

Chapter 1 : The Path to Rome by Hilaire Belloc

Philosophy Lovers! Click Here. Selections from Hilaire Belloc's Verse and Prose [Hilaire Belloc () was not only one of the great prose stylists of the twentieth century, but a historic personality of almost preternatural energy.

No, not of the Bernanos variety. Not into serious suffering. Back in , as a young man, Belloc felt he needed to c Some people might think that a book with this title would necessarily be about converting to Roman Catholicism. Back in , as a young man, Belloc felt he needed to carry out a vow he had made by walking from France to Rome. He did this dressed in a suit, a tie and city street shoes. He just up and took off from an eastern French town, walked across the Alps, and walked down to Rome. Not a change of clothes with him. By the end he did indeed require a new pair of shoes. His wingtips had been worn out. He went on to write a zillion books and articles. He was very well-known and appreciated in his time, though in certain respects he was a dork. But many people think that "The Path to Rome" was his best book. He was a very, very good and entertaining writer. The Path to Rome is available for free here: The only fiction in the bunch, as I recall, were some wonderful detective stories by Chesterton and Knox. Knox, the first Catholic chaplain at Oxford for four hundred years, supported the University Catholic Chaplaincy by writing a mystery novel each year over the long vacation. All this merely leads up to saying that this book reads like fiction, and along the way conta I was introduced to Chesterton, Belloc and Ronald Knox by a freshman English teacher why yes, he was Catholic. All this merely leads up to saying that this book reads like fiction, and along the way contains nuggets of political philosophy, European history and culture, musings on tradition and some frank sentimentality from an author who was at his best when expressing his outraged longing for a world which was gone but whose return he demanded. And Belloc is a realist. Belloc was a cradle Catholic. This was, as the title would imply to a solid realist, an account of a journey on foot from Provence to Rome. The ending, simultaneously pious and irreverent, jocular and serious, learned and silly, is pretty typical of the whole book. And Belloc is good enough at it that forty years later I can quote it from memory: O ye patron saints and angels That protect the four Evangels And ye prophets vel majores Vel incerti vel minores, Chief of whose peculiar glories Est in aula regis stare Atque clamare et conclamare,.

Chapter 2 : Elfinspell: Miniatures of French History (Hilaire Belloc), Part I, online text.

Peter and Paul. 2 Over the course of the book, Belloc breaks all these vows save the "strict vow" of arriving in Rome on June 29 (PR, vi). Few have ever commented explicitly on The Path to Rome.

Imperat illi Deus; supplices deprecamur: Amen Saturday, February 24, Hilaire Belloc: Defender of the Faith by Frederick D. Wilhelmsen Had we had ten Hilaire Bellocs in the English-speaking Catholic world in the past fifty years, we might have converted the whole kit-and-caboodle and avoided the mess we find ourselves in today. Hilaire Belloc, coupled in memory always with his great friend G. Chesterton, made the defence of the Faith the main business of his life. He wielded a mighty sword. With that impossible declaration behind me, I might better begin with a story told about him "he was a man who collected myths about his person, and I cannot verify the truth of this. Upon being honored with a papal decoration well into his old age, Belloc refused to put out the money needed to buy the medal and grumbled: Although he often grouched about his own age I do not mean his chronological age " he always complained about that! His intransigent defense of all things Catholic first amused a literate and basically skeptical gentry looking for novelty; then offended; finally, it was considered intolerable. Wilson in his biography of Belloc wrote: At my last count, Hilaire Belloc wrote books. The business has to do with vigor, an enormous lust for life, and a willingness to make mistakes. Belloc did not give a damn for what anybody thought of him. His vigor was legendary, and I have mentioned as well his lust for life. Belloc " and this is a key to understanding his role as a Catholic apologist " was a man totally at home in this world, but one who knew it was an illusion to be so at home. A mountain climber, he was even more a sailor. Only when life is lived close to the senses, when the intelligence is engaged immediately on what is yielded to man through the body, is the paradox of sadness in created beauty brought home in all its delicacy and inexorableness. His eyes are fixed on the primal things that always nourished the human spirit, on the things at hand. Every pleasure I know comes from an intimate union between my body and my very human mind, which last receives, confirms, revives, and can summon up again what my body has experienced. Of pleasures, however, in which my senses have no part, I know nothing. It was this very man, rooted in this world and not in the next, who was to become the first defender of the Catholic Church in England during his lifetime. The pilot declares that he is off to find a permanent refuge to the north in a harbor of whose fame he has heard. It is not of this world. Read of the execution of Danton, written in the fires of early youth; of the murder of King Charles I; of the deathbed conversion of King Charles II; and, finally, in his Elizabethan Commentary, one of his last books, Belloc reveals himself: To me, this has always seemed strange because Heideggerian angst and dread before the specter of the Nothing seem the peculiar and often awful temptations of those with a metaphysical bent of mind " and Belloc had none at all. It is of no use whatsoever. His conquest of that aberration made his faith something hard, crystal clear, without compromise. Of religions other than the Catholic he had an Olympian contempt and an impatience only barely disguised and then imperfectly. Belloc frequently took pains to point out that tolerance is always of a lesser evil that cannot be vanquished at the moment, but vanquished it ought to be. From whence, then, came his lyrical Catholicism, for which he was to sacrifice fame, all possibility of wealth " Belloc died a poor man " and every avenue " there were many of them " for a public career in politics? Born and baptized in the Church, a Catholic from childhood, his love and appreciation of the Faith came to him when young, but it came somewhat slowly. Of his inner life he tells us very little. His spoken French remained that of a rough cannoneer. Latin European culture was the air he breathed in his youth and to which he returned whenever he could, even sailing across the channel to replenish his reserves of wine. Aided here by a powerful visual imagination which was brought to bear in his many military histories, Belloc could see the Church at work down the ages " and he adored what he saw. The Church made Europe and in so doing quickened the old Roman Order, in disrepair but by no means destroyed by the Germanic tribes from the north. All our typical Western institutions were either created by Catholic men from out of nothing or were inherited from our pagan forefathers and then quickened from within by the yeast of Christianity. Belloc looked for blessings everywhere, and the whole of Christendom was for him an immense network of actual graces. Making his own

