

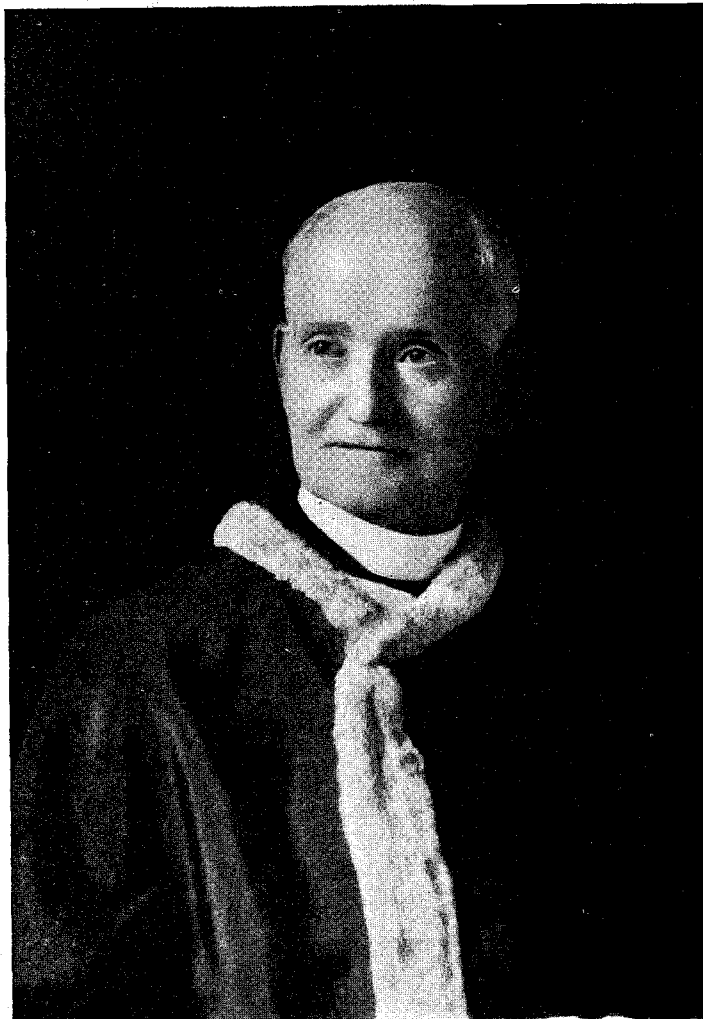
mind that launched itself in the 'eighties with "The New Antigone." As a philosophical romance, it ventured as far outside the Roman barriers as "John Inglesant" tried to invade them. It still remains remarkable that such a pair of masterpieces should have been produced by neighbouring Midlanders so diverse in their derivation and environment. But the points of difference were greater than any coincidence or similarity, for it has lately been shown that Shorthouse's novel was a delicate mosaic of citations from all kinds of ripe old sources, whereas Dr. Barry's work was stubbornly his own. Few were aware until the present autobiography appeared what a wide field of study Dr. Barry has covered, for the more a man approaches to universality, the more he lays himself open to judgment by piecemeal and by specialists. A retrospect like this therefore surprises by its variety of interest even those who have read many, or most, of Dr. Barry's books — history, biography, fiction, criticism, theology, and the rest — apart from his frequent contributions to the quarterlies and other reviews. Cardinal Gasquet is the nearest parallel that occurs to mind in this respect of literary industry, but the Cardinal has occupied himself chiefly with the history of a particular period. Dr. Barry has found time for his enormous tale of work in the midst of a busy life of parochial and other activities, and many sorts of missions. But the two scholars come together in this — that controversy has never embittered their genial spirit, and they have both revealed that genius for friendship which is the best of influences for mellowing old age.

London, Oscott, Rome, Dorchester, and Leamington mark the chief stages of a life that is now on the threshold of eighty, but there has been plenty of travel in between, and some of Dr. Barry's experiences in Greece and America show that a secluded life has not made him inaccessible in any way. Travel impressions have gone far to colour some of the best chapters in his romances, and here there is a refreshing open-mindedness in his recollections of many lands that makes them well worth commending to some of our flabby internationalists. He recalls his experiences during the Fall of Rome in 1870 without anything more than an urbane irony, and it was a truly European outlook that made his little book "The World's Debate" one of the memorable discussions on the inwardness and meaning of the Great War. As an Irishman he was asked to deliver two of the chief addresses on the centenary of his hero, Edmund Burke, and he has taken a share in some of the chief philosophical movements of his time. He has probably done more for theological progress by his moderation and self-control than his Modernist friends with their extreme views; and though he calls himself a metaphysician for

choice, he has been a humanist in the best sense of the term as well. He has written tolerantly of Renan and appreciatively of Heine, and his championship of Newman has never shaken his friendly relations with men like Dr. James Martineau, Sir James Marchant, or Dr. Gore, to mention only three of many eminent associates outside his own community.

