

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW AGE

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[GRATIS.]

REVIEWS.

Marie Antoinette. By H. Belloc. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

Critical biography is fast becoming Mr. Belloc's speciality. First came Danton, then Robespierre, and now comes Marie Antoinette. Apparently Mr. Belloc has observed that the tragedy of Marie may be viewed from two standpoints. The elder Dumas saw it in the somewhat obscured light of national historical romance. Across the pages of his five Marie Antoinette romances there passes the pageant of those highly coloured and very effective events of French history from 1770 to 1793. Flaming pictures of Paris and Versailles are flung on the canvas—pictures of royal births, betrothals, marriages, and violent deaths, of intrigue and insurrection, of comedy and tragedy played by ministers and mistresses, favourites and charlatans, Rohans and Du Barrys and De Pompadours and De Mottes and Cagliostro, the whole culminating in the guillotining of royal heads upon which the curtain is fittingly rung down. Such isolated and partial treatment of the subject, however fascinating, is not scientific and not always true in fact.

A just estimate of the part played by each important actor upon the stage of world-history can only be obtained by a contemplation of the tendencies and influences of which he or she is the representative. Thus to see Marie Antoinette in her true light is to see her not as the heroine of a florid romance, but as the victim of a tragedy of ambitions. Mr. Belloc has sought to represent his heroine in this interesting light, and if he has not altogether succeeded it is because he has stumbled over his own temperament. He has conceived Marie as the victim of Destiny in the Greek sense, but has revealed her as the victim of Destiny in the modern sense. He starts by assuring us that "she suffered a fixed destiny against which the will seemed powerless," and her misfortunes and the final catastrophe were inevitable, whereas they are seen to be result of three or four circumstances—the political ambitions of Kaunitz, the antagonistic psychology of Marie, and the death of de Maurepas—a change in any one of which would have altered the whole trend of affairs.

According to Mr. Belloc's own testimony Marie was always doing the wrong thing, she was self-willed, wild, and red-headed. She refused to listen to Mirabeau; had she done so things would have been different. She was put into power in France by the Austrian court at a most opportune moment, she had influence over the king, who was slow, weak and vacillating, but her influence was mischievous instead of beneficial. In a word she was given a good start but was not suited to carry out the plans of her Austrian advisors who wished to work through her; she had her destiny in her own hands but was too vain to recognise it. This tendency of Mr. Belloc to ascribe the origin and working of a series of human motives apparently to supernatural causes is partly psychological and partly religious. It is explained on the religious side by his strong aversion from Joseph II., whose anti-religious attitude he stigmatises as "despotic atheism," though some would say this monarch was guilty of no more than conceiving an atheism which he was intelligent enough to avow, and thus like Bradlaugh helping on the great cause of intellectual freedom and religious toleration. It means indeed that Mr. Belloc has not learned to dismiss his religious prejudices and to write impartially on history. This apart, Marie

Antoinette is an excellent example of his literary power; in this sense it is a delightful achievement, less affected, less rhapsodical, and perhaps less illogical than its predecessors. Excellent illustrations, maps, and an entire absence of footnotes add to its value.

Chateaubriand and his Court of Women. By Francis Gribble. (Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.)

One of the manifestations of the *entente cordiale* would seem to be an interchange of courtesies by means of historical biography. On the one hand you have Frenchmen draping our national heroes in white; on the other, Englishmen returning the compliment. Working to some extent on these lines Mr. Gribble has produced a fairly successful portrait of Chateaubriand as *littérateur*, politician and inconstant lover. To most the portrait of Chateaubriand as the greatest literary man of his time is familiar. He is well known, too, as a moralist chiefly through his attempt to view Christianity by the light of Nature. But his appearance as moralist will be fresh to many students of history. This aspect is, of course, not a favourable one, seeing that it exposes him to his critics as inconsistent. Still, we may reflect that none of us are really consistent, and in Chateaubriand's day men were less so owing to that sensuous epoch preceding the Revolution. Perhaps the most interesting feature about this book is the clear light it throws on women in politics. We see them helping Chateaubriand to forward his unrealisable political ambitions, and are thus enabled to estimate the important part they might play in this direction given favourable circumstances. Among those who so helped Chateaubriand are Hortense Allar de Meritens, that artist in free-love, and the fascinating Recamier. Thus it will be seen that the Court of Women is mainly interesting from the political side. The book is indeed an interesting epitome in comparatively speaking a few pages of all the events that took place between the Revolution of Louis Seize and that of '48. It saves busy students the bother of ploughing through bulky tomes, and it may be read by the most proper person without a blush. Excellent portraits and a full index complete it.

