fundamental doctrines of God and Christ, they must be condemned as survivals of an earlier and lower stage of religious belief. In Christianity there is a survival of alien Judaistic elements, just as in the Hebrew religion there were for centuries survivals of Semitic heathenism." "So far as the Christian Churches hold fast to the doctrine [of Eternal Punishment] taken over from Judaism at the Christian era, their eschatology is nearly 2,000 years behind their doctrine of God and Christ." "The doctrine of eternal damnation is a Judaistic survival of a grossly immoral character." In the chapter on "Comprehension" he sets the comprehensiveness of the Jewish Church, including Sadducees, who rejected the future life, and the Pharisees, who accepted it, as an example for the Anglican Church, and he warns us that as soon as the Jewish Church was disestablished in 70 A.D. it lost this glorious comprehensiveness. The book deals in sweeping statements on Old Testament theology of the same tone and tenor as those referring to the New. We devoutly trust that the Canon will soon return to those methods and to those subjects of study which have made his name rightly revered among us. Dr W. Oesterley's *The Books of the Apocrypha* (Robert Scott. 12s.) deals with very much the same matter as Canon Charles's book, but in a more objective manner. The greater part of the book deals with the general state of the Jewish mind during the last two or three centuries before Christ, only the latter part contains special introductions to our Deuterocanonical and III and IV Esoras. The monumental Catholic commentaries on Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus by Heinisch and Peters seem not to have influenced Dr Oesterley much.

Father L. Mechineau, of the Biblical Institute in Rome, began a series of articles in the *Civiltà Cattolica* in January, 1914. About a score of these articles have appeared up to date and if gathered together they would form a bulky volume. No doubt they will be re-edited in book form. The Italian Jesuits are fond of republishing collected articles from the *Civiltà*, and they apparently find a good sale for them. Amongst so much miscellaneous matter, sandwiched between, say, a long serial novel and an article on the war, they are practically lost. They are worth republishing

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and perhaps somewhat re-editing, and they are worth translating in English. They are a scholarly vindication of the decrees of the Biblical Commission on the Acts of the Apostles and on the Pastoral Epistles. Father Mechineau's task in vindicating the Acts was a comparatively easy one. Sir William Ramsay's and Adolf Harnack's labours have preceded him. People vie with one another nowadays in acclaiming the author of the Acts as an historian of the first order. The Book is in vogue just now, and all sorts of good things are said of it. The vindication of the Pastoral Epistles is indeed a more burning question. They are rarely mentioned by non-Catholic scholars without at least a word of doubt. "Possibly genuine or containing genuine Pauline matter," is the usual verdict. Mechineau, with that lucidity so remarkable in French writing, points out how slight the grounds are for doubting Pauline authorship, and indeed were it not for a priori ideas on the late development of a "non-charismatic" ministry, few would find difficulty in accepting the Pastorals.

The Epistle to the Ephesians. J. O. F. Murray. *The First Epistle of Peter.* G. W. Blenkin. (In the Cambridge Greek Testament Series. University Press. 1914). Both these commentaries are gems of their kind. They are marked by a thoroughness and sobriety of scholarship which are admirable. The connexion between the Pauline and the Johannine world of thought, perceptible in the Ephesians, is often and clearly brought out, and though "Ecclesia" cannot mean to the author all it means to us, yet he is clearly full of the grandeur of the Pauline ecclesia as revealed in Ephesians. In the Introduction to I Peter, though dangerous ground is trodden on, still there are but few sentences we would not subscribe to. We do not think that the Epistle to the Romans makes it incredible that St Peter . . . had previously worked there; nor do we believe that the ignorance of Christianity professed by the Jews in Rome is inconsistent with St Peter having worked at Rome. They knew that "the sect was everywhere spoken against." As they had apparently not heard of St Paul, who had taught Christianity then for 25 years, they may have ignored St Peter, though he had been amongst them some years.

