

# The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

TEXAS TECHNOLOGICAL

JUN 11 1954

COLLEGE

VOLUME LXI

FROM JULY 1, 1895, TO DECEMBER 31, 1895

NEW YORK

THE EVENING POST PUBLISHING COMPANY

1895

P 60601

when our historian deals with a man of action such as Fairfax, the qualities which, in painting the General, he brings into relief, are not his gifts as a soldier, but his moderation and modesty as a man. It is therefore not at all likely that Cromwell's energy and his success should tell for too much in Mr. Gardiner's estimate of his merits. Yet, as the history of the Rebellion and the Commonwealth unfolds itself year by year, as we read what we have ventured to call Mr. Gardiner's 'Annual Register' of the Civil War, Cromwell's greatness becomes more and more apparent. Mr. Gardiner is no hero-worshipper; but Cromwell, from the very nature of things, becomes his hero. Hence, though there is not the least attempt to write an apology or to explain away Cromwell's defects, each successive volume removes the misconceptions which have damaged the Protector's reputation.

The charge of hypocrisy, for instance, if the word hypocrisy be taken in its ordinary and true sense, vanishes away; it becomes absolutely impossible to believe that Cromwell's religious fervor and passion was a mask hiding insatiate and unscrupulous ambition. His religion was a quality of his nature as marked as it was genuine. What Mr. Gardiner does not perhaps show is, that with Cromwell, as with many other men of genuine religious sentiment, there may not have existed a curious connection between strong religious convictions and a tendency towards tortuous ways of reaching what, to an enthusiast, seem absolutely good ends. Fanaticism is not necessarily allied with transparent honesty, and a politician who naturally uses the language of religion, and gains thereby the support of pious and fervent followers, is tempted to conceal under the phraseology of a preacher the political astuteness of a statesman. Such a man no doubt deceives himself, but it is because he is a self-deceiver that he is able to deceive others. Make, however, what reservations you like, and the charge of hypocrisy falls to the ground.

It becomes, again, apparent that, even before Cromwell became the ruler of England, he had imbibed broader ideas of statesmanship than were to be found among the leading men of his age. You can see in all his conduct a real concern for the interest of the nation as a whole. There never lived a man who had less wish to be the mere leader of a party. The character of a politician in the seventeenth century can be certainly determined by his attitude towards religious toleration. How far, in matters of theology, error could be tolerated was in reality the problem of the day, and Cromwell, paradoxical as the assertion must appear to Roman Catholics and to High Churchmen, leant towards toleration. Neither the Roman Catholics, nor the High Churchmen, nor the Presbyterians were prepared for a policy so little oppressive to the mass of religious men in England as the policy which Cromwell was inclined to follow. There existed, no doubt, in the England of Cromwell, persons whose spiritual insight or whose speculative power showed them that the conflicts which had distracted Europe since the beginning of the Reformation could be terminated only by a kind of toleration which no practical statesman would have proposed to establish in England in 1651, or for long after; but among the statesmen, and certainly among the Puritan statesmen, of his day, Cromwell must be considered as averse to all measures of persecution. He was the largest-minded among the Puritan leaders, as he was assuredly the most capable.

Secondly, Cromwell's military and political

capacity becomes the more apparent the more his life is studied in detail. No man ever knew better what, for the immediate object he had in view, was the right course to be taken. At any given moment he saw what was the path to take, and, when once he saw it, struck into it with the utmost vigor. It is this combination of sound judgment and vigorous action which is the distinctive trait of his political, and, it may be suspected also (though this is a point on which only an expert can speak with authority), of his military career. It is true, and not at all inconsistent with what we have asserted, that there were moments when he obviously did not see clearly what was the best course to be pursued. There was a time when he thought it might be possible to come to terms with the King. It was but slowly that he made up his mind that the army must be used, or be allowed, to coerce Parliament. But though the existence of these periods of hesitation is undeniable, it is equally certain that, before the supreme crisis arrived, he in each case saw what was the policy which the circumstances of the moment required, and from that minute pursued remorselessly the dictates of his inspiration. It may indeed well be maintained that, as regarded the immediate success, he never made a mistake. Mr. Gardiner questions the wisdom, even with a view to the reconquest of Ireland, of the massacre at Drogheda. But our author's most legitimate detestation of merciless and perhaps faithless cruelty blinds him to the immense gain of terrifying every hostile garrison in Ireland. This is one of the few matters on which the passionate and hasty judgment of a born general is more trustworthy than the calm conclusions of a humane historian. To the combination of insight and energy is due Cromwell's unbroken success. In everything he attempted he succeeded. As a soldier, and from some points of view as a statesman, he could stand comparison with Napoleon; but Napoleon's failures are as astonishing as his successes. Cromwell's course is marked by no defeats. To whatever he put his hand, in that he succeeded; he not only rose to power, but died in power. So firmly established was his authority that he transmitted it to his son, and in this he achieved a triumph denied to the genius of the first, and to the astuteness of the third, Napoleon.

