The best bit of sheer writing in the book is Circe’s song beginning “While they dance together, swaying to and fro.” Most of the other lyric passages do not quite come off; they do not sing themselves, and they leave one cold. But one always feels that Mr. Binns has the qualities of his defects.

A good many of the poems in Mr. Visiak’s new book are already familiar to readers of The New Age, and the peculiar qualities of his art are well known. He has that surpassing merit of being a poet at first hand. Neither his subjects nor his treatment are derivative; he writes about anything that appeals to him in any way that occurs to him. Sometimes he suffers by this. Some of the poems in this volume are trivialities clad in baldness. “London,” “Fairies,” and “A Footer Song” are examples. Sometimes, again, a good idea is spoiled by lack of what is called “fundamental brainwork” in the Rossettian tag, so often quoted by newspapers which do not know what it means. One may instance the “Primitive Hymn to the Sun.” But at his best he hits the nail on the head with extraordinary accuracy and force; he expresses some simple, strong human emotion in bitingly direct words, casts horror in stanzas like red-hot iron, or bursts out with a romantic burlesque which might have been produced by a collaboration of Albert Durer, Coleridge, and Edward Lear. Personally, in the ghostly world of the night, when, pallid of lips and moist of eye, I have been turning and heaving for remembrance of my many sins, I find deep consolation in the repetition of the poem called “Desolate,” which begins:

Under the moon, on a night of June,
I played in the desert on my bassoon;
It was most wonderful and grim
To play to the listening Seraphim;
It was most marvellous to play,
In the lonely desert, under the moon;
While a lion sang to the deep bassoon.

Mr. Leathem is a mathematician; if my memory is accurate he was a high wrangler. There are one or two poems in his book which come trailing clouds of glory from the Tripos. We come across an alluring reference to “those subtle arms, dx, dy,” and this passage:

“Well, perhaps,” I said, “there is a certain charm.
The epiclysid’s curious, twisted curve,
Which forms the planets’ paths, the ancients said;
These things do attract; but beauty lies
Deeper than such.”

Which is an admission. “The Don,” which records a conversation we have all had on many occasions on the subject of “Art for Art’s Sake,” is the most readable of the “Songs of the Double Star.” When Mr. Leathem eschews discussions in metrical prose he comes deplorable croppers that make one wish that bards should be compelled to read their works in public before getting them published. I don’t think Mr. Leathem would have faced an audience with this, for instance:

Love is ever lovely,
Love is ever young;
Sing we noon and night and dawn,
Still one song’s unsung.

All the world’s a song-place—
Here’s a song the more!

Let Mr. Leathem stick to his natural function of bringing mathematics into relation with life. Why not “I played to the asymptote on my bassoon”? “Dorothea” is described as “lyrical romance.” It is about 3,000 lines long, is mainly in eight-lined stanzas, and records the author’s attempt to win the hand of a lady whose portrait, with a landscape background, appears as frontispiece. The suit is unsuccessful.
ful, though the lady, with the kindness of her sex, tells her woer that she will be a sister to him; but in the course of their conversations, which are narrated with colossal industry and ingenuity, he contrives to make her listen to a great deal of very sound doctrine on such matters as the capitalist system and the enterprises of missionaries in tropical countries. Here are one or two examples of his methods:

We pass and bow; but soon again regretting
The timid indecision that prevails,
Me frequently, and thereupon forgetting
The strangeness of the act, my spirit presses
Me to return and speak to her, not letting
The to this my mind addresses
Itself with promptitude. . . .

That is in his narrative style; this is in his debating style:

I ceased, and somewhat eagerly she asked:
"Then you would justify the Socialist,
Or Anarchist, the brute assassin, masked
As a reformer, him who has dismissed
All scruples, and himself or others tasked
To murder innocence? Can there exist
A reason to excuse Lucchemi's action,
Of life's great rights most dastardly infraction?"

"Excuse it, no! I said; "nor justify it;
But, if I find confusion
In both your questions
And your words imply it,
They have their base in popular illusion.
In Anarchism and Anarchism, deny it,
Who will, there's no imperative inclusion
Of Violence. Each aiming at reform
Would lay life's ever-raging strife and storm.
And so say all of us; but few of us have the courage or the energy to put it in verse.

I pass from Mr. Siebenhaar to Mr. Neuberg; which suggests a title for a new volume of literary criticism—"From Neuberg to Siebenhaar: an Epoch of English Verse." Mr. Neuberg is a follower of Mr. Aleister Crowley, and has all his master's really notable fluency and fecundity of expression. In his choice of topics he is somewhat more circumspect than Mr. Crowley. He gives us little of that boring stuff that is usually sounded by two or three of the effusions by Colonial poets at the end of the book; they have probably been included in order to give it a "representative character." But the fault is on the right side, and the volume can fairly be called the best of its kind that has hitherto appeared.

There is a sort of polished insipidity about a good deal of Mr. W. E. B. Henderson's verse, especially in his longer poems, but here and there he expresses really first-hand feeling in clear and arresting language. This is notably so in the two poems on dogs, "Jim" and "The Performing Dog." Each shows a profound touches one, the second hits one's heart like a hammer. If Mr. Henderson would stick to this kind of thing, which is obviously his line, instead of trying elaborate embroidery of biblical myth or wearisome analyses of the emotions and careers of poetic and other geniuses, it would be well.

