

Some, however, may think that Dr. Jessopp is too fond of semi-humorous comment. This quality is most noticeable in the sketches of animal life with which the volume closes, though the remarks about the folly and harm wrought by the superstition concerning moles are really valuable. But on the whole we have nothing but praise for this book, which is likely to carry light into quarters that need it. Dr. Jessopp is a Broad, not a High Churchman, so that that portion of the public which cannot believe in an historian being honest if he does not agree with them will not be able to cavil at his estimate of "the great pillage."

The object which the doctor sets before himself is that of describing the genesis and growth of the parish in the Middle Ages. He brings out admirably the fact that Church property was of an extremely valuable nature, and belonged to the parish, not the parson. He may or may not have taken an unduly favourable estimate of the average parson in the later Middle Ages, but there can be no doubt of the correctness of his views as to the sense of pride and property which the humblest villagers had in their church and all its fittings, and the great sacrifices made to keep them up. His analysis of the income of the parish is of much interest, and his estimate of the great raid on parish property made in the sixteenth century contains little that is new to the student, but may bring home to the general reader something of what happened under the ring of swindlers who governed the country in the name of Edward VI., and give point to the statement that a large part of the changes of that period were simply "the robbery of the poor for the benefit of the middle classes":—

"I am not qualified to tell the story of those three or four years, which were chiefly taken up with the plunder of the poor by the rich. It is an unwritten chapter of English history, and has long been waiting to be told. But let one caution be offered to those who may set themselves to this great task.....Let them get rid of the old assumption that this monstrous robbery was a necessary part of what we call the Reformation. Religion had just about as much to do with this business as religion had to do with the September massacres at Paris in 1792. In the latter case the mob went raving mad with the lust of blood; in the former case the richer classes went raving mad with the lust of gain. The great pillage was nothing less than this—the *Disendowment of all the Parishes in England*. Nothing was left to the parish community but the bare walls of the church fabric, stripped of every 'thing of beauty' on which the eyes had delighted to rest. No church was allowed to retain more than a single bell. The beautiful art of campanology almost died out. The organs were sold for the price of the pipes; the old music, the old melodies, were hushed, for praising God in an unknown tongue was prohibited. The old gatherings in the gildhalls came to an end. It is nonsense, it is absolutely contrary to fact, to say that it was owing to the suppression of the monasteries that new devices were resorted to in order to save the poor from starving. Pauperism came in not by the suppression of the monasteries, but by the *Disendowment of the Parishes*."

It is, of course, a fact well known to students that the dissolution of the monasteries was a far less flagrant piece of iniquity than the suppression of guilds and

chantries and the shameless confiscation of their property that followed; but it is a good thing to have the matter stated in so uncompromising a way by an author who is read by the many.

The paper on 'Robbing God' is also of great value. Its common sense alone makes it a refreshing contrast to most of the matter written on either side in the Disestablishment controversy. The doctor is an "Establishment" man, but he is annoyed by the loose talk indulged in by "defenders" of the Church of England. He points out that if disendowment be robbing God, it is a form of robbery which has been indulged in with the approval and support and by the instrumentality of the Church; for endowments belonged to the diocese and the parish, and yet with the increase of monasticism there followed a steady alienation of tithe from parochial purposes to the monastery—an alienation which was directed and approved, if not by all the Church, at least by its most powerful leaders. He mentions further the fact that a little later a similar alienation of property that was originally parochial took place in the interests of the new centres of education, the universities. He urges the fact that in the Middle Ages "clerk" covered a member of any learned profession, and that money left to the Church might naturally come to be devoted to any cause other than that of immediate material profit. At the same time he leaves it perfectly clear on which side his own sympathies are now:—

"Base the title of the Established Church to her endowments upon considerations of the highest political expediency, and you choose ground from which it will be difficult to be dislodged. Appeal to the gratitude of our countrymen, and teach them what the Anglican clergy have been and have done for their ancestors and their fatherland in the past, and you will not appeal in vain. Nay, appeal to the hopes and fears of the future, if you will, and, rightly instructed, the nation will no longer surrender themselves to those who would make a desert and call it peace. But beware how you rashly and stubbornly insist that the formulae, the ritual, the discipline, the general régime of the Church as by law established, are each and all equally and indubitably of Divine origin, and that to alienate one jot or tittle of her property is to 'rob God'!"