Thirdly, it is Cromwell's success in all his actions taken separately which forces upon the reader's attention the weak point of Oliver's genius. His claim to be a great leader of men is past dispute; his claim to rank among statesmen of quite the highest class is open to serious question. He saw with astounding clearness what were the best means for the attainment of an immediate object, and, by adopting these means with passionate energy, gained his ends. But to judge even from the part of Cromwell's life which Mr. Gardiner has already narrated, the Puritan leader seems to have been gifted with far greater insight into the requirements of the moment than foresight as to the effect which a course of action would ultimately produce. Put aside, for the sake of argument, all questions as to the justice of Charles's execution; let the trial of the King be looked upon not so much as the arraignment and punishment of a culprit as a legitimate act of warfare and self-defence. These concessions, which may fairly be made, save the moral character of the regicides, but do not even tend to vindicate their statesmanship. As a matter of fact, the death of Charles was a death-blow to Puritanism. To remove a de-throned king with whom reconciliation was

impossible, and to put in his place a claimant against whom no one had any complaint, was to prepare the way for the Restoration. Add to this that the dethronement of the King could, from a statesman's point of view, be justified only by the belief on the part of Cromwell that it was possible to found a republic in England or by his willingness to occupy the throne. That Cromwell was a believer in a Parliamentary Commonwealth is incredible; that when the moment for decision arrived he was not prepared to place the crown on his own head is certain. The execution of Charles removed an immediate peril, but Cromwell had never provided for the dangers of the future, of which the execution was certain to be the cause.

This, too, was not an isolated error. He made mistakes of a similar kind at other crises. The Protector may probably have expected to live some years longer than he did; still, he was, when he died, a man who had long suffered in health from his constant labors and anxieties, and who could not be surprised at the approach of death. It is doing him the barest justice to assume that he was intensely anxious that the fruits of the great Civil War and of all that he and his comrades had endured should not be lost, yet he took no adequate step to provide for the succession to the Protectorate. If he thought Richard a fit successor, Cromwell's usual sagacity had forsaken him. If, what is more probable, he had not fully thought out the best mode for providing for a contingency which he still looked upon as future, then Cromwell showed here, as elsewhere, a want of the foresight which statesmen of a different type occasionally at least possess. It is this one defect, combined with his extraordinary powers, which renders the life of Cromwell a summary of the Puritan movement. Cromwell and Puritanism both triumphed over their foes, and Cromwell and Puritanism both, to use an expression of Mr. Green's, "missed their mark."

#### SOME STUDIES OF REASONING.

*A Critical Account of the Philosophy of Lotze: The Doctrine of Thought.* By Henry Jones, author of 'Browning as a Philosophical Teacher.' Macmillan & Co. 1895.

*Die Grundbegriffe der ebenen Geometrie.* Von Dr. V. Eberhard. Erster Band. Leipzig: Teubner. 1895.

*Riemann and his Significance for the Development of Modern Mathematics.* By Felix Klein. [Translated by Alexander Ziwet. In the Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society for April, 1896.]

*Elements of Inductive Logic.* By K. Davis. Harper & Brothers.

We may dispose of the last book first. It has the signal merit of being small—a double merit considering its quality. It plunges the "tyro," as the student is politely called, at the very outset, into perplexing disputes of which he will be utterly incompetent to form the least opinion, thus tending to pervert him into not the least noxious of mental vices. It jumbles wholly irreconcilable theories. Its power of thought may be judged from a single specimen. The proposition "A scotched wheel does not revolve" is pronounced unscientific and inaccurate, because "in strictness a cause is essentially positive." It is a pity that those who have for the last three hundred years been trying to improve the condition of the world by the study of forces were not told this in time;

for they have always been regarding forces as acting continually, whether balanced by others or not, and have always treated friction, which is (we are forbidden to say the cause) the devil of the scotched wheel, as a force. It would be a grievous thing that young men should be taught such triviality instead of the methods by which useful reasoning is really performed, were it not that fortunately it runs off of them like water from a duck's back.

