THE appearance of what may well be called a Corona-
tion 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
pretense 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, Atone-
ment 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 pilgrimages 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 inditement. 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 Cam-
bridge Vandal.

In his first edition the author contained himself with
furnishing the evidence and leaving the conclusion to
his readers. The clerical apologist was thus neatly
out-manoeuvred. To remain silent was to let a per-
nicious work circulate uncorrected, 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 of the
collection of god-slaying customs, and, more boldly
still, avowed in his preface that he had been dragging
down to the lowest levels of Byzantine superstition.
From their country rectories these culturalists, with valuable building
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materials, but not with a building. The dead bricks of
fact are there, but the mortar of life is missing. We
find 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
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* “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.) 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 con-
temporary 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 squan-
dered 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
conveyed on in them. The lecture of these able professors may assist the citizens of Liverpool to decide whether
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 judg-
ments on particular topics.

It is unfortunate that the history of religion should
have been left, by the cowardice of its friends, to writers
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This New Age, Thursday, June 1, 1911.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT TO “THE NEW AGE.”

VOL. IX. NO. 5. THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1911.

The New “Golden Bough.”**

By Allen Upward.

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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 into the European 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. He says 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 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 so. 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 was this? The answer is: "The Sinews of Magic", 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 evolutionary order.

"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 and shelter-making. And I have no doubt, with 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 more air 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 other 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 learning, generations of study, and the Aufbauschauplatz, instruction and practice, founded upon the foundations, both Greek 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 space and as a spirit; but we can speak about her wonderful philosophy to appreciate the priceless gifts bequeathed to us by the Brahmins. 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 civilization 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 overestimate the author's classical attainments and his knowledge of the civilisation of antiquity and his knowledge of law. Here we have three subjects, on each of which 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 Mose or Thucydides. Petar II. And his knowledge of law cannot be disputed. He has given us a work which, for sheer thoroughness, would not shame a
bride 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 litterateur.

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 so modern a subject as the Hague Tribunal. The 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 question of State in 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 strong 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, believing that one 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 humanity of the Athenians (1, 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 Philip V. went to Sparta to be favour of the suppliants. It was the constant policy of Athens, says Demostenes, 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 partly because the prudential statesman, Demonax, a philosopher, strongly protested. "First of all," cried he, "pull down the altar which our fathers have dedicated to the gods 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 partly because the prudential statesman, Demonax, a philosopher, strongly protested. "First of all," cried he, "pull down the altar which our fathers have dedicated to the gods 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 partly because the prudential statesman, Demonax, a philosopher, strongly protested. "First of all," cried he, "pull down the altar which our fathers have dedicated to the gods 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 partly because the prudential statesman, Demonax, a philosopher, strongly protested. "First of all," cried he, "pull down the altar which our fathers have dedicated to the gods 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 partly because the prudential statesman, Demonax, a philosopher, strongly protested. "First of all," cried he, "pull down the altar which our fathers have dedicated to the gods of the unfortunate. Indeed, she practised this policy to such an extent that she often allied herself with the feeble.

"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 relation between the Athenian statesman and the barbarians.

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? * * *

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, who 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 killed and the poor tenant who would help up these lands 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 has led is too often let in large areas made by throwing two or more holdings together, which would be better farmed if split up again into their former size. Breeding cattle to excess drives men away from the land. Under our present system of large farms with annual tenancy, the occupier must often be driven 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 of 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 warehousing. 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 lead 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. Many of the forms 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 killed and the poor tenant who would help up these lands 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 has led is too often let in large areas made by throwing two or more holdings together, which would be better farmed if split up again into their former size. Breeding cattle to excess drives men away from the land. Under our present system of large farms with annual tenancy, the occupier must often be driven to improve his own stock but not the land of another.

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regard to the interests of the cottager, which has made him lose his love in the land. We refer the reader to 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 forLincolnshire on land worth less than £1 per acre, but does not apply to counties like Somerset, where the average distance away from the towns 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 not 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 300-300 farmers’ sons attend our agricultural colleges—in our opinion, naturally—for they are still stilled 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 work, or 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. As for Tariffs Mr. Turner regrets the deprivations 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 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 industrial system is leading to the enclosure of the land. 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 a better system of tenure in place of the present, by public bodies. Our author attributes less influence than usual to the efforts 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 lost them on the other. The result at the end of the Tudor period was that the poorest and smallest men had been driven from the land, the number of moderate-sized owners increased. In the sixties we have the last of the old manorial system.

After the destruction of this class came the turn of the copy-holders, who were usually ousted from their privileges 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 landlirmoll 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 encroasing of farms. Afterwards, when the squire joined with the nobles, the break-up of the economic 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 1845 under the provisions of the Development Act.