the Thomistic insistence that grace perfects nature, the inheritance of classical antiquity, he maintained, was preserved and transfigured in the fires of Faith. In our world — at least as Belloc knew it in what might have been its twilight: There we all experienced not only a free citizenry but the sacredness of marriage, the dignity of men, chivalry, the steady rejection of Manichean irresponsibility and of every pantheist negation, the sacramental universe. These are to be found in Catholic Europe and wherever else she has stamped her genius, and are to be found as corporate doctrines tending to actuality nowhere else on this earth. Belloc understood a rooted life, close to nature, as being humanly superior to the massification produced by modern civilization. A Catholic culture tends — and tends is the operative word — toward this kind of life. Tempering greed and avarice, man is then more than himself. Wilson notes, in his introduction to a new edition of *The Four Men*, Belloc knew that his ideal was doomed, and his only consolation was an unholy glee in letting everybody else know that the world was going to hell: *Credo in unam, sanctam, apostolicam ecclesiam, we all recite* — but Belloc took the note of apostolicity seriously. I do not mean this in the sense that Belloc showed a lively interest in controversy concerning the apostolic succession. He took that as a settled issue: *Roma locuta est, causa finita*. I mean it rather in the sense that he understood himself to be a man called to be an apostle. Possibly both Knox and I are right because Hilaire Belloc was a missionary in Protestant England, and his principal weapon was history. I doubt that this was a conscious decision, a free act exercised at one crucial moment in his life. By temperament and talent, Belloc was an historian. Agreeing with Cobbett whom, however, he rarely cited and who apparently had little direct influence on him: The religious zealotry of a handful of heretics was used by the mercantile and landed classes of England, aided by the lust of Henry VIII, to abolish the old Catholic Order. If Belloc had any real enemy, it was the Whigs. Of the Earl of Shaftsbury, he wrote: But although Belloc loathed the Whigs, he had little in common with the Tories. Suffice it to say — and this is said formally and altogether without rhetorical emphasis — that one man, Hilaire Belloc, turned the whole writing of British history around. Others footnoted Belloc and traded on his vision. They did well in doing so, but the vision was his — as was the persecution of silence that followed on his work. If by their fruits ye shall know them, then the fruits of the Revolt against Rome have been sufficiently documented; more important, they have so pained the bones of all of us that to know them well is to revolt against the Revolt. Men were cheapened in their dignity. They cringed Calvinistically under a cruel and implacable God who damned most of them from all eternity to hell, and who filled the barns of the saved. Belloc would have none of it, and he exposed the fraud. Belloc detailed it all in lavish description in book after book — toward the end, he was repeating himself. If his prose never bored, his arguments often did. The modern world, built on money and heresy, has had and has as its enemy the Catholic Church and the Order she has created. Belloc, as he was called in his old age, did not like the modern world — gray, anonymous, bereft of beauty, craftsmanship ignorant of nobility, shorn of dignity. Yet, as already noted, the England of his own time was probably the only place he could have flourished as he did. Belloc turned him down courteously. Cardinal Ratzinger wrote, in a piece about liturgy a short time ago, that the only apologetic the Church has for her truth are her saints and her art. Belloc, I think, would have agreed in part with the cardinal. How often did our author pause before tower and church, the easy grace of French and English villages unspoiled by industrialism, as they broke upon vision at dawn and then heightened and blessed the woods and hills surrounding them? How often did he not speak of the Cathedral of Seville as the first marvel of Western art — and this from a man French and not Spanish in temperament? And did he not write the finest panegyric to Saint Joan of Arc — none is better — and do it in an English that matched the French of her own time? And this, I hasten to add, from a man who held that the center of existence was the tabernacle of the altar. Those close to him have witnessed to his deepening devotion to the Eucharist as the years bent him down. Indeed, Belloc insisted, it was the hatred for and attack on transubstantiation that formed the center of the bitterness moving the English reformers in the sixteenth century. Read Belloc on Cranmer. They turned all the altars around and made of them tables and thus first obscured and finally denied what it is that gave life to Catholic churches and left all others temples reminiscent of tombs. Faith is to be fought for and, once won — if won only precariously — cherished and watered, but not watered down. So too with the civilization crafted into being for us by the Faith: Belloc articulated that enemy for his own time. The enemy is the barbarian, but he

always used the word analogically; and the older barbarian before the walls comes off better than his modern counterpart for Belloc. He is the man with a perpetual sneer on his lips. He is above it all: It is hard enough to come by belief and to live in it, but to throw it away for a cheap joke is despicable. Such are the Barbarians. The Barbarian hopes "and that is the mark of him, that he can have his cake and eat it too. He will consume what civilization has slowly produced after generations of selection and effort, but he will not be at pains to replace such goods, nor indeed has he a comprehension of the virtue that has brought them into being. Discipline seems to him irrational, on which account he is ever marvelling that civilization, should have offended him with priests and soldiers In a word, the Barbarian is discoverable everywhere in this, that he cannot make: Belloc is describing just about everyone you met at your last cocktail party or faculty meeting. Listen to Belloc again in words written from the solitude of the Sahara as he pondered the ruins of Timgad: We sit by and watch the Barbarian, we tolerate him; in the long stretches of peace we are not afraid.

Chapter 3 : The Path to Rome - Hilaire Belloc - Google Books

(2) Over the course of the book, Belloc breaks all these vows save the "strict vow" of arriving in Rome on June 29 (PR, vi). Few have ever commented explicitly on The Path to Rome. Those who have generally dismiss it as either a "travel book" (3) or some kind of "self-portrait."

As his title indicates, Jim walked from Toul to Rome with some help from wheeled transport when desperate in honour of Hilaire Belloc, starting in and concluding, after a break, in Belloc, as lovers of his writings will know, did this same walk a hundred years earlier and wrote about it in *The Path to Rome*. Jim, who had just retired from teaching aged 65, carried out a youthful ambition. He describes the blisters, the weather – always important to walkers and often uninviting: It is a lively and sympathetic account, illustrated by short sketches of the route and comments on the hospitality savoured on the way. So I ask him what had inspired him to imitate Belloc. He relates a famous anecdote: Standing for Salford in the General Election and speaking to a largely evangelical group, he took out his Rosary beads, showed them to the crowd, explained what they were and told them he said his Rosary every day. They voted for him. Throughout his book this attitude prevails. The barbarians tore it apart. Christian missionaries rebuilt it. Having rebuilt it, the Christian Church nurtured the land and its people: Celtic missionaries, nuns in enclosed convents, monastic communities which farmed the land and the building of the great cathedrals tells us of the Faith that was Europe. Even in France, the land of his birth, he saw only its flickering flame. Then he came to the village of Undervelier and heard the vespers bell; as the bell tolled he saw all the villagers making for their church, where he joined them and sang the beautiful hymn praising God at the end of the light of day – and felt he was very much part of what had been Christendom. On Holy Thursday I witnessed the solemn beginning of the sacred Triduum, the stripping of the altar, the empty tabernacle, the extinguishing of the sanctuary lamp, the darkened church and the prayerful silence – while outside there was the noise and bustle of holiday-makers, indifferent, moving among the expensive shops, the bright lights and the noisy traffic; the beginning of the Easter holiday. His disregard for the conventions of formal writing is refreshing. He turns literary hyperbole into a fine art. He writes as he likes, wandering off into lengthy discussions with neither compunction nor excuse. Belloc, in his early 30s when he did the walk, was a tough specimen of manhood – a French mind in a bulldog English frame. He writes for himself and enjoys what he writes. The Riesling of Rupt has left a memory that lingers. There are no bad wines – though some are better than others.