One of the leading mathematicians and mathematical philosophers of our age, Klein, gives another of those instructive comments upon mathematical procedure of which we have enjoyed a number from his pen. He again dwells, as he had already done, upon the importance of attentive intuition—in other words, of the observation of diagrams and the like—as an essential element of mathematical reasoning. Considering that mathematicians have long held that mathematics covers all exact reasoning, quantitative or not, it will be seen that Klein is going over to a logical doctrine which has had defenders in this country and in England. According to this, our assurance that  $(2+6, 8, 10) = (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) = 2$  is of the same nature as our assurance that sulphuric acid is precipitated by baryta, we having satisfied ourselves in each case that a single experiment is sufficient; only in one case we observe Nature, in the other our own construction. Dr. Klein remarks that although pure mathematics deals with a purely imaginary world, yet the course of its development is not arbitrary. He seeks to explain its orderly growth by historical continuity, and by the fact that as older questions get solved new questions "naturally" arise. No doubt they do, but that is precisely what needs explanation. We should like to know in what this "natural" succession of ideas, without any external nature to guide it, consists. Is there, for example, some Hegelian dialectic, or is there a different general law for this growth of pure concepts, or is it lawless?

The paper contains so many points of interest that we can only recommend it to the reader. The logical importance of Riemann's memoir on Trigonometric Series is pointed out. Klein says (in the absence of the original, we have taken the liberty of rubbing down some of the angles of the English translation):

"Riemann's collected works are neither numerous nor extensive. They are comprised in an octavo of 550 pages, and but half of that matter was published by him. Yet his sway over the minds of mathematicians was the most potent of his time; nor is it even yet come to an end. This is owing to the originality and the penetration of his mathematical thought. . . . Passing by the latter character, I desire to point out that Riemann's originality lies in a unifying central idea, the source of all his achievements. . . . He devoted much time and thought to physical theories. . . . These are preserved in fragmentary form in his posthumous papers. All have in common the hypothesis (since made prominent by confirmations of Maxwell's theory of light) that space is filled with a continuous fluid serving as a common medium for the propagation of optical, magnetic, and gravitational phenomena. . . . Those physical ideas are the main springs of his investigations in pure mathematics. . . . The mathematical work of Riemann is the counterpart of the physical researches of Faraday."

He remarks, too, that Riemann's growing influence is illustrated by two new French books, Picard's 'Traité d'Analyse' and Appell and Goursat's 'Théorie des Fonctions Algébriques.'

Dr. Eberhard's work is a welcome mathematical treatise on plane point-systems. We

mention it because some thirty pages of the long preface are occupied with the basis and purpose of geometry. As in some other recent German work in the same direction, while the need is for a purely logical analysis, we are furnished with semi-psychological and epistemological reflections which would not answer the purpose even if they were beyond criticism. It illustrates, however, the purely empirical ground upon which geometry is now placed by mathematicians, considered as a science of actual space, although the very same men may be high idealists when they come to geometry of  $n$  dimensions or other pure mathematics. From generalities which might almost have been taken from Bain's 'Senses and Intellect,' or some such psychological treatise, Eberhard passes at once to the intersections of planes and straightlines, in entire forgetfulness that in order to exhibit the foundations of geometry he ought first to have treated topology, or that branch of geometry which relates to lines and surfaces whose exact forms remain undefined—a branch which includes the theory of knots, Euclid's formula for the number of summits, edges, and faces of a polyhedron (which need not have plane faces), etc. This plainly underlies the optical doctrine of straight lines and planes.

