LITERARY SUPPLEMENT TO "THE NEW AGE."

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The New "Golden Bough."*

By Allen Upward.

THE appearance of what may well be called a Coronation number of the "Golden Bough" marks a stage in the revolt of the educated class against popular superstition; and, if only for that reason, its perusal may be recommended to those who, whether Elementary Teachers or Second Division Clerks, desire to grasp the secret of culture.

It is now twenty years since the whisper ran through the educated circle that a Cambridge don, under the pretence of explaining an obscure Italian cult, had brought together a mass of evidence bearing on the origin and meaning of Christianity, and particularly such elements in the religion as the Crucifixion, Atonement and Transubstantiation. From European folklore, from classical literature and from the life of savage tribes as observed by modern travellers, the author of the "Golden Bough" presented an overwhelming case for seeing in the Gospel narratives of the Crucifixion an account of a human sacrifice, or ritual murder, such as the Jews have constantly been accused of since; in the doctrine of the Atonement a survival or revival of a widespread belief in the efficacy of such dreadful rites; and in the language of the Communion service, a relic of primitive cannibalism.

It may be questioned whether the author was telling much that was news to the official chiefs of the great Catholic communions. The Popes, who took so many Pagan gods and Pagan ceremonies under their protection, must have been pretty well aware of the extent to which their own system was a synthesis of previous cults. The Pagan element in the Catholic Church was no secret to the Protestant Reformers, and was indeed a main count in their indictment. When the Spaniards came upon the cannibals of Mexico engaged in what struck them as a blasphemous parody of Christianity, men like Leo X. were probably quite able to draw the true inference. At any time during the past two hundred years, one suspects, there have been learned Jesuits capable of writing a "Golden Bough" had the policy of their society permitted them to do so. At this moment, one imagines, there may be cultivated cardinals in Rome shaking their heads over this fresh barbarian irruption, and lamenting at the sight of their mysteries laid bare to profane eyes by this Cambridge Vandal.

In his first edition the author contented himself with furnishing the evidence and leaving the conclusion to his readers. The clerical apologist was thus neatly out-manœuvred. To remain silent was to let a pernicious work circulate unreproved, but to answer it was to admit that the cap fitted.

After ten years the author proceeded to fit the cap himself in a second edition. This time he included the Jewish Feast of Purim and the Gospel story in his collection of god-slaying customs, and, more boldly still, avowed in his preface that he had been dragging a gun into position to breach the crumbling edifice of Christian belief. The present edition will have one volume explicitly entitled "The Man of Sorrows," who is placed between Atys and Adonis and Balder the Beautiful.

In the meantime the author has received honorary degrees from the older universities, and has been appointed professor of social anthropology in the University of Liverpool. These honours bestowed on an open assailant of Christianity as a reward for his assault, constitute a protest on the part of culture against ignorance. The Universities of Cambridge and Oxford find themselves chained to a decadent Church which is forbidden by Act of Parliament to grow in wisdom and knowledge of the truth beyond the stature of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and which a less and less educated priesthood is successfully dragging down to the lowest levels of Byzantine superstition. From their country rectories these contemporary Pagans are still able to keep a paralytic clutch upon the whole educational system of the country. It is against the rectories and the palaces that Dr. Frazer's cannon has been turned.

The appointment of such a man to what is practically a chair of antichristian theology in such a city as Liverpool is equally significant. Perhaps it was time. The inhabitants of that wealthy city have just squandered on a vainglorious temple a quarter of a million that was sorely needed to provide dwellings for the poor. The Master is represented in one Gospel as preferring to see money spent in anointing His body to seeing it bestowed on the poor. In another Gospel He is represented as despising temples and the worship carried on in them. The lectures of their new professor may assist the citizens of Liverpool to decide which of these passages truly represents the Master, and which is an echo of barbaric ritual. In the meanwhile the Christianity of Liverpool finds its most active expression in the mutual violence of two mobs fighting as partisans of Elizabeth and Bloody Mary. Perhaps we may now see them sink their sixteenth-century differences in a common crusade against "social anthropology."

If anthropology is to be taken as an esoteric term for that truth which must not be told to Elementary Teachers and Second Division Clerks, then a NEW AGE reviewer may be said to fill the chair of journalistic anthropology. It is at all events his duty to say those things about a book which no reviewer is yet allowed to say in the commercial Press. And I have been the more anxious to do full justice to Dr. Frazer's high desert as a champion of philosophic freedom, because I find myself unable to concur in his general judgment on Christian origins and in many of his special judgments on particular topics.

It is unfortunate that the history of religion should have been left, by the cowardice of its friends, to writers who have lacked the religious sense. The result has been to supply us, in the works of Dr. Taylor and Dr. Frazer and their brethren, with valuable building materials, but not with a building. The dead bricks of fact are there, but the mortar of life is missing. We can feel the utmost confidence in everything that Dr. Frazer tells us, until he begins to explain and reason; a confidence that we cannot at present affect to feel in anything coming from the religious camp. In comparing the anthropologists with the theologians, I find that the former impress me as honest men who happen to be wrong, and the latter very often as dishonest men who happen to be right. I speak, of course, of intellectual dishonesty. The Christian apologist always seems to be essentially an atheist. He can trust John or Matthew, the Nicene Council or the Privy Council, but he cannot trust the Creator revealed in the order of the world.

The "Golden Bough" resembles a museum to which the architect has added wings and galleries till the original design is lost. The contents of the collection are precious indeed. They are accumulated to the point of profusion, and set forth with the highest literary charm. But for the purpose of instruction there is badly needed an abridgment of the main thread of the argument, relieved from too much illustration. The pretence of the "Golden Bough" has served its purpose; the author himself can hardly suppose that many readers in this busy age share his enthusiasm for Latin folklore; and since the whole importance of the work is in the light it throws on Christian belief and ritual, a compendium confined to those points would serve the double

* "The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings." By J. S. Frazer, D.C.L., etc., etc. Part I. of the Third Edition of the "Golden Bough" (in seven volumes). (Macmillan and Co.)

purpose of educating a larger public, while attracting a proportion to the work in bulk.

The most serious failing of these volumes, judged as an essay in evolution, is that the author rarely or never begins at the beginning. The starting-point for historical anthropology is Darwin's "Descent of Man." Dr. Frazer habitually skips the first hundred thousand years. He comes upon the European in his Hercynian forest worshipping trees, and remarks: "Nothing would be more natural." And why was it natural? Because there were so many trees about! The author is going on to argue that the worship of the oak is older than the worship of the thunder, and it is in this way that he lays a foundation. It was more natural for the early man to worship trees than for him to worship thunder, or clouds, or bears, or wolves, because the tree was a more common and familiar object! It was also a more harmless and friendly object, and on both grounds it was, of course, the most unnatural thing early man could do to worship it. And, of course, he did no such thing. Dr. Frazer fortunately supplies the means of refuting his own heresy.

To begin with, the European did not worship trees in general. He worshipped oaks, and certainly not because the oak was the commonest European tree. Why did he worship oaks rather than firs? Simply because he ate acorns, and did not eat fir-cones. In short, he did not worship at all in the beginning; he *cultivated* oaks. Dr. Frazer has inverted the true evolution.

"In the Mark of Brandenburg the person who ties the straw round the trees says, 'Little tree, I make you a present, and you will make me one.' The people say that if the trees receive gifts, they will bestow gifts in return. The custom is clearly a relic of tree-worship."

There is a great deal of practical religion about that prayer, but I should hardly describe it as an act of worship. However, it is clear that if that is what Dr. Frazer means by worship he means what I mean by cultivation. Primitive man wanted acorns, and he took the same steps to get them from the oak that he took to get other good things from his human neighbours. The whole apparatus of magic, that is to say of primitive science, was no doubt brought into play. Man's earliest and most pressing business was to provide himself with food. Dr. Frazer himself has resolved the so-called totemistic rites of the Australians into food-making ceremonies; and I have no doubt that, with the candour which does him as much honour as his learning, he will on full consideration recognise that "tree worship" had the same simple origin.

I might extend this criticism to the author's definitions of magic with its branches and religion; but I will confine myself to saying that he appears to be obsessed throughout by the theory that all primitive men were permanently insane; whereas the first men were like Wordsworth's child—"Moving about in worlds not realised"—and their magic was part of their attempt to realise the world, and get into the right relation with it. What is gained by dividing their groping theories and arts into two hard and fast departments, and labelling one "Magic—all false," and the other "Science—all true"? By magic Dr. Frazer means what he does not believe in, and by science what he does. Hypnotism is science, because the doctors have been obliged to take it seriously; telepathy is magic, because some of the doctors are still holding out against it! In reality the author's mind is nearer to the savage's than he perceives; because it was, in fact, power exercised in ways that he did not yet understand that man named magical. The word "magic" is but the Persian way of spelling "might."

A little philological research would have put the author on the track of the origin of kingship. In these volumes, purporting to deal with the evolution of the kingship, Dr. Frazer begins, as usual with him, *in medias res*. We are not told what the word means, or what the office implies, or how it came into being. "Granted kingship,—to show how kings acquired a magical character"—such seems to be the author's conception of his task. Kingship, like tree-worship, we presume was natural.

The thoughtful reader must rise from the perusal of these volumes filled with admiration for the author's courage, his indefatigable industry, his wide survey, and the general fascination of his style and treatment. The field is so vast that it is ungrateful to complain of parts of it having been overlooked. In a treatise on magic I should have expected some reference to the great magical literature of Europe, the "Kalevala"; in one on the evolution of kingship some reference to the earlier queenship. But these topics are, in fact, extraneous to the author's substantial theme. If the result of his labours shall be to purify contemporary religion of the ghastly metaphors bequeathed to it by the anthropophagous Levant, we need not feel too much fear that the spiritual grain will perish with the materialist husks.

