In reviewing the work of Count Leo Tolstoy, Matthew Arnold observed a difference in spirit between the Russian and American nations. Both nations full of life, "but young and newly in contact with an old and powerful civilisation"; in both "sensitiveness and self-consciousness have been prompt to appear." We cannot reproduce here the whole passage in which, however, Arnold discourses the American assuaging his sensitive and busy self-consciousness by accounting for himself as Nature's improvement on the rest of mankind, while the Russian finds relief to his sensitiveness in letting his perceptions, however simple and childlike, have perfectly free play.

The negro race, young, full of life, but inexperienced in the ways of civilisation, is in temperament akin to the Russian. In the "Story of the Negro" we may discern how African sensitiveness and self-consciousness suffer by contact with, by the necessity of progressing timidly under the domination of a nation stronger, yet very nearly as inexperienced as itself, and blessed with the notion that at its birth a new range of promise opened on the human race, and a brighter, fairer, more highly organised type of mankind came into being. Yet, this necessity for timidity, for self-restraint, may not ill-servce the negro. At present, even, it is perhaps more painful for us to observe the signs of repression than for the negro himself to endure repression. It is painful to us to find the quality of pathos in the very vocabulary which such a man as Mr. Washington never wittingly draws such a conclusion.

When the hospital physicians failed to cure the son of a negro, apparently sound and well. That he was like. . . . If no restriction had been put upon negro education I doubt whether such tremendous progress in education would have been made. Here are various pages describing the early societies into which the negroes formed themselves under such titles as "The Knights of Liberty, Knight and Daughters of Tabor, The Seven Wise Men, The Order of Galilean Fishermen," etc. It is interesting to learn that the first woman physician ever licensed to practice in Alabama was a negro, Dr. Sadie Dillon. "Two hundred negro newspapers are now published in the United States." Chapters deal with the negro in business, negro banks, communities and homes, and social work. The section on negro poetry, music, and art comes nearing again to the inner spirit of the race, that "but young and newly in contact with an old and powerful civilisation". We remember, however, reading, while in America, a hauntingly terrible poem by Dunbar, in which the negro race was compared to "Driftwood." We have hard problems, it is true, but instead of despairing in the face of difficulties we should, as a race, thank God that we have them.

The Stone Ezel. By C. L. Antrobus. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Since the day when the "Daily Telegraph," in one brief but ever to be treasured sentence, compared the author of the "Sorrows of Satan" with Juvenal, Swift, and Pope, we have always been on the look out for a
second judgment worthy to be pasted below that first one in our album of golden criticisms. All the world is aware that there has never been a really worthy second; but signs are appearing that a renascence of handson fame may be expected. The darkest hour was lightened when Mr. James Douglas told Mr. Dick that his work was the only thing on earth since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the "Story of an African Farm." And now we find that two papers already have hailed Mrs. Anstrobus as the successor of George Eliot. We are elated by the discovery instantly we took down "Adam Bede" from the shelf and read a chapter or two so that we might better appreciate the comparison made by our esteemed correspondent. Mr. Anstrobus—well, Mr. Ezel!—settled down for a joyful hour. At the third page, after we had dutifully learned the geography of Wildersmoor, we felt a little aggrieved to find the author insisting upon us knowing the life of an old inhabitant who was not, however, an antique. We had nothing to do with the present story. That method of art did not remind us of George Eliot. But we hurried on, and were introduced to Mrs. Anstrobus' hero, one Richard Adye, a young painter. At dawn he was loitering about the door of his sweetheart's cottage. An old peasant approached. "Yo' re up betimes, sir." "Such a morning would fetch anybody out of bed," replied Dick, gaily, pulling out a sketch book. "Can you stand just as you are for five minutes? I should like to draw you." And that old man looked gratified! The poor old thing has to do it really to provide Mrs. Anstrobus with a mouthpiece for the history of the Adye family, which she wants us to learn next; though why Richard Adye should require to learn his own family history from a peasant—well, gracious knows. Evidently we were not going to find resemblance anyway in dramatic power or constructive ingenuity between our author and George Eliot. We passed to the dialogue between Richard's love affairs and his sacred domestic. We were given to understand from the outset that we are not listening to ignoramuses. Among the classical allusions these two precious children get off under the trees we hear of El Greco, Pan, the Grecian in gowns, and the ancient Britons. As if this were not solid enough they wake up a neighbour, who mentions through his window the Golden Age, Arcadia, Sybarites, Zenith, and Nadir. That afternoon Petronilla has a tea party. Subjects of conversation are the Golden Age, Arcadia, Sybarites, Zenith, and Nadir. After dinner: Leonardo, Carpicco, Gulbers, Tamerlane, the Philosopher's Stone, Hamlet, the Unseen, the Boryshorenes, Francis the First, Titian, Clouet, Saturns, the Stars, and as a parting shot Adye recites, "Therefore awake me not; speak low, speak low!"