The Nine Days' Queen. By Richard Davey. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Nine Days' Queen" is, in a sense, a successor to the "Pageant of London." That book, it will be remembered, consisted of "a series of word-pictures of the principal events that have transpired in the Metropolis." Likewise the volume before us consists of a series of pictures of the principal events leading up to and forming the brief tragedy of Lady Jane Grey. Mr. Davey's avowed object has been "to interest the reader in the tragic story of Lady Jane Grey rather from the personal than the political point of view," and to give "an account of the extraordinary men and women who surrounded her, and who used her as a tool for their ambitions." Accordingly, he avoids the usual device of treating her usurpation and its catastrophe as "an isolated phenomenon," and reveals her accession as the central motive of four conspiracies. The statement in Major Hume's introduction that Jane became the victim of Northumberland's ambition not through the prevailing Protestant or Catholic tendencies, but on account of the unpopularity of Northumberland's policy, becomes doubtful when we recollect that the central event of the sixteenth century was the divorce from Rome, and the beginning of

that world-shattering struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism. It is this religious element that has filled the world of historical biography with vindicators and detractors divided on the merits of the actors in and about the House of Tudor at this period. The difficulty of writing fairly and impartially of all these characters is a great one, and is illustrated to some extent by Mr. Davey himself. His prejudiced historical verdict on Henry VIII. needs revising, and the part Henry played in religion and international politics should be studied on broader and more convincing lines. Upon the whole, Mr. Davey has produced a well-written book of information to which the many careful reproductions add value. His practice of encumbering every page with long references to authority is inexcusably bad.

The Haven. By Eden Phillpotts. (John Murray. 6s.)

To a writer with an inclination towards reform, one of the keenest pangs of life must arise from the fact that his literary work rarely, if ever, reaches those persons to whom progressive ideas would be most useful. Such a book as "The Haven" might work wonders in the fishing village of Brixham, but we may be sure, unhappily, that just there its circulation will be inconsiderable. Mr. Phillpotts is very happy in this delineation of coast and harbour life. The book is scented with the sea and the fresh breeze and cliff flowers. Here is a picture: "He brought up seaweed from the olive-green and amber masses ranged by the tide along grey beaches below." And this: "While yet the story burnt red along the purple haze of earth, a thin mist crept over their path where it crossed green meadows in a cromb. Beyond these rose Berry Farm and its elm trees all dark against the ruddy sky." Of such glimpses across the land and the sea there are literally hundreds in "The Haven." It is difficult to choose that which we like best or know familiarly.

The story entwines about three living generations of the fisher family named Major. John Major, the elder, is a God-fearing fisherman whose honesty and occasional tiresomeness the author draws in admirable detail. Ned, his son, hates the sea, abandons his calling of fisherman and goes to the land. Little Johnny Broken-shire, the son of John Major's daughter, grows old enough while the story lasts to fulfil the great desire of his grandfather's heart and sail in the old boat, the "Jack and Lydia." The main theme of the book is Ned's struggle to please his father in the matter of following the sea. It does not seem to promise a greatly absorbing interest; but the details are so perfectly set that the reader is drawn to follow developments very closely.

Not all of the minor characters are true to life, or are even very skilfully invented. The women are the least acceptable. Neither the weeping lone widow-sister of John Major, who feebly reminds us of the weeping lone widow relative of Mr. Peggotty in "David Copperfield"; nor Deborah Honeywill, the farmer's daughter whom Ned married, has a scrap of real life in her. Both come very near being gross caricatures. Mrs. Honeywill, a gently-nagging creature, is better done; and doubtless there do exist such dishonourable wives as Lydia, who piously consent to receive the embraces of a very unfaithful but fascinating husband; but such as she are surely vanishing even in actual life, and certainly ought to have disappeared long ago from the books of able and idealistic writers. Personally, we think the psychology is all very wrong here. Lydia Major, so honest and independent as a girl, was hardly likely to make the type of wife who endures all indignities for the sake of keeping her home together.

