

two. And the Lawrentian vision contained in embryo all that is positive in Murry's own philosophy—to use a contestable but convenient term—while it was Lawrence's denials that gradually brought out in Murry, by way of reaction against them, all the Christianity he was ever able to adhere to. That is why Murry's two chief books on Lawrence, *Son of Woman* and *Love, Freedom and Society* (1957), are probably his deepest. Before them came the literary-critical studies that won him his early fame and, after 1923 (the year of Katherine Mansfield's death), the religious explorations that won him little but derision; between them were the political and social writings, that astonishing series by trial and error, zigzagging between Communism and a more or less qualified Christian pacifism. The interest of these social writings—apart from their documentary value for the historian of the 1930s—lies in their representing, at the intellectual level, Murry's incessant effort to translate thinking into living, that concern to find a 'way of life', which he shared, for example, with his Catholic friend of this period, Eric Gill. The concern was indeed the characteristic of that time.

It must have been extremely difficult to write the life of so vibrant, mutable and polymorphous a personality; a life, too, so fully documented by the subject's extraordinary care and capacity for self-revelation. A huge mass of material, much of it extremely intimate, had to be handled. The result in fact is a biographical masterpiece: as richly detailed a portrait as one could have wished for, yet with a clear plan and outline, and illuminated at every turn by a judgment at once critical and sympathetic, affectionate and detached. The stress is laid, and surely rightly, on Murry the moralist: 'that is to say, the man whose criticism, politics, theology, farming were one and all expressions of an overriding need to determine (as he put it) "what is good for man, Τὸ Εὖ Ζῆν"'. Murry could hardly have been taken more seriously, yet the exposure of his private weaknesses is complete also: the self-absorption, the sensuality of this 'cleric without a Church'. As for Murry the thinker, he is all here too: the acute sensitivity to mental 'climates', the earnestness and capacity for enthusiasm, the highly developed gift for introspective rumination, the noble discontent with the superficial which went with a certain inability to focus on abstract ideas. His philosophy, said Father D'Arcy, ended where metaphysics begins; but within his limits Murry thought with a very uncommon intensity, drawing everything towards consciousness. He thought with all his heart.

KENELM FOSTER, O.P.

JAMESON'S RAID. By Elizabeth Pakenham. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 36s.)

The English gift for running a private army, which appeared during the last war like dog-roses in a hedge, ramped in the days of Imperial expansion beyond the professed boundaries of State policy. The lusty growth from the filibustering of the Elizabethans was already wilting when it was cut back by the Boers in Jameson's Raid. The French saw another example of our national perfidy in that curious mixture of courage and candour and cant. Hypocrisy, however, is at least the tribute vice pays to virtue, and there was a sort of innocence about many of the good fellows,

indeed the gallant fellows, who took part, a sense of playing the game impervious to what lesser breeds considered justice, a response to the illusion that English women and children were in danger. Lofty talk went with sharp practice, and both met their match, for the burghers quoted the Bible and proved rather more slim. Oom Paul was a good hand at throwing the lions to the Christians.

The Uitlanders who were to be rescued lost their nerve, and their rescuers, whose tide was suitably commemorated in the doggerel of Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, were neatly rounded up, to face the old truth, which had vexed moralists and churchmen before them, that rebellion is a crime until it succeeds. This attempt was muffed from the start, and its end was not even punctuated by firing squads. Considering the provocation, the Boers were moderate; rough, of course, but not vindictive. The Transvaal and Orange Free State Republics included sums of 3s. 3d. and 19s. 1d. in their claims for damages.

The complicity of British officials on the spot was clear: how far did it extend to the Colonial Secretary? The chief actor in Lady Pakenham's fascinating study is Joseph Chamberlain himself. She writes as an insider to the houses of the Birmingham patricians, her appreciation is at once dry and generous, and her irony does not flaw her sympathy as she follows the proceedings of the Committee of Inquiry. Chamberlain emerged unscathed, mainly because he had the majority of his countrymen behind him after the Kaiser's telegram, partly because the members of the tribunal were not disposed to be such bounders as to probe into the private affairs of fellow-members of the club, partly because the splendid Miss Shaw—the real heroine of the story—played the poor weak woman to their brandy-and-seltzer chivalry and effectively hid the baby in the basement of *The Times* and the Colonial Office.

There was a sort of amiable barbarianism about the whole amateurish affair. It was the prelude to the South African War, the last of the gentlemen's wars, so General Fuller entitles it, and that was settled by a treaty on which the victors congratulated themselves on their combination of statesmanship and sportsmanship. 'But far-seeing?' Lady Pakenham asks. 'Looking back it is at least arguable that they were generous to a fault. The British people at home, in their eagerness to experience the pleasant freedom which comes from a sin expiated, forgot that duty bound them to other races in South Africa besides the Boers.' Instead of the present steam-roller of a Union, a slowly-matured federal constitution would perhaps be better able to respect the differences of race and colour.

THOMAS GILBY, O.P.

THE MOVEMENT OF WORLD REVOLUTION. By Christopher Dawson. (Sheed and Ward; 13s. 6d.)

At the first reading this volume would seem to consist of a series of detached studies. It begins with an essay on the relation between European history and world history which is one of the most brilliant that Mr Dawson has ever composed. It closes with sixty pages entitled 'Asia and the West',