If this account is not believed to be correct, anybody may buy the volume for six shillings and verify for himself. But, spirit of George Eliot! We repressed the something in ourselves which made for the wastepaper basket and began on a chapter peopled by rustics. And we thought that perhaps herein we might discover the alleged resemblance. We know our newspapers' method of comparison, and we said to ourselves: "George Eliot wrote about country people, and Mrs. Anstrobus is also a woman!" Alas! These rustics of Wildersmoor are cheap rustics, regular imitations of their betters. They have apparently one educational advantage. They seem happier, but they are not given to the silly conceits of the Adye group. In the village pub these would raise a laugh, but scarcely a polite laugh. These rustics are occasionally funny, and then they do not know that they are funny. Still, they are a vastly different folk from Mrs. Poyser and her community. For one thing they all talk conveniently about whatever subject is uppermost in the mind of Mrs. Antibus; and since she must mention a few more subjects of learning, her characters alude to Ahab, the Pool of Samaria, the Garden of Eden.

The plot turns upon the murder of an ancestress of Dick and Petronilla by her husband, beside the Stone Ezel. This blood has to be "paid for." Mrs. Anstrobus sacrifices Dick. There is excellent material here for showing how blood split among relations, according to ancient superstition, works back to revenge through the family line. But Mrs. Antibus drag an ordinary diamond thief to slay Dick with a drudgery. It is, to say the least, not very romantic. The author revenges herself upon this thief, who is a half-caste, by vilifying all coloured people. "Wallis waited and schemed with the most ingratitude of the colo\n
The Principles of Religious Development. By George Galloway. (Macmillan. 10s.)

Dr. Galloway belongs to the new school of idealism or psychology—a school that seeks to put religion above ethics and to carry religious experience beyond thought into the somewhat vague realm of will and feeling. In his previous volume, "Studies in the Philosophy of Religion," Dr. Galloway appeared mapping out a philosophy of religion as conscientious as it was modern, and saying a new word on the subject which distinctly set it in the new age. This "endavour," it may be remembered, was the learned doctor beyond Hegelianism, and discovered him disparaging intellect as a final test of experience. Therein he appeared as an idealist, supporting the pluralism of Leibnitz, and championing of the new "vocation" as a word, the passing to mysticism. The difficulty of such a passage is obvious. Rationalism has fairly undermined the unshaped religious emotionalism of the past; and to exalt the new idealism in its place demands that the latter shall be based on foundations secure from the inquisitive and powerful attack of reason. Thus it is evident that the new idealism must be definitely expressed, as everything would depend on the definition of those terms. Such an idealism has become associated in the human mind. The value of its status is not to be proved by mere juggling of words, but by an unambiguous and reason-proof terminology. In short, the new idealistic conception of religion to be effective, demands a new terminology, symbols, as it were. Too few persons recognise that we are thinking in different terms from the people of
SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW AGE

the Middle Ages, and that old terms retain their old meanings, and cannot be imported into a new idealistic movement without affecting even its soundest arguments. Dr. Galloway does not fully recognise this tyranny of words. That he is partly conscious of his dunciad from first to last in his opening chapter, where he plunges us into questions of philology in an endeavour to discard the idea of history in development. That he is not altogether aware of it is shown in his section, "a lurid old testament", wherein an interesting excursion into metaphysics in a speculative theory of the ground of experience. Here we have the stock-in-trade of the early metaphysicians trotted out for us to throw brick-bats at. Faith, Spirit, the Divine Mind, Eternal Consciousness, Good, Evil, Reality, arrange themselves like so many Aunt Sallies. But what do these terms really stand for? If, as we are told, God is the Perfect Good, what then does good mean? The conception of good varies with the age. Good to-day is evil in another. Again, each mind has its own conception of good. Therefore there are as many conceptions of good as there are individuals. Consequently, there must be millions of Gods. In view of this confusion of thought set up by the word good, it is not unreasonable to ask Dr. Galloway to give us a new word or symbol signifying good in the modern sense, other than his compromise to compromise with the science to reach Heaven on the wings of psycho-metaphysics will only seem unreasoning and unreasonable wisdom.