Sam Brokenshire, the handsome, poaching, rowing, vow-breaking but truly honest husband of Lydia remains interesting from first to last; and so does his friend the vagabond Socialist, Dick Varwell, a creature of inebriety and wit. If we have never met these types that is our misfortune; they seem very probable. The value of "The Haven" rests ultimately in its wonderful descriptive passages; yet the dramatic parts are calmly and tellingly interwoven. We think Deborah's fatal fall over a cliff not quite convincing, but the tragedy

serves to introduce Ned's unexpected, yet most natural, return to the sea which he once hated from the land which once he loved.

Masques and Phases. By Robert Ross. (A. L. Humphreys. 5s. net.)

"Masques and Phases" consists of a dedication and twenty-four short essays on painters, poets, and pretenders. With regard to his manner we may let the author speak. Says Mr. Ross, "there are essays in my book cast in the form of fiction; criticism cast in the form of parody; and a vein of high seriousness sufficiently obvious, I hope, behind the masques and phases of my jesting." Having in view the "vein of high seriousness" with regard to his matter, especially that on Art, we have some questions to put. Does Mr. Ross really believe that "Whistler was profoundly affected by Rossetti"? and, if so, where does he show this influence?; or that Simeon Solomon was also profoundly affected? instead of being one of a group of remarkable workers all in a state of movement and all equally influencing each other. Is he quite serious when he speaks of the "unskilful Whistler"? Can he deny that Whistler was not only the essence of skill, but in every way the equal of the "more accomplished Manet"? Where is his authority for saying that the Boer school—meaning, no doubt, the minute Dutch masters, those painfully patient painters who worked in hermetically sealed rooms and seemed to have the power of transforming mobility, or life, to immobility—"were the greatest technicians who ever lived"? Are we to understand that the technique of Degas is not just as wonderful as that of Mieris or David Heem? Then does he believe that "Degas finds beauty only in brasseries, in the vulgar circus and in the ghastly wings of the opera," and not artist-like in everything around him? That "inspirations of the artist are far removed from his surroundings, and the true artist is not inspired by everything about him"? That "Millet would have painted peasants had he been born and spent his days in the centre of New York, and not the humble toilers of that vast brick cemetery? That "the colour of Solomon is *much* finer than that of Gustave Moreau"? Again does he mean seriously that Sargeant is the peer of Gainsborough? What, too, are we to make of the statement "with one exception I never saw finer Wilson Steers; the 'Sunset' might well be hung beside the new Turners, when the gulf between ancient and modern art would be almost imperceptible"? That Steer may be favourably compared with Turner we agree, but when we come to the gulf between ancient and modern art, there is more room for criticism.

These and many more questions arise from Mr. Ross's habit of flinging down statements without proof. It is a suicidal habit not to be encouraged. If a statement is worth making, it is worth making well-supported. If, as Mr. Ross maintains, "Rossetti is one of the greatest painters of the 19th century" then we should like to have his reasons for making the statement; as such a statement without proof is valueless. For the rest the book is, as already indicated, in lighter vein. All essays are felicitously written. The author writes wittily and easily about contemporary men and matters. The result is the book is excellent reading, and one not without strange and disputable elements.

The Religion of H. G. Wells. And other Essays. By A. H. Craufurd. (Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

Perhaps the most interesting essay in this book is the last, "Thoughts on the 'Scarlet Letter.'" The "Scarlet Letter" is an excellent book for a churchman to study for the purpose of imbibing noble principles and at the same time learning compassion for a victim of a harsh and intolerant spirit such as characterised the Early Puritans of Massachusetts. Not so much may be said for "The Religion of Mr. Wells" with which the book opens. Its curious effect on Mr. Craufurd is seen in the suggestion that Mr. Wells is a sort of ethical Mark Tapley, who is far more useful than any dismal, though well-meaning, Job Trotter (20). This, together with the author's trick of foisting his book on an

unsuspecting public, on an exposition of the religious organisation of an over-boomed author, would seem to suggest that the study of Mr. Wells' religion for the purpose of imbibing noble principles is questionable.

Eddyism, miscalled "Christian Science." By Frank Ballard. (Culley. 1s.)