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By J. M. Kennedy.

The International Law and Custom of Ancient Greece and Rome. By Coleman Phillipson, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D. Two volumes. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

The more ancient literature—Indian, Chinese, Greek, Latin—is investigated and expounded, the more are we enabled to see that the problems now vexing the modern world, from arbitration to over-population, had all to be just as thoroughly examined and discussed centuries ago in the earlier civilisations of mankind. And they were discussed, on the whole, under more favourable conditions. There was less materialism in the air, and less bustle. The thinker was more highly esteemed than he is to-day: and, above all, he had time to think.

Of all the older civilisations of which any considerable fragments now remain, it is not a matter for surprise that Greece and Rome should still have a strong hold on the imaginations of Western Europeans. Generations of training, generations of culture based upon the foundations which Greece and Rome offered to our ancestors, have had their influence upon us; and it is now too late for materialistic democrats to raise the cry that this influence has been anything but beneficial. The fanatics who annually endeavour to have Greek swept away from the preliminary Oxford examinations and made non-compulsory for this or that have not, it is to be hoped, a considerable following in scholastic circles; for, to us, a departure from Greece means a departure from civilisation. Aside from the culture of Greece and Rome, we can find practically nothing with which to combat the mob-influence, the hideous vulgarity, of the present age. India is far away from us in spirit; and as yet we know too little about her wonderful philosophy to appreciate the priceless gifts bequeathed to us by the Brahmans. Where Egypt is concerned, our information is still more scanty. But from those two inspiring civilisations on the northern shores of the Mediterranean we have still something to learn.

In the two volumes now under consideration Dr. Coleman Phillipson has taken a highly important branch of this civilisation for his subject. Indeed, we might even call it the branch of a branch; for the subject is law, and the branch international law. And it would be impossible for anyone whose feelings have not become case-hardened by the materialism of our era to read through this work without some sensation of awe and respect—awe for the intellects which, two thousand years ago, first made such a long-delayed work possible; and respect for Dr. Phillipson. It would be difficult to over-rate the author's classical attainments, his knowledge of the civilisation of antiquity and his knowledge of law. Here we have three subjects, on each of which many a great student has spent a lifetime of research without acquiring the knowledge of it which Dr. Phillipson has obviously acquired of all three. His grasp of Latin and Greek will call forth the admiration of the philologist. His knowledge of ancient civilisation would be appreciated, say, by men like Mosso or Flinders Petrie. And his knowledge of law cannot be disputed. He has given us a work which, for sheer thoroughness, would not shame a

brigade of German professors; but Dr. Phillipson has given us the result of his researches in a style which is almost good enough for a French littérateur.

In his first volume Dr. Phillipson discusses the Greek city-state and its conception of law, afterwards dealing with Rome in a similar manner. We note how Rome and the various Greek States treated foreigners, and how domiciled aliens gradually became entitled to certain rights. Chapters xiii. and xiv. may be mentioned as being of particular interest to us, the first dealing with the rise of diplomacy and the influence of ambassadors, and the second with extradition and the right of asylum. The stupid demagogues who howl for the "democratisation," whatever that may be, of the diplomatic service and look forward, like the romantic idealists they are, to some period of bliss when international barriers will be swept away, will hardly be comforted by a perusal of these chapters; but then, of course, such people have no place in the realms of learning at all. They are most distinctly undesirable aliens, and in Rome would doubtless have come under the law dealing with the barbarians.

In his second volume Dr. Phillipson examines treaties, confederations, leagues and alliances; and it may surprise some people to know that he devotes an entire chapter to what seems to be so modern a subject as the balance of power. This chapter (xviii.) is, indeed, of extraordinary interest to modern students of international politics; for in it we find topics discussed which have been agitating the public mind with great insistency for the last four or five years—i.e., the interest of the State in relation to its foreign policy, the violation of treaties where the interests of the State could be served by breaking them, the continual conflict between what was just and what was expedient. We find that ancient Greece was fortunate in the possession of statesmen like Bismarck, who was not ashamed to increase his country's power by immoral means when merely moral means did not suffice; just as she was harassed at times by "little Greeks," who thought that, once a treaty had been signed, no further wars could possibly break out.

It will be seen that Dr. Phillipson's book deals with a variety of subjects coming under the heading of international law; but we have not yet exhausted the number. There are chapters on colonies and their relationship to the mother-country, on international arbitration, and on war. There is also a chapter on maritime law, which touches on piracy, shipwreck, intercourse in time of war, and the fate of prize vessels, not to speak of the rights of neutrals and the ancient equivalent of The Hague Tribunal.

No reviewer, however, can pretend to set forth all the good points of this work in a single article—the classical scholar, indeed, could easily find materials for several articles in every chapter. Take, for example, Mr. Phillipson's observations on the humaneness of the Athenians (I., 134-5):—

> During the intestine conflicts in the Greek States, everybody could find in Athens a place of refuge. Diodorus speaks of the right of asylum and of the generous laws in favour of the suppliants. It was the constant policy of Athens, says Demosthenes, to deliver the oppressed and to take the part of the unfortunate. Indeed, she practised this policy to such an extent that she often allied herself with the feeble. . . . When under the Roman Empire it was proposed to the Athenians to adopt gladiatorial shows, Demonax, a philosopher, strongly protested. "First of all," cried he, "pull down the altar which our fathers have raised to Mercy." Plutarch also relates that the Athenians were considerate to animals.

"Demonax, a philosopher"—what a flood of light this throws on the later Greeks! And after what Nietzsche has written, we may now see the relationship between Athens, democracy, "humanitarianism," degeneracy and effeminacy. For every statement made in this quotation, by the way, Dr. Phillipson gives us his authority in a footnote, and the same remark applies to practically every statement made in the course of the book. Every page bristles with classical and other references, so that the reader may, if he wishes, refer to the original texts.

Space forbids a mention of the alien question and the abuses of naturalisation (chapter viii.); but enough has been said to show that Dr. Phillipson's book offers a variety of interests to the scholar and the philosopher as well as the mere lawyer. And what higher praise can one give?

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By A. P. Grenfell.

Land Problems and National Welfare. By Christopher Turner (with an introduction by Lord Milner). (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

Every peasant knows what Lord Milner lays down with an air of wisdom "that the land of these islands is under-cultivated and that one of the chief causes of its being under-cultivated is that it is under-peopled." He would say more bluntly that most farmers have too much land, which should breed men as well as cattle. If his lordship is right in stating that agricultural reformers of every school are agreed on this, then policies based on such good traditions are bound within a fairly short time to show definite results in the political and industrial field. These are foreshadowed in the book which Dr. Turner has written from first-hand knowledge and with such kindly insight and fairness of statement that it demands most careful attention. He tells the landlord that his estates too often pay badly because game is over preserved, and that the Agricultural Holdings Act and Ground Game Act do not go far enough to guard the farmers' crops from destruction. As Sir Harry Johnson truly observes, the snobbish excess to which fox-hunting is now carried in the home counties makes poultry-keeping unprofitable in many parts of Sussex. More brains are wanted and are well worth paying for, above all in land agents and bailiffs. Land is too often let in large areas made by throwing two or more holdings into one, which would be better farmed if split up again into their former size. Cattle-breeding to excess drives men away from the land. Under our present system of large farms with annual tenancy, the capable man is keen to improve his own stock but not the land of another.

Owners should think less of sport and take more pride in bettering their estates.

As for the farmer, there is a very high standard of stockbreeding amongst a few, and their success has blinded the onlooker to the low common practice of the many. According to Dr. Turner the mean yield of an acre of British farm land is under £4 in money, a poor show beside the £5 5s. and £5 9s. of Germany and France, and worse still compared to Denmark's £7 and Belgium's £20. On the whole he brings a true bill against the "star" farmer who is wont to block progress for fear of lessening his personal profits.

Too much land has been laid down in permanent grass of a very poor kind, and it would have been far better had the arable land been used for fodder crops instead. Owing to the apathy of landlords, farmers have met the bad times of the eighties and early nineties by lowering their expenditure and by warehusbandry. The country would have fared much better had the crisis been dealt with, as on the continent, by technical education followed by schemes of co-operation. A fall in prices is best met by cheapening the cost of production, and the methods that leap to the eyes are co-operation and the drastic reform of markets whose disgraceful condition in London has been a heavy barrier to rural progress in the home counties. We may recall Sir Horace Plunkett's dictum here that better methods must begin with better business conditions.

The farmer must become a better accountant. In the too-usual muddle of general mixed farming beasts are often fattened and butter made at an actual loss. Some striking figures are given: Milk costs 100 per cent. and more of its wholesale value to distribute as against 30 per cent. in Denmark. The transport and retail sale of vegetables raises their price by 100 to 130 per cent., and in the case of small fruit often by as much as 150 per cent.

Dealing with the labourer our author regrets the enclosure of the commons and commonfields without

regard to the interests of the cottager, which has made him lose direct interest in the land. We note that the "Farmer and Stockbreeder" allows that the cost of labour has increased, not because wages are higher but that the quality is worse. The farmer's apparent interests are high prices and low wages; that of the labourers, low prices and high wages. In order that both may see eye to eye on this subject the former should recognise that high wages mean better work and the latter should have an interest in good prices by the prospect of a small holding. In fact, small holdings are advocated as a means of giving the labourer a direct interest in the land, for reconciling him to higher prices and as a lever to raise wages. Unions of labourers to raise wages and defend their interests are advocated. We part company from Mr. Turner for the first time when he says farms of less than 300 acres should be protected from the clauses of the Small Holdings Act. This may be quite right for Lincolnshire on land worth less than £1 per acre, but does not apply to counties like Somerset, where the annual value away from the moors is nearer 30s. and more, while in some favoured spots remote from towns it averages £4 or £5 and upwards in annual value.

