Imagination and its Wonders. By Arthur Lovell. (Headley Brothers. 3s. 6d. net.)

Without any desire to contravene the teaching of this book, we must deny Mr. Lovell's right to the title of teacher. Mr. Lovell claims to have "scientifically considered" imagination, and to have scientifically defined it as "the mental power or faculty of making an image." Science proceeds by collecting and classifying facts, and inducting a law which will explain them: this is the method of scientific definition. As the book is made of long quotations from these authors, and a few others, and Mr. Lovell writes for students, with much contempt for theorists and no great praise for other practitioners of Yoga: he quotes Schopenhauer, the Arabian Nights, Emerson, Hegel, Tyndall, an old Sanskrit work, Lodge, Emerson again, Plato, and the Bhagavad Gita, and then asserts that "imagination is scientifically defined as the mental power or faculty of making an image." This may be anything that Mr. Lovell likes, but it is not science; we cannot regard these writers as "facts" in the scientific sense, nor Mr. Lovell's assertion as either a law or a scientific definition. As the book is made of long quotations from these authors, and a few others, and Mr. Lovell says nothing that they do not say, we want some proof that he knows more than we do of this subject before we can accept him as a teacher.

Everyone knows that miracles are possible to magicians, but we are rightly sceptical of magicians until they work miracles. Mr. Lovell thinks so highly of Emerson that we may quote him with some hope of authority. "If a man claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old mouldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not." Mr. Lovell claims to know and speak of magic without using a magical phrase of his own. The conclusion is obvious.

As Mr. Lovell identifies, actually or by analogy, imagination with the electrical theory of the universe, we have a right to ask him to use scientific terms in a scientific manner. An electric current is an electron current, and a negative atom is one that, so to speak, gives away electrons, and the positive is the one that receives them: that is, an electric current is transmitted through the cathode, or negative pole, not through the positive anode. Yet Mr. Lovell says of Mrs. Anna Kingsford, "As it was, she was an unbalanced—" As it was, she was unbalanced—with the negative pole developed out of all proportion to the positive. . . . It is a most interesting, pretty, and to a certain extent fascinating face; but there is a fatal want of firmness in the mouth, which would render her incapable of positive magical will force;" that is to say, of transmitting powerful images through the ether. Again, he says that "sound, like everything else in nature, is a mode of motion of the subtle ether," when everyone knows that it is a mode of motion of the gross atmosphere. We could mention other slips, but these will suffice to show that Mr. Lovell is giving us imaginative science rather than the science of imagination.

Now we come to a practical point. Mr. Lovell, like everybody else, knows the value of right association of ideas, teaches it as one of the chief means of mental development. "The important thing to understand is that by constantly presenting to the mind images of a certain nature, the character of the individual will be forced ultimately to correspond to them. . . . For this reason, Plato is very stern in prohibiting loose or mixed ideas." Yet Mr. Lovell can link to the idea of heaven such an image as the following: "This idea of heaven still lingers on in touching simplicity in blood-curdling melodrama, where the heroine, as a last and desperate resort, makes a direct appeal to the 'flicks' overhead. I have never yet seen this movement, when skilfully timed and gone through in a decent manner, fail in 'bringing down the house.'" But we have worse than this against him. He speaking of the Omnific Word, the Ineffable Name, he says: "When the imagination is not vivid, and the will is not powerful, no amount of invocation of the Ineffable Name will produce the desired effect. This had given rise to the idea that the word has been 'lost, stolen, or strayed.'" As Mr. Lovell uses quotation marks, it is plain that he was thinking of the music-hall chorus, and we quote it as much to sever its connection with the mantra as to show Mr. Lovell's incapacity as a teacher.

Lost, stolen, or strayed: beautiful blue-eyed maid, Last seen in Regent street: blonde hair and tiny feet; Dressed just like a queen: answers to the name of Maya. Anyone sending her back to her ma will receive the above reward.

What an image to attach to the Omnific Word, the mantra of the Ineffable Name! It is not only bad magic: it is abominable style; and from no point of view can we commend Mr. Lovell. The original things in this book are the incongruous vulgar images: the rest is quotation, and nothing that is new even in that art. We shall believe in Mr. Lovell as a practical magician when he does something more miraculous than this.