Amongst reprints may be heartily welcomed Messrs. Duckworth's cheap and handsome re-issue in the "Readers' Library" of Mr. William Everett's admirably just and informative lectures on the Italian poets after Dante. Mr. Everett's tastes in verse are not those of Ludovici.

I am not quite sure that the apostrophe in "son" can be regarded as legitimate, and I have an uneasy suspicion that "hriliu" has been dragged in owing to the difficulty (which we have all experienced) of finding rhyme to "piliu." But, looked at as a whole, this little poem could scarcely have been bettered.

Review by Mr. Charles J. Whitby, M.D. (Stephen Swift. 3s. 6d.)

While reading this book I was particularly impressed by two things: first, that an extensive background lies behind it—a feature that is very rare in books nowadays, and one that elevates it far above the common literature of commerce, in which it is almost de rigueur to put everything one can into the shop window; and, secondly, that "Frighteningly ordinary" kick delivered silently under a dinner table. One is left in no doubt as to what Mr. Whitby wants, what he dislikes, and what he conceives to be right; but one is certainly left a little in doubt as to whether he has quite mastered either the "evil he condemns or the good he advocates. Several things make one doubt this.

His cry, if I understand him aright, is war upon modern commercial and industrial plutocracy, with all the purposelessness, callousness and empty pleasure. and
therefore vulgarity it involves; and war upon those who oppose this plutocracy from below—out of resentment, envy and spite—and who in opposing it elevate all sorts of romantic, but ultimately unprofitable, and unhealthy ideals upon pedestals. As to what the cause is for which this war is to be waged—again, if I understand Dr. Whitby aright, it is that of a certain minority of men who are aware of a number of virtues that the present régime fails to cultivate and which, if utterly lost, would mean the reduction of the gamut of human achievement, human beauty and human joy on earth. It is the cause of the men who are not only aware of these virtues, but who are also prepared to practise them, demonstrate them, and exemplify them. The war Dr. Whitby speaks of, therefore, is not for some empty abstraction called "Humanity"; the war is not for which this war is to be waged—again, if I, with a few exceptions I would prefer the proscribed for company. And (p. 13), speaking of the proposed secret order, Dr. Whitby says, "Needless to say that, as regards eligible female candidates, I had no idea of the order, to exclude women would be a fatal error . . . women are congenitally more aristocratic than men." (My doubt here is whether Dr. Whitby is really in earnest about this war of his, with its female impedimenta; however charming, one on either side of him; for if he were in earnest he could not possibly improve upon what Napoleon said to his squires at the Battle of the Pyramids, to wit: "Que les savants et tout autre bavage soient placés au milieu !")

Still, there is a general tone of approval and of affirmation in this book which is as uncommon as it is refreshing. Not a spiteful line, and yet a ruthless attack! Not an attack from below, but an attack from above, prompted by love and not resentment. These thing are rare, something which savours of the ancien siegneur, and which makes "Triumphant Vulgarity" enjoyable and profitable reading.

* * *

By Alfred E. Randall.

Memoirs and Memories. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

The Villiers family, says this member of it, were great hoarders of letters; this volume is conclusive proof that they do not know how to edit them. It is not a memoir, nor a biography, nor an auto-biography, nor a book of travels, nor a chronological series of letters. The only memoir is of Lord Clarendon, and that is reprinted from "Fraser's Magazine." The letters are only of family interest, are flung in often without comment or introduction, and seldom in order. The volume was written by a grandmother for her grandchildren. The author says: "My aim has been to correct and explain the letters as I might do if you, my grandchildren, were grown up and looking over my shoulder, asking me questions while I spread out the old packets, now with their corners cut, some so tattered that you can hardly make them out, so long hid from view, tied up with that enduring official pink tape." The author has succeeded in making a bulk of printed matter that is neither intelligible nor interesting to the general public. It is purely private in its nature: it has no historical value, no literary form, and should not have been published.

The Philosophy of a Don. By G. F. Abbott. (Swift, 3s. net.)