Not long ago we had before us a remarkable book by a physician exposing Christian Science before Science, from the medical standpoint. According to this writer, to let Christian Science loose on Society is like letting the Plague of the Middle-Ages loose; no-one could possibly benefit but the undertaker. Now we have Eddyism exposed before Christian Science, from the determinist standpoint. Says Mr. Ballard, "the treatment of the Bible in the Eddyist Textbook is childish, irrational, and intolerable," and "the adoption of the name Christian Science is nothing less than a shameless impertinence." He then proceeds to prove his case in chapters on "Eddyism not Christian," "Eddyism not Science," "Eddyism contrary to Social Philosophy," and this in his usual pros.-and-cons. manner. Thus it will be seen that the book approaches Eddyism from all points. It is a closely-reasoned piece of argument, which angry Eddyites will not be able to dispose of with the well-known cry of "a vulgar torrent of abuse unsupported by any evidence."

Beggars. By W. H. Davies. (Duckworth. 6s.)

The utter lack of respect shown here for us who are not Beggars makes us feel anxious. Have we, perhaps, omitted to know the Great Life while pursuing our miserable little role of being begged from? Certainly, we must have missed some glorious moments. We never were in a beggar's camp in Texas. We never knew Brum or Winzy, those witty expositors of Mr. Slim—no true beggar, he! We were never on the toe be, pattering or griddling for sixteen farthings for our feather and a little shackles. Had we at any time a lay were it pricks or glims or rakes or smuts? Ho, never! We merely kipped in the kennel where the travellers called for scrand. Mr. Davies bullies us into tears in this language. But it's too late now. We should only be failures if we left all and followed him at this time of day. We should be known at once for fresh cats! You have to start young to live that down. A most alluring and instructive manual. But—too late!

William Hogarth. By Edward Hutton. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

The chief fault of this publication is that some of the interesting plates—notably the Marriage à la Mode series—have been reduced too small. In consequence many of the significant details such as are contained in the pictures on the walls, of which Hogarth's pictures are so full, and which all have their value, are lost. This is particularly noticeable in the "Orgies" of the "Rake's Progress," a very crowded canvas. Furthermore, the text of the work displays a curious estimate of Hogarth both as artist and moralist. This estimate is due to a confusion in the author's mind between his own age and that of Hogarth's. Thus he brings Hogarth to London of to-day as it were, and accuses him of telling lies about our social life. He maintains (9) that "the Rake does not end in the madhouse," but becomes a respectable parent and householder. Well, perhaps he does so to-day, since medical science has advanced sufficiently to enable him to ward off the consequences of the indiscretions of a fearful youth. But in Hogarth's day it was different, and if Mr. Hutton will but study the picture of the "The Quack Doctor" he will realise this fact. Then, medicine and hygiene were in a fairly rudimentary state, and venereal disease was a thousandfold more deadly. Equally wild is the statement that Hogarth's artistic success has only been realised in our day, seeing that he was tremendously praised especially by Thackeray; that he took a hard and narrow view of life (10), seeing that the pictures before us discover a broad view of contemporary life in all its manifold phases; that the comparative failure of "The Rake's Progress" proves in a

way it is not true to life (31), seeing that the enormous sale of "The Harlot's Progress" was due to its sexual attraction. For the rest the portraits and full-page plates are excellent and full of colour, and the illustrations on the whole are fully representative of Hogarth's wonderful art. It was wise to include the "Heart of Guiscard," for though it is very clever it reveals how much Hogarth was out of his element when trying classical work. Other volumes are promised on Degas, Delacroix, and Rodin. We shall await them with pleasure.

George Meredith. Some Early Appreciations. (Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.)

This is a collection of 23 early reviews of Meredith's works of which the chief interest centres in the favourable nature of the notices. W. M. Rossetti and C. Kingsley, reviewing in 1851 the first appearance of the poems, hailed the book as of great promise. Both quoted "Love in the Valley," and both noticed the points of contact between these verses and Keats's. George Eliot (1856) writes: "The Shaving of Shagpat is a work of genius, and of poetical genius." The "Times" (1859) thus commences a criticism of "Richard Feverel": "The writer of an extraordinary novel must expect more than ordinarily strict criticism." We think, indeed, that had Meredith paid some attention to the real criticisms of his earlier novels, his later work would not have been marred by extravagances and artificialities. This collection was worth reprinting, but it should be sold at 1s. or so.