Recollections of Fifty Years. By Isabella Fyvie Mayo. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Now I must say good-bye! my patient readers. How little have I said, after all! How many regions of deepest feeling and most suggestive fact must I leave wholly untouched!" As one of the patient readers we agree with the author's concluding words. She has indeed said little in these 400 odd pages. In many and many and many a place she might have gone deeper, and have put clearer facts worth the recording. She has set out to present a survey of Mid-Victorian characters and customs. A long procession of "people I have met" passes through her pages, and this, together with memories of domestic, literary and Church life, of travels, criminology and spiritualism help to make up a bulky volume. But the book is mainly composed of Press snippets, mere details of journalism without weight and without significance. The author drags people and things into her pages for the sake of making a brave show. She drags old friends before us in a humiliating fashion. Either she does not know, or does not understand the weighty character of many of the names which she records. Had she known the elder Forbes-Robertson, Professor Bain, and George Macdonald as we knew them, she would not have dismissed them with a childish anecdote or new, but would have written something interesting about them. Her book lacks individuality and distinction. It is one anyone could write with the aid of scissors and paste. Anyone could bring hundreds
SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW AGE

of well-known names together and add commonplace anecdotes. No doubt there is a public for this sort of thing, and the public that likes journalistic "chronicles" will read Mrs. Mayo's (Edward Garrett) nicely got up and illustrated book.

Hypnotism and Suggestion. By Bernard Hollander, M.D. (Pitman. 6s. net.)

Dr. Hollander does not pretend to have discovered anything new in hypnotism, or to have invented any theories. His book is essentially a record of his experiments, and such theory as he expounds is commonly accepted; in fact, this book tells us nothing that is not found in Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena." As Dr. Hollander does not mention this book, which is of American origin, it is to be concluded that he has not read it, for his intellectual honesty is not to be impugned. As his judgments have been arrived at independently of Hudson's induction, they have all the force of corroborative evidence; and the sceptics concerning the higher phenomena of mesmerism, such as clairvoyance and its allies, prevision and thought-transference, will not find much comfort in this book. It requires courage for a man now living in England to state that he does not believe that Professor Gregory was lying when he wrote his "Letters on Animal Magnetism"; to make it clear, as Hudson did, that the mesmeric phenomena cannot be produced by mesmerism, and to show that suggestion, while of great therapeutic value, is by its nature incapable of producing the psychological phenomena. Dr. Hollander has even repeated some of Reichenbach's experiments with magnets, not always with success. He says: "The odyllic light is very feeble, so as generally to be overpowered by the faintest glimmer of ordinary light, although very scientific persons, and most persons in the mesmeric sleep, can see it in daylight: in this I have found objects to the laboratory experiments that are supposed to prove that magnetism has no power that he was "not convinced, except of one thing, that suggestion is stronger than any magnetic force." As Dr. Hollander says that the "magnet does exert an influence identical with that exerted by the human hand," we should like to remind him of an article by Dr. Schofield that appeared in the "Contemporary Review" about five years ago. It dealt with experiments made with the biometer and sthenoscope, and Dr. Schofield concluded that a force did emanate from the human hand, that it was not polar, but was stronger in the right than in the left hand. It was proved to be not light, or heat, or magnetism or electricity, but simply nerve-force. If Dr. Hollander is aware of these experiments, and he may be, they ought to help him towards the discovery of the nature of the force that radiates from the finger-tips, and they do dispire his contention that it is identical with that exerted by the magnet. It is pleasing to find Dr. Hollander tackling Moll and Bernheim when they suggest that thought-transference is impossible because they have never been able to produce it by hypnotic suggestion. Dr. Hollander makes it clear, as Hudson did, that if you want the phenomena of the old mesmerists, you must use their methods; and no arguing that the results are a priori impossible, no theorising to prove that they are something different to what they are supposed to be, will satisfy a student unless he is convinced that the experiments have been made properly by a number of people until success has rewarded their efforts. We notice, too, that Dr. Hollander identifies the "hypnotic state," discovered by Dr. Boris Sidis, with the light hypnosis; so another discovery has been shown to be too subtle for reality. Dr. Hollander, like Professor Gregory, believes in the localisation of mental faculties, "his big brain." He says: "It cannot be disposed of by any easy theorising about suggestion and thought-transference. Perhaps, in spite of Lord Morley, phrenology is not "an exploded superstition," but an empirical science. "The book is essentially a practical book, and it deals with all sides of this fascinating subject. As a doctor, Dr. Hollander emphasises the therapeutic value of hypnotism, as an experimenter, he is intensely interested in the psychological phenomena of mesmerism. We do not agree with his suggestion that the use of these powers by unqualified people should be made a crime of criminal activity; we believe in making criminals; and so many have the power naturally, it is so difficult to do harm with it, that these warnings savour of professional interest. As Hudson showed, it is easier to cure than to create Nature in the first case, and fighting against it in the second. The immoral and criminal characters do not need to be mesmerised to make them obey their instincts, and we cannot be expected to make laws for the State that really apply only to pathological subjects. Dr. Hollander furnishes us with too many instances of the failure of suggestion to make its success in certain cases a real danger. But the book is valuable, because it is a record of Dr. Hollander's own experience; and it should have the effect of reviving interest in this subject. If it results in the substitution of hypnotism for anaesthetics in general hospitals, it ought to lower the death-rate considerably.