If these moderate and sensible words could reach the ears of the clerical (or lay) rhetorician, we should perhaps hear less exaggeration than we do from Church Defence platforms.

'The Cry of the Villages' is a weighty appeal to philanthropists to do something to brighten the life of the country. It is pointed out that while there has been an enormous development in the means of rational enjoyment and education provided for the working classes in towns, in villages nothing of the kind exists, and that after schooldays are over monotony is the lot of the countryman in his leisure hours. The evil effects of this on the village population are evident, and had we space at our disposal we should like to say more of the doctor's impressive plea that a little of the social energy so active in towns might be diverted to the country.

Two phrases about Nonconformists strike us as interesting, if not accurate. In one Dr. Jessopp, who hates the monks, compares

not inaptly the extra-parochial privileges of the monastic orders to the position of Dissenters, and in another he says that among our Nonconformists nowadays no man is a "member of a Christian Church" except he be a "member of a Dissenting congregation." Either Dr. Jessopp's experience of Nonconformists must be very disagreeable or his pen has run away from his thought, for assuredly such a statement is grossly unjust to the great bulk of Dissenters.

Nietzsche as Critic, Philosopher, Poet, and Prophet: Choice Selections from his Works. Compiled by Thomas Common. (Grant Richards.)

It were a useful task for the sociologist, evolutionist, or whatever he choose to call himself, to try to calculate for how long, how many millenniums more, the *odium theologicum* and its correlative the *odium anti-theologicum* will continue to play the foremost rôles in determining our politics, our social groupings, our philosophical systems, &c. For instance, the real *causa causans* of Nietzsche's system—to use that word somewhat loosely—must lie in the persecutions endured by some ancestor, or, perhaps, the petty persecutions and humiliations a long train of them may have suffered, at the hands of official Christianity. The whole essential basis of his creed—again with some apology for the substantive—is his dislike, hatred rather, which really amounts to an insane hatred, of Christianity and its moral system.

Mr. Common, his translator and disciple, claims for Nietzsche the highest rank among evolutionists, just because he has, according to Mr. Common, accounted for Christianity, which is, we know, according to the "Nietzscheism," the protective device of the weak and cowardly to persuade mankind at large to adopt a creed of pity (*Mitleid*, or fellow-suffering); a contrivance—to use our translator's words—serving the same purpose as "the ink of the cuttle-fish, the stench of the skunk, the venom of the serpent, and the various devices for concealment and disguise of cowardly creatures." (Does not the philosopher speak in the use of these illustrations?) On which it may be commented, first that the colour of the butterfly, of the partridge, &c., is also largely due to this desire of concealment; and, secondly, it may be asked, Why is it more "cowardly" of the mantis, say, to keep still and look like a stick, than of the beast of prey to pretend to be asleep or dead when the young gazelle comes down to water? Both are devices for self-preservation. And if there be a choice, it is more cowardly of the physically strong creature not to "play the game" than of the weak one. And here comes in the essential weakness in system not only of Nietzsche's "Nietzscheism," but of that form of it which consists simply in the worship of physical strength and so forth. It may be a cowardly device, but it is a necessary one to the preservation of all mental or moral superiority, that physical strength should be acknowledged as not the supreme factor of existence. And nothing could show more clearly Nietzsche's prejudice (for it could not be his ignorance, albeit it may be that of many of his disciples) than his identification of "humanitarianism" with Christianity.

