stance, are made up of many millions of cells, each living its own life and quite unconscious of the whole of which it forms a part, yet depending largely for its welfare on the actions of that whole, over which it has, however, little or no control.

Now, if the analogy holds, and we are each of us, while living our own lives, parts of a higher individuality—a nation, the real superman—Internationalism is an impossible dream, for we cannot really influence that higher personality; still less can we destroy it. But if the analogy does not hold, if a nation is an Idea, if its character is a kind of resultant of the character of its component individualities, Internationalism is possible, for one idea can be replaced by another.

In spite of the fact that the character of the German nation seems, unhappily, very different from that of the Germans I know—they do not, however, belong to the ruling classes of that country—I believe that nations are ideal existences and that Internationalism has a future. We have simply got to think in terms of humanity rather than in terms of nationality, and the latter idea will gradually fade away. But if such a change be desirable, patriotism is not a virtue, but a vice.

RICHARD KAY.

Hartland, N. Devon, July 1.

Notes from Two Capitals

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

The ex-First Lord of the Admiralty is not the first of his name to break up a powerful Ministry because he could not have his own way at a particular turn of affairs. Lord Randolph Churchill's son is, like his father, as headstrong as he is capable. He found his match in "Jack" Fisher. Suave in manner, modest in estimation of his own qualities, the late First Sea Lord, once driven into an attitude of resentment, is an exceedingly tough person to deal with. Naturally gratified when amid national plaudits "the dropped pilot" was, when war broke out, picked up again, he gave himself up heart and soul to administering the affairs of the navy he had created. All went well for some months, the success of the navy in casual encounters with the enemy and in the great task of keeping sea-room open for itself and its Allies testifying to the unity of capable direction at headquarters. Unfortunately, hereditary instinct asserting itself with his chief, Lord Fisher, believing his appointed domain was being systematically encroached upon, cut the painter. The Admiralty barge got hopelessly adrift, and before he quite knew where he was the Prime Minister found added to overwhelming duties and responsibilities the task of re-forming his Ministry.

Winston Churchill entered the House of Commons handicapped by the circumstance common to several members of the present Parliament, fatal to most of them, of being the son of a father illustrious in Parliamentary record. The younger and the older Pitt form a rare, perhaps unique, example where such accidental connection proved no obstacle to the triumphant progress of the son. Winston would be the last man to claim equality with his father, who died too early to justify expectation raised by supreme, statesmanlike qualities occasionally obscured by brilliant guerrilla tactics. We get only one Randolph Churchill in a century. To old friends the son in many ways recalls the presence of the father. He does not resemble him in facial appearance, but has many mannerisms startlingly reminiscent. Designedly or unconsciously, he addresses the House of Commons in the same attitude Lord Randolph assumed when, with open hands resting on hips, feet set well apart, and head bent forward, he worried Stafford Northcote, or with the confidence that shone on the countenance of David when he went forth to fight Goliath, he girded at Gladstone.

More important resemblances between father and son are their capacity for work, their intuitive grasp of a question, their lucidity and force of speech. While he was still a private member it was noted that when Winston rose to speak on whatsoever subject, whether it was Fiscal Reform, War Office Administration, or the Aliens Bill, he had mastered all the bearings of the case, carefully thought out their ramifications. His set speeches were even at this early time admirable contributions to debate. Even better, more immediately effective, were his remarks in the give-and-take discussion of Committee, or his interjected questions addressed to the Minister in charge of the business before the House.

Inheriting the rich gift of memory with which Lord Randolph was endowed, he is accustomed to write out his set speeches, learn them off by heart, and declaim them to a listening Senate. This habit on one occasion led to disastrous consequence. Nearing the end of a luminous address, recited with an ease and fluency that obscured the secret of the manuscript, he, towards the conclusion, lost his cue. He could not remember how the ultimate sentence of his speech was framed. After struggling for some moments he gave up the attempt, abruptly resuming his seat, his speech unfinished.

That was an accident inseparable from the method. A rarer and more precious gift in House of Commons debate enables a member to express in two or three pointed sentences a weak or a strong point observed as in a flash of lightning. Winston Churchill possesses that gift and improves it with daily practice.

It was characteristic of the statesman who, by a flash of grim humor, has upon the reconstruction of the Ministry been relegated to the obscure sinecure of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, that he should first present himself in the House of Commons as critic of an important measure introduced by the Government under whose flag he had won election at Oldham. The war in South Africa being in full blast, Mr. Brodrick, called upon to save the State, formulated a scheme of army reform warranted to avert repetition of catastrophe at the moment threatening the existence of the army and the stability of the Empire. The young member for Oldham, who had the advantage over the Secretary of State for War of having smelt powder and heard bullets whizz on more than one stricken field, sharply criticised it. He did more. One of a small minority, he went into the division lobby to record his vote against it. Two years later, further consideration of the Brodrick scheme resulting in general condemnation, organized attack was made upon it. As many as nineteen Ministerialists backed their hostile opinion by a vote in the Opposition lobby. With the young member for Oldham, fresh to the Parliamentary arena, lay the double credit of shrewd insight into the real value of the portentous plan when first introduced with the blare of trumpets and the rattle of drums, and of courage in testifying to conviction by his vote.