As for Tariff Reform, it is utopian to hope that the increase of price from duties can be more than met by a reduction of middlemen's charges. We agree, however, with the author that husbandry on up-to-date lines is an infant industry. Tariffs may come afterwards to save an industry once established on a sound basis that, like agriculture, is needed for the welfare of the nation; but subsidies to young ones are best given in the shape of bounties or by a wise use, now much neglected, of the provisions of the Development Act. Space does not permit of dealing with Mr. Turner's views on education at any length. Only 200-300 farmers' sons attend our agricultural colleges—in our opinion, naturally—for they are still slimed over with the snobbery, waste and ignorance of the landlord class and their toadies. Farm schools with a farm of 100 to 300 acres attached are advocated. These should both cater for those who have no prospect of going to an Agricultural College, and act as recruiting centres for them.

Evening continuation schools for young labourers should be done away with and winter schools set in their place, based on the idea that "the rousing of the people must be accomplished in terms of their daily lives or of their welfare. For the country this must be largely in terms of agriculture." *

The excellent work of the Agricultural Organisation Society is deservedly praised and a plea put in for more State aid. Although Dr. Turner writes as a Unionist he deprecates the apathy of their Government before 1900, and pays a generous tribute to the efforts of such land reformers as C. N. Roden Buxton and Mrs. Jebb, whose zeal and knowledge have brought about such success as the Liberal Land policy has attained. Although he compliments the Board of Agriculture, his book affords a mass of material for a severe indictment of that body, which is servile to landlords, patronising to farmers and contemptuous of others. If a fair number of landlords and prosperous farmers will read the signs of the times aright and take to heart the advice of our author, they may yet be of service to the body politic, and thus, though under changed conditions, save their order. Here is a chance for intelligent Unionists and moderate men of all parties which they will do well not to lose, for it is likely to be their last.

The Disappearance of the Small Landowner.

By A. H. Johnson. (Clarendon Press.)

Although published in 1909 the lessons to be drawn from this book come at an opportune moment now that the Conservatives are elaborating their land policy. The more the propagandists and investigators on their side study the question the less sure are they of plans of small ownership. Most moderates of all parties would probably agree with Lord Curzon that there is room for both the policies, ownership and tenure from public bodies. Our author attributes less influence than most to the effects of the Black Death. He notes the early rise of the industrial system in the wool and cloth industries which tended to break up the manorial system earlier than elsewhere in Western Europe except in Northern Italy and Flanders. While the labourers asserted their rights to personal freedom on the one hand, they gradually lost their rights to land on the other. The result at the end of the Tudor period was that while the poorest and smallest men had been driven from the land, the number of moderate-sized owners increased.

After the destruction of this class came the turn of the copy-holders, who were usually ousted from their privileged customary holdings, not by illegal practices, but by the methods of political pressure, cozenage and legal sharp practice that have tainted the history of the landlords and landlordism till the present day. These evil traditions are not dead yet; witness the general bad administration of the Small Holdings Acts. The Restoration, and still more the Revolution in 1688, as our author says, marked the turning-point in our history. Till then laws were passed to mitigate the condition of the cottager and against the engrossing of farms. Afterwards, when the squires joined with the nobles, the break-up of the old conditions proceeded with an ever-quickened rate. Common fields and wastes were enclosed at a great rate, always to the disadvantage of the smaller men, till the process came to an end in the 'sixties of the last century for lack of land on which to encroach further. Our author rightly speaks of this curious land-owning aristocracy, with the peers at its head, closely connected with the country gentry, who formed the chief body, a class constantly recruited by successful business and commercial men.

The fact that the ownership of land has always carried with it political and social power, also that our so-called aristocracy has always welcomed the nouveau riche, so long as he was sufficiently gilded, explains why the larger landowners have gradually eaten up the smaller. Land has a value above its business value as an investment. In times of expansion values go up, and the small owner often finds it advantageous to sell. In times of depression he is hit the hardest, and is forced to part. This has been more and more the case since the ownership of land has been increasingly divorced from farming. In our opinion the disappearance of the small owner other than the house owner with a few acres attached is not to be regretted. He is apt to be snobbish and reactionary, while he is far less intelligent and public spirited than the big man, and his estates are usually in worse order. Large estates lead naturally to still larger ones held by the State and municipality. There will yet be room for a certain number of intelligent resident landlords. The smaller ones, it is to be hoped, will disappear altogether except in the case of houses and allotments where use-occupation may be held to justify ownership. The comparison between England and other countries is the weakest part of the book. The attention Mr. Johnson has drawn to the land tax assessments is a valuable contribution to the serious study of the subject.

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By Baron G. von Taube.

Adam Mickiewicz. By Monica Gardner. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)

A real work of love, honest and thorough; a task laborious enough to have been impossible. We see one of the noblest sons of Poland clearly before us, a man of talent and full of energy, with a heart overflowing with generous impulse, the whole of his being pervaded with but one thought—his country. Already in his student years he is found expressing the opinion "that the true school of the poet is self-sacrifice and consecration." Herewith the equipment of the complete artist. How earnestly he meant it in his work is shown by the advice he gives to the youthful Krasinski, whom he met in Switzerland, and who became the leading Polish poet after him. "Truth," says Mickiewicz, "only truth is attractive and really beautiful." When

* U.S.A. Commission on country life.

it comes, however, to the crucial test of the method to be pursued in fathoming truth the riddle of Mickiewicz's aberrations becomes evident. As an artist he remains untouched, it is true; but as philosopher and thinker Mickiewicz is found badly wanting. Listen to his favourite notion: "Feeling and faith," he says, "speak more forcibly to me than the wisdom of wise men." In fact, it is evident that this idea represented the keynote of his intellectual life. After this it is but natural that he should be enthusiastically received by the great company of Russian idealists, in whom also the heart ran away with the head. And equally is it natural that even Pushkin, the critical and often cynical man (who already as a twelve-year-old student was at war with his priest, and got even with that worthy by pasquining him in splendid verse), did not always follow Mickiewicz's patriotic ravings with indifference. He esteemed his Polish confrère too highly for that. Their intercourse was very friendly while it lasted in St. Petersburg. The eminently characteristic quickness of repartee of the Pole is shown on one occasion: "Stój dwojka! Tooz idiot!" exclaimed Pushkin, meeting Mickiewicz in the street. "Halt, Deuce! The Ace is coming!" alluding to himself as Deuce and to Mickiewicz as Ace. "Kozyrnaja dwojka i tooza biot," Mickiewicz quickly replied in Russian, "A trump deuce takes the ace." Equally is Goethe's attitude to Mickiewicz to be understood without ascribing it as the author does to mere personal egotism. The aim of that great German was also truth. Only, truth with Goethe meant a very different thing from the voice of the heart. It meant the study and understanding of all the world's greatest thinkers, and involved diligent training and exercise of man's analytical faculties. In fact, the men were at antipodes, though equally great in their respective realms—Goethe as a deep thinker, Adam Mickiewicz as a man of idealistic emotions whose influence in Poland was certainly equal if not superior to that exercised upon Germany by Goethe. In Paris Adam Mickiewicz met most of his great contemporaries, and was appreciated and admired by them. There his compatriot Chopin played in the poet's humble quarters, and such men as Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Michelet, Quinet and others were counted among his acquaintances. The exiled bard listened thenceforth to two voices, that of his country bleeding from fresh wounds after the revolt of 1830 and the voice of his own mystical meditations on the significance of it all. He arrived at the conclusion that his country, Poland, was chosen by the Lord, and was under the special protection of the Lord's Mother. The chastisement inflicted upon her was for the purpose of purifying and sanctifying her so that in her new perfect garb she might serve as the Divine instrument for the conversion of all the nations to the true faith.

It was at this moment that the mystic Towianski entered into Mickiewicz's life. Towianski claimed to be the Lord's messenger and instrument for the liberation of Poland. Henceforth, for a term of several years, Mickiewicz was merely the tool of his prophet, estranging himself from his friends and supporters—his children even. He lost his position as a professor of Slavonic Literature at the Collège de France by openly preaching Napoleonism at the dictation of his master. Finally, when he broke with Towianski, having fully convinced himself that the "reaching of the higher spiritual level" consisted chiefly in doing nothing, he once more tried to work, and then discovered that his poetical gift had abandoned him. We find him next in Turkey organising a Polish legion, the nucleus of which he had gathered in Italy. Here at last he dies, a man sorely tried, ruined, haunted and utterly broken down, but still believing as strongly in the cause to which he had consecrated his life forty years before.

Such is a brief résumé of the life Miss Gardner has told us. She concludes with the statement that the Japanese found copies of Mickiewicz' "Konrad Wallenrod" on the bodies of dead Poles serving in the Russian army. The Russophobia of the poet I pass over, especially as the author herself seems to suffer from it.

* * *

By F. Harrold.

Unemployment Insurance. I. G. Gibbon. (P. S. King and Son. 6s. net.)