For those who like their philosophy drawn particularly cool and mild, Lotze's system is just the thing; and the 'Microcosmos' (would there were a handy imprint of Misses Hamilton and Jones's translation) would be as good a book to begin with as those could have for whom one big but easy tome on philosophy will be all they have the courage to undertake. Yet whoever perseveres to the end of that work will most likely want more such reading, and may probably next go on to the 'Logic' and 'Metaphysics' of the same author. Those twin treatises mastered, the reader will certainly find it to his advantage to examine the refutation of them of which the volume that heads our list is the first instalment. It deals with Lotze's 'Logic,' and another is promised to make mincemeat of the 'Metaphysics.' Lotze is somewhat in sympathy with modern physics; he might be said to be one-third imbued with the scientific spirit. He had a medical student's initiation into the outer courts of science. His chief master was Gustav Theodor Fechner, a many-sided man like himself, say three-quarters scientific; but Lotze was not half as much so. That which more than all else distinguishes the thoroughly natural-scientific philosopher from the theological is that, in the former, all other passions are swallowed up in the passion to learn the truth, while the latter is fired with the impulse to teach the truth. It is amazing what disparate conceptions of truth and of Truth those opposite attitudes carry. As for Lotze, it was teaching and not learning that engaged his energies. The life of the man was devoted to curing fellow-countrymen of the malady of Schellingsm. Now, to a superficial glance, Lotze, though not untheological, is high in the ranks of the scientific among metaphysicians; while Schelling, with his eye fixed on Deity, was a babe in exact science. Nevertheless, a scientific specialist may well feel nearer to Schelling than to Lotze, because Schelling seems to really desire to find out the truth, ready at a moment's notice to dump all pet dogmas for her sake. The two revolutions his opinions underwent, though they are in many critics' eyes his shame, are his honorable scars in those of the physical experimenter. Lotze, on the other hand, having embraced Kantian nominalism at his first confirmation

in the church of philosophy, fought for it doughtily all his life long, with that sort of fidelity which, extolled in seminaries, sets the man of the world to looking out for other signs of immaturity or arrested development.

Prof. Jones has his attention far too closely riveted upon a single question (though it is undoubtedly the central question of Lotze's philosophy) to give a very good all-round account of Lotze's logic. For example, toward the end of the book he remarks in a footnote:

"The doctrine repeatedly advanced by Lotze, that our ideas can be regarded as objectively valid, and that the process of thought leads to objective results merely because every one, on account of the constitution of the human soul, must arrive at the same results, does not seem to me to be worthy of serious discussion. Error would not cease to be error though all should commit it. It would, probably, not be recognized as error."

Now not "repeatedly" merely, but on every proper occasion Lotze advances that doctrine. It is, not certainly the most prominent, but the basic principle of his system, and if it is not worth serious discussion, why write a somewhat lengthy book about that system? But, after all, considering that Lotze holds that it is impossible for anything like the real to be thought, if all mankind were immovably fixed in a belief, so as to entertain no suspicion of it, in what would its erroneousness consist? It could not picture the real as different from what it is, since it cannot, on Lotze's theory, picture it at all. It could not represent things as like when they are not alike, if all things are somewhat alike, nor as unlike when they are like, if all things are somewhat unlike. Where, then, would be the error? It is difficult, not to say impossible, to see how, in Lotze's view, any judgment can be in error, except in the sense that it is destined to be reversed. Such reflections are, by this time, the very commonplace of philosophy; but Prof. Jones seems not to be aware of them. As for what he can mean by saying that any error all men shared would probably not be recognized as error, the reader must answer that without any guess from us, for we can make none. The only plausible reply to Lotze's principle would seem to consist in denying that men ever can be immovably fixed in any error; but that is the principle stated in other words.

Prof. Jones is a half-idealist. He conceives himself to be a complete idealist; but he will find himself forced to pursue that path much further, for he has not yet emerged from nominalism. "No one," he says, "can assert that things in general exist." Can one not? A pendulum has been drawn to one side 86,400 times daily for twenty years, and every day it has returned to its position, and that at almost the same rate of speed. Was that chance-coincidence? If not, there was a really operative law. That law is general. It is not only general itself, but it applies to a general class of things; and if the law is real, the class is real. If for "assert" in the quoted sentence, we read "deny," we come nearer the truth. The idealist, to be consistent, will be forced to deny that individuals really exist, as such; and he will be ultimately led to hold that, while there are, of course, fictitious generals, yet some generals not only exist but live.