Some Enchanters of Men. By Ethel Colburne Mayne. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

Miss Mayne's style reminds us of Meredith's, with occasional lapses into Carlyle, but even in that uncouth idiom her narrative never ceases to be sprightly and entertaining. She has a keen sense of humour, moreover, and we suspect her of seeing more deeply into the problems of sex than she thinks fit to let us know. She has been careful to select for her studies foreign ladies only, observing, slyly, that that makes such a difference. As studies of periods, characters and temperaments, the sketches are quite admirable, though at times breathlessly hurried; as an historian, Miss Mayne is not above reproach. It is hardly fair to say that Berryer betrayed the Duchesse de Berry. Speaking, too, of Lola Montez, our writer remarks that Albert Vandam "met her in Paris . . . and kept his head." This was not surprising, as Vandam was at that time only three years of age. In spite of these slips, we wish that all books of historical biography were half as well written or informed as this one.

The First Round. By St. John Lucas. (Methuen. 6s.)

If the immoral dogma of self-sacrifice is hurried past, we have only praise for this book. Youth does not sin, nor does it sacrifice itself. We are glad the hero is abruptly concluded so soon as he begins to be so wickedly good as to go back home. There are some delightful people in the story, and their deaths and misfortunes do not convince us a bit. Surely Mr. Duroy never fell down a cliff even in that gloriously heroic manner! But this is not a book to be flippant about. It is good straight life for the greater part, and the chapters concerning the boys' school are first-rate. That the witty nephew of Mr. Duroy should finally disclose a streak of the blackguard when faced with a conventional situation and denounce his fair cousin for following her own will and the man she loved and pitied in preference to himself, is a thing we deplore but recognise as very likely. The pages are packed with people and yet we remember them all. Dr. Yorke, the bitter and finally sentimental father of the hero, and Miss Amory, the sentimental and finally bitter confidant of the heroine, are very well done. Topsy, however, a Trilbyesque model, we do not believe in—at least, not invariably. But against this trifling minor character we must set the excellent portrayal of Denis Yorke's doings during his first round of life, and the delicate way in which Mr. Lucas suggests the character of Rosalind Duroy, without committing the folly of attempting to dissect her woman's heart.

Six Oxford Thinkers. By Algernon Cecil. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Cecil is a person of literary parts who writes like a Tory professor and reasons like a Catholic priest. Thus in his attempt to examine a chain of ideas "which exercised a profound influence upon the nineteenth century," he exhibits a strong bias in favour of Catholicism throughout. To begin with, he finds nothing startlingly wrong with Gibbon except that he affects a sane and healthy scepticism. He accuses him of being a blind and biassed sceptic in ascribing the ruin of Rome to Christianity. Yet he proves himself equally blind and biassed by ascribing the fall of Rome to Socialism. Thus, too, he repeats Gibbon's error of narrowing the decline of the Roman Empire down to one cause, whereas it was due to many causes; for instance, to corruption, to the revolutionary tactics of that German gladiator Spartacus, to whom Racine makes one of his royal personages refer, and so forth. He might as well tell us that the fall of the Spanish Empire was due to one cause, to Catholicism, or to the defeat of the Armada, or to the discovery of America by Columbus, or to the prevalence of earthquakes. Mr. Cecil does not like Gibbon's scepticism, and it is difficult to see why he associates him with Oxford at all, seeing that Gibbon damned that University by declaring that its chief effect on him was to demoralise him. W. E. A.'s please note. The author has nothing but praise for Newman, who occupied the Tractarian position and went over to Rome. He exalts his Catholicism but neglects his scepticism, although the latter was quite as pronounced as that of Manning. Possibly it is for this reason that the Catholicism of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," as interpreted by Elgar, is so different from that of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," which in turn widely differs from the Catholic spirit of Berlioz's "L'Enfant de Christ." Third on the list comes Church, who appears to have been the bright particular star of the Oxford movement, and when Catholicism was of the most treachery kind. Him, Mr. Cecil designates as saint. Froude, who represents the counter-reformation movement, is disposed of something after the manner of a promising preacher lost. Mr. Cecil hardly mentions the early scepticism of this pupil of Carlyle, and hastens to ascribe his relapse into Protestantism to a romantic disposition and a sixteenth-century habit of thought. Of the true inwardness of Froude's hero-worshipping history of the Reformation he appears to know nothing, but of its flashy rhetoric he has the highest opinion. As Paley happened to be of an æsthetic turn of mind, it is easy to credit him with Catholicism in the widest sense—the Catholicism of "Shakespeare and Goethe." (The works of Shakespeare, it may be remembered, are a monument of irreligion.) But we are not sure that Paley deserves to be termed the aftermath of the Oxford Catholic movement. This is praise of a doubtful kind. As to Lord Morley, who concludes the author's chain of ideas, so to speak, being too pronounced a deist of the Voltaire-Rousseau sort, there is nothing left to the author but to discredit the Encyclopædists by whom Morley was influenced. This he accomplishes by accusing them of letting their reason run riot. The truth is they did nothing of the kind, but examined all things in the light of reason. Our advice to Mr. Cecil is that a little reasoning of the same sort in his own works would be of more value to the community just now than a whole library full of badly reasoned essays, even though, in other directions, these essays are in a large measure praiseworthy. Our conclusion is that "Six Oxford Thinkers" is an excellent example, not of the thinker's, but of the publisher's art.