Scripta Pontificii Instituti Biblici: Christus in Seiner Praeexistenz und Kenose nach Phil. ii, 5. H. Schumacher. (Rome. Press of the Bible Institute. 1914.) A book about one text, and the bulk of the book about one word, the word which our Douay translates "robbery." It is written by the Professor of New Testament Exegesis at the Catholic University of America as a Prize Essay for the Biblical Institute at Rome. It purposes to be only the first volume of a larger study. We hope the other volume will appear soon, for the one before us is a solid and real piece of work. It contains the history of the exegesis of the words: "Being in the form of God He thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a Servant." Having gone through the patristic and through the modern interpretations, he decides for the common patristic one, which may be paraphrased: "Who, as He was by nature God, knew indeed that equality with God was His by right, and held it not a usurpation, but freely chose to empty Himself taking the nature of

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our servile manhood," etc. The study is a model of care and precision, together with wide erudition, and though we may regret that a professor at Washington should not publish in English, it must be admitted that the German is very simple and plain and not so formidable as that of similar researches. We notice a slip on page 103, where Vaughan's Lectures on the Philippians is given among Catholic works of exegesis. It is really surprising how little from a patristic point of view there is to be said in favour of the translation of Phil. ii, 6, which is now so much in vogue that even the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures has adopted it in its *Epistles of the Captivity*, where it is rendered: "he, though he was by nature God, yet did not set great store on his equality with God." These *Epistles of the Captivity* are exceptionally well translated, especially Philippians, which is admirable in every respect.

In a series of eleven articles in the *Expositor*, Rev. A. E. Garvie attempts to establish that the author of the fourth Gospel is not John, the son of Zebedee. He is convinced indeed that the author is "the disciple, whom Jesus loved," and consequently a Jew, a Jew of Palestine and an eye-witness, and so far agrees with Westcott's classic defence of Johannine authorship, but he considers Westcott to have failed in establishing that the author was an apostle and that that apostle was the son of Zebedee. The fourth evangelist was clearly, so he maintains, a Judaeon, and even a Judaeon of Jerusalem, while John was a Galilean. He did not belong to the twelve, who were more or less Our Lord's Galilean companions and assistants, and who did not officially and in a body accompany Him to the south, except on His last journey. St Peter's account, which is substantially given in the Synoptics, relates nothing of the Judaeon ministry, because Peter and the eleven were not there to witness it; the fourth evangelist relates so little of the Galilean ministry again for the simple reason that he was not there. Rev. A. Garvie, moreover, does not regard the fourth Gospel as the work of one hand, "a disciple of the Evangelist" published the notes of his master with reflections of his own, such as the Prologue. Even in the work of the evangelist himself words are put on the lips of Jesus, which are in reality the evangelist's inner experience or theological deduction.

Codex B and its Allies. H. C. Hoskier. (Quarritch. London. 1914. 2 vols. 30s.) There is no doubting the prodigious erudition of H. C. Hoskier. Neither can it be doubted that the cause for which he fights is one of great importance and one which it is worth to break a lance for. Unfortunately, Mr Hoskier carries a sledge-hammer, a weapon less commonly used in literary warfare. It is a pity, for his adversary seeing his unusual accoutrement, may pass him by and treat him as a non-belligerent, making it an excuse even of treating him as a civilian caught with arms in his hands. A little drawing of a char-a-banc (vol. I, page 162), in front of which Merx, Vogels and Burkitt figure as a unicorn team of horses, show that Mr Hoskier's ideas even as to the amenities amongst scholars are a little unusual. The work deals with the text of the first Gospels as contained in the Vatican Codex. Westcott and Hart have taken the