Buddhism and Stoicism both exalt this form of "cowardice" as much in their way as do the writings of the New Testament. And it is an interesting fact that a writer of the authority of Miss Julia Wedgwood in her 'History of the Moral Ideal' should, while rather holding a brief for Christianity, make it a reproach against the disciples of Zeno—Seneca, for example—that they mischievously exalted the doctrine of non-resistance; which same doctrine is for Tolstoy the very kernel of Christianity. Truth to tell, it is impossible to take Nietzsche seriously when he writes on this head. Pilate (he tells us, for instance) was the one sensible man of his *entourage*, because he could not be persuaded to think that it mattered whether there was one Jew more or less in the world. It is not easy to take Nietzsche seriously as a philosopher at all.

But he was certainly an admirable penman, far more deft than most of his fellow-countrymen (that deftness, by the way, springs from "coward instincts" probably; for was he not a Pole of a slave race, and no Teuton?), with immense acuteness on the critical side, and he rose sometimes to a very real eloquence and poetry. He was essentially an artist in words. And a good part of the force of his preaching, which is often persuasive aesthetically where it fails logically, lies in things which were not translatable, as, for example, in his handling of such a word as *Mitleid*, etymologically "fellow-suffering," but in general significance "pity." Another impossibility is the all-essential *Uebermensch*, who is rendered as the "overman" in many parts of this translation, though elsewhere better as the "higher man." Such things put immense, almost insuperable, difficulties in the way of the translator; and one may fairly say that Mr. Common has done as well as or better than could have been expected. The verse he would have been wiser to leave alone. It requires a poet to translate a poet, and only verse which is poetry (some of Nietzsche's is that) is worth rendering. Everybody, for instance, who knows Nietzsche at all knows that very simple, but solemn and impressive chant in the fourth book of 'Zarathustra' beginning

O Mensch, gieb acht!

It is sadly transformed in

O man! mark well.

What saith the Midnight with its knell?

And later:—

Woe saith: "Oh, go!"

where the "Oh" turns it into such a fearful bathos, suggestive of "No go." And in the prose even the renderings are not impeccable. Here are some passages very characteristic of Nietzsche's manner, which are rather spoilt by such un-English phrases as "good distrust," "thoroughly cooled spirits," "comedy of conceitedness," &c., which would not, we think, satisfy any reasonable taste in translation, much as the competent differ on such points:—

"And when the truth has once triumphed there, ask yourselves with good distrust [with a reasonable distrust], 'What powerful error has fought for it?'"

"Incapableness of lying [an incapacity for lying] is still far from being love to truth. Be on your guard!"

"I do not believe in thoroughly cooled spirits. He who cannot lie does not know what truth is."

The above is a passage from 'Zarathustra.' The following is from the 'Miscellaneous Opinions,' an additional part to 'Human, all too Human':—

"It is not true that a dying person is in general more honourable than a person in ordinary vigour; on the contrary, almost every dying person is liable to be allured by the solemn attitude of the company, and the restrained or flowing torrents of tears and emotions, to an alternating conscious and unconscious comedy of conceitedness. The seriousness with which every dying person is treated has undoubtedly been the very finest enjoyment of his life to many a poor despised devil, and a sort of indemnification and partial payment for much privation."

But in the bulk of the prose passages there is certainly enough—and well enough translated—to give the non-German-reading public the impression of an intellect of exceptional power, touched by insanity and so constantly in revolt that Nietzsche practically quarrels with everybody—Schopenhauer and Wagner, to whom he was more specially indebted, as well as Goethe and the stately spirits of the past. Any definite system it will be difficult for them to guess at from these extracts. What this astute critic says with a certain grain of truth about Carlyle—that he shouts his doctrines so vigorously in order to persuade himself that he believes them—is far more true of himself. Profoundly melancholy in himself, in his doctrines, and in his quarrel with everybody, Nietzsche is always shouting about joy.