Mordant as this satire is, brilliantly as most of it is written, I cannot regard it as entirely successful. Shaw is so perfectly realistic that he overshadows the book, and the philosophy of the Don is not visible in the penumbra. The chapter on "Imperial Ideals" is an example. All the powerful pleading in this chapter is the destructive criticism of Shaw. The Don, it seems, has no more imaginative conception of Imperialism than a leader-writer of the halfpenny press. The effect is that the Imperial ideal is shunted, when it should have been clarified. The last chapter, too, seems faulty work to me. That the Don should suddenly produce the blatant self-expression of Shaw is a revelation not to be admired. Mr. Abbott's hand has faltered here, for the elegant periods do not disguise the personality. As to the atmosphere it is written in, I cannot regard it as entirely successful. Shaw is so perfectly realistic that he overshadows the book, and the philosophy of the Don is not visible in the penumbra. The chapter on "Imperial Ideals" is an example. All the powerful pleading in this chapter is the destructive criticism of Shaw. The Don, it seems, has no more imaginative conception of Imperialism than a leader-writer of the halfpenny press. The effect is that the Imperial ideal is shunted, when it should have been clarified. The last chapter, too, seems faulty work to me. That the Don should suddenly produce the blatant self-expression of Shaw is a revelation not to be admired. Mr. Abbott's hand has faltered here, for the elegant periods do not disguise the personality. As to the atmosphere it is written in, I cannot regard it as entirely successful. Shaw is so perfectly realistic that he overshadows the book, and the philosophy of the Don is not visible in the penumbra. The chapter on "Imperial Ideals" is an example. All the powerful pleading in this chapter is the destructive criticism of Shaw. The Don, it seems, has no more imaginative conception of Imperialism than a leader-writer of the halfpenny press. The effect is that the Imperial ideal is shunted, when it should have been clarified. The last chapter, too, seems faulty work to me. That the Don should suddenly produce the blatant self-expression of Shaw is a revelation not to be admired. Mr. Abbott's hand has faltered here, for the elegant periods do not disguise the personality. As to the atmosphere it is written in, I cannot regard it as entirely successful. Shaw is so perfectly realistic that he overshadows the book, and the philosophy of the Don is not visible in the penumbra. The chapter on "Imperial Ideals" is an example. All the powerful pleading in this chapter is the destructive criticism of Shaw. The Don, it seems, has no more imaginative conception of Imperialism than a leader-writer of the halfpenny press. The effect is that the Imperial ideal is shunted, when it should have been clarified. The last chapter, too, seems faulty work to me. That the Don should suddenly produce the blatant self-expression of Shaw is a revelation not to be admired. Mr. Abbott's hand has faltered here, for the elegant periods do not disguise the personality.
Abbott so convincing on "Style" or "Poetry": the
Don had not been so much a fool, and Chest- 
nuton is too poor a defender of poetry to be worth 
slaughter. The defect of the book is that in each 
chapter only one side of a case is effectively argued; 
and the defence is scarcely heard. The dialogues lack 
balance, and exaggeration alone is not satire: bombast 
slaughter. The defect of the book is that in each 
and the defence is scarcely heard. The dialogues lack 

The Last Episode of the French Revolution. 
By Ernest Belfort Bax. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.) 
Carlyle dismissed Bœufé and Baudouin in one line: 
Mr. Bax, without reversing that implicit 
judgment of the importance of this incident. Anti-
clairax is a fault in history as well as art. The fore-
runner may fail, and some pathos attach to his failure; 
but the unsuccessful epigone is a figure only for 
laughter. Granted that Bœufé's hands were clean, 
that his motives were disinterested, that his enthusiasm 
for the cause of the people was sincere, that his failure 
was heroic, his trial corrupt, and his death a tragedy. 
Give Bœufé credit for his virtues, and yet his failure to 
interest us. He did not become prominent until two 
years after the Terror, when the great men of the 
Revolution had passed, and its avenger, Napoleon, was 
still its avenger. He preached principles of Communism, 
he proclaimed the "Republic of the 
Equals," he conspired to restore the constitution of 
1793; and he failed. His ideas, his methods, his person-
ality, might have been powerful in the days before the 
Terror; under the Directory, in the full flow of the 
reaction, he and they were simply a nuisance to be 
removed by the police. He conspired, but he did not 
guard against treachery; and the coup de main he 
potted against the Government was forestalled by the 
capture of the conspirators. 

He has left us no legacy of original thought. He 
had the transpontine talent of proclaiming principles, 
but his communistic republic is not distinguishable 
from the servile state. He was a journalist and doctrin-
aire. That political equality should be accompanied 
by economic equality was his creed; but the natural 
equality from which these were derived was a mere 
assumption that he never attempted to prove. He has 
found a sympathetic biographer and a severe critic in 
Mr. Bax, who wrote this book at the request of William 
Morris. It throws no new light on the French Revolu-
tion; it has no inspiration for modern revolutionaries, 
and it has historical value only to the academic 
historian. Babeuf's originality was confined to his coup 
de main, and that failed; as all attempts at the seizure 
of power by revolutionaries have failed in modern hist-
ory. The coup de main is an autocratic act, and can only establish 
an autocracy.

The Life of the Learned and Pious Dr. Henry 
More. (Theosophical Publishing Society. 5s. net.) 
Dr. Henry More was, of course, the famous More 
of Cambridge, one of that little band of Neo-Platonists 
who made Cambridge illustrious in the seventeenth 
century. This is a reprint of the "Character" written 
by him by Richard Ward in 1710. It has been edited by 
M. F. Howard, with introduction and notes, and some 
extracts from his "Divine Dialogues" are printed in an appendix. The editor's 
contention that he was a mystical Master is not proven; 
no real evidence of Mastership is given. The portions 
quoted from his "Divine Dialogues" are not betraying 
any exceptional insight; and his message seems to have 
been that of the minor prophet: "What doth the Lord 
require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, 
and to walk humbly with thy God? For the rest, 
whatso he that never attempted to prove. He has 
found a sympathetic biographer and a severe critic in 
Mr. Bax, who wrote this book at the request of William 
Morris. It throws no new light on the French Revolu-
tion; it has no inspiration for modern revolutionaries, 
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de main, and that failed; as all attempts at the seizure 
of power by revolutionaries have failed in modern hist-
ory. The coup de main is an autocratic act, and can only establish 
an autocracy.

