

They are "splendidly reticent about their inner thoughts"; they have "no contempt for anything but originality of ideas." T. B. likes them well enough to be an impartial witness; and he says: "They are so nice, so gentlemanly, so easy to get on with; and yet, in another region, they are so dull, so unimaginative, so narrow-minded." Wealth and leisure have borne these fruits. When the tutor reflects on it all, a sort of nightmare falls upon his pages. He is never violent or exaggerated; and he believes in religion. Yet he has nothing definite to propose, neither social ideals, nor sacramental confession, nor interference from above to protect the younger children who are cast into this very singular school of manners like the Hebrew lads into the fiery furnace. Something is deplorably wrong, and he feels it. His own life, we cannot but imagine, has been spoilt by captivity in a world where the ruling motives are amusement and popularity. Is that wonderful? We seem to have read in an Eastern book, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God!" Perhaps this would be the explanation.

Our schoolmaster has written gracefully on landscape; he admires and discusses authors new and old, from Shakespeare to Edward FitzGerald. His escapes out of prison to charming village-neighbourhoods, or to evensong in the cathedral, are told in a way that makes us better apprehend the delight of Americans when they visit our country-places. And so we could have talked about the "Upton Letters" as a work of art, which mingles in its composition some fine qualities—judgment, fervour, and style. But our thoughts go back to the tutor and his problems; the waste of intellect, declining idealism, courteous hypocrisies, ineffective classics, the blind unprofitable devotion to games, which, if we are to believe him, enter into and determine what modern English education shall be. "The incredible absurdity and futility of it all came home to me," says T. B., waking up in the holidays, sceptical for a moment about Latin prose; "half the boys that I teach so elaborately would be both more wholesomely and happily employed if they were going out to farm-work for the day. But they are gentlemen's sons, and so must enter what are called the liberal professions." Here is a text for the Fabian Society, on which I should like to hear Mr. Graham Wallas. Meanwhile, the tutor of Upton has given us an impressive book, and we shall remember him with a kind of sad pleasure. But have the Arnolds and Thrings lived in vain?

WILLIAM BARRY.

DR. MOMERIE.*

Dr. Momerie's life was representative of the period to which it belonged. He embodied the strife which characterised the transition of the Church from an indifferent, conventional orthodoxy to a critical estimate of its beliefs and its conduct. His character was of a sound and healthy type, but it cannot have been wholly the force of circumstances that drove him into so constant an antagonism with things as they are. A touch of defiance, a spirit of challenge, an inability to modify blunt statements or to bring himself into a working harmony with ecclesiastical authorities, were ever present with him. These were the defects of his qualities: the price we have to pay for his straightforward conscientiousness and intolerance of sham and inconsistency. Son of a minister of the Independents, he was very strictly brought up, and the record of his early days is interesting as showing how he gradually departed from the beliefs and disappointed the hopes of his parents. But through all divergence of opinion the love of parents and child remained unbroken. "To me my parents were great and noble. There were none who loved goodness more unselfishly. They were stern but not hard. Cold but not unforgiving." After a brilliant career at Edinburgh University, he went to Cambridge, where he graduated in 1878, and was elected to a Fellowship of St. John's the following year. During his residence at these universities his chief interest was in metaphysics and ethical science. After a brief and not very happy experience as a curate of the Church of England, he was in 1880 appointed to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in King's College, London. This position he held till 1891, when he was deprived of his office, chiefly through the intervention

of Dr. Wace, the Principal, who took umbrage at some severe strictures of the Church to which Dr. Momerie had given utterance in a course of lectures on the mischievous effects of ecclesiasticism. In the same year he resigned his post as preacher at the Foundling. Much sympathy with his views was expressed by some of the organs of public opinion as well as by former students; but he received very little countenance from the clergy. Even Broad Churchmen held aloof. He thus found himself in an isolated position. His volumes of sermons and other books sold well, but by the Church to which he belonged he was treated rather as an outlaw. And this resulted not so much from the opinions he published, though these were sometimes extreme, as from the manner and attitude he assumed. Of this he was himself distinctly conscious. "I am afraid I have sometimes appeared to be a very troublesome son of the Church. . . . But, rightly or wrongly, I have regarded it as the duty of a clergyman—especially of a clerical professor—to point out quite frankly what he thought to be needed for the development and progress of his church. To shirk this duty for fear of consequences seemed to me dishonourable. But, this notwithstanding, among all her sons there is none who loves the Church of England more than I. . . . Still, at times I must have appeared, no doubt, unnecessarily troublesome. But, at any rate, I was conscientiously trying to do the best I could—not for myself, for myself I know I was doing the worst—but the best I could for my mother, the Church." This is his own *Apologia*, and however one differs from his opinions, his courage and resolute proclamation of what he believed to be the truth were admirable. His sincerity was unquestionable, and perhaps his unlikeness to the usual type of parson had as much as his heretical opinions to do with the dislike he provoked. His life and character could not have been better presented than they are in this volume. It is written sympathetically and lovingly, but with remarkable restraint. Dr. Momerie is allowed in great measure to speak for himself, and where narrative is required, it is written with judgment and clearness, and in perfect taste.