By Lord Taube.

Adam Mickiewicz. By Monica Gardner. (Dent. 75. 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 impulses; a man who has been perturbed 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 honestly he has meant it in his whole line 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.”
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." But this is not represented as 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. "Konrad wspaniały!" rejoined the poet. Pushkin 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 with Goethe to bank 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 by Schiller. This is also what was meant by Goethe's approval and admiration for his Polish friend. There his compatriot Chopin played in the poet's humble quarters, and such men as Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Michelet, Quint 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 deductions 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 itself, he maintained, was for the purpose of purifying her—be it in Italy or Poland—by conquering 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 Towiński entered into Mickiewicz's life. Towiński 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 Towiński, having fully convinced himself that the "reaching of the higher spiritual level was necessary in order to conquer 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 tried, he worked, he failed, and utterly broken down, but still believing as strongly in his subject as he had consecrated his life forty years before.

Such is a brief résume of the life Miss Gardner has told us. It 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. Harrod.

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 laborsious 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 very opposite of recursion. If he does not succeed in illuminating 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'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, swept aside the suggestion of the organisation of industry by the State in half a dozen lines such as the following:—

A part from the question of how far this would be practicable, one may ask whether it would not result in the sacrifice of that freedom so hard won and now so rightly treasured. But in any case such a root and branch reorganisation 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 is so fully shared 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 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 remain the most useful source of information upon the subject.
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 one thing to be excused, the 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 one could ever be that, and I feel 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 and in such a way the shadow of a building which did not possess them; but these little slips occur in pages of prose so truly descriptive of those humble cottages and so unusual withal that there would be nothing but thanks for the writer in pages of prose so truly descriptive of those humble cottages. He gives us his recollections of those "afternoon meetings at Kelmscott House, whereof there were none in the evenings of William Morris's latest letters he will see how emphatically and ostensibly true they may be.

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 indescribable 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. H. H. W. 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 unassisted 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 and as another case of the "stretching" to which I referred, but really this writer's quite harmless inaccuracies are as entertaining as another's would be irritating, and it would be unjust to judge his work by them.

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 interest in 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 enterprising 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 "Times" and none could be more enterprising 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 sale of way their caution, at least while in 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 whiskey.

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 candid and open-hearted manner of referring, 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 and Mr. Froude's, and it is the only way to express the thing that I cannot avoid with," and the reader will understand with what pleasure the following passage was read:

Rossetti [he says, speaking of some of his early work] looked as if he were sitting in the central aisle of the little shed attached to Morris's house at Hammersmith. Both of them 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 a little shed attached to Morris's house at Hammersmith. Both of them were white-haired then; so these two picturesque persons recommended themselves bound together by a friendship which was born of a social revolution that I am sure my grandfather did not in the least understand, and that William Morris probably understood still less.

Letters from Finland. By Rosalind Travers. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. 76. 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 induced me to read it was that I 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('?)

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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, since it is not so much 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 Sibelius, a musician of European reputation, who will, I fancy, rank with Debussy. But apart, after all, the subject is a matter of personal 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 many 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 influence than the result of race and blood. As for 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 Linné. 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 self-maturity of nationality. If we are to look for the cause of so bitter a division 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 no danger. Rather, 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 Russian spirit dominates Helsingfors and Obo, then Finland may expect tragic 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 in the index is very succinct and very 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 a very interesting topic. Few readers will yet realise that the effect of it is to supplant the vocal leader by the silent or inarticulate committee—a change of arguable advantage.
of Independence is not so familiar to English readers that we can afford to dispense with any contemporary documentation 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 prolifiction, is superfluous 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. We 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 both be exact and unimped by bringing the history 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 both be exact and unimped by bringing the history of Ruskin's life and customs during the reigns of these kings.

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 ana
tics. The octave is entitled a "Hippolytian"; the sestet, "The Ode of the King's Tailor," is addressed to "one of the most suggestive thinkers, the most beautiful writers, and the most vivid personalities of the last generation."

The Seven Edwards of England. By K. A. Patmore. (Methuen. 1s. 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 births and deaths, and how their reigns ended. 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 Piano Sheet Music and the longailing threnody of the "Daily Mail" that he can only need 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 horse ever to wear breeches; or could he. If he would only translate this Court Guide and Tailors' Manual into Greek hexameters, it could be recommended to the Poetry Recital Society for recreation. I hesitate to end on this note. The book really does not do as much as it might to us very valuable in order to the 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 me more than their names and dates to this book: the rest is leather and prunella and Mr. K. A. Patmore.

By Huölly Carter.