This was an ominous launching of a promising bark. A steady stream of circumstance finally drifted it into the sea of Liberalism. Winston's constitutional independence, his blunt honesty, unfitted him for companionship with the well-drilled Parliamentary ranks of Conservatism. Nevertheless, had Mr. Balfour thought it worth while to have given his mind to the task, he might have captured and retained one who later became the lion cub of a Liberal Cabinet. From the first he openly resented the indiscipline of the son of his early comrade of Fourth Party days. The more he was snubbed, the more intractable Winston became.

Early in the session of 1904, when the long predominant Unionist Government was staggering to a fall, a motion for the adjournment was made from the Opposition side with intent to give them a helping knock on the head. It was Lloyd George who led the irregular attack. By coincidence—strange, in view of the close relationship established between the two young Cabinet Ministers under the Premiership of Mr. Asquith—Winston Churchill, still seated on the Ministerial side, rose to second the motion. Immediately, at a concerted signal, the shocked Ministerialists jumped up and with one accord left the House. They were prepared with more or less unconcern to sit out an attack on the Government opened from the enemy's camp. It is the business of the Opposition to oppose. When the assault was joined in by one from their own ranks, they marked their resentment of what they regarded as treachery by shaking the dust of the matted floor from off their feet.

That was the beginning of an inevitable end. Two months and a day later, Winston Churchill, sauntering in from below the Bar, paused a moment, looked round the House, and, turning to the right, seated himself in the Liberal camp.

Since the removal from the scene of the commanding figure of Joseph Chamberlain, the front bench of the Unionist party in the Commons has not been so fully endowed with strength and capacity that it could afford to drive out of the camp so promising a recruit. To its subsequent exceeding sorrow it succeeded in doing so.

CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

We must show our teeth to Germany, says Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, unless we are willing to be kicked around like Champ Clark's houn'-dawg. This is in line with the advice of Col. Roosevelt. The two men have usually been in accord since the time when Mr. Bonaparte, having pretty well made up his mind that the Republican party was on the road to ruin, singled out the Colonel as the good man in it to whom the people could afford to pin their faith.

The metaphor used, including its illustrative draft upon recent history, has a unique flavor, coming from an ex-Attorney-General of the United States; but then, Charles Joseph Bonaparte has a unique personality. It might be too much to say that he would be recognized at sight as a member of the former

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imperial family of France; yet, in a company of a thousand men, if it were known that a Bonaparte was present, there would be no mistaking any other for him. The general mould of his features, the shape of his head, and the way it is set on his shoulders, would settle that. for the suggestion of the Corsican conqueror is there, beyond a question. What does puzzle one in this man is his speech and manner. The inflections of his voice are so soft, and run such a gamut of gentle undulations, as to be almost wheedling; the fastidiousness of his enunciation is made more effective by an inimitable drawl, and everything he says is sweetly put, even while he is inserting the spit of his sarcasm between the ribs of the victim whom he intends in a moment to roast alive. No matter how severe the treatment he is about to administer, the smile never fades from his lips, and, at the close of every remark which admits of a brief pause after it, one hears issuing from them a faint sound which might be either a suppressed sigh or a guttural chuckle, and which comports quaintly with the bird-like tilt of his head as he utters it.

There is no man in the United States who stands more solidly on his own two feet and asks fewer odds of the world than Mr. Bonaparte. Fond of politics as both a duty and a pastime, and mixing for years with the active movers in political affairs, he courts the favor of no bosses, and lets no one shape his conduct or his opinions against his will. It goes hard, indeed, with the fellow who tries to, for he brooks no trifling with his dignity. His hatred of shams is intense, and he lets everybody know it; still, even his chosen associates sometimes differ with him in judgment as to what is a sham and what is not. Though calling himself a Republican, he insists on maintaining his own standards, and in local campaigns may be found working with one of the other parties when he considers that his party needs a dose of punishment for its soul's good. He never was a candidate himself for any public position except the purely honorary and unsalaried one of Presidential Elector. That was in 1904, and he was the only Republican Elector who pulled through in Maryland—a result which dumfounded some of the critics who had sneered that his refusal to run for office and his general partisan independence were due to his consciousness of weakness in any appeal to the people for their votes.