MARCUS DODS.

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.*

This book will be of considerable historical value to the general reading public. It is a united piece of work. One reads it through with interest at a sitting, and it is accurate.

To that point of accuracy we shall return in a moment, but meanwhile it is well to add that the book has something much more than accuracy: it has a real sympathy with its subject. To understand Napoleon it is essential to understand that he had not in the course of his enormous action anything approaching a plan till he thought of the Austrian marriage. If there runs a plan through the history of Europe he was in his creative period its servant or instrument; every attitude of his life while he was in the *making* is his own: not ambition's. He became a general of armies merely because his talent suited him for that function. From the first to the last he never said "I will be this" or "I will be that": in a word, there was nothing in him of that vulgar sufficiency which has been supposed to inhabit the "strong man." He certainly knew the largeness of circumstance; he certainly understood that adverse destiny was as irresistible as the conclusion of a written story, and throughout, I repeat, he was himself, and cared only to be himself. On this account, as a soldier of the Revolution, as the servant, not the maker, of a plan (if there is a plan), he put into action the laws of '93: he utterly changed Europe, and had, by 1805, launched the origins which we are developing to-day.

It is the advantage of this book that it shows you Napoleon himself as a boy. It is not merely a transcript of Masson and Chuquet; it is a good compact essay written with a comprehension of the boyhood with which it deals.

As any man reads it he understands that silent, tenacious, southern child; a little awkward and unpopular; pure, exceedingly self-centred, but above all this, a mind which thrust out active arms and clutched at all things which touched its sensitive surface.

No one will understand Napoleon who does not know that

* "Dr. Momerie: His Life and Work." Written and Edited by his Wife. 12s. 6d. net. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

* "Napoleon: the First Phase." By Oscar Browning, M.A. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (John Lane.)

in his boyhood a passionate love of the soil possessed him, as in his decline a reminiscence of the Faith; no one will understand him who imagines that he was erratic, posing, and violent; of the sort which people now call "genius." I know no clearer picture, or rather none more vivid, than that which the Prince de Ligne drew in his old age when he wrote "I have seen the man." He spoke (says this considerable authority) with accuracy and with determination, like a soldier, and with no aberrations. Mr. Reich has recently said that whenever Napoleon went to war he had in his mind a map of the country he invaded, and a map executed in the utmost detail. This is to make a very human gunner superhuman. He had the map, but it was a general map, with only *here* and *there* a detail worked out fine. It is not true that the command of detail is the mark of such men; but what he had and what is much rarer was, if I may use the metaphor, an exactitude of outline. All the large boundaries of anything he had to do stood plain before him. In a word, he surpassed in judgment. Of this nothing could be a more illuminating example than the tactical decision which first made his fame, and the story of which closes the pages before me. Anyone looking at a map could see plainly that L'Eguillette commands the inner harbour of Toulon. The power Napoleon showed in this adventure of his twenty-fifth year (with which the book closes) lay not in such a general appreciation as this (others had seen it before him), but in his appreciation that with the gun-ranges of the time L'Eguillette was *just* so placed as to command the wide entrance to the inner harbour and the distance between that entrance and the nearest point on the shore. It looked, if anything, somewhat too long a range. It was sufficient. Many a man could have arrived at such a conclusion after several days; but Napoleon saw it the moment he cast eyes upon the landscape.

I have already alluded to the accuracy of the book. There are but one or two slips, and those appear to be slips of the printer. Thus on page 263 November is given as the month in which Napoleon got his brigade. It was, of course, December, and when on page 55 mention is made of a priest saying mass in four and a half minutes, and the mass is called his "office," some error must have crept in either of the pen or of the printer, which is at least not Mr. Browning's own.

It is not beside the mark to insist upon the value of such accuracy, for it is a quality which is decaying in our historical work. Mr. Browning's own University has recently issued a volume upon the revolution (called "The Cambridge History," and reviewed in these columns), the central part of which is, to say the least, not pedantic in its care for exactitude. The sister University of Oxford has produced in Mr. Fletcher's edition of Carlyle, minute and careful as it is, a number of errors which will destroy its reputation in the eyes of foreign critics.