The Diary of Dr. John William Polidori. Edited by 
William Michael Rossetti. (Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.) 
This journal of a journey through Flanders, written 
by the physician of Byron, was unfortunately edited by 
his sister before it came into the hands of his nephew. She 
deleted some passages as improper, and the fair 
copy that she made and is here reprinted is not of very 
great interest. It certainly does not illuminate our 
knowledge of Byron and Shelley. The editor has 
to make the narrative intelligible by the insertion of 
biographical passages. Apart from Byron and Shelley, 
the diary is of no value to anyone. Entries of this kind 
are frequent, and have no interest for the modern 
public. "Rode home, and to town again. Went to 
Mrs. Slaney: a ball. Danced and played at chess. 
Walked home in thunder and lightning: lost my way. 
Went back in search of some one to tell upon the police. 
Slept at the Bure House." So many of the incidents here 
recounted in a cursory fashion are described in Byron's 
"Childe Harold" that, as mere description, the book is 
not worth reading. Its only interest, in fact, is that 
it was written by Byron's doctor, and such merit as 
it has is due to the labours of the editor.

Sect that hath appeared in these latter times." The 
"Character" itself is pleasant reading. It was written 
by an enthusiastic admirer who had both insight and 
judgment; and it reveals a personality with much 
charm, a singular purity of life, and illumination of 
thought. It is marred by its reticent conclusion, what 
we call psychical experience, and the pious phraseology 
employed has become so conventional as to be incapable 
of carrying conviction to a modern reader. I should 
like to suggest that the editor of this volume should 
write a life of Dr. More. For modern readers, not speaking 
in the language of a sect or cult, emphasising his 
spiritual experience, proving his spiritual rank, not 
forgetting to show us how he comport himself in this world and in that manner for his friends. One 
may infer much from this "Character," but it is no 
more above suspicion than the eulogy of an epitaph.

Auvergne and its People. By Frances M. Gostling. 
(Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.) 
We once met an Englishman who had lived so long 
in France that he had forgotten his native language. 
He spoke English with a French accent. The author 
of this volume has apparently been so long in 
Auvergne that she has forgotten how to write English. 
So she writes in broken French. This is how she does it: "Femme de mes et, Madame, 
will very likely faire tomber quelque chose, and that 
will blind you." It is a peasant who speaks. The first 
essential, then, for a tour through Mrs. Gostling's 
Auvergne is a reliable French dictionary. Having 
disposed of the author's stock-in-trade of French, we 
next come to her marvels of picturesqueness. As 
she sets out and proceeds "en automobile" (to use her 
very words) on her self-imposed task of pioneering, 
in order to write the "Theosophical Pilgrimage to the Land 
and the Centre, as the French call it, the heart of France, 
whence flows most of the fertilising rivers on which the 
prosperity of the country depends, she pauses 
occasionally to snapshot in a minor prose-poetry way 
the various points of her discovery. This is how she 
considers Southampton Water: "And so out into the 
Solent, to find the Isle of Wight, floating like a New 
Jerusalem upon a sea of glass mingled with fire. 
Across the vast expanse of the burning sea 
than the setting sun, redder than any rose. Lower he sinks, 
drawing over his face the mists which shroud the 
west, and by the red-glows of colour gleam over the milky 
waves, blue fading into green, rose dying in crimson 
and purple. Now there is but a gash in the sky, a 
sharp, curved streak, a point. Au revoir! It is 
over. The white cliffs rise higher and higher; in one 
stoopucces bluf English draws back, stretching

SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW AGE
delicate fingers out over the darkening waves in a mute gesture. He was alone in the midst of the mysterious opal waters, beneath the brooding opal sky." For a hash of metaphor and a confusion of unheard of effects it would be difficult to beat this description. Imagine a sun redder than any rose shedding a path of liquid gold. How characteristic of England to disappear in one stupendous bluff. We remember leaving Southampton at sundown just when the brass-railed yachts began to gleam like fireflies, and the sky was said to be without a cloud as it glided smoothly under us. And the sun followed us in a car of gold scattering its radiance on ship and shore. As the fairy channel shortened, as its charms fell together by the interminable haunting grace and we passed out to the immense encircled globe, behind us the whole beautiful scene sank to rest as though gently effaced by a curtain of gold. That encircled world and that car of gold and the ship of souls within the charmed circle are all that is left to the imaginative vision, but it is enough. Mrs. Gostling would have done better had she left the descriptions to the colour pictures, which fulfil this purpose very well. Having in this way deleted the unsatisfactory descriptions, she might have proceeded next to make a separate volume of the little common-place stories and scraps of tea-table talk under the title of "Dialogues with Peasants and Peripatetic Persons," in which form their primitive wisdom and their quaintness are best conveyed in popular style. So she would enable us to arrive not only at the heart of France, but at the heart of Mrs. Gostling's book. Setting aside the trimmings, the heart is prepared somewhat as follows. Take a fascinating district of France, one part known, three parts unknown: "The great dead rivers of lava, the weird outlines of headless volcanoes, the strange tormented landscapes on the one hand; and, on the other, the gloriously invigorating mountain air, the vast rolling flower-painted plateaux," compose the unknown; . . . where the cows feed and the cheeses are made are the known features, at least to the British tripper. Dress the district with strange superstitions and beliefs, picturesque processions and dances, music, song, stories. Steep it in streams of information drawn from well-known histories and chronicles. Baste it all over with shelves full of books, pamphlets, stacks of letters containing legends, stories, little personal details, bits of local colour. Arrange in the form of a light and easily digested entree. It will be gathered that Mrs. Gostling's "Heart of France" is one that is largely filled out with ancient stuffing; and is a dish to be served up by the phantoms of the past. It is the result of untried energy and sympathy. But it ought to be the outcome of vision and imagination. Travel has been designed to take us through a universe of dull facts, but through the glowing world of the imagination. We can get all the facts we require at the British Museum.