For the rest, the author who is neither Hegelian pantheism, nor yet an alienative agnosticism, has covered a wide field of argumentation.

The Children's Story of Westminster Abbey.

By G. G. Troutbeck. (Mills and Boon, 5s.)

The object of this volume is to give children a pleasantly instructive manner an idea of the larger outlines of British history. We cannot unreservedly agree with the author's generalisation that in Westminster Abbey we "clearly can see a kind of expression of all that is best in our national character." We are inclined rather to say that in Westminster Abbey and its monuments to good, bad and indifferent kings, good, bad and indifferent poets, soldiers, and politicians, we can discern the expression of all that is best, most glaring evidence of that lack of native taste which mars the judgment of the English people, and makes them turn from the canons of the apostles of culture from some incomprehensible source. We are inclined to blame the architect for giving us so much space to details of murder and execution in a book intended for children while Milton is dismissed in a few lines; but herein he is only following the detestable example of another writer, and it is wonderful that we can so few more fearful and wonderful calculations lead Mr. Ireson to the pleasant conclusion that the average income of the working class family (excluding the submerged and semi-submerged) is £142 per annum, or, in other words, that "the Artisan Class by itself forms 65 per cent of the population and enjoys 60 per cent of the income spent; so that its share of the country's expenditure is very nearly in proportion to its numbers."

But there is a disarming naivety about Mr. Ireson, and we would not be captious. Thus, when he says that the savings of the Artisan Class are variously estimated from two millions to six millions and adds that "for several reasons, which need not be detailed, the latter figure is here adopted," one cannot but admit that he is right; that his reasons need no detailing.

One delightful paragraph deserves to be put on record. "Imagine," writes Mr. Ireson, "what would happen in a Socialist cricket club where the best batsmen had most of their runs taken from them for addition to the score of the worst batsmen in the team. Can any sane person seriously believe that in such circumstances the best batsmen would care to bow out of cricket?" A man who dares to use such an analogy must surely be another of these Ecksteins. He cannot even have played English cricket.

This takes us to Chapter VII. There are twenty-two chapters in all, but we cannot take our readers further than we have penetrated ourselves into the mysteries of Mr. Ireson's finance. Those whose interest has been quickened can buy this book for half-a-crown. But we do not recommend it; for, after all, these estimates and counter-estimates are rather futile. When all's said and done, the indisputable facts of festering poverty on the one hand and of excessive unearned wealth on the other remain; and with them all the justification that Socialism needs.

anxious to inculcate. If these lessons could be inculcated into young children, and the sanguinary horrors of history not disclosed until later years, people would receive the ideas of execution and torture with that shock of association proper to such barbaries, whereas now your baby of eight prattles of Henry VIII.'s six wives, and knows the title of "Bloody Mary. Our judgment informs us that something is wrong with our way of teaching history to infants, but our taste leaves us bewildered as to what the "something" is. It would seem not less than wasteful to many persons to suggest that they deliberately eliminate from the tale of merrie England most of the deeds of Henry VIII., Richard III., and Mary—no to the glorious Kings of Elizabeth and Henry V. Is not Fox's "Book of Martyrs" the Sunday food of thousands of Nonconformist youth?

The People's Progress. By Frank Ireson, B.A. (John Murray, 2s. 6d.)

This is an anti-socialist book written by a member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and it is the original intention of Mr. Ireson to compromise with science and the expression of all that is best in our national character. We are inclined to assume that the bulk of this amount (i.e., the fifty millions annually spent out of rates and taxes on poor relief, education, and public health) is in one form or another given by the Classes to the Classes. And that Mr. Ireson, B.A., subtracts £50,000,000 from the income of "the Classes" and adds it to the income of "the Masses." A few more fearful and wonderful calculations lead Mr. Ireson to the pleasant conclusion that the average income of the working class family (excluding the submerged and semi-submerged) is £142 per annum, or, in other words, that "the Artisan Class by itself forms 65 per cent of the population and enjoys 60 per cent of the income spent; so that its share of the country's expenditure is very nearly in proportion to its numbers."