Mr. Browning is right upon the number of men that Carteaux had towards the end of September in front of Toulon, though he ought to have mentioned that the original force of regulars that did the hard work before reinforcements joined them was not 10,000, but only a little over 3,000. If I am not mistaken, the actual forcing of the gorge of Ollioules was effected by the smaller number. He is right also in saying that traces of the earthwork of the famous battery are still to be seen in the brushwood above the shore, and he is right about the "gunner's itch," which Napoleon caught in serving that battery. The dates of the Commissions are given justly, and there is no mistranslation of French words.

I may give examples of a negative kind showing of what importance to the general English reader is that accuracy, and how, where they cover the same ground, Mr. Browning's narrative corrects his contemporaries. Thus Mr. Fletcher in his edition of Carlyle estimates the defenders of the Tuileries on August 10th at a little over 2,000, and in the Cambridge History of the Revolution Mr. McDonald, trusting to Mr. Fletcher's notes, gives the same figure. That figure is utterly ridiculous, and to imagine it possible comes of reading no modern authorities. Pollio and Marcel, for instance, the best monograph on that day, is not to be found in the Bodleian, let alone in the private libraries on the Universities. It is worth while therefore for Mr. Browning to have put down on page 136 Napoleon's evidence that the king had at least as many troops to defend him as the

Convention had in Vendémiaire: that is, over 6,500. Again, Garnier appears several times in Mr. Browning's volume. He was one of the generals commanding in front of Toulon, and it is interesting to add that he took part in the subsequent Italian campaigns, and probably died at Marengo after certainly commanding the garrison of Rome. The point is interesting, because in what may be called the official University History of the Revolution it is laid down of Garnier and the rest of the battalion that "their names are not to be found in any list of the soldiers of France."

A third point, with which this short notice must close, and in which the value of accuracy is observable, is the matter of Napoleon's promotion. Carlyle calls him a Major in front of Toulon. Mr. Fletcher, in what I have already called the official Oxford view, is careful to correct this, and call him a Captain. The reader will not be surprised to hear that both views are erroneous; the error of the first being due to an ignorance of French, of the second to an ignorance of history. Carlyle at least knew that Napoleon on October 18th was given the grade of "Chef de battalion." He had perhaps heard the term "Chef d'Escadron" somewhere. He muddles the two up and calls Napoleon thereafter a *Major*. Mr. Fletcher did not even know that Napoleon was promoted in that October. He gravely corrects Carlyle, and puts the young gunner down for a *Captain*, and is careful to date his commission wrongly into the bargain. What happened was that, as was frequently the case during the Revolution, one rung in the ladder of promotion was "jumped." Napoleon's commission as captain was made out in February, '92. It was not signed until the end of August. Fourteen months later he is given the promotion equivalent to our rank of *lieutenant-colonel*; ten weeks later he is a general of brigade.

The illustrations, as is the rule with such books, are uneven. The old map of Toulon, opposite page 266, is exceedingly interesting; the conventional portraits are well reproduced; that of Pauline Bonaparte, opposite page 96, strikingly well. On the other hand, it was a pity to include Charlet's lithograph opposite page 182. It is entirely "de fantasie," as the French would say, or as we should call it, un-historical. As, for instance, it puts Napoleon overlooking the mob on the east side of the Tuileries from the north. We know from his own account that he watched them on the south side and from the west.

H. BELLOC.

HERETICS.*

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne once defined a paradox as a truth standing on its head to attract attention. But Mr. Chesterton has taught the truths he shows us many more wonderful tricks than this. They stand not only on their head, but on each other's heads. They turn somersaults, they throw themselves backwards, and then suddenly rear themselves one upon another in the true acrobat's "human ladder" style. One truth climbs up over the other until all are dependent upon the single and bottom truth, and then it is that their skilful manager, Mr. Chesterton, bows low before us in anticipation of our applause; and we accord it to him, and with enthusiasm—as we applaud the showman.

It is, alas! the fact that we are coming more and more to regard Mr. Chesterton only in this character. There was a time when we made ready to welcome a prophet, to incline our ears to a new voice. But the prophet came not—only a very clever young man who provided us with excellent amusement. And we wonder sometimes for what we are to accept Mr. Chesterton. After all he does tell us the truth—very obvious truth though it often is. In cant phraseology he has a message for us. But we should listen to him with deeper respect were he to present the truth to us less in the form of verbal acrobatics.

In "Heretics" Mr. Chesterton says many things that needed to be said. What we wish is that we could escape from the feeling that all the time we are looking at a troupe of performing truths. They come before us, we feel, not because they are truths, but because they can perform. Just as the men who are acrobats come before us not because they are men, but because they can go through a series of extraordinary contortions.

* "Heretics." By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net. (John Lane.)