Via Rhodesia. By Charlotte Mansfield. (Stanley Paul. 15s. net.)

These imperialisms 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, much less the long wailing threnody of the "Daily Mail" that he can only need 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 horse ever to wear breeches; or could he. If he would only translate this Court Guide and Tailors' Manual into Greek hexameters, it could be recommended to the Poetry Recital Society for recreation. I hesitate to end on this note. The book really does not do as much as it might to us very valuable in order to the 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 me more than their names and dates to this book: the rest is leather and prunella and Mr. K. A. Patmore.
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 affectionations and Christian Science hysteria.” Why does the colonist nothing to do with a 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 un-failing 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 fair sex is thus described: “The young man on the farm grows lonesome 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 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 preserved. 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 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. They pass the British race superiority fetish has no more soul than a pail of prison skilled. Elsewhere the author chorus them the just for blood, and congratulates the Awemba on their system of mutilation as a punishment sent 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 betting or for running away with black women. Here again we have the method of the happy black exalted. So thelop-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 waxy, 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 the vapours 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 down, and 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 are in the general excitement of the period 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 and his mustache—is ugly if simple, 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 crim son of the sky makes the whole world seem beautiful, and in her hair is a red carnation, plucked from her garden. Then the lonely man forgets he is white.” Enough to make him. Turn to 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 the author is not a realist, her 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. Any thirty samples every one 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 producing the means. “The qualification of churchmen is, therefore, clear.” 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 monopolised 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 insolence. Such a mind does not hesitate to give preference 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 civet) 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 skilled. Elsewhere the author commends the just for blood, and congratulates the Awemba on their system of mutilation as a punishment sent 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 betting or for running away with black women. Here again we have the method of the happy black exalted. So thelop-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 waxy, 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 the vapours 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 down, and 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 are in the general excitement of the period 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 and his mustache—is ugly if simple, 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. Turn to 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 the author is not a realist, her 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. Any thirty samples every one 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 producing the means. “The qualification of churchmen is, therefore, clear.” 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?
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, gamepoul, I have it.'"\n\nBrazenhead'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. 5s.)

"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. But, too, sharp, sharp, the 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 invention; splendid epithets on every other page; most slovenly construction here and there; anemic 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 freezing under the heavy brows; the thick curls of his black periwig half concealed his worn cheeks and lined brow; he rested his chin in the palm of his swarthy elegant hand, and his elbow against the mantelboard, as he gazed sombrely out at that dull chill view of Whitehall Gardens. He carried himself so very stately that one might well have carried again look at Bab Monpesson—the fire-light 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 engraving 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 taste of the editor of our French and English comedies were reversed. If somewhat superficial. It is refreshing to recall that was the home of the "indecent," while the French have suppressed footnotes. Rabelais is the last writer whom 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 awakenings is finely conceived, and had it been 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" the setting 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 development, is the all important factor that must learn to muse on history with a dramatic poet's eye.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**Voltaire — Philosophie; Rabelais — Œuvres I.**

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; he has been given here at the expense of whose work that 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 repetitious. 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, 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. Burns. It is 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 horse-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 "personal policy," with the Labour Party for preferring the rising star, Mr. Keir Hardie, to himself. Such a charge is simply silly, and may even redound to Mr. Burns' credit. More than one person had the impulse to pull at the coat-tails of more than one Socialist speaker galloping his horse upon a public platform. It has not been "colossal conceit," but courage that was lacking to do it.

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 at the present vantage point. 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 perniciousness 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 comparately 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 does 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.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW AGE

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 name, 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 time and space 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 we are by no means disposed 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.
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 fingerprints, tests for poisons, tests for bloodstains, handwriting, 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 Turenzelmann. (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.

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

Parbleu ! Nom d’un chien! Fi donc et 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 “Winchesteir.”

La ! Lack-a-me ! Heighty-teighty and ’Slud ! For this is the story of a worthy English family who shelter the Breton brother and put them both out 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 curt, eyes, is bewraved over by Henriette’s bright eyes, daughter Mollie calls them by their Christian names, and papa shows them over the farm.

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—long 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 ‘drinks’ to the pathetic little Bilkeses. In the kitchen, when she is hungry, she thinks tender yet vital thoughts about Lady 'Enery ‘I'll whom she has heard making speeches at a crowded hall in the West End. She is the unfortunate possessor of a bird in her heart filled now for flight, she has seen the little Bilkeses through an attack of measles. Catches virulent influenza from the measles which is full of her whirling thoughts and overlooks her maternal impulse which clips her bird’s wings until she is to steal not only our thunder, but our lightning also.

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 Bedsworth and Marylebone Road. They are third-rate, 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.”