Chapter 4 : The Servile State by Hilaire Belloc

B Hilaire Belloc, The Path to Rome [2] I. In the Year, , the English essayist, historian, poet, sailor, and traveler, Hilaire Belloc (), decided to make a pilgrimage from Toul in France, scene of his military training in the French army, to the Eternal City.

Hilaire Belloc With that impossible declaration behind me, I might better begin with a story told about him "he was a man who collected myths about his person, and I cannot verify the truth of this. Upon being honored with a papal decoration well into his old age, Belloc refused to put out the money needed to buy the medal and grumbled: Although he often groused about his own age I do not mean his chronological age" he always complained about that! Growing up as he did, in the twilight of the reign of Queen Victoria, blinking brilliantly in nonsense verse and radical politics in the time of King Edward VII, a child prodigy called by his aunt "Old Thunder", Hilaire Belloc reposed upon a broad upper-middle-class English society that read him, first adored him, then good-naturedly put up with him, and finally isolated him. His intransigent defense of all things Catholic first amused a literate and basically skeptical gentry looking for novelty; then offended; finally, it was considered intolerable. Wilson in his biography of Belloc wrote: At my last count, Hilaire Belloc wrote books. The business has to do with vigor, an enormous lust for life, and a willingness to make mistakes. Belloc did not give a damn for what anybody thought of him. His vigor was legendary, and I have mentioned as well his lust for life. Belloc "and this is a key to understanding his role as a Catholic apologist was a man totally at home in this world, but one who knew it was an illusion to be so at home. There was not a trace of Manicheism in him, and he called puritanism, in his biography of Louis XIV, an "evil out of the pit", meaning the pit of hell. A mountain climber, he was even more a sailor. If *The Path to Rome* is the work of a young genius, rollicking and rolling his way over mountain and valley toward the Eternal City, *The Four Men*, on the contrary, called by its author "A Farrago", was penned in solitude mixed with melancholy. Only when life is lived close to the senses, when the intelligence is engaged immediately on what is yielded to man through the body, is the paradox of sadness in created beauty brought home in all its delicacy and inexorableness. English inns; old oak-burnished and sturdy; rich Burgundy and other wines" that port of theirs" at the "George" drunk by the fire with which he began this book; the sea and ships that sail "but, please, "no abomination of an engine"; the smell of the tides. His eyes are fixed on the primal things that always nourished the human spirit, on the things at hand. Every pleasure I know comes from an intimate union between my body and my very human mind, which last receives, confirms, revives, and can summon up again what my body has experienced. Of pleasures, however, in which my senses have no part, I know nothing. It was this very man, rooted in this world and not in the next, who was to become the first defender of the Catholic Church in England during his lifetime. A key to his understanding of things spiritual was his vivid awareness that all things good pass, that life is filled with what Allan Tate called "rumors of mortality". In an essay named "Harbour in the North", Belloc brings his little cutter under a long seawall, and there meets another small vessel. The pilot declares that he is off to find a permanent refuge to the north in a harbor of whose fame he has heard. It is not of this world. Read of the execution of Danton, written in the fires of early youth; of the murder of King Charles I; of the deathbed conversion of King Charles II; and, finally, in his Elizabethan Commentary, one of his last books, Belloc reveals himself: Speaking of those tombs which are of the origins of us all, he tells us of "the subterranean vision of death, the dusk of religion, which they imposed on Rome and from which we all inherit" then as I thought to myself, as I looked westward from the wall, how man might say of the life of all our race as of the life of one, that we know not whence it came, nor whither it goes". To me, this has always seemed strange because Heideggerian angst and dread before the specter of the Nothing seem the peculiar and often awful temptations of those with a metaphysical bent of mind" and Belloc had none at all. In *The Cruise of the Nona*, he wrote "of the metaphysic. It is of no use whatsoever. His conquest of that aberration made his faith something hard, crystal clear, without compromise. Of religions other than the Catholic he had an Olympian contempt and an impatience only barely disguised and then imperfectly. He would not have fared well in these days of ecumenical tea parties, and the so-called