**The Master Force.** By F. Hauer. (The Chanticleer Press, Brussels.)

"The Master Force," though written by Mr. Hauer, was evidently projected by Schopenhauer, the man who invented sexual love. Accordingly it is a blend of Schopenhauer, sexotherapy and bilge-water. The author's thesis is that sexuality is the predominant force in human nature. "Every healthy woman, born with a spirit of sensuality—sensuality is but a broad term-name for a very large family," he attempts to illustrate it in six stories. The first of these, "The Seed of Cain," shows how sexuality, or sensuality as he prefers to call it, appears as cruelty. The Cain of the story continuing the tradition of the first Cain develops the "sensuality of cruelty," takes his own course rather than his wife's in matters of domestic policy, knuckles things about, kicks animals, frightens his wife and begets a characteristic daughter. The study ends with the four-year-old daughter about to throw stones at the birds. The mother begs her in her fair darling's golden curls and exclaims: "The seed of Cain, the seed of Cain. He could not help it, he is innocent; God is to blame."

This is archaic theology and biology of the Ibsen-Lucas brand with its out-of-date theory of direct inheritance of traits. The story is nothing more than an illustration of the sportsman instinct which impels the strong to take advantage of the weak, and men and women with sporting activities to hunt foxes, shoot game, and howl at hodling fish out of their native element. The author pursues his idea throughout, showing that the sexual instinct is dormant in everything connected with human beings, and may be awakened by a kiss, a handshake, an accidental touch of the foot, the sweep of a skirt, or any other medium mentioned in the numerous German works on erotic symbolism. As a consequence, though the characters are in constant active eruption, there is no spiritual health in them. They are seeds ready for fertilisation and they serve nicely to dispose of the author's large stock of quotation from the mid-Victorian philosophers, including Nietzsche. The book has no connection with spiritual love, it belongs to the pathology of sex.

**Love and Extras.** By Frank Richardson. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

Mr. Richardson in his latest volume of forty sketches assures us there is less of love than extras in it. Perhaps this is well, for Mr. Richardson on love is a bore. Among the extras the chapter on the hundred best Hamlets is very amusing. It suggests great possibilities for a new game for dull winter evenings, namely, a plebeiscite of the 20th century greatest Hamlets. A choice might be made, beginning with Mr. Balliol, Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir Joseph Lyons, Mr. [Max Benjon] [Mac Sargent] and others whom Mr. Richardson misses. Amusing too is the chapter on "Gems Reset," the best of which is the sample of Kiplinge in which the banjo bard of the Empire lives again:


Perhaps the funniest chapter of the book is the appendix of Press Opinions. There are some seventy of them and they range from the "Times" to the "Paladin." Even Mr. Richardson must be surprised at the many and varied forms of greatness thrust upon him. To mention them all by name would be at once tedious and invidious, but we may quote one or two. "The Cleveland Plain Dealer" exalts Mr. Richardson as "a second Conan Doyle." "Ideas" maintains he is the Dan Leno of literature, while the "Evening News" classes him as "The New Oxford type of funny man." The list exhausts the platitudes of Fleet Street, and therefore we will remain satisfied by saying that in the present volume Mr. Frank Richardson is himself.

**The Dweller on the Threshold.** By Robert Hichens. (Methuen. 6s.)

**Psychical Research.** Five persons—mediums and researchers—thrown together, as it were, in a dark corner of Mr. Hichens' brain, act and react on the author and each other, and rap out the following strange results. 1. The Rev. Marcus Hading, a fashionable West-end parson, experiments upon his curate under the plea of strengthening the latter's will. He is hypnotised by the curate and becomes infected with the latter's personality. 2. Henry Chichester, the curate, catches the parson's "will" and "personality," with sad results to the depleted one. This "transference of personalities" is investigated and interpreted by Professor Stepton, a fossil who appears to have escaped from a glass case at South Kensington Unnatural History Museum. He proceeds to diagnose the case on the physical plane and entering what he terms "that malefic region which is the abiding place of nervous dyspepsia" (which Jonathan's whale would have simply called the belly), assumes that the latter and "a past" place a
strong man (the parson) under the hypnotic influence of a weak but chaste one (the curate). 4. Evelyn Malling, a psychologist who assists the fossil to formulate his world-shattering theories. 5. Lady Susan Harding, the rector's wife. Of the "link" of the "good" and "bad" man, is missing the missing link and should be labelled accordingly. These foggy persons are seen plunging repeatedly into the mists of metaphysics and emerging dripping with undefined terms which roll together in a confused mass at the reader's feet. So we muddle with "personality," "will" with "soul" and "soul" with "personality." And the author steps forward and exclamats: "It's a wild business this dabbling in psychic phenomena. I believe in the supernatural casually, and I have nothing to offer but this jumble of terms. 'Soul,' 'personality,' 'will,' what are they? What do they mean? Is not soul and personality the same thing? you ask. Is there a 'good' and a 'bad' will? Or is there only will possessed alike by the 'good' and 'bad' man, and manifested as force and persuasion, and dependant upon vitality for degree of expression? May not the act of volition be equal in the 'good' and 'bad' but the direction vary according to the exigencies of the moment. So, what does the so-called moral will power of the chaste Chichester come in? And what is the meaning of the passage where Hadling explains his position to Malling? 'What happens I do not rightly know. Perhaps I shall never rightly know. What did not happen I can tell you. In the first place, although I secretly used my will upon Chichester, he never was entranced when we sat together. Something within him—was it something holy? I have wondered—resisted happen I can tell you. In the first place, although I