As its title page conveys in appropriately large type, there is a preface to Mr. Gibbon's work by Professor Hobhouse. It occupies two and a half pages, and chiefly serves to impress one as being the somewhat apologetic commendation of a good-natured professor upon the laborious and painstaking efforts of his less than brilliant disciple. We are told by it that "the course of his investigations has led the writer (Mr. Gibbon) to form some definite opinions which he freely states," but that his main purpose is taken to be the "study of facts," and not the "inculcation of opinion." Yet Mr. Gibbon's opinions are elaborately set out in his final chapter of "Conclusions," as twenty-three separate propositions, each followed by its appropriate argument; besides not infrequently obtruding themselves elsewhere in the book. This is a great pity, for Mr. Gibbon's function in sociology clearly lies in the department of research, in the patient accumulation and orderly arrangement of data. It is rarely, indeed, that this function is associated in the same individual with that other faculty which surveys the accumulated data and propounds some theory destined to shed new light on the problems which confront us, and Mr. Gibbon is not one of the rare and brilliant exceptions to the general rule. As a work of reference on what has been attempted, whether voluntarily or by authorities both local and national, in this and other countries, Mr. Gibbon's book is excellent. But the conclusions which he draws from his investigations, while more diffuse, are by no means so sound or so well established as those of Mr. Schloss in the latter's "Insurance against Unemployment," which was published by the same firm in 1909. The argument with which Mr. Gibbon supports his conclusions is moreover often tedious and unconvincing.

Mr. Hobhouse also pays tribute in his preface to the impartiality of the author's study of the problem. Yet even if one were not a Socialist, one would begin to doubt the impartiality of a writer who, in considering the various remedies suggested for unemployment, can sweep aside the suggestion of the organisation of industry by the State in half a dozen lines such as the following:—

> Apart from the question of how far this would be practicable, one may ask whether such a system would not result in the sacrifice of that freedom so hardly won and now so rightly treasured. But in any case such a root and branch re-organisation of society is not a matter of the immediate future, and does not enter into the domain of practical affairs.

However the author's passion for freedom and his dread of bureaucratic interference, which despite our Socialism we can fully share with him, lead to his proposals being more acceptable to us than those of Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Gibbon, at any rate, rejects compulsory insurance, even if it is to be confined to particular trades. But on quite inadequate grounds and apparently oblivious to the many objections existing to such a proposal, he would have the State provide a scheme "in which persons who are not members of voluntary associations should be able to be insured," and he makes no attempt to reply to the vigorous condemnation with which Mr. Schloss has assailed this proposal.

Mr. Gibbon has followed Mr. Schloss very closely in the method and general form in which he deals with his subject. He never acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Schloss, and merely refers to his book as the source from which knowledge on the subject "has hitherto been derived." We incline to the opinion that, despite the greater volume and elaboration of detail of Mr. Gibbon's work, Mr. Schloss's book will still remain the most useful source of information upon the subject.

By Ernest Radford.

Ancient Lights. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Chapman and Hall, London. 1911.)

The author of the "Soul of London" has given us a volume of his impressions and recollections which should be treasured by its possessors. There is only this to be said by way of precaution, that while one's impressions cannot be challenged directly, one's recollections are sure to be if the reader is given the chance. The author's children are told in the Preface which is addressed to them, that it is "full of inaccuracies," though no book could ever be that, and I felt confident from the beginning that the errors would be very trifling. The most of the so-called inaccuracies come of stretching the word as if 'twere elastic, whereby an inch may become a yard while in substance it is the same; and when he is really wrong it is probably in some quite unimportant matter, as when, for instance, he gives us his recollections of those "afternoon" meetings at Kelmscott House, whereof there were none except in the evenings, and of the striding of William Morris up and down between the "aisles" of a building which did not possess them; but these little slips occur in pages of prose so truly descriptive of those humble but high-souled meetings, and so unusual withal that there would be nothing but thanks for the writer if one could allow the following passage to pass without any comment upon it:

> One of the prettiest things that I can remember was seeing Madox Brown sitting in the central aisle of the little shed attached to Morris's house at Hammersmith. Both of them were white-haired then: so these two picturesque persons re-cemented their ancient friendship under the shadow of a social revolution that I am sure my grandfather did not in the least understand, and that William Morris probably understood still less.

In answer to which I would say it was after some thirty years of the closest association with workmen that Morris declared for Socialism, and that whatever is lost through being a poet, he had in his nature an enormous advantage over ordinary converts to Socialism who have only their brains to recommend them. A fuller defence of our much-loved friend would be impossible in a review, but if Mr. Hueffer will read some of Morris's latest letters he will see how eminently sane was the view which he took of the situation in England. Elsewhere in this book there is an unsupported assertion that Rossetti's income ran "well into five figures" at one time, while the always-most-cautious William Rossetti puts it at two or three thousand at most, and this may be another case of the "stretching" to which I referred, but really this writer's mostly quite harmless inaccuracies are as entertaining as another's would be irritating, and it would be hard to be angry with him.

There may seem to be more than there was any call for of the author's opinions and grievances, but the book is concerned in the main with the sayings and doings of the most remarkable artists, whether of pen or brush, that the last century saw. The very interesting chapter on "Music and Masters" where we are in the thick of the fight over Wagner, comes well from the son of a German musician in England who represented the "Times," and none could be more entertaining than those which bring us into the not very sacred circle of the Pre-Raphaelites and their associates, some of whom were most queerly chosen. Himself the grandson of Ford Madox Brown, his uncle by marriage is William Rossetti, and it was, as he says, very painful for a small child to have none but great people about him, and to be made to feel he was expected to be a genius. Some of the greatest he saw constantly, and as for the others their names were dinned into his head in such wise that he thought he had better be dead since he could not attain to those heights. There were giants in England then, in the matter of swearing particularly, as when William Rossetti upset the whisky.

Dealing with the same men and matter, there are I don't know how many books which I have read for instruction, but for enjoyment I recommend this. The only way in which the flavour of it could be imparted would be by means of quotation, but with almost unlimited choice, and so little remaining space, it is not so easy as it might seem. Considering the nearness of his relationship to the principal men of the circle, the author's candour and open-mindedness are most refreshing, and I shall not be afraid hereafter to express my own opinions quite freely, for to me a picture by Madox Brown, well as I understand it, is like the Lord's day to Mr. Badman created by Bunyan, "a thing that I cannot away with," and the reader will understand with what pleasure the following passage was read:

> Rossetti [he says, speaking of course of his early work] looked as it were into the illuminated capitals of missals, and so gave the world little square wooden chambers all gilded, with women in hennins [whatever they are], queer musical instruments, and many little pretty and quaint conceits. Madox Brown in his peculiar manner carried the quaintnesses still further. With his queer knotted English mind he must give you an Iseult screaming like any kitchen wench, a Sir Tristram expiring in an extraordinary stiff spasm because his armour would not bend, a King Marc poking a particularly ugly face into a grated window; and of all things in the world, a white Maltese terrier yapping at the murderers.

* * *

By S. G. Hobson.

Letters from Finland. By Rosalind Travers. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. 7s. 6d.)

Before opening this volume I had already heard of Miss Travers as an unusually well-informed friend of Finland. But at first glance the form of the book set me against it. What interminably silly records have found themselves bound together as "Letters from Jerusalem" or Timbuctoo or Heaven itself? So I lazily turned over the pages, looking for the small change to be expected in such travel literature. Soon I began to dip deeper, and in ten minutes I was charmingly disillusioned. For my doubts I now humbly apologise to Miss Travers. She has "done Finland" thoroughly, and, although she writes with a light touch, she has succeeded in presenting Finland to her readers vividly, comprehensively and with astonishing accuracy.

Finland has only about three million people scattered over a large area. Apparently therefore it is not a difficult country to write about. But it is a plain, indisputable fact that it bears on its surface a variety of complex problems that baffle most students. These problems, racial, political and economic, are divided and sub-divided to a degree of puzzlement that makes one despair of solution. Finland is constantly compared to Ireland, to Poland, to Schleswig-Holstein, but these resemblances are superficial; the Finnish problem is really unique. Ethnographically considered, the Finns are a race apart. When Finland was under Sweden, it was still Finland. For six centuries it resisted absorption. When we read of the power and persistence of the Swedish bureaucracy, when we remember that the Finnish language was treated as a mere patois, without scientific basis and without literature, and remember, too, that every effort was made to kill it, then we can only express amazement at the vitality of a people that could withstand such pressure, and whose language, far from languishing, is growing in popularity, and is fast developing a literature and a genius all its own. And just as the Finns stolidly resisted absorption, so during the past century Finland has equally withstood the menace of Muscovy.

During the past quarter of a century the economic development of Finland has produced practically all the industrial sequelæ common to Western Europe and America. The "class-struggle" has been as bitter as it is well defined. Concurrently there has been the struggle to maintain the Finnish constitution against the relentless depredation of the Russian bureaucracy, and yet another struggle by the Swede-Finns to maintain, if not their old ascendancy, at least their language and what they term their "Swedish culture."

Imagine the welter of passions and problems that has resulted! Miss Travers is to be congratulated because she has succeeded in posing accurately the facts and arguments relating to these subtle categories of the Finnish soul-struggle. But she has done more.

She has journeyed through Finland with a shrewd eye, and as a mere record of what she saw on her travels these letters are admirable. She is both cultured and modern, and has a sense of humour. With her intellectual equipment she penetrates—a gift for which we, as well as Miss Travers, ought to be grateful.

Not that I always agree with Miss Travers. Indeed, there are several lances I should like to break with her. For example, I think her emphasis is sometimes misdirected. She does not seem to me to appreciate the real greatness of the artist Gallén, who is surely the very genius of the Finnish people. And, oddly enough, I saw no reference to Sibellius, a musician of European reputation, who will, I fancy, rank with Debussy. But appreciation of artists is, after all, a matter of taste. Of deeper significance is a constant reference to Swedish and Finnish types. I venture to assure Miss Travers that this is pure imagination on her part. There are no such distinctive types. In the first place, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to discover the exact proportion of Swedish and Finnish blood in any native of Finland. It is certain that many who pose as Swede-Finns are, in reality, Finns pur sang. On the other hand, the Finnish renaissance has brought to the Finnish party some thousands who formerly ranked as Swedes and whose primary language is Swedish. The type is more probably the outcome of physical conditions which produce the same result upon Swedes and Finns. Miss Travers several times hints at the Mongolian type when referring to Finns. Does she know that this presumed ancestry is rather bitterly resented? So far as I know, there is no historical evidence of the Mongolian origin of the Finns.