New Church would have bewildered him. Belloc frequently took pains to point out that tolerance is always of a lesser evil that cannot be vanquished at the moment, but vanquished it ought to be. From whence, then, came his lyrical Catholicism, for which he was to sacrifice fame, all possibility of wealth — Belloc died a poor man — and every avenue — there were many of them for a public career in politics? Born and baptized in the Church, a Catholic from childhood, his love and appreciation of the Faith came to him when young, but it came somewhat slowly. Of his inner life he tells us very little. His spoken French remained that of a rough cannoneer. Latin European culture was the air he breathed in his youth and to which he returned whenever he could, even sailing across the channel to replenish his reserves of wine. Aided here by a powerful visual imagination which was brought to bear in his many military histories, Belloc could see the Church at work down the ages — and he adored what he saw. The Church made Europe and in so doing quickened the old Roman Order, in disrepair but by no means destroyed by the Germanic tribes from the north. All our typical Western institutions were either created by Catholic men from out of nothing or were inherited from our pagan forefathers and then quickened from within by the yeast of Christianity. Belloc looked for blessings everywhere, and the whole of Christendom was for him an immense network of actual graces. Making his own the Thomistic insistence that grace perfects nature, the inheritance of classical antiquity, he maintained, was preserved and transfigured in the fires of Faith. In our world — at least as Belloc knew it in what might have been its twilight: In that *ordo orbis*, justice flourished and free men discovering thus their liberty exercised it through two millennia in the creation of a culture that Belloc once called "the standing grace of this world". There we all experienced not only a free citizenry but the sacredness of marriage, the dignity of men, chivalry, the steady rejection of Manichean irresponsibility and of every pantheist negation, the sacramental universe. These are to be found in Catholic Europe and wherever else she has stamped her genius, and are to be found as corporate doctrines tending to actuality nowhere else on this earth. Belloc understood a rooted life, close to nature, as being humanly superior to the massification produced by modern civilization. A Catholic culture tends — and tends is the operative word — toward this kind of life. Tempering greed and avarice, man is then more than himself. Wilson notes, in his introduction to a new edition of *The Four Men*, Belloc knew that his ideal was doomed, and his only consolation was an unholy glee in letting everybody else know that the world was going to hell: *Credo in unam, sanctam, apostolicam ecclesiam*, we all recite — but Belloc took the note of apostolicity seriously. I do not mean this in the sense that Belloc showed a lively interest in controversy concerning the apostolic succession. He took that as a settled issue: *Roma locuta est, causa finita*. I mean it rather in the sense that he understood himself to be a man called to be an apostle. Possibly both Knox and I are right because Hilaire Belloc was a missionary in Protestant England, and his principal weapon was history. I doubt that this was a conscious decision, a free act exercised at one crucial moment in his life. By temperament and talent, Belloc was an historian. He soon concluded, shortly after his disillusion with parliamentary politics he served two terms, one as a Liberal and one as an Independent, that the English-speaking world had been lied to about its past and about its present, that this lie was bound up with the Protestant establishment, which officially dates from but which in fact reached far deeper into the English past. Agreeing with Cobbett whom, however, he rarely cited and who apparently had little direct influence on him: The religious zealotry of a handful of heretics was used by the mercantile and landed classes of England, aided by the lust of Henry VIII, to abolish the old Catholic Order. If Belloc had any real enemy, it was the Whigs. Of the Earl of Shaftsbury, he wrote: But although Belloc loathed the Whigs, he had little in common with the Tories. Suffice it to say — and this is said formally and altogether without rhetorical emphasis — that one man, Hilaire Belloc, turned the whole writing of British history around. Since Belloc, nobody can get away with understanding the Reformation as the work of high-minded souls bent on liberty and democracy, noble souls who brought England out of the darkness of Catholic superstition and medieval obscurantism. Others footnoted Belloc and traded on his vision. They did well in doing so, but the vision was his — as was the persecution of silence that followed on his work. If by their fruits ye shall know them, then the fruits of the Revolt against Rome have been sufficiently documented; more important, they have so pained the bones of all of us that to know them well is to revolt against the Revolt. Men were cheapened in their dignity. They cringed Calvinistically under a cruel and implacable God who damned most of them from all eternity to hell,

and who filled the barns of the saved. Belloc would have none of it, and he exposed the fraud. Behind the psalm-singing fanatics, there reposes the weight of what he called The Money Power, the new Capitalism and Banking System, that enslaved Europe to its greed. Belloc detailed it all in lavish description in book after book — toward the end, he was repeating himself. If his prose never bored, his arguments often did. The modern world, built on money and heresy, has had and has as its enemy the Catholic Church and the Order she has created. Belloc, as he was called in his old age, did not like the modern world — gray, anonymous, bereft of beauty, craftsmanship ignorant of nobility, shorn of dignity. Yet, as already noted, the England of his own time was probably the only place he could have flourished as he did. Belloc turned him down courteously. Cardinal Ratzinger wrote, in a piece about liturgy a short time ago, that the only apologetic the Church has for her truth are her saints and her art. Belloc, I think, would have agreed in part with the cardinal. How often did our author pause before tower and church, the easy grace of French and English villages unspoiled by industrialism, as they broke upon vision at dawn and then heightened and blessed the woods and hills surrounding them? How often did he not speak of the Cathedral of Seville as the first marvel of Western art and this from a man French and not Spanish in temperament? And did he not write the finest panegyric to Saint Joan of Arc — none is better — and do it in an English that matched the French of her own time? And this, I hasten to add, from a man who held that the center of existence was the tabernacle of the altar. Those close to him have witnessed to his deepening devotion to the Eucharist as the years bent him down. Indeed, Belloc insisted, it was the hatred for and attack on transubstantiation that formed the center of the bitterness moving the English reformers in the sixteenth century. Read Belloc on Cranmer. They turned all the altars around and made of them tables and thus first obscured and finally denied what it is that gave life to Catholic churches and left all others temples reminiscent of tombs. Faith is to be fought for and, once won — if won only precariously — cherished and watered, but not watered down. So too with the civilization crafted into being for us by the Faith: Belloc articulated that enemy for his own time. The enemy is the barbarian, but he always used the word analogically; and the older barbarian before the walls comes off better than his modern counterpart for Belloc. He is the man with a perpetual sneer on his lips. He is above it all: It is hard enough to come by belief and to live in it, but to throw it away for a cheap joke is despicable. Such are the Barbarians. The Barbarian hopes — and that is the mark of him, that he can have his cake and eat it too.

Chapter 5 : The Natural Family | Hilaire Belloc's The Servile State:

Hilaire Belloc, - Hilaire Belloc was born in France in , educated at Oxford, and naturalized as a British subject in Although he began as a writer of humorous verse for children, his works include satire, poetry, history, biography, fiction, and many volumes of essays.