Though, however, Nietzsche can hardly be treated as a systematic philosopher, his teaching has its place in the development, at any rate in the see-saw, of human thought. It would take too long to trace the points of its affiliation to the teaching of Schopenhauer, which Nietzsche thought he so utterly repudiated. The following passage on will power from 'Zarathustra' strikes the keynote in reality of Nietzsche's strongest influence on contemporary thought. It shows our translator at his best:—

"A catalogue of blessings is posted up for every people. Lo! it is the catalogue of their triumphs; lo! it is the voice of their Will Power."

"What they think difficult is laudable; what is indispensable and difficult they call good; and what relieves in the direst distress, the unique and most difficult—they extol as holy....."

"Verily, my brother, if thou but knewest a people's necessities, its land, its sky, and its neighbours, thou wouldst assuredly recognize the law of its ascent, and why it climbs up this ladder to its hope."

"Thou must always be at the head and surpass the others; thy jealous soul should love no one except a friend"—that made the soul of the Greek vibrate: he thereby went on his way to greatness."

"To speak truth and be skilful with bow and arrow"—to do so seemed alike estimable and grievous to the people from whom my name [Zarathustra] is derived—the name which is alike estimable and grievous to me."

At present the writer lives chiefly in the hearts of anæmic, over-nicotined, over-absinthed students in France and Germany, each of whom dreams that if he does what he likes and regards no one's feelings he is qualifying to become or is already the long-sought *Uebermensch*. But of course there is

a better side in Nietzsche's teaching than this. Essentially it may be said to be an appeal to the honesty of individual conscience from the dishonesty of conscience hypnotized by "journalism" and public opinion so called.

Sheffield in the Eighteenth Century. By R. E. Leader. (The Sheffield Independent Press.)

SHEFFIELD has had its full share of historians, from Taylor and Goodwin and Hunter to the comparatively recent Gatty and the elder Leader; but they left room for this chatty and agreeable volume pertaining to the last century but one. In many respects the social and economic changes from the eighteenth to the beginning of the twentieth century seem much more considerable than those that were effected between the sixteenth and the eighteenth, and they certainly deserve to be chronicled. It is but seldom that a single volume helps us so vividly to realize the seven-league strides that England has taken in the last hundred and fifty years.

It was not until the eighteenth century was hastening to accomplish half of its circuit that it entered into the minds of the boldest business men of Sheffield to go forth to distant parts to seek markets for their wares. Joshua Fox, of Westbar, who finished his apprenticeship to his father in 1723, is said to have been the first Sheffield manufacturer to enter upon personal relations with London. Starting forth on foot, amidst the tears and apprehensions of wife and children and neighbours, he reached Mansfield by nightfall. There he rested, and had to wait the next day "until travellers met together in sufficient numbers to brave the perils of the Nottingham Forest, dreaded both for its robbers and for the intricacies of the road." When he did reach London, the excellence of his samples procured him many orders; and his success encouraged others to follow his example. Enoch Trickett, a genuine, broad "old Shevfielder," who was in partnership with his brother William—Master Cutler in 1771—as a file manufacturer, determined to try his luck in the metropolis. Arriving in safety, he entered a merchant's warehouse and produced his pattern files. The price was asked, and what discount was allowed:—

"'Discount,' he said; 'what's that? Oi ne'er heard tell on it afore.' It was explained that by making an allowance of so much per cent. he would get an order, and on receipt of the goods money would be remitted in payment. 'Way, oi've telled yo' t' price on 'em, an' beloike oi 'st expect t' brass for 'em.' Further explanations only elicited from him the indignant exclamation, 'Soa, yo' wanten me to gie yo' so much to buy t' foiles?' The terms on which an order would be given were again rehearsed, but Enoch's patience was exhausted, so 'lapping up' his files he said, 'Nay, lad, nay; oi can sell 'em for moor nor that at Breetmoor's onny toime, and tak' t' brass whooam wi' me when wee've 'livered.' And Enoch formed so poor an opinion of London doing that thereafter he stayed at home."

It is strange, too, to be reminded of the difficulty of the transmission of money when cheques were unknown. To avoid the expense and risk of sending money to