Perhaps the weakest part of the book is the attempt Miss Travers makes to explain the resurgence of Finnish nationality since the time of Snellman, Castren and Lönnrött. She ascribes it to the literary influence of these Nestors. But the cause lies deeper. The real father of his country was Snellman, and Snellman, although a keen politician and disputant, was fundamentally a philosopher. He was Hegel's favourite pupil. The European movement of 1848 caught him in his most formative period. It was a time when the sense of nationality was keenest, when men looked to the assertion of nationality as the strongest bulwark against autocracy and tyranny. Returning to his native land and brooding over the strange history of his own people and their stubborn resistance to external national pressure, he speedily convinced himself that the Finns possessed all the authentic *stigmata* of nationality. If we are to look to the cause of so much bitterness between Finns and Swedes, it may be found in the persecution and bitter antagonism which Snellman and his friends encountered in their crusade.

Yet "Swedish culture" (about which one hears so much in Finland) is in no danger. For, after all, it is European culture, and the Finns are just as susceptible to it as are the Swedes or Norwegians or Danes. For good or ill, Finnish nationality is now an accomplished fact. It will not recede; it will develop. And it would be wise for the Swede-Finns to accept it as inevitable. When I was last in Helsingfors a Swede said to me: "The Russian danger will blow over; the Finnish danger grows greater; I fear the Finns more than the Russians." If that spirit dominates Helsingfors and Obo, then Finland may expect tragical events. But the Finlander, whether Swede or Finn, is practical and commonsensible, and is quick to accommodate himself. Personally I anticipate no trouble.

Meantime any student who desires to master the essential facts about Finland will consult this book and certainly will not go empty away. The historical synopsis forming Appendix I. is clear, succinct and accurate. Appendix II. tells of the development of the Social Democratic Party in Finland. In the next edition, I wish Miss Travers would add a third appendix on the working of proportional representation in Finland. It is an inviting topic. Few as yet realise that the effect of it is to supplant the vocal leader by the silent or inarticulate committee—a change of arguable advantage.

By Alfred E. Randall.

The Letters and Journal of Count Leiningen, 1849-49. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)

Among the heroes of the Hungarian War of Independence, Count Charles Leiningen-Westerburg must be considered one of the most remarkable. Born of a long line of German counts who, until the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire, had sovereign rights over their feudatories, and are still included among the dynasties, an officer in the Austrian army, he became connected with Hungary by his marriage. His attachment to its people strengthened as his acquaintance increased. In later years, his widow wrote to his son: "As you know, your father loved Germany above all; nevertheless, he decided to settle here (Hungary) and did not consider such a step in the light of a sacrifice. He was fond of this country, knew it well, and had a special liking for the Magyars, just as his elder brother Louis had. Your father was familiar with the Hungarian Constitution, with the rights and privileges of Hungary in all their details, and followed with the greatest interest the struggle of the Opposition against the Government, which was under the control of the Chancellery in Vienna, in the Parliament of 1847. He believed that if Hungary obtained full liberty and independence, the project of a unified Germany would be more easily realised. He was not yet a captain in his regiment, and had no intention of remaining with the colours; his ambition was, after settling his account with the Treasury, to buy an estate in Hungary." We hear no more of the German idea after October 30, 1848. By that time, he had refused to join his regiment because, he said, "no honest man could fight against Hungary, which was only defending her legal rights sanctified by royal oath." On the other hand, he refused to fight against the Imperial troops; and was sent by the Hungarian War Minister to the army in South Hungary. He fought against the Russians, and in spite of much suspicion and ill-feeling from his brother officers, rose rapidly in the service. He continued to serve after the independence of Hungary and the deposition of the Habsburgs were proclaimed; although he was not a republican, and was no admirer and no great friend of Kossuth. He fought against the Austrians at Nagy Sarló; and after Görgey's capitulation to the Russians at Világos, Leiningen and twelve other Honvéd generals were sentenced to death, and all of them were executed on October 6, 1849.

A sad end to a brilliant career, but not unsought. When the army turned northward against the Austrians, many officers, Count Alexander Eszterházy at their head, deserted the Hungarians. "I cannot desert a cause when it is in danger," said Leiningen. "The same sense of duty," says his biographer, Dr. Marczali, "hindered him from going into exile in the days before and after the capitulation at Vilagós, when he knew his life was at stake. Görgey called upon him, almost compelled him by force, to depart, since Hungary was not his native country." But he would not go. "He loved his wife and children better than life itself," says his biographer, "yet he did not choose to survive the downfall of the cause he had espoused." A regrettable decision; for he was not only a brilliant soldier and a noble character, he was a fine writer. "He should have died hereafter." "There is scarcely anything superfluous in his writings," says Dr. Marczali. "Every sentence has for its subject some event, thought, or person. Everything in it is interesting and valuable. From a purely literary point of view the work is without a parallel in the literature of the War of Independence. We cannot add anything to Leiningen's military laurels; but it is our firm conviction that he deserves to be crowned with the wreath of the writer too." That verdict I heartily endorse. In 210 pages we get an autobiography and a history; descriptions of six battles, two of which are superbly done; and numberless character sketches of generals and politicians, stories of camp life and practical jokes. For the historical value of these documents, Dr. Marczali, who is Professor of History at Budapest, vouches; and the Hungarian War

of Independence is not so familiar to English readers that we can afford to dispense with any contemporary documents. When they reveal so charming a personality, so clear a mind, and such commanding ability as these of Count Leiningen, we may be sincerely grateful for their translation. Leiningen was a soldier who could write, which, in these days of prolixity, is superlative praise.

Ruskin: A Study in Personality. By A. C. Benson. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

There is nothing to say of this book that is not said by the author in his preface. It is a reprint of seven lectures delivered at Cambridge last Michaelmas term. He intended to recast them into formal shape, but " found on reflection that this would entail rewriting the whole book on an entirely different scheme." He did not think that another small biography of Ruskin was required; and a large one is being written by the editors of Ruskin's works. The author " felt that these lectures might, as lectures, have a certain freshness which they would lose if transmuted into a treatise; and they must be looked upon rather as an attempt to emphasise and bring home certain salient features and characteristics of the man than an attempt at synthesis and summary." We are offered neither instruction nor illumination, but emphasis of those features of Ruskin's characters that are obvious to everybody. " This book is, accordingly, a sketch and not a finished portrait; it is frankly compiled from accessible sources; but it is written with a sincere love and admiration, and with a strong belief that Ruskin's message and example have a very real truth and strength of their own, urgently needed in these hasty and impulsive days." So we are offered an introduction to the study of Ruskin's works at 7s. 6d. net, an exorbitant price for a primer. Still, it must be said that Mr. Benson is always clear in exposition, apt in quotation, faultless in taste, and sound though not exhaustive in criticism. For instance, he sees the failure of the economic schemes of Ruskin, but does not show the economic cause of it. He is concerned with Ruskin only as a personality; and as he is dependent on the biographies for his material, and is not an authoritative critic of art, economics, or sociology, the book can only be recommended to those who know nothing of Ruskin. Mr. Benson says: " I have written these pages with the hope of provoking a discriminating interest in the man's life and work, and with the wish to present a picture of one of the most suggestive thinkers, the most beautiful writers, and the most vivid personalities of the last generation." If apologies and good intentions can make a book acceptable, this preamble to the works of Ruskin should be welcomed by all those who need a guide. Those who do not will regard the book as unnecessary.

Oscar Wilde. By Anna, Comtesse de Brémont. (Everett. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a short memoir dedicated to the mother of Oscar Wilde, and prefaced by a sonnet to the subject of the memoir, which is written in four-footed anapæstic couplets. The octave is entitled: "His Body"; the sestet " His Soul "; which is, presumably, symbolic quantitative analysis of the composition of Wilde. The mystery of his personality, according to the author, was due to the existence of a feminine soul in a masculine brain. All his friends and critics failed to discover this; but the author saw it at her first meeting with Wilde, and her divination of his secret made him uneasy. He gained the whole world and lost his own soul, according to the author; and that was the secret of his downfall. He found his soul awaiting him in prison; on his release, it went with him to Paris, and with his body was baptised into communion with the Catholic Church four days before the final severance. The narrative has every appearance of being inspired, and is really interesting for its reminiscences; but its psychology is rather vague. A memoir of Anna, Comtesse de Brémont, by Oscar Wilde, would have been very interesting, and perhaps as acutely perceptive as this one.

The Seven Edwards of England. By K. A. Patmore. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

This book is designed to give some account of the personal and family affairs of these sovereigns, and of the minor, yet not insignificant, details of their daily lives. The author tells us what they wore, where they lived, what they ate, how they were attended, what ceremonies accompanied their birth, marriage, coronation and death. The volume should be of great interest to those descendants of Hamlet whose vision sees " a king of shreds and patches." It might be called, not unjustly, history for tailors and upholsterers. There is evidence of much research, and the book is well written; and if we can regard a being simply as a person to be clothed, housed, and fed, it should interest us to know how these things were done during the reigns of the seven Edwards. The narrative is always entertaining, for Mr. Patmore has the historical imagination; and even buttons and breeches are dignified by their long descent. The specially intimate memoir of Edward VII. is rather disappointing. Mr. Patmore is so impressed by Chopin's Funeral March and the long wailing threnody of the " Daily Mail " that he can only kneel in silent adoration; and hasten away the King's tailor, horse-trainer, and tray-bearer. His knowledge is really astonishing. I am not sure whether he tells us which was the first Edward to wear braces; but I am sure that he could. If he would only translate this Court Guide and Tailors' Manual into Greek hexameters, it could be recommended to the Poetry Recital Society for recitation. I hesitate to end on this note. The book really does give us very valuable information concerning life and customs during the reigns of these kings; and if I seem to scoff, it is because a king means more to me than chronology. The seven Edwards have given no more than their names and dates to this book: the rest is leather and prunella and Mr. K. A. Patmore.