A Centenary Reflection Allan C. Recent commentators have been unsure where to place this volume on the ideological spectrum. The titles of these volumes are wonderfully adaptable to the vacuous form of discourse common to early twenty-first-century American conservatism. It seems clear that few contemporary conservative pundits who cite these titles have actually read them; fewer still have understood them. For the key to the two books is a common reading of history and an implicit common agenda. Belloc insisted that the critical parts, or cells, of this good society were productive families, secure in their property. The whole objective of his political economy was to break down the corruptions of modern capitalism and socialism, and re-establish families in working homes set on land in freehold tenure. His models were the artisans and the free peasants of the High Middle Ages, a community held together by the Christian church and a religiously infused aristocracy attentive to its duties. To be understood, *The Servile State* must be read through this lens, one rarely used by Tea Party enthusiasts or talk-show pundits. For example, the encyclical was agrarian in its insistence that all wealth derived from the land: An important component of this task was to reframe history, in order to understand how a system of ordered liberty and widely dispersed property had come to an end. Belloc began the story shortly after the fall of the Western Roman Empire. There was no organized protest against the system based on conscience. Rather, owners and slaves alike accepted slavery as an inevitable aspect of the human condition. At a physical level, the emergence of the autonomous villa, or estate, eventually rooted the slave. Over time, an implicit bargain emerged between lord and slave family: About the same time, cities began to re-emerge as trading centers. Under these circumstances, there could be neither capitalist nor proletarian. All three types of labor also shared in the common property of villages, where rights to graze a cow or gather acorns and firewood were well defined and zealously protected. This was essentially an agrarian system: All, or most, "the normal family" should own. And on ownership the freedom of the state should repose. However, this was for the preservation of a greater liberty resting on real economic democracy. And in the course of three centuries, it transformed Britain from a land of owners into by a place where a third of the people were indigent and 95 percent were dispossessed of all capital and land. In the s, this group eliminated the monarchy as a threat to its power. The same small oligarchy controlled Parliament and used Enclosure Acts and a Statute of Frauds to chase free peasants off their customary lands and to seize the village commons for consolidation into corporate-style farms. By the time they appeared, England had already been captured by an oligarchy. He saw capitalist society dividing into two classes: The Servile State develops as the ownership class and the government converge around the goal of security. For the property-less unfree, the government guarantees security in subsistence. The inevitable consequence of these measures, Belloc argued, was compulsory labor: State schooling reinforces the process: Belloc neatly summarized the new servile order: Clothe me, the capitalist, as a capitalist, and because I am a capitalist, with special converse duties under those laws. In *The Servile State*, Belloc offered little practical guidance. The clear alternative was rebuilding a social-economic order featuring widely distributed property. Can I discover any relics of the cooperative instinct. Owning property meant bearing responsibility for its protection and maintenance and facing many risks, without guarantee of reward. In comparison, the Servile State offered a meager but secure level of subsistence: It would be in his subsequent *The Restoration of Property* that Belloc laid out a fairly complete distributist program of reform. Large industrial plants would face a tax on power used; artisans would enjoy protection and subsidized credit. Electricity and the internal combustion engine "both favorable to family-scale production" would be encouraged; steam and water power would be taxed. Agricultural land would be restored to families: He sought the method: The main task remains not that of elaborating machinery for the reaction toward right living, but of forwarding the spirit of that reaction in a society which has almost forgotten what property and its concomitant freedom means. The answer is yes.

Certainly, the financial crisis of 2008 and its consequences underscored the reality and perils of a servile economy. The vast majority of Americans put their faith in wages, retirement accounts resting on stocks and bonds, and the government safety net. Faith in all three has been shaken by subsequent events, just as Belloc would have predicted. Jobs were lost; the decline in real wages was evident since the 1970s and accelerated. And the government safety net revealed many holes, sure to become wider and more numerous as lawmakers deal with yawning federal and state budget deficits. And was it not a consequence, in turn, of the distributist goal of delivering widespread home ownership? If still alive, Belloc would probably give three answers. First, he never claimed that everyone should own property. Even under the best of cultural circumstances, many were unfit to bear the responsibilities involved. He certainly would not have approved of issuing mortgages to persons without the means to pay for them. Second, Belloc would have objected to the very nature of the modern American housing market. Laws favoring home ownership should have the purpose of settling families in proper structures and building stable communities. In America, however, home ownership has become in large measure a method of speculative investment. This is the very antithesis of distributist principles. And third, Belloc would have stressed that distributists never sought just home ownership. The goal was to place families in productive homes, with small workshops, loom rooms, food-preservation facilities, chicken coops, and gardens as the norm. Today, he would have added home offices, computer rooms, home-schooling rooms, and so on. The typical American suburban home is commonly prohibited by zoning laws and restrictive covenants from housing any kind of productive work is simply not part of the distributist vision. Today, a chastened American population is rediscovering the merits of property ownership, home production, and true liberty. The home-schooling revolution led the way, showing how families could reclaim a vital endeavor from the industrialized maws of public education. Family gardens have returned; so have chicken coops: The home computer and the Internet have opened remarkable opportunities for small home businesses; and the number of such enterprises has climbed sharply during the last twenty years. From Aristotle to Thomas Jefferson to contemporary writers such as Wendell Berry, the linkage of property ownership and a vital home economy to true liberty and security has endured in the political vision of those who cherish liberty and the family. Whereas raw capitalism ends up in an unholy alliance with collectivism known as the Servile State, the distributism of Hilaire Belloc delivers an economy fit for families. Far from being just a reactionary medievalist, Belloc actually represents the most prescient of analysts and guides to a sustainable and child-rich future. Liberty Classics, [] , p. Joseph Pearce, *Old Thunder*: Harper Collins, , p. Belloc, *The Servile State*, p. The full policy implications of *The Servile State* are drawn out in: Sheed and Ward, *Wilson*, Hilaire Belloc London: Hamish Hamilton, , pp. University of Chicago Press, *Belloc, The Servile State*, pp. Belloc, *The Restoration of Property*, pp.

Chapter 6 : Hilaire Belloc: Defender of the Faith

Joseph Hilaire Pierre Rene Belloc, or simply known as Hilaire Belloc, was one of the most reputed and multitalented writers of England in an early 20 th century. A devout Catholic, his works included poetry, satire, letters and comic verses for children.