A Babe Unborn. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

One feature of this book is that it is anonymous. So the babe unborn has no parent, poor fellow. Or the parent would not own him at any price. Or the author finding her handiwork (as we do) unhandsome, ungraciously, and even unhygienically, would not be willing to be allowed the credit of her name to assume a mask. Another feature is that the six parts of the book are arranged in calendar order. So we start off with an unpromising May and end up with a very showy April. In the merry month of May, when May Ormandy, refuses to say "June" in answer to the prospective bridegroom's pressing petition for an early marriage. She professes to have been alarmed by the unruely conduct of her relations. The point is not clear. In spite of this aversion and reluctance, it was the blessing of the babe that she does not agree to marry, "says July" "on a condition," and "June enters into the bargain with his eyes open." Thereafter we pursue her through October, January, and March in a burst of feminism of a sort which appears by fits and starts from amid a quantity of irrelevant and wearisome matter and which parts her from the bat-eyed Julian, till finally April brings her on the platform again with sudden death thrown in. All things considered, it was a blessing the babe was not born. As the child of two impossible fools it would hardly be likely to shine exceedingly, and would doubtlessly repeat their commonplace tragedy of making an experiment with matters of whose vital nature they are imperfectly informed, and who posses the same names as any one of them it is nothing but an interesting accident. Here we paused for breath cheered by the sight of a volume wanting to keep out writs, and then turned for corroborative evidence, as they say at the New Old Bailey. First come the names on the contents page. These shine forth as Sapp, Death, Mull, C.O.D. Elsewhere there is Nockles, Mickle, and muckle mare of the calender order. So we start off with an unpromising

A Man with a Past. By A. St. John Adcock. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

This curious publication starts off with a preface calling "Author's Declaration" which begins like a decree of heaven, "To all whom it may concern: I declare that my book is a work of fiction we

Impressions of Mexico. By Mary Barton. (Methuen. 10s 6d.)

There are many useful books on Mexico and there is no need for this one and coloured one. Miss Barton is neither excellent as an artist nor as a writer. Indeed, though the text of her book has had the assistance of Miss George Moore and other dazzling literary lights, it is so poor that it may be neglected altogether. If it had been a commentary on the pictures, which are nicely pasted on brown paper, it might have been better. As it is, it is mostly a lot of talkey talk about the odds and ends of social customs" the book with which the author's drawings of Mexican
hats for bazaars. Even when Miss Barton is on her official rounds describing the country in pictures she does not shine. She mentions she "had to be back in London with over fifty pictures in less than six months." The contract was doubtless a commercial one and accounts for the author seeing Mexico with a business eye and producing pictures made to sell. Nowhere do we discover in them inspiration either in beauty of colour, composition or line. Nor is there much local interest in them. Miss Barton might, in fact, have done some of the water-colours without going to Mexico. A general of the trees, those for instance facing page 61, have a St. James' Park look about them. "The House by the Viga Canal" might be the refreshment booth by the Horse Guards Parade. Mexico is only conducted in a long, agreeable, reasonably colour, and a colour book of Mexico should contain wonderful and glowing impressions of colour—colour in words, colour in pictures. This book has neither.

For a Woman's Honour. By Christopher Wilson. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

This is the age of the specialist, and Mr. Christopher Wilson, desiring to be in the age, has specialised on murder. Not only does he give us a pretty variety of sudden deaths, but he also luxury is up-to-date. Murder by microbes plays a principal part in the case. Following the all-red route of the author's plot which opens with a murder, and is largely concerned with a man and a woman's dishonour, we stumble midway across a second mystery-track. It leads to the undoing of the Man—a Secretary of War—who is checkmated by the family physician. The latter, in order to save the secretary's honour, injects a "death-serum" into this "fit case for the serum." Having set the murderous microbes going, he makes one more appeal to his victim, and antitode in hand begs him to give up the Woman. But his imperient cry of "Antitoxin or your life is useles" is unheeded. We are not told how the death serum is to work its magic. Our honest observer is that the Secretary died of alcoholism. The doctor was accustomed to experiment on drunkard's. Till there is a post-mortem we shall not alter our opinion. The doctor appears to have been so affected by the result of the experiment that someone suspected of having committed the crime has been found murdered in Hyde Park. The doctor dies disgusted.