Lotze's 'Logic' was published twenty years ago. It is choked up with the eccentric notions with which the German logics of earlier date abounded. Thus, Lotze holds that every true hypothetical proposition is convertible; that is to say, from the proposition, "If attraction varies inversely as the square of the distance, the orbit of one particle round an-

other will be a conic section," it follows that "If the orbit of one particle round another be a conic section, attraction varies inversely as the square of the distance," although, in point of fact, it may vary directly as the distance. Again, he holds that our parts of speech are essential to thought, although it does violence to the majority of languages to classify their words in that way. A hundred such whimsies might be pointed out. But then logic was at a low and unpleasant ebb in Germany for the greater part of our century. Schröder's treatise, if the Germans will only go through it before they write, as they probably will, must render such nonsense impossible for the future.

No very close thinking was needed to refute Lotze's logic, at least in great part. Had it been required, and had Mr. Jones been able to supply it, it would have been impossible to set it forth in an easily readable book, in the literary way still expected in a philosophical treatise. An accurate logical discussion can no more be drawn up in such form than could a well-made balance sheet. The more elegant and perspicuous the style, the less clear would the statement be. However, in this case, nothing of the sort was needed; and the style is agreeable enough. Occasionally, points are made with remarkable neatness. Yet long successions of pages are diluted with such washings of insignificant words as we marvel to encounter from the pen of a student of poetry. Nevertheless, for the substantial result of the engagement, idealists of all stripes—and they make up the great majority of thinkers, nowadays—will opine that such deadly holes have been made in the sides of Lotze's frigate that no patching can render her seaworthy. At the same time, a goodly number will think Mr. Jones has himself some lessons to learn in idealism yet, and he certainly has much to learn in logic.

*Recollections of War Times: Reminiscences of Men and Events in Washington, 1860-1865.* By Albert Gallatin Riddle, formerly M. C. from the 19th Ohio District. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 380.

AN intelligent man's recollections of the war times in Washington cannot fail to be interesting and valuable, and Mr. Riddle was not only intelligent, but he had a quick eye for what was going on around him. As a somewhat radical Republican he had opportunities for seeing the inside view of things in some important junctures, and his character makes him an authoritative witness as to what he saw.

On the capital question of civil-service reform he is an involuntary witness to its necessity, for he tells in the first person the story of a promising member of Congress killed by a post-office. A young man, gifted with the fervid style of oratory which, in those days, might carry a man far in politics, he became a "favorite son" in the Cleveland district, and was nominated almost by acclamation. There were two able editors in Cleveland, Harris of the *Herald* and Cowles of the *Leader*, and, alas! there was but one post-office. In those good old days the post-office was a perquisite of the Representative, and Mr. Riddle gave it to Cowles. Implacable wrath, of course, filled the celestial mind of Harris. It is amusing, now that we look back upon it over more than a third of a century, but it was tragic then. As if most perfectly to adorn the tale, the blind devotion of Cowles to newspaper enterprise made him the fatal instrument to destroy his patron.

Mr. Riddle was one of a boy of Congress-

men who went out to the battle-field of the first Bull Run to hail the victors, but the fate of war made them part of the rabble rout hustling each other in the panic flight to Washington. The member for the Cleveland district yielded, a little imprudently, perhaps, to his literary facility, and wrote the story of the rout in some detail and with vivid pen-strokes. He told of the able-bodied fugitives who outran their regiments, and of demoralized officers who tried to force their way into his carriage. True, his letter was a private one, but it was shown to Cowles, who proved that he was an able editor, to the manner born, by sacrificing everything to the promised sensation. He "had a nose" for a sensation, and Mr. Riddle saw his composition come back in cold print, but hot to the blazing point in unmitigated denunciation of the cowards who ran from the Manassas field, with (to his eyes) great gaps of omission of his praise of those who had done well.

Harris saw that the Lord had delivered his enemy into his hand, and he (being also an able editor) regarbled the garbled letter, and the Congressman was exhibited as a Jehu crazy with fear, lashing his horses through regiments of poor wounded soldiers, and pushing headlong from his carriage-door a bleeding and fainting officer, disabled in the noble performance of duty! Which was the upper and which the nether millstone, it were hard to tell, but between the two Mr. Riddle was ground to powder. He was burned in effigy, hanged and drowned. He was denounced in public and privately; he was threatened openly and anonymously. His explanations were hooted at, and when the time for renomination came, the favorite son fared worse than the prodigal, and was left to the husks outside the public crib. Naturally disgusted, the now ex-member shook the Cleveland dust from his feet, and closed his all too brief career by removing to Washington, where he became a well-known lawyer, as he was before a genial gentleman. And now in his old age he looks back and laughs with us (a little sardonically?) over the way in which, unbeknown to himself, he was made an object-lesson in civil-service reform.