Studies of Indian Life and Sentiment. By Sir E. Lawrence Fuller. (London: Longmans. 6s. net.)

Even those who, rightly or wrongly, differ from Sir E. Lawrence Fuller's political outlook regarding India will take up this volume and peruse it with much interest and pleasure. Whether the English should remain in India or not becomes quite a minor question when we have formed some conception, however faint, of the number of different races, languages, tribes, and castes in this great country. Sir E. Lawrence Fuller discusses natural phenomena, the history of India, the religions, the hill tribes, domestic life, famines, manufactures, government, schools, and, above all, the people. Think of this: "Omitting the hill tribes, there are thirteen languages distinct in vocabulary, construction, and written character." In other words, the area of British India being taken at, roughly speaking, half of Europe, and the population about two-thirds, we find in this gigantic territory thirteen languages as different from each other, as say, French and Russian, not to speak of the many other languages, numbering perhaps thirty or so, which are as different as Italian and Spanish. When the observer of Indian life has stored his mind with half-a-dozen of the more important tongues, he finds himself confronted with a tough ethnological problem, for the author of this book has pointed out that there is more diversity among Indian peoples than among Europeans. And, while certain family customs and religious observances may be common to all the Hindu tribes, each separate group has a few observances peculiar to itself, apart altogether from the differences in language, all of which afford a magnificent field of observation to the philologist, the sociologist, the ethnologist, and the antiquary. Suttee (in this book spelt more correctly but less commonly as sati), widow-remarriage, the Indian kindness to animals, the family system, cotton manufacture, and scores of other points are dealt with in a fascinating manner by Sir E. Lawrence Fuller, and if, as he suggests, the British Indian is a drab, "it has begun to realise more insistently its responsibilities towards India," we hope the British democracy will get this book and learn something about India; for it presents it knows next to nothing about the magnificient country where our religion, our warfare, and our civilisation, as it is, originated.

The Wisdom of the Apocrypha. Introduction by C. E. Lawrence. (Murray. 2s.)

The aim of this addition to the "Wisdom of the East Series," namely to make the Bible better known, is a laudable one. The selection is made from the Apocrypha in two books, "The Wisdom of Solomon" and "Ecclesiasticus." On the whole they are well made. There are, of course, many omissions, a notable one being the text which has been used for suffragist purposes—"The Kingdom of God will only come when you women re-
nounce the dress of your sex." The introduction leaves something to be desired. It gives but a hazy idea of the importance of these books in filling up the gap in Jewish literature between the Old Testament and the New, and of the connection between their ethical teachings and those of the New Testament. Their influence on the world's literature, too, should be noted. Not only do they furnish to some extent the foundation of the New Testament, which can only be adequately interpreted in so far as it is read in its historical connection, but the ideas of the Apocrypha, like those of the Pseudepigrapha, have come down to us everywhere in literature. Thus, while the Pauline literature has the most obvious connection with the Book of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus is to be found in the writings of Kempis, Augustine, Newman, Burton, Addison, Berkeley, Arnold, Schopenhauer, and so on. Apart from this, it is a fascinating little book, containing some of the best examples of the prudential wisdom of inspired writers. Moreover, it is an education in literature, and we cannot have too many educative books of this kind.

An Amazing Revolution and After. By E. Major. (James Nisbet and Co., 1s. 6d. net.)

This little book is an able exposition of Viscount Morley's administration at the India Office. It is admirably and temperately written. The case presented for Viscount Morley is a strong one; but then the author has skillfully guided his case, and has evaded the objection upon which the wisdom of Lord Morley's acts has been questioned. In the chapter upon "The Deportations" is afforded an admirable opportunity for a courageous defence of the policy of the Government. The case of the London Shahs has been presented. Indian opinion has assumed, as was inevitable, that these gentlemen were not tried lest they should establish their innocence. The result of the deportation the administration wished merely to throw upon the Indian administration the odium of being vindictive and tyrannical. Mr. Major has done a very necessary task in summarising in this concise form an independent official view of recent legislation in India. We commend this book to every shade of opinion.