Published in the Canadian C. Lewis Journal, , Autumn, , B Hilaire Belloc, The Path to Rome AAnd now all you people reading, may have read, or shall in the future read this my many-sided but now ending book; and all of you also that in the mysterious designs of Providence may not be fated to read it for some very long time to come In the Year, , the English essayist, historian, poet, sailor, and traveler, Hilaire Belloc , decided to make a pilgrimage from Toul in France, scene of his military training in the French army, to the Eternal City. He chose a direct path to Rome, or at least as direct as the mountains and rivers of Europe would allow him to walk that distance in a straight line. Needless to say, Belloc broke all the elements of his vow except its final one. He did make it to Rome, though when he arrived, he told us practically nothing of what he saw there. AWell, as a pilgrimage cannot be said to be over till the first Mass is heard in Rome, I have twenty minutes to add to my book. So, passing an Egyptian obelisk which the great Augustus had nobly dedicated to the Sun, I entered ABut do you intend to tell us nothing of Rome? ATell me at least one thing; did you see the Coliseum? The Lector calls this Adoggerel, but Belloc does not mind. His walk is ended, his vow completed. The Path to Rome is thus not about Rome but about getting there through a Europe what reflects Rome at every step. As he went along, he told us much. He told us especially much of himself. Belloc, I think, could see more about something than most of us even when we are looking at the same thing. It is not merely that our memory is a function of what we see, so likewise is our hope, so likewise is our present being. Not unlike Plato in The Apology of Socrates, Belloc was conscious of the fact that this account of his walk would be read down the ages. In this sense, his Apath is a walk we can all take. Because he recounted his trek in a book, we can still take the same walk. We could not do this even if we set off tomorrow morning from Toul to Rome by ourselves, with our staff and our boots and our vows. Our walk would not be his. They will have in their pocket his book as a guide-book. They will begin from Toul and end in Rome, even on the Feast of Sts. They will try to eat and drink what he ate and drank where he ate and drank it. But Ain divine Providence, as he calls it, this newer walk, for all its attention to place, weather, local characteristics, drawings, and scenery, will not see what Belloc saw. Belloc has no Manichean tendencies, of course, not even any Platonic tendencies that would see the whole man in his spirit or in his soul, though he does have a soul that connects him with what is. In early youth the soul can still remember its immortal habitation, and clouds and edges of hills are of another kind from ours, and every scent and colour has a savour of Paradise Youth came up that valley of evening, borne upon a settled state, and their now sudden influence upon the soul in short ecstasies is the proof that they stand outside time, and are not subject to decay. We know more about The Path to Rome if we realize that in the following year, , Belloc took another walk in his native Sussex in England, where he intimates that the original Garden of Eden was located. AThe north is the place for men. Eden was there, and the four rivers of Paradise are the Seine, the Oise, the Thames, and the Arun, there are grasses there, and the trees are generous, and the air is an unnoticed pleasure. We are such earthlings that we think that we notice all our pleasures. Belloc confesses that AI was not made for Tuscany. Needless to say, each of the men on this latter excursion was Belloc himself. I shall say something of this English walk in a subsequent essay. Suffice it to say here that both walks were lonely affairs and therefore ironically both profound lessons in companionship. To know one another, indeed to love one another, we also need silence, to be alone, the gift of the contemplative tradition. Those who have no silence, who do not sometimes walk alone, have no friends. Belloc is often reviled for his famous sentence that AEurope is the faith and the faith is Europe. Yet, there is a truth to it that can be seen in this walk from Toul to Rome in the late Spring and early Summer of , a walk that took Belloc over the Jura and the Alps in the snow, while traversing the plains of France and Italy in such heat that he mostly walked at night and slept by day wherever he could, sometimes in inexpensive inns, sometimes in a barn, often in the open under a tree or in the shade of bushes. He finds crosses and small chapels on the

mountains. He sees the gentle hospitality of men in pubs and peasant women in serving him breakfast. He buys a good wine that sometimes tastes sour to him in the morning. Bakers, he thinks, are the finest of men because they have to arise so early and thus see the day come to be. Belloc is adamantly Aincarnational, that is, he does not separate the soul and the body. There is much in *The Path to Rome* about food and wine and sleep, as I have already intimated, almost as if it is all right to be the kind of beings we are. AIt is quite clear that the body must be recognized and the soul kept in its place, since a little refreshing food and drink can do so much to make a man. Belloc is always aware of the truth that Augustine knew that the great temptations, the great crimes, do not arise from the flesh but, as in the case of Lucifer himself, from the spirit. And even when they appear in the flesh, they usually, in some way obscure but reflectively traceable in us, are controlled by the spirit. Yet, we too are beings with a certain sadness about us. There is ever a poignancy in every work of Belloc, even in his laughter and amusement, of which there is much. AThen let us love one another and laugh. Let us suffer absurdities, for that is only to suffer one another. We are indeed absurdities. Suffering one another is not merely a suffering; it is also patience, a world full of laughter. Early in his walk to Rome, to give a further example of his thinking on food, Belloc asks about breakfast. His very way of asking the question is delightful. AI would very much like to know what those who have an answer to everything can say about the food requisite to breakfast? He recalls that Marlowe, Jonson, Shakespeare, and Spenser drank beer for breakfast plus a little bread. In his French regiment, he remembers, for breakfast they drank black coffee Awithout sugar, with a cut of a stale piece of bread to go with it. The great French Republicans fought first and ate later. Belloc was also a sailor and ate Anothing for several hours. Dogs eat the first thing they come across, cats take a little milk, and gentlemen are accustomed to get up at nine and eat eggs, bacon, kidneys, ham, cold pheasant, toast, coffee, tea, scones, and honey, after which they will boast that their race is the hardest in the world and ready to beat every fatigue in the pursuit of Empire. But what rule governs all of this? Why is breakfast different from all other things, so that the Greeks called it the best thing in the world? How amusing is this description of the breakfast of the hearty and hardy English gentleman, with its four meats plus eggs, in pursuit of Empire and oblivious of fatigue! And what was Greece if not a constant search for precisely Athe best thing in the world? For when boys or soldiers or poets, or any other blossoms and prides of nature, are for lying steady in the shade and letting the Mind commune with its Immortal Comrades, up comes Authority busking about and eager as though it were a duty to force the said Mind to burrow and sweat in the matter of this very perishable world, its temporary habitation. AUp, says Authority, Aand let me see that Mind of yours doing something practical. Let me see Him mixing painfully with circumstance, and botching up some Imperfection or other that shall at least be a Reality and not a silly Fantasy. These are profound, if diverting words. The temporary habitation of the mind can be quite pleasant to it. Why worry about anything else? It is best to lay Asteady in the shade, to dream of worlds that perhaps might be, fantasies, to be sure. Authority is something of a pest. Yet, there are things that Mind prefers not to pay attention to, the first of which is Reality itself. How well does Belloc describe the men of our kind who are wont to favor their own musings over a more glorious reality that they could only receive, but not invent by themselves! And yet, Belloc was prepared to do the things that men have done for thousands of years. His reasons for daily Mass are as profound as any seen in theological literature since. He gives four reasons. The first is Athat for half-an-hour just at the opening of the day you are silent and recollected, and have to put off cares, interests, and passions in the repetition of a familiar action. The second reason is ritual. AThe function of all ritual as we see in games, social arrangements, ans so forth [is] to relieve the mind of so much of responsibility and initiative and to catch you up as it were into itself, leading your life for you during the time it lasts. The third reason is that you are inclined to good and reasonable thoughts; you are not distracted by that Abusy wickedness of self and others that is Athe true source of human miseries. And finally, and most importantly, we do Awhat the human race has done for thousands upon thousands upon thousands of years. This is a matter of such moment that I am astonished people hear of it so little. To do what our kind does, to realize that we have here no lasting city, that we can perhaps be Afairly happy, Areasonably happy in this life, but to expect more is to reject the order of being and revelation in which we find ourselves. No doubt, the passage in *The Path to Rome* that I have most thought of over the years, the one that always strikes me anew when I read it