"But Heaven that brings out good from evil,  
And loves to disappoint the Devil"

(if we may borrow Coleridge's couplet), was preparing for the victim of the burdens of patronage a quiet retreat near enough to the great current of affairs for rare opportunity of knowledge, whence he could disinterestedly note passing events, and write for us an attractive and useful note-book on men and things. Of the Thirty-seventh Congress and the legislation which organized the great conflict for the Union, Mr. Riddle speaks, of course, with authority. Besides this, however, he has many personal reminiscences of Lincoln, Scott, Chase, Stanton, Wade, Black, and others, which will have permanent value in making up an authentic picture of Washington and its leading men in the war time. His extracts from his own speeches and writings give something of the character of autobiography to the volume, but the whole is so closely connected with the public side of his life and duties as to avoid any narrowness of personal experience.

A very interesting episode is his visit to Cuba as representative of the State Department in January and February, 1863. He had excellent opportunities to investigate blockade-running, its methods, its risks, its profits and its losses. This is an almost unique chapter in war history. As a whole, the book is worthy of an honorable place among the personal contributions to the story of a great epoch.

*St. Andrews and Elsewhere: Glimpses of some gone and of things left.* By the author of 'Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews,' etc., etc. Longmans, Green & Co.

"BOYD, who writes," was Carlyle's succinct indication of the author of these recollections. Long, long ago there were those who at first liked his 'Recreations of a Country Parson,' and then got tired of them, but "A. K. H. B." has never wearied of much writing; this is his thirtieth volume, and he is proposing to celebrate, next September, the thirtieth anniversary of his settlement at St. Andrews with another volume covering the period since his 'Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews' was written. It is likely to be as meagre as the 'More Memories' of Dean Hole, for in this volume he seems not only to have reaped but to have gleaned the field. All of his usual characteristics are here in full force: his abounding egotism; his dwelling upon trifles; his twittering sensibility to the honor of having known this or that distinguished person, and especially of having entertained them in his own house. His egotism would be more endurable were it more naïve, but it is intensely self-conscious. He tries to avoid the appearance of the evil by speaking of himself in the third person and calling himself "one."

"One soon saw ten or twelve clerics listening more or less critically; the younger of them probably thinking they could have done it better themselves. For that, one did not care at all. But really when, after service, one of the most outstanding Bishops of the Anglican Communion walked into the vestry and introduced himself in the most brotherly way (the very pleasantest of men), even a man long past the days in which self-conceit is tolerable could not but think that it had been well the Prelate had heard one for the first and last time when more like one's self."

It is extremely funny when, finding himself getting badly tangled in this artifice, he breaks through into the joyous freedom of the first person singular. There is much depreciatory quotation of the praise he has received, and this is sometimes sickening, as where an extempore prayer is lauded by the local press; but in general it is more amusing than any other feature of the book, even the stories, of which there are many, and some of them very good.

The book will fail of its purpose if it is not widely read, and especially by those who have from time to time said disagreeable things of Dr. Boyd. All these have their appropriate comment. He pleads guiltless to the charge of having preached in lavender kids, and confounds the wretch who accused him of preaching the same sermon twenty times. Yet, though much is made of little, it is evident that Dr. Boyd has had a wide range of ecclesiastical acquaintance, including some persons of importance who have discounted his foibles in view of his substantial qualities of mind and heart. We may laugh at him more than with him, but his book is certainly entertaining, with the exception of fourteen of the shorter chapters under the general heads, "That Peaceful Time" and "Things Left." Could we imagine Dr. Boyd as thinking anything he had written too poor for publication, we should imagine these had been withheld until the need of padding had overcome his scruples. The closing chapter celebrates the writer's intimacy with Froude. The best thing in it is Froude's comment on a certain Roman Catholic archbishop: "Ah, he thought highly of Christ, did he? I venture to doubt whether that favorable opinion was reciprocal." In the same chapter Dr. Boyd sounds the praise of Dr. Holmes. "He did not care

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