* * *

By Huntly Carter.

Via Rhodesia. By Charlotte Mansfield. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)

These imperialisings in easy journalese and without race understanding do not carry the traveller far. True, they transport him to Africa, but it is not the mighty Africa of the pioneer, the explorer, the hunter, the Empire-making adventurer. It is the Africa of the cinematograph-phonograph theatre (called Cine for short) with all the magnificent colour left out, and reduced to a convenient size to suit public notion and taste. And the speaking apparatus is too close to the not very moving pictures, and the effect of the voice is artificial, as though proceeding from a person with limited sympathy and ideas. It would have been different and better if the phonograph had been removed some hundred feet or so behind the pictures, which would then have had an opportunity of speaking for themselves. The pictures are fairly educative but the phonograph is not. Before the pictures have fairly begun to move the voice starts off at full speed, and on the voyage out we hear the strong sea air evoking the following opinion on race equality: "We beat our own dogs but object to our neighbours chastising theirs, and so regardless of our poor starving whites, a certain set are always ready to stand up for the so-called rights of the supposed-to-be ill-treated blacks." The view is not designed to promote inter-racial amity. But under the influence of "Diamonds and Orchards" there is a remarkable change, and the inferiority of the white man is emphasised. In reference to the enlightened way in which the native labourer in the Kimberley mines appreciates the cleanliness and order of the compound we are told "the British workman would doubtless prefer, instead of the cleanliness and order of the compound, the squalor of a room in an over-crowded area and the freedom of a gin-palace, and when the native is educated he will probably require the same." So that uneducated coloured humanity subject to British control is superior in its habits to educated white humanity. This is not the way to prove British race supremacy. Such contradictions are too silly for words and only

serve to invalidate the general method pursued—that of whitewashing the author's friends and blackwashing the other side.

Arrived at the heart of Africa, so to speak, the voice begins to illuminate the advantage of South Africa to intending immigrants. We hear that "Southern Rhodesia is the very place for men and women who wish to live the simple life with profit, and offers a wider scope than does Chelsea with its brown serge affectations and Christian Science hysteria." Why drag in Chelsea, which has nothing to do with the simple life? Chelsea is only concerned with art and love, and these are not simple things; they are very complex. But it seems Rhodesia not only wants simple-lifers, it "wants women, needs women." For lack of white women the young men pioneers are taking to evil courses. The author inquires, "How can this be altered? My advice is, treble the tax on whiskey and import women free of charge." This is talking as though woman is an unfailing antidote for unlimited doses of Scotch. We wonder she does not put women in the fish class. The immortal effect on the young Adam of the absence of the white Eve is thus described. "The young man on the farm grows lonely, and so he either speculates and gambles, losing all the idea of getting rich quickly and going back to England and women, or, takes to whiskey and loses all through lack of women." Clearly a case of woman or wine. The film rolls on and we hear: "But the right kind of women must come out—women of the servant-girl class are no good—the young farmers out here are men of birth and education—men and women need each other to keep the balance of life gracefully as well as decently poised. There is one point I must touch on, and that is the horrible (though near the town usually hidden) liaisons between white men and black women, the result being a sickly-coloured progeny which, growing up in all directions, will, at some future time, be a terrible menace to civilisation and a grievous subject for legislation." The meaning of this passage is as clear as it is unpleasant. White women of birth and education are needed for a moral purpose, that is, they are needed for the moral salvation of the young farmers. To put it plainly their mission is to divert the sexual appetite of the males from its present object, black women, into some channel not stated. We believe that when white women of birth and education come to read this passage they will think twice, or even three times, before rushing off to the immigration office. Nor will the next film of Eve tempting Adam, or Potiphar's wife and Joseph, hasten matters in the desired direction. "To give men their due, they begin by intending to be adamant, wishing to be decent; but day after day the dark girl goes and sits outside the lonely man's hut; she is not always ugly if she is very young, and though her lips are thick, her body is beautifully formed; and then, too, she has an eye for colour; the lonely man has grown a few flowers round his hut, just the flowers he loved at home, and one day he sees her at sunset, when the gold and crimson of the sky makes the whole world seem beautiful, and in her hair is a red carnation, plucked from his garden. Then the lonely man forgets he is white." Enough to make him. Turning from the Mashona Venus with her appropriate decorations and red lights, the author occasionally gets on the right track, especially where she vigorously attacks the missionary system, which is, in fact, ripe for suppression. But apparently this is due more to accident that design, since her remedy is worse than the evil. "The best way to civilise the black is to improve and maintain the position of the white. Example means much in the teaching of children; the example of the white means everything in the development of the native, and therefore, surely, it behoves everyone in England who has the interest of the natives at heart, to send out in the first place money for proper schools and churches for the whites" (p. 111). But elsewhere (p. 321) we read, "Why not leave the natives alone in their happy state and send out to this school the unhappy children of the slums, to be trained in agricultural pursuits before they become criminals?" Putting aside the strange ambiguity of the latter sentence, it will be seen how the author views Africa as the white man's land, the resources of which—space, light, air, sunlight, earth, water, everything in fact, are to be utilised for the purpose of reforming our potential criminals, while the "happy black" may do great things in the world elsewhere. For one thing he may go into the gutta-percha business under the management of the King Leopolds and be happy though mutilated. Arguments of this kind have but one meaning. They have no sociology or anthropology or judgment behind them. They are the outcome of a mind warped by Imperialistic insularity. Such a mind does not hesitate to give utterance to the following exhibition of bad taste. "It is a well-known fact that a man-eating lion will make a meal off a black in preference to a white man if it is a question of choice. Perhaps the flavour is stronger, and the taste for white flesh (like caviare) has to be acquired." This looks as though a person obsessed by the British race superiority fetish has no more soul than a pail of prison skilly. Elsewhere the author commends the lust for blood, and congratulates the Awembas on their system of mutilation as a punishment for theft. "If more blood were shed in Europe there would be less dirty linen washed in the divorce courts." In the Awemba country men have their hands cut off for theft or for running away with other men's wives. Here again we have the method of the happy black exalted. So the lop-sided see-saw goes on. Owing to this one-sided, unsympathetic, unscientific habit of mind, the author's account of the customs and civilisation of the African tribes is valueless. The descriptions of the scenery are washy, and one very important point is omitted in the text. If the author wants middle-class women to go to Rhodesia she should describe the climate and its effects on settlers. But her considerations of peculiar geographical, agricultural and economic conditions may be useful to the landlord and money-lord classes. On these grounds the cinematograph is fairly interesting, but the voice is much too loud. It reaches concert pitch in the photos of Miss Mansfield, who is seen surrounded by the happy blacks she so deeply despises, while overhead the Union Jack flaunts its blatant Imperialistic message to the sun-swept skies and the dark African forests.

Brazenhead the Great. By Maurice Hewlett. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

Mr. Hewlett's great brassy medieval hero will make friends with those who like getting drunk as Mr. Hewlett does, on fourteenth-fifteenth century intoxicants. They will come full tilt on the gentleman on page 18 where they will find, "like a rush of south-west wind making havoc in a cloister, the superb figure of Captain Brazenhead—with his six feet two inches, his cloak thrown back, his buoyant moustachios and eagle nose—seemed to fill the presence chamber. Inspired to utterance, strung taut as he was by the occasion, he broke upon the silence of the churchyard-vault with the crash and clatter of a trumpet. 'Hail, Ironsides,' he exclaimed, and the halberdiers backed to the walls. He said no less and added no more—nor need he"—nor need we—at least till we arrive at page 80, where we may sample the gallant Captain's taste in ladies. Says Brazenhead, "See me at my ease, having well supped, slippers on my feet, plying the toothpick; what do I need then, ha? Why, a dove-eyed, ministering, kiss-me-quick lass to sit on my knee, and work the whisk to keep the flies away what time I sleep off my drink. 'Tis so, by Cock." No strapping wenches for Brazenhead. On page 158 we may introduce ourselves to his followers. "And then upon a certain day in June he set forth for his affair at the head of an escort of five-and-thirty scoundrels—all young, all greedy and all liars." The affair might have been political. "The greatest liar then in France, if not all Christendom, was, no doubt, Captain Brazenhead." Brazenhead had the best qualification for Prime Minister. On page 202 we discover him expounding his philosophy of saints and ladies, where also his great capacity for consuming innumerable Middle-Age Basses is demonstrated. "The Captain, as the result showed, had been thinking

partly of beer, for he drank deeply of the fount of solace. But when he had again drunk copiously, thrown down the flagon for dogs to sniff at, and wrung out his beard, moustachios, eye-brows, regardless of his birth he slapped his young friend on the thigh saying, 'I have it, gamepoult, I have it.'" Brazenhead's manner of solving the beer problem recalls Max Beerbohm's caricature, "Mr. Hilaire Belloc striving to win Mr. G. K. Chesterton from the errors of Geneva," in which frothy beer plays the principal part. Mr. Hewlett is an artist at this sort of swashbuckling. His scenes and characters are alive. His book is all exuberance, froth, brasseries, and joy of life.

Defender of the Faith. By Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen. 6s.)