again occurs when Belloc is sitting in a Swiss town called Undervelier, by a stream, with a penny cigar. Recall that Belloc had an American wife from Napa, California. He had walked this country twice to see her. And to prove that he was not totally romantic about food, let me cite, at this odd point, the following delightful comparison: They cook worse in Undervelier than any place I was ever in, with the possible exception of Omaha, Neb. I might add, that I once had a very excellent supper with two of my cousins in precisely Omaha, Nebraska! But bad food does not prevent Belloc from noticing that this mountain village of Undervelier contains believers who accept their faith almost naturally. He himself, he confesses, has not had this experience in his own life. For Belloc, faith was always something fighting odds. He goes into the village church where he hears the congregation sing in a Latin nearer German than French.

Chapter 7 : The Englishman Who Walked Across America to Win His Bride - Regina Magazine

*This year marks the centennial of Hilaire Belloc's curious book *The Servile State*. Recent commentators have been unsure where to place this volume on the ideological spectrum.*

Catholics in the West are now routinely admonished by our neighbors, politicians, academia and the media that our Faith is merely a matter of opinion, just one among many. Moreover, Catholicism is an opinion that some of our fellow men find particularly inconvenient. Small wonder that today Catholics seem like a defeated people, befuddled by politics and economics. What can shake us out of our doldrums? Luckily, we have the work of the great early 20th century Anglo-French writer and historian, Hilaire Belloc, to help us in this, our time of great need. A Catholic historian with an understanding and love for the Catholic underpinnings that made Western Civilization great, Belloc had the heart of a poet and the ability to entertain. This was a great asset, as Belloc publically debated the major figures of his day. Belloc is like arguing with a hailstorm. Not to be outdone, Belloc responded with Mr. For example, in the days before online dating he walked from the Midwest to California to woo his San Francisco bride, Elodie. What Would Belloc Say? Catholics today need to remember the other side of the coin. Despite all our many faults and scandals, we have the Truth. This is no credit to us, nor a measure of our superiority. The Truth is a gift, a trust given to us by God to pass on to others. Has He revealed Himself to men? Has He done so through a corporation a thing not a theory? Has He created an organism by which He may continue to be known to mankind for the fulfillment of the great drama of the Incarnation? There is only one body on earth which makes such a claim: That claim we of the Faith accept. The consequences of that acceptance are innumerable, satisfactory and complete. We are at home. No one else of the human race is at home. To do this, they must understand our patrimony, that great gift. They must understand what we are, doctrinally as well as culturally. This is a tall order, to say the least. For example, in the long history of the Faith, the plethora of ancient heresies can result in confusing Arians with Donatists or Manicheans. Pelagius lived at Kardanoel And taught a doctrine there How, whether you went to heaven or to hell It was your own affair. It had nothing to do with the Church, my boy, But was your own affair. With my row-ti-tow Ti-oodly-ow He laughed at original sin. On a more sober note, Hilaire Belloc can teach us courage. When Belloc ran for Parliament, his campaign adviser sternly warned him not to speak about his Catholic Faith. Belloc took this as a challenge, and at the first opportunity addressed a political rally thus: As far as possible I go to Mass every day. This taking a rosary out of his pocket is a rosary. As far as possible, I kneel down and tell these beads every day. If you reject me on account of my religion, I shall thank God that He has spared me the indignity of being your representative! The brilliant English scholar and theologian Msgr. A prophet is one who speaks out. He must not wrap up his meaning; he must not expect success. Prophet and Catholic Muse Belloc put many of the issues we struggle with today into a Catholic perspective. He refused to view science as the modern dispenser of infallible doctrine. What is more, it very impudently puts forward such a conclusion against the sound conclusion arrived at by the powers of integration present in the common man. As a historian, Belloc explodes the historical myths that the English-speaking world grew up with. To this day, his writings point out the folly of Western Civilization in deviating from those Catholic and Natural Law principles our patrimony, which has come down to our times. He regales us with stories of good food, wine, and the real-life characters he meets along the way. He educates, informs and entertains. Hilaire Belloc loved Life, but he loved two things best of all: For each he walked many miles on foot in search of his goal. Exhausted, Belloc traversed the last few miles of the Appian Way on a mule-driven cart with feet dragging so his vow would not be broken. Stout adventurer, brilliant teacher, great entertainer and fascinating muse what more can we ask of a writer as we make our way down our own path of pilgrimage, under the banner of Faith, to our heavenly home? Robert Beurivage obtained a law degree in San Diego, and practiced there for awhile before returning back to his home state of Maine. He has an interest in current events, Catholic theology, and liturgy. Original content here is published under these license terms: X Read Only License Summary: You may read the original content in the context in which it is published at this web address. No other copying or use is permitted

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Chapter 8 : Why Belloc Still Matters | The American Conservative

Hilaire Belloc, spreading his many talents and his incredible energy through the essay, a respectable body of very good verse, military history, nonsense novels, biography and books of travel, studies on the road, political polemics, economic theory, concentrated it all into a center, into a synthesized focus: the apostolate of history.