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Cousin Hugh. By Theo Douglas. (Mitheun. 6s.)

Theo Douglas shows a respect, almost unique among romancers, for the stricture science of psychology. Psychology is always of late development in nations. Our scientists have scarcely regarded it as yet, and therefore anyone who chooses may, with small fear of ridicule, advance opinions as if they were truths. And so they do! Your average novelist will cheerfully undertake to imagine you the psychology of characters of chivalry. Anyone may sympathize with mothers of young girls; and women see nothing prodigious in their own pretensions to analyse the passion of a man. The good taste of Theo Douglas preserves her from any such charlatancy. Her novel is full of the true matter of life, and she is not ungracious still to be a little dissatisfied. Yet we must necessary for Hugh to pursue Cyril Leys for a supposed

The work has been translated from the sixth German edition by Joseph Skelton, the able master of Beaumont College. In an introductory preface to the translation Mr. F. King, S.J., writes, in a note on the English method of studying the classics: "The training has just fallen short of that which would have given the student a foundation which could have been thus inadequately trained, whose education has been confined to the consideration of "philological questions," the present volume should prove stimulating in a high degree. We cannot do better than undertake to imagine you the psychology of scores of Alice North, a friend of Adrienne's. We are resigned to the high interest of this episode of Adrienne's duty-bound personality because she gossips about the people who really interest us. Alice is faithfulness, and her few acts affect the drama scarcely at all. He is the betrothed lover of Adrienne; but "Love will not be bound in limits of our breath." Not for worlds would we destroy by too much explanation the grand storm scene should be presented, not for the public.

The exceedingly clear method of this volume indicates its author's sure grip upon the principles of the comparative science. It will be an invaluable guide and friend to those who, possessing the natural gift and tendency which FrankParson declares to have, unhappily, not the time first to search out for themselves and subsequently to study the methods of the great orators of classic times.

The Individual and Reality. By E. O. Fawcett. (Longmans. 2s. 6d.)

Professor William James is an excellent author for a young man to study for the purpose of knowing something about pragmatism (whatever that may be worth), but not for that of imbibing metaphysics. We must therefore point out for Mr. Fawcett's special benefit that he has not done wisely in starting his work with a testimonial from the American professor. "The work," the author tells us, "is just an essay on some disputed first principles, and has no pretension to be called a treatise." Mr. Fawcett has two chapters on the metaphysics of the future. "The train of thought in a high degree. We cannot do better than undertake to imagine you the psychology of scores of Alice North, a friend of Adrienne's. We are resigned to the high interest of this episode of Adrienne's duty-bound personality because she gossips about the people who really interest us. Alice is faithfulness, and her few acts affect the drama scarcely at all. He is the betrothed lover of Adrienne; but "Love will not be bound in limits of our breath." Not for worlds would we destroy by too much explanation the grand storm scene should be presented, not for the public.

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the riddle as he presented it, unsolved and incomprehensible. He presents us with what he terms a "mother stuff." He speaks of a neutrum, and here he is speaking as he possibly can to the truth of feeling. He doubtless means a neutrum of feeling the riddle as he presented it, unsolved and incomprehensible. He presents us with what he terms the neutrum of feeling from whence springs the entire experience of an individual. As a mental exercise the book is stimulating.

**India under Ripon:** A Private Diary. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. net.)

Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt has a long record of good work on behalf of the nationalities of the East. Not the least of his many services is the publication of the diaries of his experiences in Egypt and India. The first part of his diary has already been published under the title of "Secret History of the English Occupation in Egypt." The volume before us deals with his tour in India during the late Lord Ripon's Viceroyalty. Mr. Blunt's allegations concerning the treatment of the cultured Indian by the snobbery of "the white feather world," as a well-known Indian once described Simla society, have been challenged, or laughed at. Yet, a comparison of differing types of books, written by men of alien temperament and hostile ideals ("India Under Ripon," by Mr. Blunt, and Mr. Keir Hardie's "India"), reveals a startling similarity of facts seen and recorded, which is worth a tale of mere denunciation, as well as Indian indignation by Anglo-Indian retired officials. Under date of Dec. 9, 1885, there comes the entry in Mr. Blunt's diary:—