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Vatican and the Sinaitic Codices as the best instances of "neutral" texts, texts not betraying later Western or Syrian modifications. Mr Hoskier thinks B is not neutral, it is merely an Egyptian revision and has as such no more claim to represent the original text than the Antiochian Revision, and on closer investigation he would maintain it had even less, for its proclivity for smooth readings made it deviate farther from the originals. The combination Aleph and B is on Westcott and Hort principles, decisive on almost any reading. To destroy this hegemony is the desire of the author. He certainly brings a great mass of proof to show that B is distinctly Egyptian in character. The two translations into native Egyptian (Sahidic and Bohairic) are clearly the best witnesses of what the Egyptian text must have been like. Now there is often a remarkable agreement between an Egyptian version and the Greek of B. Take a chance example, Mrc xiii, 32, in B reads: "Concerning that day or hour, no one knows, neither angel in heaven, nor the Son except the Father." Now in this reading B is a sort of Athanasius contra mundum, for all other MSS. read: "neither THE angels who (are) in heaven," and the versions support them, except in so far that some languages (as Latin and Syriac) possess no article. To our surprise, B's reading is found back in the Version of Lower Egypt. One more instance. Mrc xiv, 69, reads in B "the maid seeing him said again." Every other known authority whatsoever reads: "the maid seeing him began again to speak." Remarkable to note that B is supported by the three versions which depend on Alexandria, viz., the two Egyptian ones and the Ethiopic. When instances of this kind are counted by the scores, if not hundreds, the conviction grows that B simply stands for Egypt; its superiority over Antioch and over the West is not *per se* evident. B is remarkable for the brevity and smoothness of its readings, but the longer and the more rugged reading may be the more original one. Perhaps B only represents an edition published at Alexandria after 200, as indeed we know that some recension, ascribed to one Hesychius, represented the Egyptian text in St Jerome's day. Particularly interesting are Mr Hoskier's studies on the Latin text of St Mark; he would believe to the third Gospel was simultaneously issued from Rome in two languages, Latin and Greek; and that the original Latin was later on again translated back into Greek, for indeed the two Greek editions of St Mark are so profoundly different that mere textual corruption can hardly account for it; moreover, a Latin basis would better account for the stability of St Mark's Latin in parallel passages of the Synoptics. He does not believe in an original Aramaic of St Mark, although such a striking Aramaism, as Dr Rendel Harris points out in Mark iv, 1 (*Expository Times*, March, 1915), would convert almost anyone to an Aramaic original. At the end of the first volume Mr Hoskier has an epilogue on "Dean Inge on St Paul"; in this he pours out in liberal measure the scorn of a believer on the productions of the notorious dean. We understand it, we appreciate it, but we regret its addition to a volume on *Codex B and its Allies*.

The Miracles of the New Testament. A. C. Headlam. (Murray. 1915. 6s.)

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I miracoli del Signore. L. Fonck, S.J. Ist. Biblico (Bretschneider. Rome. L. 4. 50.) The Italian translation of Father Fonck's *Miracles of the Lord* will bring this important work at least somewhat nearer to English readers, who are more at home in the speech of Rome than of Berlin. It is a book of a distinctly apologetic character; a considerable part of the book is devoted to miracles in general, their true concept, possibility, recognizability, and so on. In this volume only the so-called Nature-miracles are dealt with, nine in all—i.e. Cana, Draughts of Fishes, Stilling of the Tempest, Walking on the Lake, Multiplication of loaves, Coin in the fish's mouth and Cursing the fig tree. The book displays a wide erudition, and as in his *Parables* so here the practical and spiritual side of the Gospel story is not neglected. One does not expect from the Rector of the Biblical Institute any hazardous opinions, because his vigorous orthodoxy is known to friend and foe. The full confidence with which a Catholic can make the appeal to what are called "ecclesiastical" miracles, considerably strengthens his case. Christ foretold that His disciples would work miracles even greater than He, and in the course of ages the works done by the disciples are a proof of the truth of the works ascribed to the Master.

The Moorhouse Lectures were delivered before the denial of Nature Miracles by Dr Sanday caused consternation in Anglican circles. They are a fine instance of solid and sober apologetic, which is bound to provoke the admiration even of the most unwilling critics. Almost half of the book is a defence of miracles in general. As only on page 148 the Gospel story itself is touched upon, it is naturally the latter half of the book in which Dr Headlam speaks magisterially as a Scripture scholar of equal renown with that of Dr Sanday, whose name in fact we have long ago learnt to couple with that of the Oxford professor. There is no hesitation whatever in accepting the Resurrection and the Virgin Birth as literal facts, because as the author loves to repeat, "the evidence for it is good." There is no declamation of any kind, or any invective, but merely a setting forth of the evidence for the historical fact as sufficient to justify the assent of a reasonable man. Only once there is a strong indication of the author's feeling on the subject (p. 275): "If in the case of orthodox doctrine such essays at textual criticism [tampering with the text of St Luke, i, ii] were made, they would be treated with contempt, and we have an equal right to be contemptuous. There are certain recognized rules of evidence, and within certain limits scientific principles of textual criticisms have been established. It is not legitimate to depart from these principles even for the sake of disproving an article of the Christian Creed." However admirable in many ways this defence of New Testament miracles, it is not satisfactory from a Catholic standpoint. The inerrancy of Holy Scripture is entirely set aside. That for argument's sake with non-believers the Gospel records are treated as human records, which may be incorrect in details though true in main outline, that we quite understand; but it is quite plain that Dr Headlam does not believe in the inerrancy of Scripture himself. They are on the whole first-class