It only remains to say that Dr. Barry is intensely popular among his co-religionists, and the tributes that were paid him on his golden jubilee three years ago are evidence of this. Nothing can be pleasanter than to add how much we junior contributors to the *BOOKMAN* have appreciated and enjoyed all that he has written in its pages. No wonder he teaches us to "rejoice healthfully," as St. Augustine says, for there is a persuasion in his literature as well as an edification in what he writes of religion, and what faculties could be more enviable in a versatile divine?

J. P. COLLINS.



Monsignor William Barry, D.D.

From "Memories and Opinions," by William Barry, D.D. (Putnams).

THE NEW IRELAND.*

A really just and impartial review of Mr. Béaslaí's volumes could be carried out only by the following method. The reviewer should go to Mars. He should take out naturalisation papers on the following day and transfer the volumes to a safe deposit. He should learn the Martian language; engage in Martian business; even

marry a Martian lady (strangling her instantly should she ever ask "Isn't there a place called Ireland on the earth?"); and become a hundred per cent. Martian of the truest type. After a twelve-month he should extract the book and read it with the detachment which only a year's sojourn away from this planet could allow. As this method is impracticable an honest reviewer must resolutely determine to view the volumes objectively and not subjectively. He must examine them purely as the biography of one of the most remarkable men of our era and as a noteworthy contribution to the history of our own times.

Taken as a whole, the work may be regarded, so to speak, as a loose *sortes* of which the initial premiss is contained in these words of Michael Collins himself: "English civilisation, while it may suit the English people, could only be alien to us. For us it is a misfit. It is a garment, not something within us. . . . Our internal life too has become the expression of the misfit of English civilisation. . . . English civilisation has made us into the stage Irishman, hardly a caricature. They destroyed our language, all but destroyed it, and in giving us their own they cursed us so that we have become its slaves. . . . We have to build up a new civilisation on the foundations

* "Michael Collins and the Making of a New Ireland." By Piaras Béaslaí. 2 vols. (Harrap.)

of the old." Further down in the syllogisms emerges the quotation from Mr. Shaw: "Nothing is ever done in this world unless men are prepared to kill one another if it is not done." And towards the end we will find that by January 31st, 1919, it was accepted by the Irish that a state of war existed between Ireland and England and that such state of war could never be ended until the English invader evacuated the country.

The above statements are all taken—though not in their actual sequence—from Mr. Béaslaí's pages, and he is honest enough to mention that he adopted the quotation from Shaw as his motto. If a reader has prejudged the case of Ireland *versus* England he will do well to leave this book unread, for it is written too soon after the events described in it, and too obviously from one point of view, to contain that calm and dispassionate survey of facts which the mind demands if it is to be turned into a court of appeal. If the reader has already decided that Ireland was right the volumes will not add to the strength of his conviction, and indeed may possibly weaken it. If he has made up his mind that Ireland was wrong Mr. Béaslaí's pages will inevitably strike him less as a judicial summing up than as a brilliant effort by counsel for the defence.

Of the two volumes the second appears to us immensely superior to the first. The first deals much less with Michael Collins than with the early stages of the formation of a New Ireland, and there are blocks of it from which the hero of the biography is completely absent. A case in point is the rather dull chapter on the opening of the first session of the Dail, a ceremony at which Mr. Collins was not present and on the proceedings of which he thus had no influence whatever. Again, there are several lengthy detailed accounts of escapes from prison in which Michael Collins was not directly or indirectly concerned. Frankly, these become wearisome and not less so because Mr. Béaslaí always makes a point of mentioning every single

individual in any way connected with these ventures. In this way many pages are loaded with unknown Micks and Barneys, Paddys and Seans who distract the attention of the author from the chief actor in the piece and make parts of this volume resemble nothing so much as "Phil the Fluter's Ball" in prose.

In the second volume Mr. Béaslaí rises to a much higher level. He writes with more concentration and with more restraint. This volume contains the most terrible part of the whole story, but even the most biased reader will see and commend the author's effort to hold the scales evenly and to write less as a propagandist and more as an historian. The era dealt with includes the appearance on the scene of the Black and Tans and Auxiliaries; the terrible reprisals; the truce and the treaty; and the subsequent split amongst the Irish themselves. In this volume Michael Collins is the dominating spirit. He is the actor who fills the stage. His courage, his insouciance, his breadth of vision and his extraordinary genius are revealed in every chapter. His tragic end is well told, with pathos, simplicity and dramatic intensity.