My Country, Right or Wrong. By Gustave Hervé. Translated by Guy Bowman. (Fifield, 2s. 6d.)

In this book the apostle of modern anti-militarism proclaims his creed. To the English mind there is much which is contradictory in the fervid denunciation of national patriotism. M. Hervé would have most advanced thinkers with him in his analysis of the causes of wars; and his argument that the peoples are merely the pawns which the ruling classes play off against each other is an acceptable one. From that point few Englishmen would follow him. Anti-patriotism is different from non-patriotism. Patriotism, in the sense of one's country right or wrong, would be resisted by most fine-minded men. Anti-patriotism, meaning "every other country right or wrong," is founded on the same repellent principle as "patriotism." hateful though the teaching of patriotism may be, disastrous as its consequences have been upon the history of the world, the philosophy of anti-patriotism is merely the same vicious theory reversed. A strike of reservists against war might be justified in certain circumstances. To proclaim a soldiers' strike as a duty in the case of all wars is as immoral as, English and American industrial kings enter into an alliance, the object of which is the peaceful transfer of their enormous industries and workshops to the community. In this sense the league is evaded by the gentlemen. All the characters in the book, which is partially written in the form of a diary, are easily recognisable. The means by which the revolution is brought about are most convincingly set forth. Every genuine reformer should read this remarkable book with the closest attention. The object of the writer it is a little difficult to fathom. He is one of the captains of industry. The dedication is worth quoting--certainly the regularity of being vindictive and tyrannical. Mr. Major (JT George Allen and Sons, 2s. 6d. net.)

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The Royal Family in the Temple Prison. By Clère. (Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

Clère’s narrative will always be interesting, if only for the unconscious revelation of the soul of the flunky. It is not that he thinks confinement degrading, and espionage an indignity; but the King has to suffer like a convicted criminal makes him sentient. That so good a husband and father, who showed such gracious concession to his barber, should have been so treated, is, to Clère, an infamy. When, on the 3rd of September, the Guards prevented the populace from massacring the Royal Family in the Temple by stretching a tricolour ribbon across the entrance, he does not forget to mention, as though it were another outrage, that the official charged him forty-five cents, for the ribbon. Suffering is always pathetic, and we have no cynical disregard for what Louis XVI. suffered in his last days; but if we insist that if imprisonment and espionage degrade a king, they degrade a people no less. If the republication of this memoir modifies in any way our ideas of the proper treatment of criminals, Clère’s flunkyism will have been of some benefit to humanity.

My Memoirs. By Princess Caroline Murat. (Eveleigh Nash.)

When Mr. Robert Leighton, as he tells us in the preface to this volume, suggested to the princess that she ought to write her memoirs, she was surprised. “It had never occurred to her that she possessed information that had not already been made public by the scores of irresponsible gossips who had been prying into the secrets of the Court.” We think her Highness was right, and Mr. Leighton wrong. The book throws no new light on the social or political history of the Second Empire, and leaves us with the impression that the author was not often behind the scenes. This may have been due to the antagonism of the Empress, whom, it is plain, she cordially detested. The attacks upon that unfortunate lady are not in good taste, and to blame her for the disastrous result of the war of 1870-71 is ridiculously unfair. The official of the war who had won, Napoleon III., the Empress, Bazaine. Prussia happened to have the better generals. It is not in good taste, and to blame her for the disastrous result of the war of 1870-71 is ridiculously unfair. The official of the war of 1870-71 is ridiculously unfair. The official of the war who had won, Napoleon III., the Empress, Bazaine. Prussia happened to have the better generals. It is not in good taste, and to blame her for the disastrous result of the war of 1870-71 is ridiculously unfair. The officials of the war who had won, Napoleon III., the Empress, Bazaine. Prussia happened to have the better generals.

Mr. Rossetti has been moved to the task of translating this work by the consideration that a service would be rendered to the students of Dante if someone translated the canzoni, and to translate them first in their literal meaning, and along with this, according to the meaning which the poet himself expressed as being his true intention. Hence a book of parallel translations. Dante is quite clear, it is not quite sure what he did mean by “The Banquet,” which is more matured and of later date than his “Vita Nuova.” It is thought he intended it to be, when completed, a sort of handbook of universal knowledge. In any case it is another outrageous book, and “official Comedies,” and should be read in order to get a full understanding of that work. The reading of it may not, however, be to everyone’s taste. It consists of three treatises, each forming an elaborate commentary on a long canzoni. It contains many beautiful and inspired passages, and many that occasion a yawn. It is only necessary to add that the translator is steeped in his subject and has made an acceptable addition to Dante literature.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW AGE