A Roman Pilgrimage. By R. Ellis Roberts. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Roman Pilgrimage of Mr. Ellis Roberts is a very dull affair. If it were one of Messrs. Cook and Son's personally conducted tours one might reasonably demand one's money back. The author leads off with a dissertation on popular proverbs. After telling us he does not know what "All roads lead to Rome" means, he ponders the question, "What road shall we choose?" and he and Dominic decide that their "first choice" is "to visit shrines and churches, and to see Christian and Renascence art; and such things as the Forum and the Palatine, the baths of Diocletian, and the Museum of the Capitol and the Conservatori." So it is the narrow way of archaeology systematised and rounded off as follows : "While we were in Rome Dominic and I exchanged impressions both of details and of the whole ... and we agreed that the four epithets that described her best were : Compact, coherent, continuous and converted." The coherency of Rome, it seems, is expressed in its readiness to adopt various vulgarisations as they crop up. Rome is in the throes of the new vulgarities of civilisation, but the author hopefully remarks: "Rome will survive the vulgarities—for there are some vulgarities of the present regime, just as she survived the vulgarities of the seventeenth century, or the earlier, the incomparable insolence of Nero." One of Nero's vulgarities was the burning of Rome. The continuity of Rome has altogether the characteristic of evolution as it is understood in England, namely, the recasting of old materials. "How easily the Pantheon becomes a Christian Church: how naturally does one pass, in that wonderful building of San Silvestro, from the cruciform of the central building with the image of Mithras to the second with its frescoes still redolent of the ninth century, and to the third, which links our time with the glory of the Middle Ages." Apparently Rome has lost the creative spirit. "Rome is dead..." One can convert? to what? There is still a Pope of Rome. Is he converted (say) to Modernism? It would be interesting to hear whence the author derived his notion of the continuity of Rome. And why, if Rome is continuous, has she survived her vulgarities of the present decaying past. His Rome is honeycombed with ancient institutions adorned with the bones of old masters upon which Mr. Roberts reverently hangs votive offerings in the shape of philosophic and theologic interpretation as he passes by. In this way Rome and its relics, especially Michelangelo, suffer severely at the hands of a visitor who is not an art critic, but indulges extensively in art criticism, who, in fact, knows so little of the art, and with so many manifestations as so many sermons to the devout. His tendency to confuse art and subject may be gathered from the following. Referring to Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel he says : "A strange how, but the why, of these tremendous figures." If Mr. Roberts were to consult an intelligent artist he would discover that the how of a piece of sculpture or a painting is always the why. They are, in fact, inseparable. It is only the unintelligent observer who sets to work to extract a why from the how and to read all sorts of moral rubbish into what is merely meant to be a form of self-expression. So, according to the author : "You have got no nearer to Michelangelo's art when you heard him talk about his technique, and about the limitations of a sculptor's painting; and the lesson of the frescoes is the same, although their execution is admirable, and the treatment of the architectural features of the building superb. It is only the nineteenth-century England that confounded bad art with didactic art; until the divorce between religion and art it had not occurred to anyone that art should not be didactic; indeed, the old masters were always on the look-out for morbidism, and to be anything else." If the old masters imagined that art is nothing but didactic that accounts for them being so unintelligent. Even if they were able to apprehend the reality of the universe they were apparently incapable of expressing it. But they were not didactic. They simply selected certain subjects that were suited to their methods and expressed those subjects according to their methods. They treated angels seated on clouds not because they wanted to point out the advantages of the first form of aerial flight, but because such subjects allowed them to apply their knowledge of the harmonies of line, composition and colour, and because there was a market for such subjects. Mr. Roberts' attempt to put the old masters in the pulpit is only equalled by his extraordinary views on the "nude in art." In one place he inquires : "Now is there any difference between Correggio's 'Danae' and some reproduction of a pornographic picture of what Rome does for a man who visits it with the mind of a Cromwellian Puritan, and who is totally unaware that if a picture is a great work of art it cannot be a pornographic picture. It is a great deal of art, and that is all about it. Art has nothing to do with morals. As Wilde once said, a thing is only immoral when it is inartistic. Further examples of this conception of immorality of the artistic nude may be found when Robert and Grace Church look at San Carlo ai Catinari, where we meet the wise observation : "Many quite good people go wrong on the question of the body." Mr. Roberts must be one of them. He goes entirely wrong on the question not only of the body as artists see it, but of the whole subject. He is full of crude, uninformed opinion. If he had left art out of the question and confined himself to a description
of the religious and other monuments of Rome he might have made an interesting book of information, useful to tourists, though one untouched by the new vision, Modernism.

Mearing Stones. By Joseph Campbell. (Maunsel. 1s. 6d.)

"What seems in places in this book a fathomless madh is in reality bridged over with wonder—due to the senses here and there, I grant you, but steady and treable in proportion to the amount of vision one brings to the passage of it." It will be seen from this extract that the author places a right emphasis on the possession of vision. As the notice shows, he not only possesses the rare gift, but has used it to give a mystical expression to his flitting across Donegal.