From a military point of view there is considerable interest in the admission made in the second volume that, just before Mr. Lloyd George's suggestion for a truce, a deputation from the Irish military leaders in the South had made it clear to the Irish G.H.Q. that lack of ammunition would preclude further hostilities. Of interest too is the disintegrating effect of a truce upon guerrilla troops. It is to this relaxation of effort, as well as to the rise of "truce heroes" with guns, that Mr. Béaslaí attributes much of the trouble which led to the subsequent fratricidal warfare between the Dail troops and the Irregulars. Of interest too, though of a lighter kind, is the facsimile of a letter from Captain X.Y. of the British Intelligence Service to a colleague at the War Office. It contains one "howler" in spelling. Either Mr. Béaslaí has not noticed this or is too polite to refer to it.

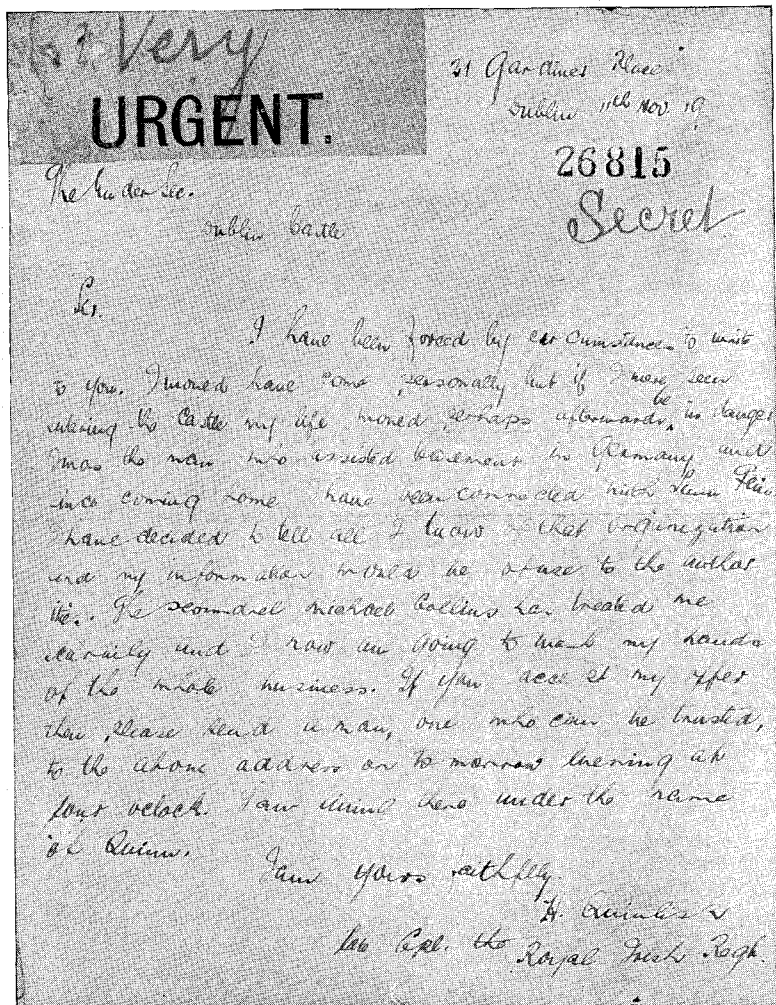
Emphatically "Michael Collins" is a book to be read—provided always that the reader will school himself to believe—what is true—that the author is a type of thousands of Irishmen who for an ideal faced, and in many cases suffered, imprisonment and death. Equally emphatically it is not a book for elderly die-hards, with a family history of apoplexy, after a heavy meal.

F. E. WHITTON
(Lieut.-Colonel).

THE RICHMOND STOCK.*

Mrs. Stirling's skilful management of her material has made this volume rich and readable from board to board. It was to have been, one might say, an autobiography of the son in honour of his father. The life of Sir William Richmond, who died in 1921 within a few months of eighty years, was for over fifty of them overlapped by that of George Richmond, who was born in 1809. Between them, the two Royal Academicians, bound in life and memory by very strong ties of affection and admiration, contributed to a century of English interests, artistic and social. Their individual shares in this, with the son's acknowledgment of the father's inspiration, was the subject of Sir William's "Recollections," written or jotted down from time to time during the seven years before his death. Owing to age and illness his reminiscences were discursive (as doubtless they should have been in his prime), incomplete, and partly transcribed in pencil, sometimes even

* "The Richmond Papers. From the Correspondence and Manuscripts of George Richmond, R.A., and his son, Sir William Richmond, R.A., K.C.B." By A. M. W. Stirling. 32s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)



Facsimile of Letter from Quinlisk, the Informer.

From "Michael Collins and the Making of a New Ireland." By Pierce Beasley (Harrap).