*The schoolmaster called again. He asked me what the Mohammedans ought to do to better their condition. Every year they were becoming poorer in India. The Government, he said, ruined them where they had land with taxes, and they had no employment in the towns.*

Mr. Blunt's scheme of reform is being partially carried out. In 1885 he urged:—

*I should like, therefore, to see each province of India entirely self-managed as regards all civil matters, raising its own revenue in its own way, and spending it on such education, internal order, public works, and administration of all kinds, and controlled by the constant supervision of its own provincial assembly.*

Local home-rule, combined with the Imperial administration of the army, the diplomatic relations, the debt, and the customs, were Mr. Blunt's recommendations as written down in the eighties. It is a scheme of Indian devolution; and Lord Minto's proposals, to some extent, follow the paths sketched out by Mr. Blunt.

The interested opposition to genuine reform in India takes various forms. Mr. Blunt has summarised the conflicting elements in his book. The interests of the Anglo-Indians stand stoutly in our way, and the interests of an ever more hungry commerce and an ever more pitless finance. Commerce and finance have gained so much in the present system that they would not give up even the advantage they have appeared before India can hope to live, and to stop suddenly the career of Indian extravagance would injure trade in many a north of England town. Debt in India, unfortunately, means dividends in Lombard Street.

Such is the seamy side of Lancashire's devotion to the cause of Free Trade!

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's book is the most fascinating political work of the day. He is one of the few men who have something of vital importance to say, and the courage to say it.

**William Shakespeare and Timothy Bright.**

By Matthias Levy. (Geo. Barber, Furnival Press. Is.)

This learned pamphlet discusses the suggested relationship between the short writing system invented by Timothy Bright and the plays of Shakespeare. Some French and German writers have asserted that Shake-peare's plays were taken down in shorthand, "the shorthand" being Timothy Bright's "characterie." Mr. Levy has adduced many striking facts against this ingenious argument. Timothy Bright did not invent any genuine method of shorthand writing; but he invented a system of character writing—a very different thing. Timothy Bright's so-called "shorthand alphabet" was supplied by an enormous number of arbitrary signs. No doubt in modern shorthand there are grammalogues and phrases; but the basis of modern shorthand is a sign for each letter of the alphabet. Modern shorthand can be written without grammalogues; but Timothy Bright's system would be of little use without a complete knowledge of the hundreds of arbitrary signs which constituted his "characterie."

But Mr. Levy has pressed Professor Israel Gollancz's definition of "characterie" as meaning "writing" a little too far. "Character" and "characterie" in its sense, might be interpreted as writing; but when the subject matter under discussion is signs, short writing, or shorthand, Professor Gollancz's definition becomes a little misleading. Mr. Levy quotes the lines "This is not my writing, Though I confess much like the
character," from "Twelfth Night." If Mr. Levy were correct, the word character" could be read as "writing", but such a reading would deprive Olivia's statement of its point. Olivia was telling Malvolio that he had been deceived by the character or formation of the writing into thinking the letter was hers. Another instance appears in the recital to the patent granted by Queen Elizabeth to Timothy Bright, "a new kynde of writing by character." What was intended by the draftsman to be conveyed was "a writing by signs." The word "character" may have occasionally meant "handwriting;" but its true application was limited to signs.

There are some rare places, giving excellent reproductions of Timothy Bright's short writing. This little pamphlet should be studied by those interested in Shakespeare and shorthand.

**Versions and Perversions.** By G. Tyrrell (Elkin Mathews, 1909. 2s. 6d. net.)

Once on a time there lived a King and Queen; Merely to see them filled the poor with bread. Full-fed and gaily clad they reigned serene, All for their kingdom's happiness, they said. And when the folk for lack of bread grew lean, "What?" cried the King, "Eat chickens, then, instead."

But night is past and dawn is near its prime, There lived a King and Queen—once on a time.

Father Tyrrell's little volume includes some almost literal translations of the "Stornell: Politici" of Francesco dall'Ongaro. The above lines are from a translation of "Cera una Volta" (written in the spring of 1849).