As a compendium of human contradictions, Mr. Bonaparte is the despair of biographers who are wedded to the conventional in their work. Though by no means indifferent to the distinction of his name, he has steadfastly declined all opportunities which have come his way to remove to France and receive the honors due to one of his blood. He denounced mercilessly the policy of annexation which saddled us with the Philippines; but when the native revolt broke out, and the Anti-Imperialists went to the length of encouraging it, he cut loose and reproved them, declaring that, whatever individual opinions a citizen might proclaim and promote in time of peace, the outbreak of war was his summons to unequivocal support of his Government; and that, the treaty of Paris having become the law of the land, it was as much the duty of the President to crush a rebellion in the annexed provinces as it had been for Lincoln to crush the Southern Confederacy. Albeit President McKinley, during his first term, repeatedly drew upon himself the censure of Bonaparte, the latter supported him for a second term; this, however, did not prevent Bonaparte from standing out against his colleagues on the board of governors of Harvard University when they voted to make McKinley an LL.D., or from publicly asserting that the President was not worthy of the degree.

On one question his worst enemy has never accused Bonaparte of inconsistency: his loyalty to the Catholic communion in which he grew up. In recognition of his fidelity and services to it, he has been decorated with the Lætare medal. Surely, all Bonapartes in this country have reason to feel kindly towards a church that could not be bullied or blandished into abetting the outrage which Napoleon I tried to put upon their first American ancestress.

VIEILLARD.

Literature

PROFESSOR KITTREDGE ON CHAUCER.

Chaucer and His Poetry: Lectures delivered in 1914 on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. By George Lyman Kittredge. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.25 net.

The lectures that make up this volume are six in number. The first is entitled "The Man and His Times"; the remaining lectures deal successively with "The Book of the Duchess," "The House of Fame," "Troilus," and (two) with the "Canterbury Tales." It should be said at once that the treatment of the subject is fresh and readable and that the book complements in a worthy manner the very large output of special monographs, and articles relating to the poet, which for many years past has made the English department at Harvard under Professor Kittredge's direction the most active centre of Chaucer investigation in the world.

It is only in regard to certain matters in the first lecture that we feel disposed to take issue seriously with Professor Kittredge. This lecture contains much that is suggestive—for example, the proposal that we should abandon the tripartite division of Chaucer's literary career and adopt a period of transition between the French and the Italian periods. The new division is really necessary, if we are to comprehend clearly the development of Chaucer's genius. During this period of transition his production was slight, but he was reading enormously in Italian and Latin, in history, philosophy, and romance, and when, emancipated by his wider outlook from the French models of his earlier years, he turns again with renewed energy to composition, he shows himself a new man. On the other hand, an outstanding feature of this first lecture is the endeavor to refute some of the current ideas concerning Chaucer and his age, *e. g.*, that mediæval writers are prone to digress, that Chaucer satirized the Church—above all, that the fourteenth and twentieth centuries are separated by a great disparity of conditions. We do not think that Professor Kittredge has been very successful in these contentions. For example, as regards Chaucer's attitude towards the Church, one may acknowledge the beauty of his portrait of the country parson, but then we have in the same Prologue the inimitable satirical pictures of the monk, the friar, the summoner, and the pardoner. As for the tales themselves, what a modest rôle the priest plays on the journey, as compared with his more worldly fellow-ecclesiastics! After all, when everybody was attacking the Church as it was then constituted—and justly enough—it would have been strange if a clear-headed humorist and man of the world like Chaucer had not joined in. Moreover, to say nothing of his contemporaries, we cannot acquit of a proneness to digression the writer who inserted a summary of the "Æneid" in his description of the temple in the "House of Fame," and who spun out beyond the requirements of humor the learned discourse of the cock in the Nun's Priest's Tale. Does it not also betray a wide difference between our own age and Chaucer's when we find him penning with equal sincerity the Miller's Tale and a translation of Pope Innocent's treatise on the "Wretched Condition of Mankind"? Professor Kittredge has, of course, reflected on these familiar instances before advancing the views which we have cited, but it is hard to understand how, having done so, he should have reached such conclusions. There is something of the same paradoxical spirit in his denial of the quality of naïveté to Chaucer. One may say, perhaps, with some truth, that this was a quality of the age, but, if so, in this, as in other things, the poet was the child of his time. The Prioress's Tale, the Clerk's Tale, the digressions cited above, all illustrate this quality, to say nothing of many a line where the artless addition of a phrase to gain a rhyme or to fill out the requisite number of feet excites a smile in the reader of a more sophisticated generation. Take, for example, such lines as "Swiche as men callen daysyes in our toun." The flowers were so called, of course, in every man's "town," but a rhyme was needed here for "affeccioun" in the next line. Similarly, Troilus bids Pandarus preserve his ashes "In a vessel that men clepeth an urne," and Palamon and Emily are united by the bond "that highte matrimoigne or mariage." We have never felt convinced that the line, "Right as our firste lettre is now an A" ("Troilus," I, 170), which Professor Lowes interprets as implying a compliment to Anne of Bohemia, was not merely another instance of this naïveté of expression.

The lecture on the "Book of the Duchess" constitutes the most elaborate criticism of this poem that we have. Professor Kittredge has shown very well how the elegy is a tissue of conventions borrowed from contemporary French poets, and yet how these conventions have been vitalized. He has aimed especially at bringing into relief its dream character, to which it owes the haunting charm that "eludes analysis, but subdues our mood to a gentle and vaguely troubled

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