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evidence, but all human evidence may go astray in details. "It is possible, of course, that the desire to be edifying may have helped occasionally to mould the story. We do not expect infallibility in any record which comes to us through human hands" (p. 322). The story of the sealing of the tomb "appears to be one of those later additions to the narrative contained in St Matthew's Gospel, which must be looked upon as less certain, and having perhaps grown up in Jewish controversy." "It is obvious that there are differences between the narratives [of the Resurrection]. It is probable also that some imaginative and legendary details have crept in" (p. 253). It is taken for granted that St Matthew did not write the Gospel that goes by his name, and the solution of the Synoptic problem at present in vogue is unhesitatingly endorsed; but the author is evidently inclined to believe the fourth Gospel the work of St John. The last chapter, which contains the definition of a miracle, is the least satisfactory. A miracle is described as "the supremacy of the spiritual forces of the world to an extraordinarily marked degree over the mere material." We find nowhere a crisp definition of a miracle which would satisfy us; we gather that the underlying thought is probably correct, but it is so timidly expressed that it leaves us with some sense of uncertainty. We fear that ultimately a miracle is only a work of nature and natural forces raised to the *nth* power and not really an "opus Dei"—a work of God. Even the suggestion that Mary conceived her Son by the force of her own meditation, for one does not know what the human soul is capable of under the influence of the grace of God, is not only not rejected but apparently approved. The author seems under the spell of the Idealism of Le Roy. The comparison between the first appearance of life on this globe, and the first appearance of the animal world and finally of reason in man with the appearance of Christian miracles as demonstrating the power of the Spirit over matter, is admissible only to a very limited extent. Let it not be thought, however, that these remarks are irreconcilable with a true appreciation of the scholarship, tone and purpose of the book. One looks forward to the issue of Illingworth's work on New Testament miracles, which Macmillan announced. We regret that up to going to press the volume was not yet attainable.

The Parables of the Gospel. By L. Fonck, S.J. (Herder, London, 1915, 14s.) This American translation of Father Fonck's *Parables* will, I think, be welcomed by all English-speaking priests. It is likely long to remain a classic amongst them. Father Fonck's work is solid and exhaustive, it is a treasure-house of all sort of interesting matter relating to the parables. Under the word parable almost every metaphorical expression of Our Lord is understood, so that no less than seventy-two "parables" of Our Lord are commented upon, and therefore the greater part of all Our Lord's words, at least as given in the Synoptics, is dealt with. The Greek text, with full critical apparatus and a new English translation, closely resembling the Douay, is given. The Latin text stands between the Greek and the English. I noticed that in the instance of "the old garment and the old wine-skins" it is omitted, no doubt by mistake. The printing of these

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texts in parallel columns, with great open spaces of blank paper, so as to make sentence correspond to sentence is perhaps somewhat too great a display of lavish printing. Patristic commentaries are sometimes given at great length, but the passages are well chosen. The homiletic aspect has not been forgotten. There is a mine of subject-matter for sermons to be found, and this will attract many of those for whom the critical apparatus on the Greek text is less useful. In the list of works on the Gospels Father Lagrange's *Commentary on St Mark* is not mentioned, and to our surprise we have nowhere in the book found the name of our greatest New Testament scholar. Father Buzy's *Introduction to the Gospel Parables* should have been included, though, of course, it appeared long after the first German editions of Fonck.

The Vocabulary of the Greek Testament, illustrated from the Papyri and other Non-literary Sources. J. H. Moulton and G. Milligan. Part I. (Hodder and Stoughton. London. 1915.) This is the first instalment of an important work. The vast amount of information as to the precise meaning of New Testament words to be gathered from their use in the mouths of the ordinary people of that time had so accumulated that an attempt systematically to collect it had to be made. It has been made with excellent success by Moulton and Milligan, as far as this first part, containing only the letter A, can testify. For those who are interested in philological niceties applied to the text of the New Testament, many an article in this vocabulary will be read with sheer joy. It is not mere dry lexicography, there is no repulsive jargon of abbreviated technicalities, an immense amount of matter is gathered together and yet in pleasant readable form. How interesting to learn, for instance, that of the three attempts to find the word *agape* in popular Greek two have certainly and one almost certainly failed. *Agape* meant love, indeed, but for Christian love the common word for love would not do, and Christianity created a term, which should be her own and bear the meaning her children alone fully understood. Or take *Apographe*, the Greek word for census and the long article which follows it and ends thus: "The deduction so long made, from Luke's shocking blunders about the census, apparently survives the demonstration that the blunder lay only in our lack of information, the microbe is not yet completely expelled. Possibly the salutary process may be completed by our latest inscriptional evidence that Quirinus was a legate in Syria for census purposes in B.C. 8-6." This work will soon be on the shelves of every one interested in New Testament criticism. We have but one serious doubt, whether it will really be completed in only six parts.