Translations of Heine's lyrics—or, as Father Tyrrell himself might phrase it, translations of Heine—constitute nearly half the volume. "To catch the poet's one dominant inspiration—be it an imaginative idea or an emotion, or no more than a mood or fancy—to re-embody it as best he can in some similar or analogous form; this has been the Father Tyrrell's aim in regard to nearly all his translations, save those of Théophile Gautier and Francesco dall'Ongaro. In that aim he is almost unvaryingly successful, and in many cases brilliantly so, particularly in rendering the note of irony in Heine's tenderness.

Several of Father Tyrrell's translations would have greatly refreshed the spirit of W. E. Henley, as, for instance, his rendering of some verses of Sallet of Théophile Gautier and Francesco dall'Ongaro. In the Life of W. T. Fox. By Richard Garnett. John Lane. (1909. 10s. net.)

This book should have a good sale. Fox had so many friends and so many friends that a biography of him appeals to a more extensive public than do most biographies. The South Place Chapel people and the Unitarians will read this life of their pastor; the friends of the Daily News will want to know the man whom Browning called "his father in poetry;" the "Daily News" readers and the Liberal Party generally will put this book besides Morley's "Life of Cobden," for Fox was a "Daily News" writer and an Anti-Corn Law agitator. Our principal interest in the book is in two letters from Cobden which prove the hollowness of the Anti-Corn Law agitation. Writing to Mr. Peter Taylor with reference to Fox, Cobden said: "We don't wish the question to be argued, but to be taken up on the ground of right and wrong; we don't wish it to be treated as a manufacturer's question, nor a capitalist's either; but as a bread tax, that robs all the community for the clumsy expedient of putting a mere fraction of the booty into the pockets of the robbers." Four days later, Cobden wrote: "Eighteen months ago the movement had its birth in the wrongs of a few manufacturers who were seeking to be relieved from injuries inflicted upon their own peculiar interests."

The Chartist was not for wrong when he said: "And now they want to take the Corn Law away—so that you may have your benefit, but for their own. Cheap bread," they cry. But they mean 'Low wages.' Do not listen to their cant and humbug.

Taken as literature, the book is very stodgy. It is really only a narrative of the activities of an energetic man. Some pains were taken with the first 242 pages, which were written by Dr. Richard Garnett, but the remaining 91 are filled with a string of documents introduced in chronological order and badly read, for there are many misprints. There are seven illustrations, four of them portraits or sketches of Fox, and every one different. The book will be much praised by Liberal papers.

**Our Lady of the Sunshine.** (Constable. 15.)

This manual is issued by the body of English and foreign ladies who, under the presidency of the Countess of Aberdeen, style themselves the International Council of Women. Their laudable object is to avoid the fripperies of this world and to discuss every subject of instruction which influences towards the better life of all women. "politicall questions of a controversial nature" are properly barred. They have lately been to Canada to visit their sisters on the council, and Canada decidedly benefits. We could not have believed that that country, its men, its women, its children, and its institutions, was such a perfect place. "Well-ordered, prosperous, splendid, palatial and happy," are adjectives which occur in merely one paragraph. And all the ladies who contribute descriptions of their felicitous adventure seem to murmur, "Nunc Dimittis!" We only hope the Canadian ladies will now come to Europe and discover beautiful things about us. We in our turn will make "lavish arrangements" for "garden parties, receptions, and other social functions with elegance, dignity, and harmonious settings;" we will show them our Zoos and our other educational institutions. They also shall "make friendships, learn lessons, and the delights of their days of travel shall live in their minds for ever—among them, the" Nunc Dimittis!"><end>
pet name for Pauline is “Pussy.” Roger “imprisons” Pussy’s hand in his. On another occasion Roger “sprouted into something of the exquisite. . . . His frock-coat fitted like a glove. These characters supposedly belong to a class of society where education and manners are part of life. Mr. Capes drags them all down to the level of his style. Pauline is made a prim young flirt with a taste for backbiting and for such expressions as “beauond skittles.” Roger tells her on various occasions that she is a backbiter and a pig-headed bigot, and answers an inquisitive question, “You can ask (So-and-So) if you want to find out,” Roger apparently tames his love, for when the inevitably pregnant and cerebrated she gives vent to her feelings in impassioned tones. “I am your slave, Roger.” If these vulgarised characters had been placed with no pretentiousness in a low-class environment that might have seemed more tolerable. Where they are they are merely tedious bores. “Kipps,” although he revolts decent taste over and over again, never really bores one.