Darwinism and Modern Socialism. By F. W. Headley. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

We regret to inform Mr. Headley that his book is much ado about nothing. Ever since the discovery made by Huxley in his Romanes lecture of the difference between Natural Right, meaning the right of power, and Acquired Rights, the privileges conferred on the individual by society, Socialists have been content to take their stand on the conception of law underlying present-day society. It is an entire mistake to suppose

that Socialism proposes to abrogate Natural Selection for the first time in human society. Human Society was actually constituted on the abrogation of Natural Selection, and is maintained by its continued suspensions. We do not say this is, when looked at from the standpoint of evolution, a good thing. On the contrary, we maintain that on the whole it has serious disadvantages. Actually, Socialism aims to re-establish in part the natural law of selection by abolishing many of the privileges, called rights, bestowed as a free gift by society on persons and classes unable of their own effort to win them.

Hence, when Mr. Headley claims that the solution of the modern problem is more individualism, we are with him. When, however, he fails to see that the abolition of unearned income, which is Socialism, is the first step to more individualism, we only shrug our shoulders and put down his book.

The Column of Dust. By Evelyn Underhill. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

This is a queer tale of a woman who believed a certain invisible "watcher" came out of the spirit world to advise her and incidentally—or is it primarily? to satisfy an "unquenchable curiosity." The difficulty about realising such a conception is that the reader is bound to smile under first shock at the creature's command of the English language, though, doubtless, we are meant to understand that the watcher merely thought into the brain of its physical victim. There is an amusing picture of a group of Higher Thought persons, but a totally unreal development when the heroine is thrown out of a pony-trap into an acquaintance with a strange mystic of the mountains. A bad child, who turns out to be the illegitimate offspring of the heroine's lust for "real life," under which passion she embraces a stranger, is altogether too bad for a romantic novel. The secret of her parentage is well kept from the reader until the end of the book. The manner of her mother's confession rather stamps a suspicion that the woman who goes hunting to get a child usually does so in a fit of sensuality.

In Unknown Tuscany. By Edward Hutton. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Edward Hutton is a temperamental writer, and in this story of the "adventures of his soul among . . . mountains" (the mountains of unknown Tuscany), he fully realises his responsive personality, exploits it, if we may use a vulgar expression, for all it is worth. In his preface he frankly tells us what he owes to the historical knowledge of Mr. Heywood; we are not quite convinced that his debt is as great as he thinks. The hard outlines of history are not always in keeping with the softness of the rest of his pictures; he is trying to be picturesque and accurate at the same time, and sometimes the strain is a little too apparent. We liked him better by himself, and with the success of his earlier works to encourage him, we wonder that he thought to add to his reputation by this experiment. We must admit, though, that, in this case, the matter he had to draw upon was scanty, and Tuscany is not an inexhaustible treasure store of legends, pictures, works of art, and stories of great men and deeds like the rest of Italy. The illustrations are delicate and delightful, those of Mr. O. F. M. Ward and the reproductions of the Della Robbias alike. We can imagine travelling very happily through the rosy slopes of Mont Amiata with this beautiful guide-book beside us, for not only should we have our facts, but our impressions ready.

The Gift of St. Anthony. By Charles Granville. (Daniel. 6s.)

In this quiet but moving tragedy of little Germaine, the adolescent, and Ivan, the musician political refugee, Mr. Granville continues his aim of exposing the fabric of civilisation in all its horrors and of showing its cruelty to the worker and the fighter for freedom. Socialism, the emancipation of Russia and of women, are boldly advocated, and the difference between Russian barbarism and English civilisation reduced to an equal system of social and political murder. Mr. Granville's story does not call for much comment.