"I do wish you would get a copy of this book and read it, red pencil in hand (blue if you like), using the pencil relentlessly all through. It wants a pruning knife. The author revels in epithets of a sort. One gets giddy. It is such good work that it is a thousand pities it should not have the 'little more' which would be so much." Such might be an extract from the letter of a cultured reader of Miss Bowen's latest work, who not only admires her very high abilities, but is far too interested in her artistic career to allow her faults to go without a protest. We, too, share the imaginary correspondent's interest and alarm, and having no desire to hasten Miss Bowen's footsteps in the direction of the quagmire of obscurity, which an immediate success and incompetent, backslapping reviewers would have her take, we will use the ultramarine pencil to fashion her ultramontane style. In "Defender of the Faith" both the emotional and intellectual elements of style call loudly for treatment. They suffer from lack of simplicity and from starvation of words. A disastrous flood of invectives; split infinitives on every other page; a most slovenly construction here and there; anæmic words; these are prominent offenders. Here is a characteristic passage from the forty-seventh page, selected at random:

> The face of Charles Stewart was *dark* and *lowering* now, his mouth set with *a drag of scorn*, his *brilliant* eyes *frowning* under the *heavy* brows; the *thick* curls of his *black* peruke half concealed his *worn* cheeks and *lined* brow; he rested his *strongly-shaped* chin in the palm of his *swarthy, elegant* hand, and his elbow against the mantleboard, as he gazed *sombrely* out at that *dull chill* view of Whitehall Gardens. He carried himself very *stately* when he moved *to again look* at Bab Mompesson—the firelight cast a glow of colour up his tall figure and *struck glitter* from the *paste* buttons of his *black* satin.

The italics are ours. In the above extract inexpressive epithets fall over one another; repetition and duplication hold little courts; while the split infinitive stands towering defiantly above the awkward condensing figure. The paragraph needs pruning and engrafting with new stock. The colourless words should be deleted, and words that visualise and express fine shades of meaning should be introduced. Look at Shakespeare's epithets. In the "Seven Ages" epithets are in the highest profusion, but they are always well chosen and vividly represented. Look how Milton's vast epithets assist the pictures. Why does not Miss Bowen, and, indeed, all young writers like her with a fresh and spontaneous outlook, make use of the early seventeenth century store of English; the best prose that has come to us.

Take another paragraph (p. 14): "Bab considered her. She was slender, stately, on the verge of beauty, the Stewart chestnut in her thick curls, and the soft, short-sighted, weak eyes she narrowed in an effort to see more distinctly; her mouth held an expression of gentle sweetness, even now, in her anger." At first sight this might be mistaken for an understudy of a Meredithian portrait. But analysis reveals it to be unworthy even of Marie Corelli. What does the "Stewart chestnut in her thick curls" mean? It is sloppy nonsense. Again, take this sentence on page 161: "She hath shown me a very great coldness which looketh ill for the reception she will give your Highness." Why does Miss Bowen use archaic thees and thous and haths and looketh's? In "Simon Dale," dramatised as "English Nell," Mr. Anthony Hope, a master of terse, witty dialogue, has shown how successfully an historical atmosphere may be reproduced with modern terms.

Space does not permit of a further analysis of the many faults of Miss Bowen's style. We have indicated the worst. A concluding instance may, however, be given of the manner in which the author's careless style seriously interferes with the action of her most dramatic passages. "Defender of the Faith" is the second volume of a trilogy designed to tell the heroic life story of William of Orange. The whole work embodies a true lyric idea and is, therefore, worthy of lyric treatment. The present volume is concerned with the marriage of William, a really great character, and Mary, a fine woman. It tells of William's struggle with France, which tries to subjugate Holland. In the fine chapter which concludes the book, the Prince of Orange discovers for the first time that Mary, whom he has ignored, is not a mere frivolous child as he imagined, but a woman with a soul in full sympathy with his own and his project. The idea of the awakening is finely conceived, and had it been as finely carried out this scene alone would have made the book memorable. As it is the author avoids restraint, violates unity and frequently interrupts the action with digressions and irrelevancies. The chapter opens with a long description of the "scene" and the state of affairs that brings William on. The latter might have been mentioned in the succeeding dialogue between the Prince and Cornelius de Witt. Then follows a long pause consisting of two pages and a half of introspection, revealing the thoughts first of William then of Mary. The greater part of this might have been omitted, as the mental attitude is sufficiently shown in the moving scene which follows between the two. In this scene, which is brief and highly dramatic, the climax is reached. But short though it is the action is frequently interrupted by immaterial descriptions. For instance, we are told "She laid her hand on the breast of her light striped bodice." This is inexcusably weak. At such an intense moment the "eye" of the audience should not be conducted to striped bodices, but kept riveted on the two souls unfolding in a really magnificent way. Here the mental situation, not the costume department, is the thing. Miss Bowen must learn to muse on history with a dramatic poet's eye.

* * *

MISCELLANEOUS.

Voltaire — Philosophie; Rabelais — Œuvres I. Being Vols. IV. and V. of the series, Tous les Chefs-d'œuvre de la Littérature française. (Dent. 1s. each net.)

We heartily welcome this series of French classics, the publication of which at a popular price in England is a literary event. The volumes are pleasingly produced, and the two specimens we have received are well edited. No selection was necessary in the case of Rabelais; but even here the good taste of the editor has suppressed footnotes. Rabelais is the last writer to need explanations of any kind. One must take him in gulps and not in pedantic sips. Of Voltaire the selection for a first volume is admirably made. Here we have, amongst other essays, his Letters from England, written in 1734. They are still entertaining if somewhat superficial. It is refreshing to recall the great Frenchman's first impression of Shakespeare: "A genius without a spark of good taste." It is still more surprising to discover that in 1734 the reputations of our French and English comedies were reversed. Then, according to Voltaire, it was the English stage that was the home of the "indecent," while the French censorship preserved a lily purity. Autres temps, autres mœurs.

John Burns. The Rise and Progress of a Right Honourable. By Joseph Burgess. With a Foreword by H. M. Hyndman. (Reformers' Book Stall, Glasgow. 2s. net.)

We really do not know why the Fabian Society should have refused to advertise this book in its journal. Neither the style of the narrative, nor the spirit in which it is written, nor the facts it contains, nor its indictment of the subject are calculated to do the smallest harm to Mr. Burns' reputation. On the contrary, if this is the most that his enemies can say of him, the sooner they reverse their tactics and condemn him with loud praise the better for them and the worse for him. In the foreword which, we understand, has given the Fabians most offence, Mr. Hyndman instances as proof of Mr. Burns' "colossal conceit" his objection to the correction of his articles and the fact that on one occasion he pulled at Mr. Hyndman's coat-tails to stop his speaking more than ten minutes at a public meeting. The literary correction may have been necessary in those days, though Mr. Hyndman's suggestion that Mr. Burns' letters and speeches were all written for him (presumably by members of the S.D.P.) is not borne out by the style of the letter published in the "Star" of January, 1894, in reply to Mr. Hyndman himself. As a piece of criticism and vigorous denunciation Mr. Hyndman himself could not equal it. And no member of the S.D.P. is likely to suggest that anybody but Mr. Burns wrote it. The other incident is equally trivial, and may even redound to Mr. Burns' credit. More than one person has had the impulse to pull at the coat-tails of more than one Socialist speaker galloping his hobby-horse upon a public platform. It has not been "colossal conceit," but courage that was lacking to do it.

Turning to Mr. Burgess' main charge against Mr. Burns, what does it amount to? That Mr. Burns, though he has not changed his opinions, has nevertheless changed his tactics; and the surprising reason for this change is given as "personal pique" with the Labour Party for preferring the rising star, Mr. Keir Hardie, to himself. Such a charge is simply silly, and is no flattery, whatever may be intended by it, to Mr. Keir Hardie; for we frankly say that if we had our choice of a leader for the Labour Party it is Mr. Burns, and not Mr. Hardie, that we would choose. As a matter of fact, however, anybody who has been through the metamorphoses of agitator, revolutionary, *and* administrator knows perfectly well that the experiences of administration compel an honest man to change his policy even if they do not change his ideas. Every leader, as one of our own contributors has said, is at heart a Tory; and there are those who think that the leaders of the so-called Independent Labour Party are not as "democratic" as they ought to be. The fact is that Mr. Burns' administrative and legislative experience on the L.C.C. amply explains the change in his policy. We doubt whether any other revolutionary leader going through the same responsible mill would emerge as Mr. Burns emerged with his ideas still intact. Even Mr. Burgess after examining the conduct of the Democrat Club, which was run by Socialists for Socialists, is driven to remark that the people who aspired to run the world justified Mr. Burns' jibe that they had not the ability to run a whelk-stall. A change of policy that converted this state of things was manifestly a change for the better.

We have not the patience to pursue the details of this superfluous book any further. An indictment of Mr. Burns could undoubtedly be drawn up, as of any public man who possesses power in a time of social decadence. Wages, for example have not gone up but down during Mr. Burns' administration of the Local Government Board. Somebody must be made responsible, and in accepting office Mr. Burns accepts responsibility. Along that line an indictment is easy and perhaps necessary. Mr. Burgess, however, has nothing to say of Mr. Burns' administration. He confines himself to the phase of tittle-tattle, where he discusses Mr. Cunninghame Graham's "somewhat long feet" with the same earnestness as he delivers himself of revolutionary wish-wash.

Personality and Telepathy. By F. C. Constable, M.A. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. net.)