"In the mountains," says Nietzsche, "the shortest way is from summit to summit." That is the way I covered Donegal. Instead of descending into the villages (a tedious and destroying process at all times) I crossed, like the King of Fairies, on a bridge of wonder.

But the author's wonder was steeped in gloom. He saw nothing "but a strange scene of black hills, with black shadows chasing one another over them, a gleam of water here and there, and just the tiniest little patch of sunlight—extraordinarily brilliant by contrast with the general opalescing to half a field say, with its mearing stones, to relieve the sense of tragedy that one feels on looking at the landscape." Surely the persecuted soul of Ireland was living in Donegal's heart. Mr. Campbell passed. The above extract admirably explains the bearance of the illustrations. The author has not only penetrated to the heart of Donegal, but has recorded his vision with a wonderful truth of impression. As in the text he conveys a number of impressions of nature, man and things in a big, simple, massive way, so in his numerous landscapes he produces the sensations of pain and travail in a peculiarly deep manner. His one idea of getting a light here and there, "a gleam of water or a little patch of sunlight" against masses of black or shadow, "black hills and black shadows chasing one another" is repeated throughout, and, though it tends to become monotonous, is always impressive, big in feeling and sentiment. One drawing in particular stands out, not because it is less sombre, but because its drawing is so big; the figures in it are so massive, the whole thing—people, cottages, mountains—seem to be carved out of a solid block as a sculptor would do it. A book that lifts one into a larger region.

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Police and Crime in India. By Sir Edmund Cox, Bart. (Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)

In straightforward if somewhat artless fashion Sir Edmund Cox relates in this volume the experiences of police and crime in India. Twenty years of criminal investigation in a country like India might be supposed to ruin a man, but Sir Edmund's spirit is unabated and his susceptibilities still fresh. In other words, he has preserved all the illusions and prejudices of his youth—due to the senses here and there, I grant you, but steady and treable in proportion to the amount of vision one brings to the passage of it. The task before the police was colossal, seeing that crime in India was by tradition an art, a religion and a business all in one. In the effort to eliminate these aspects of crime, what wonder if counter-crime has been necessary that many eggs should be broken.

Comparative Studies in Nursery Rhymes. By Lina Eckenstein. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d.)

This is an interesting document for two or three reasons, and well worth reprinting at a moderate price. It proves incontestably for one thing, that the form persists long after the meaning has departed from it, by exhibiting the relation between child games and songs—the forms of which are still preserved—and the ancient religious ceremonies, marriage institutions, sacrificial rites, excarnations from water, etc., etc., that can be traced to their origin. It also proves that civilisation is in many respects but nursery deep. But perhaps above all it hammers home that fossilised bit of Hamletising there are more things in heaven and on earth than we dream of in Fleet Street. Who among enterprising journalists is aware that when the Egyptians of the fourteenth century before Christ poured colour, in the form of symbols, legends, etc., over their temple walls they told the "Story of the Death and Burial of Cock Robin"? Or that the first respectable game of Sally Waters "preserves features of a marriage rite, which was presided over by a woman who was addressed as mother" (plainly prophetic)?

The Broken Butterfly. By Ralph Deakin. (Paul. 6s.)

The massive Austrian brothers in love with a dainty blue-eyed miss—a "playing with the laces at her bosom" type of lady, a "tripping into the hall to bid him welcome" butterfly. The elder brother is as good as gold, a job for his aged, dominoed bachelor, to look after for miles around; the younger, a very naughty boy indeed, yet with a way about him and a talent for picking up the piano and singing in a powerful baritone. Having killed poppa of a broken heart, the bad boy goes to Vienna and plays cards, leaving his brother to manage the estates and woo Esma. Esma succumbs—the whole family succumbs—and you are positively cocking your ear for the first marriage bell when the brother returns from Vienna, with the afore-mentioned musical bent, and cuts his brother out and out. Climax at a picnic, when the two sinners get lost behind a boulder and run away miles and miles to Vienna. Esma is brought dresses and shown life, while the good brother fans a furnace of fury in his brain, and pants and moans and sobbs.

When Esma finds her lover is deluding her, she tears herself away with the marks of his red finger-prints upon her and appears to her brother on her own native heath, but he is depressed, for he has lost his life's love. Whole the tale enquire, however, a little more closely into those same faults, the little trifle of torturing to extract confessions, for example, Sir Edmund is then upon his own, as well as his men's and England's defence. There is no evidence, such and such allegations completely broke down on examination, this particular story was an Indian invention that was obviously designed for English consumption, and so on. When we have been soothed into believing that after all the charges are probably untrue, our suspicions are fluttered again by Sir Edmund's own concluding reflections. "Any judge or magistrate will admit that in Indian courts of justice the class of people whose evidence is looked upon with the greatest suspicion is the police." As an old Indian policeman . . . I state with all the force and conviction at my command that . . . [it should be made] illegal for anyone, police or magistrate, to record the confession of any accused person before he is actually put upon his trial." The statement and the advice are alike disquieting. It remains to be said, however, that from all we gather, our impressions of the Indian police system are less unfavourable after reading Sir Edmund Cox's account. The task before the police was colossal, seeing that crime in India was by tradition an art, a religion and a business all in one. In the effort to eliminate these aspects of crime, what wonder if counter-crime has been necessary that many eggs should be broken.