Tweet An author too robust and significant to be wholly un-personned can still be marginalized. The chief defect of dear Hilaire Was not the clothes he used to wear, The curious hat and monstrous cloak, Paraded as some kind of joke. But that of Belloc is the worst That can be said. Milne and Edward Lear demographic, we need no more bother ourselves with his wider aims than seek deep epistemological insight from re-reading about Pooh Bear or The Dong With The Luminous Nose. But then the New Statesman has never claimed theological expertise. How stands the case for the prosecution? In particular, was G. Belloc confided as much himself, to a co-religionist at that: While going several debating rounds in print against his merciless ultra-Protestant detractor, the once-celebrated controversialist G. It is doubtful, moreover, whether the historian who hastily and occasionally deceives others is half as dangerous as the historian who consistently and lucratively deceives himself. On his last tour of the U. This all amounts to a grim indictment. What case for the defense can outweigh it? There actually exist two such cases: He died in , but a stroke robbed him of his authorial powers in Almost every major political trend of the last hundred yearsâ€”whether the Third Reich, or the bipartisan welfarism familiar from our own experience, or the socialization of agriculture, or incessant Middle East massacres, or the spirit of jihad, or the willful confusion between legitimate private enterprise and piratical paper-shuffling, or the sexual revolution, or mad-scientist genetic technologyâ€”Belloc predicted. His output retains an immediacy for our time that is impossible to discern in most of his journalistic confreres. At a time when H. Wells, John Dewey, and Bertrand Russell counted as forward-looking thinkersâ€”while notching up an almost percent failure rate when it came to even the least contentious prophesying about global trends five weeks, let alone five years, down the trackâ€”Belloc plodded on, fortified by nothing more glamorous than preternatural energy and a worldview too European and synoptic to countenance the least parochialism. Plodding of that type seldom facilitates benignity, genial tolerance towards opponents, or leisurely musings on the joys of artistic creation. Nor does life in the House of Commons, where Belloc sat for four dispiriting years as a maverick Liberal parliamentarian. Little wonder that Belloc at times bullied when he should have insinuated, at times cut corners on fine detail when he should have checked and rechecked a specific datum. They would have benefited from devoting equal attention to this passage, the closest approach Belloc ever made to explicating his historiographical outlook: If these combined make for a certain conclusion which no rational man can doubt, he would think it sufficient to bring out against it one isolated exception. Many generations hence there will be a broad stream of tradition and document to show that Englishmen in the nineteenth century did not eat human flesh, but I am sure that if Dr. Coulton were on the other side he would triumphantly quote the shipwrecked mariners of the Mignonette and continue to say that the Victorians were cannibals. Where on occasion Belloc grew careless in small although still important matters, his mixture of erudition and depressive realism made him authoritative in large ones. Yet his comprehension of Bolshevism, when that plague-germ started on its pandemic course, surpassed not only anything Wells or Beatrice Webb or Bernard Shaw revealedâ€”not that outsmarting those sages on the Soviet issue required notable effortâ€”but much official scholarship as well. At such an outcome Belloc felt no surprise whatever. It continues to elude the typical Republican Party apparatchik in Because neither on this topic nor on any other did mealy-mouthedness come naturally, or at all, to Belloc, a veritable heavy industry has arisen for the specific purpose of forever associating his name with Nazi racialist hatred. He is to be blamed. And this is to leave out the travel books: The finest tributes he lavished on his platonically adored friend Lady Diana Cooper display, even at the lowest possible reckoning, an exceptional aptitude for Elizabethan pastiche: That I grow sour, who only lack delight; That I descend to sneer, who only grieve; That from my depth I should condemn your height, That with my blame my mockery you receiveâ€” Huntress and splendor of the woodland nightâ€” Diana of this world, do not believe. Hilda did behold And heard a

woodland music passing by: You shall receive me when the clouds are high
With evening and the sheep attain the fold. Prince of the degradations, bought and sold,
These verses, written in your crumbling sty, Proclaim the faith that I have held and hold
And publish that in which I mean to die. Often he matches A. You find that middle life goes rushing past.
You find despair; and at the very last You find, as you are giving up the ghost,
That those who loved you best despise you most. Evelyn Waugh noted the Housman resemblance in
He is the author of *The Unsleeping Eye*:

Chapter 9 : Belloc - Path to Rome

The Path to Rome has ratings and 26 reviews. this classic book is the delightful story of the pilgrimage Belloc made on foot to Rome in order to fulfill a vow.

And so his agent organised a dinner at the Adelphi Hotel in London. To read the list of the guests today is to be struck by the provisional nature of literary fame. JB Morton and his laboured Beachcomber humour seems as fustian as Gilbert and Sullivan, while the literary journalist JC Squire - once a national arbiter of taste - is read only to be reviled as a tweedy reactionary. And the composite figure of a Chester-Belloc is still remembered for the sheer range of its hatreds. Progressivism, scientism, Jews, the modern state, Protestantism: But on that evening a very jolly quaffing time was had by all. The assertive masculinity of the evening, its japes and impishness, was a fine tribute to Belloc, the Oxford undergraduate who never quite grew up. He is now best remembered for his rhymes, and their sophisticated rendering of a child-like joy in subversion. But the sense of chaos was there from the beginning. Belloc was born outside Paris in just as the forces of the Prussianism he loathed were about to flatten France. The early death of his father made for a complicated relationship with his native soil. He would always seem very French to the English, and very English to the French. England to Belloc meant beer and Sussex "my county"! He was a believer in distributivism, in trade unions, and in the dispersal of power by "subsidiarity". He was a poetic version of Jacques Delors. But if central authority was anathema in his politics, it was central to his religion. He brought to English religious writing a propagandist romanticism that is best heard in *The Path to Rome*, that lyrical description of his walk across western Europe. And his apologetics breaks away from the Chestertonian insistence on paradox, which so often turns into a kind of tired literary trick. He lost his wife when he was 43, and two sons died in two separate world wars. He was perennially hard up, which is why he had to write so much. Much of the output is sheer hackery. But even when he was writing to order, genius kept peeping through. The book on Paris he published in is still the best popular history of the city in English: Jewishness meant not the rabbi of Galilee but all the forces of materialism. This went far beyond the casual anti-semitism of a John Buchan. For all his vigorous good fellowship, Belloc was a solitary. He refused the Companionship of Honour because of the company he would have to keep. And as the pugilistic outsider, he raised controversy to rare literary heights. He confronted the Protestant-establishment arrogance of the Whig theory of history. Instead he wrote a suggestive and imaginative series of counter-factual histories, which tried to make Catholicism basic to England rather than a minority voice. In his own way - unlike most of the others at that dinner - Belloc was a modernist. He had broken away from the gloomy pantheism of late-Victorian England, and all that Tennysonian moaning. And he also differed sharply from the Bloomsbury cult of personal relations as the key to life. For all the posturing, the bellowing and the hatred, he remains an utterly individual literary presence - one poised between two countries and two worlds. He is the interpreter of the France of his imagination to England as he wished her to be. And he is the romantic poet of rational order, grasped all the more fervently as the 20th-century chaos came beating at his door. Conservative Decline and Fall Topics.