The general reader, content with the conclusions of the psychology of a decade ago, is not aware of the discoveries recently made which tend to prove, if they as yet do not completely prove, the spiritual nature of man. Mr. Myers' epoch-making "Human Personality" was the first great attempt to co-ordinate the observations of psychic phenomena collected by the S.P.R. and similar societies, and to deduce from them a particular conclusion, the conclusion, namely, that there exists in man a spiritual as well as a material mind. Mr. Constable in the present important work carries this reasoning a step further, and by careful analysis of all the evidence, metaphysical as well as psychical, establishes the theory still more impregnably. Myers, it is well known, confined his investigations to the human personality as such, to which, however, he was compelled by his evidence to attribute powers and faculties, ordinarily unmanifest, and resident therefore in what he called the subliminal self. Mr. Constable, if we understand his lucid pages aright, is disposed to regard this subliminal self as, in some respects, superhuman. It is the spiritual or intuitive self of which our ordinary self is only "a partial and mediate manifestation in the universe of time and space." The mode by which this intuitive self communicates both with its own world and with the material world is telepathy, and Mr. Constable devotes a good deal of consideration to the evidence for this wonderful power. That it exists there is not, for honest students of psychic phenomena, the smallest doubt; but Mr. Constable is unwilling to rest his case upon rare occurrences. The proofs that will convince the world in general that man has a soul must be of a less shy and spasmodic nature; and these Mr. Constable believes he has discovered and here set forth. That they do not necessarily throw any light on the immortality of the soul is immaterial to this discussion. The first step to demonstrating immortality is to prove the existence of the soul. Mr. Constable, we think, has come one step nearer to it even than Mr. Myers.

The Alien Problem and its Remedy. By M. J. Landa. (King and Son. 5s. net.)

No better work on the subject with which it deals can be found than the present volume. In it Mr. Landa, who has devoted years of intelligent and unremitting study to the subject, marshals his results and summarises his practical conclusions. He establishes by irrefutable evidence the baselessness of most of the wild charges brought by Chauvinists against the aliens in our midst. Aliens are not anything like so numerous as the misleading immigration returns have allowed protectionist firebrands to suppose. Most of our alien immigrants are merely in transport to America or elsewhere, and might, if we had sense enough to construct accommodation for them at our ports, continue to earn for our shipping companies a pretty penny as passengers. Again, the so-called criminal alien is comparatively rare. The percentage of aliens amongst our prisoners seldom exceeds 2 per cent. and is generally less; and of these the greatest contributory race is the American! Mr. Landa similarly disposes of the charges of overcrowding, underselling and disease-bearing of aliens. In each of these respects our native population in one district or another easily beats any aliens ever imported,—Rule Britannia! On the other hand, aliens are to be credited with the establishment of a number of new and profitable trades in this country.

Turning to Mr. Landa's professed "remedies" we naturally find them somewhat slight. It is only by a concession, indeed, that Mr. Landa can regard the alien problem as "grave." Actually, as he proves, the problem is neither grave nor urgent. We conclude that the utmost Mr. Landa feels called upon to suggest is a more frequent resort to deportation in the case of aliens convicted in this country of crime. No more than that is demanded by the circumstances.

Science and the Criminal. By C. Ainsworth Mitchell. (Pitman. 6s. net.)

This is rather an ambitious title for a collection of articles on such subjects as identification by finger-prints, tests for poisons, tests for bloodstains, hand-writing tests and the like. Mr. Mitchell is himself, we gather, an expert, and his chapters are certainly well informed; but students who look for light on the psychology of crime will find none. "Science in the Service of the Police" would be a more accurate description.

The Superstition Called Socialism. By G. W. de Tunzelmann. (Allen. 5s. net.)

As we turn over these 400 pages and catch sight of words and phrases of this kind: Dull shallow pates, fitter for a lunatic asylum, wages unrelenting war, Molly Maguires, etc., we ask ourselves what these articles are doing in a book published by the publishers of Ruskin. There is not a new idea in it, and one might almost add there is not a true idea in it; for an idea is only true when it is fitly expressed. The author's criticism of Socialism owes what force it has to the criticism of Marxism long ago made by Socialists themselves. In fact, there is nothing he says of Socialism that Socialists have not already said. This is to steal not only our thunder, but our lightning also. Mr. de Tunzelmann is, we gather, the brain of the Anti-Socialist Union. Like most critics, he makes a cult of his presumed antagonist. We can assure him that the superstition is his and the Socialism ours.

Suffragette Sally. By G. Colmore. (Paul. 6s.)

Sally starts her career as maid of all work in the Bilkes family. She has a very trying time of it—being kissed by Bilkes, who possesses an unappetising moustache—scolded by Ma Bilkes—and roused from her virgin couch at all hours of the night to administer "dwinks" to the pathetic little Bilkeses. In the kitchen, which is full of her whirling thoughts and overlooks Holloway Prison, she reads "Votes for Women" and thinks tender yet vital thoughts about Lady 'Enery 'Ill whom she has heard making speeches at a crowded hall in the West End. She is the unfortunate possessor of a bird in her breast which longs to fly away and sing a song of freedom on the platform "along of Lady 'Enery," also a beautiful maternal impulse which clips her bird's wings until she has seen the little Bilkeses through an attack of measles. Catches virulent influenza from the measles and is shipped off to a nesting box of Suffragists and Suffragettes in a convalescent home at Littlehampton. Miracle of miracles, Lady 'Enery is in temporary command of this institution. This "thorough change" for Sally, who "Canutes" the beach with her adored one and tells the story of her lover, Joe Whittle, to the accompaniment of very sad sea waves, works wonders. She sells "Votes for Women" in the cold February street on her return, develops a gift of repartee, throws a sausage in Pa Bilkes' face, and runs away "with her wide, bright eyes and turned-up nose" to the offices of the W.S.P.U., who provide her with a post as assistant to a suffragette dressmaker.

With the bird in her heart filled now for flight, she takes up street speaking, scouts, works, prepares dinners, carries parcels for her mistress, and has her triumph in being one of forty girls to carry the silken reins of purple, white and green of a released Suffragette's carriage. Her triumph is short-lived. She becomes mixed up in a row at Westminster, is sent to Holloway with a kick in the stomach from an irate policeman. Fasts and is forcibly fed. But she comes out to find that her zeal has lost her Joe Whittle and his moist kisses in a touching chapter headed by a verse from Thomas Hood.

She leaves the dressmaker and journeys all over England making speeches. Result! Cast into prison for throwing an empty ginger beer bottle, handcuffed, frogmarched, and hurled down a stone staircase on her head.

Compensation: Lady 'Enery moved to a great tenderness, put her hands upon the sloping shoulders, and kissed the colourless face.

"O ma'am, O m'lady, O Lady 'Ill!"

But having her stomach wiped by a policeman's feet does for Sally. She longs for Littlehampton, and lying in a little, high room she develops Paul Dombey's partiality for rising tides and incoming waves. Lady 'Ill comes each day and tells her about them until the fatal afternoon when Sally ceases from troubling, and though Lady 'Ill starts up in horror, it was as she had thought—as she had long known it must be—Sally had popped off.

Honour's Fetters. By May Wynne. (Paul. 6s.)

Parbleu! Nom d'un chien! Fi donc and Ma foi! For this is the story of a Breton daughter of the nobility who does not wish to marry a count who gnaws his underlip with long, wolfish fangs! The child is the possessor of a real brother—captured by the English at a critical moment—a wily stepmother, hand in glove with the bad count, and a young step-brother who helps her to row over to England in a flat-bottomed boat a-seeking her brother's protection in "Winchestaire."

La! Lack-a-me! Heighty-teighty and 'Slud! For this is the story of a worthy English family who shelter the Breton babes and put them to bed in their own night rags. The mother spends her time in the kitchen pounding puddings in a mortar for them, and cherishing the little brother, who reminds her of her dead baby. Son Dick, of the curly poll, is bowled over by Henriette's bright eyes, daughter Mollie calls them by their Christian names, and papa shows them over the farm.

Now there is a highwayman infesting these parts—Dan, spawn of a witch mother, turned bad through being betrayed in youth by a woman. To him comes the devilish count. They plot and plan, kidnap Henriette, kidnap the lover of the English miss, shoot the Breton real brother and are killed for their pains.

Dick rescues Henriette from the loathsome den of Dan's witch mother. . . . Two in a trampled garden, or the border-land of grim tragedy and death . . . with the sublime selfishness of youth! . . . R.I.P., otherwise known as "Love Among the Ruins."

When We Are Rich. By Ward Muir. (Paul. 6s.)

Being the adventures of a Fleet Street journalist, the happy possessor of beautiful morals, five pounds a week, an affectionate disposition and a set of friends—Bohemian friends—who live and move all about Bedworth Square and Marylebone Road. They are rich in the fact of being young and of belonging to the Grinling Club, where they eat farthing scones with three-pennorths of butter, knock each other about, make sketches for the London papers and wash-up on a gas ring. Leslie Clay, the hero and relator, having suffered in the highways and byways of editorial dens, feels a little older and sadder than his friends, and redeems his fine, youthful impulses through love of Dolly, chief lady of the party, who studies at the Lower Art School, and is brave and gay and beautiful. His best friend is Corder, playfully known as "Ropes," who leads them a devil of a dance—introduces them to a fat old lady with an amorous parrot and a Scotch servant, plays every harmonium and piano within reach, and is finally caught up in the glorious auburn curls of Dolly's best friend, who promises to mother him. There is also a yearning young Bawn, with a callous society mother, one of the many people discovered by Dolly's divine intuition. He forks out one night and takes the whole party off to Switzerland, under the wing of the amorous parrot and the fat lady. But he unfortunately has an accident and dies at an open window with a lovely view of the snow outside, after handing over his pocket-book to the sympathetic journalist. So they all come home, presumably, after a decent interval, to have a double wedding from the fat lady's house. "Give cuckoo a kiss," says the parrot. . . .