An Afternoon Tea Philosophy. By W. R. Titterton. (Frank Palmer. 18. 6d. net.)

To place affinities together in such a way that they seem to be opposites is one method, and a very old one, of criticising a book. Mr. Titterton’s book is full of coincidences so subtly disposed as to seem at first sight contrasts. Thus, the mere title, “An Afternoon-Tea Philosophy.” If there is one hour in the day that the average person does guard jealously from the unpleasing, that is probably the tea hour. But it is hardly the thing for the serious mystic. It is the hour that might be fatiguing in a longer book. Mr. Titterton has learned rapidly. The worst faults of the “Man Who Stole the Earth,” the mawkish treatment of the feminine characters, and the sentimental savagery of the men are far less obvious in the new book.

The Tarot of the Bohemians. By Papus. (Rider. 6s. net.)

The use to which the author wishes to put the Tarot cards does not call for much comment. It may be true, as he says, that “we are on the eve of a complete transformation of our scientific methods. . . . Analysis has been carried as far as possible—synthesis becomes necessary. And it seems synthesis may be realised through occultism.” Whether the Tarot is the absolute key to occult science, as the author maintains, is altogether an open question. The claim that it is the oldest book of mysticism is extremely doubtful. We prefer the “Upanishads” in this respect. Then, again, the Egyptian origin of the Tarot cards—as suggested by the cover design now used for the first time—has yet to be authenticated. In fact, it is possible that “their exalted philosophy and science of ancient Egypt” is derived from Europe. Altogether the author makes a promising book. Mr. Titterton’s book is full of analysis. His sentences never fall behind the nimble ideas which they express: they march at a brisk pace that might be fatiguing in a longer book.

The Prime Minister’s Secret. By W. Holt White. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

This book shows much improvement in Mr. Holt White’s style. The plot is fairly rational, although some of the subordinate issues are not quite coherent. Frequently, the action is unlikely where it is intended to be true to nature, and some of the dialogue is ignorantly intended to be funny. The last thing Captain Melurn, the blackmailer, would have volunteered to tell a man who had caught him robbing a cabin was Melurm’s own intention to marry the Prime Minister’s daughter. Surely, Lady Kathleen would never say to any man, “I ask it as a gentleman,” etc. And as to incoherent issues, we are left wondering what brought Melurn to the lonely farm “haggard and pale as death,” and what became of the boorish heir from whom “Heaven” was to “help the stranger.” However, the reader with an appetite for Mr. Holt White’s banquet will probably swallow unconcernedly a few indigestible trifles such as these. Mr. Holt White has learned rapidly. The worst faults of his book “The Man Who Stole the Earth” have been removed. The treatment of the feminine characters, and the sentimental savagery of the men are far less obvious in the new book. The author here wisely avoids psychology, for which he has small gift, and relies upon the action of the plot to lead the reader interested. The result is an amusing book.

Berenice. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward Lock. 6s.)

The strong, silent man in this novel does not go down like a gentleman before the pursuing lady. She is a beautiful production, and its explanatory and advantage to it—though not always on the side of Papus, otherwise M. Gerard Encausse.

This is a valuable, or at least expensive, contribution to literature; we regard it as a miracle of arm-chair biography. It has footnotes about Dickens, Henry Irving, and Percy Fitzgerald’s personal experiences, and the late Joseph Knight, dramatic critic, finds a place in the text. Sometimes it recounts incidents concerning Samuel Foote. It tells us a good deal about Garrick, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Tate Wilkinson, Macklin, and other people; and it does not forget Samuel Foote. Of course Boswell is “Bozzy,” and Goldsmith is “Golzy,” and Dickens is “Boz”; this familiarity shows that the author is human. It is written in a tone of good-humoured protest against the shocking nature of Samuel Foote; but the author’s sincere admiration preserves him from homily. Writing of Mrs. Cole in Foote’s play, “The Minor,” he says: “I heartily wish I could present some specimens to the reader, but it is too coarsely drawn, etc.” He tells us that Foote was prosecuted for an offence “which need not be named, which is not a part of the public.” We hope to read a biography of Samuel Foote some day.