J. P. ARENDZEN

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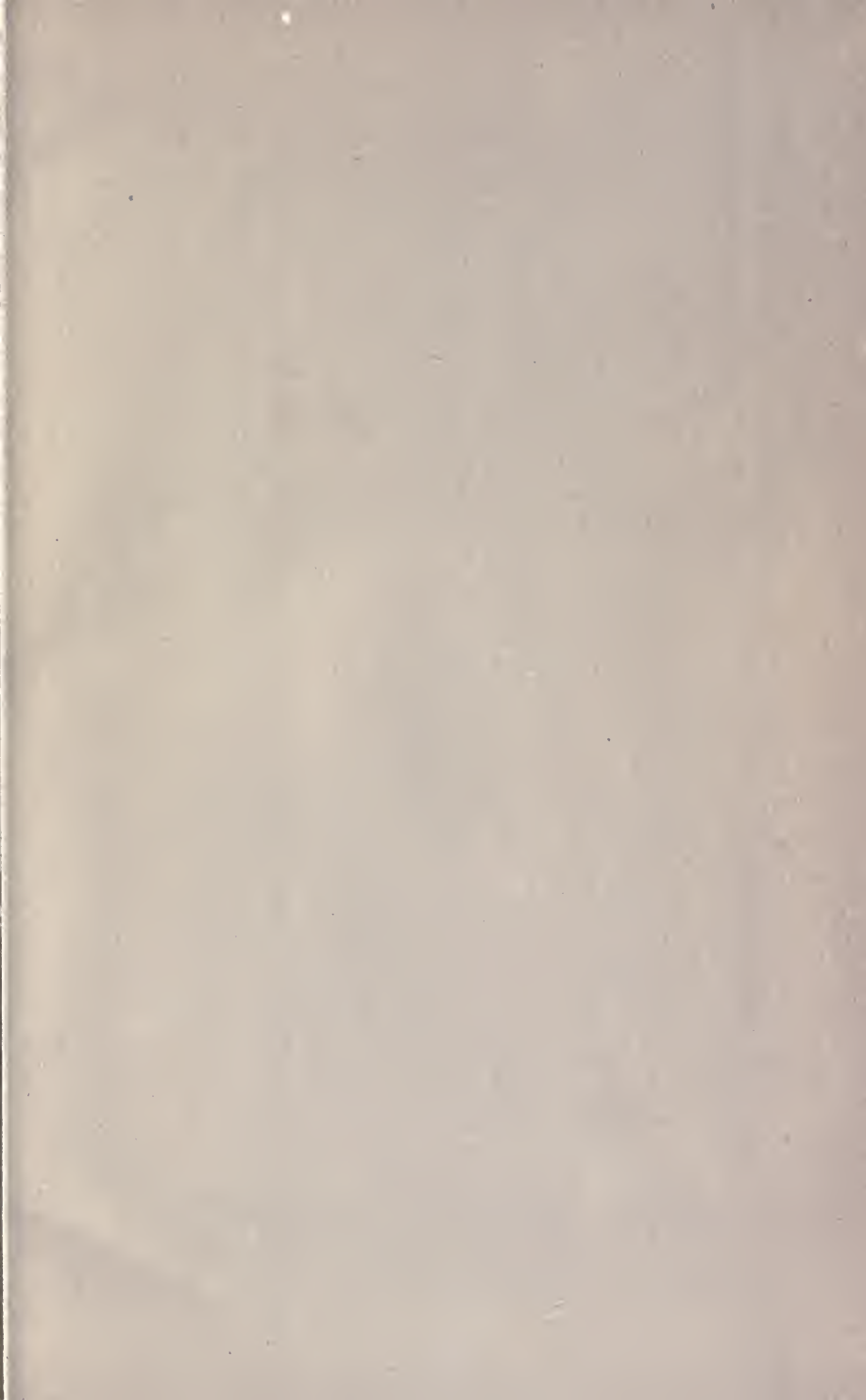
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